

# Cramps!

The beginning  
of his cramps  
spelled the end  
of his manhood.



## I.

“I want to go through with it,” Melissa said as soon as Tatiana picked up the phone.

“You won’t regret it,” Tatiana answered.

“I know. I wanted to think about it, make sure. But he deserves it.”

“It really is what’s best for him. It will give him a chance for a new start. Speaking of which, where do you want to start? Breasts?”

“No. I know you recommended them as the best way to begin his transformation, but I want him to change from the inside out.”

“Ovaries? A womb?”

“Yes. Make him a woman on the inside, and then we’ll change the rest of him to match.”

“Consider it done. Anything else?”

“Just one question. When... well, when will he...”

“Have his first period?” Tatiana smiled to herself. They always wanted to know when their husbands would be on the rag.

“Yes.”

“He’ll ovulate in a few days, and then have his menarche in about two weeks or so. I guess that’s when he’ll know.”

“Know?”

“The same thing that all little girls know when they have their first period: he’ll know he has become a woman.”

The next two weeks were a delight for Melissa, knowing her secret. Her husband, Lou, had no idea of the changes that had gone on inside him. He didn’t know that he was ovulating, that he now had fallopian tubes and a uterus, that he was starting his transformation from man to woman. But she

did, and she watched and smiled and laughed to herself as he lived his life of oblivious manhood, showering, brushing his teeth, shaving—but less and less—as his body was flooded with female hormones, and like any woman he found himself more and more horny when his egg was snuggling in his womb, waiting to be fertilized. Melissa delighted in their love making during those days. Lou had no idea what was happening, couldn't understand why, in his words, he was suddenly as “horny as a teen-age boy.”

“Teen-age girl,” Melissa thought, looking at his flush cheeks, running her hands over his belly, a newly sensitive hot spot for the budding young woman, knowing that her poor little husband was all confused and baffled by new feelings and needs, and when he started crying after one love making session she held him and stroked his smooth cheek and kissed him like the woman he was becoming.

She had barely been able to look at him, let alone touch him, when she'd finally had proof of his cheating on her. But now, everything was changing.

## II

Lou experienced his first menstrual cramp at 11:24 on Tuesday morning in the middle of presentation. It was just a small hitch, a minor but puzzling discomfort. He paused for a moment, placing his hand gingerly to his belly, and then, forcing a smile, continued. He hadn't felt himself all day. He'd had trouble sleeping, uncharacteristically worried about his presentation. In the morning he'd felt sluggish and... puffy... and on his way to work he'd exploded when someone had cut him off, slamming on his horn and spewing curses, only to find himself on the verge of tears of moment later.

At work, his secretary had brought him his essential cup of coffee, but he found it bitter and hard to swallow and hungry for caffeine, he asked her to bring him tea instead, which went down a lot easier.

After the presentation, he sank into his desk chair and found himself swinging from elation to despair. The presentation had been great... it had been terrible... everyone liked him... no one liked him...

"Shelly Wilson hear to see you," his secretary called through the intercom.

"Send her in," he answered, taking a deep breath and trying to get himself together. At least Shelly is a joy to behold, he thought.

Shelly walked in. She was a tall, full-figured woman with long black hair and wide, dark eyes. She was wearing tight—tight skirt, tight blouse. "Lou," she said with a smile.

Lou found himself feeling angry at her. At her tight clothes. Her full hips and breasts. "Shelly," he said, wincing as he sat back down.

Shelly slipped into the chair across from his desk and crossed her legs. Usually, he loved seeing her, but today...

His second cramp hit, and it hit hard. He groaned and pressed both hands against his stomach, almost doubling over at his desk.

“Lou?” Shelly said, getting up and coming around the desk.

“It’s nothing,” he said through gritted teeth, and then he felt it. It felt to him like his bladder had suddenly filled and was about to burst. He struggled to his feet, eyes wide, terrified and certain that he was about to pee his pants. He hurried awkwardly from the room, one hand on his belly and the other pressed to his groin. Rushing into the men’s room, he hurried into a stall and dropped his pants even as he felt hot liquid leaking against his leg, and then he squatted onto the toilet and leapt up, shrieking, slammed down the lid and dropped again, letting it loose now, but unable to feel any sense of relief as he stared at the crimson stain on his underwear.

### III

Melissa sat on a stool in the examination room. Lou was in a hospital gown on the table. Doctor Carmen walked in and glanced at Melissa, almost a pitying glance. She resisted the urge to smile. “Well, Lou, the good news is that your condition is not life threatening.”

“That’s not real comforting,” Lou answered. “So, what’s wrong with me?”

“Would you like to discuss this in private?” The doctor said gently, glancing at Melissa.

“She’s my wife,” Lou answered.

The doctor stood and slid some pictures into the viewer. He lit them up, and Melissa immediately saw the female reproductive system. Lou stared at them, uncomprehendingly.

“Do you see here?” The doctor said, tracing the path of Lou’s fallopian tubes. “And here?” He gestured toward the image of his uterus.

“Yeah?”

“Do you recognize these organs?”

“Doctor, I am really not in the mood to play guessing games.”

“Those look like fallopian tubes, a uterus, the female reproduction system,” Melissa said. She saw Lou go pale, start shaking his head.

“That’s right. Lou, sometimes people are born with both sets of reproductive organs. Both male and female. That’s what’s happened in your case.”

“What?”

“This is your MRI, Lou.”

“Both Male and.... but why... I don’t understand.”

“Well, your case is unusual in that your ovaries didn’t become active until so long after puberty.”

“My... ovaries?” Lou struggled to even say the word, his face now flush. “Doctor, there must be some kind of mistake.”

Melissa stood and went to Lou’s side. Took his arm. He glanced at her, a confused and embarrassed look.

“I know this must be a little shocking, but what happened today. Well, Lou...” he gave Melissa an almost apologetic glance. “You had your period.”

Lou put his face in his hands. “This can’t be happening.”

“Doctor, are you sure?” Melissa said, doing her best to seem surprised. “His period?”

“Yes. I’m sure.”

Lou struggled to keep back the tears he felt welling up in his eyes. “Oh God...” he said. “I’m really sorry. I don’t know why I’m so...” and then the realization hit him, and the tears came even harder. Melissa fished a tissue out of her purse and handed it to her distraught husband.

“Do you need a minute?” The doctor asked.

“No,” Lou said. “No. Just... well... if this is true, if I have... what can we do about it?”

“Surgery is an option....” The doctor started, but Lou snorted.

“An option? Can you do it right now?”

The doctor laughed, but the look on Lou’s face told him that the man wasn’t joking. “I’m sorry. I don’t mean to make light of the situation. There are risks involved with surgery and I need to...”

“Shut up with that shit,” Lou yelled through the tears. “I’m a man, and I just had a period. I don’t care what the risks are, and I’m not interested in anymore of your medical gobbledygook. Just tell me who to see to have this fixed.”

“We better discuss this when you aren’t so emotional,” the doctor said coldly.

“Emotional?” Lou said, like he’d been slapped in the face. “Emotional?”

“You’ll calm down after your menstrual cycle,” Mr. Walsh, “and I feel it would be better to discuss it then when you are not quite as hormonal.”

“Don’t talk to me like that,” Lou said. “I am perfectly rational.”

“It’s okay,” Melissa said, giving the doctor an apologetic smile. “The doctor’s right. You’ve had a hard day.”

Lou looked at her. Looked at the doctor—and started crying again.

Melissa calmed him down and helped him dress. A few moments later the doctor came back. “Feeling better?”

“Yes,” Lou said sheepishly.

“Good. We’ll set up an appointment and discuss all your ... the surgery and whatnot.”

“Thank you, doctor,” Melissa said.

The doctor offered his hand to Lou, who shook it extra firmly. “Good, then. The nurse has a couple things for you, and then you can go.”

The doctor walked out. The pretty young nurse walked in, smiling slyly. She handed Lou some things and said, “those will help you get through the next few days.”

Lou just grunted, staring at the items in his hands. Melissa glanced over his shoulder and saw what he was holding: a box of maxi pads, and a bottle of Midol. It was all she could do not to laugh. She glanced at the nurse, who gave her a conspiratorial wink. Melissa winked back.

A man on the rag. What girl wouldn’t find that funny?



## IV

They drove home in silence. Lou, stunned. Melissa, delighted. When they pulled into the garage, they sat in the car, the cooling engine pinging. Melissa couldn't help herself. "How are we going to tell Sam??"

Lou winced. Their daughter. Well, her daughter; his stepdaughter. She had just turned 13, and things had been tense. She'd been combative and defiant. He pictured the smirk on his face when he told her he had had a period, that he had ovaries and a womb. "Let's not," Lou said. "She wouldn't understand."

"But, if she figures it out..."

"She won't. Don't tell her."

"Lou, this is a chance..."

"NO," he shrieked. "Promise me you won't tell her!"

"Okay," Melissa said. "Okay."

That night Lou went to bed with a pad firmly in place between his legs. Melissa gave him a kiss on the forehead.

In the morning, she watched him, pretending to be asleep when his alarm buzzed. The first thing he did was lift the blanket and check to see if he's leaked. He came out of the bathroom, walking awkwardly. "I put some pads and your Midol in your briefcase," Melissa said, giving him a good morning kiss, running her finger along his smooth jaw.

Lou just grunted. At breakfast, he tried to act normal, but as soon as he left Sam looked at her mother and said, "What's wrong with dad?"

"Stress at work," she said, barely containing herself.

"Oh," Sam said absently, going back to texting. "But what's really wrong with him?"

“I can’t,” Melissa said, having planned to have him tell her himself, but a little laugh escaped her, and she covered her mouth, her face turning red.

“Oh my God,” Sam said, pushing her phone away. “What?”

“I can’t tell you.”

“You have to now.”

“Well, you have to promise to keep this between us for now.”

“Sure.”

“No, I mean really promise. It’s part of my plan that we keep it a secret for now.”

“Your plan to... what are you doing to him?” Sam reached and grabbed her mother’s hand, squeezed it.

“I am turning him into a woman.”

“Mom! No. What are you doing? For reelz?”

“Honey, I know it is hard to believe, but yesterday? Your father had his first period.”

Sam cocked her head to side, smiled, shook it, stared into her mother’s eyes. “You’re serious,” she finally said.

“Yeah.”

“Um... details?”

“Okay, so, I met this woman...”

As soon as Sam left for school, Melissa called Tatiana. "He wants to get a mastectomy."

"Of course he does."

"So... what do we do? Make all the changes now?"

"Where's the fun in that? No. I've been doing this for a long time. When is his next appointment with the doctor?"

"One week from today." Melissa giggled. "The doctor didn't want to see him again until Lou was less hormonal."

"How sweet. Okay. In a few nights, Lou will pop out a pair of little breasts. The next day, he will want another doctor. Refer him to Diana Strong. Say she's your doctor. I am right in assuming he doesn't pay attention to your life?"

"No... I mean yes... but how can you be so sure about him wanting to change doctors?"

"Because the night before he gets his little boobies, he will have a disturbingly feminine sexual fantasy about his current doctor."

"You are wicked."

"More than you know. Do you want to choose the fantasy?"

"What?"

"Pick something... any trashy romance novel will do... "

"I can choose his first romantic female sexual fantasy? Really?"

"That's what I said."

"Well," she said, closing her eyes, "I'm thinking tropical island..."

V

"You okay?" Shelly said, stopping Lou in the hall.

"What?" Lou looked at his watch. Past her. "Oh. Yesterday. Yeah. Just some kind of stomach thing."

Shelly looked at him. He did look fine. In fact, if anything he looked better than usual. Younger. He started to step past her, but she put her hand on his arm. "How about tonight? Dinner?"

"I really can't," Lou said. "Melissa is getting suspicious."

"Lou. You said..."

"I know, but this isn't the right..."

"... you were going to tell her."

And then Lou felt his flow. And he turned away, blushing, and said, "I have to go."

Back in his office, Lou struggled to pop open his Midol with shaking hands, tossed back a couple of the pills and washed them down with a mouth full of lukewarm tea. How do I get myself into this shit? He thought. Melissa. Shelly. And now this damn thing with his... situation. He slammed his fist down on his desk. Damn. He had to break things off with Shelly. That was all there was to it. Especially now. But he'd wait. Wait until his period was over. When he was thinking a little more clearly.

Wait until my period is over. God. Deep breaths. Deep breaths. Calm down.

At least it can't get any worse.

Days passed. He made excuses with Shelly. Promised they'd get together the next Thursday. That would be after he'd seen the doctor.

Things would calm. His period ended. With great relief, he left for work on Monday morning without the need for feminine protection.

## VI

Melissa watched and waited, waking each morning eager to see if her husband had his boobs. She could see his confidence returning as his period passed, and on Monday morning he even joked that it was good not feel so bitchy in the morning. When Lou came to bed that night, Melissa was reading Tahitian Princess. He glanced at the cover: a tall, muscle-bound man with flowing blonde hair held a slender, busty young girl in his arms. She was pushing against his chest, but the look in her eyes...

"Any good?" Lou said.

"Nope."

"The cover's not bad. It gives me a few ideas."

Melissa looked over at him. Raised an eyebrow. "I bet it does."

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Lou was running. Running along a sandy beach. A dart whizzed by him, and tossing his long black hair, he screamed. His full, round breasts swayed, threatening to tumble free of his tight green bikini top, but the edge of the jungle was just ahead... if he could only get to the trees then...

Something struck him in the back. He tumbled across the sand. Rolling onto his back, he pushed his hair from his face, looked beyond his smooth, rounded thighs, and looked into the leering face of a man: a savage wearing nothing but a loin cloth, his face bristling with piercings-- jewelry and bones...

"No," Lou pleaded. "Please."

"Woman," the man said. "You are mine."

Lou pushed backward on the sand, but the man lunged forward and fell on him. Lou struggled, but the man grabbed his slender wrists and pinned

them to the sand, his face now inches from Lou's, the stink of his breath hot in Lou's face. Lou felt the savage's manhood growing against his soft thigh, a jolt of feminine terror coursing through his body as the man laughed, letting go of Lou's arms and reaching down to ...

Lou lay there, unable to move, gripped with terror, he closed his eyes, not wanting to look at the man who was about to...

... and then, there was a pop. The man stopped moving. Lou opened his eyes and saw a confused look on the man's face as he put his hand to his chest, trying to stop the blood that now flowed from a hole in his flesh.

Lou pushed him off and sprung back to his feet. The others were running. He was safe. And...

But the man suddenly grabbed Lou by the ankle and pulled him back to the ground. Pushed him down, face first into the sand and started to tug at his bikini bottoms. But looking up, Lou saw ... Doctor Carmen?

The doctor leapt in the air, delivering a flying drop kick that sent the native flying backward, crashing into the sand, where he lay still.

"Doctor!" Lou said, his eyes wide with surprise and... admiration for the man who had just saved him. He was so strong, his body so hard and muscular. "Oh, doctor."

Doctor Carmen took Lou's soft, little hand in his own and pulled him to his feet. Lou looked into the man's eyes... his gentle eyes... and thought... he is so tall!

"Are you okay, Lou?"

Lou's hand went to his cheek. "Yes," he said. "I was so scared." He felt tears rolling down his cheeks. Hold me, he thought. Hold me.

And Doctor Carmen, as if he could read Lou's thoughts gathered his slender, female form into his arms. Lou felt so safe there, in Doctor

Carmen's arms, his soft breasts against the doctor's hard chest... he placed a dainty little hand against the doctor's rock-hard abs and sighed.

"You're safe now," Carmen said, one arm around Lou's slender waste, the other buried in his long, black hair.

Lou looked up into Carmen's eyes. Carmen smiled down at the little woman Lou had become. Lou's eyes went wide. His lips parted. He tilted his head back and said, "kiss me."

It was a long, complicated kiss, full of repressed desire, longing, but when it ended Lou's emotions were a swirling mass of confusion. He started to pull away.

"What's wrong?" Carmen said, holding Lou helpless in his arms.

"This is wrong. It isn't... Carmen, I'm a man."

Carmen smiled. He hooked a thumb under one of Lou's bikini straps and slipped it from his shoulder. Then, reaching down, he cupped Lou's full, soft breast and said, "You don't feel like a man."

Lou gasped at the pleasure surging through him. The doctor pulled him close, and still caressing his breast with one hand, reached down and squeezed his soft, round behind with another.

"No..."

"Yes," the doctor answered, kissing him gently. "Yes."

"Why?" Lou said, his soft voice hoarse. He felt so powerless, so weak.

"Because you want it."

The doctor lowered Lou down onto the wet sand and kissed him, kissed him and kissed him, on the mouth, then the throat and down his smooth, soft belly, until Lou felt the doctor push his bikini bottoms down, and then explore Lou's damp sex with his tongue, sending a jolt of please surging



through Lou's body and forcing him to gasp prettily, aching his back and sighing, "take me!"

Their two bodies intertwined beneath the rays of the setting sun and the warm, salty waves rolled over their bodies as the seagulls circled and shrieked above them.

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Melissa woke around 4:30 am. Lou was thrashing on his back, his legs spread, his arms over his head grabbing at the headboard, mumbling "Deeper... deeper."

She watched as his flat, hairless chest began to swell, small round breasts forming beneath each nipple, swaying and bouncing as he dreamt of sex.

Getting up as quietly as she could, she went downstairs, let herself out onto the back porch, and laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

When she went back to the room, the clock read 5:43. Lou was deep asleep, breathing gently, his breasts rising and falling with each breath. Melissa crawled back into bed, and propped on her elbow, she watched. He looked so calm. So... satisfied... and when he'd gone to bed, he'd been feeling good again... manly even... and now he slept, blissfully ignorant that he had blossomed in the night, taken another dainty step toward womanhood... she couldn't wait until the morning to see his face...

She couldn't resist. Reaching over, she gently cupped his left breast, circling his nipple with her thumb until they both grew hard. Lou arched his back and sighed.

The last thing Melissa did before going to sleep was snap a couple of pictures of her husband and his sweet new breasts.

## VII

"As soon as I reminded him about his doctor's appointment, he blushed so hard he looked like a beat. He said, 'I don't feel... comfortable with that doctor.'"

"So, he was in a little bit of a tizzy over his boobies, eh?"

"The poor thing. You should have seen him... he sits up in bed... looks down at his new puppies... looks at me... looks down again... then throws his arms across his chest and shrieks! Shrieks!"

"What did you do?"

"I tried to play the supportive wife. Calm him down. But he started hyperventilating, babbling...my god, how? why? Then he screams 'don't look at me' and locks himself in the bathroom.

"And you had the video camera set up?"

"Oh yeah. I got the whole thing. Every sweet little minute of it."

"Melissa, one thing I am concerned about."

"Yes?"

"Are you feeling guilty? Having second thoughts?"

"No. Not at all. After all the lying and cheating.... no! Not even a little."

"Just make sure you don't let all this poison you. The idea here is for us to liberate ourselves from the anger and hurt and resentment."

"I know," Melissa said. "But can't I enjoy it at the same time?"

"You can and you must. So where is he now?"

"I left him curled up in bed. He was still crying, but he seemed calmer."

"Good. Things will progress nicely. Once he gets over the shock, he will be desperate to try and stop what is happening to him. Doctor Strong will see him today."

"Today?"

"She and I have worked together on more than a few cases. It's one of her... pleasures."

Lou wiped the last of his tears away with the back of his hand. Rubbed his eyes. He could feel the soft flesh of his new breasts move whenever he did. He'd put on a t-shirt and a baggy sweatshirt. Get it together, he thought. It's correctable. Just like the rest of all this. The doctor...

The thought brought back vivid images from his dream... vivid feelings... he shook his head, willing them from his mind, even as he felt his nipples tingle at the memories.

His cell rang. Shelly. He started to put it back down, let it go to voicemail... but he felt so lonely, and she was so great to talk to. "Yeah?" He said, his voice still thick with tears.

"How did your appointment go?"

"Fine," he lied.

"You don't sound good," she said, her voice full of concern for him.

There it was, Lou thought warmly. Why he needed her. "I'm fine. Great."

"We still on for tonight?"

"Yeah. I need to see you."

"Me, too."

It would be tricky dealing with Melissa, but he had to see Shelly. It was as simple as that. "See you tonight."

"Love you."

"Yup."

## VIII

Diana Strong strode into the room like a Greek goddess-- six feet tall, broad shouldered and long limbed, she had piercing green eyes and a square chin. "Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter."

Glancing at Lou sitting there in the blue paper gown the nurse had had him put on, Melissa could see that he was intimidated right away, especially in his current condition.

"Thanks for seeing us on such short notice."

"I have the file from Dr. Carmen. You'd like to arrange for a mastectomy."

"Yes, that's right," Lou said softly.

"Have you experienced any other symptoms other than your period?"

"Isn't that enough?" Lou said with a chuckle.

Doctor Strong stared at him. "You didn't answer my question."

"No," Lou said, crossing his arms over his chest.

"No?"

"Doctor," Melissa said.

"It's not important," Lou snapped at her.

"You've developed breasts, haven't you?" Strong said.

"Small ones," Lou said.

"Your body is swimming in estrogen now," Strong said. "It's perfectly natural, and if you didn't have breasts I would be concerned."

"Well, they, it happened..."

"Take off your gown and t-shirt. I need to perform a breast exam."

"Why?" Lou answered, arms still across his chest.

"Lou," Doctor Strong said, patting him on the thigh, "if you want me to be your gynecologist, if you want me to arrange the mastectomy, you need to trust me."

"I just don't see..."

"Take off your top."

Rolling his eyes, Lou took off the gown, and then pulled his t-shirt over his head, allowing his young breasts to bob free, nipples starting to tighten in the cold examination room air almost immediately. His face went beet again.

The doctor began gently feeling his breasts. Melissa watched. It was half exam, half-fondling . As she was cupped one of his breasts and teased his nipple, one of the young little nurses walked in. Lou raised his arms defensively to cover his breasts, but a Strong stopped him with a stern glance. "Renee, I need measurements of Lou's breasts and other salient features of his figure."

"Yes, doctor."

"Doctor Strong," Lou said, his voice cracking. "I really don't want..."

"Trust? Lou? You do want your mastectomy?"

Lou huffed and went silent.

Doctor Strong pinched one of Lou's nipples. He yelped, and the three women watched as he plunged his hands down to try and hide his sudden erection.

"A perfectly natural reaction," Strong said in an offhand, clinical manner.

"Raise your arms," Renee said. Lou lifted his arms in the air, and Renee circled his chest with the tape measure, then proceeded to measure his waist, hips, biceps and wrists, calling off the numbers to the doctor, who noted them in a file.

Renee sat as the doctor resumed her examination of Lou's breasts, watching with a bemused look on her face.

"More?" He said.

"It usually takes this long," Melissa lied.

While still caressing his breasts, Doctor Strong talked. "Your breasts are very healthy. Firm and soft. Very sensitive, as you have noticed. Before we can move ahead with your surgery, you will need to see my colleague, Doctor Chalker."

"What does he do?"

"*She* is a psychotherapist."

"I don't understand."

"We have to make certain that you are ready emotionally for a procedure. My receptionist will make all the arrangements."

Lou sat there, bare-breasted, struggling with his thoughts and emotions, humiliation, shame, the strange and embarrassing pleasures coursing through his body. The three women looking at him there. He wanted to feel angry, but all he could manage was despair, and then he started to cry.

"Oh, sweetie," Doctor Strong said, suddenly adopting a soft tone and taking Lou's hand. She gave Melissa a wink.

"It's okay," Renee said, handing Lou a tissue. "Go ahead. Cry. You'll feel better."

Melissa gave him a hug and a kiss on the cheek. "I'll be here for you, dear. The whole way through."

Lou wiped his tears. "I don't know what's wrong with me..." he said. "I seem to cry all the time now... I'm happy one minute... sad.... Why? What's wrong?"

"It's all perfectly normal for someone in your condition," Doctor Strong said.

"Yeah, we understand," Renee said, "We all went through the same thing."

"The same thing?"

Doctor Strong smiled. "Puberty."

Then she put her finger under Lou's chin and lifted his head. Taking his hands, she looked him in the eyes and said, "Trust, Lou. Trust. That's what this is all about. Do you trust me, sweetie?"

And, looking into her eyes, Lou smiled, as he realized that, yes, he did trust her. He did. And somehow he knew that if he just did what she said, everything would be fine.



## IX

He met Shelly for dinner. He had to. Needed to talk to her. He couldn't tell her, he had to tell her. He was quiet all through dinner. Distracted. He walked her to her car. He wouldn't tell her. Couldn't. They kissed. She felt the ace bandage he had wrapped around his chest to hide his breasts. She wanted to know. He needed to tell her. He sat in her car for an hour, tears and the story pouring out of him.

When he was finished, Shelly sat there in stunned amazement. He looked at her, afraid. "So, do you want to leave me now?" He said.

Shelly shook her head. "I love you more than ever."

They hugged. Shelly started to unbutton his shirt.

"Not here," he said.

Shelly kept going. "Shelly..." he took her hand, but she stared into his eyes, pushed him back against the car door. He surrendered. Lay back and watched as she slowly unwound the bandage, his arms raised, hands on the top of his head. Shelly slowly, gently unwound the bandage until his soft breasts swayed free. She let her eyes play over them, then leaned in and whispered, "You're beautiful," before putting her palms on his soft breasts, caressing them. He arched his back, tilted his head back and offered his neck. She attacked with hot kisses, and Lou sighed softly, moaned as her kiss moved down, down between his breasts, and then found his nipple, her mouth hot and wet as she sucked, and Lou gasped, again, sighed and whispered "Oh. My. God."

"Doctor Strong is a master," Tatiana agreed. "She does good work. It's the inevitable result of experience, talent and passion."

"She reduced him to a girl," Melissa said. "Right there in her office. And he thanked her for it.

"Where's he now?"

"Off with his slut. He's such a little tramp. Probably showing her his tits right now."

"I put a spell on Shelly. She will be useful to us."

"Shelly?" The thought pleased Melissa. "What did you do?"

"She's going to be totally turned on by what's happening to him. Ravenous. But she will want him to be the fem in their relationship."

"You mean?"

"Yes, I do."

Melissa pictured Lou in make-up, in a little black dress, clinging to Shelly's arm. "Tatiana," she said. "I believe you deserve a bonus."

X

Things settled down for a couple weeks. Lou was nervous and insecure when he went back to work, but he found it easy to hide his breasts, and Shelly was there, which made him feel safe. He could always count on her support. And Melissa had been super-supportive as well. He felt uncomfortable around Sam, and did his best to hide things, but Sam was a smart kid and knew something was up. She kept smirking, giving him little, knowing smiles. He had to be extra careful.

He did wish that he could get on with the surgery, but it would come soon enough. His night with Shelly had restored his confidence in his sexuality. Boobs... ovaries... he was still attracted to women, and if images and

feelings from that dream popped into his head sometimes, he just replaced them with images of Shelly's body.

He had an appointment with Chalker on Friday, and a Saturday afternoon at Shelly's apartment. Things were looking up.

Getting ready in the morning, Lou ran a brush through his hair and looked at his face. His skin looked great. Better than it ever had. And one good thing that had come from all this was that he didn't need to shave anymore. He tightened his tie. His clothes were all a little too big, and the collar on this shirt wasn't tight enough for him to get a good, tight tie. His neck had become a little more slender. I must be losing weight, he thought. Just another plus of my situation!

"You need to explore your feminine side," Doctor Chalker said as soon as Lou sat down. She was a small woman, with bright red hair, and dark eyes.

"Excuse me?"

"You played sports as a boy. Went camping with your father in the Boy Scouts. You rough-housed and enjoyed hunting and fishing."

"Yeah. I was a normal boy in other words."

"But you have a womb, Lou. You were also a girl, and you never explored that aspect of your biology."

Lou felt himself getting angry. "This is nuts. What was I supposed to do? Play with dolls?"

"No, of course not, but we must explore those parts of you which were neglected when you were a child. That is, unless you have decided you don't want your mastectomy."

Lou sighed. Doctor Strong had told him he needed the therapy. He would have to play along. "Tell me what I need to do."

"Be here an hour early next week. We will explore your feminine side here, in the safety of my office. My assistant Jennifer will help you dress in female attire for the sessions."

"You want me to come to the sessions in drag?"

"No. I want you to come to the sessions in appropriate attire for a woman."

"Nobody knows?"

"No one else."

"That it?"

"And read this book." She handed him an old paperback. He looked at the title: Are you there God? It's me. Margaret.

Lou took the book and sighed. "What else?"

"Sit back and relax," Doctor Chalker said, "and tell me about your mother."

And he did.

## XI

Things got strange with Shelly.

Lou sat while Shelly painted his lips with a dark red lipstick. He was wearing a red, lace bra, panties and garters. With Chalker's words in his head, he had only put up token resistance. Besides, it had clearly been important to Shelly, and as she dressed him and primed him, he could see her getting more and more excited. He was missing Michigan-Ohio State for this, but he just kept thinking about the sex while Shelly worked, chatting a lot of pretty nothings he barely paid any attention to. Finally, a long blonde wig and a red gown that reached almost to the floor but highlighted his cleavage. She made him stand in front of her mirror when she was done, and he looked at himself and laughed. "I look like Benny Hill," he said.

Shelly playfully slapped at his shoulder. "I love the way you look," she said, and taking his hand, she led him to the dining room. This is going to be worth it, he thought. Very worth it.

Shelly had pulled all the curtains, and they ate by candlelight, sipping wine. Lou was tense, felt ridiculous, but Shelly was amazing. He laughed and clapped as she told stories and jokes, the wine going to his head, and they got lost in each other's eyes. Finally, they held each other and danced, swaying to gentle music, and when Shelly slipped Lou's dress from his shoulders and let it pool at his feet, he stood there, eyes lowered, as she looked over his body, and then she lay him down and made him see stars.

The next week brought good and bad news. His breasts grew noticeably bigger. They must have been growing all along, he figured, but he noticed now. They were no longer the little boobs he'd gotten used to, found so easy to hide, but were now rounder and heavier, more like those of a woman. At the same time, the rest of his body was changing, too, something that was confirmed when he stopped by Strong's office and Renee did his measurements. His hips were wider, and the rest of his was getting smaller. It bothered but didn't surprise him. Hormones, he thought. Hormones.

He and Melissa talked about God, it's me, Margaret. He didn't know it had been her favorite book as a child and was comfortable enough with her and his condition that he admitted it helped him deal with many of his own feelings about his period and the other changes he'd been experiencing.

The good news was he'd been expecting his second period. He ruefully put on his maxi pads, stocked up his briefcase, but nothing had happened. No cramps. No flow. No moods.

The day past. The next.

"So, nothing?" Melissa asked. "No cramps... no bloating?"

"Nope," he said, taking off his work shirt with a grin. "Not a thing."

"How are your boobs?"

"What do you mean?" He was unwrapping them as she asked, and free of the ace bandage they swayed freely from his chest.

"Unusually sensitive? Swollen?"

Lou shrugged, looking down at his swaying breasts. "Well, they seem to be getting bigger all the time, but no. Maybe I'm cured."

"Maybe you're pregnant?"

“Haha,” Lou said, putting his hands at his lower back and stretching, pulling his shoulders back and sending his breasts forward. “God, I don’t know how you can stand having these things.” He playfully started to a kind of awkward hula, sending his boobs bouncing and swaying. “I feel like a cow....”

And then he turned and saw his stepdaughter, Sam, standing in the bedroom doorway, her mouth wide open. “Oh. My. God,” she said, staring at his boobs. “Tits!”

Lou crossed his shrinking arms across his chest and lifted one knee defensively. “Sam!”

“Tits,” Sam repeated. “My dad has tits!”

“Get out of here,” Lou screamed.

Sam turned, started to leave, then turned back and giggled. “You have tits,” she said. “Oh my God, I can’t wait to post it to Facebook.” And then she bolted.

“No,” Lou shrieked and, one arm across his boobs and the other held out awkwardly to the side, raced after her, while Melissa followed behind, stopping only to grab a hot pink tank top.

She found Lou and Sam playing tug of war with Sam’s laptop, Sam with one arm still defiantly over his breasts, looking as silly and girly as could be. “Stop it,” Melissa shouted, and they both froze as Melissa stepped forward, took the laptop and handed Lou the tank top. “Put this on,” she said to him, adding, “You sit down,” to Sam.

Lou started to object, but one angry look from his wife and he turned his back to them and slipped the tank top over his head, pulling it down and wiggling as he got it down over his breasts. “Now let’s talk.”

Lou turned, the tank top tight against his breasts, the outline of his nipples clear through the thin fabric, and the three of them sat down on the bed, crossed legged. “Sam, your father has something to tell you.”

“Mel,” he said...

“Lou, she has a right to know.”

Lou looked down and took a deep breath, causing his breasts to heave. Melissa and Sam exchanged a wink.

“It’s okay,” Sam said in a soft voice. “You can tell me. I won’t put it on Facebook.”

“About a month ago,” Lou said, “I found out that I have, was born with, the same stuff as girls have.”

“Stuff?”

“I have ovaries and a womb,” he said, struggling to say each word out loud. “Just like...”

“Me?”

“Yes.”

“But, how come you just figured that out now?”

Lou glanced at Melissa. She patted him on the shoulder. “She should know.”

“Well, for one thing, I have experienced changes to my body,” and he gestured awkwardly at his breasts.

“And for another?”

Lou covered his face. “I had my first period.” And then he sobbed, deep, shoulder shaking sobs as Sam and Melissa hugged him.

“Oh sweetie,” Melissa said. “It’ll be okay.”

“Oh, don’t cry, daddy,” Sam said. “Don’t cry. I still love you even if you are turning into a... girl.”



“Well, but maybe I’m not!” He said, his mood suddenly shifting. “I mean, it could have been just a phase or something!”

“I don’t know,” Mel said. “It seems like more...”

“Well, let’s hope for the best,” Sam said.

Lou wiped his tears with the back of his hand. “Yes, let’s.” And he reached out and took each of their hands, forming a little circle, the three of them sitting cross-legged on the bed. “Let’s hope for the best.” He was conscious of how girly it seemed, but he didn’t care. Because he’d skipped his period, and maybe, just maybe, he would be a normal man again.

## XII

The mood swings continued all night. The girls had gone downstairs to watch *The Bachelor*, and he'd gone down to the basement, his classic man cave with beer lights, a pool table and flat screen television, and he'd tried to shoot some pool, but the weight and sway of his blossoming breasts threw off his game and made him self-conscious and awkward. His mind was in turmoil. It was good Sam knew, he felt she'd been surprisingly understanding... and she wouldn't tell anyone... then, panic would strike. Oh my god... she'll tell all her friends, and they'll tell their parents... and everyone... EVERYONE will know about my period! But no. No. Don't get hysterical... she'll keep it a secret... probably... never!

Grabbing a beer from the mini-fridge, he sat down on the couch and flipped on the TV. Basketball. Sipping the beer he tried to focus on the game, forget about what happened for a time... relax... he took deep breaths, sipped his beer... the Laker Girls stormed the court in their little skirts and sports bras, kicking and shaking, and he thought "Great legs, but I have bigger boobs..."

And tears. Again. Because-- I have bigger boobs?

Upstairs. Bedtime. Melissa was in bed reading one of her romance novels. On the cover-- a pirate tearing the blouse from a busty blonde. Mel looked over the top of the book. "You okay?"

"Yeah," he said, not wanting to talk about it. Needing to talk about it.

"I think it took a lot of courage for you to tell Sam."

"It wasn't easy."

"She handled it well."

"Yeah, but I have to admit... oh, never mind."

“What?”

“Nothing. No.”

“Lou, you need to talk about these things.”

“Well, I’d be lying if I didn’t admit I am terrified she’s going to tell everyone. Tweet it all over the place. My stepdad has boobs!”

“I don’t think she will.”

“If she does?”

“She won’t.”

“You seem pretty sure”

“I am.” She reached over and caressed his smooth cheek. Brushed the hair back from his face. He took her hand, kissed her on the wrist.

Then Melissa reached up and gave his breast a squeeze, and he sighed prettily.

She climbed on top, pushing his t-shirt up and over his boobs, and then squeezed them both, leaning in to kiss him at the same time. He threw his shoulders back, pushing his breasts out and arching his back, mysterious pleasures surging through his changing body as his wife took control and led him sweetly and gently toward his climax.

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His dreams were full of pirates and danger, corsets and bodices, and he was pretty and small and weak and powerless in the arms of the dark, powerful men who wanted him and took him and made him glad he was a woman.

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## XIII

He arrived an hour early for his second appointment with Dr. Chalker, as requested. He was nervous and embarrassed to have Chalker's assistant, Jennifer, a young attractive girl of maybe 19, dress him, but things had become so confusing for him he no longer doubted that he needed therapy. And so, he smiled and tried to be as friendly as he could. Jennifer was sweet and supportive. She handed him a garment bag and said, "you can dress in the spare office. If you need any help, let me know."

In the bag he found clothes for a girl. Pink cotton panties with little white hearts and a matching bra. A white and pink pleated skirt and a white blouse with puffy sleeves and a sharp pink Peter Pan Collar. He ruefully slipped into all of the items before pulling on the knee length white stockings with little pink bows and the black patent leather girl's shoes. Then, he sat down and looked at his hands on his pink skirted thighs, felt the bra tight on his breasts and thought—why are you doing this? Dressing like this? And he thought of his wife, and Dr. Chalker, and especially Dr. Diana Strong. She would never approve his surgery unless he went through the therapy... Jennifer would laugh when she saw him. Chalker would laugh...

Why me? Why did this have to happen to me?

Okay, he thought. Fine. This is what I have to do. Fine. I'll be a man, do what I have to do, because this needs to stop.

And so he took a deep breath, stood up and opened the door.

"How do you feel," Jennifer asked as he stepped out into the hall in his little pink outfit, her face filled compassion.

"Embarrassed," he answered, blushing.

She chuckled him on the shoulder. "I'm proud of you," she said. "I think you just showed a lot of courage."

He walked bashfully into Dr. Chalker's office. She was looking at a file, and he stood nervously, shifting from foot to foot waiting for her to look. When she looked up she gave him a big smile. "I'm so very proud of you," she said.

She led him to a full-length mirror and had him look at himself.

"How do you feel?"

"Ridiculous," he answered.

"And?"

"Silly."

"And?"

"Embarrassed... what do you want me to say?"

"Tell me how the girl in you feels?"

"I don't know."

"Yes, you do."

He hung his head and whispered, "pretty."

"Good," Dr. Chalker said. "Good. Sit down, and let's begin."

"Oh, um, by the way, I don't know if it matters, but I didn't have my period this time."

"How many days since your last period, sweetie?"

"I think... well, 32 now."

"Call Dr. Landry and make an appointment. My, now, your breasts are getting quite large, young lady. How does that make you feel?"

Lou looked away, blushing. "I dunno."

Melissa finished telling Tatiana about all that had happened. “He’s already the girliest one in the house,” she said as she finished. “Is that the spell?”

“Partially. But remember he is a man who is now experiencing all the emotional turmoil of a 12-year-old girl. In addition, he is the victim of his own sexist beliefs about women.”

“I don’t follow.”

“He believes women are weak and hysterical and prone to fits of tears.

“Of course. He will not be a mature, capable woman, but his own fantasy of a woman.”

“Perfect.”

“Any ideas for his next series of dream fantasies?”

“I don’t know... I’ve been trying to decide.”

“May I suggest something?”

“Yes.”

“Reprogramming can be especially efficacious when it involves rescripting his childhood. Did he play sports?”

“Yes... we met in college, but football and basketball. He always talked about what a great high-school athlete he was.”

“Good. Then let him dream now he was a cheerleader. Do you have any of his high-school yearbooks?”

“Yes... somewhere... the basement.”

“And arrange for him to spend some quality alone time with Sam. I think it will be helpful if she also pushes him further into adolescent feminine speech and mannerisms. Any requests in terms of the continued physical changes?”

“Let’s give him girl arms when he has his next period. I want him to have slender, tiny little girl arms with slender wrists and dainty little hands.”

“And the rest continues to proceed gradually?”

“For now.”

“Good. We’ll coincide his loss of strength with his new set of fantasies, then.”

## XIV

Lou got through the week. It was getting harder. He dreamt every night that he was a woman, that he was pursued and captured by men, and that they forced him to have the most amazing, sweaty sex he could imagine in positions that made him blush with shame when he woke up. And his new... desires were creeping into his daytime life, as he’d be standing in line at Starbucks, looking at the latte boy, and suddenly the thought would pop in his head- I wonder what it would be like to kiss him?

He saw a guy jogging in tights one day, and a chill of pleasure shot through his body at the sight of the powerful legs, and the bulge in the man’s pants made him blush as he felt his nipples tighten inside the ace bandage wrapped around his boobs.

It didn’t help, he figured, that Dr. Chalker now had him reading Twilight as well as Cosmo and Mademoiselle, and that both his wife and mistress now had him on his back as they made love to him, and everyone knew who the girl was now.

But he fought, as hard as he could, to remember who he was and what he was, and when he started to have his “girl thoughts” he would breathe deeply and repeat the phrase “I’m a man. I’m a man. I’m a man.” Over and

over. And when memories of his dreams came back, of his small, slender body pressed up against some strange man's rock hard muscles, or of him, screaming with pleasure as a man thrust... he would substitute, thinking of Nascar, or football, or for some reason, pickle jars, and force those wild memories from his mind.

And just as he felt that despite all the changes, despite the daily and constant reminder of his blossoming breasts and smooth chin, he was winning, getting back to himself, and that soon this would all be over, he had another period. This time he and Melissa and Sam had gone out for dinner. Everyone had been kind of cranky and sour, and Mel had suggested it as a way to "break out of the doldrums."

He'd felt it himself—achy and sore, and distracted, with a kind of buzzing headache that wouldn't go away. "Wear your white shorts," Mel had said as he slipped into a pair of his old jeans that hung baggy and loose on his shrinking frame, but tight in the butt.

"These jeans are okay."

"White shorts," she said. "Those jeans are ridiculous."

"WHAT-evs," he said, sounding like their teen-age daughter, and Mel smiled.

He slipped into the shorts and looked at himself in the mirror. "You sure?"

Mel walked up behind him and gave his rounded, girlish behind a squeeze at the same time she kissed him on the cheek. "You look sexy as hell. Yes, I am sure."

The shorts came down to his knees, but they were thin cut and hugged his thighs. He felt the shorts made his legs look rounded, like a woman's,



and for that matter they almost seemed to emphasize his still slender but ever more curvy hips. “Don’t they look a little girly?”

“They look great. Gosh! Look at you! You’re getting just as fussy and style conscious as any girl!”

"Har, har."

And so, of course, as they sat at TGIF and nibbled on the oysters they’d gotten to share as an appetizer, he felt a painful cramp, and then a shocked flood of shame as his menstrual flow began. He squeezed his legs together and looking down, saw a dark stain appear on the crotch of his pants.

“What?” Mel said.

“Are you okay?” Sam echoed, both of the girls feeling very proud of their acting.

“Nothing... nothing...” and then another cramp, and he put his hand to his side as more sticky warmth flowed between his legs.

“I’ll call the waitress...”

“No!” Lou hissed, grabbing her hand. “I just ...” He glanced around, desperately afraid someone at an adjoining table would hear. “I just... had a cramp.”

Mel and Sam nodded.

“Oh, sweetie,” Mel said.

“Daddy.”

“Let’s not make a scene.”

Mel and Sam both picked up their purses. “Do you need to use the little boy’s room?” Mel asked.

“Freshen up?” Sam chimed in.

“I can’t.... my pants....”

“Oh, no.”

Mel slipped the pink sweater off her shoulders. It was always too cold in these chain restaurants! And she handed it under the table to Lou. “Tie this around your waist to hide the spot.”

Lou’s face burnt red, and he fought to control the flood of tears he felt building behind his eyes. His lip trembled. I’m a man, he thought. I’m a man. I’m a man.

Sam, his stepdaughter, patted him on the knee. “Don’t cry,” she whispered. “It’ll be okay. Don’t cry.”

And the tears rolled down his cheeks as he repeated, more and more weakly, “I’m a man. I’m a man... I’m *a man*?”

The night that followed shattered him. Back home, he was inconsolable. He’d had another period. They hadn’t stopped. And it had been in public. Again. He would never forget the two girls sitting there, with their purses in their laps, earnestly offering to give him some feminine protection he could slip off to the restroom and “freshen up” with... just like he was another girl, one of them, a female.

He’d gone down to the mancave wearing sweatpants and a sweatshirt, feeling gross and fat and dirty and ashamed. And feeling the tampon he now had firmly at his groin. He threw himself on the couch and punched the pillow furiously before rolling onto his back and crying himself to sleep, trying not to think about what dreams would come and in what positions he would find himself this time.

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But... in his dream he was a boy! The night of the second round of the state playoffs, and he was back in his young, hard, male body, geared up and ready to lead the team to victory. That night he threw three touchdown passes, the last with time running out, to win the game by one point! It was like a waking dream, or a dream where he knew he was dreaming both experiencing the memories and watching himself experience them in kind of gauzy haze... the shouts from the crowd, the referee's whistle, the thunk as the other team's kicker launched the ball into the air and the game began...

And then the team trotted to the line of scrimmage. They were on the seven yard line... this is where I throw the first touchdown pass, he thought, smiling, looking over the other team's defense, seeing the outside technique, knowing the slant would be open...

He dropped back and threw the ball... right into the hands of the other team's linebacker.

But no, he thought. That's not what happened.

The team turned away and jogged off the field. He stood there, confused, and then ran over to the sidelines where the coach grabbed his facemask and said, "put this on."

He looked down. The coach was holding a little pleated skirt in red and blue, the team colors, the same as the cheerleaders.

"Yes, coach," he said.

He slipped into his skirt, the cool fall air swirling around his long, smooth rounded legs. He could hear the girls cheering and fought the urge to join them. I'm a boy... he thought... I'm a boy... I'll redeem myself and get to be a boy again.

The other team scored. 7-0. On the next possession he fumbled the ball, the other team recovered and now led 14-0...

But this isn't the way it happened, he thought. It's not!

He did a backflip and then pranced off the field shouting "Go Defense!"

On the sidelines, looking up at the coach, Lou realized he'd gotten shorter. He tugged bashfully on the hem of his skirt and said, "I'm sorry."

"Don't cry," Coach said, "you just need some support is all."

And he handed Lou a bra.

Lou became aware of the full breasts pushing out the front of his Jersey. "Oh! I guess I forgot."

He found himself back in the game, now dressed fully as a cheerleader. The team gathered around him, and he nervously brushed the bangs from his eyes.

"What's the play?" Mike Smith asked.

"The play?" Lou squeaked in a high-pitched voice. He couldn't remember the play, or any plays. "Um, let's do the one where I... throw a sash?"

"A pass, you mean?"

All the guys laughed.

"Yeah!"

"Okay, cutey pie," Mike said, and reaching under Lou's skirt gave his soft round behind a pinch.

Lou squealed. "Save those big strong hands for after the game, big guy."

"Just pass me the sash," Mike said, and all the boys laughed again.

Lou, watching herself, was livid. He pranced up to the line in his little skirt and shook his boobs at the other team. Then giggled.

No, he thought. No. Stop. You're a guy... a man... a freaking athlete and a hero...

But there he was, his mouth painted a pretty, bubblegum pink, a paw painted on his cheek, his long blonde hair in a ponytail, leaning down to take the snap. "Um... give me the ball!" He said, and all the guys laughed as the center shoved the rough football into Lou's soft, pretty little hands.

Looking up, he saw a confusion of guys all around him, but he was too short to see over the lineman, and he could hear people yelling throw it! Throw it! So he ran left, then right, then left... and finally, as three huge guys from the other team rushed towards him, he shrieked "ohmahgahd" in fright and using both hands threw the ball straight up in the air, granny style.

One of the other team's players grabbed the ball in the air and ran it back to score... what were they called again?

Lou stood blushing prettily, his knees together, hands on his cheeks. The whole team stood there looking at him. "Um.... Sorry?" He said. "I mean, I am just a girl."

And they all laughed, and then a boy behind him said, "we forgive you because you have such great tits."

Lou turned. It was Melissa, but she was tall and broad shouldered, dressed in uniform with a slight stubble on her cheek. She walked up, took Lou in her arms and leaning him back, kissed him.

The crowd cheered.

"Now run that pretty little behind of yours over to the rest of the cheerleaders while I save the day."

"Kay," he said, eyes wide with feminine appreciation, his slender little body tingling from the kiss "Good luck!"

"Oh my God," he squealed as her ran to join the other girls and was welcomed with hugs and sisterly kisses. "Football is hard!"

“Better stick with girl things,” Cassie, a girl he had made out with many times said.

“You wouldn’t make much of a boy!” Melissa laughed.

“I am glad I am a girl,” Lou said, fixing his ponytail. “I’ll leave boy things to the boys from now on!”

And picking up his pon pons, he started to cheer.

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He woke the next morning on the couch. He’d slipped out of his shirt and was tangled in the sheets, his breasts heavy on his chest, the feeling of the tampon between his legs. He was sweaty and sticky and felt emotionally and physically sick. Images from the dream flickered through his mind... and he fought to remember high school as it had happened, but he kept seeing himself as a small, busty blonde girl...at his locker, checking his make-up... kissing boys...

No... no... no... I am a man!

He rubbed his face... pushed himself to a seated position, and then felt another cramp as his menstrual cycle continued.

He showered. Slipped a clean tampon between his legs, bandaged up his blossoming breasts and slipped on a pair of jeans and a t-shirt. Something didn’t seem right, but his mind was cottony, and he kept thinking about his dream and struggling to remember high-school as a boy... and he couldn’t quite place what was off about him today...

“Probably just my period.”

He had his appointment with Dr. Strong, and he resolved to push, demand, beg, plead for surgery. This had to stop.

Upstairs he found Mel and Sam at the table in the kitchen eating cereal. He met Mel's eyes for a moment—an image of her, big and strong and male rushed into his mind, and he saw himself slipping out of his bra and offering her his slender body, and he dropped his eyes and flushed.

“Good morning,” Mel said.

“Morn,” Sam added.

Like everything was normal. He thought of the scene in the restaurant, tiredly found a box of Raisin Bran and a bowl.

At the table, Mel was trying to open a jar of Midol. She handed it to him. “A little help?”

“Sure,” he said with a small smile, and strained to open it. “For me?” And again. It was really tight.

“No, for me.”

Hmmmnnnn...

“Lou... your arms...”

“What?”

He looked and noticed. His wrists were impossible slender, and his forearms... tiny, rounded and hairless... smooth... and then he stared at his small, white hand, a little hand just like the one he remembered having as a girl...

“What the hell?”

Sam took the bottle of Midol from him, and he glanced up as she easily twisted open the lid, taking two of the pills and swallowing them before handing the bottle to Mel.

Lou looked back at his dainty little hands... his slender wrists... this would be impossible to hide at work, and besides...

“You’ve lost a lot of muscle,” Mel said, taking a couple Midol herself and handing the jar back to Lou.

“You have, like, girl arms... sexy girl arms... but girl arms” Sam said.

Lou looked back and forth between the two women, suddenly feeling very vulnerable and insecure. “I really need a doctor.”

He took his Midol and poured himself some cereal.

“Do you need help lifting the spoon?” Sam said.

“Sam!” Mel said. “Be nice.”

Lou just focused on his cereal, and the two women exchanged a smile.

“I’m going to change into a long-sleeved shirt,” Lou said when he was done.

“I don’t blame you,” Sam said. “Or maybe a blouse.”



## XV

Lou sat on the examining table, his slender arms crossed beneath his full breasts. Both Mel and Sam were in the room, at Dr. Strong's insistence, as was the doctor's pretty young nurse. "Normal?"

"Yes. Of course. Your estrogen will cause you to lose muscle and have a smaller, daintier upper body. Females have less upper-body strength than males, after all."

"I don't understand, though, I mean, I didn't have my period for a couple weeks, and then it's all like, here, and my arms are like, gone, it just seems cray, cray."

"You missed your regular period?"

"Yeah."

"Melissa, are you having your period now?"

"Yes," Melissa said.

"Me, too," Sam answered.

"Oh, dear," Dr. Strong said, looking at Lou with a knowing, mischievous glint in her eyes.

"What?" Lou said.

"Oooooohhhh," Sam said.

"I can't believe I didn't... of course."

"What is it?" Lou said, annoyed at whatever little secret the women had figured out.

"It's kinda cute," the nurse said.

"Right?" Sam answered.

"WHAT?"

“Lou, when a group of females lives together, their menstrual cycles will synch.”

“A group of females... but...?”

“A group of females.”

“I’ve heard of that, but I’m not...”

“Lou, your body considers itself female now. And so, it synched to the dominant female in the house.”

“But wouldn’t I....?”

“Be the dominant female?”

“Well, be the dominant...”

“Oh, Lou,” Dr. Strong said, taking his little hand in one of her own, while brushing his soft cheek with the other. “Developmentally, you are a 12-year-old girl right now.”

It was quiet as Lou let the information sink in, breathing deeply, trying to remain calm.

“Doesn’t that mean that he’s, like, my little sister now?” Sam said.

“Shut up!” Lou said.

“You shut up!”

“Knock it off. Both of you,” Mel said, and the two sulked.

“Okay, Lou, slip out of the gown and let me do your breast exam.”

Lou slipped out of the gown and sat there. Mel felt a thrill as she saw him there, saw how womanly his body was becoming now with those slender, pretty arms, full, round, swaying breasts, smooth slender shoulders and a definite hourglass shape from his smooth, flat tummy to his slender waist.

He’d been acting more and more like a girl...and she had savored the look on his face when Dr. Strong had told him that his wife was now the dominant one in their relationship, that he was a 12-year old girl...

Not much longer... she thought... old sexist, lying, cheating Lou was losing the battle and becoming his own cartoon caricature of a woman... and she loved how much he hated it. Soon, very soon, he would have his very own vagina.

Lou knew, they all knew, everything had changed. He'd eventually broken down and begged Dr. Strong to do SOMETHING.... ANYTHING... to stop what was happening... he'd demanded, shrieked and then cried... but Dr. Strong had just done what she always did... calmed him... controlled him... made him agree that she knew best, and that he had to trust her and do what he was told...

In the car, he rode in the backseat while his stepdaughter, Sam, drove with Mel in the passenger seat... he felt hyper aware of his small arms... Sam easily opening the jar he's found impossible... 12-year old girl... little sister...

Lou spent the rest of the day down in his man cave, sulking, new realities and feelings working their way through his unconscious. Finally, he decided he might as well just get to doing his homework, so he picked up the second book in *The Twilight Series* and began reading, sure that Dr. Chalker would quiz him on it at their next session.

It became cheerleader week for Lou. He dreamt each night of being a cheerleader in high-school, middle-school, as a little girl at Pop Warner games... his dreams were filled with kicks and splits and dance routines... and of course, boys! He was always kissing boys, chasing boys... And anytime he dreamt of an event from his youth where he started as a boy, he invariably found himself in skirts and dresses, with ribbons in his air and gloss on his lips... at dances and proms he now found himself pretty and small and boy crazy... at all the football and basketball games he remembered he found himself on the sidelines in a little skirt, cheering on the boys, or else on the court in heels and dresses, playing cute and silly as he tried to be a boy and failed...

Dance classes and gymnastics...

His dreams bled into reality. When he arrived at Dr. Chalker's, Jennifer handed him a cheerleader outfit and when he came out, dressed and now with a long, blonde wig, her mouth fell open. "Your arms!"

"I know," he said. "I know."

His homework was to read *The Best Friend*, a girl's book about a high-school cheerleader, and then watch a movie about cheerleaders called *Bring It On*. After, he had to journal on each, make a collage of his feelings about them and then write a poem.

Finally, Friday night he was left to babysit Sam, his stepdaughter turned big sister. He was down in his man cave wearing a pair of his old shorts and a baggy t-shirt, he breasts swaying free, when Sam came down. He had Sports Center on but had had been having a hard time focusing.

"Mom says you have to watch *Bring It On* for homework," she said.

“Not now.”

“Yes, now,” Sam said.

Lou sighed as his daughter put the DVD into the machine, grabbed the control and plopped down on the couch next to him. “I’ll watch it with you.”

“Whatevs,” he said.

“God, your boobs are getting, like, humongulous.”

“I know... C cups...” he said.

Sam reached over and gave his nipple a pinch, sending a sharp stabbing of pain through his soft boob and making him hiss in pain.

“Ow! Stop!”

“Get me some pop, then.”

“No.”

She pinched his nipple again, harder, and he screeched “STOP!”

She twisted and he gasped in pain, “ow... ow...” he pushed and slapped at her, but she grabbed his tiny wrist and twisted his arm, pushing him down and twisting his nipple the opposite direction.

“Let go,” he said, knowing how weak and pathetic he sounded.

“Say, I’m your little sister.”

“No... ow! Ow! Stop!”

“I’m your little sister!”

“I’m your little sister,” he relented, wanting the pain and humiliation to stop. “I’m your little sister.”

Sam patted him on the cheek. “Good girl. Now get me a coke and make some popcorn.”

He stood up, blushing. “Okay.”

Sam watched as he walked over to the little kitchenette, his round, soft little behind swaying ever so slightly, his girly little arms held out to the

sides. She never had understood what her mother had seen in him, but she was going to have some fun with the cheating a-hole before he was through.

“After the movie, I have a surprise for you,” she said.

“What?”

“It won’t be a surprise if I tell you! Boy, you are dumb!”

“Have you seen this movie before?” He asked, hoping to change the conversation.

“Yeah. You’ll like it. Lots of girly stuff for you to learn.”

“Oh, kewl.”

“And, you will love this, too--- you have bigger boobs than any of the girls in the movie!”

“Oh, good, I guess,” he said, just wanting to agree with her so she wouldn’t hurt him anymore.

“You love having big breasts, don’t you, little sis?”

“Um... well...”

“Say it.”

“I love having big breasts.”

“Good girl!”

Popcorn done and drinks ready, he sat meekly on the couch and watched the film, doing his best to commit the details to memory and listening passively to Sam’s running commentary, agreeing and giggling when she made jokes.

When the movie was over, Sam stretched and looked at Lou with a big smile on her face.

“And now, little sister, we are going to play dress up!”

She grabbed his soft little hand in hers and dragged him upstairs, Lou offering only token resistance, but thinking, so? Another female in my life wants to put me in girl's clothes? What else is new?

But there was something new, or rather some things, as he soon found himself bullied into shaving his legs and his underarms. "But at work..."

"What? Are you going to wear a skirt to work?"

"No..."

"So, who'll see your legs?"

"Well, at the gym..."

"Then don't go to the gym..."

"Well, I wanted to try and get some of my strength back, and..."

"Shave," Sam said, pushing the razor into his hand. "NOW!"

With a huff, he spun on his heel and stomped into the bathroom.

You are a man... her father... tell he no! He thought, even as he spread the shaving cream on his legs. It's time to stand up to her! But then, he thought of her twisting his nipple, or how easily she over-powered him... what's the use? She would just beat him up, and he'd end up shaving his legs in the end...

Better just do what she says and spare myself the humiliation, he thought, and with a sigh, he started to shave his legs for the first time.

I'm a boy... he thought... I'm a boy... I'm a boy..."

"Good girl," Sam said as he stood before her, his arms raised over his head so she could see his smooth arm pits. "And your legs, too."

He was wearing a white lace bra with pink trim and little pink ribbons at the shoulders and between his breasts. Matching panties hugged his soft rounding, girlish hips.

"You did a great job."

“Thanks,” he chirped. “Can I put my arms down now?”

“Yes.”

He sat then in his bra and panties while Sam painted his face, giggling and laughing the whole time, telling him how pretty he was and chatting about *Bring it On*. It was a full-blown make-over, including long, false eyelashes and eye shadow, eyeliner, and wet pink lipstick.

“You look just like a girl!” Sam gushed, letting him see himself in the mirror.

And he did. His mouth fell open. “Ohmahgahd,” he said. He looked 20 years younger, and very feminine, his eyes wide and flashing beneath those thick, damp lashes, his lips full... his skin so... so... radiant... “I look...ummmmmm...”

“Sexy as hell, little sis!”

And then she handed him... a cheerleader uniform... or more a costume, really, a slutty cheerleader Halloween costume.

“Do you like it?”

“Um... well, it’s kinda slutty...”

“Right? Oh my God, you will look so amazing!”

“Um, I don’t know...”

“Well, I do, sweetie. Put it on.”

“Kay,” he said, forcing a smile. Sitting there in his bra and panties, having just let his daughter do his makeup, and looking into the mirror at his slender arms and full, round breasts, was there really any point in fighting at this point? He slipped a thumb under his bra strap and adjusted his bra, then stood and started toward the bathroom...

“No. I want to watch,” Sam whispered.

“Really?”



“Girls love to watch each other dress up, sis. It’s fun. Perfectly normal.”

Normal? He thought. I’m your father!

But he smiled instead and started to slip into his skirt. “No, the stockings have to go first.”

“What?”

She pointed to a pair of fishnet stockings on the bed. He felt his stomach turn. He’d always loved women in fishnets, found something so sexy and feminine about them... and now? He was going to wear them?

“Yes,” Sam said, reading his mind. “It’ll be fun.”

He stood in front of her full-length mirror perched on a set of heels, one hand on his hip and another at his neck buried beneath the thick blonde wig. “Chest out, butt back,” Sam said, again. He obliged and she snapped another picture.

“Now, both hands behind your head, and put your knees together like you have to pee... okay and smile....”

“What are you two up to?” Mel said.

Lou gasped and crossed his arms bashfully over his cleavage. “Mel...” he started, “I can...”

“We’re playing dress up.... She’s a slutty cheerleader!”

“I can see that.”

Lou froze, blushing beneath his make-up, feeling exposed in the tiny skirt and tight little top that, together with his bra, lifted his boobs and smooshed them together, giving him epic cleavage and making his boobs look even bigger.

Mel looked at him. At Sam. Back at Lou. Finally, she stepped forward, slipped an arm around Lou’s cinched waist and gave him a kiss. “Lou,” she said looking him in the eyes. “I am so proud of you.”

“Proud? Of me?”

“Yes. Proud of you.”

“He looks great, doesn’t he?” Sam said.

“Gorgeous! I am jealous of your rack!”

“I know! Right? He has the best boobs in the house!”

“In the whole city,” Mel said, taking his hand. “It’s so great you have the courage to explore this side of yourself,” Mel said, giving him a little peck on the cheek. “Most men wouldn’t have the balls to be their... girly selves.”

“Thanks?”

“Okay...” Mel said, “well, you two girls must be starving...”

“Let me change, first...” Lou said.

“Don’t be silly. The pizza will get cold.”

“But, I...”

“Come along, sweetie...”

And once again, Lou found himself being led by the hand, dragged along by a woman, this time carefully taking little steps in his high-heels, his whole body an awkward, wiggling, jiggling female S, his boobs out, his butt back, and free arm waving about as he struggled to maintain his balance.

Soon, he found himself reaching awkwardly up to get some plates down while Sam and Mel got silverware and glasses. When he turned and minced carefully over to the table, the plates held just beneath his swelling breasts, Mel just smiled and shook her head. “I can’t even believe how much like a woman you look now...” Mel said.

“And she’s sexy as hell, too.”

“My God, sweetie. You are gorgeous.”

Lou felt himself flushing, both ashamed and proud, confused, feeling sexy and also defeated. His wife and daughter, he noticed, were both

wearing jeans and t-shirts, tennis shoes, while he was in a skirt, heels and little top that left his flat, soft belly exposed. He carefully sat slipped into his seat, still unsure of how to move in heels and a skirt, and when he reached out for a slice of pizza, the little heart on the bracelet he now wore on his slender wrist flashed.

“You are a girl,” Mel said. “A girl.”

“Right?”

Lou sat there, not sure what to say, the pizza in his hand.

“My God. What should we call her?” Mel said to Sam.

“I’ve been thinking Dee, as in Dad-dy?”

“Hmnnnn...” She looked at Lou. Shook her head. “Something... prettier.”

“Well, she is a bit of a girly mcgirlyson, isn’t she?”

“Yes... OH! I know...” And she excitedly squeezed Sam’s hand.

“Tiffany!”

“Oh, yes! Yes! She is definitely a Tiffany!”

Lou just nibbled girlishly at his pizza and smiled.

“Do you like your new name, Tiffany?” Mel asked.

“Ummmm... like... whatevs,” he responded.

And Mel and Sam laughed, and then he giggled, and giggled, and his breasts bounced in his bra as he giggled, and a piece of pepperoni fell into the soft depths of his cleavage and he felt a wave of hysteria sweep over him and laughed and giggled and they all laughed and giggled... and then caught their breath and laughed some more, the soft, pretty laughter of women, all three.

After, they watched Dance Moms. Lou sat on the couch, knees together, feeling half naked and chilly with so much of his skin exposed. It reminded

him of how he felt always in his dreams anymore, and sitting there on the couch in his skirt, he realized that his life had become a kind of dream, his reality completely altered from what it had been only a couple months ago. Watching dance moms his mind flooded with more confused memories of himself taking ballet as a boy, then a girl, of leotards and aching feet... None of it was real. None of it had happened. And yet... it seemed more real now than what he thought were his real memories.

"Lou?"

He looked up to see Mel standing over him. She offered her hand.

"Bedtime."

Lou took his wife's hand, and she helped him to his feet, the two of them making their way blearily to their room. Once they closed the door, Lou started toward the closet to finally undress, but Mel pulled him close and kissed him.

"I want you," she said.

He kissed her back, feeling his nipples swell. "Kay. I'll change..."

"No," she said hoarsely. "I want you like this." She squeezed his breast and led him toward the bed. Lou felt a rush of passion, and eagerly let himself be pushed onto his back, the golden hair from his wig falling across his face.

They kissed, and Mel pushed his top down under his right breast, taking his nipple in her mouth and sucking and teasing it with her tongue while Lou took her other hand and began sucking on her fingers. They kissed and fondled and Lou at one point tried to roll on top, but Mel shoved him back onto his back and pinned his wrists leaving Lou flush with the thrill of being so helpless, staring into her hard eyes as she smiled down at him.

"I have a surprise for you," she said.

Lou felt suddenly nervous, a little scared.

Mel, seeing the fear in his eyes, smiled and pinched him on the hip. "Get on your knees."

"On my..."

"Do it."

Lou knew what was coming, he'd dreamt it many times, and so he got onto his hands and knees, a thrill running through his slender body as his breasts swayed beneath him, his butt up in the air. He felt Mel moving behind him, felt her pull down his panties. "No," he said, his voice trembling. "Mel, no."

"Be brave," she said, putting her hand on the small of his back.

I'm a man... he thought... I'm a man... I'm a man...

"Be brave," Mel repeated, and she moved forward.

Lou gasped in a high, pretty voice as she made him her woman. "Oh my God!"

Lou woke up the next day and pushed the blonde hair from his eyes. Mel was gone. He lay on his back, the sheets all tangled around his soft limbs, his body aching and sweaty, his panties still down around his knees. He pulled them up and stumbled to the bathroom. In the mirror he saw a girl, her make-up a testament to a night of rough sex, her breasts swaying, her blonde hair as tangled as her feelings.

He looked at himself and felt nothing. He thought about getting beaten up by his step-daughter and felt nothing. He thought about his wife, and her taking him, and he felt nothing. He reached up and pulled the wig off, setting it carefully on the counter, then put his little hands to his cheeks. The little golden heart on the bracelet circling his tiny wrist flashed.

"Well, Tiffany," he said, smirking. "At least you were a good lay."  
And with a sigh, Tiffany began to clean off her make-up.

## XVII

Insecurity. It now became Lou's constant companion. He didn't like being alone. He felt so weak and so vulnerable now, unable to defend himself from even a teenage girl. And he dreaded the world discovering his curvy, woman's body. He became aware that his speech had become more girlish, and each time he caught himself using an expression that made more sense coming from his daughter, he felt his chest grow tight with dread.

At work Monday, he sat in his car in the parking garage looking in the mirror and taking deep breaths. His breasts were bound as tightly as he could bind them, and his suit hung like a sack on his slender body, but his hands! He looked down at those little, delicate hands and hoped he could hide them. Somehow. He would keep them in his pockets, make fists, do whatever it took, but he could not allow anyone to see his hands.

Finally, he got out of the car, and headed toward the elevator, focusing intently on making sure he was walking like a man. He saw Carl Waugh and focusing intently on his speech, said "Good Morning, Carl," as flat and masculine as he could manage.

"Yup," Carl said. "For a shitty Monday."

Lou resisted the giggle that bubbled inside him. "You said it."

They got on the elevator and Lou sighed. Maybe he could pull this off after all. "Be a man," he thought to himself. "Be a man... be a man."

He made it through the day. The calls. The meetings. If he occasionally found himself wondering where Michelle got those shoes, or what it would

be like to kiss Danny, he just breathed and let the thoughts pass. In his office during a break after lunch, he gave Mel a call, just to hear her voice.

"How's it going, sweetie?" She said.

"Good. Great. I was really worried I wouldn't be able to, you know, like, hide it? But I think I am pulling it off."

"Pulling what off?"

"I mean, acting like nothing has changed?"

"Like you're still a man?"

"Um, well, I guess, yeah."

"Good girl! I am so proud of you!"

"Well, I meant, more like..."

"Listen, sweetie, I have to go. You keep it up, and I'll see you tonight."

"Kay."

Lou bit his lip. What Mel said had bothered him. Acting like a man? I mean, sorta, but it's not like I'm not...

He thought about Tiffany's face, the night after her first time, about Sam and Mel, about Twilight and Cosmo and his skirts and heels...

"Omigod. I'm *acting* like a man. Because I'm really a..."

"No," he whispered to himself. "No. I am a man. I AM A MAN."

The buzzer on his phone sounded. "Lou. Your 2:30 is here."

He took a deep breath. Closed his eyes and thought, "act like a man, Tiffany. Act like a man." Then, standing, he said in his best manly manner, "send them in."

He would keep pretending, acting like a man, and he would get through... this... and be a man again, his old normal self. Lou would be back on top. But in the meantime, he has to keep his secret, secret.



The door opened. A really cute guy strode in, and Lou looked him right in the eyes and reached out his soft little hand. "Lou Strong," he said, consciously keeping his voice low and flat. "Pleasure to meet you."

The tall, broad-shouldered man with a clef chin and the prettiest green eyes grabbed Lou's hand and gave it a firm squeeze. "Abe Gross, and the pleasure is mine." Lou felt himself flush, his knees weak, but it passed.

"Take a seat," he said, forcing himself to look away from those green eyes, forcing himself to think about football.

Act like a man, Lou thought. Act like a man.

## XVIII

When Lou left work, he felt light-headed, confused, disturbed. The realization that girly had become his default, and he had to consciously fake manly behaviors shook his sense of self. His first impulse was to call Dr. Chalker, but he knew she would put him in a dress and talk about how great it was he was embracing his femininity. No. That was not the answer.

He had to be a man. Act like a man.

Strip club?

He looked at his slender little hand, thought about the dark, all those horny guys, the hard looks on their desperate faces...

Gross.

He pulled into the 7-11. Nervously asked for a Maxim, no, make it a Playboy. Paid with shaking hand. Half an hour later he was in a room at a Holiday Inn nervously pulling down his pants. He climbed under the covers and opened the Playboy up to the middle, the spread featuring the centerfold girl.

The theme was country girl, and she there she was in tight little daisy dukes and jean jacket over a denim bra-- that must hurt he thought, oh, but it probably has something soft inside the cups... cowboy boots and hat... cute... and like most of the spreads he'd seen, it then showed her in various stages of undress, from the side, the back, laying in a big haystack with her breasts bare, a come-hither look in her pretty blue eyes...

She was gorgeous, and as he let his eyes roam over her full, round breasts and especially that picture of her high, round behind, he felt himself growing hard and felt a rush of pride and relief. She was 5'5" and 36-22-34. Her hobbies included rock climbing. He opened the center fold. She was

wearing just the hat and boots in the center spread, her knees together and glossy mouth open as if she'd just been caught by surprise, those perfect full breasts and God did she have amazing skin... He looked at the triangular patch between her legs, that firm tummy...

Lou imagined himself looking down at her, taking her in his arms, the smell of her, the feel of that small, soft body against his...

As he got more aroused, he could feel his breasts swell and strain against the bandage across his chest... god how he wanted her to play with his tits...

NO! He pushed the image from his mind, kept working his hand and thought about laying her down, climbing on her...

Come on!

Nothing. His breasts were driving him crazy!

No.

I am a man.

He flipped back at the other pictures of her, imagined the small, pretty noises she would make as they made love, the taste of her, the feeling of her soft breast in his hands as she pinched his nipple...

NO!

But he finally pulled his shirt off, reached back and popped the ace bandage off, his breasts swaying free and a rush of pleasure as he lay on his back, desperately reached up with one hand and squeezed his boob while continuing to work the other hand, just keeping the image of that sexy little girl and her sweet ass in his mind as he imagined her on top of him... and...

Oh god... oh god... oh god... AHHHHH!

After, he lay on his back, breathing hard, his breasts glistening with sweat, rising and falling as he fantasized about the after sex, the two of them cuddling, she kissing him on the cheek and holding his hand... For a moment he saw himself in her daisy dukes and the denim bra...

Well, it maybe wasn't the same as before, but he'd imagined having sex with a woman for the first time in a long time, and he could at least say that much.

He imagined kneeling on the bed while she braided his hair.

I am a man, he thought. I am a man. And I will get back to normal.

\*\*\*\*

The next time he walked into Dr. Chalker's office for his appointment, the nurse handed him a pair of daisy dukes. They were, he was sure, the exact same style the centerfold had worn. It didn't seem possible.

"I thought a cowgirl theme might be fun."

A little later, Lou stood in front of the mirror in the short shorts and denim bra, the same cute boots and cowgirl hat, his long blonde hair curling at the top of his breasts. It was too strange. He looked like he could be Miss October's sister. I could be a Playboy Centerfold, he thought looking at his high, tight ass in the shorts.

Did the doctor know about his little adventure?

How could she?

It had to be a coincidence.

As soon as he walked into Shelly's door, she handed him a denim mini-skirt with embroidered western-style roses. "Isn't it the cutest thing?"

"Pretty," Lou said.

"You don't like it?"

"No, it's just the second time... the cowgirl theme has come up?"

But Shelly wasn't listening. "Hurry up and get dressed! I can't wait to see my little cowgirl!"

"Kay," he said, and she slapped him on the butt as he scurried past to get pretty for his girlfriend.

"Have your boobs gotten bigger?" Shelly asked as he slipped into the black leather bra she'd picked out for him.

"Um... maybe a little. Maybe a D cup now."

He looked in the mirror, shoulders back, and turned slightly to the side to examine the now familiar busty profile.

"You're so pretty!"

"Thanks!"

He kinda wanted to break it off with Shelly, who had become more and more domineering and crude as his figure had become softer and rounder. When he'd lost all his strength, when she'd seen his tiny little arms, she'd just gotten so bossy.

Plus, Mel had been so supportive of him during all of this, and he figured it was hard for her to be married to a guy with a sexier figure than hers, a guy who talked and acted like a teen-age girl both around the house and in bed, but if he broke up with Shelly, she could tell everyone at work about him, and that wouldn't work when he got back to being a guy.

He sat down and started putting on his makeup. Shelly watched.

"I am going to fuck your brains out," Shelly said. "You're such a sexy little bitch."

Lou giggled.

I'm a man, he thought, his mouth wide as he brushed the mascara wand through his lashes. I'm a man. I'm a man.

And one of these days, I'll be back on top.

Cowgirl phase ended. Princess phase began. Lou came home from work, eager to slip into something comfortable, but instead he found Sam excitedly waiting for him with a glittering pale blue Cinderella ball gown waiting for him. He sighed. It was very pretty, and he would look great in it, but he was trying so hard to cling to his manhood.

"Do you like it?" Sam asked.

Lou touched the soft, silky material. "It's super-pretty," he said. "But, I'm sorta kinda a little tiredish?"

"Who cares!" Sam said. "Wait until you see the shoes!"

When Mel got home, she found Lou perched on a corner of the couch in his ball gown, a tiara flashing on his head, and pretty silver pendant nestled in the deep valley of his cleavage. He wore elbow length white gloves, and his make-up was fresh and virginal. He was sipping from a teacup as he and Mel watched Disney's Cinderella on the flat screen.

"You are soooooo pretty," Mel said, taking in her husband in full princess glory.

"Isn't she?"

"And just look at her all dainty and ladylike, sipping her tea!"

"Thanks," Lou said with a soft smile. He felt the usual mixture of shame and pride as the women cooed over how pretty he looked.

"We're watching Disney Princess movies!" Sam said.

"I have a new appreciation," Lou said, "for what those girls went through!"

"I bet you do. Okay. Pause the movie. I want to see you walk!"

Lou stood up, took a deep breath and lifting his long skirt with one hand, the other out to the side, began to do his most graceful princess glide across the floor.

"You're so enchanting!"

"It's like she's floating!"

Lou giggled and curtsied playfully. "Years of ballet lessons!"

"Isn't she just the most perfect princess ever?"

"Tiffany!" Mel said, taking Lou's hand. "You are just such a doll!"

## XIX

That night Lou dreamt he was in his office at work dressed as a princess. It was the office Halloween Party, and with Mel and Sam there to encourage him, he opened his door and strode gracefully out into the party, a proud young woman no longer hiding her true self. It was like a fairy tale, really, as the princess who'd been forced to hide as a boy finally revealed her true self.

Everyone turned, looked, and burst into applause!

Lou curtsied and smiled. They loved him! They loved him as a girl!

He woke in the morning, happy and sad it had been a dream. Happy and said he was still a man, or pretending to be a man, or being whatever it was he'd become for now.

For the next two weeks it was all ball gowns and tiaras, corsets and slippers and gloves and Lou's head swam with Snow Whites and Jasmynes and Ariels, with Pocahontas and Rapunzel. At the therapist, at home, at Shelly's, he began to suspect more and more the women were all working together, but what could he do? And so spent all his free time hobbled in fancy dresses that reached to the ground, hugged his hips and with plunging necklines that celebrated his royal cleavage.

And he kept having that dream. That damn dream where he came out at work, and everyone loved him, but it wasn't his dream, it wasn't, and he couldn't have all the people he worked with know about this, and his periods and his curves and the fact that he had to struggle every single day to try and remember that he was a man!

"So," Dr. Chalker said. "In your dreams, you are always a woman, and you have constant fantasies of sex with men in which you are dominated."



"Yeah."

"At home, you dress in women's clothes chosen by your daughter, and you have accepted the role of little sister in their relationship."

"Yeah."

"At work, you sometimes fantasize about kissing your male co-workers, and you have to consciously force yourself to adopt masculine mannerisms because you find that your speech patterns and body language are now naturally those more traditionally associated with young females."

"Yeah."

"I have to conclude based on everything that you are telling me that you are more comfortable as a woman."

"Doctor," Lou said. "Please." He sat up, adjusting the skirt on his long, black dress. "I don't want to be a girl. I want to have the surgery so I can stop being.... this..." he gestured gracefully down at his d-cup breasts, tiny waist and long, slender legs. "Yes, I have been dreaming of boys and I act like a girl sometimes, but I don't want to! I want to be a guy again, and act and feel and-- my God-- swagger like a man!"

"Then do it."

"I can't! Not like this! Look at me!"

"You can't because you aren't a man."

"I am a man trapped in a woman's body!"

"No, you aren't. Men trapped in women's bodies act like men. You are the most naturally feminine patient I have right now."

Lou fished his compact out of his clutch and absently checked his make-up, taking a moment to powder his nose before snapping the compact shut and putting his little fists on his hips. "Doctor!"

"I am sorry, young miss, but you are a woman. And it would not be in your best interest for me to approve any surgery for you now other than sexual reassignment surgery."

"If I am a woman, then why do I want to be a man so much? Why do I... hate... having boobs? Wearing dresses? Why do I... why do I... goodness! Why do I feel ashamed? Ashamed when I have these dreams of giving myself to... men! And letting my wife? Be my... um... husband? I did this, I wore dresses and make-up, and I read Glamour and all these silly things because YOU told me to! You!"

"You could have said no."

"I could not! I wanted surgery, and you said this was the only way!"

"You could have said no."

"No! You made me do this!"

"I invited you to do it, Tiffany. You agreed, and the reason you agreed, my dear girl, is because all along just beneath your fear, you knew you were a woman, and that you had always been a woman, and that you just needed someone else to push you into doing what you always wanted to do."

"No," Lou said, softly. "It's not true."

Dr. Chalker stood and took Lou by the hand, leading him to a full-length mirror. He dropped his eyes, but she cupped his chin and lifted his face, making him look at himself. He looked at the long, slender neck, the smooth, slender shoulders, the tiny little arms and the full swell of his breasts straining against the thin fabric of his dress. His eyes went down to his tiny waist, and full round hips, his legs and tiny little feet in the cutest pair of little black pumps.

"Describe what you see."

"I see a... woman."

"What kind of woman?"

"A beautiful woman. A young woman."

"What is she feeling right now?"

"I... don't... I don't know!"

"What is she feeling right now?"

"Scared."

"Why?"

Lou began to cry. "Because she hates and loves what she has become."

"What is her name?"

"Tiffany."

"And would Tiffany like to learn to love herself fully?"

"Yes," he said, sobbing deeply now, blind with tears. "Oh, please, yes."

Dr. Chalker took Tiffany in her arms and hugged her. "I'm so proud of you."

Mel and Sam sat at a computer and watched the whole thing on Skype. It was time.

The next day was the office Halloween Party, and Tiffany was about to become Lou's new name and new life, and then she would have the spell completed, and her cheating husband would wake up with a slit between his legs, and he would live the rest of his life as a woman.

XX

Lou was dreaming again. Sam and Mel fussed over his gown. He watched in the mirror. It was a shimmering gown of pink and white, and it celebrated every soft round curve of his body from the full swell of his breasts to the soft round of his behind. The white gloves drew attention to his slender arms just as the flashing bracelets did his delicate wrists. Platinum blonde curls cascaded down his back, and diamonds flashed at his ears. Mel and Sam wore livery cloaks, as if they were his footmen, and they each looked like pretty boys in their britches and boots.

"Okay. You ready?" Mel asked.

"Yes," Lou said in a girlish voice.

"Excited?" Sam said.

"Ever so," Lou answered.

Mel and Sam threw open the door. "Announcing her royal highness, the Princess Tiffany!"

Lou strode out, smiling and waving.

The entire office grew silent. People stared, mouths dropping open.

Lou paused. This wasn't his dream. He plucked at the hem of his dress and curtsied as gracefully as he could, then smiled. "A pleasure to meet you all."

People began to murmur. Point. Is that... Lou? It can't be, she... oh my God! Are those real?

His boss, Joe Porter, broke from the crowd and approached Lou, looking the busty man up and down. "Well, this is a surprise, Lou?"

And Lou realized, suddenly and with shock and horror, that he was not dreaming. He was standing in his office dressed as a princess, his boobs sticking out for all to see, and it was real.

And then Lou fainted.

Lou was in bed. He'd been there for two days, feverish. He didn't remember how he'd gotten home, or what had happened. He'd woken up in bed, dressed in a nighty, and he'd cried as he realized that everyone knew no, everyone had seen him, and then he leaned over and vomited in shame and disgust. As he sat up, the weight of his breasts swaying on his chest, a constant reminder of his new shape, the door opened. Mel and Sam walked into the room. Smiling.

Lou pulled the covers up to hide his breasts. "Why?" He whispered in his small, girl's voice. "Why did you let me?"

Mel sat down on one side of the bed. Sam on the other. "Because, Tiffany, you need to accept that you are a woman now."

"I'm still a man."

"Not for much longer," Sam said.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing. She doesn't mean anything. But, Lou, you aren't a man anymore. Not where it matters. Not in your head. Here." She handed him a couple pills and a glass of water. Lou swallowed them without looking.

"I... can go back to being who I was."

"No."

"Then what?"

"Accept that you are Tiffany now."

"I can't."

"You have to."

"Just tell her," Sam finally said.

"Sam."

"Tell me what?"

"You will wake up fully female tomorrow, Tiffany. No more confusion. You will be all woman."

"You mean, but how? That can't just happen."

"Yes, it can."

"How?"

"The same way a man can wake up one day with a womb and start having periods. The same way his waist can shrink and his breasts blossom, the same way all the memories of his childhood can become confused, and he can start remembering playing softball in a tutu."

"Magic," Sam said. "Magic."

Lou looked back and forth between the two of them, not sure if they'd gone crazy or were just teasing him, the words they were saying not making any sense. His eyes were dropping shut, his head fuzzy.

"I did this to you," Mel said finally, brushing the back of her hand against his smooth cheek. "I am the one who is turning you into a woman."

"But, you..."

"Got tired of you cheating on me, lying to me, treating me like a fool, and so I found a spell, and I cast the spell, and then you had a period, and the changes started, and I watched and pushed you along as the cheating little boy melted away and was replaced by the sweetest little girl ever."

"And the best little sister."

"I don't believe you."

"You will. When you wake up tomorrow and have a vagina."

"Why tell me all this, then?"

"Because I want you to know you brought this on yourself."

"Just because.... I cheated?"

"Yeah, Tiffany. Just because you cheated."

The two women got up and started to walk out, leaving Lou sitting in his nightgown, feeling stunned.

"Funny thing," Sam said, looking back. "I like you a lot better this way."

## XXI

Lou couldn't move. His limbs felt heavy, his eyes closed, and he drifted off to a deep, dreamless sleep. When he woke, his mouth was dry and cottony, and his head pounding, and he needed to pee. He stumbled out of bed and walked to the bathroom, but when he reached down to pull down his panties, the memories of the previous night's conversation came back to him, and sliding his hand down between his legs, he felt his vagina for the first time.

Omigod, she thought. It was all true. All true. She sat down on the toilet seat and peed. Reflexively wiped herself as she'd seen her wife do many times. Then, she stood, pulled her panties up and got a drink of water. Then another. The clock read 3:33 am. She went back to bed.

In the morning, Tiffany went downstairs to find Sam and Mel waiting for her with a pink frosted birthday cake with a One Candle at the center.

"Happy Birthday!" They said.

Tiffany laughed. It was too absurd and ridiculous and insane. The two women who'd stolen her life, who'd taken her manhood, who made her the laughingstock of her office, and they wanted to celebrate WITH her?

"Fuck you," Tiffany said.

Sam and Mel laughed. Tiffany turned and went upstairs, packed a suitcase and, dragging it down the stairs because it was too heavy to lift, made her way to the door. Mel and Sam were eating cake, watching her.

"Where will you go?" Mel said.

"I hear they need strippers down at Pole Cats!" Sam said.

"I don't know where I'm going or what I'm doing, but I won't stay here."

"Just stay. We like you now."

"No. You made me into a woman, but you didn't make me helpless. What was done can be undone! I'll get my body back!" He shrieked and then she spun on her heel and marched out the door. "I'll be a man again!"

She'd show them. Tiffany got into the car and drove. She drove for hours. And then, she got a hotel room, and she thought. And thought. And she took a nap, and she thought, and then she took her cell phone out of her bag, and she dialed a number. Pick up, she thought, pick up, pick up.

And then the phone picked up, and she heard the deep, warm voice say, "hello?"

"Hi! Joe. It's me. Tiffany."

"Who?" Joe asked.

"Oh, I mean, um, Lou."

"Oh, Lou." The phone was silent for a moment. "Yeah. How are you?"

"Well, can we meet? For coffee? I really need to talk to someone right now."

"Oh, sure. Okay. When?"



"Now? Downtown Starbucks?"

"I don't know. Right now? I mean I am pretty busy. And..."

"Joe," Tiffany whispered. "Please. I'm just so... so alone right now... and afraid... " she started crying, "and I just need someone so bad right now, to talk to about ... everything... and I'm scared. Can't you please ... please just meet me?"

"Yeah. I can do that."

"Thanks," Tiffany said, "I need you right now."

Putting down her phone, she zipped open her suitcase and pulled out her make-up kit. Man or woman, Tiffany was a survivor, and she would show them. Yes, she would. Tiffany Strong would always survive! Just give me a pair of heels, a push up bra and some glossy red lipstick, Tiffany thought, and this girl will conquer the world yet!

Joe would help her. He was single. All Tiffany had to do was play her curves right, and she would be on her way.

Make me a woman? She thought. Think that'll stop me? Break me? She'd show them. Oh yes, she would. Just a little blush, some mascara. Not too much, now.

I bet he's a good kisser, Tiffany thought as she got ready to leave her hotel room and get her man. I bet he's great in bed.

Oh, I better stop on the way and get some condoms. Don't want to get knocked up just yet.

Or do I? She thought with a smile. Oh, there were so many ways for a girl to get what she wanted. So many ways.

And yes, she would get back to being a man someday. Probably. But in the meantime, Tiffany Strong was a woman, and she would always find a man to protect her and take care of her.

Tiffany paused, took a deep breath and looked at herself in the mirror.  
I'm a woman, she thought to herself. I'm a woman. I'm a woman.  
And then she turned on her heels and strutted out the door to get herself  
a man.

The End