



FOREVER MINE

SCULPTING THE PERFECT WOMAN,
FROM THE NOT SO PERFECT
MAN.

COOPER & KADEE

The following material is rated

X

Mature Readers

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The following story is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to real people, living or dead, is coincidence.

Forever Mine

by TG Cooper Chapter 1

You walk into my cafe with your backward baseball hat, your precisely weathered tank top intended to show off your "guns," your sweatpants and Reebok trainers, and to the naked eye there is not a single interesting thing about you. Not the copper bracelet that's supposed to help your body heal-- it doesn't. Not the tattoo on your shoulder that says Jets-- that will need to go-- not even your abs, which look the same as every other chiseled set of abs at whatever trendy, over-priced fitness facility where you train, sweating, sweating, lifting, trying so hard to put muscle on that endomorphic body of yours.

You've succeeded at that, at least as much as you wanted, with solid muscles and angles where they should be, but they don't stand out, don't amaze-- they are the same as a hundred other guys out there on Tinder lifting their shirts, grinning at the camera as they celebrate their vacuity to the world. No, to the untrained eye you are just another bro with just another empty head swimming through life on your entitlement and never realizing just how utterly expendable you are even as you cling to the herd, desperate to belong to the same mooing crowd whose pressure to bland yourself has made you such a forgettable excuse for a human being.

I watch as you glance around my shop, taking in the Georgia O'Keefe prints, the Rokudenashiko anime stills that smother the raw, brick walls. You roll your eyes without rolling them. Like most men you are unnerved by the vaginal imagery. You claim to love women, but secretly you don't understand them, and you fear their emotional intensity, their fluidity and passion. Even the sublimated image of a vagina makes your balls shrink.

You walk up to the counter with that smirk on your face-- the smirk that says 'male privilege made me what I am so deal with it' -- and you pretend to scan the menu board, but I know what you're going to say before you even say it. I wait, taking in those big, hazel eyes of yours-- the surprisingly long lashes for a man, and then I glance over that endomorphic frame of yours again. You can tell I'm looking you over, and I see you suck in your gut—it's okay bro, you look cute-- but I am really looking at your narrow shoulders, your smallish rib cage.

You. Yes. You.

I decide right then and there. I will make you mine. I'm excited thinking of how slender you'll look once I've made you shed all that silly muscle, carved away that facade of masculinity.

"Uh," you finally say, "is it possible to just get coffee?" Your speech patterns are perfected bro, crafted to sound kinda dumb and at the same time kinda superior. Oh, you poor thing.

"Of course," I say, leaning on the counter. "Do you want anything in that?"

"Nah. I take it black."

Of course you do. You're a simple, rugged, man's man. A man' man does not have complexity, nor does he like things that are sweet, nor does he drink cow milk, like some calf. Oh, no. He drinks his coffee black, the way God made it, and God bless America and black coffee. You're trying too hard, doll. You don't know I can SEE her.

As I am getting his coffee, I unbutton the top two buttons of my black blouse, letting my tits breathe. I can feel his eyes all over my ass, and I lean forward, sticking my ass out, filling his mind with all kinds of dirty thoughts. It may not seem like the kind of thing a proud, fourth wave feminist and liberated woman would do for a guy like that, but, again, I have seen. He is not a guy like that. He's putting on an act. Trapped inside him is a woman, and I need to rescue her.

When I turn around, his eyes drop right to my cleavage, and then he looks back up and meets my eyes. I look back. The eye contact alone is enough to seal the deal, but I need to be very careful. I can't ask for his number. He doesn't realize what a desperate, needy little princess he is, and if I am too aggressive it may scare him off. I have to just lay the bait out there and draw him, force him to make his move, let him play the man for a little while. I smile as I slide his coffee across the counter to him, and I make sure our fingers brush against one another. "That'll be 5.50," I say.

"Jesus," he says, right on cue. "For a cup of coffee?"

Right, I think. Because the whole gourmet coffee thing is so new and until just this minute you thought coffee still cost 25 cents a cup, and guys in fedoras sat around drinking it talking about which dame had the best set of gams. He is so shallow and locked into his performance of bland that I ache for him. It must be so hard for the fabulous creature that he is, the amazing girl he should be, trapped inside this second-ticket act, a throwaway opening number from a show that got cancelled thirty years ago.

You are a total nothing, I think, as I stare into his eyes. A liar. The worst kind of fraud because you don't even know you're a fraud. You are so lost. But he sees none of that in my eyes. What he sees is desire. I make myself blush. I bite my lip. I drop my eyes.

All signs of submission. IT works, triggering all the insecurities in my little princess. She needs to feel like she can dominate a woman, and that starts with the woman seeming weak.

He taps his phone, adds a tip. He gives me a little chin flip and then makes devil horns with his hands and says, "later on."

Damn. He's turning. Walking away. I'll have to wait, hope he comes back, hope I did enough because once I see one that I need, I NEED. And he is the one I need-- because he needs me. SHE needs me. But there he is, heading toward the door, and I feel the anger building in me. Asshole. I unbuttoned my blouse for you! I stuck my ass out! You mother fucker!

But then he stops, turns, and I know, even before he walks back to the counter, even before he asks for my number, I know-- that I have him. "I swear I never do this, but I find you intensely attractive," he says. "Anyway, my name is Tom, and how about giving me your digits?" He hands me his phone.

"You never do this?" I say, slathering my words with sarcasm. "I must be so hot."

He smirks, not even bothered that I am calling him out. "I may have done it once or twice before."

"I figured."

The phone is unlocked. I wish I had more time to sneak around in there, but, again-- caution!- but I do turn my back, and I tap settings, to see a sweet little surprise: The phone lists his name, his real name, as Thorne Tecumseh Smith. Thorne! I knew it. I smile, punch my number into his phone along with my name, turn around and hand it to him. "My name's..." Think... think.. think...what name does he want to hear? "Farah. Call me?"

"You know it, babe," he says, this time making his fingers into the shape of a gun and pretending to shoot me. How romantic, I think, knowing this thing with the hand gestures is one of the first things that needs to go. As he walks out the door, I smile to myself, picturing him with a plump, heart shaped ass perched on a pair of stilettos, his hips wiggling as he walks, a purse tucked under his arm.

He doesn't call for two days. Of course. It's a stupid rule all these guys live by, but don't they realize women watch movies, too? We know all about the two- day rule, three- day rule. The games guys play. I suppose some women are okay with it, the same way they are okay with guys cumming in their faces because "he loves me, really, he does."

I bide my time. I am excited to get started on him-- her. It's always exciting when it begins, and I feel like this one could be special, that she could be the ONE. I know. It's so silly and romantic, right? This idea that there is a special someone we are destined to meet, feminize and then marry? It's like something right out of Ovid, or some kind of Shakespearean sonnet. And I never bought into it. Never. Even when I was a tween, if I was watching a show and it started to get all mushy. I wanted to gag. Gross. So dumb.

But, oh well, I guess I do have a romantic side, and it isn't the first time it's happened, and I've always gotten bored with the guys once they're girls, but this one feels different. It really does.

I find myself staring at the ceiling, imagining what she'll look like, the kinds of sounds she'll make when I love her, how she'll kiss, and that name! Thorne! Thorne! Too perfect. It's like her parents knew she wasn't supposed to be a boy, and so they named her after the main character in a bad romance novel. Well, I am looking forward to tearing open his bodice, seeing his breasts heave with passion!

Confession: I have watched every episode of Once. I know. You must be thinking-- she's way too intelligent to watch such a stupid TV show. You are right. But, well, the thing is there is a lot of cleavage on that show, and when I watched it, I always pretended that the woman with all that glorious cleavage were actually men who'd been transformed into women against their will. So, not so dumb after all, right?

Chapter 2

I spend the days waiting for his call, getting ready. I go to my apartment in Tribeca-- the shabby one I usually start with so the guys don't get intimidated by the fact that I am soooo totally rich and actually from a very elite family-- can't say the name, but trust me, you've heard of us! I check and double check my supplies-- the drugs and whatnot. I take down a couple paintings and order some sports stuff from Amazon-- Jets stuff, a signed picture of Joe Namath. I found him online and saw he claimed to be a Jets fan. Same day delivery, and soon my apartment looks like I am a sports chick, but I don't overdo it. A guy doesn't want to have to worry that his girlfriend knows more about sports than he does. Spoiler alert-- I probably do.

So, I keep my candles out, my Genesh statue, and most importantly of all the framed Georgia O'Keefe that hangs at the head of my bed. Looks like a flower but it's actually a

vagina. She will be looking down on him as we fuck, my goddess and spirit animal, even as I slip my golden lasso around him and compel him to become my truth.

Change the sheets from white to black-- silk, of course-- I am making the room more perfect for my little Thorne. He's going to think I am a guy's girl, totally into sports. Then, when it's all done, he'll care even less about sports than I do, of course, and if a football ever comes on, he'll be way more interested in what the cheerleaders are wearing than anything else.

He finally calls, feigning detachment and disinterest, because that's what books that teach idiots how to disrespect women tell guys like him to do-- "sorry, babe, just been really busy--"

I assure him that it's okay. I suggest we get together for drinks at a Hooters.

He chuckles. "You sure you don't want someplace a little nicer?" He says, surprising me.

"The game's on," I said. "The beer's cheap, and, besides, well, it's only a block from my apartment."

"You're my kind of girl," he says.

"You, too," I say, smiling at myself in a mirror as I play with my hair.

"I'm your kind of girl?" He laughs, thinking he caught me in some kind of word choice blunder.

"More than you know," I say.

He thinks I'm being funny. Just wait until he pops out his tits.

I put on a Jets jersey, leggings, a backward baseball hat. My hair is in a ponytail. Tom comes to my door, and I answer. He greets me with a hug and a kiss on the cheek. I see him looking past me, trying to get a look at my apartment. I push him back out into the hall and close the door. "Play your cards right, I'll give you the tour."

"Shuffle and deal," Tom says. As we walk to the bar, he says, "I didn't take you for a sports fan."

"Oh, huge," I say. "My dad was an enormous Jets fan, and he got me hooked."

"Hunh," Tom says, and I sense he doesn't quite believe me.

We get to the bar, I am over the top sports girl, squealing whenever the Jets make a play, shouting at the screen when the refs make a bad call, throwing myself into Tom's arms for a hug whenever the Jets score. I am in total Guy's Girl mode, and he loves it, and he loves that the other guys at the bar are checking me out, and he loves that most of them are wishing they were him right now.

During commercials, we talk and do the get to know each other routine. Everything I tell him is a lie. I am Farah, because, of course. I studied theater at NYU, and I'm pounding the pavement now, auditioning for EVERYTHING!-- and I'm keeping my skills sharp by taking acting classes at Mathew Corzine Studios, where we practice the Meisner technique-- don't ask-- and I also do Improv! You have to come to one of our shows!

I see his eyes fill with dread at the thought of going to an improv show, and I know that's her, because she had good taste and can't be bothered with amateur theater. He, meanwhile, is a broker on Wall Street-- yawn-- comes from Connecticut--- double yawn-- went to Princeton-- sorta okay-- and his dream is to one day open his own chain of gyms. Ugh. "No one out there is doing it right," he says. "No one. There are a thousand thousand gyms, and our nation is the fattest on Earth! Why? Because no one is doing it right!"

I pretend to care, wanting to come across as the eternally supportive female presence. I touch his shoulder, his biceps- hard, building, muscle, and I get a thrill thinking how pretty he will look when I've given him lithe, pretty little arms, rounded little shoulders. "I do barre," I say.

"I bet you do," he says, and I can tell he's remembering my ass.

We leave after the third quarter. Beer, eye contact and some elicited touching have him hot and horny. When we get back to my apartment, he stumbles and falls onto my bed, yanking his shoes off, undoing his pants. He's in a big hurry, and I know I will probably not come close to getting off tonight, but that's to be expected with this Manboy. I go to the bathroom and tell him I need to freshen up. He mumbles something.

In the bathroom, I strip, slip into a silk robe. But then, I take a pill that will have certain interesting effects on my body chemistry, making my saliva and other bodily fluids neuroagents more addictive than heroin. I spray myself with a pheromone-based perfume- Le Parfum Crack, I call it. I made these myself-- did I forget to mention I have a PHD in biochemistry with a minor in Women's Studies? Plus, a bunch of other degrees and a few hobbies. More on that later. I am not only wealthy but very, very smart, and I am not bragging. It's just the truth. I created these chemicals in the lab I built for myself in an old loft in Brooklyn. It's just a private little sandbox for me to work on my little projects, and after toying for a few years with different combinations I manage to create what I like to call my "Perfect Little Helpers."

I muss up my hair, pull the top of my robe open, and step out of the bathroom. He's already stripped down to his boxers. His body is lumpy and hairy, gross, and I can see he has a boner. He looks me up and down. I linger in the doorway, letting him drink me in. "We gonna do this or what?" He says.

I am definitely not getting off, and there is no romance in this one, which is great because it will make this first step less tedious. He has no idea what I am about to do him as I walk across the room, not even bothering with any sultry flourishes as he clearly is not interested in anything but a quick fuck. He leans back on my bed and I crawl onto him. As my perfume envelopes him I see his cheeks flush, and then I lean in and kiss him. He seems annoyed, at first, He tolerates kissing because he knows that's what women want, but it doesn't do anything much for him. He's that kind of guy, at least he was, and he lasts all of .5 seconds before I hear him make a surprised grunt, and he leans into my kiss, hungrily seeking my lips, and then I thrust my tongue into his mouth, and once more he grunts with surprise and now he needs my lips, hungers for my mouth, as he will for the rest of his life.

He probably thinks, if he is even capable of thinking at all right now, that I am just a really good kisser. That he's never kissed anyone like me before, never got such a bang out of it. But what's actually happening is the chemicals in my saliva and perfume are causing his brain to shit itself. Right now, his brain is releasing a massive amount of the neurotransmitter dopamine in the nucleus accumbens, a cluster of nerve cells lying underneath the cerebral cortex. Causal brain docs call this "the pleasure center of the brain." The amount of dopamine should be, if all my calculations are correct, about 10 times the amount released by heroin.

Sure enough, when we break off the kiss for a moment, I see his eyes are dilated, his pupils huge, dark and throbbing with need. He puts his hand on the back of my head and stares at me. "Who are you?" He says, his voice trembling with emotion. I laugh and start to pull away, and he pulls me in for another kiss. He needs my kisses. He really needs my kisses.

You see, in addition to the dopamine shit storm I have unleashed, another chemical reaction is blowing up his little brain. The dopamine interacts with another neurotransmitter, glutamate, to take over the brain's system of reward-related learning. This system has an important role in sustaining life because it links activities needed for human survival such as, oh, little things like eating and breathing, and links them with pleasure and reward. The reward circuit in the brain includes areas involved with motivation and memory as well as with pleasure. My little helpers, my designer addictive substances stimulate and overload the same circuit -- whamo! Kissing me, smelling me, now ranks in Thorne's little brain just as important as eating and breathing.

Just that quickly, Thorne is kisses crazy, and even though he has a raging hard on and the old him-- the one from a minute ago-- just wanted to fuck me and get out, the new, improved Thorne finds himself kissing me and kissing me-- on the lips, the neck, my breasts and belly. Back to my lips.

"You sure like to kiss," I say, running my hands through his hair as he goes back to my breasts, kissing them all over, breathing in my scent, sucking on the chemicals in my skin.

"I'm not usually like this," he says, panting. His cheeks are flush. Big eyes still dilated. His nostrils flare, and I try not to giggle because he's more like a teen-age girl right now than man, obsessed with all this foreplay.

"Sure you're not," I say, before he smothers my mouth with another kiss. He's hard now, his dick pressing against my thigh, and he's going to pop soon either inside me or all over my bed spread. When the kiss ends, I say "fuck me."

"In a sec," he says, panting, desperate for more kisses.

"Now," I say, and I reach down and grab him, and I guide him inside me. He starts to rock, lips on mine, and I am not sure he even notices when he comes, but all that effort has worn him out, and when he's done, he rolls off me and onto his back.

"Fuck," he says, throwing an arm over his eyes.

I tease his nipples. They are small little male nipples. Disappointing, but I still like it, and as I play with them, I imagine them big, fat, sitting on top of plump, pillowy breasts. He's drifting off to sleep-- men!-- but the stimulation of his nipples is mixing up in his brain with all that dopamine, and he will find himself wanting me to play with his nipples, needing it the same way he will need to kiss me, to smell me, to be near me.

He starts to snore. I get up and have a drink, then I go to the cabinet in the bathroom and pick out a dildo, finish myself off. I clean myself off, and climb into bed, drifting off to sleep, pleased with my work, with the snares I have laid. I look at him sleeping there, an oblivious bro, and it amuses me to think that he has no idea what has happened to him, that he is now my pet, and that soon he will be my woman.

I wake at some point. He has gotten up, and he's getting dressed, planning to sneak out. He probably thinks he will ditch me, never call, that I am just another conquest. I pretend to be sleeping as he makes his way to the door. I hear it open, but it doesn't close. I smile. He comes back, crosses the room, and he leans down and smells me, then kisses me on the cheek. He is probably confused, annoyed at himself for this gesture. It's so unlike him, but then he does leave, and as soon as the door closes, I laugh.

How long do you think he'll last before he tries to contact me? I doubt he'll make the day. I go for a run, down here in Tribeca. I like it here because it still looks like New York is supposed to look, the way New York looks in a Scorsese film, not the gauche glass towers overtaking midtown. Midtown is starting to look like a Dubai wanna be. It's sad, because New York used to be the IT girl of all the world's cities, and now it's like Madonna latching onto Brittany Spears, a withered crone clinging to lost glory. But Tribeca is still 19th century brick buildings with rusty iron fire escapes climbing up the walls, and you can imagine men with cages full of pigeons on the rooftops, like Marlon Brando in that old movie.

There's no reason for me to go by my coffee shop today. I've found my fair maiden, after all. I have a girl who manages it for me all the time. I just go in there when I feel like playing barista girl, and when I am looking for new pets. I text Garnet and we decide

to get together for brunch-- there's a French cafe on the upper Eastside we both adore, and I've only just sat down when she looks at me with that patented Garnet look, and she says, "What's her name?"

"Is it that obvious?" I say, sipping my dark, roasted coffee.

"I can see right through you," she says.

"You won't believe this," I say, "but her name is Thorne."

"For real? What kind of people name their son Thorne?"

"It sounds like the heroine from..."

"A Bronte novel."

"I was going to say Melrose Place."

"You are such a pop culture slut," Garnet says. "Did you really go to college, or was that just another one of your personas?"

"Har. Har," I say. She knows I went to colleges. She was at one of them with me, and we also went to boarding school together. We nibble and make small talk about the Bronte Sisters. Wuthering Heights. Everything Garnet says sounds like it came out of

Cliff's Notes, so it sounds smart and insightful but in a totally non-interesting way, like the typical suburban professor who has never lived anything but through her breathless reading of Victorian Lit. Everyone of Garnet's opinions should be uttered in a mini van on the way to soccer practice.

I am at my Penthouse off Central Park East when my phone buzzes, and I look down to see a text from Thorne. Wanna hook up?

I ignore it. I make him wait an hour, and then when he texts again, I text back, Busy. That's it. Just one word. Busy. I want him to wonder-- is she not interested? Is she really busy? Was the sex bad? And he will wonder, and he will suffer, because things are happening in his brain and his body right now that he doesn't understand. He's starting to undergo withdrawal symptoms, and once more his brain is shitting itself.

His brain now equates my kisses, my smell, with life. It's going crazy, telling him he needs to kiss me, or he will die. He doesn't know this consciously, just as an alcoholic does not realize the same thing about alcohol; he only knows that he wants it very badly. And he is already starting to have symptoms-- he'll suffer anxiety, unnerved, uncomfortable, like something is wrong, that he might be in danger. He'll feel a growing sense of desperation, and over the next two days-- because I will keep him waiting-- he'll have sweats, and he'll even find himself trembling. He'll be on an emotional roller coaster, suddenly plummeting into deep depressions, inexplicable periods of elation.

If you think I have just described the typical teenage girl, you are not wrong. My poor little Thorne is going to be a needy, desperate emotional wreck. And the cure, the only thing that will make him feel better, is a kiss from me.

I keep busy. There's an Alfred Hitchcock festival at Film Forum, and I spend the next afternoon in the dark, nibbling on popcorn watching *The Birds*, *Vertigo* and then, gloriously, *Psycho*. That scene with the knife and the shower--- so perfectly framed. It almost makes me wish I were a serial killer.

I emerge blinking. It's October and the sun is already setting, a chill breeze gusting down Bleeker Street, tossing leaves and plastic bags. I turn my phone on and it starts rattling like a machine gun, texts from Thorne-- they are growing more desperate and crazy, and I skip along as I read them, a Simon and Garfunkel ditty playing in my head--

Slow down you move to fast

You've got to make the moment last

Can we meet?

You ignoring me?

Did I do something wrong?

Why are you ignoring me?

I NEED to see you?

PLEASE. Farah!!!!

He's suffering from hysteria, sounding like the kind of woman who belongs on a couch crying while she spills her heart out to a Freudian therapist. I wonder if he's started to get the shakes yet? I decide to throw him a tiny little bone, so I text back: Just super busy. I add some random emojis because that's the kind of girl I know he likes, plus I want him to get all upset trying to figure out what they mean.

I've barely hit send when he texts me back. "I'm coming over."

You are desperate, I think, smiling. Not home. I text back, feeling rather wicked. And then I slip the phone into my pocket and plunge into the creepy depths of Lovecraft, a bar in the Village that is, just as it sounds, inspired by the works of H.P. Lovecraft. I order a Shub-Niggroth and take a stool. The first guy hits on me less than five minutes after I sit down.

Yes, I am THAT hot.

He's kind of pretty, and I briefly consider feminizing two men at once, just for the challenge. But no. Thorne is special. She's my forever only girl, and she's a princess, and I need to honor that. I let the guy take me back to his place. After he's serviced me and fallen asleep--men! Oh, okay, I slipped something into his drink-- I paint his lips with my lipstick and then pluck his eyebrows. I start to paint his nails, but then I get bored and leave. He thinks my name is Marion Crane, and I am pretty sure he will remember me.

Chapter 3

On the third day, I head down to my little apartment. Thorne has been texting, calling, sounding like the junkie that he is, but for the last few hours, my phone has been quiet, and I know it's time to progress him. As I get off the elevator and look down the hall, I see a lump sleeping on my doorstep, and I shake my head. My neighbors will complain. I'm going to hear about this. I move quietly down the hall, hoping not to wake Thorne until I can get the door to my apartment open. I lean over him and slip my key into the lock, and he hears the tumbler turning and his eyes pop open, and it almost breaks my heart to see how desperate and happy and full of need he is when he looks at me.

"Farah!" He gasps. "I'm so sorry. I know this is crazy and kind of weird, but I had to see you...". I step over him and into my apartment. He grabs the doorframe and struggles to get to his feet. He's weak. Shaky.

"Get in here before someone sees you," I say.

He stumbles into the room, almost falls, leans against the wall. "Kiss me," he says. He knows what he needs.

Of course, I am going to make him wait. "Come in. Sit down," I say, taking his hand.

"Are you okay?"

He dives in, desperate for my lips, trying to steal a kiss. I turn my head away, and he's on the couch now, and his desperation is starting to turn to anger. "I need you," he says, eyes narrowing. "Please!"

"Calm down, honey," I say, though he is cute when he's angry. I sit and take his face in my hands. He pushes toward me. I hold him back, and then I tilt his head back, lean in and kiss him on the lips.

His whole body sighs, and he's sucking on my mouth, his whole being focused on my lips, my tongue, and he kisses me like his life depends on it because, well, it kinda does and I love him like this, so emotional, so passionate, so utterly in my thrall. We have an epic make-out session, just like two teenagers, and once he's gotten his fix he collapses into the couch, slouching, heavy lidded eyes. "Thank you," he says. "I don't know what's gotten into me. I can't tell you how much I needed that."

I can tell me how much you needed that, I think. But I just put on a concerned face, my maternal voice. "Are you okay?" I say.

"I am," he says, then, "probably not."

"I've never known a boy who liked to kiss so much."

"It's you," he says. "There's something about you."

"Listen, doll," I say. "I don't think this is going to work for me. I mean, I come home and find you sleeping on my doorstep."

"No!" He says, a true junkie, terrified I am about to take away his smack. "I'm not like that. Really! But, I can't explain this, and it's never happened before, but there's something about you. Something special."

"Oh," I say. "Look, babe, I 'm really flattered, but you're really not my type."

"What?"

"I like guys who are a little more metro," I say. I get up and go over to my bar. Pour myself a drink. I don't offer him one.

"Metro?"

Of course, he doesn't know what that is. I have so much work to do. "You know? Groomed." I sip my drink, look him over as if I am appraising him. My eyes fix on the thick chest hair sticking out from the top of his shirt. "You're too hairy."

"I wasn't too hairy last night," he says.

Well, you were, but I shrug. "That was just a one-night stand, babe. I wasn't looking for a relationship. Or a kissing partner."

We argue. Talk. Of course, it's easy for me in the end, because I am his drug of choice. An hour later we're at the spa, and I am sitting in the waiting room, texting Garnet while he's getting his body waxed. And I do mean his whole body. The first time I made a guy do this, I went in the room and enjoyed watching him suffer, but it's gotten old. I am all about the result these days and not the process. When he's done, he comes out, and he looks self-conscious as he walks out into the waiting room, and the women look up at

him. I reward him with a long, loving kiss, and his brain is crackling with relief and the need to be smooth is getting wired him as he now associates smooth skin with getting his fix from me.

Next, we're sitting side by side as a nail tech files his nails. We're getting mani-pedis together, and he argued a little but then gave in, as he will, as he always will, because I own him. Nothing extreme for him-- yet. "A lot of the guys on The Street get this done," he says, and I know he is talking to himself more than to me, trying to convince himself that this is perfectly normal for a man.

"Your nails look great," I say. "Pretty, even."

He frowns. He doesn't like being called pretty. He'll get used to it.

I am buzzing, horny, because he is learning to please me, and that is such a turn on. I have to resist the urge to push it. I want to do this right. So, that night I let him take the lead in bed, and I let him kiss me as much as he wants, and I am his girl, maybe for the first and only time, and he is playing the man, our smooth thighs intertwined, our smooth bodies gliding across each other like silk. He falls asleep on his stomach, his bare, hairless ass in the air. It's a good ass for a guy, but I want it plump and heart-shaped, and he needs a big, bouncy booty because I love big butts and cannot lie.

I go to my special cabinet and come back with a syringe, and I plunge it into his firm little ass and pump him full of estrogen and testosterone blockers. He barely notices. Stirs and moans. I kiss him and make it all better as the dopamine floods his brain.

"Sleep tight, princess," I whisper. "I'll free you from this prison, and we'll be together forever. I am your knight in shining armor, and I am going to save you."

In the morning, I wake to gentle kisses. I run my hands over his smooth, hairless skin and purr. He's a chatty Kathy, going on and on about this and that, topic switching, one minute talking about work, then a TV show he saw, then his love of protein bars. "I don't know what's gotten into me," he says. "My girlfriends usually complain that I don't talk enough."

What's gotten into you? Oh, just enough estrogen to fuel a teenage cheerleading squad. We both need to go to work-- well, he does, and I claim I do-- but a through line emerges in his chattering; he wants me to meet his friends.

This is good. I will need to get him away from them.

A bro's friends do not react well to the emergence of his true self. I have learned this. Even wimpy liberal intellectual types who imagine themselves to be open-minded and hip to the latest trends in gender identity will usually get in the way. Bros will react with "Dude, what the fuck" to almost anything outside the norm of smashing beer cans on their foreheads and talking about bitches. They'll will Dude, what the fuck even something as simple as a guy getting eyebrows done, or if he starts to wear charm bracelets. On the other extreme, men with Subaru tendencies will respond with something more like, "I am, um, concerned with the choice you are making, and though I absolutely support your right to express yourself in the manner of your own choosing, this doesn't, well, seem like you." This is just a long winded and indirect way of saying, Dude, what the fuck? It may often be sprinkled with pop psychology jargon, some half-understood Freudian terms and a reference to Trans-America and Transparent.

I almost feel bad for Thorne as he steals two, no, three more kisses and heads off into the morning. He has no idea I am about to put him on a detox that won't end until the night we meet his friends. I want him to be extra raw, emotional and clingy.

I go running. My heads phones hammer at my ears. Nine Inch Nails. The Perfect Drug:

I come along but I don't know where you're taking me

I shouldn't go but you're wrenching, dragging, shaking me

Turn off the sun pull the stars from the sky

The more I give to you the more I die

And I want you

It's like they wrote it just for me! For Thorne. It's going to be our song. I just know it. We'll have to play it at our wedding reception.

Sometimes I lose track of time when I am running, lose track of myself. It's like an out of body experience. An out of experience experience. These are necessary for someone like me, who was born over-qualified for life. One minute, I am weaving through the pedestrians on their way to work their mundane jobs as they slowly die living their mundane lives, and I am listening to Nine Inch Nails:

You are the perfect drug

You make me hard when I'm all soft inside

I see the truth when I'm all stupid-eyed

The next time I experience awareness, I am in Central Park, running past Belvedere Castle. It's still Nine Inch Nails, but a new song:

Beneath the stains of time

The feelings disappear

You are someone else

I am still right here

I decide to keep running, right up to Harlem. I bought an old church there before the neighborhood gentrified, and that's where I have my studio. The church is just like you would imagine: stone, spires, stained glass windows. New York was church crazy in the early years and every neighborhood is still prickly with these shrines to dead Gods, all built to look like they were lifted right out of village in Europe, built in the middle-ages though nothing here is as old and lived in as the Black Death.

I won an award for the restoration work I did on my church. It looks perfect, and when I unlock and walk into the big, wooden double doors, I am greeted by rows of pews, and beyond that an altar, just now gloriously lit by sunlight cutting at an angle through the stained glass. Jesus hangs from a cross behind the altar, and he must be getting tired of hanging up there all this time.

As I make my way downstairs to the crypt, where I have made my studio, I think about the possibility that Jesus was a woman. The argument has been made that, as the result of a virgin birth, he could only have had two X chromosomes, and so had to be a girl. No man, no Y chromosome. It's seems reasonable. Whether he was or she wasn't, I am sure that if she comes back some day, he will come back as a woman. Probably a super model, or a social influencer. He'll definitely be all about shoes, and you'll never see him without the perfect handbag to go with his outfit. He already did the poor kid with the wisdom deal, and look how that worked out?

No. This time he is going to have the best hair, and a toned body, and he is going to know everything about skin care, because if you are going to be a savior, you have to have perfect skin.

Whereas everything upstairs in my church has been restored and maintained just as it was when this church first opened-- how excited they must have been!-- I have gutted the crypt and turned it into my studio. There is the operating theater, where I sculpt my creations. And the room I like to call my Finishing School, where I train my girls, helping them shed their annoying, toxic masculinity in favor of some sweet, adorable femininity. I get chills thinking about the girls I've liberated in there. The last one started off as Brock-- I know, right? He was a lawyer who thought he was tough but spent his life hiding behind books and paper. There are a thousand girls in the Marines right now who could have kicked his ass while he whined about writs. I mean before I liberated Brene, who I thought was his true self, but it turned out I was wrong about that one.

I remember watching him putting on his make-up, wearing just a bra and panties, so focused as he brushed mascara onto his lashes. He looked perfect, and the D cups I'd given him were glorious. But, well, there was just something missing. I'd fallen out of love with her. I think she's dancing at a club in Harlem now.

That would not happen with Thorne. She was the one, my soulmate, and I was going to make her perfect. The gratitude would come after the tears.

Chapter 4

Thorne's friends are conformity. We meet at Sphinx, a five-star, exclusive restaurant that's been the hottest eatery in town for a minute. He wants to impress me. Is still playing the man. We sit in leather chairs around a marble topped table, and the guys are all talking too loud about too little. Thorne wears a blazer over a t-shirt, and all his bros wear variations of the same thing. They all have gold watches. One of them, Brandon, in a daring break from group think, wears a pinky ring. I ask him about it, and of course, he saw a mobster wearing one in a Scorsese film and it "just felt right."

The talk turns to Goodfellas. Casino. I don't chime in much. I am the girl, and I am expected to listen and agree. Thorne is all over me. He sits too close, holds my arms, constantly steals kisses. He was, just as I had hoped, shaking with need for me, and I can see the other guys watching him, how he's acting, and they are put off by it. The guys are all talking about a scene from Goodfellas. Joe Pesci is insulted, and so he and his friends murder the guy in Ray Liotta's bar, The Suite Lounge. Dinero kicks him repeatedly.

They think the movie is about tough guys being tough. I see a bunch of guys who are more hyper-sensitive than a tween girl, who throw hissy fits over the tiniest slights. The men in Scorsese films are always insecure, emotional. The toughest character in Goodfellas is Pesci's Mom. Scorsese sees it all and shows it all, but he disguises it, so man boys like these guys don't even know what they are watching. That's what makes him such a genius, and who doesn't love the tracking shots? By the way, if you are thinking of splurging for a night at Sphinx, don't. The food is middling, and I can never recommend a place where the decor outshines the entre. I pick up enough about Thorne's friends that I know how to start undermining them, and I will get him away from them soon. I need him clear of these bros before he starts to develop. They will not be cool with him popping out his own cute little A cups.

The boys want to go for drinks. Thorne and I decline. Thorne needs me. Bad. The public kisses aren't enough, and he needs more, a lot more. Of course, nothing will ever be enough anymore, my little doll is hooked on me, bad, and his need for me will only grow stronger. He needs to take a leak, first, and while he is gone and the other guys have headed out front to vape, Wiley shows himself. "You really have Tom wrapped around your little finger, don't you?" He says. He's looking at me hard, assessing me. He sees me as a threat.

"More like I'm wrapped around his," I say, fluttering my eyelashes, trying to look sweet and adorable and non-threateningly female.

It doesn't work. Wiley just stares. "What did you say your name was again? Franny?"

"Farah," I say, smiling.

"I don't think I got your last name."

"I didn't give it to you," I say.

"Do you mind?"

"Yes," I say, now playing defensive, insecure female. "I don't want you to be able to cyber stalk me."

I think it will throw him off. Most guys don't like to be accused of stalking. It's not good for their rep. Once more, he surprises me. "I am going to cyber stalk you," he says. "I'm going to find out everything about you."

"You're making me uncomfortable," I say, picking up my purse, hugging it defensively to my chest, playing the intimidated female.

"No, I'm not," Wiley says. "I can see right through you. Do you like 80s music?"

I smile. Show him my teeth. The girly act isn't working. I spread my legs, throw my arms over the back of the chair. "I like good music," I say. "It doesn't matter what era it comes from."

"Hall and Oates had a song..."

"Are you about to mention Man Eater?" I say.

"Yes. I was."

"Thorne is mine," I say, and he is coming back from the bathroom with that "I just took a piss" look of satisfaction men get. I get up, keeping my eyes locked on Wiley's, and as soon as Thorne comes up and takes my arm, leans in for another kiss, I go back into my act. "It was so nice to meet you," I say, making my voice bright and feminine. "We'll have to do this again."

"Yes, we will," Wiley says, getting up, giving Thorne a bro hug. "Soon."

We go back to Thorne's place. It's tediously masculine, with leather furniture, tiresome prints, a really BIG television. I feel sorry for her trapped in this sad male world, and my need to free her grows stronger. We're kissing like teen-agers again, Thorne desperate to taste me, to suck my mouth, to lick the chemicals from my skin. I am tense with anticipation for what's coming because Thorne is so distracted by his kissing he hasn't noticed that he's flaccid. Of course. He now has the body chemistry of a woman-- well, ten times that of a woman, and his body has no idea what to do with that thing between his legs. He becomes aware of his new limitation when some mental habit from his recent past leads him to ask me for a blow job. As if, but I play along because he needs to realize he can't get it up anymore.

I work him with my hand. He works himself. He's embarrassed, frustrated. "I don't know what's wrong with me."

Nothing, I think, you're just getting better. I tell him I need to get off. We argue a little, but eventually he gives in. He has no choice. He needs me, and he doesn't want to lose me. I lay back, legs spread, and he dives into my muff. He's reluctant at first, clearly he has not been pleasing the women in his life, but my juices are laced with the same drugs as my saliva, and as the dopamine floods his brain he becomes more eager, hungry, and he's eating me out with a ferocity that shakes me, and I come for real, and he's high on my pussy, proud of himself as he falls next to me on his bed, and he now loves eating my pussy and he always will. "You're great at that," I say. He tries to kiss me, but I turn away. "You have me all over your face. Clean up."

He does, and when he comes back, he looks sheepish, a little embarrassed. I let him kiss me and that makes it all better.

He nuzzles against me, needing my smell, needing to be close to me. I resist the urge to push him away. I am satisfied and just want to be alone, but I play my role. I am thinking about Wiley. I am probably going to have to sleep with him before I destroy him. He's not the kind of guy to let a woman get the best of him, and it does not displease me that I am probably going to have to cure him with some radical work on his brain and body.

Thorne is sexually frustrated. He didn't get off, and he won't be getting off for some time now. I am drowsy and ready to sleep, but my chatty Kathy needs to talk, so I let him chatter on, and I use the opportunity to get a key piece of information: Wiley's last name is Hartshorne.

In the morning, I get up early and make breakfast. This will be Thorne's job eventually, but for now I need to lace his coffee with more estrogen, other helpers. He eats ravenously, and he wants to see me tonight, he explains while fanning himself. He's

having a hot flash. I am noncommittal. I tell him to text me later. We'll see. I can see the disappointment in his eyes. He needs to be with me all the time, and I love him for it, but I need to get him slender and sheer all that muscle from his long, lean skeleton, and he will be more malleable once he's in withdrawal again.

In the meantime, I start stalking Wiley, who, thankfully, is not careful. In a matter of minutes, I have his address, Brooklyn, of course, his employer as well as the names of his parents and his brother and sister. He has Twitter and Snapchat accounts, but he's never posted anything-- shrewd move, especially for someone in his profession, but has Liked plenty of posts from young, attractive women. I see he has a type: long black hair, brown eyes and big tits. I file that information away for future reference. He will be hard to disappear if it comes to that. Too many people care about him. He actually seems like a halfway decent guy, and when I think of the way he sized me up and tried to protect Thorne from me, I gain a little respect for him. He seems like a good friend, good brother and son.

But he is wrong about me. I am not the dragon; he is the dragon. Thorne is my princess, and she is being held captive by Wiley and people like Wiley. He thinks he is protecting her, but he is holding her in a prison of flesh that will eventually destroy her. My hold over her is already strong, though, and I decide that maybe Wiley will not be such a problem in the end. He seems like a person with boundaries, and he just might fade away when I pull Thorne fully into my arms.

Just in case, I check out his place in Brooklyn. He lives in the Williamsburg neighborhood-- kind of yesterday hip, and I circle the block where his apartment is located, identifying places where I can "just happen" to bump into him.

Thorne texts me all day. He tells me he can't stop thinking about me. He tells me he "isn't feeling it" at the gym; hello! Estrogen will do that to a guy. He asks me what I am wearing. What I am doing. I am back to distant, answering with one-word texts, or emojis that make no sense. When he asks me what I am wearing, for example, I send him a Thumbs Up! Of course, I can't get together tonight. Something came up!

And then, something does come up. Garnet needs some sun, and she is flying down to Miami Beach to decompress. She's been working on a sculpture, and she's hit a wall. I have seen the sculpture, which actually look like a wall, but I am happy to have an excuse to get away, so we jump on a plane, and a few hours later we are in our bikinis sipping rum drinks at Metro and batting away come-ons from hot guys who only get more turned on when we kiss and tell them we are lesbians.

I left my phone in my room. I didn't need it to know Thorne is losing her little mind, and I told her I wouldn't be available. I end up going home with a guy who looks like Leonardo DiCaprio and claims to be friends with the real one, as if that's supposed to impress me. I pretend to be smitten, and as we go to his place, he tells me he could arrange for me to meet Leo, but in the meantime, "you got the next best thing." He's so boring and annoying that I drug him right away, and he passes out before we get past first base. While he's asleep, I get my tools out of my purse, and I carefully inject collagen into his lips. When I am done, he has plump, inviting, cock sucking lips, and I cover them in candy apply red lipstick, and I do his whole face, plucking his eyebrows, then penciling them in, foundation, blush and eyeshadow. He looks pretty, and I feel extra cruel, so I pierce his nose and give him a pretty little heart-shaped nose ring.

He'll be able to undo everything else, but he is going to be stuck with that slut's mouth for 18 months, and I hope he hates it. Men. They should all have to get lip implants and wear heels for at least a year, so they can know what it's like. You know I'm right.

Well, Miami is over for me, so I text Garnet and book a flight. She's like-- whatever-- she found some fun girls and is off partying somewhere. It's a good thing I headed back when I did, because Thorne is freaking out. He's texted that he's going to see a doctor, and that is not helpful, so I tell him, NO. See me. Tomorrow.

Tonight? He answers.

On a plane, I text back. Be strong.

He offers to meet me at the airport. How sweet. I would say no, but I need to make sure the only doctor he sees is my doctor, so I tell him when my flight is supposed to land, and when I leave the Gate he is waiting for me, clutching a bouquet. He runs to me, practically squealing, and he throws himself in my arms, kissing me with those hot, needy lips, and I think about fake Leo, and I can't wait until I am able to do Thorne's lips and kissing him will be even better then, but I make do for now with his thin, male lips, and why do men's bodies always have to be so disappointing?

Thorne and I make out in the Uber on the way back to my place. He is kiss crazy, as always.

Once we get home, Thorne is right back in chatty Kathy mode. He hasn't been able to get a boner in days, and he felt really weak at the gym today, and he's been feeling... wrong. Off.

"How do you feel now?" I ask.

"Fine," he says. "Actually."

"But you felt off earlier?"

"Yeah, so?"

"I think maybe you just miss me," I say. I am surprised he told me about his erectile dysfunction. It's not something most men will readily admit. He's in deep already.

He considers what I've said, and I see it dawning on him. He cuddles and kisses. "I think I am falling for you," he says.

You have no idea, I think, and I am teasing his nipples through his t-shirt. "Did you miss me?" He asks, and it's so not a thing a bro would ask that I almost kiss him, but now is not the time, and I get up and walk across the room. "Of course," I say, with a little shrug, and my voice is flat, and I sound like I am lying, which I am, and I want him to know.

Thorne is upset. All that estrogen! He's hurt, and he wants to know what we are to each other, how I really feel about him. We talk, and I let him think he got it out of me, but I finally tell him he's "too thick" around the middle. This leads to me telling him I want him to start wearing a waist trainer, so he can get more of a "V-shape."

He refuses. I say fine. There are no more kisses, and I am cold and distant. He gets mad. He storms out. I sit down with a glass of wine, and I watch Manhattan, and Woody Allen is dating a 16-year-old girl, and in the movie its treated like something perfectly normal for a 30 year old man to date a teen-ager. Remind me again why people were surprised when it turned out he was a pedophile? Pervert or not-- who am I to judge-- Woody is the author of one of my favorite lines. "Don't knock masturbation. It's sex with someone I love," and I am looking over my collection of sex toys getting ready to love myself when I hear a sheepish knock on the door.

I open it, and Thorne is standing there. I can see he's been crying. "Oh, my little lamb," I say. "Come in. Come in. Don't cry." I hand him a tissue and he dabs at his eyes, and he's sorry and he doesn't know why he's been so... dramatic! Lately, and he needs me to know he does not in any way like the idea of wearing a waist trainer, but he will do it. For me.

I tell him he's brave, and I give him many kisses, and as I strap his waist trainer around him his brain is flooding with dopamine, and I assure him it is giving him a manly, V-shape, and of course it actually is much more of an hourglass figure, but he is happy now because he is kissing me, and I won't need any sex toys tonight because Thorne is my sex toy and he practically begs me to let him pleasure me with his mouth.

I scrape my nails across his scalp as he goes at me, and when I climax, I dig them into his back and scrape long lines of red, raw flesh into his smooth skin. After, he lays on his back, frustrated, staring at the ceiling. He can't get a boner. He never comes. I fall asleep, smiling.

I am pleased when I get up in the morning to find him at the kitchen table in his waist trainer, playing with his phone. We have smoothies for breakfast, and his of course is

full of Pretty Helpers. I talk him into calling into work sick, and he agrees to go on a run with me. He's surprised and not surprised that I tell him he needs to wear his waist trainer even for the run. "You need to wear it 24/7 I explain, for it to have any impact."

He doesn't have any running clothes, and this is the beginning of me working him into wearing women's clothes, because I have some he can borrow: shorts, a thermal top because it is chilly out there. They aren't too girly, so he agrees, but they are women's clothes, and for the first time Thorne is going outside wearing girl's things, though he only half understands it because shorts and shorts, even if the cut is a little higher than a guy might wear, and even if the top cuts in at the waist showing off his slenderized middle, I mean, it's just a top, right?

We run, and he struggles to keep up because A) he is a guy and has been mostly just lifting weights, and B) he finds it hard to breath with his waist crushed down to feminine sizes. I encourage him with kisses, feed his brain all that delightful dopamine, and his confused little brain is now associating running and waist trainers with other-worldly pleasure, and soon he will be as addicted to both as he is to my kisses. After our run, I talk him into stopping at Starbucks, and then I talk him into a skim milk latte. More kisses, and he is coming along nicely, getting webbed into the world of girl culture.

We shower together after, and he tries too hard to be a man for me, but of course he can't get it up, so he ends up on his knees, the droplets of water sparkling in his hair while he eats me out again, and I tell him he is getting stubbly, and then I watch as he shaves his legs and his armpits, and that's even better than the sex. As soon as he's done, he pulls the waist trainer on and ties it tight around his waist, and with a little encouragement from me, we chat while he sits in my silk robe, filing his nails, and we chat about his job and his college days, and then I tell him we're going shopping.

He groans. Still playing the man. I kiss him into it, and little does he know half the reason I want to get him there is because I am going to make him hold my purse, and it's all about baby steps now as I slowly free him from all his silly male hang-ups. I mean, why are guys so ashamed of holding a purse, anyway? It's just a bag. A leather pouch with straps. Men are so ridiculous. Well, Thorne is going to learn not to be so silly, because I ask him to hold my purse again and again and again, and each time I give him a kiss, and his brain blows up, and his brain is learning an important lesson: holding a purse = pleasure.

I torture him for a few hours. He waits patiently outside the dressing room, clutching my purse as I try on dress after dress, come out, twirl, wait for him to tell me how good I look, and then dash off to try another. We spend an hour in the shoe department as I try on so many pairs of heels, boots, and I explain them all to him, the different names and styles, and I can see it is killing him, but I give him just enough kisses to keep him with me. He'll get used to it. We're going to shop together all the time. I mean, of course, right?

After, we split a salad. Having his stomach crushed lessons his appetite, and he has gotten the message that he is too thick, and he wants and needs to please me. When we're done, I tell him I need to "freshen up" and I hand him my purse and say, "take care of the check, kay?" He looks mortified, again, and I watch from across the restaurant as the waitress comes to the table, and he has to fish in my purse, find my wallet and hand the girl my credit card. She looks amused, says something, and Thorne rolls his eyes.

I want to push it. Get him to have his ears pierced. Have his eyebrows threaded. But patience. Calm down, I tell myself. Slow and steady wins the race. I have him, but if I push him too fast, I could lose him, and then my princess will never rise up from that dull, male lump and spread her wings.

We go back to my place and make out, and then Thorne pleases me, and then he cries. He can't get it up, and he wants me to know it's not my fault. I am hot as hell, and he really does want to fuck me, but something is wrong. I know he's not going to be able to let this go, they never can, so I talk him into seeing my doctor. I give him a lot of logical reasons, talking about her credentials-- Harvard Medical School...etc.. but he is making decisions now based on emotions, and I tell him that he needs to trust me if this is going to work and so he agrees, and the logic stuff is just so he can convince himself he is still thinking like a man.

Chapter 5

Mommy brain is real. Did you know that? Some people still think it's just an old wives tale, or a myth created by of and for the patriarchy which has always treated pregnancy like an illness when, of course, it is actually natural and pretty much necessary. Women do get spacey, scatter-brained and forgetful when they get pregnant, and it's because their brains are being rewired. I am not kidding.

Brain scans show that the areas of a woman's brain that govern nurturing behavior grow larger during pregnancy, making them more maternal and obsessed with babies and children and taking care of their little bundles of joy. While that rewiring is happening, Momnesia strikes, and even when it goes away, the new, more mommified brain remains- for years, and possibly for life.

You can Google this yourself, or, if you are like me, you can spend hours reading through peer reviewed medical journals. Scientists believe the changes are triggered by certain hormonal changes in a woman's body, which, of course, are induced via pregnancy.

And so why I am on this tangent? Do I have mommy brain?

No, I do not. But someone we both know is about to. You see, as I sit in the waiting room flipping through the latest Elle, chuckling at the merciless review of the Cats movie-- and why did anyone think making that show into a movie anyway, right? As I sit, my little Thorne is inside with my doctor and fellow, let's say, sculpture, and she is telling him that the injections she's giving him will help him with his erectile dysfunction- more commonly known as limp dick, but what she is actually doing is filling his estrogenated body with chemicals that will travel up to his brain, convince it that he has a bun in the oven, and commence rewiring his brain to prepare him to be a really good mommy. I only wish I was in there so I could hear him explain why he is wearing a waist trainer, but I am sure my friend will fill me in on all the details.

My Princess, of course, is a sweet, nurturing type, so it will be so good for her, and though she will never know this is one of the ways I fixed her, she will soon find herself not only scatter-brained, but consumed with a cute urge to coo whenever she sees a baby, and to really want to touch the soft skin and can I hold him?

When Thorne comes out to the waiting room, he is glowing. He feels relieved and confident. When we got for lattes, he tells me the doctor knew what was wrong right away, and she gave him a shot, and she assures him he should be "better than ever."

"How long?" I ask.

"12 inches," he says, with a smirk.

"Oh, you," I say.

"A few weeks," he says. "Can you wait for me?"

"I can think of a few things we can do for fun in the meantime," I say.

"Me, too," he says, and he sticks out his tongue.

A woman walks by with a baby. "Oh, look, I say. Isn't she cute?"

Thorne looks, shrugs. "Sure," he says, clearly not interested.

Just you wait, I think. Pretty soon, you won't anything in the world as fascinating as a little baby.

Thorne sips his latte. "I never even had one of these before I met you," he says. "I did NOT know what I was missing."

The next few days pass, and everything is going so well. Thorne and I meet to run every morning, and we get lattes, and I send him off to work, and I wonder how many of the women have guessed what the "back brace" he's wearing now is something you are more likely to find on a Kardashian. I am letting science take his course, letting the mommy brain treatment work, letting him get settled into the new normal before more changes, and then HE decides to get involved. Wiley.

Thorne is snuggling against me as we watch a Jets game wearing matching jerseys, and what a difference. Last time, he was yelling at the screen, cursing when the Jets made a play, cursing louder when they didn't. Now, he is sweet, passive. A Jets receiver drops a pass that hit him right in the hands. Thorne says, "Oh, poor guy. The coach is going to yell at him now."

"Oh," I say. "You're so sweet."

He steals his kisses. We talk about a girl he works with that is such a slut. I tell him about Garnet and her sculpture. He asks about her. It's important to him to know about my life, my friends, because estrogen. The game is only background noise. I decide to test him. "Girls should be able to play football."

"I know," he says. "It's the 21st Century."

And who are you, Mr. Man? I reward him with a kiss, slip my hand under his shirt and tweak his nipple. "Stop that!" He giggles.

His skin is getting softer, and he is keeping himself smooth for me. Just as I am holding him, thinking things couldn't be going any better, he says, "Wiley wants to have a trip. Some male bonding. You don't mind, do you?"

I most certainly do mind. My princess has no business bonding with males right now. And if Wiley gets one look at that waist trainer, there is going to be trouble. If he sees how Thorne falls to pieces without me, there will be trouble. "Of course not," I lie. "When is the trip?"

"Next weekend. You sure? I told him I would check with you first?"

You better check with me first, I think, and I am seriously pissed at Wiley. I am going to have to take care of him, and soon. I only have a few days. "You need to spend time with your friends," I say. "Go. Have fun."

"You sure you'll be okay without me?"

I will be fine, doll. Really. But you? Wiley will see the changes, he'll start telling you I am wrong for you, that you need to bro-up. Then, you start to get sick with withdrawal symptoms, and you'll end up in a detox. "I'll just hang out with Garnet," I say. "Maybe we'll do a threesome with that slutty girl from your work."

"I'd like to watch that. Can you film it?" Thorne says.

"What would be the point otherwise?" I say. We snuggle some more, and I get the name of Wiley's long-time girlfriend: Denalia Danesh. I do not like the looks of her. In all her pictures she looks fit-- and strong fit, like a woman who lifts weights. Not so much she looks bulky or manly, but she has that solid, lean muscle look about her-- like an athlete. I decide to steer clear of her, and maybe use her relationship with Wiley as some kind of leverage.

I have to research Wiley peripherally. He may not be online, but Denalia sure is, and in a big way. She's a typical millennial socialite, and she tweets and Instagrams and Tic Toks. I find Wiley through her, because they are dating and have been for a couple of

years, and of course she wants the whole world to know. This also leads me to more of Wiley's friends, co-workers, and what I learn confirms what I suspected; he is square. Respectable. I go down to Wall Street and hang outside his building until he leaves work. I follow him back to Williamsburg. He takes the subway, and I have a hat pulled down low, dark sunglasses. He doesn't spot me, and why would he? We've only met once, but I am cautious anyway, getting off the train first, letting him pass me. Staying back. He stops at a bodega and picks up flowers. Interesting. I trail him back to his place, then stand across the street and look up at his window, a bright rectangle of yellow light in the dark of the early evening. I see Denalia pass by the window. Are they living together? Another possible complication. Someone who lives alone can fail to come home one night without anyone noticing, but if Denalia lives here, she will notice and worry, and the machinery will start churning that much sooner.

I wait around, my breath steaming, stepping from foot to foot, trying to stay warm. I want to see if Denalia ever leaves. Shortly after midnight, I decide she isn't going anywhere, so I head home, plotting and scheming.

Vanishing Wiley is out of the question. Too many people with too much money care about him. I see his weakness, though. He cares what people think about him. His whole life he has been obsessed with his reputation, and even as a man he is a boy scout who wants to be seen as a do-gooder.

I can blackmail him easily.

I am wearing black leggings and an angora sweater when I just happen to bump into him as he is on his way home from work. And I mean, I do bump into him. He's coming out of the subway station when I crash into him and yelp. I drop my fanny pack. He holds his hands in a defensive, I didn't mean it posture, and says, "I'm so sorry."

"It's okay," I say, starting to bend down to retrieve my fallen fanny pack, but ever the gentleman he bends down to get it, and when he stands, I make sure to be very close to him, so our bodies are almost touching. "Thanks," I say as he hands me my pack, and I give him a smile, then, pretending to be surprised, I say, "Wiley?"

He looks at me. It takes a second. "Farah?" He says. "Farah!" There is a flash of disdain in his eyes- but he quickly masks it behind the unconditional positive regard he showers on his clients. "Thorne's girlfriend."

"What are the odds?" I say as I strap the pack around my waist.

"Right? You live in Brooklyn?" He says, and I know he knows I live downtown, or at least that's what Thorne has told him.

"No. I was just visiting a friend," I say.

'Nice," he says. "Well, look, it was great to see you..."

I put a hand on his arm. "Could you spare a minute?" I say. "It's about Thorne."

He doesn't like me. Doesn't want to talk to me. My minor flirting has unnerved him, which is noble and sad. But, he is loyal to his friend, and perhaps he sees this as an opening, way to get between the two of us because he says, "Sure. Hey, there's a nice little coffee shop around the corner."

"I'm feeling like a drink?" I say. "There must be a bar around here that has coffee."

"Of course," Wiley says, clearly annoyed, but willing to do what he has to do. "Come on."

I would have just seduced Wiley, got him back to one of my places and done what needed to be done, but I could tell he was feeling loyal to his girlfriend these days, and that after he rejected my advances he would go right to Thorne, and I did not want to deal with the tears. So, instead, I need him somewhere that when I drug him people will at least assume he's drunk. The plan works perfectly. I slip Wiley a Mickey and start telling him how Thorne and I have been arguing a lot...etc.... Before he's even begun to give me his useless advice, mansplaining to me how to make a relationship work, as if he cares, his eyelids are drooping, his speech slurring. I text Garnet and she shows up, and Wiley is barely conscious when we help him to his feet and drag him from the bar. He thinks I am taking him back to his place, and when I get his phone and ask for his password so I can, "Let your girlfriend know" he doesn't have the capacity to think and just gives it to me.

I text her that something came up. He won't be home tonight. Business.

She texts back with questions, disappointment. I handle it.

We get Wiley back to my studio. We help him onto the operating table, and he's mumbling and drooling. I give him a shot that knocks him out completely. "What's the plan?" Garnet says.

I hold up a breast form and a blonde wig. "Marilyn Monroe," I say.

"Oh, you have to let me help," Garnet says.

"What kind of friend would I be if I didn't?"

This is a hack job. Something fast and dirty just to set Wiley up for blackmail. We glue the D cups to his chest. They perch there, so proud, rising and falling with each of his dainty little breaths, and I wish I had the time to give him implants, but this will have to do. We pierce his ears and slip on a pair of gold hoop earrings that are an exact replica of the ones Marilyn Monroe wore in Niagara. In fact, I am recreating an iconic look from the movie for Wiley, though he won't appreciate the effort I am putting into his feminization. Men! All they see are Marilyn's boobs and they never notice how stylish her dress is, how cute her belt.

Well, maybe Wiley will appreciate a dress a little more once he has to wear one! He's going to be wearing the "Niagara" dress designed by Dorothy Jenkins. This gorgeous off the shoulder dress is a real head turner. Made from a wonderfully stretchy vibrant cerise pink techno knit fabric. It is very forgiving in hiding those lumps and bumps! The low-cut top has an attached tug on bow and has a peek-a-boo midriff which leads to a very unusual feature, a zipper that anyone bold enough could easily pull down! This curve hugging dress is nipped in at the waist and then opens to a mid-calf length pencil skirt. It is adorable, and Garnet and I gush over it, but then it seems such a shame to put it on Wiley with his bony ass and skeletal hips that we decide we simply must girdle him.

So, we slip a padded girdle over his legs and pull it up around his waist. It has foam padding on the sides and back, and it gives him a nice, rounded look, and, shoot, while we are at it we decide to corset him as well, and Garnet picks a pink, leather corset out of the closet and we spend twenty minutes tugging on the laces, causing Wiley into a more acceptable and pleasing shape. He looks adorable from the neck down to his thighs, but his face is stupid and ugly, so we slip him into his dress, cover him with a cloth and go to work on his face.

Using a photo of Marilyn from the film, we do our best to match his make-up to hers. Sorry, Wiley, but that does mean we have to pluck your eyebrows into feminine arches, and we glue thick, long eyelash extensions to his sadly lashed eyes. When we pull the blonde wig over his skull and fuss with the hair, he actually almost looks pretty. Of equal importance, he looks like Wiley wearing make-up and a blonde wig, which is vital for my plan's success.

In the film, Marilyn wore springolators-- pumps-- but here we will deviate from the truth-- you'll see why. Instead of pumps, we tug a pair of white, knee length boots onto him and then strain to get the zippers zipped as the boots squeeze his calves into a sweet, feminine shape. Then, we super glue the zippers so he can't take them off very easily. You'll see why.

"She looks.... Good enough," Garnet says as we admire our work.

"I just wish we had more time. That nose of his!"

"And that penis!"

We both laugh, and then we drag him from the table and begin to stage our short film. One problem with Garnet is that she likes to over overboard with certain things, and videography is one of them. She demands that we use three cameras, and we spend a half hour setting up lighting, all with the express purpose of making the lighting look more "authentic." I play along. Finally, we position our lovely actress. She is tied up on her knees, facing a huge dildo that dangles from a mirror. I slather the dildo with my addictive Helper, and then I slip my fingers between Wiley's hot red lips, and I run it over his gums. He begins to pucker and lick and suck on his teeth, and, of camera, I inject him in the leg with a powerful stimulant.

Garnet and I retreat to the next room, and we watch all three angles on a series of monitors. Wiley's thick, lashed eyes flutter open. They look hot and sexy thank to the eyeliner and shadow; they are really popping. He sees the dildo and recoils, licking his lips, needing more of his new drug, even as he realizes his arms are tied-- they are off camera, and so all the viewer sees is that he starts to wiggle his shoulders, sending tremors through his massive breasts.

He feels the weight and looks down, back up. "What the hell?" A strand of golden hair falls across his eyes. "What the hell is going on here?" He yells. "What the hell have you done to me?"

I decide not to answer. I am going to let the drugs take hold. And they do. He can smell it on the dildo, and I see his eyes drawn to it even as they fill with confusion and horror. He shakes his head. "No," he says, and now he's talking to himself as he feels himself drawn to that big, bouncy cock, ridged with veins. As some alien impulse is telling him he needs to lick it, to taste it. He is doomed, and he doesn't even know it because as I said, the drug I have given him is more powerfully addicting than heroin, and his brain will tell him that if he doesn't get it, he will die.

We watch, chuckling, as his resistance wears down, as his pretty eyes grow cloudy with desire, and he leans forward. At first, he just flicks his tongue against the tip, and then once his tongue confirms that his life giving drug is on the piece of rubber, he loses all control and he dives forward, drawing that cock into his mouth, and he is sucking as if his life depends on it, because it does, and then he's bobbing on it trying to get it deeper and deeper into his mouth, so he can get to the drug up toward the top.

"Way to go down, bitch!" Garnet says.

"Talk about deep throat."

Wiley has gone mad, and he's going down on that dildo like a pro, and then his eyes fill with confusion, need. He pulls himself off the dildo, saliva dribbling down his chin, and he's shaking his head. "No," he says, and it is a different 'no' now because he has sucked the dildo clean, there is no more "helper" there, and yet he can smell it. He tentatively opens his mouth and draws the dildo in, bobbing, getting nothing, and yet-- why can he smell it?

He pulls off, and he's confused, revulsed at what he's been doing, but most of all he is hungry for more, and finally, his eyes drop to the ball sack beneath the cock, and he pushes his blonde head under the dildo and starts to lick the balls, audibly sighing with pleasure.

"This is a great porno," Garnet says. "Wait until you see the edit. Wiley is a star. A natural."

But now, overcome with the horror of what he has done, Wiley has started to cry, and his mascara is running as he sobs, his breasts heaving. Garnet zooms in. "And there's our money shot!"

I put on my rubber Frank Sinatra mask, walk into the room and jab a needle in Wiley's arm. He passes out, falling across the floor like just another dame in just another sad movie. His hip is in the air, his breasts crushed between his arms. But, his journey is not quite over. We're going to have a little more fun with him yet.

Wiley's eyes flutter open once more. At first, they are filled with the fuzzy headed confusion of waking up, and then they go wide with shock as he remembers, and he sits up with a gasp, his crimson mouth hanging open, and he is taking it all in-- the breast forms, the dangling earrings... he reaches up to brush a strand of hair from his eyes and freezes, seeing the long, pink nails we've given him, the slender little women's watch sparkling on his wrist, and he's realizing that not only is he wearing a dress, not only does he seem to have breasts, but he is sitting on a bus stop bench on a busy Manhattan street, and people are walking by, and he is wearing a dress. In public. He struggles to his feet and takes a few tentative steps, wobbling on his heels, and he holds his arms out, palms toward the sidewalk, trying to balance. He looks frightened and insecure, adorably feminine as he stands there in his pink dress, mouth open, glancing around, trying to figure out where he is--what street.

Getting his bearings, he starts walking, mining really, and I shaking my head. Your purse! I whisper. Don't forget your purse! It's a cute pink pillow bag, and it is sitting on the bench at the bus stop. He isn't thinking about a purse, or the fact his dress has no pockets. He had no keys, no phone, and he is a girl alone in the big city, scurrying long in the cool fall morning, and all he is thinking is that he wants to hide.

A teenage boy spots the purse. "Oh, well," Garnet says. "I guess he'll have to figure it out somehow." We are both sure the boy is going to steal it as he picks it up, looks around, but then he spots the curvy dame in the matching pink dress tottering away, waving her arms around as she tries not to fall over and he calls out, "Miss! Miss?"

Miss Wiley does not realize she is being called. The boy runs after her-- it isn't hard to catch her, and he steps in front of Wiley. "Miss?" He says. "I think you forgot this."

Wiley is clearly shocked to be called miss, to have this boy talking to him, offering him a pink purse. "I bet he uses a voice," Garnet says.

"No," I say. "No way." I like the way he looks with those big, bouncy breasts, his calves so pretty in those boots. "He won't say a thing."

"Thanks," Wiley says in a ridiculous falsetto.

"I win," Garnet says.

"Lucky guess," I answer.

Wiley takes the purse. The boy leaves. Wiley finds another bench, sits down, the purse in his lap. He opens it and looks inside, and he is relieved to find his phone though it is now snug in a pink jewel case. His wallet is in there, too, as well as his keys. His eyes go wide as he sees his new best friend, Mr. Dildo, and I know that already his mind associates the sight of it with other-worldly pleasure, and he snaps his purse shut, disturbed. He licks his lips and swallows. He's salivating. I can't help but laugh. It will

make him a better man. Now he knows what his girlfriend has to go through, though if she is like most women, she really doesn't like it. My little Marilyn, of course, is addicted. At least for now.

Really, every man should have to suck at least one cock in his life. You know I am right.

He taps on his phone with his long nails, and a few minutes later an Uber pulls to the curb. "Too bad," I say. "He should have had to find out what it was like to walk 30 blocks in heels."

"He learned to suck cock," Garnet said. "That's almost the same thing."

We giggle. If Wiley does what I tell him, he'll be the only one who will ever have to see that video. If he doesn't, well, his reputation is going to take a hit. It's too bad we don't have cameras in his apartment. I would love to see him struggling to re-masculate while racing the clock against the time his girlfriend gets home. As it is, there is a chance he won't get out of those heels or acquire the solvent to remove his breasts in time.

As if she read my mind, Garnet says, "Hey! Did you forget to leave a note about the solvent?"

"I tucked it into his cleavage," I say. "Where else would a girl put it?"

"I need to edit. I'll have the video by tonight."

We hug and air kiss. Two days later, stalking Wiley on social media, I see he's changed his relationship status from dating to engaged. Looks like my little escapade threatened his manhood enough that I scared him right into commitment to a straight, married life. I scared him straighter. Denisha should thank me.

I have no doubt that I will not need to worry about my pretty little nemesis again.

Chapter 6

Thorne is starving! "Are you sure this diet is good for me?" He asks, pacing around the kitchen, arms crossed, staring at the refrigerator like a predator.

I hand him a smoothie-- coconut milk, which is great for his skin, spinach, kale, cucumber. "Trust me," I say, and I give him a kiss as I hand him the glass. "You can't change your body without sacrifice."

Maybe I sound cruel, but of course he is starving. I mean, practically every girl starves herself to meet our culture's totally unrealistic standards of female beauty. The average man needs 2000 calories per day just to maintain. The average woman needs 1200. More unfairness. If I have time, I'll go into that later. For now, understand that since Thorne is actually a woman, I only allow her to eat 1200 calories per day. Mostly smoothies. On top of that, of course, I have him running with me for an hour every morning.

Girls prefer cardio. Thorne doesn't fully realize this yet, but she will. She's already stopped lifting. She was too embarrassed because her maximum lifts have been dropping. She's getting so weak.

Thorne gulps down his smoothie. I give him another kiss. "I never thought I would be into this green muck," he says. "But I.... I mean... um... what was I just saying?"

Mommy brain. It's setting in. "Go put on your running shoes," I say. "And those new shorts I bought you."

"Kay," he says.

Running for an hour is super great for your heart and lungs, and it burns-- get this-- 550 calories per hour. So, Thorne is in deficit, big time. And she needs to be. She needs to get skinny to be happy and feel fulfilled. On top of the cardio, Thorne joins me for my warm-up, which is squats, lunges, and some basic yoga aimed at strengthening the core-- glutes and tummy, plus legs. More calories, but also exercises that are telling his body that he needs strong glutes and legs.

Now, when your body is in extreme deficit, it wants to eat muscle first. Muscle takes a lot more energy to maintain than fat. So, I have created the perfect storm in Thorne's slendering body. Exercise and diet are telling his body to shed muscle. His hormones are telling him that he needs fat on his ass, his chest... and of course that nice layer of fat beneath the skin women have that makes our skin so soft. Meanwhile, his body also thinks it needs to build his glutes and legs.

This means he is shedding muscle rapidly from his upper body, all the while his ass is getting nice and plump, and his legs are taking on the soft, rounded shape of a girl's. They are tone; a runner's legs, a female runner's legs.

He comes back from the bedroom wearing the nylon short shorts I bought him. They are girl's shorts, like something you might see a girl wear at cheerleading practice, but I kissed him into wearing them, feeling good about them. They show off his long, coltish legs, and I am pleased with how feminine and sexy his legs look already-- smooth and hairless, of course. Thorne's body is reacting well to the treatment, taking on female contours with a rare eagerness. His body wants to be female, and it just confirms that he is the one. Thorne is the girl of my dreams!

"Sexy," I say, giving him a kiss, grabbing at his ripening ass. He giggles. It's getting cold out, so he is wearing a hoodie I bought him. A hoodie is a hoodie, but I am secretly delighted because the hoodie he is wearing is the same one worn by Selena Gomez in her latest video. It's not overly feminine, but I know it's for girls, and it makes me happy to see him in it.

Thorne does a squat, then touches his toes. He is getting more flexible. "Maybe I can eat a protein bar or something?" He says, clearly asking my permission.

"I have a better idea," I say, and I fish a box of diet pills from the cupboard. "Start taking these," I say. "They'll help a lot."

Thorne looks at the box. Some lingering bro in him frowns. "I don't know," he says. "My girlfriend used to take these. They kind of made her an airhead."

I take the box, pop a couple pills from the pack, slip them into his mouth and hand him his water bottle. "Come on," I say. "Give it a try."

Thorne smiles, drinks, swallows the pills. I kiss him. He isn't wrong. Starving, hormonal, mommy brained and now jacked on diet pills, Thorne is going full steam ahead on the train to airhead city. But that's the kind of girl she is. That's why I love her-- or will when she finishes blossoming.

We go running, weaving in and out of the pedestrians, dodging other runners. Thorne struggles to keep up. On top of that fact he's starving, he can't breathe very well with his waist trainer-- oh! I forgot to tell you. I had to buy him a smaller one! His waist is getting quite slight!

I tease him and run slow enough for him to keep up. Sometimes I run backward. "Come on!" I yell. "Don't run like a little boy! Show me some girl power!"

"Hardee har har," he gasps. His hair is getting longer. I won't let him cut it, and strands are sticking to his forehead, his cheeks. Pretty soon I will style it for him and get him to start wearing a cute head band when we run.

After work, Thorne is telling me some long story that goes nowhere and isn't really about anything. He's speed talking. "So, then I was running back and forth, trying to get the girls to put the file together, and then I went to lunch and-- salad. I just ate a salad! Promise! Oh, and anyway, did you change the cable package?"

"You did," I say. "Don't you remember?"

"I did?"

"Yeah," I say, and I am looking forward to running him in circles as to why he supposedly cancelled the sports package when his phone rings. It's the song There She Goes. The girl version. I made him think he changed that, too. He listens. Says, "Okay. Of course, that's fine." As soon as he ends the call, though, his eyes fill with tears.

"Oh, honey bunny," I say, going over to him. "What's wrong?"

He reaches out for a hug. "The trip with the guys is off," he says, sobbing.

"Oh, there, there," I say, patting him on the back.

"I was just really looking forward to it!"

Thorne is an emotional, sensitive girl. I talk her down, then convince her to stay over. "You don't want to be alone tonight."

"I really don't," he admits, wiping his tears. "I'm sorry," he says.

"We all need a good cry sometimes," I say.

We watch Gilmore Girls while he nibbles on a rice cake. Of course, there are more tears. When the episode ends, I take his hand and say, "come on. This always makes me feel better."

Soon, he is sitting with a charcoal mask on, watching the next episode. A puppy comes on the screen, and he squeals. Mommy brain. All forms of babies are triggers for him now.

This is a fun time. He isn't aware of what's happening. Doesn't know he's becoming a woman, though it is soooo obvious. He can't think straight with no calories to feed his brain and all the other science I have laid on him. I love them like this, when they kind of still think they are guys, but they are really acting like women. It's adorable. I wish I could give him implants now, but I have rushed it before. It's best to let things develop naturally. Especially things like breasts.

Puberty is an important time in a girl's life. She goes through so many changes, and it is important that I let Thorne have this time, to develop into a young woman on her own time. I have to resist the urge to rush her into the full bloom of her impending womanhood.

We set into a pattern for a few weeks. Thorne keeps himself smooth, files his nails and coats them with clear varnish. He gives himself facials. He knows I love a "guy" with great skin. He's having trouble at work. He has crying spells, and he runs to the storage room to hide so no one knows. He keeps forgetting everything. Appointments. Reports. People's names.

Mommy brain.

He's scatter-brained and can't deliver a coherent presentation. His boss finally calls him into the office and reads him the riot act. He runs from the building in tears, calling me, begging me to meet him. He needs me. I watch each day as his trousers get tighter and

tighter around his swelling ass and rounding hips. His hair is getting long, and we hit another crisis when we are running and a construction worker calls out, "Nice ass."

When we get home, Thorne throws a hissy. "Look at me!" He says, brushing the hair from his eyes. "He gestures toward his legs, turns so I can see his behind. "Something is wrong. I feel like I have a pillow back there!"

"No," I say, thinking, Yes. He will be a man of pillows soon-- with pillowy lips and pillowy breasts to go with his pillowy rear. But I need to keep him in denial for now.

I convince him the guy was talking to me, though I am sure he wasn't. Thorne has developed a plump, inviting ass that looks so hot in his tight little shorts. From behind, he looks like a hot girl. I convince him it's all fine, call him my "big, strong man." I kiss him silly and then let him go down on me. After, I reward him with some celery stalks.

He nibbles on them like a bunny, all smiles and giggles, his latest emotional crisis forgotten.

We're getting close now. Thorne doesn't realize it, but he's moved in with me. He hasn't given up his apartment yet, but he spends every night at my place. We've gone shopping, and he has a full set of clothes here now. They are-- ugh-- men's clothes, but all slender fit, and I pushed him into styles you would see on a hip, fashionable young lesbian. Button down shirts, yes, but with wide, blue stripes, paired with an oversized blazer, the sleeves rolled up, tight black jeans and black and white Chuck Taylors. Or, a retro 1950s patterned sweater over a collared shirt, a slender little leather belt strung around his waist. He has a toothbrush here. His nail clippers. He never goes back to his smelly man cave, and he doesn't seem to remember that he hasn't been there in weeks.

I am shaping him both in mind and body, filling his head with all the girl culture Thorne needs to know, would know if she'd been raised as the girl she was meant to be. That means Gilmore Girls. It means The Wizard of Oz. It means 16 Candles and Pretty In Pink. We get tickets to see Wicked, and he is shocked, astounded, giddy and giggly and teary and he just loves it!

He gets laid off from work, and I tell him it's fine, I have plenty of money. I give him homework, and he spends his days watching classic Disney girl media I am too old for, but he with his diet pills and mummy brain, his pubescent body, is just right for: Hannah Montana, That's So Raven. I have him watch Little Women and Jane Austen adaptations. I kiss him into it, reward him for it, and his feminized brain is learning to love all of it, learning about girl's lives, their dreams and concerns. I would have him read some good girl books, but he is too much of an airhead. Too scatter-brained. Better he get his Baby-Sitter's Club through Netflix than strain his pretty little head.

Days pass. We have settled in together as a couple. I come home from "work" and find him with a kerchief tied over his hair. He's been cleaning. He hands me a glass of scotch, waits for my kiss, and then asks me about my day. I make up some things about my "work" day at the coffee shop. I actually spent at the Metropolitan Museum with my sketchbook, studying female faces, perfect female faces as painted by the great master artist. I am looking for Thorne's face. Still, I tell my stories. He listens attentively, nodding, smiling, making little sounds to affirm that he is listening. Then, I pat him on the knee. "What's for dinner, doll?"

"For you, I am making chicken cordon blue!" He says, giddy, excited. He's an average cook, but he is desperate to please me, and he is getting better. "I'll just have a

smoothie." He stands, turns to give me a side angle, puts a hand on his hip. "I lost two more pounds!" He says.

"Way to go, babe!" I say, doing silent applause. "I am so proud of you!"

He glows at the compliment and prances off to the kitchen. When I met him, he was all about getting "swol", putting on muscle, getting bigger, stronger. Now, he is so obsessed about being skinny, it really is adorable. The thick corded muscle that once bulged his shoulders and arms has melted away, and he now has the small, rounded shoulders and lithe little arms of a teen-age girl. Amidst his illogical chitter chatter he sometimes mentions needed to get back to lifting, to doing some curls, to "getting my guns back." I make a point to tell him how much I love his round shoulders, his inviting arms. I kiss him on his smooth little shoulders, then the soft skin where his biceps used to be. I intertwine our fingers and whisper, "encantadora, la vastago rosa."

"Mmmmm," he purrs. He loves it when I speak to him in foreign languages. But his pretty eyes are confused. "What does it mean?"

"Your arms are as enchanting as a rose stem," I say. Then, I kiss him on the mouth and add, "tus manos son delicadas como petalos de rosa."

He giggles. Raises one of his perfectly shaped eyebrows.

"Your hands are delicate as rose petals."

"Oh," he says. "You really like my arms?"

"I love them."

"Most women like muscle," Thorne says, and I know she is looking for assurances. Like most girls, she is neurotic, insecure, feels ashamed of her body. She needs to be reminded constantly that I love her, that she is beautiful.

"I am not most women," I say, and I kiss her fears away.

We are sitting together one night watching The Oscars talking about all the gowns worn by the different celebrities, and he is twisting his now long hair around his fingers when he suddenly says, "I think I need a haircut."

"I'll style it for you," I say with a smile. I have been waiting for this. It comes down to his shoulders now-- just to his shoulders, and there is plenty for me to work with.

"You can cut hair?" He says.

"I studied styling in Paris for a few years," I say. "It was a sideline while I became a sommelier."

"A sommelier? Hair stylist? Is there anything you can't do?" Thorne gushes. "You are sooooo amazing!" He says, his eyes wide with admiration. He has small breasts now. They poke out the front of his Star Wars t-shirt-- little cones like you would see on a tween girl. When they first started to pop out, he got shy and talked about doing push-

ups, but when he tried his arms shook and he was too weak. I got him to start planking instead. For a time, he was always tugging at the front of his shirt or walking around with his arms crossed over his chest, his shoulders slumped over, ashamed of his perky little puppies.

It was so cute! I just let her. I mean, most every girl is little embarrassed when she first gets her boobies. But I made sure to train him to equate his breasts with fun, with pleasure. I would come up behind him while he was cooking dinner and cup them, kissing him at the same time. And in bed, I squeezed, caressed and kissed; I pinched his hard nipples and sucked on them. He mewed in pleasure, sometimes cried out, throwing his arms over his eyes.

He still worried. They made him feel even more insecure than usual, and combined with his plump rear, he is back to talking about what's happening to his body as NOT normal! I send him to the doctor. He needs a new dose of the hormone cocktail keeping him Mommy Brained anyway. I go with him. He begs me to, says he needs me. The doctor tells him that the gynecomastia is related to his erectile dysfunction issues. "Breast development in men is more common than most people realize. In time, this will all be normalized," the doctor says, giving Thorne his shot.

"Is there anything I can do in the meantime?"

"Focus on losing weight. Getting skinny," the doctor says, glancing at me with a little smile.

Thorne is relieved. He doesn't feel good about having popped out his boobies, exactly, but he liked hearing the word "normalized" and, like I said, he has been trained to equate his girls with fun, pleasure, attention from me.

Pretty soon, he doesn't hide them anymore. He just walks around with his boobies poking out, jiggling, acting like it was the most normal thing in the world. I could have made him wear a bra, but for now I want him to enjoy going natural. Once he has his d-cups, he'll need the support. For now, I just want him to celebrate the gift I've given him.

Breasts are fun. Every guy should have them, really.

I had bought him a bunch of t-shirts that would look like boy shirts to his untrained eyes. Old school Star Wars. Steve Ditko and Jack Kirby Avengers and, my ironic favorite, Xmen. These are all trendy with young women right now, and they are made of a thinner, softer and more clingy material than guy shirts. They do a great job showing off his little fun bunnies. And they are cut to pull in and celebrate his little waist.

"High and tight," he says as I sit him down in the kitchen, an apron around his neck.

"We'll see," I say. It's an old boy habit, this request for high and tight. And it is not happening. It's time for more of the real Thorne to emerge, and I begin wrapping hanks of his hair in tinfoil.

"What's that for?" He asks. "I just need a basic haircut."

Basic. Yes, you are, girl, I think, but not your hair. I playfully slap him. "Just be quiet and enjoy."

Thorne, the real Thorne, my silly, scatter-brained airhead, is, of course, a blonde. I am looking forward to washing away his brown hair, and when I am done, he will be a platinum blonde with streaks and highlights. As the dye sets, I hand him a Cosmopolitan, and he idly pages through it. When I wash the dye out of his hair and pull off the tinfoil? I am so hot! His blonde hair sparkles, even wet, and I want him to go down on me then and there, but I focus on making Thorne pretty.

Once I am done drying his hair, I get my scissors out and start layering and styling, shaping his long, unkempt mop into a messy lob.

It's a cute, stylish haircut perfect for a young girl on the cusp of womanhood, his hair framing his face, softening his features, giving him an instantly more feminine look. When it's done, I dig my fingers into his hair, fluffing it out, and I say, "You look so hot."

He touches his hair, which falls down over his shoulders now, brushes it away from his eyes with a feminine flick of his hand which will become an unconscious habit for him now. "I was thinking maybe a little shorter?" He says

I wrap my arms across his breasts and squeeze, diving in from behind him to kiss him. He turns his head and obediently accepts my kiss, then I take him by the hand and lead him to the bathroom mirror. He stares. Shocked. He can see how the haircut makes him look more feminine, that he is now a blonde, and his eyes are wide, his pretty mouth drops open, and I can see the boy in him, what's little that's left, is horrified, scared, humiliated.

"What do you think?" I ask.

"Um.... blonde?... Um..." he stutters, trying to find some assertiveness in himself, some last masculine ability to define himself, to make boundaries, to tell me he does NOT like this haircut one bit.

"You love it," I say, kissing him.

"Um... well..." He touches his hair, glances in the mirror.

"You love it," I repeat, and I give him another of my addictive, pleasure packed kisses.

"You love it," I repeat between kisses. "You love it."

The little lingering flicker of manhood dies, and a bright, pretty smile spreads across his face. "I love it," he says. "I really do."

The next day, he refuses to wear the cute, white head band I offer him when we go running. He says it looks too -- something. His hair drives him crazy all during the run. The day after, he puts it on without me asking. And then we have one of those sweet, tender moments. "My nipples," he says as he pulls on his running shirt, hissing.

"Your nipples?" I say, pretending I don't know where this is going.

"They're sore," he says. "From running. My chest, well, it....?"

I have him put Band-Aids over his nipples. He's not ready for a bra yet. I am afraid it would break his brain if I made him wear one at this point. I have him wearing women's clothes all the time now, but he doesn't know they are women's clothes. I even bought his new running shoes from the women's section. They look just like guy's running shoes-- black and white-- but it pleases me to know they were branded for women. However, there is no guy-like version of a bra. A bra pretty much says, I am becoming a woman, and Thorne is still not ready to know herself. It's silly, really, how scared men are of all things female. I mean, there are more than a few men out there who could use some support, and they would feel so much more comfortable with a sturdy underwire bra to keep their manboobies from bouncing around everywhere.

Really, boys should get training bras and have to wear them. If girls have to, boys should, too. You know I am right.

Chapter 7

Thorne was never properly socialized. He spent his formative years surrounded by sweaty, stinky boys, and he never learned how to be a part of a girl squad. It makes me so mad what her parents did to her! This is a delicate part of my plan, and it starts with a bet. I can't let Thorne know I am pushing her into the world of women, making him one of the girls.

Thorne and I were on the couch. He'd made the most exquisite curry for me, and I was proud of what a good little homemaker he was becoming. We were watching gymnastics. It's good for her to see girls being active, strong, competing, though she is not that kind of girl at all. Thorne had his nail file and was working on his nails, his legs tucked under him. He was wearing a pair of flannel pants with a red and blue tartan

pattern-- yes-- It was just like the pattern you might see on a Catholic Girl's school skirt, and he's paired it with a t-shirt that reads, I Can't Adult Today. I told him I bought it for him as a joke since he'd been out of work so long, but I'd seen a girl down in Chelsea wearing one, and I knew he would look so cute in it.

I made a bet with him about who would win the parallel bars. If he lost, he had to come with me to yoga class. He lost, and the next day after I got home from "work" early there he was in his nylon short shorts, a flouncy tank top, his blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail, a yoga mat tucked under his arm. As we walked to the Hot Yoga studio, he was talking about this and that, his little brain hopping from one unconnected idea to the next, like a frog hopping from Lilly pad to Lilly pad. I had denied him kisses all day, saying I thought I might be coming down with something, and he is already vibrating, giving me longing looks, but I have to stick to my plan.

Spring had sprung, and New Yorkers, aching for sunlight after months cooped up in their cramped, over-priced apartments, had come out in force to enjoy the brisk, 60 degree weather. And the street smells good; there's a cupcake place and a Thai restaurant, and the sweet and savory smells pouring from them swim in the street. The sidewalks down in this part of town are not adequate; narrow, rife with cracks and mismatched seams, there is not enough room for everyone, and you have to kind of turn sideways a lot and slip between people.

A guy bumps into Thorne, who, in this much smaller version, is surprised to find himself knocked off his feet. He would have tumbled into traffic, and my heart leapt with terror, but the man grabbed her arm and caught her, pulling her back from the brink of disaster -- and right into his own strong arms. I see the shock in Thorne's eyes as her body presses against the man's, and then she shoves him away. "Dude!" She says. "What the hell?"

The guy raises his hands. "Whatever," he says, and I watch as his eyes drop to Thorne's breasts. Thorne, seeing the same eye movement, throws an arm across his chest and stands there, furious. The guy and his friends, laughing, just walk away. "I wouldn't do her face, but I'd do her body," one of them says. I don't know if Thorne heard. He's still standing there, one arm across his chest, knees together. "Asshole," he says.

I put a hand on the small of his back and get him moving. "Welcome to New York." He turns his head, moves toward me, clearly wanting, needing a kiss, but I put my hand on his cheek and turn him away. "I might be getting sick, remember?" He's feeling anxious. Emotional. Insecure. Tense. The early stages of withdrawal.

As we walk into the studio, heads turn. I am friends with all the girls here, the instructors, and they know about my preferences. I have brought all my discoveries here as I shaped them. They call me trans-amorous, and when their eyes fall in Thorne with his spritely breasts, rounding hips and messy lob, I see smiles. Some of the girls come over to greet us. "Hailey, Katie, Nellie, meet Thorne," I say. Hugs and air kisses. Thorne looks shy, awkward. He is not used to women welcoming him as if he were just one of the girls, but he smiles, hooks his hair behind his ear. This is good. These are the things he should have learned as a girl growing up. We start talking, and then I drift away, leaving Thorne in a circle of women, listening, nodding, adding to the conversation when it makes sense and not trying to dominate it. He's come a long way. The girls pull out their phones, and just like that Thorne is connected on social media with a group of supportive women.

Some of the other girls around the room are appraising him, checking out his legs, his plump ass. I can see they are impressed, and a few of those bony assed skinny bitches

are probably a little jealous. Girls can be that way, but most of the girls here have always been super-supportive of my projects. It's hip and trendy right now, yes, and a lot of them love the idea of being connected to someone trans. But these girls are also sweet, genuine people, and even though they can't understand why a man would ever want to have to put up with all the things women have to deal with, they also empathize, and they like helping a new girl find herself.

Spirit, the instructor, comes up to me and touches me on the arm. "Hey, you," she says.

"Spirit," I say, and I kiss her. "You look centered."

"I just did a cleanse," she says. "my chakras have never been more aligned. Anywho, what's the story on New Girl?"

"She's a doll," I say. "Really great."

"Where'd you guys meet?"

"Coffee shop," I say. "She came in one day and took my breath away."

"Don't they all?" Spirit said, walking away, getting class started.

When class starts, Thorne unrolls his yoga mat, and I see his eyes ping. I spritzed it with some of my addictiveness, and he smells it, and instantly feeling a sense of relief. As class goes on, every time we are down on the mats, I see him breathing deeply, and

I know he is getting just a little taste of euphoria. As soon as class ends, I give him a kiss, sealing yoga=pleasure into his mind. "So?" I say, letting one hand rest on his soft hip. Of course, he's forgotten all about my concerns about "getting sick." Mommy brain.

"Amazing," he says. "I feel so... relaxed." He puts both hands on the small of his back and throws his shoulders back. "I'm probably going to be sore in the morning, though."

"I knew you'd like it," I say. "Same time tomorrow?"

"Um, yeah," Thorne says. "I really needed this."

When we get home, Thorne makes me dinner, sips his smoothie. After, we nest in the living room. I'm reading a book. It's called "You" and it's about a stalker, serial killer, and the author is so clever, deconstructing all the time worn tropes of romance and dating all the while also blowing up the absurdities of millennial coupling. I know it probably seems weird, but I totally identify with Joe Goldberg, the stalker guy. He knows what he wants, and he's willing to do anything to get it. Other than the killing part, I really like the guy. He should probably spend a year living as a woman to get over his issues, but every guy should spend a year living as a woman. It just makes sense.

While I read, Thorne had a little mirror in one hand and a pair of tweezers in the other. He's plucking away a few stray hairs from the edges of his eyebrows, his mouth hanging open. It's taking him forever, because his phone keeps vibrating, and he picks it up, smiles at whatever one of his new girlfriends has posted, taps out some kind of response. He's already addicted to social media. I didn't even have to use drugs, but with his brain and body swimming in estrogen, he needs to feel connected. I like this, when we can be in the same room, doing our own things, and yet feel so connected.

We're getting close like that, where we can have a whole conversation without saying a word.

Soon. Soon. It will be time for me to complete my masterpiece. Michelangelo once said that he did not create a sculpture. When he saw a piece of marble, the sculpture was already there; he could see it inside the block of stone. His job was to reveal it, to chop away the blocky mass hiding the beauty within. I understand that as a fellow artist, a fellow sculptor. The Big M worked in marble. I work in flesh. The first time Thorne walked into my coffee shop, I saw a block; square, dull, but within that unshaped lump, I saw her: my perfect girl. I could see the woman he was inside, and I only needed to chip away at the hard, boring stone of his masculinity to reveal her. I had only to set her free.

Thorne, finished with his eyebrows, and they are on fleek, he changes position. Sitting cross-legged, he arches his back, throws his shoulders back and thrusts his breasts out as he reaches back, slips the tie from his ponytail and then buries his hands in his thick, soft hair, fluffing it out, shaking his head. He is so much a young woman in that moment that it takes my breath away.

Seeing me looking at him over the top of my book, my glasses halfway down my nose, he looks bashful and says, "what?"

"You are so beautiful," I say.

"Thanks," he says, and his phone buzzes, and he eagerly snatches it, looking at the screen with wide, excited eyes.

Over the next few weeks, Thorne starts to meet the girls for lunch, for brunch. At first, I come along, but then I ease back, making excuses, but always urging him to go, to spend time with his friends. In the evenings he shares details about his friends' lives with me; who's dating, who broke up, whose marriage is in trouble. "It's kinda weird," he says. "I never really got to know women before. I mean, I was always like, looking to score? But, it's really great to be able to just be friends with women. It's so refreshing. Everyone knows I'm with you, so there's, like, no sexual tension at all."

"We women actually have brains, personalities," I say. "Who knew?"

"I don't mean it like that," he says.

But, of course he did. I just smile. It's cute that his little brain has rationalized the lack of sexual tension as having to do with the fact that everyone knows he's my girl.

Tomorrow, he's meeting up with Katie and Maddie. They are getting mani-pedis, and then doing lunch. While the girls are out getting their nails done, I go to my studio and Harlem and make sure everything is in place. I have the sketches of Thorne's face ready, the surgical plan prepared. I run my fingers over the implants- cold, smooth soft to my touch. They bobble as I caress them, and I am eager form to be snug inside Thorne's body. I have a closet full of dresses, heels, bras and corsets, and I imagine Thorne in all of them, looking as fresh and pretty as a painting, her true self revealed at last. There are enough cosmetics for an army of models, more than one girl would ever need, but Thorne needs to learn to do different looks for different occasions, to find the right colors for her complexion.

Yes. The time has come for Thorne to blossom into the fullness of her womanhood, and I have never felt more fulfilled.

Then, SHE comes along and tries to spoil everything. Denalia Denesh. Wiley's girlfriend.

Chapter 8

I come home, singing to myself, "There she goes// racing through my brain/and I just can't contain/the feeling that remains/there she...." I freeze as I walk into the living room. Denalia and Thorne sit close together on the couch, facing each other. It looks like Thorne has been crying. "Denalia?" I say, tensing up. What is she doing here? I wonder. Why is Thorne crying?

Denalia smiles-- a predatory smile-- like a shark or a panther. "You know me?" She says.

Busted, I think, remembering how I had spent hours working my way through her social media, but never met her. "Thorne mentioned you," I say, moving warily into the living room, shark circling shark.

"Of course he did," she says. "We've been talking."

I look at Thorne. He looks guilty, ashamed, scared. His eyes are red. He had been crying. Bitch, I think, looking back at Denalia. If you've hurt her, I will kill you. "What's going on?" I ask.

"I might ask you the same thing."

"Thorne," I say. "Maybe you should run down to the coffee shop. Get yourself a latte."

"Maybe you should stay," Denalia says, putting a hand on Thorne's knee.

Nasty bitch, I think. Thorne hesitates, looking back and forth between us, nibbling on his lower lip. Seeing how she is already exerting influence, I feel my anger building.

"Thorne!" I yell.

He flinches, gets up. "I'm sorry," he says to Denalia before slinging his "satchel" over his shoulder and hurrying out the door.

I sit across from Denalia, leaning forward, my elbows on my knees. I assess her. "How much do you want?" I ask.

"How much what?"

"Money," I say. "How much do you want to just walk away and forget all about Thorne and me?"

"Ha," she says. "You think this is about money?"

"What else is anything ever about?"

"Wiley," she says. "This is all about what you did to my fiancé."

Oh. That. She knew. I guess he wasn't able to remasculate in time. "I have no idea what you are talking about," I say. There were certain laws broken in the making of our little film.

"Please! We know it was you."

"Then call the police," I say. "You need the number? I think it's still 911."

"I am not going to allow you to get away with what you are doing to Thorne. He looks like a woman! Is that your thing? Your kink?"

"Thorne is a woman," I say. "She was always a woman. I am just helping her transition."

"Bullshit. I know Thorne, knew him before you. I just talked to him, tried to get him to see what you're doing to him, and you could see he was hearing me. I don't know what kind of mind games you used to get him so twisted up in his head, but I got through to him in half an hour. I'm going to get him away from you, and then he and I are both going to the police."

She stands up. Grabs her purse.

So, she was not here to hurt Thorne. She came here to hurt me. Plus, she seems to have some sort of knight in shining armor complex, thinking she will save the fair

damsel in distress from the mean, scary billionaire. She intends to take Thorne away from me. That cannot happen. I consider. I am betting Wiley doesn't know she's here. He never would have let her come alone after what I'd done to him. I could kill her. I know how to clean up a crime scene. I spent a year as a CSI investigator. Long story. I'll tell you later.

I am not worried about getting caught, but there is Thorne to consider. I don't know what she told him, how unstable he might be right now, and if Denalia suddenly vanishes after meeting with me-- he'll see it all over his social media-- my skittish and hare-brained little nymph just might get terrified and try to run. No. Better to keep Denalia around.

Denalia starts toward the door. I step in front of her. "I can't let you leave," I say.

She tilted her head to the side. Looks me over. Seems amused. I mentioned that she had a strong, athletic body. She is also taller than me. She thinks she can take me. "Get out of my way."

I step into a fighter's stance.

"Oh?" She says, dropping her purse and stepping into her own stance. I know right away, she's been trained in Tai Kwon Do. "You want to play that?"

"I don't want to hurt you," I say.

"I'm a black belt," she says. "The only person about to get hurt is you."

Black Belt. Impressive. She lunges, striking with her left fist. Clever. Most people are righties, so a left-handed attack can throw off an opponent. I block it, then duck under a right. Her moves are clean, efficient. She is well-trained. I will take my time. She comes at me with a flurry of kicks and punches. I block them, dodge them, dance away and make her chase me. I can see the sweat gleaming on her brow. She is burning a lot of energy, and the lactic acid is building up in her body. I am conserving energy. Waiting. When she is tired enough, I will take her down. She is full of rage. Fighting from hate. It is always a mistake.

I block another punch. Another. I rage, she kicks one of my lamps off the end table, then grabs a book from the coffee table and throws it at me. I dodge, and she slows. Trying to calm herself. She has started to sense her strategic error.

"Your fiancé looked so cute in his dress. He was a hot little bitch!"

It works. She leaps at me-- not a skilled move at all. Just a wild leap. I step aside, use her momentum to slam her onto the coffee table, which splints, shatters, and we are on the ground, and I have her in a head lock. I am a world class grappler. I started training in mixed martial arts when I was 7, and later spent a year living and training at the famed Dragon Dojo in Bangkok. Denalia struggles. I am choking her, cutting off her air, and she is getting weak. Light-headed. I see the fear in her eyes. She believes I plan on killing her, and her fear powers one last desperate spasm of effort as she tries to break free, and that, having failed, she goes limp, accepting her fate.

I roll her over, pin her arms above her head, and kiss her. My special little helpers pass into her mouth, race to her brain. She tries to push me away. She is still so weak, it isn't even fun, but I keep her pinned down. Kiss her again. She struggles against me a

second time, pulls her head away, breaking off the kiss. I wait. She looks at me, and I see the confusion growing in her eyes, the need, the revulsion at the need. She licks her lips. I kiss her again, and this time she kisses me back with an eager desperation that tells me she is hooked-- on me.

"What are you?" She whispers, her eyes scanning my face, imprinting.

"Everything," I answer.

I hear Thorne come home sometime later. He sees the mess in the living room, and I hear him say, "Omigod, what happened?"

"I'm in the bedroom," I call.

Thorne comes back, and as he walks in the door, his mouth drops open in surprise. I am in bed, spooning Denalia, our naked bodies pressing together, sweat damp sheets twisting between our legs. "What?" Thorne says, his pretty eyes lost in confusion and maybe even a little bit of betrayal.

"Get in here," I say.

"What's going on?" Thorne says.

"Take off your clothes and get in here."

Thorne strips off his skinny jeans, pulls off his Converse sweatshirt. His little breasts bounce, and I see his nipples are already hard. Denalia looks at me. Square. She's uncomfortable. Uncertain. I kiss her. Touch her cheek. "Just relax," I say. "Have fun." She's not used to being dominated. She wears the pants in her relationship with Wiley, and I find myself wondering if maybe he has had previous experience with a dildo after all. I can see her pegging the shit out of him.

I can see Thorne is nervous and uncomfortable as well. As he climbs into bed, I make room between us and guide him in. Then, I roll him onto his back, and I take one of Denalia's hands and place it on his breast. He moans with pleasure, and Denalia smiles. "Play with his tits," I say.

She's tentative, at first, but as Thorne responds, moaning, mewling, sighing, arching his back, she gets more and more into it, and I can see Denalia is loving it, loving having a chance to play with a man's breasts like this, to see Thorne reacting just like a woman. She climbs onto him, straddles him. I see a smile, an idea has occurred to her, and she slaps him across the face. Thorne looks shocked, but he giggles and squirms. She puts her hands back on his breasts, but then gathers them, getting his nipples between her fingers, and she pinches, hard. Thorne squeals. She glances at me. I smile. I know, I think. I know. She is the man, she is in control, she is dominating him. And she loves it.

I move off to the side and watch.

Chapter 9

Denalia is no longer a threat, but she is high maintenance. She needs kisses on the daily, so I get her to schedule her life so we can see each other every day. She joins

Thorn and I for running some mornings. Other days, she is there at yoga. We greet each other with a kiss, and we say goodbye with a kiss. It's enough to keep her contented, and she is more focused on Wiley and her career, so she doesn't need any more than that. She does come to me for advice. It turns out, she has not been pegging Wiley anywhere but in her fantasies. She is not the square she pretends to be, but a strong, powerful woman with a lot of inventive desires. Our threesome has woken those repressed feelings, and she has NEEDS.

"Wiley only wants to do missionary sex," she says. "I'm bored out of my mind, but he's so insecure. I have to put on an Academy Award winning performance every time we have sex! It's exhausting."

"Men," I say, and I am about to launch into one of my feminist critiques of the male of the species, when I remember this is all about her, and Wiley does need a good pegging. "You need to withhold sex," I say. "In the meantime, give his ass a lot of attention. Squeeze it. Pinch it. Slap it. When he gets horny enough, get him drunk, tie him to the bed face down and strap it on."

"Oh," Denalia says, and her hand goes to her cheek as her pupils dilate. I can see she is so turned on by the idea. "Really?"

"It may take a while to break him. You may have to deny him sex for a while. Be strong. He needs to please you. You need to remember that you are in charge."

"I'm in charge," Denalia says. It may seem surprising that given the fact she has been in charge all along of their relationship outside the bedroom, that she hasn't taken control inside the bedroom. At least, it may seem strange if you do not understand women.

Thanks to society, most women are conflicted about their sexual needs and fantasies. It's an unexpected gift that I am in a position to help Denalia know her truth.

"Pegging is a very common fantasy among women," I tell her. "Very common. I can help you get together what you'll need."

"You're such a good friend," Denalia says, covering my hand with her own. She looks away, then back at me, a devious smile on her face. "I still have that wig," she says.

I picture Wiley in his Marilyn Monroe wig, getting hammered but good. "Make him wear it," I say.

"I think I will."

I am singing as I head up to Harlem, sitting in the back of my limousine.

Girls who are boys

Who like boys to be girls

Who do boys like they're girls

I got Thorne drunk last night. Super drunk. I took him to my church in Harlem, and as I started to open the door, he was all girly and scared. "Are we allowed in here? We could get in trouble!"

"So?" I say, and I can tell it excites him, how bold and daring I am. I take his soft hand in mine, and lead him into the church, then downstairs to my studio. He sees the glass room, and he hesitates, giggling nervously.

"Whaaaaat?" He says. "Is this?"

I lead him into the room. Lay him down on the canopy bed I've placed in here for his final revelation. "This," I say, cupping his now B cup breast and giving it a squeeze. "Is where I am going to free the woman within you."

He laughs. "Really?"

I kiss him. "Really."

"Me? A woman?" He giggles again, wiggles. "As if."

I give his breast another squeeze. "Stay," I say, getting off the bed.

Thorne pushed himself up on one arm, brushes his blonde hair from his eyes. He watches as I walk out of the room, close the door. Lock it.

"What are you doing?"

"Art," I say. "Bye, doll."

As I walk up the stairs, I hear him calling. "Farah? Farah?" I hear him pounding on the glass. "Farah!"

I smile.

Ginger set up cameras and microphones for me--- I mean, a long time ago. I've been doing this for years. I pull it up on my laptop, and Thorne is still sleeping, curled up around a pillow. I go for a run. Stop by the coffee shop. Wander in the Village. I check Thorne on my phone. He is pacing, searching, slapping at the glass in different corners, spaces, looking for some way to escape. He looks terrified, and I can see the withdrawal setting in. My heart goes out to her, but you have to be cruel to be kind sometimes.

The morning of the second day, she does what she has been trained to do. When she gets up, she brushes her messy hair, ties it back in a ponytail. She looks stressed, anxious, and she puts on her shorts, a tank top, gets out her yoga mat. I mean, you wake up trapped in a cell, stressed, what's better than some sun salutations, right? I see her rising in cobra, those firm little breasts pressing out the front of her tank top, and I know how right I am about all this, how badly she needs to be freed.

As the day progresses, I check in when I can. Thorne files his nails. He gives himself a facial. Curls up under an afghan with one of the romance novels I have left there for him. He's delightfully passive.

The isolation, though, takes its toll. He needs his hugs, and by the third morning, she is frazzled. Her hair is a mess, and her eyes are red from crying. "Help! Someone help me!" She cries out, kneeling on the floor, shaking, hugging herself.

She's ready. I put on my running clothes, limber up and run to Harlem. I need to sweat, to get centered before I begin to sculpt my masterpiece. As soon as I walk into the studio, Thorne runs to the glass. "Farah! Farah!" He screams, slapping on the glass, tears pouring down his cheeks. "Please! I'm sorry! I don't know what I did, but I'm sorry! Let me out! Please, let me out!"

She needs a kiss. A hug. She's aching with withdrawal from my special addictive self. "Let me show you something," I say.

"Please," Thorne says. "I just want to make out so bad. I miss you. I miss your touches, your voice..."

"I promise you kisses, doll, but first I need you to do something."

"Anything!" Thorne gasps. "Anything."

"Make yourself pretty for me."

"I'm not...?" He says, hurt. "You don't...?"

"You're wearing shorts and a tank top, honey. I mean, you can't really expect to keep my interest dressed like that."

"But, all of the clothes here..."

"Put on a dress," I say. "Pick a pretty one. One you think will please me."

I see a whole lifetime of conditioning flicker across Thorne's smooth, bright face. Boys threatening each other about being gay, being weak, being "girls." All that sad masculine posturing. But I also need. Hunger. "A dress?"

I nod. "Hurry now."

Thorne goes to the rack of dresses. He pushes them apart, looks at one, another. He pulls one off the rack and holds it toward me. It's fine, but I shake my head. I can see the pain on Thorne's face, and he chooses another, then another before I finally nod as he holds the dress in front of him, one leg out to the side, just like a woman. Thorne slips out of his shorts and tank top, pulls the dress over his head, and I feel a thrill as the hem flutters around his knees, the plunging neckline revealing the soft rise of his puppies.

It's a spring dress, blue with a flower pattern, and it celebrates his slender arms and rounding hips. He instantly looks more feminine, standing there, knees together, looking down, cheeks blushing a pearly pink.

"You look so pretty," I say.

Thorne looks up, a smile spreading across his face like a ray of sunlight breaking through the clouds on a cold winter morning. His eyes sparkle, a surge of feminine pride warring with his masculine shame. "Can we?" He says. "Now/"

I eye him critically, shake my head. "Put on some lipstick."

It's another step, more chipping away at his feeble masculinity. But his ability to resist is fading, and he doesn't hesitate but immediately goes to the make-up table, glances over at me, his bangs falling across his eyes, and says, "which one?"

"You decide. Choose the shade you think will please me most."

Thorne bites his lip. Starts looking at the dozens of different shades of lipstick I have placed there for him. I can see him struggling. He's been finding it harder and harder to think for himself, and at one point he even stomps one foot in frustration. I love seeing him so feminine, and I decide it is time to take charge, let him be the girl he was always meant to be. ""The third one from the right," I say. He reaches for a tube, and I say, "not that one. The other one."

He pulls his hand away from the tube he'd been reaching for like it's a viper, grabs another one. He looks at me, hopeful, needy. I nod. "That's the one."

"I've never put on lipstick," he says.

"You know how to do it," I say. "You were born for this."

I don't know if he even knows what that means, but he puckers up and does a really poor job, but I just say, "Gorgeous," and his wet, red lips smile. "Please," he says. "Kiss me. Just once."

"One more thing. I want you in heels."

"High heels?" He says, wincing at the thought.

"Yes."

Whatever is masculine in Thorne rises, and I see the anger flash in his pretty eyes. "I won't," he says. "I won't!"

"See you tomorrow," I say. I get halfway to the door when Thorne calls out, "Wait! I'm sorry! I'll--- I'll put them on! Just---"

"Don't ever say no to me," I say, turning my back.

"Please! NO!" Thorne screams.

When I get home that night, I see Thorne sitting on the divan I left there for him, still wearing the dress. I nod and smile to see he is also wearing a pair of pumps. I turn on

the microphone. "You need to learn to do your make-up. There are videos available for you to watch. I also want you to practice walking in your heels. Again, there are videos. If you please me, I will kiss you all over your soft little body."

Thorne looks toward one of the cameras and smiles. "Okay," he says. "Whatever you want."

The next morning, I meet an old friend for coffee, we decide to visit the new installation at MOMA. It's a collection of works by Jasper Johns, and we both spend the entire visit laughing at how vacuous the art world is, how a lightweight of questionable intelligence like Jasper Johns can so easily dupe these simpletons with his joke art. Some of the other patrons seem annoyed by our critique, but of course had I written it in feces on a piece of wood I'd found floating in the ocean, they'd be worshipping me right now.

Sheep. People-- most people-- are sheep. They will pretend to believe anything in order to remain a part of the flock.

--and before I know it the morning is gone, and we are air kissing goodbye past noon. I get home and scroll through my footage, actually clapping for Thorne as I see how well he is doing. His whole morning he's been doing the work-- watching the videos, practicing putting on his mascara, eyeliner.... Blush.... Then he spends an hour watching videos and then walking in heels, and he looks terrible and wobbles, but it's adorable, and he's trying, and I decide he had earned some relief, a kiss or two, and I am so excited as I head uptown to see my little doll.

Of course, she has to ruin it. The bitch. When I get there, I tell her to sit on the bed, and she does-- knees together, hands in her lap. Today she is wearing a white dress, and

she looks so adorable I could lick her. She's actually done a pretty good job on her face - soft colors, a little sloppy and so forth, but she does look sweet, like the young girl she is just trying to figure out how to be a woman. And, of course, there are a pair of white pumps on her feet, and I get a thrill just seeing her sitting there, ankles crossed, her feet crushed into those infernal and perfect mechanisms of hobbled femininity.

I sit down next to her and smother those pink lips of hers in a kiss, and she kisses me back, and I shove my tongue down her throat, and she pulls it in. She's tense. Stiff, though, and I should have seen it coming, but I thought she was broken, that it was just the need for her fix. He rolls on top, and I let her, and then suddenly he cracks me on the temple with the heel from one of his pumps. I see stars, lay stunned. He rolls off the bed, and I see him running toward the door, his ponytail swaying. He's grabbed the hem of his dress and pulled it up, his round, white legs flashing.

I struggle to my feet and put a hand to my temple. It comes away sticky with blood. He reaches to the door, yanks on it. Yanks on it again. He makes a soft, moaning sound. "No... no... no...." He says, yanking, helpless, looking back at me with eyes wide with terror.

"Of course I locked the door behind me," I say, fishing in my pocket, pulling out the key, letting it dangle from my hand, twisting and sparkling.

"Let me go," Thorne says. "Please. I won't tell anyone, I swear. I'll just disappear from your life. You'll never see or hear from me again."

"Doll," I say. "That's the cruelest thing anyone has ever said to me," "What?" Thorne says, shaking his head. "I won't tell the police," he says, reverting back to what he has clearly been rehearsing. "I won't tell anyone."

"Thorne," I say. "I love you. I'm going to spend the rest of my life with you. Don't you understand that?"

Thorne's face-- I'm not even sure what to call that look. Well, he is hormonal. But then he says, "I don't want that." He's eying the key now. "I don't... love you."

"Prove it," I say. "Take this key from me, walk out that door."

He looks at me warily. Wow. His eyes are really popping from the eyeliner and mascara. I mean, they are so hot. "Just take the key?"

I nod. "Just come over here and take it."

Thorne starts to come toward me, taking small, tentative steps, like a kitten. I stand there, holding the key, letting it sparkle. He gets closer, closer, then tries to snatch the key with a sudden lunge. I yank it away, his fingers just brushing against the cold metal, and then I grapple him, taking him to the ground, and I have him pinned, and he's struggling, shocked to face the reality of how weak he is now, how vulnerable. Now, to be fair, I am a mixed martial arts master, so of course I can dominate him, but he has lost all of his masculine upper body strength and with those pretty little yoga arms of his, I think a fair number of teen girls could kick his ass now.

"Let me go! Let me go!" He whimpers, struggling helplessly against me. Tears of frustration and shame pool in his eyes, he is crying, wiggling, powerless. I revel in my strength, in the site of him learning this very important lesson about being a woman-- the kind of woman he is, which is essentially an ornament, a pretty thing to be admired.

And then I turn him, lock my arms around his neck in a sleeper hold. I can smell his terror. He thinks I want to kill him, and he is struggling, clawing at my arms with his long fingernails, and as I feel the fight going out of him, as I sense him slipping into darkness, I whisper, "when you wake up, you will have a vagina."

He bucks, one last burst of fear driven strength, and then passes out. I roll him onto his back and kiss him.

I work for hours, and when the surgery is done Thorne lies sleeping, bandages covering his groin and face. My smock is splattered with blood, as are my gloves. Thorne's chest rises and falls, and the monitor blips and blips....

Days pass. The bandages come off. I am watching Thorne on the CCTV. He has that look of absolute shame and humiliation on his face, the one he always gets when he lays back, spreads his legs, and slips one of his dildos into his new vagina. Sometimes, as he's shoving that cock into his vagina, he starts to cry. I know, girl, I think. I know.

It's necessary to keep the skin from healing closed, but I have also infused his collection of cocks with my special chemical, so has become addicted to dick. He even goes down on them sometimes, and then cries afterwards. The operation, of course, was a huge success, and I have to admit- humble as I am-- that I created for him a truly splendid

vagina. I mean, it is the Sistine Chapel of vaginas. The lips... he has no idea what a lucky girl he is.

When he's not exploring his new sexual playground, he works on his make-up skills, his heel technique. He does yoga and reads the kinds of aspirational books you'd find on the shelves of any basic bitch. Right now, he's reading *The Empowered Highly Sensitive Person*. A new skill I have tasked him to master is female voice work. I gave him a couple videos, and he's been practicing hard, trying to sound more like a woman. Probably a good idea, since he's always been one. I could do some things with vocal cords, but psychologically speaking, it will be more efficacious if he makes the conscious effort to lose his masculine voice and actively find his female voice.

He's doing really well, and whenever he speaks to me, he always tries to have lots of buzz and breathy air. It's sweet, and I am really happy he's embracing his womanhood like this.

The last few times I visited him, I made a point of talking about Kate Upton a lot. I showed him so pictures of her, and I kept emphasizing how much I loved her womanly figure (code for big breasts.). I could see the insecurity in Thorne building. He started to wear the padded, push up bras. I even saw him shoving toilet paper into the cups, trying to increase his bustline. It was so adorable seeing him, when he'd once thought of himself as such a macho stud, wanting to have bigger breasts, feeling inadequate with his little B cups. Clearly, he was now a woman, though I am not sure he had fully surrendered.

I showed up with a gift-wrapped box one day. Thorne's pretty eyes sparkled. "For me?"

"Who else?"

He clapped and jumped up and down, then carefully unwrapped the gift, not wanting to tear the paper; you know, the way feminine women do. He opened it, and instantly smiled, threw himself in my arms and gave me a big, wet kiss. "You like them?"

Thorne picked up the implants from the box and held them in front of his firm little breasts. "I LOOOOOOOOVE them," he said.

I smiled and nodded. This was victory, I felt, seeing Thorne so thrilled at the thought of getting breast implants, seeing how happy it made him to think he would have D cups soon, would be one of them, the busty broads. He wanted nothing more right now, couldn't think of anything that would make him happier. I thought back once more to the man he'd thought he was when I met him, all the macho swagger, and I smiled. That same guy was now thrilled at the thought of getting a boob job. I had done that. I had made that happen.

I had sculpted and remade that boring and predictable little male psyche into this glorious Barbie doll, my perfect woman, and the woman he always should have been. I couldn't wait to see how he looked with his big ass tits bouncing and swaying. Couldn't wait to see him in a bikini. I couldn't wait to prop him up in six-inch heels, squeeze him into a little black dress with a plunging neckline and show him off to all my friends.

Epilogue

And I did. Once Thorne had healed from his boob job, I had a big coming out party. He was stunning, and just as I had promised to myself, he was perched on those six-inch

stilettos, and he was flashing all kinds of cleavage. There was a video screen with a slide show depicting his transition from boring to beautiful, and Thorne was the perfect, giggling social butterfly, reveling in all the attention she got as a gorgeous woman, the belle of the ball. My friends couldn't believe how well she turned out. "Your best work yet," one said. "A masterpiece."

A few discreetly inquired as to whether I might work my magic on a man they knew. I told them I could consider it.

The lovemaking was great at first, as I enjoyed Thorne's soft, bouncy body, kissing those plump, callogened lips. But, you know how it goes. The infatuation wears off. The little annoying habits become big, annoying habits. I mean, she was so needy and insecure, and yeah, I made her that way, but still. I really thought she was the one, but I am starting to think I am all about the transition, that first blush of romance when you are turning a guy into a gorgeous girl and everything is new and exciting and he's all hormonal and confused and dizzy with the changes. Once he settles in, once she becomes just another girl with all her hangups and issues? Blech.

Am I a monster, incapable of love? I don't want to think so, and I have worked so hard to create someone to love, the perfect person to love. I have done the work, and Thorne is there by the pool, sunbathing topless, and she is stunning, but I didn't get it right. I didn't get her right. I don't love her, and I don't even like her anymore.

I tell Thorne it's over. He can't believe it. He gestures down at his body-- he's wearing a fetching plaid skirt, a blouse that hugs those immaculate breasts I gifted him-- "What am I supposed to do now?" He says. "You made me into this."

"Oh, don't be dramatic," I say. "I'll set you up with something until you can find a man to take care of you. With tits like that, it shouldn't be much of a challenge."

"You can't do this," he says. "You stole my life. You-- cut off my dick. You owe me. You owe me."

"I should have charged you for the surgeries," I said. "I did it all for free, and you never even thanked me."

The next day I have moved him out, put him in an apartment on Central Park West. I'm not cruel. He'll have plenty of chances to meet a rich, older man there who can provide for him, buy him diamonds and pretty clothes. What else does he need? I even gave him an antidote to my serum, so he isn't physically addicted to me anymore. I mean, I made him the perfect trophy wife, so what's he really have to complain about?

He doesn't want to be some man's prize? Boo hoo. He'll get used to it.

Me, on the other hand? I am a wreck. I spend hours walking in Greenwich Village, padding along the twisted, narrow streets. I walk the length of Bleeker Street, fully aware of the irony, and I find myself on the Brooklyn Bridge, the wind whipping through my hair.

The water below is dark and choppy, white capped by the wind's hollow cry. A tugboat passes under the bridge and the horn sounds, like the sad call of a dying gull as it plunges toward oblivion. Am I crying? Is that why the world has gone blurry? I could not love Thorne, and I sent him away, and yet now all I can think of is that way his eyes would light up when he saw me, the way he would smile. I would watch him putting on

his makeup some mornings, and he would catch my eye and we would look at each other, and he would always smile, and he knew he was making himself pretty for me, and I knew, and weren't we in love, at least for a little while?

A black bra strap across his slender shoulder. Thorne dancing while I played a waltz on the piano. Cuddling together on the couch, watching Netflix for hours and hours as the rain pelted the glass doors to the patio. Thorne kissing me good morning, giggling when I grabbed at him, tickling him. Thorne in my arms, whispering, "I love you."

I was adored once, too.

Now, I am alone. I shiver, wrap my arms around myself. I stare at city skyline in the distance. The sun sinks, the world grows dark, and lights flicker in the windows of all those buildings: warm, golden light, bathing loving couples and families in their warmth, and I am alone. Why can't I love? I wonder. Is there something broken in me? Am a freak? Hopeless? Doomed?

"Hey, you okay?" A voice calls from behind me. I turn, and she takes my breath away, the woman I see inside this man. He is slender, and look at those cheekbones! Carmel skin. Inky black hair. Big, green eyes. He will make a gorgeous girl; he is a gorgeous girl, and I am mentally undressing him now, savoring the sight of his firm, perky breasts, his wide hips, those long, coltish legs. My eyes drift back up to his face, and he already has plump, kissable lips and long lashes! I let the tears flow. "I don't know," I say, wanting to seem vulnerable, to draw him in. "I wonder if there is any reason to keep on living sometimes." I glance meaningfully at the edge of the bridge, and I can see he is walking right into my trap. Maybe I will start by giving him a vagina, I think. Maybe that's what's been wrong, the process. I think of him on his back, biting his lip, a dildo in his hands, his breasts pressed together by the sides of his slender arms, nipples hard as

nails as he spreads his legs, revealing the dark thatch of hair, his vagina, the one I will give him.

"You don't want to do that," he says.

Oh, I think I do, I think, accepting the hankie he offers me. A hankie? Seriously?

"You wanna maybe get a cup of coffee? Talk about it?"

And I am already falling in love with her, this sweet girl who reached out to me, who doesn't even know me and yet cares. Cares about me. Oh! Why does a fool fall in love? Why can't I help myself? I should walk away. Just walk away. But I know I won't. I will bring this one back to my apartment, I will get him hooked on me, and I will make him into a woman. And, you know what, this time, I really do think that love will conquer all.

She is going to be such a hot little piece of ass. I can't wait.