"So," Li said, sitting down on the couch. She patted the seat next to her. "Have a seat... *Mike*."

I did so nervously, trying to smooth out the massive clothes I was wearing. For a moment I really wished I was wearing nicer stuff rather than the ratty four or five outfits I was used to, but I quickly pushed that down. Now was definitely *not* the time to worry about *clothes* of all things.

"Are you uncomfortable?" she asked.

"Oh... uhh... yeah," I nodded, looking down at my feet.

"Yeah," she frowned. "It must suck being in the wrong kind of body."

I'd just meant because my clothes didn't fit right, but, well, yeah, that was a good point too. I guessed that was because I was too distracted by how uncomfortable my clothes were on this body to notice anything about the body itself.

"We're going to have to take you to a specialist," she murmured.

"I guess, yeah."

"It'll be expensive, too. To see a specialist."

I pursed my lips. We'd been saving up for a trip together — though we hadn't decided where, yet — and now we might have to use the money for *this* stupidity... If only it hadn't happened. "I can... I can handle it for a while, if we want to go on the trip first," I suggested.

She scoffed. “You’d be going on the trip as a girl, then.”

“Well... yeah. I guess. I can handle it, though!”

“What would be the point of going on a trip while you’re so uncomfortable? Wouldn’t it be a waste of time? You wouldn’t *enjoy* yourself,” she rolled her eyes.

“But... *you* might,” I said, putting my hand on hers. “I just... I don’t want to put off a trip you were excited for, you know?”

She pulled her hand away, and I pouted. “Mike,” she sighed. “I won’t enjoy myself if you’re uncomfortable. How could you be comfortable as something you’re not?”

“I mean... I have no idea,” I groaned. “I don’t know. Maybe once I’m in women’s clothes I’ll be comfortable!”

“Why in the world would that make you *comfortable*?” she asked. “Do you *like* wearing women’s clothes?”

“I don’t have any idea!” I threw my hands up. “I’ve never worn them before! I just meant that, like, right now I’m wearing clothes way too big for me and they’re shaped funny and they feel loose and bad and kinda gross and I’d rather be wearing stuff that... you know, *fits*.”

Li stared at me for a moment, her eyes burrowing into me, almost as if she was seeing deeper into my core than she’d ever seen before. It was not very comfortable. Probably about as much as sitting on a cactus is.

I lowered my hands to cover my face. "Li, stop starinnggg."

"Are you *sure* you're Mike?" she asked again.

"I mean... Ugh, I don't know!" I crossed my arms and sank further into the couch, looking down at my stupid different legs and hands and arms and... *other things*. "I guess I wasn't awake for this whole... *transformation*, so I can't know for *sure*, but, like, who else could I even be, right?"

I went silent for a moment, considering the possibilities. And then, the only thing I could think of made me shiver. "The idea of me being some random woman that just *thinks* she's... *him* is a whole lot scarier than my body changing! Isn't it easier to assume I'm him?"

"Well, you also *do* look *somewhat* like 'he' used to," Li said. "But I don't understand the way you're acting and talking about what *should* be yourself."

She sighed, rubbing her head. "I don't know, I guess I just wasn't expecting you to act feminine and be up to wearing women's clothing."

I squinted at her. "If I'm in a woman's body, shouldn't I play the part?"

"Well... *I* don't really conform to what society expects of *me*, do I?" my girlfriend chuckled.

Yeah, no, she definitely did not. And it had annoyed me *constantly*. The martial arts stuff, yeah, but also... the clothes she wore... her other interests... the way she styled her hair... Like, ugh, she was pretty, but it

felt like she was squandering it. I'd always said — or, well, *thought*, I guess — that if *I* was the woman, I'd have been much more focused on being cute and feminine.

But I was not, I was the man.

Or, well... that *had* been the case, but now...

I pursed my lips. "Yeah, you don't conform."

You know, thinking about it... Sure, I wasn't supposed to be in this body. Sure, I was supposed to be the guy, not the girl. But on the other hand, this was my one chance to... well, you know! Show her how it's done. Be the girl that she's not! Give her an... *example* of what she could be?

It would mean... well, a lot of effort, probably. But I had a feeling I could probably do it! And at the same time, if it worked... later down the line, when I was the guy again, maybe if she followed all my advice, she'd be a girl that her parents wouldn't be at odds with. Maybe with that I'd be able to keep my martial vow, and skirt this danger.

"That's fine, though," I finally said, my lighter, smaller voice giving an entirely different tone to my words. (Honestly, I really liked my new voice.) "You don't have to." Then, a little quieter, and a little more carefully, as I looked down at my feet, and taking a deep breath — was I really going to do this? — I said, "But I think *I* would prefer... *conforming*."

Oh my gosh, I said it. I was going to do it. I was going to figure out how to be a cute girl to be an example for Li. I could do this. I could do this!

I looked back up at Li, and her eyes were very wide. "O-okay."

~

You know, up till that day, I'd been someone that wore clothes based on no factor except for how comfortable they were. I hadn't cared about aesthetics, I hadn't cared about function. I hadn't cared about *anything* except that they felt comfy. That being the case, I was used to wearing loose, thick, cosy clothing, and I was used to wearing it all year long. It was just how I felt comfortable, you know?

I think that's probably why I pushed so far so fast. I just really did not want to be uncomfortable for any longer.

"What happened to saving money for the trip?" Li complained as she pulled up outside the store. "I get that you don't want to be uncomfortable, or whatever, and you think that getting clothes will help, but..."

I waved away her concerns. "I won't buy *that* much, Li," I assured. "Just enough that I can, you know, *last*."

She frowned. "Last until when?"

"Uhh... I guess until I change back?"

"And when is that going to be? Since you were talking about putting off seeing a specialist about it and all?"

I squirmed. “I don’t know, Li...” I mumbled. “Wouldn’t it be way more to see a specialist than to just buy a few outfits?”

She shook her head. “Yeah, but that’s not what I’m trying to get at. You’re putting off seeing a specialist about *the actual root of the problem* and basically just throwing money at... *symptoms* of it. What’s going to happen to all this stuff you buy when you get your old body back, hmm?”

The way her eyes were burrowing into me and... reading my soul or whatever... was making me nervous, so I tilted my head down and peeked at her through a curtain of my now long hair instead.

“I guess I’ll have to donate it,” I finally said, then clicked the door open. “But who knows, maybe the specialist will tell me that I’m out of luck, and then I’ll get— *have* to keep it.”

Li sighed. “Okay, Mike. Fine.”

“Oh, and can you not call me that when we’re in the store?” I asked, looking back over my shoulder at her and watching as she rubbed her temples in annoyance.

“...Sure. What do you want me to call you instead? Are you going to pick a girl name too?”

“Mmm, maybe later. You can just call me ‘honey’ or ‘hon’ if you want,” I smiled. Then I jumped out onto the pavement, slamming the car door behind me so it would click shut.

Li was grimacing, when I saw her on that side. "That sounds like a bad idea."

Waving away her concerns again, and then making *completely* sure that my pants weren't going to fall down in a place like this, I scoffed to myself. Honestly, what could happen?

~

"So where to first, *honey*?" Li asked, crossing her arms as we stared into the women's section.

Ignoring the sarcasm in her tone as she said 'honey,' I hummed, "Hmm. I'd like to get an outfit and some underwear to start with, I think?" Already making my way over to the underwear section, I then explained, "You know, so that I can do the rest of the shopping out of these dumb clothes."

It was actually kinda crazy how fast my heart was beating, and how even with her tone and her constant complaints I couldn't help but have a bit of a smile on my face. I was excited! Probably just excited to show her how it's done, yeah, but still. It was *really* exciting.

"To be honest," Li said. "I expected you to have a lot more trouble getting into this section. Aren't you embarrassed?"

As I pulled a pack of panties off of a hook, I raised an eyebrow back at my girlfriend. "Why would I be embarrassed? I'm a woman right now. I'm here to get underwear, just like any other." Like, seriously, right? I don't

have time for embarrassment! I'm supposed to be leading by example here!

"You're..." she shook her head, rubbing her temples again. "I don't even... I—"

"Hey, how do bra sizes work?" I asked her. "What size do you think I am?"

Li blushed. "I don't have any idea, you better call the attendant."

"What do you mean you don't have any idea? You don't know how bra sizes work?"

"Uhhh..." she looked away, frowning.

"Oh my god, you don't know how bra sizes work. How do you not know how bra sizes work?"

"Look, I've only ever worn training bras and sports bras, okay?" she groaned, crossing her arms over her chest and facing away.

I blinked. "Wow, so I'm going to have cuter bras than you right off the bat!"

"You... I—" she sputtered, spinning back around.

"What? I mean, you could buy some cute bras as well," I winked. Almost like it was planned! I was going to be good at this, I could already tell. She would totally be way cuter and more feminine with my guidance!

As she continued to sputter and blush and look back and forth between me and the underwear all around us, I smirked to myself. Damn, I honestly never would've guessed I'd be good at something like this. It was almost like I was meant for this role!

"Anyway, if you've got no idea and I've got no idea, seeing the attendant is probably a good idea. Onwards!" I declared, marching over to the fitting room with panties in hand.

"Wow, you're wearing some baggy clothes there, miss," the woman said when she laid eyes on me. "Are those men's?"

"Ah!" Li said, stepping in front of me. "Those are her... boyfriend's clothes, she... got... kicked out and—"

"What?" I blinked. "No, that's not what happened at all."

Li looked at me, mouth agape. "It's... not?"

I turned back to the attendant. "I have no idea why, but up until earlier today I was a *dude!* These are my old clothes. Gotta get rid of them, you know? They just don't fit right anymore."

The attendant gave me a knowing nod. "I totally understand, miss. Don't worry, we'll get you some replacements! Do you need to be measured, then?"

"*What is happening*," Li whispered.

Ignoring Li, I responded, "Yep, I have no idea what size I am." Then I gestured at her, "And she's useless, she's only ever worn sports bras apparently."

"Well, to be fair, she doesn't really need much else, does she?" the attendant shrugged.

"*Excuse* me!" Li exclaimed, crossing her arms over her chest again.

"Well... maybe not," I admitted, "But if she did wear more than just a sports bra, it would be pretty hot, wouldn't it?"

As the attendant pondered that thought and stared at her, Li's face turned a deeper shade of pink. "H-hey! I'm *right here!*"

"Hmm, yes, I suppose she *would* be pretty hot. She's already rocking a pretty nice butch lesbian look though, so aren't you two mostly covered?"

I turned back to the attendant and blinked, then looked back at Li, who was shifting uncomfortably at the scrutiny. "Wait, butch lesbian? Is that what her style is?"

"I-I'm not a lesbian!" Li stammered, before turning around and muttering something to herself.

The attendant shrugged. "I guess she's rocking a tomboy look, then. Anyway, miss..." she held her hand out to a door to the side. "If you'll step into one of the fitting rooms with me, I can take your measurements," the woman said, then pulled out a very long, white, fabric tape measure.

“Yep, no problem!” I agreed, stepping into the small room as she opened the door for me. “And, anyway, if my girlfriend decides to get a nice bra as well she might need to be measured as well?”

“Girlfriend? So she is a lesbian then?” the attendant asked, following me in and beginning to pull the door shut behind us.

The last thing I saw out the door was Li burying her very red face in her hands.