

WHISPERS

You're going to want to sit down for this.

FROM BOSSY TO BUSTY!

HE DOESN'T SLEEP WITH THE FISHES. HE SLEEPS WITH THE FRAT BOYS.



"One thing I gotta tell ya up front, I never wanted any of this," the woman federal officials now say is none other than notorious mod boss Luciano Luchesi, claims.

"The feds are tryin' ta say I did this on purpose, to escape from the law and all that. Come on, already. I'm a regular guy. You think I want tits out to here?"

Luciano, aka Bria McCarthy, waves slender hands topped with long, glossy nails in front of his ample bosom. "Freakin' ridiculous. Backaches? Fuggedaboutit."

"So, if you didn't do this on purpose," I ask, "how did you end up- I try to think of proper mob parlance from all the movies I've seen, and I made an hourglass shape with my hands and say, "vavavoom."

"Whaddya think?" He says. "My wife."

I knew the cops was coming for me. I got tipped off. A friend of mine in the DA's office. I can't leave the house without bein' recognized, so I figure I need a disguise. My wife says, "I know just the place. When they're through with you, you won't even recognize yourself."

I got no better ideas, so, why not?

HE USED TO BE A BOSS. NOW HE'S GOT A BUST.

Next thing you know, I'm in a chair in some fru fru salon. My wife is there, and the two of them- her and the stylist, Tatiana- are whispering, giggling as they look at me, which pisses me off. 'Can we get started?' I say, pissed that they're laughing at me for some reason.

"Of course," this chick says, and all of a sudden, restraints pop out from the chair, binding my arms and legs.

"Hey! What the fuck?" I shout, struggling, thinking my wife set this up to let the cops catch me. I wish.

"You may have an adverse reaction to the changes I am about to make," the woman says as she begins to apply cream to my face. "The restraints are just to keep you from getting all scared and running away like a little girl, Miss."

"Let me out of here, you bitch!"

"Let's do something about that voice, ' she says, and I feel her jab a needle into my neck.

"Ow!" I say, only I don't hear me say it. I sound like a little girl. "My voice?" I say, and I am feeling sick because it is just like a little girl now. "What the hell?"

"No more mean words," Tatiana says, "or I'll make your voice even higher."

"Fuck you!" I squeak, but I sound ridiculous and- stab- right into my neck.



ARTIST RECREATION. IN LUCIANO'S ACCOUNT, HIS HANDS WERE BOUND. HE ALSO DENIES WANTING HIS MOMMY.

I cough. My throat hurts this time, like I can feel it tightening, and then I say, "You better let-" I can't even finish the sentence. Little girls have deeper voices than me now.

"Your voice is so pretty!" My wife says, smirking.

"Just sit still. Be a good girl," Tatiana says, and I am pissed, struggling, but I don't talk for a time because I'm so ashamed of what I sound like. Tatiana plucks my eyebrows, jabs my lips with another needle, then she wipes the cream from my face.

"Nice," my wife says, nodding.

Tatiana spins me around, and I just about shit myself. She didn't just wipe off the cream. She wiped off my face, and now I look just like a freakin' woman!



"You can't very well go into hiding as a woman if you look like a man, can you, you silly goose?" Tatiana says.

"A woman?" I meet my wife's eyes, and she laughs.

"I told you, you wouldn't recognize yourself."

"Don't do this," I say, changing tactics. "Stop. I forgive you."

"I don't forgive you," my wife says as Tatiana cuts my shirt off and begins applying a warm gel to my chest.

I ain't the smartest, but I ain't the dumbest. I figured out real quick what that was gonna do. "No! Don't! Don't!" I squeal, but my chest grows warm, starts to ache, and then I watch as my hard, flat chest begins to soften, swell, and in a matter of seconds I got a huge pair of tits, swaying and bouncing as I struggled against my restraints.



"They look great," my wife says.
"So perky."

"You want them bigger?" Tatiana says. "I can go up another cup size."

"No!" I gasp, looking at my wife, pleading. They already feel huge, heavy, and the way they jut out from my chest is- I can't even fucking imagine having bigger ones.

"I think D cups are perfect for her," my wife says. While Tatiana starts to cut off my pants, my wife comes up and runs her hand under my breasts, and it tingles and feels good, and then I feel my nipples getting hard as she caresses and squeezes my breasts, lifts them.

"Stop it!" I say, sounding like some shy teenage girl as I feel my nipples getting hard, and the pleasure scares me, even as my dick, too, now freed, gets hard, and my wife starts to play with my nipples. I moan, I can't help it, it feels so good, and my wife laughs.

They slapped a wig on me, makeup. Stuck these long fingernails on. I looked in the mirror and almost puked. I actually wanted to, ah, do myself I looked so hot.

Then, Tatiana says, "let's do something about that disgusting penis."

"My johnson?" I say, the threat waking me up, allowing me to fight against the pleasure overriding my brain. "What are you going to do?"

"Cut it off," Tatiana says. My wife pinches my nipples, hard, and I scream.

"Don't worry," my wife whispers in my ear while she cruelly twists my nipples. "We're going to replace it with a vagina."

"Your wife sounds like a real bitch," I say, interrupting the story.



*ACTUAL PHOTO TAKEN BY LUCIANO'S WIFE
AFTER THEY DID HIS HAIR AND MAKEUP.*

"You have no idea," Luciano says, drawing a strand of hair away from his face with a long nail in a perfectly feminine gesture. "I mean, I knew that when I married her. Mob wives gotta be tough."

"What did you do to piss her off so bad?"

"Who the fuck knows? Was it all the times I cheated on her? The stripper I invited home for thanksgiving? Bitches be crazy."

"Does that include you now that you're, um-?"

"I'm the craziest bitch of them all," Luciano says with a smile.

"So, what happened next?"

"They turned me into a woman- and I mean, a complete woman even down there. Made me put on a freakin' dress. my wife kept laughing, taking pictures.

Two guys from my crew show up- and they suddenly look a lot bigger and scarier than ever- the pricks start checking me out like I'm just some dumb broad, staring at my tits, my legs. I was so ashamed and humiliated to be seen that way, and it really brought home to me that fact I wasn't one of the guys anymore."

"Wow, boss, lookin' good," one of them says.

"Shove it," I say, but they just laugh at me."

"These gentlemen will escort you to your new life, Bria" my wife says. "Hug goodbye?"

"I'm gonna kill you for this," I say, and one of the men takes me by the elbow and guides me toward the door, which the other one opens for me, and it's so fucking humiliating to be treated like a dame by these pricks I used to boss around."



LUCIANO WAS ALWAYS BRAGGING ABOUT ITALIAN HERITAGE, SO HIS WIFE MADE HIM AN IRISH GIRL.

"A couple days later, I'm sitting in a shitty little apartment, crying as I look at the uniform they left for me. I have no money, and the identity they created for me, Bria McCarthy, is a high-school dropout. According to my ID, I'm a nineteen year old female. I swore I would never work the job my wife had set up for me as a Hooters girl."

"What changed your mind?"

"Hunger. Reality. I had a pretty face and a nice set of tits, what else was I gonna do?" He checks his phone. "My break is almost over. I gotta get back to work."

"Just one more question," I say.

He raises a sculpted, feminine eyebrow.

"Why ask for this interview? Why go public?"

"I'm trying to sell a book," he says. "Maybe get a Netflix series."

"You want everyone to know you're a woman now or something?"

"Everyone knows, anyway" he says, adjusting his bra straps. "When I got arrested, shit was on the news. Besides, I got lawyers fees coming outta my ass, and I need the money.

"I gotta get out of Hooters. Guys ogling me all day. It fucking sucks." Luciana goes off to live his life as Hooters Girl.

His demeanor changes completely as he starts waitressing tables. He's giggly, smiley and flirty, finding excuses to show off those perfect tits, his long legs and hot ass.

Work it, girl, I think watching him strut from a table full of guys after taking their order, putting all kinds of wiggle in those hips. He sees me watching him, winks and shrugs as if to say, "It's a man's world, and a girl's gotta eat."



HELP BRIA GET DOUBLE DS!

URNS OUT BRIA HAS CHANGED HIS MIND ABOUT THAT EXTRA CUP SIZE. HE'S STARTED A SO FUND ME TO GET A BOOB JOB. "THERE'S A LOTTA MOOLAH IN MELONS," HE SAYS.

I ASKED HIS WIFE FOR A COMMENT, AND SHE RESPONDED, "I HOPE HE GETS THEM, AND I HOPE THEY MAKE HIM FEEL COMPLETE."

