

# A Night at the Mall



One boy's dream  
becomes *her*  
worst nightmare.

## **A Night at the Mall**

**by T.G. Cooper and Anonymous**

Danny stood in the darkness, listening. A metal grate slammed to the floor, and he heard a metallic sound as the key clicked, locking the grate down, securing the store for the night. Danny smiled. He was in the dressing room inside Abercrombie and Fitch, standing on the bench.

He waited. He'd sat outside and watched the mall for a few nights during closing, and he knew it took about 20 minutes from the time the stores closed down to the time the workers all left for the night. He would be patient. The only sounds were the mall's bland, generic music, playing over the sound system, which now sounded almost eerie as it echoed through the empty mall, and the sibilant hiss of the ventilation system.

Waiting, waiting, Danny smirked. He'd gotten a copy made of Miranda, his ex-girlfriend's master key, and now he would not only rob the mall blind and vandalize the hell out of it, but he would frame her for the crime. How perfect, he mused. She'd dumped him because she said she didn't want to be around a petty criminal. Now, the whole world was going to see her as being one.

Danny checked his phone, the screen lighting his face blue, and saw the time: 10:19. Close enough. He got down from the bench, creeping out into the shadowy interior of Abercrombie and Fitch. There was light coming in from the mall, casting everything in shadows, and he -

What was that?

Danny spun, froze. Stared into the darkness. He was sure he'd seen something move, just at the edge of his peripheral vision. I must be imagining things, he thought, amused. Acting like a frightened girl--

"Shit!" Danny said, jumping and falling backwards as he felt someone touch his cheek. Looking up, he saw a female mannequin, one hand reaching out. I must have bumped into it, Danny thought, staring at it. And yet, he was sure it hadn't been posed like that when he'd come out of the dressing room.

Danny had planned to trash the store before heading into the mall to steal more valuable merchandise, but he felt totally freaked by what had been happening, so he just made his way to the front grate, glancing back nervously at the mannequin, and then glancing to either side, he reached through the grate and unlocked the door, pulling it up just enough to slide under...

He kept staring at the mannequin. She had a thin bracelet around her wrist, sparkling with little diamonds, and he couldn't take his eyes off it. He was practically drooling.

"Omigod you guys! Omigod you guys!"

Danny jumped once again, looked around in a panic, realized the noise was coming from his phone, which was flashing with an incoming call. Hurrying back into the store, he pulled it out, frantically trying to turn it off, but it just kept flashing and repeating that same line, so he finally looked at the ID, which indicated the caller was "Mimi."

Danny pushed, send to Voice mail, but the phone kept flashing and talking, and so he finally answered the call. "Who is this?" He whispered, annoyed.

"Take that bracelet," a girl said in a sing song voice. "You know you need it."

Danny looked around. Was someone watching him? What the hell was happening? "Get lost," he said, pressing End Call. The call didn't end, and Mimi giggled. "You're so silly! Now, like, take that bracelet and put it on!"

"You're nuts," Danny said, but he found himself walking toward the mannequin. He tried to stop himself, to make his feet freeze, but instead they just kept sliding forward, and then he reached out, his fingers trembling, getting closer and closer to that pretty, sparkling bracelet. He strained with all his might, his hand just lingering there in the air, just an inch from the bracelet, and he felt he was winning, stopping whatever force was keeping him from grabbing the bracelet, but then the mannequin moved, sliding the bracelet onto Danny's hand, and then patting it, as if he were a child.

Danny backed away, his heart racing, and keeping his eyes on the mannequin he slipped under the grate, slammed it down and, fumbling with the key, struggled to lock it, the key slipping from his fingers, clattering to the floor.

The mannequin tilted her head to the side, started to walk forward.

Danny grabbed the key, dropped it, picked it back up, but his hands were shaking so much he couldn't get the key in the lock.

The mannequin walked up to the grate. Danny froze, his eyes going wide, and then the mannequin reached through the grate and took the key, then slipped it into the keyhole and locked the grate, dropping the key to the floor.

Danny could barely breath. He twisted his bracelet nervously, then grabbed the key and scurried away. The mannequin waved.

Danny's heart raced. He wondered if he was going insane or had gotten some bad weed. This was all insane, and his whole plan to steal and trash left his mind as he started to move down the hall, just wanting to get out of the mall, to get away from this bad trip and...

"No," he heard the squeaky girl's voice say from his phone. "You need to keep shopping!"

"Shut up," Danny mumbled.

"Oh, you know you need to go in here, girl."

"I'm not--"

Shit. He heard the whirling of the mall cop on his Segway, coming along the hall from behind him. To the right were wooden doors, and without even looking to see where he was he stuck the key in the lock, rushed in and closed the door quietly behind him, crouching down behind the door where he couldn't be seen by the mall cop, but as the whirring grew closer, the phone once more began to vibrate and call out "Omigod, you guys!"

"Stop!" Danny hissed, retreating deeper into the store, spotting lacy little bras and panties wrapped tightly across voluptuous mannequins, seeing the face of Doutzen Kroes, her lips puckered, eyes sparkling. Ducking behind a display case inside the store, he clutched the phone to his chest, waiting as the whirring sound grew louder and louder, and then passed by and started to fade.

Danny clutched the phone to his chest, but he'd forgotten all about it, about everything except for the bra he stared up at in awe. His mouth had dropped open and his heart was racing. He stared greedily at the prettiest, sexiest bra he'd ever seen.

Danny felt himself getting turned on as he stood, staring at the bra, and then something new and strange happened; he pictured himself wearing the bra, with its pretty lace trim and patterned cups. "Yes," Mimi said through his phone. "You would be soooooo sexy."

Danny shook his head. "I have to get out of here," he said, but when he turned, he saw a row of sexy female mannequins, all wearing sexy lingerie, standing between him and the door. Danny covered his mouth and spun back to face the mannequin wearing the bra to see she had slipped it off and now held it toward him. He felt something clench inside him, his head swam with desire and need, and he stepped forward shaking his head mumbling, "No!"

Please!" But his hands reached out, and the voice giggled, and Danny touched the thin, lacy strap with his fingertips, feeling a shock of pleasure that passed down to his toes. Danny took the bra in both hands, then, and held it against his cheek, loving the cool, soft feeling, and then before he knew it had had pulled off his hoodie and t-shirt, and he slipped into the bra, thrilling at the feeling of the straps over his shoulders, looking down and running over the cups that now covered his narrow chest.

"Why am I doing this?" He murmured, feeling himself flush with shame, thinking about what his father and brother would say if they saw him now, his ex-girlfriend, but even as he cringed with shame at the thought he sensed movement and, looking up, he saw the mannequin was now holding a pair of panties toward him. His skin tingled with excitement even as his mind reeled in terror. "Please. Stop doing this to me!"

"Put on your panties like a good girl," Mimi said. "And then we can get you a cute outfit."

"I just want to go home," Danny said as he found himself kicking his shoes off, shimmying out of his jeans. "Please. I'm sorry. Just let me go home."

"Sorry, Dorothy," the voice said.

Danny was naked for a moment, the cool air on his body, and he found himself stepping into the panties, pulling them on, feeling them snug against his body, and at the feeling of them on his body trembled as pleasure passed through him in waves.

"Go take a look at yourself," Mimi said.

"No, thanks," Danny said, fighting against the intense pleasure he felt, struggling to regain control of his body, to understand what was happening.

The mannequins advanced, and he felt their cold, plastic hands against his body, nudging him toward the full-length mirrors. Danny couldn't cower away from the prodding hands and found himself standing in front of the mirrors, hunched over, his arms crossed--he got a glimpse of himself--skinny and pale, the girl's underwear bright blue against his pale skin, and he felt sick, dropped his eyes, but then Mimi laughed and said, "Stop being so shy!"

Danny felt himself stand, and he put one hand on his hip, thrusting it out to the side while he put the other to his cheek, the bracelet sparking on his wrist, and seeing himself standing there in such a feminine pose made his eyes burn with shame.

"Pretty girls have pretty smiles!" Mimi said, and Danny watched as a smile spread across his face.

Clack... clack...clack....

The mannequins applauded.

"Now, let's get you flirty skirt."

"No."

"You want to leave the mall in just your bra and panties? You're such a bad girl!"

The mannequins were pushing Danny again, prodding him toward the door.

"I don't want to walk around in panties!"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Then a skirt it is!"

"Never."

"We'll see."

Back out in the mall, Danny felt the goosebumps rise on his skin as the cool, mall air wafted over him. He felt exposed and ashamed, and he looked back forlornly at his clothes on the floor in a heap. The mannequins in Victoria's Secret had all returned to their places. The store was dark and quiet.

Danny shook his head. Everything seemed so surreal. Was he really standing in the mall in a bra and panties, clutching his cell phone and master key on one hand while a voice told him to go shop for a skirt? It wasn't possible. It seemed, for a moment, like the strange spell had been broken, and he turned, thinking to go back into Victoria's Secret, but then his body stopped.

"American Eagle is this way, silly," Mimi said. "You are such an airhead."

"Like, I'm totally not," Danny said, immediately thinking--what the snickerdoodle? I don't talk like that?

"Your walk is gross. Let's fix that. Put one foot in front of the other.... And let's see you wiggle your butt a little while you walk."



Danny's walk changed, though he'd taken no action, and he found himself moving with fluid, graceful steps like a girl who'd done ballet her whole life. "Fudge popsicles!" Danny said. He raised his phone over his head, meaning to slam it to the ground and break it, but his arm just froze there, and then he found himself waving his arms, shaking his hips side to side, while Mimi giggled.

"Stop it!" Danny said, and his arms dropped to his sides, and he began to glide down the hall, coming to the American Eagle. As he walked up, the mannequins opened the door and bowed as he entered.

"Just like you're a princess," Mimi said.

"This is so bonkers!" Danny squealed, crept out by the mannequins even as he found himself heading into the girl's section and eagerly perusing skirts. He ran his fingers lovingly over the fabric of each one, his heart fluttering. "No," he heard himself mumbling as he worked his way through the selection. "Cute, but no. No. Oh, my ex-girlfriend would look so pretty in this one!" He tossed the skirts aside, moving faster and faster, and then he saw IT. "No," he whispered. "Not that one. Please. It's too..."

"Perfect," Mimi said in a husky voice. "And you know it."

"I'm not wearing that," Danny said. "No! It's too small, anyway."

But he picked up the skirt, nonetheless, unbuttoning the front, then wrapping it around his hips, buttoning it back up, until he got to the third button, which he couldn't pull closed. "See? Duh. Like, I told you it was too---"

"Oh!" Danny felt the breath knocked out of him and a burning pain filled his midsection as his waist suddenly--slendered. It felt like a terrible muscle cramp as his body seemed to grab itself from the inside, and his straight body suddenly dented inward to form a tiny little waist.

Mimi giggled. "You were saying?"

"Ow, ow, owsie!" Danny mumbled as his hands buttoned up the skirt the rest of the way. He'd never worn a skirt before, and though it was almost like a pair of shorts, the open space between his legs made him feel...vulnerable?--in a way he'd never experienced, and the last thing he wanted was to feel more vulnerable. Taking a few tentative steps, he realized the little skirt was so tight it made it hard for him to walk, and looking around the store, eyeing the mannequins suspiciously, froze, not sure anymore what to do or even if he had any choice. He felt so ashamed and humiliated.

His phone flashed, and Mimi said, "When in doubt, shop it out!"

Danny groaned. "I'm sorry," he said. "I've learned my lesson. Let me go!" Tears began to pool in his eyes.

"Oh, I don't want you going out there in just your bra and mini-skirt! You need tights!"

"I don't think---"

But it didn't matter what Danny thought, as he found himself dragged across the store, tingling with excitement as he pulled a pair of tights with a floral pattern onto his legs, which seemed to grow longer as he got the tights over his hips and put his mini-skirt back on

"Now, let's find you a cute top. Oh, Look!"

"No," Danny said, but he turned his head, and as soon as he saw it his knees went weak.

"You're going to be sooooo cute."

As Danny started walking toward the mannequin, it began to slip out of the blouse, and he walked over and, shaking his head, but once again watched, powerless, as he turned and let the mannequin pull the blouse over his head, slipping his arms into the sleeves, and again he gasped as the muscles in his shoulders tensed and pulled inward, so the little top fit perfectly on his now spritely frame.

Danny hugged himself, looking down, trying to assess the damage. It felt... insane... to see himself wearing the thin, flouncy top, his belly button exposed, his bra teasingly just visible through the plunging neckline. All those hours in the gym, working on his shoulders, building them up, and now all that was gone, his broad shoulders replaced by narrow, round little shoulders, smaller than half the girls he knew, smaller than Miranda. How she would laugh if she could see him now...

"What a great idea!" Mimi said. "Omigod! You have to do it."

"Fudge sundae!" Danny shrieked. "No! You can't! She'll show it to everyone! They'll think I'm a silly billy!"

"It's happening, girlfriend!" Mimi laughed, and Danny struggled to regain control of himself, but could only watch helplessly as he found himself grabbing his phone, prancing over to a full-length mirror, and then striking a pose, chest out, butt back, smiling, snapping the picture and eagerly tapping out a text--- Thinking of you!

"Please don't," Danny murmured. "Please."

"I have to!" Mimi said, giggling, and she pushed Send.

The phone beeped, and Danny felt sick. Miranda would see him like this. She would tell the whole school. He was done.

"Done? We've only just started!"

Danny heard clacking, and looking up, he saw all the mannequins once more coming to life. The female mannequins came swaying toward him, but instead of pushing him toward the door, they started pushing him toward the men's side of the store. "What are you doing?"

Soon, he found himself surrounded by a group of male mannequins, and they were grabbing his butt, his arms. Heart racing, Danny spun and tried to push free, but the mannequins joined arms, blocking him, and once stepped forward, grabbed the bottom of his shirt and lifted it, revealing rows of rigid, hard plastic abs.

"Goody gumdrops," Danny gasped. He felt thirsty all of a sudden--and hot. He'd seen abs before--he'd had abs before--but he'd never really seen them, not like this. He wanted to touch them, needed to touch them. The mannequins were all clicking and clacking. It sounded like laughter, and Danny struggled against his fascination with those shiny plastic abs, but he kept reaching forward, closer, closer, the bracelet on his wrist sparkling.... "No!"

Once again, Danny found the will, kept his hand back, trembling, just millimeters from the abs.

The mannequin grabbed his wrists, hard.

"Ouch!"

And then the mannequin took Danny's hand and pressed it against the mannequin's abs, and at the touch Danny's knees got weak, and he licked his lips, sparks flying, an electric

current passing right up his arm and shooting down into his belly. Danny ran his fingers along the ridges of the abs, thrilled and terrified of what he was feeling, and as he ran his fingers along the glorious contours, he felt his nipples tingle and get hard, and then his chest began to swell, firm young breasts filling the cups of his bra.

"What?" The feeling shocked Danny out of his reverie. He looked down to see breast--his breasts, round and beautiful, swelling, filling out his pretty top impressively. "Boobies?"

"I'm jealous," Mimi said. "You have an awesome rack!"

"I don't want an awesome rack," Danny whispered, reaching up to cup his new breasts, feeling the soft weight in his hands, feeling his hands against his nipples, his boobs. "Are you turning me into a girl?"

"Um, yaaaaassss. I mean--do you have to ask? At this point?"

"I don't understand. Why me?" The thought terrified Danny. Him? A girl? "I don't..."

The male mannequin grabbed Danny's wrist again, yanked hard on his arm, pulling Danny in, crushing his soft breasts against the cold, hard, plastic body. "Stop!" Danny whined, as he found himself being half dragged, half carried toward the door. Danny squirmed, feeling helpless, and then he found himself tossed out the door to American Eagle, landing on his butt on the cold, white tile of the mall floor, his breasts bouncing in his bra cups. Danny stared up, angry, but also shocked and ashamed because the rough handling had left him... excited.

The mannequin tossed Danny's phone onto his lap. Then the master key. Finally, he put his plastic hand to his plastic mouth and blew Danny a kiss before returning to the store.

Danny sat there, his long, bare legs out in front of him, just stunned and stupefied. Is this a dream? He wondered. A nightmare? It can't be real. This can't be happening.

The whirl of the Segway. He heard it echoing along the empty halls. Instinctively, he pushed himself to his bare feet. He moved away from the noise, surprised to have some control over his body again--if this was even his body anymore. He felt his breasts jiggling with each graceful, hip wiggling step. The mall floor was cold. "I wish I had some shoes," he thought, idly.

"Shoes!" Mimi squealed. "Great idea! Let's get you into some heels!"

"What?" Danny said. "Heels? Come on! Stop."

"Heels!"

"Why? Most of the girls I know don't even wear heels."

"Oh, but you are waaaay more girly than most of the other girls your age. Or, at least, you will be."

The whirring of the Segway was getting louder, and Danny started to quicken his steps, tugging on the hem of his skirt, which started to ride up his legs.

"Oh! Look! Up ahead. Express! They have the perfect shoes for you! I know just the pair that will be soooo perfect with that outfit."

Danny stopped. Looked back in the direction the whirring noise was coming from. He didn't want heels, but if he ran back and mall security caught him, they'd call the police and...

send him away. He looked down at his breasts. He didn't want anyone to see him like this, he didn't want to be stuck like this... but he also didn't want to be a girl.

He stopped and stood in the mall. Waiting.

"No. Don't do this," Mimi shouted.

Danny felt his feet start to move ahead, toward Express. Biting his lip, he summoned all his strength, but his feet kept moving, shuffling forward toward The Express.

"I'm in control," Mimi said. "I run the show. You can't stop me from making you walk to The Express."

"I don't have to," Danny said. "I just have to slow you down long enough for the mall cop to arrest me."

"We'll see about that," Mimi said.

Danny's head filled with images of women's shoes--heels and flats, pumps and ankle boots, and his heart fluttered with excitement as the cute shoes danced in his brain. He wanted them. He needed them. He started walking toward The Express, his pace quickening, but then he clenched his fists and stomped one foot.

"No!" Danny thought of his father, with his thick, black beard, of how disappointed his father would be to see Danny like this, to lose his only son. "I won't!"

Danny turned, using the full force of his will, and faced back toward the sound of the approaching Segway, the sound of salvation.

"You snotty little slut!" Mimi howled. "Obey me!"

Danny's whole body trembled as he fought against Mimi, he tasted blood as he bit through his lip, but he smiled, standing still, waiting, waiting for the--

Segway. He saw it come around a corner, and he screamed.

Mimi chuckled.

Riding on the Segway was a mannequin. She was wearing black leather with glittering silver spikes, a dog collar and a leather mask, and in one hand she held a flail, which she was waving around in the air, snapping it as she bore down on Danny, who turned and ran, terrified, glancing back. Fumbling for the key in his hand, he looked around, desperate to go somewhere--but somewhere other than where Mimi wanted him to go. He looked around.

Game Stop. Yes!

Boys go there!

Danny turned, ran to the door and fumbled with the key, dropped it, clattering to the ground. He glanced back. The leather apparition was getting closer, nodding, flailing at the air.

"The Express is open," Mimi said. "You'll be safe there."

Danny knelt, struggling against his tight little skirt, and tried once more to pick up the key, but it skittered away from him, and finally, terrified, he stood and hurried, glancing back, running toward The Express. The door was open. Mannequins peered from around the door frame, watching.



Danny glanced back over his shoulder. Leather was only ten feet away. Danny hurried, arms waving awkwardly, butt swaying. He glanced again. Five feet! No. He couldn't run in his stupid skirt! The Express was close, so close. Danny felt the flail whack painfully across his butt, and screaming he lurched forward, tumbling into The Express. Looking back, he saw Leather spinning in circles outside the door, furiously flailing at the air. The mannequins slammed the door shut, and Danny covered his face, gasping with relief.

"What the h-e- double hockey sticks was that?"

"The Lady in Leather," Mimi said. "She hates boys. You're lucky you got away."

"Am I?" Danny asked, getting to his feet. "Look at me."

"You wanna go back out there?"

Danny looked at Leather, spinning, furious. He shook his head. "No."

"Then let's try on some shoes!"

Danny sighed. It had started to seem inevitable. Nothing he did seemed to matter. He couldn't stop it. He surrendered, not bothering to resist as his body walked back to the shoe department. He felt no sense of surprise as his heart leapt with joy at all the pretty shoes, and he clapped and hurried in, caressing the shoes, giggling, his whole body filled with a pure, all-consuming, feminine joy. He ran into the back room, watching as his body grabbed different boxes from the shelves, seeming to know exactly where everything was, and then he ran back out onto the showroom, a towering pile of shoeboxes in his arms.

He sat down, opened a box, and looked at the first pair of shoes.

"These are so cute," Danny said, staring down at them. He felt so excited, so tingly.  
"Omigod," he realized. "I love shoes now!"

"Of course you do."

"These are too small," Danny said, picking up one of the dainty little boots. Then, remembering the skirt, he nodded. "My feet are about to shrink, aren't they?"

"You're catching on," Mimi said.

Danny slipped the boot onto his foot, let the now familiar feel of it pulling into itself wash over him. He pulled on the other boot, then stood, feeling awkward, the weight on the balls of his feet, his calves tight. Holding his arms out to his sides for balance, he took a few tentative steps, giggling, feeling bubbly and feminine. "It's my first time in heels," he said.

"And you love it."

"Yes," Danny said. "But I hate that I love it."

He tried on pair after pair, walking around, and as he did so he could feel his legs growing more slender and rounded, taking on the coltish shape of a teen-age girl. Finally, he opened the last box, gasping and putting his hands to his smooth cheeks. "They're so pretty!"

"Unh, huh. Look at those buckles!"

"I need these," Danny said in a hoarse voice. "They complete me." He eagerly put the shoes on, stood and strutted around, then hurried to the mirror, posing and giggling at the sight of

his dainty little feet in the pretty shoes. His phone buzzed. He went over and looked at the phone. Miranda had texted him back. "Whaaaat? Not surprised!"

His heart dropped.

"She'll tell everyone. I'm doomed."

"Oh. I know something that will make you feel better."

"What?"

"Shopping!!!!"

"Can't you at least tell me who you are? What you are? Why you're doing this to me?"

"Okay. Fine. So, as to who or what I am---"

Beep. Beep.

"What is that?" Mimi said.

Danny looked at the phone, and his heart leapt. "Low battery."

"Recharge me!"

"I don't have a charger."

"Then we better get one."

"Where?"

"The Apple Store. Now!"

Danny looked to the front of the store. Leather was there on her Segway, staring through the class. "What about her?"

Suddenly, Leather looked up, then back, and she spun her Segway around and raced off.

"My mannequins are creating a distraction. Now, let's go."

The mannequins opened the doors. Danny found himself mincing forward, clutching the cell phone to his breasts. "I'm scared," he said. "Are you sure she's gone?"

"Oh, yes. But she won't be for long, so don't fight me. You don't want to get a taste of Leather."

"Goodness gracious," Danny said, as he made his way back out into the mall. He walked back the way he'd come, then looked around until he found the key, glittering against the tile. Kneeling down awkwardly in his skirt and heels, he grabbed the key, and then found himself heading toward the escalator. "How far to the Apple Store?" He asked as he rode down.

"It's on the opposite side of the mall."

"I could move faster if it weren't go this skirt and these heels."

"But what's the point of doing anything if you don't look cute?"

Beep. Beep. The phone was down to 1%. Danny's heart fluttered with hope.

"Hurry!" Mimi demanded.

Danny saw a kiosk, filled with hair accessories and fake ponytails. His stomach did a flip, and he felt himself flush with excitement. He would look so cute with long hair!

"No time for that now," Mimi said, urging his limbs toward the Apple Store.

Danny looked at the phone. At the kiosk. He tilted his head. There was no whirring sound. Leather was nowhere near. Could he actually use his new urges and obsessions to his advantage?

"I want to have long, pretty hair like a girl," Danny said. Instead of fighting the urges, he let himself get swept up in them, and found his long, tone legs moving right toward the kiosk.

"Stop!" Mimi said. "Get your little behind to the Apple Store and recharge me NOW!"

"I can't!" Danny said. "This stuff is so cute, and I just want to be pretty!"

"Stop being such a girly girl!"

"You made me this way! Remember?"

Danny rifled through the various barrettes and hair accessories until he finally came to the one, the one that made him gasp and go weak in the knees. Hair ties shaped like pink flowers.

He ripped open the packaging, and then he clipped the flowers into his hair, which immediately tumbled down over his shoulders, down his back, now a bright, fun, summer blonde. The kiosk had a bunch of mirrors so girls could check themselves out.

Mimi ranted, desperately trying to pull Danny away and to the Apple store, but he found he had the power to resist by leaning into his budding femininity. "I have to see myself!" He gushed.

Giggling, Danny looked in the mirror, surprised how much the long hair framing his face seemed to soften and feminize his features. Though he was appalled to have such long hair, and the girly little roses, he let the feminine pride that filled him wash over and through him, smiling and tossing his hair.

"You need to move and---"

Mimi grew silent. Danny looked at his phone. It was dead. He dropped it to the floor, tossed his hair back over his shoulders and smiled. He felt... free! There was no force controlling him! "Bananas!" Danny said with a little fist bump.

He needed to get out of the mall. Now. The nearest exit... he glanced around, feeling confused. He seemed to have no sense of direction. If only he had someone to help him! He finally just decided to choose a direction and walk. He would find a way out. And then...

He patted his skirt. No car keys! They were in his pants back at Abercrombie and Fitch. "Fiddlesticks!" He said.

He would have to go back. He couldn't go back! He needed to escape! But where would he go without a car in the middle of the night? Dressed like this? It wasn't safe for a girl. Danny wrapped some of his long hair around his fingers, twisting it. "I'm so confused," he thought. "I wish someone would tell me what to do!"

Then, he heard the whirring sound of the Segway coming from the left. And then he heard another coming from the right. He gasped, and ran forward to the first door he saw, unlocking it, and slipping into the cool, dark store, running back away from the door, away from the glass where Leather might see him. Cowering behind a display case, he chewed on a hank of his long hair, his eyes wide, as Leather drove up and stopped in front of the store, raising her head and.... sniffing. Then, he was shocked as a second Segway appeared, with another leather clad mannequin on it, and then a third and a fourth. They were all rotating on their Segways, sniffing the air, and Danny felt his heart leap into his throat. Can they smell me? He wondered.

Then, his eyes fell on the bottles in the display case in front of him. Omigod! He thought. How totally, like, super lucky!

Danny opened the cabinet and grabbed the bottle, spraying some on his wrists, he rubbed them together and then on the sides of his neck, which grew longer and more slender even as the sweet, flowery fragrance filled his nose and made him giggle with delight.

As the pretty, girly fragrance surrounded him, the Leathers outside the door started to drift off, heading in different directions. But one stayed in the area, circling over to the kiosk, poking around. "Fiddlesticks!" Danny whispered. His hands went to his throat. His voice sounded squeaky and high-pitched. "Oh! My! God!" Danny hissed. "Even my voice now?"

He was trapped in the store, at least for now. What time is it? He wondered. How long until the mall opens again? He looked down at himself, his long hair framing his vision. He saw his breasts, and beneath them his dainty feet. Even if he escaped now, he looked more like a girl than a boy now. What was he supposed to even do? The Leather was still outside the door.

Danny wandered into the store looking for a distraction, something to keep him from thinking about what was happening to him. A sign on the wall read New York and Company, and as Danny's eyes danced around the merchandise he thought, "They have everything here." He found himself at the jewelry counter, drooling over all the pretty jewelry, trying on necklaces and bracelets powerless over his newfound fascination with pretty baubles. Soon, he was prettily accessorized, with a cute choker to emphasize his graceful neck, earrings sparkling in his tiny little seashell ears.

Bracelets dangled prettily from both of his delicate wrists, emphasizing how small his little, feminine arms had become:

Danny giggled. "I look pretty," he said as he stood in front of a full-length mirror. He had one hand on his hip, while he ran the other through his long blonde hair. He looked at his long, tone legs, up to his round hips in the denim skirt. He thought about his father again, how disgusted he would be to see him dressed like a girl--shaped like a girl. He knew he should feel more ashamed, but the changes had come over his mind as well as body, and he didn't feel ashamed that he was pretty, only that he wasn't pretty enough.

He still had an ugly, boy face! His chin was too square, his lips too small, his nose too big. He wanted a face like Kim Kardashian!

"But I don't," he whispered in his small, new voice. "I'm a boy. I'm not really like this."

He glanced over to the cosmetics counter, biting his lip. He could see the pretty tubes and boxes in the glass cases, the wands and brushes. His whole body tingled as the sight, and he crossed his arms under his breasts, staring longingly. He knew that if he remained in the store he would eventually find his way over there and do his face. The draw was so powerful.

But outside the store the Leather lingered.



He felt so alone standing there in the store, the bland muzak playing. It was dark, and he shivered, just wishing he had someone here to save him, some big strong boy who could...

"No," he whispered. "I don't like boys. I can't." Unbidden, the feeling of the rigid abs came back to him, and he felt his nipples stiffen. "Stop!" He covered his face with his hands. He felt so scared and lonely. He thought about his cellphone. If only he could call--

Wait, he thought. Of course! The store had to have a phone, right?

Danny smoothed his skirt, tossed his hair and started to walk toward the back of the store looking for a door, for an Employees Only sign. Spotting it, he hurried his little steps, opened the door and saw exactly what he'd been hoping to find--the manager's office, and there on the desk was a phone! An actual, old-fashioned phone with a wire going into a wall, like you see in old movies. Danny grabbed the receiver, put it to his ear and... froze, his slender finger hovering above the keypad.

He couldn't remember anyone's numbers. They were all programmed into his phone. He never dialed them. Come on come come on, he thought, putting his pinky into his mouth and biting down. You must be able to remember someone's number, right?

He couldn't, so he pressed the zero, hoping to get an operator, someone, anyone. He heard a ringing sound, sighed with relief, and then there was a clicking noise as the line was picked up. "Hello?" Danny said in his breathy, high-pitched voice. "I'm, like, totally trapped and stuff in the mall and this weird dungeony leather mannequin wants to hurt me and I'm slowly turning into a girl?"

No response. Danny could hear breathing, though, so he said, "Hello? Hello? I know that all probably sounded, like, totally bonkers."

Still no response.

"Hello?"

Then, he heard the giggle.

"No. No!"

"Hey, girly. Did you miss me, missy?" Mimi said.

Danny slammed the phone down, backing slowly away. It started ringing, the lights flashing. Danny fought back the tears, backing out of the manager's office and right into the awaiting arms of a mannequin that slipped its cold plastic arms around his slender waist.

Danny shrieked.

A burst of static came from the store's intercom system, and then he heard Mimi's voice, sounding throughout the store. "Attention, shoppers, all cosmetics are now on sale!"

The mannequin spun Danny around and began to push him toward the counter. Danny struggled, weakly. "No. No," he begged.

"And one shopper has won a free make-over! In fact, since Danielle is our only shopper, it goes to her!"

The mannequin guided Danny across the room, and he found himself perched on a stool, his legs crossed demurely, trembling with both fear and excitement as the mannequin began to paint his face, eyeliner, mascara, lipstick and blush.... And when the mannequin finished, it grabbed a hand mirror and held up to Danny, whose mouth fell open as he took

in his heart shaped face, cute, upturned little button nose, plump, kissable lips and wide, innocent eyes.

He felt.... So pretty. He smiled. Then, giggled.

Mimi cooed through the overhead sound system. "Pretty girl!"

"Thanks," Danny heard himself answer, hooking his hair behind his ear. He looked up to see the Leather had all returned, probably having heard Mimi talking. They were standing at the door, staring at him. Danny gasped, putting a hand to his chest. "What am I supposed to do?" He asked Mimi. He knew he wasn't capable of making decisions for himself. He was too much of an airhead!

"The Leathers only hate boys," Mimi answered. "They leave girls alone."

"Are you going to turn me into a girl, then?"

"No. I want you to make the choice."

"What would I have to do?"

"Find a purse. Slip it over your shoulder. When you claim your purse, you will become a girl."

"And if I don't?"

"You stay as you are, and the Leather, well, they get you as a chew toy."

Danny looked at the Leathers, and he instinctively pressed his thighs together, crossed his arms over his breasts. He didn't even want to think about what they would do to him. They began to tap their fingers on the glass doors to the store, and one of them made a metallic shrieking noise, slapping her whip against the floor.

Danny jumped back and scampered over to the wall where bags and purses hung, and he wanted a purse very badly. He looked back at the Leathers. Then at the purses. "So, I have to choose between pretty and pain?" He said.

"Don't take too long," Mimi said. "The Leathers are getting hungry."

On cue, the Leather began to pound on the glass, rattling it, and one went and grabbed a trash can, lifted it and slammed it against the glass, which immediately webbed with cracks.

Danny let his eyes play along the purses, felt himself consumed with desire. He knew that as soon as he selected one, allowed himself to surrender to the hunger, to his passion for shopping, he would lose his manhood, become a woman once and forever.

"Omigod," he gasped as his eyes fell on her--the perfect purse, the one that truly would complete him. He didn't even think about what it would mean, about the end of his manhood, because that purse was his whole world. He needed it. He had to have it. He grabbed it, slipped it over his shoulder, and he felt his body shift, a twisting in his belly, and giggled as he looked at himself in the mirror, the purse on his hip, and the girl he'd become glowing with the thrill of a shopping triumph.

"This purse is so me!" Danny gushed, turning and going through different poses.

"Yes," Mimi said. "Yes, it is."

"Now what?"

"You go to work."

"What?"

"You work at Forever 21 now. They love perky, cutesy girls like you. The mall's about to open. Time for you to start your new life."

Danny didn't have any other ideas or plans. He let himself out of the store and looked around. There was sun pouring through the skylights above, but the mall was still empty. He guessed it was a little before opening time still. Probably nine o'clock or so. He didn't feel lost. Not now. He knew exactly where to find Forever 21, because not only did he work there, but it was his favorite place to shop!

Danny spent all morning in a pink cloud of happiness. He loved meeting all the girly girls who came to his store, helping them find the perfect purchase, giggling and smiling and enjoying the ultimate high for him that came with shopping, even when he was just helping someone else shop!

Around 11:30, just as he finished with one customer, he looked up and saw Miranda and her mother walking into the store. "Miranda!" He said with a shock, feeling himself flush with embarrassment.

"Oh, hey, Danielle!" Miranda said with a small wave. "I wonder if you can help me find something to wear to the awards banquet?"

Danny felt weird. Miranda was acting like it was all perfectly normal, like he'd always been a girl. "Um, yaaaaassss," Danny answered.

"Miranda, I'd like to talk to Danny for a moment. Would you excuse us?"

"Sure, Mom." Miranda wandered off to look at dresses.

"Mrs. Foster?" Danny said. "Can I help you with something?"

"Yes, you can. But, call me Mimi."

Danny's mouth fell open. "You? You're the one that did... this?"

"You bet your sweet patootie I did," Mimi said. "I protect my daughter, and you wanted to hurt her."

"I'm sorry?"

"Of course you are. Now, be a good girl and help Miranda find a dress."

"Yes, Mimi," Danny said, feeling compelled to obey her. "Whatever you say."

When Danny's shift ended, he once again found himself standing in the mall with his purse. He looked through it and found a wallet with a new ID showing he was a female named Danielle, make-up, tissues, condoms. No car keys. He bit his lip. He would have to go and ask for them back at A&F. Well, what was the big deal? He was cute and pretty. He would smile and flirt a little, and they would give him the keys without--

"Danielle!" He heard a boy call from behind him. Turning he saw HIM, the perfect boy, the one he wanted and needed as much as he needed cute shoes. Well, almost as much. He

was tall and blonde with a golden tan and a smile that lit up the room and sent tingles that curled Danny's toes.

"Bradley," Danny whispered, a smile spreading across his face.

Bradly walked right up to Danny, grabbed him and pulled him in for a kiss. Then, still holding Danny's soft little body against his, he said, "Sorry I'm late, babe."

The word babe sent chills of pleasure through Danny as he gazed up lovingly into Brad's eyes.

"Um, so what do you want to do?" Danny said. "I'm up for, like, anything?"

"Cool. Let's go check out a movie. Fast and Furious 13 is playing."

Danny nodded and giggled. "I love it!" Bradley took Danny's hand and led him toward the movie theater. Danny had no interest in Fast and Furious anymore. He would rather have gone shopping, but he liked to be with Bradley, and there was a good chance Brad would want to do some kissing, so that would be good.

Good, Danny turned the word over in his mind. He couldn't help it. He liked boys now. It annoyed him on some level knowing that Mimi had done this to him, turned him into this girl, but then it didn't seem he had any choice, so he figured he would just have to surrender and enjoy it.

To think, his plan had been to trash the mall, but instead, it had become his life. As they walked through the mall, Danny's eyes searched the display windows, twinkling with excitement and joy at all the pretty clothes and bags and shoes and Oh! He just had to have it, to have it all, and he knew that we would have to find a rich man to marry, a man who could afford to buy all the pretty things Danny needed to be happy.