

**One man's reluctant  
journey into...**

**...feminine  
perfection.**

# **GEISHA**



# Geisha

by

## T.G. Cooper

“You betrayed me,” Bishamon Himora said, his voice calm.

Frank Cornwall snickered. “You should have done your due diligence. I wasn’t under any legal obligation to warn you about the intellectual property issues.”

“What is legal and what is right are not the same.”

“Heh. You’re a classic. Like some old-fashioned shogun in a karate movie with all this honor and Confucius stuff. Why did you come here? Did you think I was going to just give you your money back?”

“I am giving you a chance to do what is honorable.”

“Yeah, well, sorry. Honor is bullshit. I don’t care about anything I can’t buy or sell of fuck.”

“Very well. If you will not live in honor, I will show you the price of dishonor.”

“What? Is that some kind of threat?”

“I do not threaten,” Himora said, standing. “I act.”

\*\*\*

Zeke Cornwall ran toward the goal, waving his arms. His teammate saw him and passed the soccer ball toward him. Zeke dribbled, sizing up the goalie, who shifted toward Zeke, cutting off the right side of the net. Zeke smiled and kicked the ball, which looked like it would fly wide to the left, but then bent and curved into the goal over the diving hands of the goalie.

The crowd cheered politely while Zeke and his team mates briefly celebrated, then dropped back to play defense. With a 2-1 lead and little time left in the game, they would just protect the goal and not take any

chances. The Japanese players fought hard, trying again and again to get the ball past the tenacious American college all-stars, but the Americans smothered the ball, and when time expired Zeke pumped his fist and shouted, "USA!"

He and his team mates ran over to their goalie and jumped on him, making a big pile, slapping each other on the back, cheering and celebrating, and then they calmed down and went to shake hands with the Japanese players and congratulate them for a great game. Zeke finally spotted his girlfriend, Mariko, and he ran up to her, throwing his arms around her and picking her up off her feet, spinning her around. She laughed, and they kissed. "You played so great!" Mariko said. "I Snap Chatted everyone!" She showed him her phone, where messages of congratulations from their friends back in America, at Northwestern, were popping up.

"That's so awesome," he said, kissing her again.

"Hey, Cornwall!" Coach yelled. "Get over here!"

"I Better get over there," Zeke said. "You sure you're going to be okay? I wish we could celebrate tonight."

"Your team has plans. I understand. Go. Have fun."

"You're amazing. Okay. See you when we get back."

"Bye."

Zeke ran over to the team, glancing back to see Mariko was on her phone, talking, seemingly already in her own world. He guessed she would be fine, and so he hit the showers, changed, and then the team piled onto the bus and headed into Asakusa, the Geisha district, where their coach had arranged for them to "get some culture" and have a meal at a traditional Japanese tea house, where there would also be singing and dancing by traditional Japanese Geisha.

"You're taking us to a whore house?" Pat Henry had said.

"Geisha are not prostitutes," Coach said. "That is a falsehood. Educate yourself."

"So, what are they?" Pat said.

“You’ll find out when we get there,” Coach said. “Or, you could use that phone of yours for something other than taking selfies.”

The players laughed. Once they got out of the bus and poured into the tea house, Zeke found himself smiling. The tea house looked like something from the ancient world, with its bamboo roof and elegant Japanese letting on the walls. Inside it was dark and mysterious, with bamboo floor, low tables, and the smell of spices. The boys took their shoes off and sat down at the table, and a bunch of giggling geisha came in with trays of sake.

Zeke accepted the sake, smiling at the girl who gave it to him. He took a sip, feeling a good, hot burn as it went down his throat, and the girl immediately poured more into the little white cup. “Take it easy there,” Coach said. “This is strong stuff.”

“Yeah,” Zeke said. “I’ll watch myself,” and even as he took another sip, his head started to swim. Drink led to drink, and Zeke slipped into a kind of strobe like drunk, life passing in flashes and fragments. Laughing with his teammates. A geisha with a fan, dancing slowly to the twanging lilt of some kind of lute. Geisha, signing, a sad song full of longing, and then more laughing, more sake, and then he was talking to some Japanese man in a dark suit with slicked back hair, and they left together, and he was at another tea house, and he was talking to one of the geisha’s—a young one with amazing brown eyes, and she was laughing at his joke about Japanese pizza when blood started coming from her mouth, and then everything went black.

Zeke woke in a jail cell. He looked at his hands and saw something black under his fingernails, and he picked at it and realized it was blood. “Shit,” he thought, sitting up, his head pounding. He struggled to his feet, leaning against the wall as the room tilted to the side, and then he lunged for the metal toilet, just getting there as his stomach clenched and he puked.

Sweat pouring down his face, he crawled to the bars at the front of his cell and pulled himself up to a standing position, leaning heavily on the bars. In the cell across from him, a scrawny Japanese man in a wife beater looked at him and laughed. “Gaijin!” He screeched. “Hahahaha!”

Zeke looked down the cellblock, trying to see a cop or whatever they were called in Japan. “Hey! Hey!” He yelled, trying to remember the Japanese word for – anything. “Konnichiwa? Konnichiwa?”

“Konnichiwa!” The man across from him howled. “Hahahaha. Gaijin idiot!”

“Shizukani!” A voice called, and the scrawny man immediately ran back to his cot and lay down, covering his head.

A moment later, Zeke heard footsteps and the sound of rattling keys, and moments later a tall, lanky Japanese cop with a full head of grey hair appeared, walking down the hall and sipping from a cup of coffee. “Hello,” Zeke said. “Do you speak English?”

“Yup,” the man said in what sounded like a Texas accent. “Whatchya need?”

Zeke shook his head, feeling like maybe he was still drunk. “Can you tell me why I’m here? What happened?”

“You’re here because you killed a girl last night,” the man said.

“Killed? No. There’s no way. I would never do that.”

“That’s what they all say.”

“Well, don’t I get a phone call or anything?”

“Ha. This isn’t an American TV show, kid.”

“So, what am I supposed to do?”

“I don’t know, but you might want to clean the blood off your hands.”

Zeke looked at his hands, the dark crusty blood beneath his fingernails. Hazy memories floated through his mind—the girl, blood coming out of her mouth...and then a new image of him kneeling next to the body, holding a knife, a woman screaming, the police crashing into the room.

He stumbled to the sink and turned on the water, and he started to scrub. “No,” he said, thinking of Mariko, his parents, his friends and teammates. His eyes filled with tears. “No.”

The old cop watched him for a minute, then turned and walked away, chuckling.

Zeke scrubbed his hands until they hurt, then wandered over to his cot and lay down, drifting off into a deep, fitful sleep.

“Hey, cowboy,” he heard someone call, breaking him out of his sleep. He sat up with a start, looking around in shock, once again with his body slathered in sweat.

“What?”

“Lawyer’s here.”

Zeke got up and stumbled along behind the cop, who led him to a small conference room with a metal table and two metal chairs. Inside, a gorgeous young Japanese woman waited for him. “Mr. Cornwall,” she said, offering her hand. “Sachi Ray. I will be representing you.”

Zeke shook her hand. “Good to meet you,” he said, sizing up the woman in front of him and instantly deciding she was too young and too pretty to be an effective lawyer. “Can you get in touch with my parents?”

“Please sit.”

“They have money.”

Sachi opened her briefcase and placed some papers on the table. They were in Japanese. “I have an offer for you to consider.”

“An offer? Already?”

“Things work differently here. Japan does not have the death penalty, but if you are found guilty of murder, you will face life in prison...”

“I didn’t do it!”

“In addition, the murder of a geisha by the son of a rich American will be a media sensation. It will be very embarrassing for you and your family.”

Zeke covered his face. It was true. His father had been talking about running for governor, maybe senate. A murder trial would destroy those

opportunities, and do who knew how much damage to his business. “So, what’s the deal, then?”

“You agree to work at the tea house where the incident took place, in order to repay the owner for her loss. The whole thing remains hush hush. No one needs to know.”

“Five years? I’m innocent. I don’t know who killed the girl, but I didn’t do it.”

“My advice? Accept the deal. You can work on clearing your name and maybe get off before the five years.”

“The alternative?”

“You fight. The trial will take at least a year. Your name and your family name is besmirched even if you win. If you lose, you go to jail for life.”

“This is bullshit.”

“Take the deal, Mr. Cornwall.” She held a gold pen toward him.

“I need time to think. I want to talk to my father.”

Sachi continued to hold the pen toward him, looking him right in the eyes. “No time. This is a take it or leave it proposition. I have to inform the judge of your decision immediately.”

“Why?”

“She, too, wants this handled quickly and quietly in order to avoid any scandals. Sign. Now.”

Zeke nodded. “Okay.” He took the pen and signed.

Sachi nodded, taking the documents in placing them back in her briefcase. “I will deliver this to the judge, and you will be processed out and remanded to the custody of Miss Yagami, the owner of the Boji-Tei teahouse.” She stood. “Good luck in your new life, Zeke-chan.” And with that, she turned and walked out.

“Let’s go,” the old cop said, standing at the door, still sipping from his old cup of coffee.

Zeke got up, still wobbly. As he passed the old cop he caught a glimpse of a needle, then felt it jab into his neck, and as he sank into darkness he heard the cop laughing.

## Chapter Two

Zeke woke up, sat up, and looked around to find himself in a small bedroom. It looked like a girl's room, with a dressing table smothered in make-up, jars of lilies and pictures on the walls of flowers and birds in the old, Japanese style. Zeke was covered with a thin sheet, but underneath he was naked. He put his hand to his neck and felt a lump where the crazy old cop had jabbed him. His throat was dry, swollen, and when he tried to speak all that came out was a dry, husky croak. Wrapping the sheet around himself, he got up and slid the paper door to the room open, poking his head out to see an elderly woman and two tall, muscular men sitting at a table, sipping tea.

Zeke tried to speak, to say good morning, but he croaked again, and put his hand to his throat.

“Good. She is awake. Dress her.” The elderly lady said, and the two men got up, smiling, and approached Zeke.

Zeke tried to speak, but again found he couldn't form words, and the two guys pushed him back into his small room. One yanked the sheet out of his hands while the other handed him a long, white silk robe, which he pulled on, eager to hide his nakedness. Before he even knew what was happening, he found a plum sash being tied tightly around his waist. Before he could even react to the tightness of the sash, the other one was approaching him with a kimono, white but with a colorful floral pattern in soft pinks and purples, and he waved his hands, shaking his head, grunting no. no.

“I'm Miss Yagami,” the elderly woman said from the doorway. “Stop trying to talk. You'll hurt your throat.”

The dresser tried to put the robe on Zeke, and Zeke shoved it away angrily, shaking his head.



“You work for me now,” Yagami said. “Put on the robe.”

Zeke shook his head, making the wavy sign for a woman’s figure with his hands.

“Yeah. That’s right. Put it on.”

Zeke shook his head.

“You’re a geisha in training now,” Yagami said. “A *maiko*. You signed the contract.”

Zeke’s mouth fell open. *Geisha? What the hell?* He shook his head, and, ignoring the pain, said, “No. No!”

“Help this gaijin understand she doesn’t get to say no,” Yagami said.

Zeke felt a fist slam into his kidney, and then another into his belly. He gasped as the air was knocked out of him, and took a wild swing at the man in front of him, but missed wildly, and still weak and woozy from his drinking and whatever drug he was given he soon collapsed under a flurry of fists pounding into his body.

He felt like a limp noodle as the men pulled the kimono onto his body and then tied an Obi around his waist, pulling it so tight it crushed his belly and made breathing difficult, and he was too weak and stunned to do anything but sit and watch in horror as a smiling girl came in and plucked his eyebrows, then covered his face in white make-up.

After, she painted his lips blood red, then used an eyeliner to around his eyes, and brushed his lashes with mascara. “I am Kame,” the girl explained as she worked. “I will be, how do I say this in English? Your big sister! I will help you in your journey to geisha!”

Finally, she pulled a black chignon wig over his head. She then added flowers and combs, smiling as she explained. “This is called the Ware-shinobu. The maiko gets it when she first becomes geisha. It celebrates your budding femininity.”

*My femininity? What the hell?* Zeke stared at himself in the mirror, and looking back in the mirror at him was a girl he didn’t recognize; he saw a geisha, with her white face and painted lips.

*Impossible*, he thought, shaking his head, feeling sick to his stomach.

“Come,” the girl said, tugging on the sleeve of his kimono.

Zeke looked at the burly dressers who had beaten him down, and he reluctantly stood, slipping on the wooden clogs they’d brought him. Six inches tall and clunky, they forced him to walk in tiny, dainty, feminine steps as he followed the girl down the hall and into one of the tea rooms. Clop. Clop. Clop. Each of their little steps made a loud, thumping noise. Once they got to the tea room, he stopped dead in his tracks and dropped his head in shame.

“Zeke?” Mariko, his girl-friend, said. “Is that really you? You like a...geisha?”

“She is Zeke,” Kame said, giggling.

Zeke turned away, appalled to have his girlfriend see him dressed and made up as a woman, but Mariko tugged on his sleeve and said, “What’s going on? Why are you dressed like a geisha?”

Kame left them alone. Zeke gestured to his throat, shook his head. Shrugged. Mariko took his hand and pulled him to the table, where she grabbed a note pad from her purse and a pen, handing them to Zeke. He hastily scrawled out what had happened, finishing with CALL PARENTS.

Mariko nodded. “Yeah. Of course. Wow. This is, like, so insane.”

Zeke nodded.

“Well, don’t worry, sweetie, I will get you out of this.”

Zeke nodded.

Mariko stared, and then whispered, “You’re so beautiful. Like a walking piece of artwork.”

Zeke closed his eyes and shook his head.

“I’m sorry, I don’t mean...”

“Time’s up,” Miss Yagami called from the door. “Keiko must begin her training.”

“Keiko?” Mariko said.

“That is her geisha name.”

“Oh!” She giggled, then covered her mouth. “Sorry.”

Zeke just shook his head and shrugged.

“I’ll call your parents right away!” Mariko, said, then left.

“Kneel,” Yagami said.

Zeke knelt on one knee, like he had as a soccer player.

“No,” Yagami said. “Like this.” She knelt back on her feet, with her knees together, her hands in her lap.

Zeke just glared at her.

“Keiko. I know this is hard for you, but remember you signed a contract, and it specifies that if I file a report with the court that says you aren’t cooperating, an additional year is added to your term of service. Five years becomes six. Do you understand?”

Zeke closed his eyes. How many times had his father warned him not to sign anything without reading it first? He cursed himself, then nodded. As soon as Mariko contact his parents, they would get him out of here. He just had to play along for a few hours, maybe a day.

“Good,” Yagami said. “Now, come along. Time for your dance lessons.”

“Dance?” Zeke croaked, grabbing his throat at the burning pain.

“If you react that way every time you are asked to do something, you are going to die of a heart attack,” Yagami said. “You are going to train in all the geisha arts, and you will learn to embody perfect femininity.”

Zeke chuckled.

“You don’t believe me? Remember this prediction: By the end of your training, you will be among the most feminine women on Earth. Other women will want to be you. Men will want to possess you.”

Zeke just shrugged, thinking, *whatever, you crazy broad. My dad will have me out of here tomorrow.* He followed Yagami down to the dance

room, where there were four other geishas, including Kame. “First, you watch. Kneel.”

Zeke knelt as he was told. Ancient, twanging music began to play, and the girls took out their fans and began to move in flowing, impossibly graceful movements. *So lame*, Zeke thought. *I really need a beer right now.*

When the dance ended, Yagami said something in Japanese, and everyone but Kame sat. Kame walked over to Zeke and said, “Little sister. Now, it is your turn.”

Zeke groaned, stood, accepted the fan that Kame handed him.

“Watch Kame. Move as she moves,” Yagami said.

Kame thrust one of her hips out to the side, raised one arm with the fan, and reached out with the other, bending her hand at the wrist in a feminine gesture, her pinky raised. She plastered a smile on her face.

Zeke looked at her, at Yagami. “Are you serious?” He rasped.

“Stand as she stands, Keiko!” Yagami said, approaching, grabbing Zeke’s arm and forcing it out and up, bending his wrist, lifting his finger. The girls all started giggling as she pushed and prodded him until he stood in a mirror image to Kame, his entire body twisted into an image of feminine submissiveness. “Now, smile!”

Zeke wanted to punch her, but the two burly guards were there, and he still felt weak and woozy. Just a few hours. A day. He plastered a smile on his white, painted face, and he heard all the girls and guys laughing at him again as the music started playing, and he did his best to mimic Kame’s moves, but he knew he looked ridiculous as the girls kept laughing. After he and Kame ran the dance a couple times, the other three rejoined, and they did it again, and again. His arms and legs started to burn from moving and holding the positions, and with the thick, heavy kimono on, he found himself getting hot and sweaty, though the four geisha girls looked as fresh as if they had just spent the morning napping on the couch.

Finally, Yagami said, “Rest!” and Zeke collapsed to the ground. The geisha gathered around, looking down at him and laughing. “She’s so weak! Look at her sweating!”

“Don’t be mean to my little sister!” Kame shouted. “It’s her first day!”

Zeke didn’t know what was more humiliating; being mocked by the girls, or needing a girl to defend him

The girls kept laughing at him and teasing him, and Zeke felt himself getting furious as they mocked him, the two men looking on and laughing at him as well. *I’m a champion college soccer player*, he thought. *How can these girls actually think they’re more fit than me?* He wanted to say something back, but his throat was burning already, and besides he had fallen out, so he just looked away, waiting for the ordeal to be over.

“Go. Lunch,” Yagami said, and the girls left in a cloud of laughter.

Zeke sat, too tired to stand, his legs feeling stiff.

“You have to do everything 1000 times in order to achieve perfection,” Yagami said. “You began your journey today. You have many miles more to walk. Be proud of every step.”

*Proud.* Zeke rolled his eyes.

Yagami offered her hand. “Come. You must eat.”

Zeke reached up and took her hand, letting the old woman help him up. He did feel very hungry.

The rest of the day passed in a blur. He practiced calligraphy, learning the Japanese pictogram for Keiko and painting it over and over in the sand, working to make his strokes prettier and more girly. He arranged flowers and learned to braid hair. At one point he giggled, shaking his head, struggling to believe he was doing what he was doing, sitting on his heels, writing out “his name,” trying to make it pretty.

When evening came, he found himself once more kneeling, watching from the corner as Kame entertained an elderly Japanese gentleman. As a maiko, Zeke was supposed to watch his big sister work and absorb all he could about the geisha arts. She giggled and fawned over him, acting like an air-headed 12-year-old. Then came a younger man, slender and quiet,

and Kame suddenly spoke in a strong, loud and stern voice. The two argued, and then Kame sang for him. When he left, Kame smiled at Zeke. “Do you see, little sister? I can look inside any man and know what he wants in a woman, and then I become that woman. I can become any man’s fantasy girl. You will learn to do the same.”

The thought made Zeke feel sick. He shook his head. He felt nothing but contempt for Kame and the rest of the geisha. How pathetic that they would erase their own identities just to please some a-hole with a few bucks to spend.

The day finally ended. His wig came off. Kame helped him remove his make-up, and his dressers helped him take off his clothes, undoing his obi and removing his kimono before slipping him into a short little woman’s floral print bathrobe. “Come,” Kame said, taking his hand. “Bath.”

She led Zeke to a tub. Water lilies floated on the steaming surface of the water, which had a soft, pink color, and smelled of floral essences. Slipping out of his robe, Zeke stepped into the warm, soothing waters, and as he did his whole seemed to relax, and he sighed with pleasure, closing his eyes and sinking down into the water until it covered everything but his nose. He slipped rapidly into a dream-like trance—

He saw flowers bud, and blossom,,, a fawn, struggling to stand for the first time... he heard soft voices signing prettily... girls giggling.... He saw a geisha, painting her face, smiling... he dreamt of a baby, cooing, smiling, so small and soft, and he hugged it to his breasts....

He woke, in bed, with no memory of how he got there, the images from his trance rapidly receding into his subconscious. Hugging his knees to his chest, Zeke smiled and sank back to sleep, hoping to dream more pretty dreams.

### **Chapter Three**

In the morning, the dressers woke him, pulling him out of bed. His legs and glutes hurt, and he still felt weak and slightly dizzy. He sullenly allowed them to dress him in his layers of kimonos, his obi. He sat at the

dressing table, looking at himself in the mirror, tilting his head to the side. Something didn't look right, but he couldn't tell what, until he put his hand to his soft, smooth cheek and realized that he didn't need to shave. There was no stubble at all, just smooth, soft skin-- really soft skin.

"Good morning, little sister," Kame said as she entered.

Zeke nodded at her.

"Oh, your throat still hurts."

Zeke nodded, but then... it didn't, actually, seem to hurt, so he said, "Maybe?" His eyes went wide. What had come out of his mouth was not his voice, and not even close to a man's voice. It was the squeaky, high-pitched voice of an anime girl. "My voice?" He squeaked, putting his hands to his throat. "What the hell?"

"You sound so cute," Kame said, giggling. "You must have injured it yesterday when you kept talking!"

"Injured?" He said, horrified at the peeping noise coming from his throat.

"Let me do your face," Kame said. "You don't want to be late."

"I need to see a doctor," Zeke said.

Kame laughed. "Your voice is better now for a geisha anyway. This is a blessing."

"No. I can't..."

"Hush," Kame said, giggling. "I'll give you a face to match your voice."

Zeke's heart was racing. He was terrified that the injury was permanent, that he would be stuck the rest of his life talking like a cartoon girl. And what about his face? The lack of a beard? What if that was permanent as well?

*Just hold on, he thought. Your parents will spring you soon. Then, all this will be fixed, forgotten. You'll be you, again.*

Kame painted, and once again his face vanished, replaced by that of a woman, a geisha. Stepping into his wooden clogs, he minced down the

hall and joined the other geisha for breakfast. As soon as he knelt at the table, Miss Yagami said, "Ohayo, Keiko."

Zeke grimaced and nodded.

"It is rude not to respond," Yagami said, her voice seething with rage as she reached for a switch.

Zeke gestured toward his throat, shaking his head.

"Does your throat still hurt?" Yagami said.

Zeke nodded.

"Keiko," Kame said.

Zeke looked at her, his eyes pleading. *No. Please!*

"Be polite," Kame said. "You are maiko and must show respect to your mistress."

Zeke dropped his head and looked at his hands.

Yagami slapped the table with her switch. Zeke jumped. Yagami slapped the switch across his hand, and a high-pitched little *ieeee!* escaped his lips, sending the geisha into a fit of giggles.

"Stop!" Zeke finally burst out in a crystal-shattering pitch. The girls laughed even louder, covering their mouths.

"Something happened," Zeke explained to Yagami his tiny little voice. "My voice is broken!"

"Oh," Yagami said, frowning. "Are you embarrassed by your pretty, little girl's voice, Keiko?"

Zeke nodded.

"Well, we've all heard it now, little one. So, there is no need to be embarrassed anymore."

"Your voice is so pretty!" The other girls gushed, their voices dripping with irony. "Yes! Like Mini-mouse! So cute and sexy!"

Zeke kept his eyes downcast in shame. Kame covered his hand with hers. "Be brave, little sister," she said.



“You must never let people see you rattled, must not react with surprise or shame,” Yagami said. “The geisha must be as strong and flexible as the willow.”

“But,, they’re making fun of me!”

“You can’t control others. You can only control yourself. Now, eat.”

Zeke ate in silence while the others chatted in Japanese. He was sure they were talking about him, but taking Miss Yagami’s words to heart, he focused on remaining calm, just like he had when things got heated in soccer and he needed to be centered, controlled. Breakfast ended, and as they rose to go and practice dancing, Zeke said, “Miss Yagami?”

“Yes, Keiko?”

“Mariko. My, um, friend? I was expecting to see her today?”

“If she comes, I will let you know. Now focus your mind on dance and your training, maiko. Forget about the outside world.”

“Yes, mistress,” Zeke said, bowing.

“Very good.”

When they got to the dance room, Zeke heard the girls giggling, and he steeled himself, determined to do better, to silence them. He watched Kame, matched her moves, and began to glide through the movements with a little more grace, and his confidence in his dancing started to grow as he smiled and spun his fan, making delicate little coquettish motions with his head and body. It wasn’t good, but it was better, and though he once again felt faint and exhausted when it ended, he didn’t collapse as he had the day before.

“You did so much better today,” Kame said, giving him a hug. “I am so proud of my little sister!”

In spite of himself, he smiled.

“Your friend is here to see you,” Yagami said.

Zeke went down to the tea room. Mariko sat at the table, sipping a cup of tea. She looked over the rim of the cup at him, studying him as he entered. Zeke, without even thinking, bowed and then sat on his heels.

“The change is so amazing,” Mariko said. “You still... if I didn’t know it was you, I would think you really were a geisha girl.”

Zeke shook his head and threw up his hands. *What the hell?* There was no way he was going to speak, to let her hear his voice.

“Your throat? Still?”

He nodded.

Mariko started to dig through her purse, but then slapped the table and said, “darn it! I took the note pad out when I called your parents! Ugh!”

Zeke just shrugged and started trying to mime, making the phone gesture with his hands, but Mariko jumped to her feet and went to the door. “Excuse me? Excuse me? Can I get something to write with?”

Zeke shook his head, No! No!

Yagami came to the door. “What is it?”

“Zeke’s—“

“There is no Zeke. Only Keiko.”

“Um, okay. Can I get a pad and pen—so ... Keiko... can talk to me? His throat still hurts.”

“Keiko’s throat doesn’t hurt. She is lying! Keiko, say hello to your friend.”

Zeke shook his head. *No!*

Yagami pulled out her switch and walked into the room, whacking it against the wall. “No?”

“Wait. Wait,” Mariko said, getting between Zeke and Yagami. “No need to get violent. I am sure Keiko will say hello to me, won’t you?”

Zeke hated feeling to powerless, so utterly under the control of a woman, but he had no choice, and so he just blurted out, “Hello!” In his tiny little girl’s voice.

Mariko’s eyes went wide. “Omigod,” she said. “What happened?”

“You see?” Yagami said. “She’s a little liar.” But then she turned and left.

“Keiko! What did they do to you?” Mariko said, kneeling down next to Zeke.

“I injured it somehow,” he said. “I kept talking even though it was hurt, and today when I woke up, I sounded like *this!*”

“Oh, my poor Keiko! I can’t believe this all has happened to you.”

“Call me Zeke,” he whispered.

“Keiko!” Yagami shouted from the hall.

“I better just...for now.”

“Okay,” Zeke said. Each syllable from his mouth filled him with shame, but now he needed to talk and just did his best to ignore how ridiculous he sounded. “Did you get in touch with my parents?”

“Yes.”

“Thank god. So, when am I getting out of here?”

“They have their best lawyers working on it now, and your father is pulling strings with people he knows here in Japan. So, I am sure it will be soon.”

“Soon? How soon?”

“I don’t know, but you know your father. I am sure it will be no time at all.”

“Well, that’s something. I feel better knowing he knows. Do you have a cell with you? Maybe I can talk to them?”

“It isn’t international,” Mariko said. “That’s why I had to go back to the hotel.”

“Oh. Right. Well, you are amazing. I’m so lucky you found me.”

“Of course. I just wish I could do more.”

“You’ve done plenty.”

“Your hair is really pretty today,” Mariko said.

“Don’t talk about my hair. Come on.”

“I’m sorry. It’s just so weird seeing you like that. I actually feel so totally unfeminine sitting here with you dressed like that. You’re so pretty you make me feel inadequate as a woman.”

“Stop,” Zeke said. “This is embarrassing enough. Okay?”

“Okay. Yeah. But, one more thing. I have to fly back tonight. The new semester is starting, and I need to be there for my classes and everything.”

Zeke felt his heart drop a little. Mariko was the only one he knew, his only connection to the outside world, but as much as he would have liked to beg her to stay, he knew she couldn’t, so he sucked it up and said, “Of course. Yes.”

“You’ll be okay?”

“Yes. My father is on the case. I’ll be out of here in no time.”

“Great.”

“Time to go,” Yagami called.

Mariko stood, took Zeke’s hand, and helped him to his feet. They hugged, but when Zeke leaned in for a kiss, Mariko said, “Better not. I don’t want to mess up your make-up.” She chuckled. “I never thought I would say that to my boyfriend!”

Zeke blanched. “Kiss me anyway. I don’t care about my lipstick,” Zeke said.

“I do!” Yagami yelled from the hallway.

“Shit,” Zeke said.

“Okay,” Mariko said, giving him another hug. “Be brave!”

“Sayonara,” Zeke said, bowing.

“Sayonara,” Mariko said with a little laugh.

As he watched her walk out, Zeke called, “Don’t tell anyone about... this!”

“Of course not, honey!”

The door closed, and Mariko left, flying back to America, back to their apartment, to their old life together. Zeke felt like he had the day his parents dropped him off at summer camp, a deep sense of loneliness and loss, and he fought against the sting of tears as he turned and went back inside, back to Yagami and his new life as a maiko.

Once more, the day became a blur as he found himself moving from lesson to lesson, which now included singing in his tiny little voice. The day ended in the hot, fragrant bath, his mind flooding with flowers and giggles and cooing babies, kittens and puppies and a white dress with a long train, and him clutching a bouquet to his breasts, his heart fluttering with excitement.

“Breasts?” He whispered in his little voice, waking up in his bed. But when he looked down, he saw his same old flat chest, or if anything it looked even flatter, less muscular than it had before.

All morning long as he went through his training, he waited for a visit from a lawyer, or an agent of his father’s, someone coming to tell Yagami that the deal was off, he was free, but no one ever came. Then, he got a new shock when Kame informed him after lunch that he would be joining her on a walk through the neighborhood.

“You want me to go outside? Looking like this?”

“Yes! You are beautiful, little sister! A vision of all that is sacred in woman. You and I will walk around, be seen by the tourists, bring business to the tea room!”

“Tourists?” Zeke thought about them gawking, taking pictures. What if something got on Facebook? What if someone recognized him? “But what if someone realizes I’m a man?” He said.

“Hahah!” Kame took the sleeve of his kimono and led him to a mirror. “Do you think anyone will mistake you for a man?”

Zeke looked at his white face and scarlet lips, big eyes, and the elaborate chignon, which today featured a tiny bird cage as well as combs and flowers. He wore a white, silk kimono embroidered with pink flowers, the obi giving him a tiny, delicate little waist. He saw a vision of

womanhood, and he shook his head, no. Still desperate to stay inside, to keep his shame a secret, he said, “But what if someone does? Somehow?”

“Then just talk, and when they hear your Sailor Moon voice they will never believe you are a man even if you tell them so.”

Kame led, Zeke clomping along behind in his clogs. Tourists oohed and aaahed, pulling out their phones and cameras, snapping pictures. Zeke, an embarrassed smile plastered on his face, listened to their comments, and each one was like a tiny little knife, cutting away at his male ego.

She’s so delicate! So graceful! He heard women gushing over his kimono, his hair, the way he walked, with such tiny little steps, in his wooden clogs. ‘I wish I had lips like that!’ He remembered Yagami’s words, “women will want to be you” and the fact that it already seemed to be happening unnerved him.

Still, it was all a mask, a costume. Once his dad sprung him from the trap, he’d be his old self. *Zeke is still here*, he thought, *under all these layers. None of this is changing me.* A tourist insisted on taking a selfie with Zeke. Kame agreed for him. As soon as the picture was finished, Zeke bowed and chirped, “sayonara!”

No. Nothing was changing inside, and Zeke knew his will was far too strong for it to ever be broken by an old bag like Yagami.

“You’re hot as hell!” A man shouted at Zeke.

Without even thinking he put a hand to his mouth and giggled.

“Come to Boji-Tei!” Kame called.

“I will if she’s going to be there!” The man said, looking Zeke up and down.

Zeke kept giggling, though he didn’t know why.

## Chapter Four

Sunday rolled along, and when Zeke went to breakfast dressed in his kimono, he was surprised to find Kame and the other girls wearing regular clothes, just like any fashionable Japanese girl in Tokyo might. “Good morning, little sister,” Kame said.

“Good morning,” Zeke answered, bowing. “Why are you dressed like that?”

“We are going downtown for some fun, gaijin idiot,” one of the other girls said.

“But, I thought, as geisha, we were always apart from the world?”

“No,” Kame said, nibbling on some rice. “Kyoto geisha, some are very strict and never leave their quarter, always dress and live as a geisha. In Tokyo, we are more modern. On our day off, we go into the city and go clubbing!”

“Once you graduate from maiko, you can come with us,” the mean girl said. “Meet a cute boy and pleasure him with those plump lips of yours!”

“Shut up,” Zeke said.

When the girls left to go into the city, Zeke found himself alone. Yagami gave him the day off, but after sitting in the garden for a time, lost in thought, he went into the dance studio, turned on the music and began to practice his dancing. What else was he going to do?

The days became a blur. Zeke woke, dressed, did his make-up. He trained and trained and trained, each day becoming a more graceful dancer, a more alluring singer. He drilled relentlessly on performing the tea ceremony, playing the zither, perfecting the beauty of his hand writing. Occasionally, he remembered his father, and asked if anyone had come to find him, to see him, but the answer was always no, and so he just drifted along on in a kind of silken haze, his life starting to seem more and more like a dream, a beautiful, sweet dream that ended each night with a luxurious bath full of pretty fragrances and oils that gave him soft, smooth radiant skin. He lost all track of time, and couldn't even guess how long he'd been at the tea house. A week? A month? When he asked, Kame would always say, “not too long, and not long enough.”

He trained. He slipped into his bath. He closed his eyes and he saw himself as a school girl, wearing his little school girl outfit, looking like he was a sailor scout with his knee-high socks and patent leather shoes. His hair was tied in pig tails, and he was giggling with his friend, Mariko, as they watched some cute boys playing soccer, and they were talking about which boy they wanted to kiss, and which ones they thought were gross. Then he was walking home, holding a boy's hand, and when they passed a geisha his heart fluttered, because she was so pretty, and he wanted to be that pretty, and Zeke wanted nothing more in life than to grow up and be a geisha! And the boy kissed him, and Zeke kicked his leg up as his fingertips tingled, and then the boy put a hand on Zeke's breast, and Zeke squealed, and the boy took his hand off, but Zeke took it and put it back on and said, "No. I like it!" And he was the happiest girl in the world as his boyfriend kissed him and squeezed his breast.

The sound of his own soft moans woke Zack from his vision. Looking down at himself, he saw little cones of soft flesh on his chest pushing up his sheet like little hills. Hugging his arms across his new boobs, he giggled and sank back to sleep, and his mind was full of the vision of him singing pretty songs in Japanese, smiling sweetly while men stared up at him with hungry eyes that excited him and made him glad he was a woman.

When he woke in the morning, Zeke immediately put his hands on his breasts, squeezed and said, 'eke!' He sat up, panicking, looking down at his firm little Hershey's kisses, shocked and horrified. The door to his room opened, and Zeke wrapped his arms around his breasts, cringing as the two burly men walked in, and he flushed with shame, shaking his head, backing away, but they grabbed his under kimono, and when Zeke stood cowering, refusing to take off his little robe, they looked at each other and advanced, surprised the American had suddenly found some will power, but confident they would break it.

Grabbing Zeke's arms, they pulled them away, and seeing his little boobs bouncing inside his little robe they laughed. "Oppai!" One grunted, as they pulled Zeke's robe off.

"Chibusa!" The other one said.

Zeke found himself hyperventilating as the two men held his arms and looked at his bouncy little breasts. He felt powerless and humiliated,



like he couldn't even think of himself as a man anymore, a feeling that only got worse as he shrieked "stop staring at my tits!"

The men burst out laughing. "You have, how do you say it? Fat tits."

"Nice tits," the other one said.

"Yes, nice tits!"

"Oh, my god!" Zeke chirped. "You... jerks!"

"Hahahaha!" The men laughed. "Stop being such a little girl."

"We're just having some fun."

Surrendering to his helplessness, Zeke stopped struggling, trying to compose himself, to find his calm as he had before. He gasped with relief when they finally began to bind him in his layers of modesty granting kimonos, not bothered in the least anymore by the pretty pattern of pink and white cherry blossoms, relieved to have his shapely body hidden from the mean boys and their lust filled eyes.

Beneath his serene face, he felt terrified.

His voice, his lack of a beard, now breasts? Looking in the mirror as he waited for Kame, he tilted his head. Were there more changes? His nose seemed smaller, didn't it? His eyes, were they bigger, wider? But with a slightly downward turn... just ...like... no. He wasn't starting to look like a Japanese girl. That wasn't possible. It had to be in his imagination.

His shoulders were slender and round, narrow, and his arms? What happened to all my muscle? He thought, flexing his biceps and seeing... nothing. Just a skinny little arm, like a girl child. He seemed to be turning into a woman, but that wasn't possible. A man couldn't just turn into a woman, not unless he was taking hormones or something, right?

He thought of his soft little breasts, the feeling of them in his palms, them bouncing on his chest while the men held him.

*What can I do?* He thought, his head swimming with confusion. *I just don't know anymore. I can't seem to think straight! How long have I been here? Where is my daddy? I have to get out of here!"*

“Ohayo, Keiko,” Kame called in a sing-song voice as she stepped into the room.

Zeke immediately smiled and called back, “Ohayo, Kame!” He matched her sing song speech patterns and waved his hands excitedly. He knew she liked it when he was perky and cute. It pleased him to make her happy, so he cleared all his silly little fears from his mind and became the happy maiko he knew she wanted him to be!

He sat back and calmed his face.

“Today, I want little sister to make herself extra pretty!” Kame said. “What do you say?”

“If that’s what *you* want, Kame!” He giggled, and picking up his brush he began to paint his face with the white make-up, dusting away whatever there was of a man, and bringing out the beautiful geisha girl he knew everyone wanted him to be. He didn’t want it, but what he wanted didn’t matter, did it? He just needed to please *them*!

Zeke took extra care painting his face, and when he was done he shared a bright, white smile with Kame. “Do I look pretty, sister?”

“Yes!” Kame said. “Now, let me do your hair.”

“Goodie!” Zeke said, clapping his hands and giggling.

Kame smiled, amused at how little of the man remained. Once Zeke was done getting dressed, Kame took his hand and led him down the hall. “You have a visitor!” She said, excitedly.

“A visitor!?” Zeke said, what little of the man that remained growing hopeful. “Who?”

“Your friend,” Kame said, opening the door to the tea room.

“Mariko!” Zeke squealed when he saw his girlfriend. “Konnichiwa!” He bowed.

Mariko looked confused, and shook her head. “Where is Zeke?” She said.

“*She* is Zeke-chan. She is Keiko,” Kame said, smiling.

“No,” Mariko said. “This is a woman.”

“Zeke-chan is a woman now.”

“No, *I’m not!*” Zeke whined.

“I’ll let you two talk,” Kame said, bowing and leaving the room.

Zeke stood before Mariko, reading her, trying to figure out what she wanted him to be, how he could please her. “I’ve missed you so much,” he finally said, looking at her. “I’ve missed your smile, your eyes, your laugh. I love you, Mariko.”

Mariko just stared at him, her mouth hanging open. “Zeke? Is that really you in there? You look so different.” Her eyes started to fill with tears. “What have they done to you?”

Zeke could sense it all, her needs and wants. She wanted him to be strong, to be a man, to comfort her, but Zeke’s felt like his brain was filling with static, noise, and he struggled to remember how to be a man for her, to be strong and brave, and waved his little hands in frustration. He didn’t know how to act like a man anymore, couldn’t even pretend to be one, and yet he was a man! He was! “I don’t know what to do, Mariko!” He said. “I don’t know what to say!”

Mariko walked up to Zeke, examining him, and Zeke tilted his head back to meet her eyes.

“Have you shrunk?” Mariko said, looking down at him. “You’re tiny.”

The whole room seemed to shift and tilt as Zeke looked down and saw his three-inch-tall clogs, then looked back up at Mariko. Even propped on three inch clogs, he had to look up at her, and he had once been taller than her in bare feet! That mean he was now, what? Maybe 5’ 6”? He’d been 6’ tall before, and he gasped. “It isn’t possible!”

“How does someone just shrink?” Mariko said, shaking her head. “No. You can’t be Zeke. You aren’t.”

“I am! You have to believe me!”

“No. I’m leaving. This is some kind of sick game.” Mariko headed toward the door.

Zeke screamed, mincing after her in his clogs, taking tiny, desperate steps. "Stop!" He shrieked. "Please! I need you!" Hobbled by his kimono and clogs, Zeke had no chance to catch up to Mariko, and he watched desperate and helpless as she walked out the door. He clomped to the door, pushing it open, and he was about to step out the door into the street and cry for her to come back and save him, but then he heard a hard, angry voice shout at him.

"Keiko!"

Zeke froze and turned to face Yagami. Immediately, he calmed himself, smiling prettily. "Miss Yagami," he said. "I beg your forgiveness."

Miss Yagami frowned. "A geisha never loses control!"

Zeke bowed. "I am so sorry, mistress."

"Now, tell me what has happened. Why are you so upset little flower?"

"My body. My face. Mariko did not even recognize me! She thought I was a woman. I don't understand what is happening to me?"

"You are turning into a woman, little flower. A beautiful young woman. A geisha."

"Why are you doing this to me?"

"I am not. I have done nothing to you."

"But, then, who is?"

"You are, Keiko."

Zeke shook his head. "What? No. That makes no sense."

"But it is true. You have entered the world of the flower and the willow, the world of the geisha, and your soul has become a woman's soul, your mind a woman's mind, and your body now will become a woman's body."

"I was only supposed to be here for five years!"

"You can leave after five years. That is our agreement. But when you leave, you will leave as Keiko. Now, time for your singing lessons."

Zeke buried all the terror he felt at her words, the fear and confusion. He shared his prettiest smile with Yagami, and he bowed and he said, “I love singing!” because he knew that was what Yagami wanted to hear, and he wanted to please her.

The next Sunday, when Kame and the other girls headed into the city, Zeke went to the garden and practiced making flower arrangements, but after he was sure that Yagami was not watching him, he stood up and minced to the garden gate. His heart raced, and he felt so scared, but he needed to run, had to run, if there was any hope he would be able to escape somehow, to stop what was happening to him. Clop. Clop. Clop. Trembling, he unlatched the door and pushed it open, poking his head out to look at the people passing in the street. He hadn’t gone outside alone since he’d come to the tea house, and he felt so scared of all the people. Everyone seemed so tall!

Taking a deep breath, he thought- a geisha is always calm! —and he stepped out into the street, clopping along, his heart fluttering. He just had to get away, find a phone, make a call. People were gawking at him as usual, taking pictures. “She’s such a pretty little thing! Look at her! Like a living doll!”

A woman asked in Japanese if he would pose for a picture. “Hai!” Zeke answered automatically, smiling and bowing. Soon she and her family surrounded him, and they snapped their pictures. “You’re so pretty!” The woman’s little girl said, looking up at Zeke in awe, and he giggled with pride.

Clop. Clop. Clop. More tourists. More pictures. More smiles and bows. Zeke looked around, confused, looking for some landmark, something place to go. But nothing. Where am I? he wondered.

“Can we get a picture?” A man called out in American.

Zeke turned to see four GIs in uniform. He smiled and bowed. “I am most honored to have my picture taken with you!” He said, putting on a fake accent, becoming the geisha girl he knew they expected him to be.

The guys gathered around and took their pictures. “You are hot as hell!” One of the guys said.

Zeke giggled. "That is so very hot!" He said, giggling.

"Yeah it is."

Zeke put his hand on the man's arm and squeezed. "You are so strong!"

"I lift," he said.

"And you are so tall!"

The guys all started laughing. "Yeah, but you are pretty tiny."

"Pardon me for asking, but can I borrow phone? I need to make call?"

"Sure," the guy said, fishing his phone out of his pocket. "Go ahead."

Zeke's heart leapt with joy, and taking the phone, he punched in his parent's number with a trembling hand. Hooking his hair back, he put the phone to his ear and listened as it dialed, dialed... he started to get afraid it was going to go to voice mail, but then he heard a click and his mother's voice. "Hello?"

"Mom?" Zeke said, filled with joy at the sound of her voice. "Mom? It's me!" he chirped excitedly.

"Who is this?" His mom answered, sounding angry and suspicious.

"Mom. It's me. Keiko. I mean Zeke!"

"How dare you?" She said. "You're sick!"

"Oh! My voice! I got hurt. I sound like a girl now, but it's me. Please listen!"

"Don't ever call me again. My son is dead."

The line went dead. Zeke stared at the phone.

"Um, okay," he heard the GI say. "I need to have my phone back."

Zeke turned and held the phone up to the GI, feeling sick, and defeated and alone.

The GI took the phone. Zeke grabbed his hand. "Thank you," he said.

“Okay,” the guy said. “Whatever.”

“Help me!” Zeke said, desperate. “Take me with you! I don’t want to be here anymore!”

“You’re trippin’” the GI said, pulling his hand free and stepping away.

“I’m an American,” Zeke said in a small voice. “Help me.”

“Okay. Thanks for the pic, little girl.”

The GIs wandered off, laughing. Zeke stood there, watching them, thinking about what his mother said. My son is dead?

What was going on? Why would his mother think he was dead? He thought about the last meeting with Mariko. Had she called them and told them he was dead? But why? And what could he do now?

“Can we get a picture?” Some school girls called.

Zeke turned and smiled. “Of course!” He and the girls gathered together, giggling and smiling, taking pictures. After, Zeke clopped along, wandering, walking. The sun set. The geisha district lights came on, the bars and teahouses coming to life, and the tourists filled the streets. Zeke wandered off, away from the main drag, tired of taking pictures, being stared at. He found a bench in a small park and sat, knees together, hands in his lap, and he closed his eyes and breathed deeply, calming himself, centering, meditating. Feeling lonely and lost, he began to sing:

Cherry blossoms Cherry blossoms

The spring sky as far as you can see

Is it a mist? Is it a cloud?

The fragrance comes out!

Come on! Let’s go see!

“Well, that sure is some pretty singing, little missy,” he heard someone say.

Looking up, Zeke saw the old cop from the jail. "Thank you," he said, surprised. "Do you like the traditional songs?"

"Well, I mostly listen to country and western music, but I reckon I would like just about anything you sang. You have a very beautiful voice."

"Hehe! A lot different from when we first met, right cowboy?" Zeke said, fluttering his lashes.

"Have we met before?" The cop said, shaking his head.

Zeke shook his head. "No. I guess not. I must have been mistaken!" He giggled.

"I'm sure I would remember such a beautiful girl."

"Oh. You are too kind."

"Yeah, well, it's the truth."

Zeke knew what the cop wanted, what he needed. He wanted to be a hero, to have a pretty girl on his arm, to protect her. So, Zeke made his voice very small and said, "Will you help me get home? I am lost!"

"Well. now, I can't think of anything I would rather do." He offered his arm to Zeke and helped him to his feet. "So, where is home?"

"The Boji-Tei teahouse," Zeke said, realizing that really was his home now. "I am maiko there. Do you know where it is?"

"I surely do." He patted Zeke on the arm. "I'll get you home safe and sound, young lady."

Zeke gazed up at the old cop, smiling brightly. "You're my hero!"

"You know how to make a fellow feel good."

Yes, *I do*, Zeke thought, with no small amount of pride. *I can make a man feel anything!*

Zeke found Miss Yagami waiting for him, and he trembled at the thought of her wrath. "Give Officer Wayne a kiss for bringing you home," she said.



“Of course,” Zeke answered, hiding the fact that the thought terrified and disgusted him. Kiss a man? But he felt he had no choice. He’d been a bad girl, and Miss Yagami was surely very angry.

Officer Wayne leaned down, even still Zeke had to rise onto his tiptoes, close his eyes and gently brush the other man’s lips with his own big, soft lips. Officer Wayne brushed his hand along Zeke’s soft cheek, and Zeke felt his entire body tingle with pleasure, his heart fluttering, and as Officer Wayne tipped his hat and said goodnight it took all of Zeke’s willpower to keep from mincing after him and begging for another kiss.

“You enjoyed that, didn’t you?” Yagami said.

“Yes,” Zeke answered, breathlessly. “I never knew it could feel so good!”

“So, you ran away and went out into the ordinary world. What did you learn there?”

“I learned that I no longer belong there,” Zeke admitted. “I belong in the world of the flower and the willow. I belong in the world of the geisha.”

“Yes,” Yagami said, giving Zeke a hug. “I am proud of you, Keiko.”

“Proud? But, Miss Yagami! I thought you would be angry!”

“Every maiko runs away at some point. The one who comes back? She is true geisha.”

“True geisha?” Zeke said.

“Yes. This week, you perform the odori, and if you do well, you become a full geisha.”

“Arigato,” Zeke said bowing. “I promise I will make you proud.”

The dresser undressed Zeke, once again commenting on his pleasantly rounded shape, his breasts. He pulled on his little silk robe and made his way to his bath, ashamed and confused and proud and happy all at the same time. As he slipped into his bath, he put his little hands on his breasts and squeezed, unnerved by the mysterious new pleasure, but as he sighed he thought of his father, and his pleasure turned to shame.

Zeke had always been his father's favorite, his only son! His father had come to so many of his soccer games over the years, and his karate matches, despite the fact he was busy. He'd groomed Zeke from a young age to take over his business, and he'd spoken often about how much he looked forward to Zeke carrying on the family name.

Now look at me, Zeke thought, looking at his small, brown hands, the swelling of his breasts. I am not a man anymore, not even a woman. I'm a geisha. His father would be sick at the sight of him, disgusted at what he'd become! They could never find out, his patents. He knew that now. His mother thought he was dead? Good. It was better that way- for everyone!

He closed his eyes and sank down deeper into the warm, soothing waters of the bath, letting the delicate fragrances fill his nose, and calm his mind, which now filled with the images of cherry blossoms in bloom, rusting in the wind... a beautiful, silk kimono and the sight of himself with full, firm breasts and round hips kneeling before Officer Wayne, smiling up at him, eager to please...

He saw himself once more as a school girl, sitting on a blanket beneath a large willow tree, and a boy tilted his head back and kissed him—his first kiss! —and he had never felt so happy and alive, and later he ran to his girlfriends and excitedly told them about it, and they all laughed and teased him he was going to get pregnant... but a girl couldn't get pregnant from kissing, could she?

He saw himself in a gorgeous wedding dress, being walked down the aisle by his daddy, and he was crying with joy as he looked at his future husband waiting for him, so tall and handsome! And Mariko was there, too, one of his bridesmaids, smiling proudly down at him, and Zeke was so happy to have his friend there on his big day, the day he'd dreamt of since he'd been a little girl!

And then he saw himself in a white negligee, dancing slowly, sensually, while his husband lay back on the bed in their honeymoon suite, staring at him with hard, hungry eyes. Zeke lifted his slender little arms over his head and shook his hips, turning, turning, letting his husband see every bit of his soft little body, tantalizing him with the sight of his full breasts, swaying as Zeke turned...

“Come here,” his husband commanded, and Zeke felt a chill of pleasure run through him at the demanding sound of his husband’s deep voice. Zeke obeyed, smiling prettily, walking gracefully over to the bed, climbing on and crawling toward his man, and then his husband lunged, grabbing Zeke and throwing him onto his back, his hair falling across his face. Zeke could feel his husband, hard, pressing against his soft thigh, and he moaned in ecstasy as his husband tore open his negligee, and then covered one of Zeke’s hard nipples with his hot mouth, sucking, hard, while he covered the other with his hand and squeezed. Zeke threw his arms over his head and pulled his legs up, rubbing his inner thighs against his man, who let one hand slip down between Zeke’s legs, and slipping his fingers into Zeke’s vagina he found Zeke’s clitoris and began to play with it. “Ooooooohhhhhh!” Zeke cried out in his soft little voice. “Ooooooohhhhhh!” His eyes filled with tears as his soft little body seemed to be consumed with unbearable pleasure, and his husband kissed him on the neck, and the mouth, and the neck, and Zeke dug his nails into his husband’s back, screaming with pleasure as his husband grunted, and reaching down, placed himself against the lips of Zeke’s vagina and then pushed...

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!” Zeke cried out, stunned with the pleasure he was experiencing, and then as his husband began to thrust into him Zeke pushed back, wanting him deeper, deeper... deeper.... “Itai! Itai!” Zeke screamed. “Iku! Iku!” I’m cumming! I cumming!” And then he gasped as his whole body was shaken by the explosion of his first female orgasm even as he felt his husband explode deep inside him, and Zeke felt completely and totally fulfilled as a woman, and as he lay there in stunned glory, his whole body sparking with the thrill his husband had just given him, he bit his lip and clawed at the sheets and thought, *sorry, daddy! But, omigod! I love being a girl!*

He woke, feeling something hot and sticky on his belly, and coming alert, he realized he’d had a wet dream. He sighed in frustration, annoyed that he still had that little thing between his legs. In his dream, he’d been a full woman, and he felt gross having a boy thing still, instead of his vagina.

He rolled onto his side and drifted back to sleep, imaging what it would be like to cuddle with his husband on their first night together, and how long it would take him to get pregnant and have his first baby.

## Chapter Five

In the morning, things were not so clear. Zeke felt more conflict. In his dream, in the night, he was happy to be a woman, to change, to say goodbye to his old life and embrace the pleasures of womanhood, but in the morning when the dressers came and made lewd comments about his body, when they let their eyes slither across his smooth, soft skin, he felt gross and humiliated, and he hated being a woman around these men, and he wished he could be a man again and punch them right in their faces!

But it wasn't to be. He looked at his tiny brown hands, his slender wrists. He was small and pretty now, tiny and delicate, and he would be for the rest of his life. He needed a man to fight for him now, to protect him!

Yet, his excitement grew all week as the day of his odori approached. He put extra time in practicing his dancing, determined to be the embodiment of feminine perfection Yagami had trained him to be, and Kame worked with him, pushing him, helping him to refine and perfect every movement, until he was an otherworldly vision of grace and elegance, glowing with feminine pride.

As Zeke embraced his femininity, the changes in his body accelerated. His hips flared out into full, birthing hips that promised fertility and possibility he would mother many children.

His breasts continued to swell, until he had a pair of firm, bouncy young D cups that rode high on his chest and drove the men who dressed him mad with desire, even as his butt grew plump and inviting, and his waist narrowed to wasp-like perfection. His face changed as well; there was nothing left of the WASP he'd once been. Instead, when he looked in the mirror he saw a gorgeous Japanese girl with plush lips, bright eyes and smooth, flawless skin.

The morning of his odori, he woke before his dressers had even come for him, with a desperate need to pee. Climbing out of bed, he hurried to the bathroom, taking dainty little steps. All the hours in clogs had changed his walk so that even when he wasn't wearing them, he walked as if he were. When he got to the bathroom, Zeke pulled down his panties and reached down to find... something flat and soft, and when he touched himself further he realized with a shock that his body had now come to match his dreams, and he took his hand off his vagina, sat down on the toilet with his knees together, blushing as he peed as a woman for the first time, and he started to cry, tears of both joy and sorrow, for everything he had become and lost.

He wiped himself, then pulled up his panties and went back to his room, sitting on his bed, his hands to his smooth, hairless cheeks. He didn't know how he felt, or how he was supposed to feel. He remembered that day, so long ago, it seemed, and yet like yesterday, when he'd kicked the winning goal, a young man, athletic, proud, with a beautiful girlfriend and a bright, limitless future.

*I used to be a man*, he thought, remembering how it had felt to sit down to pee just then, to have a vagina, to touch his vagina. He remembered making love to Mariko, climbing on top of her, slamming into her, listening to her moan, the sound of her soft cries turning him on, giving him a feeling of power, and as he remembered he heard himself make the same soft moaning sound as she had made, and he imagined a man thrusting into him, and he felt his nipples harden, his vagina getting wet, and he reached down and touched himself, gasping as he imagined Mariko turning into a man, and she rolled him over onto his back and...

The door to his room slid open and Zeke squealed, pulling his sheets up over his body. The dresser came into the room, grinning, looking at Zeke's flushed cheeks, seeing him pull his legs up to his body, his eyes hazy with desire and shame.

"Hahaha!" They laughed. Zeke knew better to resist, so when they reached for the blankets he let them take them and stood, his nipples hard and about to burst through his nightie, a damp spot on his panties. The men took it all in and laughed louder. "Shikima!" They said. Horny. "Onna." Woman.

Zeke endured their taunts and stares, grateful as they dressed him, though more and more he regretted how much his pretty kimonos hid his beautiful body. Today's kimono was especially pretty, as befitted his last day as a maiko, and when Kame came in and squealed "Little sister!" He smiled and clapped.

"I have a secret!" He said.

"Oh! What is it? I love secrets!"

"Last night, I made my last change. I truly became a woman."

Kame threw her arms around Zeke and kissed him on the cheek. "I am so happy for you. At last, your body matches your soul!"

"Thank you, big sister," Zeke said. "I couldn't have made this journey without you!"

"I can't wait to do your hair! Today, you wear the ofuku! You will be so pretty! And this is the last time you must wear the white face every day! Oh! I am so excited for you!"

The weather was beautiful, and a crowd gathered in the garden, where Miss Yagami had a small outdoor theater. To see a geisha perform her odori was a rare special occasion, open only to the sponsors of the tea house, which in Tokyo included many of the wealthiest and most influential men in the city. Zeke stood back stage, clutching his fan to his chest, peeking out at the gathering crowd. "It's all men!" He squeaked, nervously.

"Traditionally, geisha perform for men only," Kame said. "And Miss Yagami keeps to this tradition. Look, little sister. There? He is the president of Sony. Next to him? The Minister of Finance. And that handsome older man? Bishamon Himora. Very wealthy, and related to the emperor."

"Such rich, powerful men!" Zeke gasped, his heart fluttering. Then, his eyes fell on one in particular. A tall, slender man with broad shoulders and high cheek bones. He wore a silk, pin stripe suit, a fedora rakishly sideways on his head and dark sunglasses. In his hand, he held a cigarette, which he puffed on arrogantly, and there were six men with him,

all strong and handsome, and all clearly deferential to him. “Who is he?” Zeke said, his knees together.

“He’s cute, isn’t he?” Kame teased.

“Yes!” Zeke whispered. “So handsome.”

“That is Akihiko! He is Yakuza. Very dangerous.”

“Yakuza,” Zeke said, his cheeks flushing. “He’s so beautiful.”

“Doesn’t it scare you that he is dangerous?”

Zeke smiled and shook his head. “Yes, but that just makes me want him more!” The two girls giggled.

Finally, the time came, and the music began to play, ancient music that had played in these quarters for hundreds of years, music that dated back to a time before the west had come to Japan, when the island he been shrouded in tradition and respect for the past. The crowd grew silent, the men gazing up at the stage, and when Zeke floated onto the stage with his fan, they gasped as this vision of feminine beauty emerged, as if she had stepped right out of a wood print from the 18<sup>th</sup> century, and as she moved with the music they felt they were all transported back to an earlier time, a more perfect and pure time, when men were men and women were women, and all the men in the audience found themselves enraptured by Zeke, his feminine radiance, his perfection as an object, and they wanted to own him, to control him, to make him their woman.

Zeke was not aware of anything, and yet he was aware of everything. He could feel the male hunger, their eyes on him, and he reveled in his grace and beauty, in his feminine perfection, and he danced and smiled, and was lost completely in the world of the flower and the willow, so that when the dance ended and the crowd began to politely applaud, he felt like he had woken from a dream, and he bowed and smiled, and Miss Yagami came out on stage and took his hand, and led him to a fountain where he stood, smiling prettily, as the men lined up to come and see him, to admire his perfection as a woman, and three of them, including Akihiko, arranged to sponsor Zeke, and to be his patrons, and each one gave him a gift, which he accepted giggling and bowing in thanks.

The ceremony over, Zeke and the other girls had made plans to go downtown and dance, and so Zeke found himself wearing a little black dress and a pair of red pumps, a sparkly little clutch slung over his bare shoulder as he and the girls climbed into a limo, giggling and laughing. “I am so nervous!” Zeke giggled, crossing his gorgeous legs. “I don’t know how to talk to boys!”

“With boobs like that you won’t need to,” Kame said.

The other girls were nicer now that Zeke was a girl, too, and they all told him how pretty he was, and how happy they were for him now that he was a full geisha.

Zeke just went along with it all. He felt pretty and cute, and he was excited for his first time going clubbing as a girl. When they arrived, they found a long line of people waiting to get in, but they just walked right past the line and when the doorman saw the four gorgeous girls walking up in their sexy little dresses and heels, he let them right in. Zeke smiled up at him, feeling proud that he was so pretty he could get into any club! And then he was inside, and it was dark, and the music was pounding, and he all the other girls pushed their way out onto the crowded dance floor, and Zeke found himself dancing, guys grinding up on his ass, pressing their bellies into his tits, and he was squealing laughing, grinding right back, and he had never felt so happy.

Someone grabbed him by the hips, and Zeke bent forward and started twerking, loving the feeling of the man grinding against his firm booty, and when Zeke glanced back over his shoulder, his hair in his eyes, he saw the man was Akihiko, and his mouth fell open and he licked his lips.

Akihiko smiled, grabbing Zeke’s wrist and dragging him from the floor, to a private booth. Zeke flushed, loving the way the man took command and led him, and when he pulled out a chair, Zeke sat, smiling, looking up at him. “You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen,” Akihiko said. Then, he took Zeke’s chin in his hand, tilted his head back and kissed him right on the lips, and Zeke accepted the kiss, his hands in his lap, and then smiled up at the man, eyes glazed with pleasure.

“Thank you,” Zeke whispered. He knew what Akihiko wanted him to be, and it made him tingle with pleasure as he assumed the body language



and the demeanor of the shy, innocent virgin. "I'm so nervous!" He said, hooking his long black hair behind his ear.

"Don't be," Akihiko said. "Do you want a drink?"

"Tea?" Zeke said, because of course a sweet, innocent girl like him did not drink alcohol. "If it isn't too much trouble?"

"Nothing is too much trouble for a beautiful little woman like you."

Zeke giggled and looked down, though he kept his shoulders back, his full breasts out. "You're embarrassing me."

Akihiko shook his head. "It's like you stepped right out of my dreams."

Zeke fluttered his eyelashes. Then, he noticed another man watching them from the shadows, his face occasionally lit up when he toked on his cigarette. The man was staring at Zeke, and when the orange flame lit them up, his eyes seemed hard and full of hate. Zeke trembled, and crossed his arms over his chest.

"What is it?" Akihiko said. "What has scared my little song bird?"

"That man," Zeke said, nuzzling against Akihiko. "He's staring at me."

Akihiko put an arm around Zeke's narrow shoulders and said, "Don't worry about him. I will keep you safe. See?"

And when Zeke looked up, the man was gone, and he felt so safe in Akihiko's arms, and so thrilled at the man's confidence and power that to his surprise, he squeezed his knees together and felt himself orgasm right there in the bar.

Zeke giggled and flirted with Akihiko for a time, he wasn't even sure how long, then Kame and the other girls found him and dragged him back onto the floor for more dancing before Kame finally led Zeke, buzzing and exhausted, out of the club and back to the geisha district. "Where are the other girls?" Zeke asked, yawning on the train, his head on Kame's shoulder.

“They went home with some really cute boys,” Kame said, running her hands through Zeke fine, black hair.

“Oh!” Zeke said. “We can do that?”

“In Tokyo, geisha can have boyfriends. But you can’t.”

“Why?”

“Because you’re my little sister, and I want you to be my little sister forever!”

“Oh,” Zeke said, smiling. “Okay, then,” he said, but he didn’t mean it, not at all. He wanted a boyfriend more than anything! He needed a man!

Zeke was busy for the next week. Every available appointment had been booked, and he sang and danced for them all, flirted, easily becoming what each wanted. Akihiko visited twice, and he brought Zeke an expensive dress and jewelry as gifts, as patrons would do, but then he said, “You are going out with me Friday night. Wear your new dress.”

“Yes,” Zeke answered, flush with pleasure that such a handsome man wanted him. “I would love to. Thank you so much for the beautiful dress!”

On Thursday night, when Zeke entered tea room, the scary man from the bar was there. It was Bishamon Himora, one of Zeke’s patrons. Bishamon’s eyes burned with hate. Yet, Zeke’s lovely face showed no trace of the fear he felt, the discomfort. Instead he smiled prettily and, recognizing what the man wanted from him, he said, “Oh, Daddy! I am so happy to see you!”

“I brought you something,” the man said, pulling a teddy bear from beneath the table.

Zeke squealed and clapped, taking the bear and hugging it to his chest. “I love him so much!!!! He’s so cute!” Zeke jumped up and down excitedly, becoming the school girl his client wanted.

The man didn’t smile, but seemed pleased nonetheless. “You are a delightful little girl.”

“Thank you, Daddy.”

“I understand you used to be a man.”

Zeke, again, did not betray his surprise, but merely giggled. “I used to have a man’s body, but I was always a girl inside!”

“And are you glad that you now have a girl’s body?”

“Oh, yes. So very glad!”

“Sing for me, little girl. Sing for me the Song of Girl in Spring.”

“Of course! It’s one of my favorites!”

Zeke began to strum the zither, and then he began to sing in the soft, pretty little voice he’d been given:

In the spring the bud blossoms  
Her flower does bloom  
And the crane she sings to the sky  
In the fields the foals frolic  
The newborns they cry  
And the grass pushes green through the snow  
My girlhood is done  
My dolls sleep on the shelf  
I long for a baby of my own  
In the spring the bud blossoms  
Her flower does bloom  
And the crane flies away to the mountain

When Zeke finished, he saw Bishamon smile, finally, and Zeke’s little body flooded with relief.

“You are the embodiment of feminine perfection,” the man said. “You are a perfect geisha.”

Zeke bowed. "Thank you, Daddy."

"Now, perform the tea ceremony."

"Of course."

Days passed, weeks. Zeke found himself lost in the gauzy world of the geisha six days a week, delighting in his ability to entertain the men who came to see him. He loved singing and dancing, flirting and being pretty. Bishamon came once a week, and often he simply wanted to talk to Zeke. He would give Zeke dolls to play with, and while Zeke pretended to be a little girl playing with her dolls, Bishamon would ask him about his hopes and dreams, the kind of man he wanted to marry, how many babies he hoped to have. Sometimes he asked to watch Zeke do his make-up, or brush and do another girl's hair. Sometimes he drank, and when he got really drunk he would have Zeke dance, and he would laugh and clap as Zeke moved with perfect grace through the ancient female dances of love and seduction.

That was six days a week. On the seventh day, Zeke went out with Akihiko. Each week, Akihiko bought Zeke a new, pretty outfit, and Zeke wore whatever his man wanted him to wear, and he went wherever his man wanted him to go, and he ate whatever his man ordered for him. Zeke had fallen in love with Akihiko the night they first danced, and over the weeks and months, he knew that Akihiko, an avowed lifetime bachelor, was falling in love with him, and the fact that Akihiko did not pressure Zeke for sex as he did with other girls made Zeke glow with feminine pride, because he knew he was winning the heart of this cold, distant man, and for him the hugs and kisses, the gentles caresses were all a girl could want, were all a girl needed as long as it all ended, as it must, with her handsome man on his knee, holding a ring and saying, "I want you to be my bride!"

And it happened!

Zeke started crying, nodding, saying Yes! Yes! The guests on the Akihiko's yacht applauded, and fireworks began to explode in the sky, launched from nearby ships, white light drifting down like a canopy of flowers. Zeke covered his mouth, staring up at the beautiful lights in the sky, then looking up at his big, tall handsome husband, and his tears mixed

with laughter as Akihiko took his small hand and they began to dance while Frank Sinatra sang “All of Me.”

## Chapter Six

Zeke stepped into the tea room and the perfect smile never left his face. He completely hid the shock he felt to see his parents, Frank and Edna, kneeling at the table along with Bishamon. “Welcome, honored guests” he said in his breathy little voice. “Let me begin with the tea ceremony. My patron, the most excellent Bishamon Himora, has told me his American friends are eager to see it.”

“Oh, so eager,” Edna said. “Isn’t she the most delicate little thing you’ve ever seen?” She said to Frank as Zeke began to perform the ceremony.

“I didn’t come all this way for this nonsense. I came to see my boy.”

“And as I promised, you will have seen your boy by the end of the day,” Bishamon said. “Perhaps you are seeing him right now, but the eyes you do not open, the truth they cannot see.”

“What are you, Yoda?” Frank said.

Zeke, sensing what everyone needed, desperate to fulfill his duty and purpose, smiled at Frank. “I am so honored to serve such a wealthy and powerful Yankee! Your legend is so impressive!”

Frank harrumphed, but was clearly pleased. “How does a little girl like you know about me?”

“Everyone knows about you! You are bigger than Bill Gates. And your wife is so beautiful!” Zeke giggled and let his prettiest smile spread across his face.

“Well, you are a sweet heart!” Edna said. “Be polite to this nice little girl, Frank.”

Frank’s frustration melted, Zeke lovely smile and flattery working their desired effect. “Well, I always have been a sucker for a pretty smile.”

“Did I not tell you she was the perfect woman?” Bishamon said.

“Well, my Edna is the perfect woman, but this one is a close second.”

*Oh, daddy, Zeke thought, seeing the blush on his mother’s cheeks.  
“So loving to mother! I am marrying a man just like you! I am such a lucky girl!”*

The tea ceremony done, Zeke sang and danced for them, and they all praised him for his grace and beauty. Then, Bishamon led them out as Frank started once more asking about his son. Zeke bowed and smiled, confused by the whole scene. He didn’t know why Bishamon had brought them there, had told them they would see their son and then not revealed Zeke’s true identity. But, then, he didn’t need to know. This was men’s business, surely, and he was only a girl. Best not to concern himself with such things. Besides, his wedding was only a day away and as sad as it made him feel to see his parents leave, his mind soon turned to his wedding and the fun he would have!

The next day, when Zeke knelt down and started to eat breakfast, Miss Yagami placed a tabloid on the table in front of him. On the cover was a picture of his old self, the Zeke he had been, along with a picture of him as he now appeared, a delicate little Japanese girl. There was also a picture of his father. He read the Japanese letters. Billionaire’s son gets sex change! Lives as geisha!

“Oh no!” Zeke said, covering his mouth. “My husband! This will bring shame to him! My wedding?”

“Do not worry little flower,” Akihiko said from the doorway. “I have always known who you were before you blossomed.”

Zeke stood and bowed. “I am so sorry.”

“Do not be,” Akihiko said, grabbing Zeke around the waist and pulling him in for a kiss. “I love you, and I can’t wait to make you my wife. Let the whole world see!”

Zeke wept with joy, again, and felt so lucky and so blessed that he had found such a strong, loving man! It was only much later that he thought about his parents, and how they must feel, and he hoped that they would accept him and love him, too, now as their daughter.

The morning of the wedding, Zeke was in his gown- a flowing white gown of lace and ribbons, that drped all the way to the floor. It had a plunging neckline that celebrated his full breasts, and it showed off his tiny waist and wide, maternal hips. His skin glowed, and his subtle make-up accentuated the feminine beauty of his pretty, heart-shaped face. Kame was with him as well as the other girls from the tea house, plus good old Miss Yagami. He heard a knock on the door, and when it opened his mother Edna stepped into the room, looking over him, shaking her head, her eyes full of tears.

“Zeke?” She said. “Is that really you?”

“Yes, mommy,” Zeke said, his pretty little voice as soft as silk.

“I am so, so sorry that I didn’t recognize you the other night. What kind of mother am I?”

“Mother! No!” Zeke said. “You couldn’t.” He saw his father in the hall, his face grim and full of pain, and behind him Bishamon.

“You’re my.... child....” Edna said, hugging Zeke. “I should have known you.”

‘I’m the one who is sorry,’ Zeke said, hugging her back. “I know you must be disappointed now to have another daughter, instead of a son.” Though he spoke the words to his mother, he looked at his father, thinking, *please love me, daddy. Please tell me you still love me.*

“No. I’ll always love you just the same,” Edna said. “No matter what. You are a beautiful girl, Keiko. I am so proud to have you as my daughter!”

“Daddy?” Zeke said, softly.

“Son,” Frank said, his voice cracking. “It’s not too late. I can fix this. Somehow. You can be my boy again. Take over my business, like we always talked about. Carry on the family name.”

Zeke knew what he had to be now, not what his father wanted him to be, but what his father needed him to be, so that he could accept that Zeke was a woman and would always be a woman. “Me? Business?” He covered his mouth with his dainty little hand and giggled. “Oh, daddy. I am such an airhead I can’t even balance a check book! My husband will

handle all those kinds of boy things. I am only suitable for a wife and a mother!" He squeezed his mom's hand. "I promise you lots of grand children! I want to have at least six babies!"

"No," Frank said. "You don't understand. He did this to you. He made you like this. You're my son!"

"Daddy," Zeke said. "I am a girl, and I am happy. I love my fiancé, and all I want now is to become his bride, his wife. I never want to be a dumb boy again!"

Zeke's sisters pushed into the room, hugging him, and then Zeke and his mother and his sisters stood together, looking at their father, who stared at them, so broken and alone. He shook his head, looked back at Bishamon and said, "Stop this. Stop it now. I'll give you anything."

"I have what I wanted," Bishamon said. Then he turned and walked away.

"Daddy," Zeke said, adopting the cadence of a little girl. "Please? Walk my down the aisle? It would mean the world to me. It's been my dream ever since I was a little girl."

Frank looked at the tiny woman his son had become, standing there in his wedding dress, with his mother and sisters at his side, all of them looking at him, waiting, demanding with their eyes that he say yes, that he validate this perverse inversion, that he pass his son on to another man, to become that man's woman. *No*, he thought. *Never*. But then Zeke looked so small and vulnerable, and his big, soft eyes so needy, like he was about to cry if Frank said no. *I can't stand to see Zeke cry*, Frank thought. *I need to protect her*.

Frank stepped forward, put his arms around his little son and pulled his soft, round body in for a hug, and he heard himself say, "Yes. Of course. Anything for my... little girl."

Both the bride and her father wept uncontrollably as they walked down the aisle together, the strains of the wedding march playing out in the crowded church as cameras flashed, both from the guests and the media who been invited to immortalize the wedding of Zeke Campbell, who had become a woman and a geisha, and now a bride. The pictures of the



gorgeous bride holding the hand of his stricken father would circulate around the world.

“You did excellent work helping me set all this up,” Bishamon said to his niece.

“It was fun,” Mariko said, admiring Zeke’s hourglass figure. “He is so pretty! I hate him! Oh! Well, I would love to do it again sometime, but maybe be more involved in the actual transformation. I would like to savor his struggle.”

“That can happen, and soon.”

“Really?” Mariko said.

“I believe I would like to see Frank Campbell follow his son into the sweet, simple life of a geisha.”

“Isn’t this enough revenge for you?” Mariko said, watching Frank stumble to the pews and bury his head in his hands while his son stood at the alter in a wedding dress, clutching his bridal bouquet, staring up in feminine awe at the strong, handsome man he was about to marry.

“I don’t want to do it for revenge,” Bishamon said.

“Then why?”

“Just for fun. And, because his wife offered me a very substantial sum to make it happen.”

Mariko covered her mouth. “I’ll find him after the ceremony. He’s very raw and emotional. It shouldn’t be too hard to get him started.”

“Good. Can you believe this? His wife specified that she wants him to have what she called *Kate Upton* tits.”

“Yes,” Mariko said. “I met the man, remember? He is exactly the kind of man a woman would want to be forced to live with big tits.”

“Well, I will make a point of meeting him when his voice has changed. I do so look forward to hearing him talk like a little girl, to beg me to save him from the life of the flower and the willow.”

“What should we name him?”

“Pick any name you like.”

“I used to have a doll named Hanako.”

“Flower child? Excellent choice. He’ll hate it.”

“At least until we convince him he always wanted to be a pretty girl. Just like his sweet little boy-daughter, Keiko.”

On the altar, Zeke said, “I do.”

The priest said, “you may now kiss the bride.”

Akihiko lifted Zeke’s veil, held his face, and leaned down to kiss him. Zeke closed his eyes and lost himself in the perfect bliss of his first kiss as a wife. He felt like the luckiest girl in the world.

“Well, ain’t she a pretty little pony,” Office Wayne said, wiping away a tear. “I always get so dad burned misty-eyed at funerals.”

The crowd cheered, and Zeke smiled, feeling perfectly fulfilled, proud and happy. He was a bride! What more could a silly little girl like him ever want?

The End

---

Thanks so much for reading.

For exclusive early access to all my TG Stories and Comics, come join me on Patreon: [www.patreon.com/tgkadee](http://www.patreon.com/tgkadee)

Drop on by the bookstore to find more of my TG stories and comics: [www.cooperandkadee.com](http://www.cooperandkadee.com)

And to keep up on all my latest work, you are invited to visit my blog:  
[www.genderfluidnews.com](http://www.genderfluidnews.com)

Check out my TG Art: <https://www.deviantart.com/tgcooper-tgkadee>