

Ex-Husband Magazine: The French Maid Issue
Cooper & Kadee

Smoke circled around the ceiling. Bob took his cigar in his right hand, turned it three quarters of a circle and clenched it back between his teeth. He saw Tina Dallas squint. Just a bit. He didn't react. Kept his face blank. But inside, he smiled. The cigar turn was a fake tell he'd been setting up all night at the poker table as the players had dwindled down from six to just two— he and Tina.



"It's your play," O'Malley, the croupier, said to Bob. A crowd had gathered around the table as the stakes had grown, word had gotten around the casino floor at The Bellagio. Bob the Slob and Tina Dallas, two of the heaviest hitters in the poker world, were going head-to-head.

“All in,” Bob said, pushing his last two stacks of chips across the velvet into the center of the table. Over a million dollars now rode on what had become the final hand of their four-hour poker game. He kept his head down, giving Tina nothing to read, nothing but the fake tell.

“You’re bluffing,” Tina said, pushing her own chips to the center of the table. She flipped her cards. “Full House. Queens High.”

“Oh!” Bob shouted, making a face of epic suffering. “Oh, no! No! No!”

“You son of a bitch,” Tina said, dropping her head, realizing she’d been played.

Bob smirked and laid out his cards: a full house, Kings High. The crowd erupted in applause as he pulled his chips in, laughing. “Looks like I really cleaned up, Tina. Come on up to my room, and I’ll pay you all this back in my new Crypto-Currency. It’s called Hot Beef. Hehehe.”

Tina flipped him off and got up, adjusting her cowboy hat. “I’ll see you at The Epic in a couple days. It’ll be just you and me, and next time I won’t fall for your bullshit.”

“Maybe. I’ll be looking good, though, wearing some new threads I bought with your money.”

“At least buy something nicer than another tracksuit.”

“What’s wrong with track suits?” Bob laughed. He was famous for never wearing anything but an old school tracksuit, high tops and a bucket hat. That, plus the thick gold chain around his neck made him look like an 80s rapper.

The gathering of the chips was just for show and all the phones snapping pictures. The croupier had tallied every last cent that had been bet. Bob’s winnings would be deposited into his account, sans taxes.

This, of course, left Bob free to sign autographs, pose for pictures, and pick up a honey for the night. He spotted her early on, looking shy, lingering back, politely waiting to meet him while other people shoved their way to the front of the line. She was young, looked naive and lost, probably another little girl who'd ended up in Vegas, thinking anything was better than life in whatever shitful small town she'd grown up in. She looked like a hayseed with her checkered shirt, jean shorts and cowboy boots: hillbilly evening wear.

When her turn finally came, she was all blushing glances and giggles. Yup. Just the girl for him. "Hey, let me take you out for dinner," he said, brushing her hair away from her eyes. "I know a place where we can get a great lobster."

"Lobster?" She said, eyes wide. "I've never had lobster. Isn't it expensive?"

"I just won a million dollars. Come on."

He took her hand and led her off into the hot, desert night. Bob never even bothered to ask her name.

Bob's ex-wife, Ophelia, watched the whole thing, wanting to vomit. *He's even more of an asshole than I remembered*, she thought, sourly. This scrying stone, though? It was the shits. Ophelia couldn't even believe it actually worked, but there it was, sitting on her coffee table, projecting a crystal clear image of everything that was happening, and the sound was better than her TV.

She'd gotten the stone from some loopy hippie Earth Mother type who called herself Tatiana the Fixer. Ophelia didn't like her. Not at all. Tatiana had that whole I'm so in touch with myself and the universe thing going on. It was a bullshit act as far as Ophelia was concerned. No one was that blissful unless they were stupid.

She fished another Camel out of the pack, flicked her Bic and the flame bit, smoke swirling into the air. She took a deep drag and started coughing. Bob the Slob was playing big shot, trying to impress the girl, talking loud.

"That one there, The Flamingo— it's all mobbed up. It was built by the mob. I know the owner. Good guy."

"You know the owner?" The girl gasped, like he'd just announced he was personal friends with Jesus, himself.

"I know everyone," Bob said. "I'm the king of Vegas."

Ophelia choked. "You're so full of shit!" She shouted at the image of her ex, with his double chins and greasy complexion. She pounded on her chest and made hacking noises like a cat trying to cough up a hairball. "Ha. Well, you won't even be the king of your own asshole when I'm done with you!" At least, she thought, if the rest of this turns out to be as real as the scrying stone. She looked at the cover of the magazine again. Ex-Husband Magazine, it read. Revenge is a girl's best friend.

On the cover an annoyed looking girl in a French maid costume, only according to the cover she wasn't a girl at all, but a shitty man. The magazine promised she could turn Bob into a French Maid, living out his own pervy little fetish. Ophelia chuckled, thinking of Bob in one of those little outfits, a pair of heels, mincing around, a feather duster in his hand.

Ah, it was probably all bullshit she thought, like everything was bullshit, like extended warranties were bullshit, like Bob was totally steaming smelly

bullshit. She might as well give it a try, she figured. Against her better judgment she'd already paid. She picked up the magazine and began to flip through the pages, skimming the articles, looking over the pictures of beautiful girls dressed as French maids, each one, so the magazine claimed, a former man who'd pissed off the wrong woman.

"Well, I'm the wrong woman," Ophelia said, poking at the magazine with her smoldering cigarette. "That's for damn sure." She just wondered where she should start. And when. She wanted Bob to suffer the change the way she'd suffered their marriage. When she'd met him, he'd been selling used cars, barely had two nickels to his name. What he did have was an obsession with the whole slutty French Maid thing, and Ophelia cringed now as she remembered dressing up for him, putting on the fake accent. It had been humiliating, and she'd been disgusted with herself, but she had done it. For him, she had done it.

As soon as he'd started making money gambling, he'd dumped her. Just like that, and his only explanation had been, "You're getting old and your tits are sagging."

"Prick. Fucking prick," Ophelia shouted at his image as he pulled the chair out for his latest victim, playing the gentleman he never was and never would be. "He won't be playing the gentleman much longer," Ophelia said. "Especially after I give him a cunt."

But that, she decided, would come later.

Bob was in the middle of what he considered one of his epic tales. They were finishing up dinner, he and country girl. "So, there I was with a bottle of champagne in one hand, a cigar in the other and no pants when the cops burst into the room!" Bob threw his head back and laughed.

Another one of his mostly bullshit stories, but it worked. The girl giggled, her eyes wide.

“You’ve lived such an interesting life.”

“You could say that.” Bob’s head began to tingle, then almost burn. It felt like worms were sprouting from his skull, but he didn’t want to take his hat off. One of the reasons he wore it was because he was bald as a cue ball and ashamed of it.

The girl, still nameless to Bob, saw the discomfort on his face. “Are you okay?” She said, thinking, *oh, fuck. I haven’t even gotten paid yet, you fat bastard.*

“Yeah, shit,” Bob said as sweat broke out on his forehead. He started to get up, head to the bathroom. “Maybe I better...”



Which is when the hat popped off his head, forced off as thick hair sprouted on his skull, bangs sweeping across his forehead. “What the hell?” Bob said, brushing the bangs away from his eyes, looking to the side to see, “hair?”

The girl sat back, shocked to see Bob now had a full head of hair and—pigtailed? Tied off with bows? It was impossible. And yet, it was a condition of Tatiana’s magic that everyone accepted whatever changes occurred.

“You’ve got hair?”

“I don’t understand this,” Bob said, confused. He would have been more embarrassed if he could have seen the hair and realized he not only had pigtailed, but bows in his hair.

The working girl, who’d been playing him all night, wasn’t about to let something like this, however weird and unexpected, get in the way of making some money. Her rent was due, and most of the guys out now would be drunk, stoned tourists, cheap assholes who wanted more than they were willing to pay for.

“You look so sexy,” she said, keeping up the whole wide-eyed farm girl act.

“Yeah?” Bob said, brushing one of his pigtailed back over his shoulder, sitting back down.

“I bet your apartment is amazing,” the girl said, batting her eyes.

“I have a mansion,” Bob said, getting lost in those big eyes, feeling his boner growing, forgetting, mostly forgetting, about his hair. “And, yeah, it’s amazing. Would you like a tour?”

“Really?” The girl said. “Little ole me?”

“Hey. I’m feeling generous,” Bob said, raising a blubbery arm and calling out, “Waiter! Check!”

Chapter Two

She'd told him her name was Betty Sue, though he'd never asked and didn't really care, and she'd been everything he'd hoped for. Compliant. Submissive. She'd slipped into the French Maid outfit he kept in the closet without so much as a flinch, and she'd played the role of the innocent French girl to perfection. Right before he'd fucked her, she'd whispered, "I'm a virgin" and Bob's hard on had gone to 11.

It was all Betty Sue could do to keep from laughing as Bob climbed on top of her and started thrusting. With each thrust of his hips, his pigtailed bunched. He looked like a fool, but Betty was a professional, so she just threw her head back, closed her eyes and faked an orgasm. It was an Oscar worthy performance, and she gave herself a ten.

As soon as they'd gotten done having sex, though, she'd started playing with Bob's dick and said, "My rent is due, and I hate to ask, but is there anyway, maybe, pretty please, you could, I don't know, lend me some money?"

"Shiiiiit," Bob said, cupping her ass, squeezing, his long hair hanging in his eyes. "I can't believe I fell for it."

The wide-eyed expression instantly went away, replaced by the cold eye of a professional sex worker. "It was fun, though, wasn't it?"

"You a cop?"

"Hardly." Betty Sue untangled herself from Bob, got up and started getting dressed, pulling her panties on, then her shorts.

Bob sighed. She had been a good fuck, and she looked great in the costume. He'd just won a millions dollars, and he loved spending money, especially on women. "Toss me my wallet."

Betty Sue grabbed his wallet from the dresser and tossed it to him.

“How much is your rent?”

“500 dollars.”

Bob opened his wallet, fished out 5 crisp one hundred dollar bills and laid them on the nightstand next to the bed, fanning them out so she could count them. She nodded. “You’re so sweet.”

Bob then fished another 100 out and laid it on top of the others. “For being such a good actor.”

“I do try,” she said, grabbing the money while leaning down, giving Bob a kiss on the cheek and then handing him a card that read, “Exclusive Services.” There was a number underneath. “Call me anytime,” the girl said. “I can be anything you want me to be.”

“I bet you can,” Bob said, admiring her ass as she made her way out.

I should have known she was a professional, Bob thought, twisting one of his pigtails around his finger. *Virgins don't fuck like that.* He didn't care that she was a working girl, but it annoyed him a little that she'd been able to fool him. He prided himself on his ability to read people. It was part of his skill as a poker player, his main skill, really. You play the opponent, not the cards. It was the first rule of poker.

He suddenly realized he was twisting his hair around his finger, which caused him to remember he had hair. He got up and went to the mirror. He had not just hair, but long hair but it was tied off in those things— what were they even called. Worse, they were tied off with little bows. Like a woman. Like a girl.

I look like a fucking idiot, he thought. *What the hell?* He pulled the bows off and shook his hair out, which swept across his bare shoulders, tickled. His hair now framed his face as a rounded, feminine bob.

Shit. I'll get it trimmed in the morning, he decided. He was exhausted and needed sleep. Once he got it cut, it would actually be awesome to have hair again. Maybe it was a delayed reaction from the hair growth serum he'd tried a few months back.

Yeah. He'd hide it under a hat and go down to the barbershop the next day.

"Oh, no you won't," Ophelia whispered, snickering, her mind whirling with ideas for how she would humiliate Bob next. It was real, after all. Finally, a service that delivered what they promised. She picked up Ex-Husband Magazine and starred lovingly at the cover.

"Bob the Slob," she whispered. "Welcome to your new life."

Chapter Three

Bob woke, stretched, felt his hair brushing against his cheeks, his shoulders. He brushed it back in a feminine gesture that was already becoming habit, then plucked a few strands and pulled them around so he could look at them. It was fine hair, brown, not unlike his old hair had been before he'd lost it all. It was so weird it had grown back. Heading to the bathroom, he paused as he walked in the door. Arranged neatly to the left of the sink was a brush, a wide toothed comb, hair ties, bobby pins, and bows. Lots of bows in all different colors.

Having been bald less than 12 hours ago, Bob didn't even own a comb. Betty Sue must have left her stuff here, he decided. Maybe some trick to get more money out of me. An excuse to "drop by."

Pushing down his boxers, he sat on the toilet, knees together, and tinkled. It wasn't until he wadded a piece of toilet paper and started to wipe himself that he froze, shocked as he realized he'd sat down to pee— like a woman. "What the hell is wrong with me?" He said out loud, his deep, bass voice, inflected with a slight Brooklyn accent, rumbling.

Ophelia giggled. She loved seeing him act like a woman, and it added to her pleasure to know he was going to discover he now always had to sit when he needed to tinkle, but he would be discovering that soon enough.

Much like his failure to spot Betty Sue for what she was, Bob's mental lapse disturbed him. He never sat down to pee. It was like something was wrong with his brain. He wondered if he should see a doctor.

He took a quick shower, toweled off and then wrapped the towel around his body, just under his armpits. He went to the mirror, but his eyes were not drawn to his fashionable bob. Instead, he found himself disgusted with

his caterpillar eyebrows, all bushy and unshaped. “I’ve been walking around looking like a caveman!” He said, horrified.

He picked up a pair of tweezers that had appeared on the counter and flinched in pain as he plucked a single hair. then froze. *What the hell am I doing?* He wondered. Fucking plucking my eyebrows?

But they looked so awful.

No. Something is wrong with me. He forced himself to drop the tweezers. He took a step back from the mirror, hooking his hair behind his ear as he realized he’d wrapped himself in a towel– like a woman. “What the hell is happening to me?” He couldn’t understand why he seemed to be acting like a woman all of a sudden, and worse, not even realizing right away. All of these girl things just seemed like habit.

Ophelia grinned. She’d let him drop the tweezers, though he was still consumed with a feminine need to have pretty, sleek eyebrows. She would let him fight it for now. She had plans about that later.

She was not, however, going to let him go out and face the world without his pigtails.

Bob fled the bathroom, got dressed in his classic tracksuit ensemble. After the events of the morning, it felt good to just put on his clothes. It made him feel more like himself. He did, however, find himself rethinking his desire to get his haircut. It was so glossy and had so much bounce! It would be a shame to cut this gorgeous hair! He liked the way it felt brushing against his neck and shoulders, tickling his cheeks.

I just don’t know, he found himself thinking as he went back to the bathroom mirror. It wasn’t exactly manly looking, but it was pretty. Maybe if he did something with it?

He picked up his brush and lifted his hair, under brushing and then over brushing it. He looked down at the bows, which were attached to hair ties. Pigtails? He thought, feeling a thrill of feminine excitement at the idea.

Bob strained to stop himself from reaching for the bows. This was not him. He would be a laughingstock. His hand trembled. Ophelia smiled. "Go ahead, babe," she whispered. "Make yourself pretty."

Bob grabbed one of the bows, his fingers tingling as he touched the smooth satin. He gathered the hair on one side of his head into a bunch, and not even knowing how he did it, but doing it like he'd been doing it his whole life, he fitted the hair tie, the bow, then flipped his newly tied pigtail sassily. Yes. It looked cute, and it felt so right.

And yet, it was also so wrong, so damn wrong.

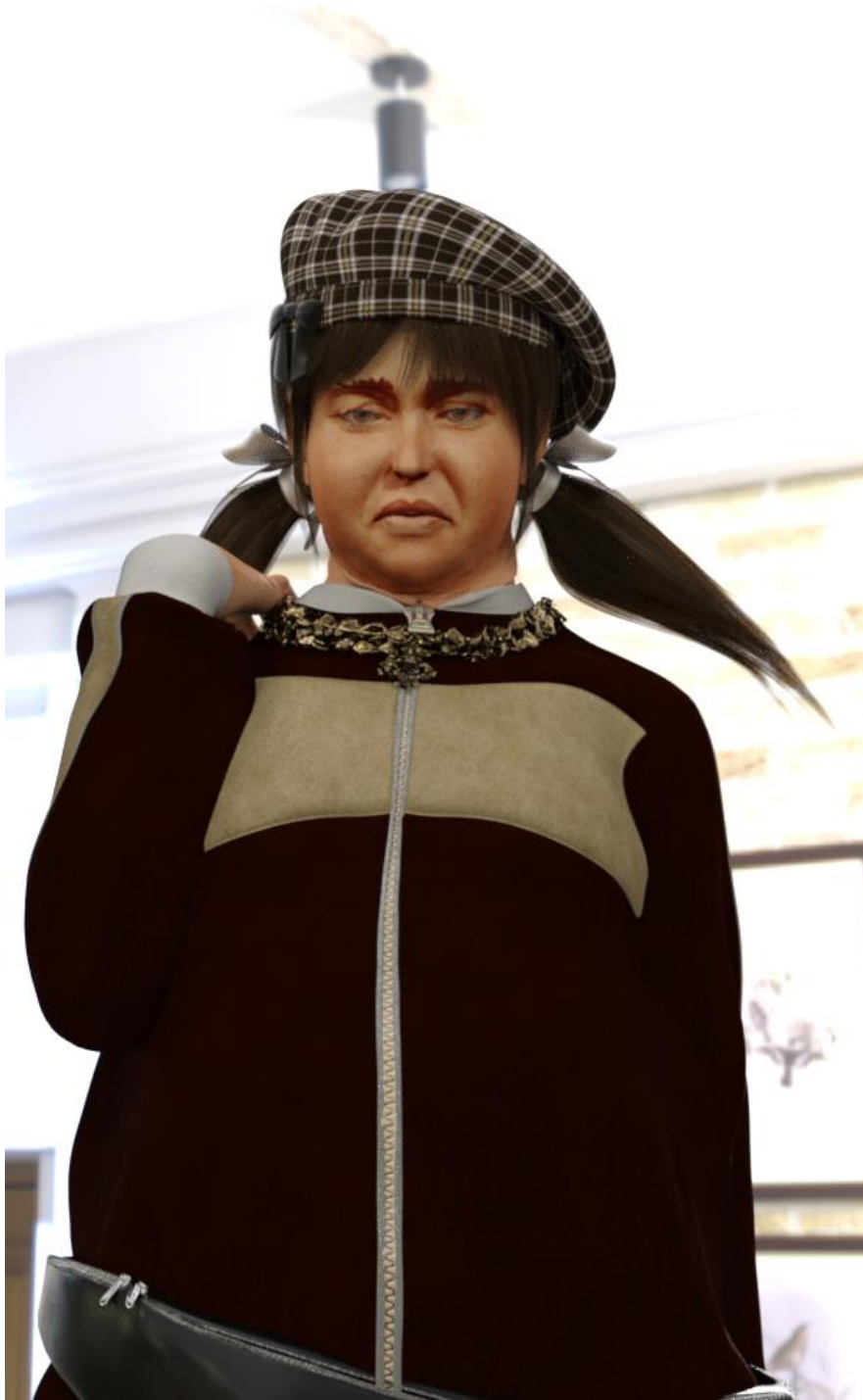
Because he couldn't go out with just one pigtail! That would be silly.

I've gone insane, Bob thought as he watched himself tie off his second pigtail, rise on his toes and do a little shrug. *I've gone completely insane*. His hair fixed, he realized he was hungry, needed to eat, so he went looking for one of his trademark bucket hats, which he kept lined up on a shelf in his closet. He figured he could, maybe, tuck his pigtails under his hat at least, despite how cute they were. As he stepped into his walk-in closet, he froze.

"Fuck me. What the hell?"

His hats were gone. All of them. They'd been replaced by those French hats, berets. He'd never owned or wore a beret in his life. This had to be a delusion of some sort. The conviction he was losing his mind grew stronger. Hats didn't just change into other hats.

Well, there was no way he was leaving his house now, he decided. He would get food delivered, call a shrink that made house calls. He couldn't let the world see him like this. He wouldn't.



Half an hour later, Bob walked into his favorite diner, pigtails swaying, a beret perched sassily on his head. He felt ridiculous, self-conscious, insecure, but he'd found he had no choice. Something in him had wanted the world to see his pretty hair, and he'd lost the fight.

Bob ignored the Please Wait to Be Seated sign, like always, and took a seat in *his* booth. He'd thrown the owner a bunch of money at one point to reserve it for him. It was all the way at the back of the railcar style diner, so he could sit with his back to the wall and see anyone who came into the room. It also meant everyone could see him, and Bob was mortified as a little girl, her pigtails tied off with bows just like his, pointed at him and whispered to her mother, "He has the same hair as me."

Bob dropped his head in shame.

Gary came over to the table, menu in hand, looking at Bob like he'd grown a second head. "Hey, Bob," he said, unable to hide his smile at the sight of Bob the Slob with pigtails.

"Hey," Bob grumbled, unable to make eye contact.

"Oh, let's have some fun," Ophelia said.

Bob found himself raising his eyes to meet Gary's. He put one hand behind a pigtail, as if framing it for a photoshoot, smiled and said, "Do you like my hair?" Inside, Bob was screaming with disgust, even as a strange and terrifying thought came to him. Gary, he suddenly realized as if seeing him for the first time, had really pretty eyes!

"Er, sure," Gary said, weirded out by the way Bob was acting. "It's, ah, it's cute."

Cute! Bob swooned. He loved feeling cute! Meanwhile, he was drinking in Gary's square jaw and those lips! Bob was sure, suddenly, that Gary must be a great kisser. "Merci!" Bob said in answer to Gary's compliment.

“Are you high?” Gary said, laughing as he handed Bob a menu. “Get you something to drink?”

Coffee. Black, Bob thought, just like always, but that thought was instantly replaced as Ophelia made another change. Bob put a hand to his chest. “Coffee with a splash of coconut milk, s’il vous plait?” He said, as if it were a question.

Why the fuck am I using all this French all of a sudden?

Gary burst out laughing, concluding that Bob, indeed, was high on something, and that this was all some elaborate prank of some kind. “I’ll be right back.” Gary turned and walked away, and Bob’s eyes dropped right to Gary’s ass, as he thought, *he looks good coming and going!*

“Merde!” Bob whispered. “Zut!” He wanted to run, to get away from here, he embarrassed himself enough, but he couldn’t seem to move, he’d lost control of his body, his mind, and the reason he had to stay was terrifying to him. Gary was so cute!

Oh! Mon Dieu! Bob thought, shocked as he realized he was now, suddenly, attracted to men? Homme?

Ophelia cackled, smoking, laughing at the terrified look in Bob’s eyes. ‘Hahahaha. Hopefully, you’ll end up with a guy just like you, too,’ she thought. “It’ll serve you right!” She decided to dial up Bob’s French cartoon character persona even further.

When Gary returned— what an intriguing bulge in his pants, Bob thought to his dismay— Bob looked up at him adoringly, his chin propped on his hands.

“Okay,” Gary said, thinking Bob was flirting with him. “You want the usual? Corn beef hash and eggs over easy?”

Bob slit his eyes, suddenly revolted by his former favorite dish. “Hash of corned beef?” He said in a comical approximation of a French accent. “I feed this to swine! Non! Non!” He shouted. Everyone in the diner was looking now, most of them amused by the sight of a pudgy, older man with pigtails shouting in French. A few thought they recognized him as the legendary poker player, Bob the Slob. Phones came out.

Stop, stop, Bob begged himself in his mind. What the fuck? “ He put his nose in the air. “I will have the fines herb omelet.”

“What’s that?” Gary said, now getting a little annoyed with Bob’s antics.

“What eez it? What is fines herb omelet?” Bob’s face screwed up in confusion as he tugged on one of his pigtails. He actually had no idea. He’d never even heard of one until the words had come out of his mouth. “I know not what it is,” he said, finally. “I know only that I crave it! Bring it to me! Immediately!”

“Okay. Okay.” Gary said, feeling a little more annoyed and a little less amused at Bob’s antics.

As Bob waited for his omelet, he found himself toying with his pigtail, thinking. Clearly, he had gone insane. He didn’t doubt it anymore. Once he’d eaten his— whatever— he would have to find a shrink. It was the only thing. *Oui. Oui*, he thought. It would be the very next thing he did. He could only hope he didn’t end up being committed to an asylum.

He got on his phone and searched for psychiatre.

Chapter Four

As Bob left the restaurant, he heard snickers and giggles. People were laughing at him. He lived for respect, had come to demand it, and it shamed him and undermined his sense of self that people were now openly laughing at him. He had every intention of going straight to the offices of



Doctor Elgin Girard, whose webpage indicated he specialized in personality disorders. Bob wasn't sure what exactly was happening to him, but he was certain there was something disordered about his personnalite.

Ophelia made a change. Bob pushed the sleeves of his track suit up as he stepped on the hem of his pants. Odd. He leaned down and rolled up his pant legs. I must've bought the wrong size, he thought, or stupid Amazon sent me the wrong size. As his tracksuit grew loose and too long in most places, he felt it grow tighter against his swelling ass and widening hips.

He climbed into his car. *Etrange*. He felt like he was sitting on a pillow as his newly plump bubble butt spread out beneath him. Triple odd. His feet didn't reach the pedals. Had someone been in his car? He adjusted the seat forward, the steering wheel down. Usually, his steering wheel pushed against his bulging belly, but looking down now, he saw his tracksuit hung baggily across what looked, impossibly, like a flat tummy. Bob unzipped his track suit and looked down, shocked. His man boobs were gone, and his belly. He was thin? He rubbed a hand across his belly, and then held it up, staring in wonder. He'd had meat hooks for hands, hairy knuckles, but the hand he looked upon now was small, dainty even, with long, graceful fingers. His wrist was tiny, as was his forearm. He looked at his other hand, holding them both up, turning them back and forth. "Impossible!"

Ophelia decided now was the perfect time.

Bob stared in horror as his fingernails grew and shaped themselves into perfectly manicured nails: French tips, of course. "Quelle?" Bob gasped. "What?" He felt his fingernails with his thumb, tapped them against his steering wheel. They were real? How?

“None of this is possible,” he whispered. His hair. The weight loss. His small hands and long nails. He remembered sitting down to pee, wrapping himself in a towel, like a woman. He now had hair and nails— like a woman. He was getting all hot and thirsty at the sight of a man.

Like a woman.



I'm turning into a woman, Bob realized. *Or, I think I am.* This is some kind of hallucination. It was to be. Betty Sue? He wondered. Could she have drugged him? Hypnotized him? Was this some kind of shakedown?

Whatever the cause, he would go to this Dr. Girard right away. The doctor would be able to help him with his broken brain. As he started the car, he realized his rearview mirror was way off for his new size, so he reached up to adjust it, only to gasp in horror as he once more was confronted with his grotesque, caterpillar eyebrows. “Mon Dieu!”

Chapter Four

Bob had tried, he really had tried, to drive to the office of Dr. Girard,

who'd even agreed to squeeze him in at the last minute after Bob had offered to double his 300 dollar an hour fee. He'd had every intention of going there, but he kept looking in the rearview mirror, recoiling in horror at his beastly eyebrows.

Dr. Girard looked very handsome on his website. Bob couldn't possibly allow a man that yummy to see him looking like a vagabond. He'd canceled his appointment, and with rising desperation he'd cried out, "Siri! Find me a salon!"

As Bob drove, Ophelia decided the track suit wasn't cute enough. Her ex was going to be a sweet, naive girl from the country who'd grown up working on her parent's farm, milking the cows every morning. He needed a more innocent look, she decided.

Bob wiggled and swerved around as his clothes began to change. Horns blared as he drifted into oncoming traffic, then yanked it back wildly, feeling his legs now bare, his tiny arms as his clothes reformed themselves into a jumper outfit. He couldn't stop, though, as each time he glanced in the rearview mirror he saw THEM— the twin monsters that hovered above his eyes, shaggy and foul!

Finally, he arrived at the salon, tugging on the hem of his shorts, the straps of his jumper, feeling absurd, and wondering if he should have prioritized his mental health after all, but in the end, he could think of nothing more important than his brow emergency. Trying his best to ignore his new outfit, he charged into the salon.

He'd chosen the Salon Jolie, though there were two nearer salons. It was French. He didn't feel he could trust his eyebrows to anything other than a French stylist. A salon was a woman's space to Bob, a part of the world of women, and as he entered, he began to feel nervous, self-

conscious. It surprised how how *big* everything seemed. The shelves and chairs all seemed to have been made for giants. A girl came to the front desk and greeted him, “Hi,” she said. “Do you have an appointment?”

She had a baby face but a banging body, seemed kinda sweet and innocent. Just the kind of girl Bob liked– or had once liked. Looking at her now, he found himself assessing her hair, her jewelry, her outfit. *She’s got her shit together*, he decided, slightly impressed, but not at all turned on by her, even when she smiled and flashed him those dimples.

She seemed tall, as he found himself looking up at her, but everything seemed over-sized, like he was a child again. The desk she stood behind came right up to his chin, and there was no way he could even reach the high shelves that lined the walls, all displaying mysterious jars of feminine beauty supplies.

Ophelia made another change, chuckling to herself.

How short am I now? Bob wondered. He’d gotten so distracted, he’d forgotten what the girl had even asked him. “Pardon?” He said, his eyes widening in shock as the word came out in a tiny, squeaky voice, like a tween girl.

“Do you have an appointment?” The girl asked again, hiding her confusion at this puffy-faced older person with the little girl ribbons in her– his– hair, the squeaky little voice and what had sounded like a kind of fake French accent, the cute jumper.

Ophelia was dying as Bob’s hand went to his throat, his cheeks turning crimson.

“Non. Non,” Bob said, trying to lower his voice, but instead it only grew higher. Ophelia had made it so if he tried to speak in a lower voice, he would just become squeakier. “But, it is, how you say? Urgence?”

Emergency!” He squealed. He heard himself, heard that little girl voice, the bizarre French accent, though he sounded to his own ears more like Pepe LePew than any real French girl. “Look! Look upon my eyebrows and despair!” He wailed.

The girl looked. Indeed, the diminutive person in front of her did have truly tragic brows, not to get started on that face. Clearly, they needed help. “You’re in luck,” she said, checking the computer. “We had a late cancellation,” she said. “Lin will finish with her current client and be able to see you in about 10 minutes.”

“Merci! Merci!” Bob said, sighing with relief.

“Your name?”

“My name?” Bob said, putting his hand to his chest.

“To put you into the system. Don’t worry. Our records are all strictly confidential. We don’t share it with spammers.”

Ophelia whispered another change. She’d spent an hour looking for options and was quite pleased with her choice.

“Um, okay, my name, it eez” he thought about giving a fake name, but he’d given “Betty Sue” all his cash, and he was going to use his credit card to pay. *Might as well use my real name*, he decided. “My name. It ez Noe—” Bob stopped. He’d been about to tell the girl his name was Noelle. “My name is... No... my name is...” He put his hand to his throat again. That wasn’t his name. His name wasn’t Noelle. It was Noelle! No, that wasn’t right. He’d always been— Noelle!

Bob was shaking his head, confused, looking anxious and maybe even a little psychotic. The girl started to feel nervous. “I’m really sorry,” she said. “I mean, if it makes you more comfortable, you can use a fake name?”

“Oui,” Bob said, relieved, but then a powerful urge came over him. Noelle was cute. It was pretty. Why should he be ashamed to have the world know he was Noelle? “Non,” he suddenly shouted, slashing the air with his tiny hand. “I am no lache! I am not the coward!” He planted his hands on his hips and stared defiantly into the distance. “I am Noelle Naivete! I will not deny it!”

“O-kay,” the girl said, tapping it into the computer. “Lin will be with you shortly.” It was Vegas. The girl was used to dealing with eccentrics.

Bob huffed, even while he wished could crawl into a hole and die. His voice was ridiculous enough, but now he was finding himself constantly acting out in melodramatic hissy fits. And why was he speaking in this absurd accent? Using French words? Since when did he even know French words? And Noelle? Seriously? His name wasn’t Noelle. It had always been Noelle— no— what had his name been?

He couldn’t even remember. He remembered only Noelle now.

Bob had to hop up to get onto the chair. He then crossed his legs at the ankles and began to swing them back and forth, as he was so short they didn’t reach the ground. Bob tugged on a pigtail and bit his lip. Waiting was soooo boring.

Ophelia whispered.

Bob’s eyes were drawn to a rack of magazines that stood on the other side of the reception area. His mouth dropped open, his eyes grew wide. Mademoiselle. Elle, Cosmopolitan. His heart fluttered as he realized he loved all these magazines, though he couldn’t remember ever reading one. There was one he felt drawn to more than all the others, though. It almost seemed to radiate a pure, white light. Bob hopped off his chair and walked over to the rack, plucking the magazine and staring at the cover in wonder.

He lovingly brushed his fingers against the headlines: 2 Step Brownies. 20 Mini-Makeovers for Any Room. Bob hugged the magazine to his chest like a long-lost friend.

The title was Good Housekeeping. A new thought planted itself in Bob's mind: The key to happiness is a tidy house. He lovingly carried the magazine back to his chair, hopped up, and began to read.

Shortly thereafter a voice called, "Noelle?"

Bob's head snapped up. "Oui?"

"I'm Lin, and I'll be your stylist today." Petite, she had an utterly American accent, looked about 18 with a chirpy, girly little voice. *She's not French at all*, Bob fumed. *Theese salon, it is a lie!*

Bob smiled, nevertheless. "Enchante," he said, wincing as his voice was higher pitched even than hers. When he hopped off his chair and followed her into the salon, he was further shocked to realize she was slightly taller than him, in fact all the women here, busily working on clients' hair and faces and nails, were taller than him.

It made him feel vulnerable, insecure to find himself so tiny, such a little thing in a big world.

"So, I understand you want me to do your brows?" Lin said as Bob climbed awkwardly into the too big for him chair.

"Oui," Bob answered. "They are disgrace! I am ashamed I have let them become so much the— what ez the word, le bete— so much the beast and not ze beauty!"

"Oh, you're lovely," Lin lied. "I love your pigtails!"

Bob smiled. "Merci!"

"So, what sort of brow style would you like, honey?"

“Brow style? I do not understand?” Bob had no idea what the girl was talking about. He knew only that he was consumed with a desire for his brows to be—“Pretty? I wish to have ze pretty brows.”

“Of course, they’ll be pretty. But do you want hot brows? Rounded? Soft angled with a slight arch?”

Bob felt himself beginning to panic. He looked at Lin. Her brows looked good. “Like yours,” he said. “Pretty like yours!”

“Oh, thanks,” Lin said, and she turned Bob’s chair away from the mirror and got to work threading, then shaping his brows into perfect feminine arches. The girls at Salon Jolie were all trained to upsell, so Lin drew Bob’s attention to the women next to him, who was sitting with her eyes closed, her face covered in some kind of black goo.

“Have you ever gotten a charcoal facial?” Lin asked, as if just making conversation.

Bob winced as she plucked. *Facials*, he thought, one of the many dumb things women did. He started to say so, but Ophelia, watching, got an inspiration, and she blew a smoke ring at Bob’s image hovering above the scrying stone, whispering a new command.

“Ze facial it ez...” Bob had meant to say “stupid,” but the words froze in his little mouth as his heart filled with longing and curiosity. “What ez this facial of charcoal?”

“Oh, it revitalizes your skin, making it more supple and bright. It’s actually—”

“I must have eet!” Bob declared, slashing the air with his hand. “I will have it! The facial of the charcoal! I demand it!”

“O-kay,” Lin said. “Great.” She’d been warned that Noelle was a bit dramatic.

When she'd finished with Bob's brows, she coated his face in the warm, charcoal mixture. Bob couldn't believe he'd agreed to this, but it did feel good at least. He was aware he had been drawn deeper into a woman's world, but he'd come to the point where he wasn't even bothering to really fight it anymore. He just decided he would play out this little salon visit, then he would try to figure out what the hell was going on. Girard would not reschedule, but certainly there was someone out there who could help him. Bob still clung to the belief that he had to be imagining all this somehow, living some sort of weird delusion.

Lin had told him the facial would take about an hour, so he closed his eyes and tried his best to relax. Soon, he drifted off to sleep. "Noelle? Noelle?" He heard, rising back to consciousness as Lin gently shook his shoulder. Fragments of his dream lingered. He remembered it involved Gary and a feather duster. While he'd slept, Ophelia had made a few adjustments. It was just too perfect an opportunity.

"Noelle?"

"Oui! Oui?" Bob said, cringing at the bits and pieces he remembered from his dream, him on his hands and knees...

"You're all done. Are you ready to see your fresh, radiant skin?"

"I am," Bob said, trying to forget even the slight and disturbing fragments of the dream that floated around in his brain.

"You'll be amazed," Lin said as she began to peel the facial away.

"You're going to look like a whole now— OMIGOD!"

“What ez it?” Bob gasped. “What has gone wrong?”

Everyone in the room froze at the sound of Lin’s shout, and they stared now, wondering what had happened. Sitting in the chair was a lovely, petite woman with a beautiful, radiant face.

Lin, of course, had been shocked because the face revealed had no resemblance at all to the sagging, mannish face she’d covered in charcoal and clay an hour before. This face, it was—

“Lovely,” Cassie, the owner of the salon said, hurrying over, giving Lin a *what the fuck look*. “Stunning, right girls?”

“Beautiful. Gorgeous.”



“Yeah,” Lin said, still trying to overcome her shock. ‘You’re hot.’”

“Moi?” Bob said, putting his hand to his cheek. He knew what he looked like. “Lovely?”

“Gorgeous,” Cassie said, spinning his chair around so he faced the mirror.

Bob gasped at the sight of himself. It wasn’t him at all. He looked like a young woman, with big, innocent green eyes fringed with long, thick lashes,



a tiny little nose and, of course, perfectly sculpted brows. He looked like he was— maybe— 18, especially with his bangs and pigtails. “I am mimi,” he

said. "Cute. I am," and at the next thought his voice grew hoarse, "charmante." It was French for sexy cute.

Bob probed his face with his fingers, his manicured nail sparkling as he touched his soft, youthful skin. "Impossible," he whispered.

Cassie and Lin exchanged a glance. They couldn't tell if their client was pleased or horrified. She certainly looked good.

"I do not know if I can face the world now," Bob said. "I am no longer me. I am the changeling!"

Ophelia made another change.

"Um. will that be cash or charge?" Cassie said, deciding it would be good to move this particular customer out the door as soon as possible. She helped a stunned and confused Bob out of the chair. He followed her to the counter. Bob reached for his fanny pack. It was gone. He checked his pockets. Nothing. "These ez most embarrassing," Bob said, still stunned by all the changes that had happened, how much of a completely different person he'd seemed to have become. "I seem to have lost my wallet."

Cassie started to get angry. Of course this odd ball would..."

"Noelle!" Lin called as she approached the register. "You forgot your purse."

"My what?" Bob said.

"Your purse." She held out a handbag. It was black leather with a gold chain. Bob stared in horror.

Ophelia smiled. As a man, Bob had a thing about purses. Male insecurity, she'd supposed. He'd refused to even hold hers for her when they were shopping, which no man wanted to do, but most sucked it up and did what they had to do. Not Bob. He'd recoiled from a purse like he thought it was a snapping turtle that would snip his balls right off if he so

much as touched one. “Well, honey,” Ophelia said, smiling bitterly, “you were sorta right, at least now.”



“My purse,” Bob whispered as he realized that, yes, this was *his* purse. He carried a purse now. His shame at the thought was nearly all consuming. It was as emasculating to him as any of the things that had happened. He had a purse— just like a woman.

But his shame and horror was joined by a new fascination. The purse Lin held out to him was— cute. Pretty. Sexy. Expensive. He needed it, wanted it, would show it off and make other women jealous. His hands shook as he reached out for *his* purse. Once more he fought with all his will. Once more he lost.

He took the purse, his purse, and as he did, he felt he lost another piece of himself. “Merci,” he said, offering Lin the bright, pretty smile he now had. He opened the purse and found his woman’s wallet, plucking an American Express Plum card and handed it to Cassie. “I am so sorry for the confusion,” he said.

While Cassie rang him up, Bob couldn’t help but run his fingers along the cool leather of his Chanel bag. Looking inside his purse he saw lipstick, foundation, mascara, pepper spray, tissues, tampons...

Tampons? “Mon Dieu!”

Chapter 5

Ophelia did a little dance as she watched Bob sling his purse over his slender shoulder. He was coming along very nicely, Bob the Former Slob. She was quite pleased with how pretty his face turned out. She actually based it on a drawing— a drawing she'd found online of a 1950s style pin up girl dressed in a classic French Maid outfit. Bob now had the features of not a real woman at all, but some pervy old artist's cartoon fantasy girl.

Ophelia had meant to just stay on Bob, keep making changes. She was looking forward to giving him a real nice pair of tits. She was just waiting for the perfect time. Meanwhile, she could make some other changes, but suddenly all thoughts of Bob fled Ophelia's mind. She'd tried to shake a cigarette out of her last pack of Camels only to realize she'd already smoked her last cigarette.

Ophelia was a chain smoker, and she immediately dropped everything else and headed off to the store. Nothing was more important than nicotine, not even tormenting her ex.

Bob, for his part, was struggling to deal with his feeling of *small*. He had a hard time seeing the road from his new height, and his car, like everything else, now felt like it belonged not to him but a giant. The sight of his petite little hands on the steering wheel seemed surreal, and he was beginning to question his belief that he was hallucinating. Everyone else was seeing the same changes. Could this all be real? But if it was, how?

Seeing a Starbucks, he decided to stop on the way home and get a cup of coffee. He parked his car and after another pointless struggle, grabbed his purse. He'd thought he would just pull the wallet out, but he found he

needed to carry a purse with him. He'd feel naked without it, and besides his mace was in there. He didn't feel safe anymore.

There is no off-season in Vegas. The town remains packed with tourists all year round, and that meant the sidewalks were always crowded with people milling about from place to place, stopping to take pictures. A big, thick man until today, Bob had usually just walked along, bumping people out of his way like a blubbery battering ram.

Not anymore. The world seemed a little scary to him now, with all these adults and even most of the teen-agers towering over him. He found he had to weave and turn and slip among them, most people not even seeming to see him at his low level as they just seemed to plow along. Finally making it to the Starbucks, he sighed with relief, grabbing the handle to the door and pulling—

“Quelle?” The door did not budge. Were they closed? At this hour? Bob could see people inside. He pulled again, making a small, high-pitched squeak as he strained. Once more, the door did not move. “What ez these?”

“Let me get that for you little lady,” he heard a man say.

Little lady? Bob clutched his purse to his side, humiliated that this *man* thought *he* was a woman. *Little lady?* He remembered his face and sighed. Of course the man thought he was a woman. Bob stepped aside, glancing up and up and up at the tall man who had salt and pepper hair, a rugged, unshaven face. Bob felt his heart flutter. “The door, it ez stuck, it cannot—”

The man effortlessly pulled the door open as if it were light as air.

“Wow!” Bob said. “You are so strong! And so very tall” *Wait. No. What am I doing? He'll think I've got the hots for him!*

“After you,” the man said, with a smile. “Cheri.”

Bob felt weak in the knees. Oh! What a smile! “Merci!” He sang out, with a shrug of his shoulders and a little tilt of his head.

The guy, Devin, took a good long look at Bob’s ass as he stepped in front of him and got in line. The girl had a gorgeous face, not much in the way of tits, but that ass? The things he could imagine doing to that ass.

Bob blushed, his heart fluttering. *Come on*, he said to himself. *Be a man. You don’t like guys!* When he felt the man tap him on the shoulder, though, he almost peed himself with excitement. “Oui?” Bob said, looking up at the handsome man. Bob batted his long lashes as he toyed with one of his pigtails. The man was well-dressed, had good hair. Pretty eyes! Bob was a sucker for a man with pretty eyes!

“I just realized I didn’t get your name.”

“My name? It is Noelle.”

“What a beautiful name for a beautiful girl,” the man said.

Bob giggled and turned an even deeper red.

“I’m Devin.”

“And why do you wish to know my name?” Bob asked, putting his hand on Devin’s arm. “Monsieur Devin?”

“So I can ask you out, of course.”

Oh, shit. Bob was freaking out inside. A man was asking him out? A man? There was no way. No way. Non. He would tell the man, Non! But when he opened his mouth, instead he heard himself whisper, “Oui. Oui. I would like that very much, Devin.” NOOOOO!

The man handed Bob his phone. “Type your number in there, honey, and I’ll give you a call real soon.”

Bob tapped his number into the man’s phone, giddy with feminine excitement and shaken with how his world had turned upside down. Were

guys going to be hitting on him now? All the time? And why couldn't he say no?

Bob ordered a coffee with coconut milk, but as he reached into his purse, Devin reached over him and handed the barista some cash. "I got it."

"Non. Non. It is not necessary."

"It's on me," Devin said, shaking Bob with another devastatingly handsome smile. "I insist."



Bob suddenly felt pretty, desirable and, for the first time since he'd started changing— powerful. *Guys want to give me things*, he realized, then felt gross as he thought, guys want to give me— things, and he knew just the thing Devin really wanted to give him.

And yet? Bob smiled and giggled some more. “Call me?”

“Oh, I will.”

Bob floated to the end of the counter to wait for his drink. He surreptitiously checked out Devin, feeling like he'd just won a hand of poker, a high stakes hand of poker. There were two women waiting as well. Young. Pretty. Bob instantly sort of hated them, until one of them said, “Well done.”

The other added, “You landed yourself the catch of the day.”

Bob felt himself glowing. These girls, he realized, respected him for attracting such a specimen of a man. “Oui,” he said, gracing them each with his prettiest smile. One of the girls started to play with one of his pigtails, as if he were a child. “I love your hair. You're such a little cutie.”

Cutie? Bob loved being cute. These girls were so awesome. He had to compliment them back. “Your outfit,” he said. “It is divine.”

Just then, he heard a guy somewhere behind him say, “Check out the ass on Frenchie.”

Bob's mouth dropped open. Were all these guys perving on *him*? Checking out *his* ass? He moved so his backside was against a wall, blushing, feeling anxious and self-conscious.

Once he'd gotten his drink, Bob just wanted to get out of that Starbucks. As much as his new and evolving personality was so thirsty for Devin, so excited this handsome man had hit on him, so thrilled the girls respected

him for his beauty, he was also freaking out. His entire experience of the world was wrong now. Guys hitting on *him*?

Once more, he couldn't manage to get the door open. This time, a girl who looked all of 15 opened it for him. "Go ahead, miss," the girl said. Everyone thought he was a woman, treated him like a woman. It was terrible and glorious and confusing, and he didn't even know what.

Ophelia, meanwhile, had come home with two cartons of Camels, a six pack of Red Bull and a fifth of Vodka. She was ready to party.

Bob threw himself into his giant car, locked the doors and sighed with relief to be off the sidewalk, away from all the big people, the man with their roaming eyes. Home. He would go home. He needed to decompress, think, try and figure all this out.

Tap. Tap.

Bob jumped in his seat with a small yelp of fright. He looked. It was a motorcycle cop, a woman wearing dark sunglasses, a helmet that read Vegas PD, tapping on his window with her nightstick. She pointed to the window and then down.

Bob put the window down. "Yes, officer?" He said. "Did I do something wrong?"

"Yeah," the officer said. "You stole my heart."

"I stole—?" Bob froze, a smile plastered on his face as he realized that this lady cop was hitting on him.

"This is totally wrong, and I could get fired for it, but you are one fine ass little female. How about you give me your number."

Non. Non. Bob thought. The cop, she was very masculine, aggressive. She scared him. Once again, however, when he opened his mouth he could only respond to her with a breathy, "Oui."

Ophelia snickered. She could see Bob was actually scared of this woman, and she loved it.

When Bob got home, he saw the van for *Lingerie Maids* in the driveway. In Vegas, of course there was a lingerie maid service, and of course, all the maids were gorgeous prostitutes. He had a maid come in twice a week to clean up the house he was somehow able to make disgusting in a single day. Bob usually took advantage of their ad-on services.

Ophelia made a change.

Bob went to the kitchen and reached up to put his purse on the kitchen counter. His whole house, like everything else, looked wrong from his new perspective, like it had expanded and turned into a house for giants. In the past, Bob would have gone looking for the maid, gotten a blow job, but today he suddenly felt a powerful new reason to go looking for the maid. Getting up, he went and found her. She was in the bedroom, changing the sheets. It was Giselle, one of his favorites, but today he barely looked at her gorgeous body, pleasing wrapped in a black teddy. He was focused, instead, on the way she was making his bed.

“What ez these?” Bob said, shaking his head. “What you do? It is all wrong!”

Giselle turned and her candy-colored mouth dropped open in shock as she took in the sight of the new Bob with his pretty face and tiny body, cute outfit. Tatiana’s magic, of course, ensured she recognized him, as everyone who had known him would recognize him, and that she would accept his impossible transformation, however shocking. “Bob?” She said, looking down at him. “Is that really you?”

“Oui,” Bob said, “but I prefer you call me Noelle.”

Giselle giggled. “Noelle? Seriously?”

“Do not laugh,” Bob said haughtily. “It is a beautiful name.”

“O-kay. Yeah, it is. Well, hello, Noelle.” Giselle knew what Bob usually wanted, so she just got ready to go to work, getting down on her knees, though she wondered if maybe Bob would need to stand on a stool. His voice was super cute now, but why was he talking in that accent?

“Non. Non,” Bob said as he saw Giselle getting on her knees. “Non.” Bob wasn’t thinking about sex at all. He found himself obsessing on the sloppy job the girl had been doing with his bed clothes. “What you do with the sheet? It is terrible!”

“What’s wrong?” Giselle said. She put the mattress sheet on. It looked fine to her.

“The corners are not correct,” Bob said. It drove him crazy to see it. “The ends, they are not tucked. I should be able to bounce ze quarter off of these.” With a huff, he went over to the bed and began to redo the sheet. “I show you how it ez done.”

Giselle watched, astounded as Bob the Slob began to make the bed. His movements, she noticed, were sexy, feminine, as he kept his legs straight and bent at the waist, thrusting his ass back like he was expecting a special delivery. His hands floated, danced, and he wiggled his hips and tilted his head to the side like a flirty schoolgirl as he explained what he called “proper technique.”

It was only when he’d finished and found himself proudly planting a hand on his hip, throwing it sassily to the side, that Bob realized what he’d done. “Wait?” He whispered, confused. “Since when do I even know how to make ze bed?”

“I was just wondering the same thing,” Giselle said.

Bob shook his head, pig tails swaying. He knew, he realized, everything about housekeeping, his mind full of tricks and hacks to make sure everything was clean and neat and sparkling. He knew all about doing laundry, cooking. What's more, he found he now had a near maniacal obsession with making sure a house was tidy, an all consuming need to clean and dust and polish. He swayed on his feet, shocked and confused by this new development in his personality.

"Are you okay?" Giselle said, rushing to him, thinking he was about to faint.

"I do not know," Bob said as the much bigger, taller woman took his arm and helped him to the bed. Just before he was about to sit, he stopped. "I just made the bed," he said. "The chair, please."

Giselle helped the tiny little man over to the chair and he sat, trembling. "I am not well," he whispered, thinking about bleach and Febreze, all the uses for lemon, how to get a stain out of Berber carpet.

"I'll get you some water."

"L'eau," Bob said. "Oui. Merci."

Giselle got some water for Bob, handed him the glass. He took a sip and then looked at the square, crystal glass in his hand. Slitting his eyes, he held the glass toward Giselle. "Do you see the spots! This glass is not clean! Mon Dieu!" He would have hurled it dramatically across the room, but he didn't want to make a mess.

The sight of the imperfectly cleaned glass revived Bob, who leapt from his seat and grabbed Giselle's hand. "Come!" He shouted. "I teach you all!"

For the next hour, Giselle watched, bemused, as Bob mopped and dusted and scrubbed, all the while explaining the proper technique, the need to perform each task with precision and loving care. As when he made the bed, Bob's movements were all sexy, flirty. Though she really



wasn't all that interested in his cleaning tips, she took note of how he could turn even wiping down the refrigerator into a scene from a porno.

"Passion!" Bob said, thrusting his fist in the air. "You must clean with the passion!"

“Cool, cool,” Giselle said. “So, like, I really appreciate the lesson, but I have another appointment I need to get to. So...?”

“Of course,” Bob said. “I will continue lesson next time you visit.”

Giselle couldn't resist the urge to infantilize the diminutive man. He'd kind of been a fat asshole, and she just loved seeing him all small and pretty and with that gorgeous ass. She patted him on the head as if he



were a child. “You should come and work for us,” she said, flicking one of his pigtails. “You’d make a fantastic maid, and you’re such a little cutie.””

“Cutie?” Bob said, giggling. “You think I’m cute?”

“Oh, hell yes.” Giselle sauntered toward the door, pausing to look over her shoulder and give him a wink. “Bye, doll.”

Bob, who’d been in the middle of dusting the living room when Giselle had announced she had to leave, continued dusting. He simply couldn’t live with such dust! He thought about her suggestion he become a maid.

“Ridiculous,” he said. “Though, in truth, I would be a better than her!”

Ophelia laughed. “Don’t worry, honeybuns. You *will be* a better maid than her, and soon!”

Chapter Six

When Bob finished dusting the den, he carefully hung the feather duster on a hook in the utility closet, making sure it was hanging perpendicular to the floor. “A place for everything and everything in its proper place.” It was not that he was finished cleaning. One was never truly finished cleaning, he now believed, but even a perfectionist housekeeper such as himself needed balance in his life.

Bob poured himself a glass of white wine and went back to the den, pausing to fluff up the pillows on the couch and rearrange them before sitting down in his easy chair, which swallowed him up like a child. Tucking his legs underneath him, he sipped his wine, twisting one of his pigtales around his fingers as he thought.

This had all started in the middle of his dinner with Betty Sue. She’d conned him into thinking she was an innocent country girl. It had to be her changing him. Somehow, she had done this to him as a shakedown. No doubt, she was waiting for him to call so she could make him pay. *Well, little Miss Smartypants*, he thought, smiling to himself. *Are you in for a big surprise.*

Bob found the card she’d given him and tapped out her number on his cellphone, now ensconced within a pink jeweled case. “Exclusive services,” a breathy woman answered on the first ring.

“I would like to have ze date with Betty Sue.”

“Of course. She’ll be there in an hour.”

Ophelia made a change.

An hour. Perfect, Bob thought. Just enough time for him to do his face before she arrived.

Bob's bedroom, formerly all dark, masculine blues and grays, was now white and pink and his bed was shaped like a heart. He cringed at the sight, but he didn't have time to worry about it. He was thankful to note, however, that the bed was still perfectly made up. He went straight to the dressing table he didn't remember owning, its top crowded with blush and mascara, eyelash curlers and brow gels and all the things any girl could ever need to make herself pretty. Bob knew exactly why he needed to do his face. He was about to confront another woman, and the more gorgeous he looked, the more she would respect him. It was the way of la femme. He chose a dark, smokey combination of eyeshadows.

He would be not be playing the mere femme tonight, but la femme fatale!

Betty Sue stood outside the door to Bob's mansion, checking her watch. She'd rung the bell twice and then texted him. He'd texted back, "Almost ready. I'll be right down." That he was "getting ready" at all was a relief. The last time they'd been together he'd reeked of cigar smoke and stale sweat. She hoped this time he'd at least taken a shower. As she waited, she clung to the strap of her duffle bag. It was heavy, stuffed full of sex toys. You never could tell what a client wanted, and she liked to be prepared.

She heard high heels clicking toward the door. Was there another woman involved? She hoped he knew that would cost extra.

Ophelia had made popcorn. She munched and chuckled as she watched Bob struggling to pull the front door open.

As the door slowly swung open, Betty Sue saw— no one. Her brow furrowed, but then she heard a tiny, little girl voice say, “Down here.”

Betty Sue looked down and gasped. “Bob?” She knew instantly the pretty little thing in the tiny little black dress was Bob. Even perched on heels, he came only to her chest.



“Bonjour,” Bob said, throwing a hand on his hip as he tilted his head back so he could look her in the eyes. He had a long, elegant cigarette extender, and he put it to his lips and took a puff, blowing a stream of smoke into the air.

“Oh, my God,” Betty Sue said. “You’re voice!”

“Oui,” Bob said. “I am adorable, but you are not fooling me. I know you expected to see all of this.” He waved a tiny hand the length of his body. “Come in. We have ze business.”

As Bob swiveled on his heels and led her into the house, Betty Sue could only admire his perfectly feminine walk, as well as his plump, heart shaped ass and tiny waist. How was this possible? Like all affected by the spell, she recognized the changes and accepted them, even as she could not understand how such a thing could happen.

Bob led her through the house, the den and onto the back patio, with its sealed concrete floor. Betty Sue found

herself wondering what kind of kinky scenario Bob was planning.

Once they'd reached the patio, Bob once again pivoted gracefully on his heels. He raised a long, French tipped nail toward Betty Sue and screamed, "J'accuse! Traïtresse!"

"What the fuck?"

Bob now pulled up the hem of his dress, revealing a garter belt with a petite holster. He drew the tiny little .22 and pointed it at Betty Sue. "Are you pleased with your handiwork? Are you amused to see the petite femme you have made of me?"

"Okay, whoa," Betty Sue said, raising her hands, taking a step back. "I don't know what you're talking about. Put the gun down."

Ophelia blew smoke at the image of Bob and whispered, "Timid... sweet... harmless... naive... terrified of guns..."

"Oh, you play the innocent? You... you.." Bob looked confused, wobbled on his heels. *What am I doing?* He wondered. *How can I be so impolite? Why am I holding a—* Seeing the cold, black steel of the gun in his tiny hand, he screamed and dropped it, backing away. The gun hit the floor and bucked as a flag popped out that read "BANG."

"Oh, shit, was this some kind of role playing thing?" Betty Sue said, her heart racing. "Bob, baby, you have to clear this kind of thing in advance. You scared me half to death."

Bob's heart was racing, too. He'd scared himself. He couldn't believe he'd been so rude and inconsiderate! He'd thought it was a real gun, could even remember loading it. Yet...He latched onto Betty Sue's explanation. "Oui," he gasped, his chest heaving. "Oui. This was the playing of the roles! I am so sorry!" Tears began to roll down his cheeks. "Also, if it is not too much to ask, I prefer you call me Noelle."

Oh, shit, Betty Sue thought. *God damnit*. This is why she hated turning tricks with women. They could be so emotional. Bob, though, had paid in advance, and she knew he was a big tipper. She went over and gave him a hug. Trembling, Bob clung to her, felt safe in her strong arms. It felt good, and perched there in his heels and little dress, he had an urge to make one last chance to reclaim his fading manhood. Betty Sue had been a most skillful fuck, after all.

“Let us make love,” he whispered.

Betty Sue cupped his chin and tilted his pretty face back. “Are you sure? You seem so upset.”

“I find myself aroused,” Bob said, batting his lashes. “If it is not too bold of me to say?”

“Whatever you want,” Betty Sue said. She was a pro, after all.

“The French Maid,” Bob whispered. “Of course.”

Betty Sue was as good as Bob had ever been at reading people, and seeing the way he acted now, spoke, she took a chance. “Fun, but, um, Noelle, don’t *you* want to be the maid?”

‘Oui,’ Ophelia whispered around a mouth full of popcorn, triumphant, thrilled, delighted as Bob’s ears turned red, the tip of his little nose. His eyes went soft with desire, the pupils big and fat as the moon.

“Oui,” Bob whispered. “It is what I have always secretly desired.”

It was never what Bob had desired, secretly or otherwise. He loved making broads dress up as French Maids. Heck, he was pretty sure the girls hated it. His wife sure did. That was part of the fun, showing his dominance.

He had never wanted to be one.

Until now. Now, as Bob climbed the stairs to his room, where he always had a few French Maid outfits hanging in his closet for his prostitutes to try on. Now, he felt chills go through his body at the thought of putting on the little dress, the apron and stockings. He would play the coquette, the naive and innocent country girl! Bob picked up a pair of lacy black panties. His fingers tingled as he felt the soft material slide up his smooth, round legs. Next came the stockings, so elegant. After he'd put them on he ran his fingers along his legs, his skin tingling. Yes, the dress followed, the apron, and then his pumps.

Soon Bob tottered out of the closet, feather duster in hand. Betty Sue lay on the bed. She wore a baggy, man's suit, a tie hung loosely around the unbuttoned collar. It was the one suit Bob owned. Even he wouldn't wear a tracksuit to a funeral. Betty Sue had also used mascara to draw a pencil thin mustache on her upper lip. Betty Sue, playing the man, stared at Bob with hungry, predatory eyes.

Bob giggled and bent at the knees. "Monsieur!" Bob said as he began to dust, showing off the same flirty, sexy technique he'd demonstrated for Giselle earlier. "The way you look at me! It is making me feel the intriguing feelings!"

"Oh?" Betty Sue said, do a very impressive impression of a man. "Are you feeling hot?"

"Oui!" Bob said, kicking his leg back.

"Are you feeling bothered?"

"Oui! Oui!"

"Are you feeling thirsty?"

"You are a mind reader!" Bob gasped, covering his mouth with one small hand. "What does it all mean? I have never felt these things before."

Betty Sue was struggling not to laugh. Bob was playing the maid like an old pro. Damn if he wasn't actually turning her on.

"You've come down with a fever," Betty Sue said. "I'm going to have to give you an injection."

"Oh! Will et hurt?"

"Oh, yeah," Betty Sue said as she pulled a strap on out of her bag. "It'll hurt."



Bob's eyes went wide at the sight of the strap on. *Nope. Too much. Not gonna happen,* he thought, but instead of saying any of that he heard himself coo, "You're needle et is quite large!"

"Turn around and bend over." Betty Sue said.

"Why?" Bob giggled as he turned and bent over, knees straight, ass out.

"There's a penny on the floor."

"There is!?" Bob giggled as he bent further over and wiggled his hips. Inside, he was screaming, trying to make himself

cover his ass with both hands, run. While “Noelle” seemed to have no idea what was about to happen, he knew very well. Or, he thought he did.

Ophelia made a change. Bob suddenly felt a strange new sensation between his legs. Hot and wet, he felt an emptiness, a lack, a need to be filled. *What is this strange sensation?* He wondered.

Betty Sue tore Bob’s panties off and did a double take. Bent over as far as he was, she could plainly see he had a vagina. Jesus. She could have sworn he had a cock last night. Well, she’d meant to do some ass play, but she decided to fuck this bitch good instead. She grabbed one of Bob’s hips and put her other hand on his back.

No... no... he thought, gritting his teeth, struggling desperately to run, pull away, shield his ass with his hands. He’d never felt so exposed, so vulnerable. Betty Sue grunted and thrust into him.

“Aide-moi!!” Bob screamed, as he felt the dildo pound into a part of his body he didn’t even know he had. As Betty Sue thrust deep inside him, his chest swelled to form small, jiggling breasts.

“Goal!” Ophelia shouted, clapping as she watched her stupid idiot of an ex lose his virginity. “Goal!”

“Stay just like that,” Betty Sue said as she slammed into him a second time. “Papa!” Bob screamed as his perky A-Cups swelled and rounded into B-Cups, then C Cups, then Ds, bouncing impressively on his chest as each thrust from Betty Sue erased more and more of his manhood. Bob found himself pushing his hips back, wanting her deeper and deeper inside him.

Suddenly, he felt something ignite in him and he made a high-pitched little squeaking noise as the whole room seemed to spin, he saw stars and— fireworks? Bob arched his back and screamed as his whole body shook with the force of his first female orgasm.

Betty Sue slapped him on the ass. Bob stumbled forward, collapsed onto his bed, panting, newly grown breasts heaving. “Monsieur,” he whispered as he reveled in the post-coital afterglow.

“Yeah?” Betty Sue said.

“I do not think your shot worked.”

“Why’s that?”

Bob rolled onto his side, hip in the air and batted his lashes. “I still have the fever.”



Chapter Seven

Tina Dallas sat at the poker table, pissed. Bob hadn't shown up. The chicken-shit. There was a crowd there, a camera crew from MGM. This was supposed to be an event, a chance for her to build her following and, most of all, to win back all her money. The prick. Tina adjusted her cowboy hat and looked at the croupier, O'Malley. The same guy from the night before. "I'm not gonna sit around here all night."

The crowd started to buzz. "Bob? Hey, Bob?" Cameras flashed. Of course, Tina thought. He'd shown up late on purpose to make a big entrance, keep her waiting, maybe get flustered. Bob up to his old... tricks?

The crowd parted and a gorgeous little woman with huge tits and dressed as a French Maid appeared, clutching a purse to her hip. "Bob?" Tina said as he took his seat, smoothing his skirt under him as he did so.

"I'm sorry I am late," Bob said in a little girl voice inflected with French. He flipped one of his pigtails with a slender hand, his perfect French nails sparkling as they caught the light. "My hair and makeup? They took *forever*."

Tina started laughing. She couldn't help it. "What the hell happened to you, Bob?"

Bob rolled his eyes and put his powdered little nose in the air. "My name," he said with a kind of petite arrogance, "is Noelle."

Bob opened his purse and fished out a cigarette extender and a pack of Virginia Slims. He lit his cigarette and took a dainty puff. "Are you ready, Mademoiselle?"

Tina just laughed, turned to the dealer and said, "Let's get started."

Noelle was no match for Tina. He had no poker face. Every emotion was right there in those big, innocent eyes. Tina could read him so easily. His eyes went wide, and he smiled brightly when he had good cards, pouted and sighed when they were bad. Tina toyed with him, letting him win a hand or two. When he did win he clapped his little hands and bounced up and down in his seat, like a little girl who'd just gotten a pony for her birthday. Tina ground him down until she was in position to crush him. They'd each started with a million dollar buy in. Tina now had an immense pile of chips to Bob's small stack. She could have ended this sooner, but she hadn't wanted to take him out until the time was right.

This would be the last hand, and Tina intended to raise the stakes. Seeing Bob dressed as a maid had given her an idea.

The dealer dealt. Bob giggled when he saw his cards. He had a good hand. Tina knew hers were better. The time had come to make her ultimate play. She shoved all her chips in. "All in," she said.

Bob pouted.

"You can't match her bet, Noelle," O'Malley said. "Tina wins."

Bob frowned, and Tina almost shit herself as she saw tears building in his eyes. "Hold on," she said.

"I'll make a deal."

Bob's face instantly lit up as he swung from sorrow to joy.

"Let's play this out. We'll show our cards. If you win, you get all the cash, and you're grand champion for another year."

"And should I lose?" Bob said, raising a slender eyebrow. "What then?"

"You agree to serve as my live-in maid for one year."

Bob examined his nails and shrugged. He had great cards, and he was sure he would win. Besides, he loved to gamble. "Convenue," Bob said. "Agreed."

Bob flipped his cards. "Straight flush," he said, giggling and tossing his pigtales. It was one of the best hands possible in poker.

"Ow!" Tina said, putting her hand to her stomach as if she'd just been shot. "Ow! Oh! I can't believe it! Ow! What a great hand!"

Bob shook his shoulders from side to side, making his breasts jiggle. "Le Victoire!" Bob said, clapping his little hands. He stood and faced the audience, who were all applauding, fairly astounded the guileless girl Bob had become somehow managed to beat Tina Dallas on the final hand. Bob curtsied. "Merci. Merci! I win!"

"Wait just one second there, little missy," Tina said. The crowd stopped clapping. Bob turned on his heels. "Pardon?"

"I haven't shown you my cards yet."

"What does it matter?" Bob said, annoyed that Tina had ruined his big moment. "The only thing that can beat my hand would be a royal flush, and ze odds are one to ze one million!"

"Well, honey, read 'em and weep." Tina flipped her cards. She did, indeed, have a royal flush. The audience gasped as Bob's cigarette extender dropped from his lips.

Bob did not weep, though. He screamed and fainted into O'Malley's arms.

Chapter Eight

Bob's heels clicked as he carried a tray of drinks out to the pool. He wore his full French Maid uniform, as he did almost every day in his new life as Tina's maid. She insisted, though sometimes for a special party she had him wear lingerie.

Sanchez, The Cheese, Bolo— all the heavy hitters in the world of poker were there, partying before the World Series of Poker. Bob passed out their drinks, bending at the waist, knees straight, smiling and batting his eyelashes.

"Hey, Noelle," The Cheese said, pointing at the sky. "Look. The moon is out during the day."

Bob looked to the sky and clasped his hands in front of his chest. "Oh! It is so pretty!"

"Do you know why you can see the moon during the day sometimes?"

"Non," Bob said, shaking his head.

"It's because someone on the other side of the world is pointing a flashlight at it."

"That is so fascinating," Bob said. Ophelia had made him so naive he believed just about anything anyone told him. "You are so smart to know such things."

Everyone started laughing. "What ez it?" He asked, eyes wide. "What?"

"Don't you worry your pretty little head, honey," Tina said.

"You know, she is a huge improvement over Bob the Slob," Bolo said. "I actually like her. She's got a nice personality."

"I like her tits," Sanchez said.

"That ass ain't bad either," The Cheese said.

Bob giggled and blushed as he tidied up the porch. He loved being admired! He loved being pretty.

“And she’s actually a hell of a maid,” Tina said. “Best I ever had.”

“Pardon,” Bob said. “Will you be needing anything else, madam?”

“Dismissed,” Tina said with a wave of her hand.

“Merci, madam,” Bob sang as he curtsied for his mistress and went back inside to continue preparing dinner.

“Hey, Noelle,” Bolo called. “There’s a penny on the ground.”

“There ez?” Bob said, bending over, his skirt flipping up so everyone could see his panties. They all burst out laughing. “I do not see it!”

“Bend further.”

Bob did, to more laughter.

Trapped deep inside Noelle’s scatter-brained head, the old Bob seethed with rage, shame, humiliation. He’d beaten all of them in his past life. He was better than any of them! And yet now he found himself serving them while they checked out his tits and ass, made fun of him, and he had no doubt that after dinner they’d be finding other ways for him to serve them. He shuddered at the thought of what was to come. They were all very crude men! And one crude woman!

He still didn’t understand why or how this could have happened to him. Unlike many of the ex-wives, Ophelia had no desire to confront Bob, let him know she was the one who’d turned his life upside down. It was enough for her that her disgusting slob of an ex-husband was stuck living out his life as a maid.

A French maid

Ze End

