

by Amanda Hawkins

Charlie's Angel

It was a bad divorce. For months, Dad and Jess had been fighting like starving dogs over a rabbit. Even I was relieved when they finally called it quits.

But, unfortunately for me, I was the rabbit.

Jess wanted custody, even though she was only my step mom. Just to stick it to Dad. Sometimes I think he fought her on it for much the same reason—just to take her down a peg—and not because he really wanted me around. But maybe that's unfair.

Dad won, of course. Biology trumps whatever Jess had in her favor. But she wasn't a good loser. I think Jess must've decided that if she couldn't have me then Dad bloody well wouldn't either.

One day, not long after the verdict, she picked me up after school—which she often did, even though she was long since moved out. But she didn't take me home. Instead, we went to visit a couple of her lady friends. They owned a beauty salon and the three of them really did a number on me.

Hear my words. Hear only my words. Your name is Jacklyn. You are a woman. You are an angel.

I wouldn't have let them, of course, but they gave me a cup of tea that contained a hypnotic drug—or so I was told. They said it would force me to follow their orders and to not resist them in any way. Or maybe that's just what they *wanted* me to believe. Apparently, I'm very suggestible.

You are no longer a boy. You are a feminine woman.

I did as I was told. They had me strip down and then waxed me from top to bottom. I didn't have much body hair, or even facial hair, to begin with, and what little there was went down the drain with my male pride. I'm not the biggest guy anyway, down there or anywhere else. That sure didn't help.

You enjoy the company of men. You please them with your body. You submit to their wishes. You dream of unleashing your female sexuality on the right man.



They glued breast forms to my chest and blended them invisibly with my own skin. I knew then that they were turning me into a woman.

When you get home, tell your father who you are. Charles will recognize the name. He's a big fan.

What they did to my face was worse. They botoxed my cheeks to make them rounder, and chemically peeled the skin until it glowed fresh and feminine. After all that, I hardly needed the makeup they layered on; it was a female face that stared back at

me from the mirror. It was still *me*, at least in part, but it was more like the face of my young mother.

You are the woman of the house. You are a dutiful daughter that cooks and cleans for her father.

My hairstyle was the centerpiece of their plan. They dyed it a rich chestnut brown, then fused in human hair extensions and permed the thick tresses into a mass of curls below my temples. It was the classic Jacklyn Smith hairstyle, from the original *Charlie's Angels*. For the first time in my life, I felt beautiful. And I was ready to give myself to the right man.

Tell him that you like men. Tell him that you dream of finding a man just like him. Tell him that you'll be the best wife ever. Tell him that you're no longer his son.

They gave me in a strapless bra, black panties, nude pantyhose, taupe high heels, and a little black dress. They told me to get dressed. I did so, revelling in the feel of clothing appropriate to my new body.

There. That'll teach the bastard to dump me. You can wake up now, Jacklyn. We're all done.

I stood up, faced the mirror and fluffed out my hair. Jess smiled. "How do you like your new look?" "It's absolutely perfect," I said calmly.

"You're a woman now. You okay with that?"

"Sure. Everyone thinks I'm a boy, but I've been a girl inside for, like, forever." I glanced over my shoulder at the mirror. "This style is so *me*."

"Good. Here." Jess handed me her wedding band.

I slipped it on. "You don't want it anymore?"

"Nah. Bad karma. But it was your Mom's so you should have it. Make sure you show it to Charles."

When she drove me home, Dad was waiting.

"Oh my God! What did she do to you?"

"I'm Jacklyn now, Dad. You know, like that actress you like. I'm your very own Charlie's Angel."

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