

Ex-Husband Magazine:
High Maintenance Hubby
By
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EX HUSBAND

REVENGE IS A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

MAGAZINE

HIGH
MAINTENANCE
EX-HUBBY!

IF HE SEES IT,
HE WANTS IT!

MUST LOOK
LIKE HE JUST
LEFT THE
SALON-- AND
HE PROBABLY
DID!

NEEDS TO
LOOK
PERFECT!

LONGS TO
BE PRETTIEST
GIRL IN
ANY
ROOM.

OBSESSED WITH
DIAMONDS!

ABHORS
THE
COMMON.

DEMANDS FIVE
STAR EVERYTHING.

ADORES A MAN
WITH MONEY. LOTS
OF MONEY!

SIMPLY COULDN'T
WITHOUT HIS
SPA DAYS!

PAMPERED.
IS HIS HAPPY
PLACE.

SERIOUS SHOE
COLLECTION!

THREE FAVORITE
HOBBIES? SHOPPING,
SHOPPING, AND--
MORE SHOPPING!

INSIDE: HE CONSTANTLY COMPLAINED ABOUT HIS WIFE'S LAVISH SPENDING. NOW HE'S LOOKING FOR A HUBBY TO BUY HIM PRETTY THINGS!



The following material is rated

R

Mature Readers

Notice: This material should not be read by, given to or downloaded by anyone under the age of 18, or viewed in a jurisdiction or area that prohibits the viewing of nudity, illustrations of naked men and women or the portrayal of sexual situations. You should also not view this material if you find such portrayals offensive. Any sexual situations involve characters over the age of 18.

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to real life people, places or situations is purely coincidental.



Amy watched as Paul came swaggering into the Goodnight Diner, his head on a swivel, checking out the asses on a pair of teen-age girls who were heading out as he was heading in.

It was so Paul, and one of the many bad habits Paul possessed that had made her decide to turn him into a woman.

“What’s all this about?” Paul said as he sat. “I told you before, I’m not upping the child support.”

Amy smiled, restraining herself, refusing to allow herself to be baited into that argument again. "I didn't come here to argue about anything, I came to show you your future."

Paul sighed and rolled his eyes. "Look, I don't have time for games. You said this was important."

Amy fished a magazine out of her purse and tossed it across the table. It landed in front of Paul with a slap. Paul looked down, his eyes drawn to the beautiful woman on the cover, a gorgeous woman draped in high end clothes, jewelry. "What the fuck is this?"

"Your future," Amy said with a smirk, enjoying Paul's confusion, his uncertainty, even the sight of him checking out the image of a beautiful woman, not realizing he would be one soon.

"Yeah, right," Paul said, as he skimmed the cover. It read x-Husband Magazine, and a subtitle High Maintenance Ex-Hubby. Mistaking Amy's meaning, he pushed the magazine back across the table toward her. "I'm done with bitches like you," he said.

"Well, that's the thing I wanted to tell you," Amy said, her smile growing. "You're not going to get in another relationship with a so-called high-maintenance girl. I am going to turn you into one."

Paul heard the words, but what Amy had just said sounded impossible, so he assumed he'd misheard her. "Turn me into what?"

"I'm going to turn you into a beautiful woman," Amy said, "a girl who's obsessed with the finer things in life, a girl who needs a rich man to buy her things. You, Paul, will become a high maintenance woman. I can't wait. I curated your body. You're going to have a bombshell figure, and since I know you're a leg man, I made sure to give you dynamite legs, Paul. Or, should I call you by your new name, Paige?"

Paul laughed. “You’ve finally fucking lost it,” he said. “Do you even hear yourself?”

Amy crossed her arms. She’d been dreaming about this moment ever since she’d met with Tatiana the day after her copy of Ex-Husband Magazine had appeared in her mailbox. “You’re incredulous now. I understand, but you’ll start to believe as you find yourself obsessing on mani-pedis, facials, expensive handbags. Diamonds. You’re going to be a girl who looooves diamonds, Paige, and there will be nothing more important in the world to you than being pretty. You’ll spend all day everyday worrying about other women judging you.”

“Okay. Good luck in the looney bin,” Paul said, starting to get up and leave. “Maybe you should focus on turning yourself into someone sane instead of... Paul’s chest suddenly started to burn, to ache... He felt light-headed and sat back down, covering his chest with his palms.

“Oh, Paul? I think it’s so cute you just popped out your own little boobies.”

“I didn’t—” Paul said, but even as he started to object, he felt his chest swelling, the soft, rounding tissue pushing against his palms, his nipples spreading, expanding. Paul lifted his hands away from his chest and stared down in shock at the sight of a pair of perky little A cups tenting out his tight t-shirt. Paul wrapped his arms around his chest and barked, “What the fuck?”



“This is just the beginning,” Amy said, slipping her copy of Ex-Husband Magazine back into her purse, standing. “I just gave you your own little teenie tiny titties, Paige, so you would know that everything I told you will come true. I will turn you into a woman, Paige, and there’s nothing you can do about it.”

Paul still couldn’t believe what Amy was saying, her insane threat, his mind refused to process what she’d said, and even the feeling of the soft breasts on his chest, now crushed under his arms, wasn’t enough to allow him to accept the truth of her words. “You’re full of shit,” he said.

Amy reached out and patted Paul’s cheek. Paul sat, cupping his newly blossomed breasts squeezing, his face a mask of confusion and horror.

Amy thought it was perfect, and just the beginning of what was going to be a transformative day for her stupid ex-husband.

She had total control over him now, and she loved not just that feeling of power, but the thought of him losing all control over his body, his thoughts, his future. Paul was just her doll now, to toy with as she pleased. The pretty little waitress had come to the table, and he had his arms wrapped around his chest, like a bashful teen girl. He stared at Amy, eyes burning with impotent rage.

Amy blew him a kiss, and whispered, "insecure." Paul's face melted into a mask of anxiety, and when he got up to leave there was fresh timidity to his walk.



Chapter 2

Paul kept one arm draped across his breasts as he left the diner, his mind whirling. Tits. He had tits. One second, he'd had the hard, flat chest he'd spent hours building in the gym, and the next minute he had tits. He dropped his arm and looked down at the little cones on his chest, felt them jiggle with each step he took. Did she slip something in my drink? I didn't have a drink.

He thought about calling his lawyer, suing the hell out of her, but then wouldn't he have to tell everyone in the world he had boobs now? Paul did not want anyone in the world to know he had breasts. No. In fact, he felt his cheeks growing hot at the thought that anyone— his neighbors, his secretary, his buddies down at the club— would find out, and as he thought about it he found himself breathing hard, his heart racing, the world seeming to turn on its side as he felt like there was danger everywhere, threat...

He passed a pair of tween girls, their budding chests matching his own. They laughed about something, and even though he had his arm draped over his shame bumps, he was sure they were laughing at him, laughing at the man with tits like a tween girl.

Don't think about it, he told himself, trying to fight the growing sense of panic coming over him, don't think about it. He could see his car now, parked on the street over on the next block. He would be safe inside, he felt, and he quickened his pace, then sprinted, arms wrapped tight around that soft chest, running right into traffic in a panic, tires screeching, horns honking.

Don't think about it... Paul kept telling himself, diving into his car, sitting back with a sigh, locking the doors, breathing hard, breasts heaving. He felt himself calming a little, but a powerful new thought lodged into his brain. He just couldn't. He couldn't. "Hey, Miri," he said, pulling his phone out of his pocket. "Call the office."

"Dr. Paul Whitestone, therapist to the stars," Daphne answered in her bright, cheery phone voice.

"Daphne, it's me," Paul said.

"You okay?" Daphne said, hearing the stress in his voice, the panting.

"Yeah. No," Paul said. "Listen, cancel my morning appointments."

"What should I tell them?"

"Just make something up. Tell them I'm sick."

"Are you?"

"No," Paul said, looking down once more at the swelling of his chest. "I just really need a spa day."

Daphne stifled a laugh. Doc Paul? A spa day? She assumed he was joking. It was weird, though. He hadn't missed a day of work since she'd joined the office. "Okay. Feel better."

"Yup," Paul said, disconnecting the call. A spa day? Where had that even come from? He didn't know, didn't understand it, but something in him was telling him he needed a mud bath, a facial. He had never wanted or needed either of those things, but he also realized he had no choice. He wouldn't be able to *think* until he'd had some me time. He started his car and headed toward Restorationist. It was the only spa he'd ever heard of. It had been Amy's favorite.

Paul fought himself the whole way. Spas, he'd always believed, were for women. No real man would show his face in one, let alone ever need any

of the ridiculous services they offered. Lay around in mud? Stupid. But he still felt so— anxious, nervous, self-conscious. He *needed* a mud bath. He didn't know why.

He found himself being led down a narrow hall, softly lit. The girl escorting him was gorgeous, with a nice ass proudly on display in a pair of yoga pants. Even as he drank it in, Amy, watching through the scrying stone, giggled and made a change, and without even realizing what had happened, Paul's mind shifted, and he found himself not lusting after the girl's ass, but respecting it, envious, thinking about how hard she must have worked to get it so firm.

"You can slip out of your clothes here," the girl, Cassidy, said as she opened the door to a small but tasteful changing room. Paul noted the small, silk robe hanging from a hook near a mirror. Was he supposed to wear *that*?

"When you're ready, just come down the hall, and you'll find your bath waiting in a room to the left. Number 12."

She started to leave, but Paul just had to know. "Pardon?" He said. "I hope this isn't too forward, but you have a really amazing booty. What's your secret?"

Cassidy tilted her head to the side, confused. The new client, Paul, had seemed like a pretty much generic cis dude, and she would have thought him asking about her ass was just a guy being a guy, but his tone had changed, taking on a feminine lilt, and it seemed like he was actually wanting her to share her workout secrets. Weird. "Squats," she said, touching his arm. "Lots and lots of squats."

"I guess I better add squats to my routine," Paul said with a giggle.

"See you in a bit," Cassidy said.

As soon as the door to the dressing room closed Paul clenched his fists. “What the fuck was that?” He’d heard himself, watched himself acting all— couldn’t even admit he’d been acting like his own stereotype of a woman.

Amy’s taunts came back to him, her promise she would turn him into a woman, that he would love— what had she said? Diamonds? Mani-pedis? He couldn’t remember if she’d said anything about mud baths, but here he was at the spa, desperately aching to soak in stupid mud.

Coming back to himself for a moment, he turned toward the door. He would march right out of this hell hole. Whatever weird mumbo jumbo Amy had worked on him, he was stronger. He was a man. He reached for the door, and another panic attack hit, the room seeming to grow smaller and smaller as he imagined all his friends laughing at him and his man boobs... It would be all over social media, he’d lose all his clients...

He turned back and began to undress. He needed a spa day. He couldn’t face the world without it. He pulled his t shirt off, his little boobs bouncing— did they have to bounce and jiggle every time he moved? The cool air washed over his breasts, and he felt his nipples tighten. It was a strange, disturbing sensation. A feminine sensation. His shirt off, he glanced at the mirror. He had to look, and so he stepped in front of the mirror and stared at his newly blossomed breasts.

His chest was now hairless, he noted, staring in horror at the perky little cones jutting out from his chest. They looked so soft, and his nipples had gotten bigger, turned puffy and pink, proud little soldiers standing at attention. A memory flash: his first girlfriend, Brandy Lyle, and the first time he’d gotten her out of her bra. Hers were the first real breasts he’d ever seen, and he’d felt like a conquering hero as he’d copped a feel. It was widely held among the boys at his school that there was nothing better in

the world than holding a girl's breast in your hand and back then, as a young man, he wouldn't have argued with them.



Now, he had tits of his own. He reached up and flicked one of his nipples with his thumb, the soft flesh of his chest quivering, a surge of alien pleasure that shot right down to his groin shocking him. "They're so sensitive!" He whispered.

Amy covered her mouth as she watched her ex checking out his boobies, his nipples hard enough to cut glass. She whispered to him, and Paul's mind filled with two powerful conflicting thoughts. The first belonged to him: I'll have them removed. The second thought came from Amy: I need a training bra.

A bra? The image of himself wearing a training bra like some little girl flooded his mind, and he stumbled backward, shaking his head.

I'm not thinking straight, he realized, confused and annoyed. I so need to decompress. He finished undressing and slipped into the little silk robe- the cool silk caressed and clung to his breasts, sending more disturbing feelings through his body. At least it's blue, he thought, mortified, because it was so short and looked otherwise like a woman's robe. Wrapping his arms around his chest- the robe did nothing to hide his puppies- a blushing, self-conscious Paul made his way sheepishly to the bath.

Paul slipped out of his robe and stepped into the warm, loamy mud. "Ooooh," he cooed as the mud rose up to his knee and he immediately felt soothed, relaxed... and then he lowered himself into the mud, and it was like the best hug he'd ever gotten as the rich, unctuous mud oozed around him, enveloping him and seeming to draw the stress right out of him, his entire body seeming to sigh in relief as he kicked one leg up, threw his head back and whispered, "heaven."

Cassidy had left a tray of cucumber slices on the edge of the tub along with a glass of cucumber infused water. She'd suggested Paul place the slices over his eyes, which he scoffed at inwardly as just another dumb scam women fell for, but now, experiencing the luxurious pleasure of the mud bath, Paul decided he might as well enjoy the full experience, and he gently applied mud to his face and then lay back, placing the cucumber slices over his eyes, and then just— omigod— accepted the embrace of pure, impossible pleasure.

Amy snickered as she looked at the image of Paul with his mud mask



and cucumbers, looking like any woman, a sweet, pleased smile on his face. The scrying stone had opened a portal the size and shape of a full, oval mirror, which hovered in the air in her living room. She took out her phone and snapped a picture. Her cat, Emma, jumped into her lap and

nuzzled her, and as she scratched Emma behind the ears, feeling her purr, Amy nodded. “You are so right,” Amy said. “Paige should be a cat girl.”

“And, yeah, he should be skinny.” She made the wish, and as Paul luxuriated in the mud bath, his muscles began to leach away, his thick, gnarled arms growing slender and small, his shoulders narrow and round, his legs stretching, becoming coltish and feminine until beneath the mud he had the lean, slightly curvy body of a teen-age girl.

Paul had drifted off to sleep in the mud and was startled awake by the sound of a knock on the door. “Yeah?”

Cassidy cracked the door open and said, “Time’s up. You can shower off here before going back to change.”

“Wow. Already?” Paul couldn’t believe an hour had passed. Cassidy retreated, but not before she’d taken in an eye full of Paul’s firm, perky mud-covered tits. Lots of guys had man boobs, especially the older ones, but Cassidy couldn’t help but note Paul’s didn’t look like man boobs. They looked like tween girl boobs.

Poor guy. She could only assume having tits like that got him a lot of ribbing from the other males.

Paul stood and stretched. He’d forgotten he even had tits, but the feeling of his chest rising and jiggling as he stretched reminded him. He really did need a training bra, he decided, all thoughts of having his puppies removed having vanished.

“Okay, girly girl,” Amy said as she watched Paul, “time for you to keep primping.”

As he got in the shower and rinsed the mud off, he couldn’t help but notice his skin looked great– it had a peachy, healthy glow. But, he suddenly became aware of the coarse, gross, wiry hair on his arms, his legs. Disgusting. He wondered if he had time to get waxed before his afternoon appointments, not that he had any idea where to even go to get that done. Shower finished, Paul wrapped a towel under his armpits and another around his head, then padded on down the hall to the dressing room. Paul felt like he was glowing, with his healthy, bright skin.

Cassidy noticed Paul had toweled up girl style, and with the towel wrapped around his chest like that, the crescents of his breasts were super obvious. “I’ll be at the front desk,” Cassidy said, handing Paul a cup of cucumber water. Hadn’t he been more muscular? Cassidy could have sworn he had broad, muscled shoulders and bulging biceps, but she must have misremembered, because he clearly had a small, feminine shape.

Paul took a sip. “Delish,” he said. “Hey, Cass?” Once more, he found himself speaking with a feminine lilt. Stop, he told himself. Just stop. Waxing? You’re a fucking man, dude. Remember it. You don’t get waxed.

“Yes?”

But he couldn’t stop. “Can you recommend a place for me to get waxed? I feel like an ape!”

“We can do that here,” Cassidy said. “Would you like me to set up an appointment?”

“Would you?” Paul said. “You’re such a dear.”



“There’s a fresh robe in the room,” Cassidy said. “No point in getting dressed.”

Cassidy left and Paul, feeling just so absolutely centered, went to the dressing room, where he caught a sight of himself with his towels wrapped around his head, his body. *Just like a woman.* “What the fuck is wrong with me?” He growled, yanking the towel off his head, throwing it across the room. “I’m talking like a woman, acting like a woman.”

Looking like a woman? He stared at his tiny, little girl arms, his round shoulders... he stared at the slight flare of his hips, his long legs, so soft and round, his whole body seemed small, skinny... feminine.

Once more, Amy's taunting threats came back to him. "I'm going to turn you into a woman," she'd said. He'd thought she was nuts, but looking at himself now, he couldn't deny what was happening.

His phone buzzed. Slipping into his robe, Paul fished the phone out of his jean's pocket and saw a picture of himself with cucumber slices over his eyes. "Hey, girl." The text from Amy read.

Paul called Amy. As soon as she answered, he growled, "I don't know how the fuck you're doing this, but it needs to stop right now!"

"Let's do something about that voice of yours," Amy said, smirking.

Paul felt a tingly in his throat, a tightening. "I'll so totally sue you!" He shrieked, but his eyes went wide as he heard the words come out sounding like a furious tea kettle. He put a hand to his throat. "My voice?" He said, hearing himself speak, hearing what sounded to his ears sounded like the voice of a little girl.

"Much better," Amy said. "You sound so cute! Maybe I should nickname you Squeaky."

Paul's mind reeled, and he felt dizzy, sitting down, knees together.

"In case you didn't realize, by the way, I planted the need to get waxed into that silly little head of yours. You're going to obsess over being smooth all the time now— just like a woman. You'll need your whole body to be smooth— well, almost your whole body."

"What does that mean?" Paul said, wincing at the sound of his piping little voice.

"You'll see. Oh, and by the—"

Paul ended the call and tossed his phone down on the bench. He didn't know what to say, what to do, and he hated the sound of his voice, hated

Amy hearing him talk like some airhead. “Testing...” he said, trying to lower his voice, but it still sounded high, buzzy. “Testing. Fudge!”

Knock.

Paul sighed. “Yes?” He cringed as he heard himself call out in a pensive, feminine tone.

Cassidy poked her head in the door. “I was able to squeeze you in. The technician is waiting.” Hearing Paul now speaking in a voice like a little girl surprised her, and yet it didn’t. He’d been acting more and more feminine since he’d shown up. She guessed he just felt safe being himself here in the salon, and she thought it was sweet.

Paul pulled his robe closed and wrapped his arms around his chest. “I’m sorry about my voice,” he said, feeling ashamed. “Something happened. I really do **not** sound like this.”

“Your voice is so pretty,” Cassidy said. “You don’t have to apologize!”

Paul cringed. Pretty? And yet, pretty. The word landed, soothed his mind like the mud bath had soothed his body. It was important to be pretty.

He headed off to his waxing, the whole time whispering walk away... walk away... don’t let Amy win... but every time he looked down at his gross, hairy arm, he felt overwhelmed with shame and disgust. It was just- it wasn’t right! Finally, he rationalized. He would just get this done. Women were always complaining about how painful it was getting waxed, but they were always complaining about everything. He was sure it would be nothing for him. He was a man.

Arriving in the waxing room, he found a petite, young woman waiting for him. He felt a little jealous of her tight, tone figure, and those hips. “So, how does this work?” He asked. The girl’s eyes went a little wide at the sound of his voice, but she quickly masked his surprise behind a bright smile.

“Is this your first time?”

“Yeah. Of course. I’m a guy. I don’t even know why I– anyway. What do I do? How do I do this?”

“Just take off your robe and lay down on your stomach.”

Turning his back so the girl wouldn’t see his bouncy bust, Paul slipped the robe off his shoulders and let it drop to the floor at his feet. While the girl couldn’t see Paul’s breasts, she did notice he had a narrow waist, slightly rounded hips, and a plump, heart-shaped ass. He looked a lot like any number of her teen-age clients– teen-age *girl* clients.

One slender forearm draped across his breasts, Paul lay down. The girl began by applying warm, fragrant wax to his back. “Once the wax cools,” she explained, “I’ll tug it off. It may sting a little but–”

“Hey. Please,” Paul said. “Come on. I’m a dude.”

The girl smiled and shrugged. “Okey dokey.”

Amy, watching with the scrying stone, wished that it would hurt 10 times more than normal. He would, of course, be a very delicate, sensitive girl.

Soon, the sounds of Paul’s feminine screams echoed up and down the hallway outside the waxing room. Each time the girl tore the hair from his body, he gritted his teeth and vowed not to scream, but each time she ripped the hairs out by the roots, he screamed out in agonizing pain, wailing like a little girl who’d just seen a spider.



It was all the girl could do from laughing as she thought about Paul's famous last words: I'm a Dude.

The time came for Paul to roll onto his back. What choice did he have? He **needed** to be smooth and all over. As he rolled over, he felt his chest jiggle, and he was worried the girl would say something about his boobies, but she didn't. He closed his eyes, feeling humiliated and ashamed to be laying there in front of this young woman, his soft little breasts pointing up proudly into the air.

The girl worked, Paul screamed, and then, she asked, "what about your pubic hair?"

“I don’t...” Paul started to say, I don’t need anything done down there, but then another insane Amy thought consumed him, and he whispered, because he had to, “can you shape it like a heart?”

“Of course,” the girl said, applying the hot wax. *I’m a dude*. What a phony! He was the girliest girl she’d ever met. She applied the wax and yanked.

It was the scream to end all screams, and Paul even found himself crying weakly when she finished, stinging with shame at how he’d acting in front of this young female.

“All done,” the girl finally said. “I’ll wait outside while you get back into your robe.”

Paul barely heard her. He was gazing lovingly at his smooth calves, and lifting one leg, he ran his fingertips along the now silky, soft, smooth skin. “Oh!” He said, thrilled at the feeling of his skin, the pretty shape of his rounded calf.

“You have great skin,” the girl said before she left

“Thanks!” Paul chirped as the girl left. He couldn’t resist the urge to spend another few minutes caressing himself, reveling in the baby soft delight of his body. With all that gross hair removed, he could see—everyone could see how his skin glowed.

There was a knock. “Hey, sweetie,” Amy said, poking her head in the door. “We need the room for the next client.”

“Of course,” Paul said, blushing.

He pulled on his robe and made his way back to his dressing room, anger returning as he plotted and schemed. Now that he’d taken care of the spa day obsessions she’d cursed him with, he would find Amy, and he would force her to stop this. Somehow. He would offer a bribe, he decided,

and if that didn't work? Maybe he would just have to get violent. He didn't know, but he did know he was desperate, and a certain nasty little woman was about to find out she'd made a big mistake. Amy... Amy... he thought as he pushed open the door to the dressing room. She had made such a huge mistake that—

“Amy!” He gasped in surprise as he found his ex-wife sitting there, smiling at him.

“Hey, girl,” Amy said. “Enjoying your spa day?”

Paul charged up to her. “You little bitch!” He shrieked. “I should fucking kill you for this!”

Amy stood, laughing. “Oh, my God! That voice!” She glanced down at his breasts and smiled.

Hearing Amy laugh at him, the way she ogled his breasts, shook Paul's confidence. He decided to change tactics. “How much do you want? You know I have money. Just name your price.”

“It's not about what I want, honey,” Amy said. “It's about what you want.”

“I want you to change me back!” Paul screamed.

“No, you don't, silly girl. You want to get your nails done,” Amy said. “Do you have any idea what the other girls will think of you if they see you with those nubs?”

“My nails? I don't care...” Paul started to say, but he found himself checking out his nails, and the sight of his sort, ragged, uneven nails, his cuticles... “Omigod.”

“I made an appointment for you. You do want to get your nails done right now, right? Rather than have me turn you back into you?” Amy said.

“No. I want you to... I want... I want to get my nails done!” Paul gasped as his new needs and desires overcame him.

“I thought so. You’re such a girly girl!” Amy headed towards the door. “Have fun getting your nails done, and then, of course, shopping.”

“Shopping? Nails? Wait. Amy... please stop this!”

“Better and not better,” Amy said, smirking. “I love hearing you beg, but a high-maintenance girl should be more haughty. Oh, and by the way, I left some new clothes for you.”

“New clothes?” Paul said, feeling sick.

“Some things more appropriate to your sex and status,” Amy said. “And something to let you show off those gorgeous legs. Bye, babe.” And with that, she blew him a kiss and made her exit.

Paul went over and looked at the clothes she’d left for him. He almost cried. Panties? Lace? That merciless little bitch. He couldn’t believe what she was doing to him, that she hated him this much. Well, once he got his nails done, then, for sure, he would make her pay. He picked up the lacy little thong panties she’d left for him. Panties. Red panties. She knew that was his favorite color—for *her* to wear.

They were a humiliation, another total assault on his masculinity, but what choice did he have? He stepped into them, pulled them up, squirmed as he felt the dental floss slide between his butt cheeks. The panties did not have room for his junk, and the lump ruined what he knew should have been a more flat, pretty profile. After spending a futile minute trying to adjust his stuff inside the lacy little triangle of fabric between his legs, he gave up, thinking, *I almost wish I didn’t have a dick*, without even really acknowledging how alien the thought. The panties were incredibly uncomfortable, but after another moment Paul thought, I’ll guess just have to get used to it. That was before he made the mistake of looking in the mirror.



What the hell?
He felt like
someone had
punched him in
the gut. He stared
in shock at the
sight of his plump,
heart-shaped ass.
It looked—sexy.
Like a hot girl's
ass, especially
with that little
string
disappearing
between his heart-
shaped ass
cheeks, and his
legs, his waist, the
curve at the small
of his back? It
was— almost too
much. How could
this be his body?

Pulling his eyes away from the sight of his feminized shape, he looked around, annoyed to find she had not left him a bra.

He *needed* a bra. It no longer struck Paul as odd that he desperately wanted a bra. He just couldn't deal with his boobs jiggling around all the

time. Women! How could she give boobs and not have the curtesy to leave him some support? He would just have to pick a few bras up after he got his nails done.

He glanced once more at his hands, this time annoyed not just at his horrible nails, but his thick, stubby fingers and blocky looking hands. *Well*, he thought, *at least longer nails will make my fingers look prettier.*

Chapter Three



Paul felt exposed as he left the salon, the hem of his dress swishing above his bare legs, the short sleeves showing off his now hairless, skinny little arms. He had never worn a dress in his life, and to find himself now walking out into public dressed as a woman made him feel exposed, vulnerable, feminine with his bare, waxed legs and firm little breasts. He did not like feeling like this. His outfit had no pockets, so he'd even been forced to carry

the purse Amy had left for him.

He'd hoped to get back to his car unseen, but he passed a couple of women. Until that morning, he'd been a handsome man and used to

appreciative glances from women, but the look on their faces as they took him in was— confusion? They whispered and giggled. It was just like with the girls earlier. He couldn't be sure they were giggling at him, but he felt so self-conscious in his dress, carrying his purse he was *sure* they had to be laughing at him.

Bitches, he thought, sneering at their vulgar outfits. They were practically dressed like men, and he was **not** impressed with their strip mall sale bargain ensembles. Common! So common! How dare they laugh at him! His Saint Laurent purse cost 3000 dollars and was worth more than everything they were wearing combined! Even though he considered the women beneath him, he was about to turn around and tell them off, when he noticed his car, seeing it as if for the first time.

How have I allowed myself to be seen in this disgusting jalopy? He thought, appalled. It was a BMW coupe, but only a mid-range car from their line, and two years old. He'd been happy with it before his changes, but he now sneered at it with total scorn. I am so much better than this car, he thought. It's a car for a moderately successful dentist, and I'm a *queen*.

Queen. This time he caught himself. It annoyed him. Amy in his head. Making him think of himself as a queen? But, seriously, he thought as he slipped into the driver's seat. This car was so *dreary!*

Paul lingered outside the nail salon. It was seriously high-end, so that, of course, was acceptable, but he was still struggling to cling to some fragments of his fading manhood. How the hell was he going to explain having his nails done? Maybe, he thought, he could hide them somehow, because once more checking out his nails and his ugly man hands, he knew he had no choice. He couldn't live with these putrid fingernails.

Paul stepped into the salon. It was all women— the staff, the customers. He wondered if he would laugh at him, but then again that didn't matter. All that mattered was that he needed a manicure. He needed nails to die for. He walked up to the front desk. "Hi," he said, once more embarrassed by his little voice. "I'm here to, er, I'm here for..."

"Paige?" The girl said, glancing at her smart pad. "Paige Wants?"

Paul smiled. Amy, again. She'd named him Paige? There was no use fighting it. Maybe it was even better not to use his real name. "Yes," he said. "I'm Paige."

Paul found himself sitting across from an intense nail tech named Holland. "Oh, wow," she said, looking over Paul's nails. "Yeah. These need work."

"Can you fix me?" Paul asked, frightened at the thought of continuing to face the world with low-rent nails.

"Girl," Holland said, "when you leave here, you're going to have nails that would make a Kardashian cry."

"Thank goodness," Paul said, smiling. "I need nails like a goddess."

"You will. Now soak."

Paul let his fingers soak, and as he waited, his phone buzzed. He ignored it. Probably just more taunting from Amy, and, besides, he'd been told to keep his fingers in the soapy, rose-scented water. Holland came back and, after cleaning up his cuticles, she began to apply press on nails. As she attached the first one to Paul's index finger, he felt his body tingle from head to toe, and then his hand grew more slender, delicate.

Holland didn't seem to notice.

Paul felt his now divided mind start to war with itself. The man he'd been revolted. *He* didn't want tiny, soft, feminine hands and long, glamorous

nails, but the woman he was becoming ached with pleasure and need. More, she thought. More.

With the application of each long nail to his fingers, Paul's body kept changing. His breasts swelled and swelled. He felt his body growing ever more slender, his waist pulling in, and of course, his hands kept getting prettier. Meanwhile, Paul felt his cheeks grow warm, his nipples hard as waves of erotic pleasure began to wash over him as he and his hands became more and more feminized.

Holland, still seeming not to notice any changes, just kept working, chatting amiably, as she began to paint his nails. She'd chosen a hot, wet, red color, and as she drew the brush along his nail, covering the clear, neutral extension with sparkling metallic flakes. "This is made with real gold," Holland said. "Your fingernails are going to be worth 500 dollars."

Paul couldn't help but squeak, "Oh!"

"Looks good, right?" Holland said.

"To die for," Paul whispered. As Holland painted, his hair lengthened until he felt it brushing against his cheeks, his shoulders.

Amy watched it all, nodding with pleasure. Her a-hole of an ex now had an incredible rack, a tiny waist... and a very pretty face. He was becoming the exact woman Amy had chosen for him to be. She'd have to give Tatiana a nice, big tip. Her magic was astounding.

Paul was vaguely aware of the different feel of his changing body— the weight of his full breasts, the way his ass now seemed to spread beneath him, the tingling of his long hair against his soft cheeks, but he couldn't really process, couldn't think about it at all. He was staring in rapturous wonder at his gorgeous nails, emoting like crazy watching Holland work, giving him the nails he wanted and needed to be happy.

Holland finished, and Paul held up his now refined, feminine hands, admiring his perfect, pretty manicure. “And? What do you think?” Holland said.

“You’re a miracle worker,” Paul answered, unable to even think about stopping himself from all the feminine gushing. “I feel so much more *me* now.”



Once his nails had dried, Paul stood, and the way his newly grown breasts pulled on his sternum swayed, reminded him he needed some bras. Then, though, he caught a glimpse of himself in a mirror— his hair. It

was long, thick, glossy, but- “I *need you* to do something with my hair,” Paul said. “It’s a mess.”

“Oh,” Holland said. “We’re pretty busy.”

Paul planted a hand on his hip and gave her an imperious stare. “I’ll give you 500 dollars to see me right now.”

Holland glanced at her supervisor, who shook her head, no.

“1000,” Paul said, slitting his eyes and thrusting his breasts forward.

This time, the supervisor nodded, yes.

“Of course,” Holland said. “Right this way.” She led Paul over to a stylist named Anna.

Paul put his nose in the air as he strutted past the other women customers. He wanted what he wanted, and he wanted it all right now. Like he would be kept waiting like some low-class girl from the gutter. “How would you like your hair done?” The stylist asked.

Paul’s eyes locked onto a picture on the wall. A gorgeous, glamorous woman with serious hair all curls and ribbons and so thick and gorgeous. “I want hair just like hers,” he said, pointing a long, sparkling nail at the picture.

“Are you sure?” Anna said. “That’s a high maintenance hair style.”

“High Maintenance?” Paul whispered, feeling that mysterious clenching in his belly again. He moaned softly. “Yes. Yes. Oh. My. God. Yes!”

The women around the salon raised their eyebrows. For some a trip to the salon was just a task, like getting their oil changed, and some enjoyed the trip, but none of them had ever nearly had an orgasm over the prospect

of getting their hair done. None of them could even believe this demanding bitch was for real.

Once his hair was done, Paul admired himself in the mirror, tossing his gorgeous blonde hair, watching the curls bounce, delighting in the way his mane sparkled and glimmered in the salon's lighting. He ran his long nails through it.

Something of him was left of the old him, and he struggled to hold onto it because the hair framing his face now softened it, made him look more like a woman.



It wasn't right. He wasn't supposed to want to have his nails done, to have

tits like Kate Upton. He wasn't supposed to be okay with any of this, and yet... he looked so good!

A kind of calm came over him. His hair, his nails. They were what he needed to feel confident, to let the world know he was a somebody. He strutted out of the salon, feeling like a high-class bitch and loving it.

As much as he craved a little shopping therapy, and he really did need a bra, Paul knew he could not cancel his afternoon appointment with Danny Garvin. One of the top action heroes in Hollywood, Danny had been one of Paul's first clients, and his word of mouth had spread around LA and brought Paul all of his success as therapist to the stars. Despite the hard, tough guy characters he played, Danny was actually a needy, insecure man full of self-doubt, and it had been Paul's role over the years to constantly build him up, challenge him, get him out of his constant depressed and weepy moods, ready for another role.

He was about to head off to shoot Vengeance Machine, and he needed Paul's help. As embarrassed and conflicted as Paul felt walking along in his skirt, purse bouncing against his hip, he knew he just had to suck it up and make it work somehow.

Paul paused outside his office door, clutching his purse strap and took a deep breath, feeling his full, heavy breasts rise and fall. They felt so big, like they were jutting out from his chest, like, three feet. He felt the cool air swirling around his long, bare legs. He didn't want Daphne to see him like this. He was— had been— a man's man, and now here he was wearing a skirt, with long hair, a purse. He swung the door open and made right for his office. "Hey, Daphne," he said, meaning to walk right by her desk, avoid any discussion of his new look.

“Excuse me, Miss?” Daphne said, surprised as this woman came barreling into the office and raced toward Paul’s door.

Miss? Paul thought, shocked and annoyed, but still charging forward.

Paul was a therapist, and some of his clients lacked impulse control. Daphne was used to it, so she popped to her feet and intercepted Paul, blocking him. “Miss, unless you have an appointment—” Daphne froze as she stared at the busty, slender woman’s face. “Paul?” She said, shocked. It was a condition of Tatiana’s magic that people who knew the men she changed recognized them.

Paul decided to hide his embarrassment behind an aloof, arrogant demeanor. It’s what girls like him did. He tossed his hair and pretended to examine his pretty nails. “I prefer Paige,” he said, voice oozing with scorn. Paige? Why had he said that? His name was— Paige? But no. His name was—

“Paige?” Daphne said, her eyes dropping to Paul’s impressive cleavage.

“You know my name is— it’s—” Paul couldn’t understand it. His name was not Paige, it was.... “You know my name is Paige,” he sassed, blushing as Daphne stared at his breasts. “Now, if you don’t mind, I would like to go into my office!”

Daphne stepped aside, thinking, what a bitch. As Paul passed, she watched him go, stunned and impressed with his tiny waist, wide hips, big, plump ass. He looked like a woman.

Paul slammed the door, instinctively smoothing his skirt as he sat, then, setting his purse next to his chair, he looked around his office. “So droll,” he thought, looking over the masculine decorations. They were all good, but just like his car, not good enough. It was embarrassing that a woman of his status even had to work!

A woman of my status? Once more, Paul was appalled at the way he was thinking, what Amy was doing to him. He grabbed his purse and began digging through it for his phone. He would call that little witch right now and—

The intercom buzzed. “Paige?” Daphne said. “Danny is here.”

“Paige?” He heard Danny ask.

“Send him in,” Paul said, wincing once more at his pretty voice. He tried to pull the top of his dress up to hide the rounded swell of his cleavage, but the weight of his boobs just pulled it right back down. He felt like his big, firm breasts might pop right out the top of his tiny little dress at any moment, and it made him both nervous and a little turned on. He couldn’t even imagine what Danny was gonna think when he got a look at his melons.

The door opened and Danny took two steps into the office and froze, looking over Paul. “Bro,” he said.

“Come in,” Paul said, waving a slender hand, his nails catching the light and sparkling. “Just ignore these puppies,” he said, gesturing at his breasts. “Let’s focus on you.”

Paul’s gesture brought Danny’s attention right to his magnificent bust, and Danny’s eyes locked on as he walked across the office and sat. “I didn’t know you were transitioning,” Danny said. “Congratulations. What are your pronouns?” Danny couldn’t yank his eyes from Paul’s incredible rack. “I’m so happy for you,” he went on.

“Um, I’m up here?” Paul said, unable to ignore the way Danny was staring at his tits, or the way the male attention was making him— tingle.

Amy, watching, giggled and waved her hand, whispering, “man crazy.”

Danny pulled his eyes away from Paul's bust. *I'd do his body but not his face*, he thought. He smiled. "Okay. So, how do we do this now?"

Good teeth, Paul thought, assessing this male who sat in front of him. Nice chin. Pretty eyes. He looked down over Danny's broad shoulders, his firm, bulging, muscular chest. Paul felt himself getting hot, thirsty, as he continued his assessment. Gold Rolex. He was money. Status. Paul began to fan himself, and his eyes went back to Danny's face. I bet he's a great kisser and a stallion in the sack. Paul's mouth dropped open in surprise at what he found himself thinking.

"Dude?" You okay?" Danny said, noticing the hot, glassy look in Paul's eyes, the way his nipples were now poking out from his blouse, hard and firm, like they might just tear right through the delicate, silk fabric.

Paul dropped his eyes, confused and humiliated and hungry for those lips. This was not the way a woman like him was supposed to behave! He gathered himself, tried to calm himself, put his nose in the air and once more assumed his mask of haughty femininity. "I am fine, *Daniel*," he said, becoming colder, more formal. "Now, let's talk about your role. That is why you're here?"

"Yeah. Right," Danny said. "Right. I'm a little stressed about the sex scene with Scarlett Willow."

Paul was instantly bored. He had no interest whatsoever in Danny's little acting problems. There were much more important questions that needed answering.

"How many homes do you own?" Paul asked.

"Homes?"

"Yes. How many?"

“Well, I don’t even remember. Maybe five? That’s if you count the pied a terre in Paris, which was really more my ex’s idea. No. Wait. Six.

“Six!” Paul gasped. This delightfully single man had *SIX* homes? Including one in *Paris*?

“Yeeeeeh. So, about that scene...”

“How much money do you make?” Paul said, putting a hand to his chest and leaning forward. He felt his slender forearm press into the soft swelling of his breast. His breasts were so big, they seemed to get in the way of even the most common gestures. Paul had found their constant jiggling and bouncing annoying, but now seeing how this studly man was responding to them he thought they just might be worth the trouble.

“I don’t see how that matters.”

“It matters, Daniel. It matters so very much.”

“I get paid 10 million per film,” Danny said.

“Oh,” Paul said, sitting back, disappointed. He waved a hand dismissively. “Is that all?”

Danny felt offended. “Well, I also get a producer credit on every film, which means I get a percentage of the gross. My residuals are out of this world, and I’ve invested my money. So, you know, I’m doing very well.”

Paul’s hand went back to his chest, and he leaned forward again, excited. Maybe Danny could afford him. “What’s your net worth?”

Danny saw the hot, wet gleam in Paul’s eyes, and it kind of weirded him out. He’d seen it before in the eyes of crazy fans, women who were obsessed with him, wanted nothing more in life than a night with a movie star. Is Paul coming onto me? He wondered. “I’d rather not say.”

Paul, realizing that he might be coming across a bit desperate, unleashed a bright, bubbly laugh. He was Paige Needs. He didn't do desperate. "Oh, it doesn't really matter. Forget I asked."



"A little over 300 hundred million dollars," Danny said, because he really did want to brag about it.

Paul felt something in his belly clench, and he squeezed his thighs together as his breasts ached and his head swam and he cried out, “Oh, Daniel!”

And then his world went black.

Chapter Three



“Paige?” He heard a voice calling through the darkness.

“Paige?”

Paul’s eyes flickered open, and he found himself looking up at Daphne. “Are you okay?”

“What happened?” Paul asked, confused.

“You fainted.”

“Fainted?” Paul shook his head. “Where’s Daniel?”

“I’m here,” Danny said, stepping into view. “I wanted to make sure you were okay.”

Paul’s heart fluttered.

“Should we call an ambulance?” Daphne asked.

“No. No. I’m fine,” Paul said, reaching a dainty hand toward Danny.

Danny took Paul’s soft little hand in his own big, calloused fist and helped the skinny little man to his feet. Paul purposely fell against Danny, letting his breasts press against Danny’s rock-hard abs. “Thank you,” he said, touching the man on his bulging bicep.

“Of course,” Danny said, stepping away, uncomfortable. Paul or Paige, was supposed to be his therapist, and it just didn’t seem right for them to be pressing their breasts against him, no matter how good it felt.

“Should we continue your session?”

“I’m good,” Danny said, backing away. “You take care of yourself now.” As he left, Paul couldn’t help himself, tilting his head to the side and waving.

“What happened?” Daphne asked. “You sure you’re okay?” Paul seemed so feminine now, she felt a surging masculine need to protect him.

“Yes. I am fine,” Paul said, tugging on the hem of his skirt.

Amy smiled and petted her cat, once more filling Paul’s mind with a powerful imperative.

Paul grabbed his purse. “I need to go out. It’s an emergency!”

“Are you sure that’s a good idea?” Daphne said.

“Yes,” Paul said, once more gesturing at his impressive bust. “I *need* a bra.”

I can’t argue with that, Daphne thought, watching him go, admiring his legs. “You want some help?”

Paul hesitated. Maybe it would be a good idea to bring a girl along? But, then, he looked Daphne over. She looked like what she was— the hired help. Her fashion sense was common, and perfect for a low status woman. He did not need advice from a girl like *her*. “Never you mind,” he said, breezily tossing his hair. “Paige knows what she needs.”

The women's department. Paul stood in the aisle looking over the racks of dresses, blouses and skirts. Beyond them, shimmering like an oasis, a wall full of shoes— even from across the room, he could make out the different styles— pumps, stilettos, ballet flats. Omigod, he realized. I love shoes now. Shoes? Me? It wasn't right, but it was him. So very him.

Behind Paul, the men's department. He'd glanced wistfully at the shirts, the jeans. To his increasingly feminine eyes, what he now saw was tedium, a willful sameness, a masculine insistence on utility, comfort, functionality. The materials tended toward durable. Only this morning, he had belonged to that world.

Now he gazed lovingly over tiny little dresses and flirty skirts, each one fashioned from thin, clingy or fluttery fabrics. He sighed at the sight of blouses with flowery ruffles, towering heels that would minimize his mobility. The man he'd been had always been amused at the things women would do, he felt, to impress men, but he now saw the truth. These clothes were as much about advertising superiority to other women, letting them know that while the common female had to opt for comfortable shoes while she worked her— ugh— job, or chased around her bratty babies, the superior woman was above all that. She could teeter around on absurd heels. Wear clothes so thin and delicate they might be torn by a breeze.

Yes. The sheath of feminine power was thin, soft and impractical.

Most women were weeds: He was an orchid. Most girls were oxen, pulling plows in the fields. He was an Asherah, purring contentedly, diamond collar sparkling, wanting for nothing, required to do nothing but be beautiful.

“Can I help you?”

Paul snapped out of his reverie. He looked down to see a smiling salesgirl. Red hair. Freckles. Her name tag read Mary Margaret. Descended from Irish peasants, he decided. She'd found her level. "I need a bra," Paul said, what was left of the man in him wilting as he told this girl he, the great man he'd been, needed a bra.

"Right this way," Mary said. "What's your size?"

"Huge," Paul answered, not really understanding the question. "Isn't it obvious?" He glanced at Mary's small breasts and crinkled his nose. Poor thing, he thought.

"Well," the girl said. "You certainly are well-endowed. You've never been measured for a bra?"

"I never needed one until today," Paul said.

Mary glanced at Paul's full, firm breasts. She pegged him for a D cup and figured he'd needed a bra for quite some time, but she said nothing. The customer was always right. "Let's get you measured," Mary said. "Did you know 70% of women are wearing the wrong bra size?"

"I am not interested in your litany of bra related trivia," Paul said with a scornful and dramatic sigh. "Could you please refrain from your rustic prattle?"

Mary tried and failed to hide her confusion. Rustic prattle? Whoever talks like that? And what did prattle even mean?

Paul, meanwhile, was thinking much the same thing. He couldn't believe the way he was acting, the things he was saying. The fact that he had boobs. Huge tits. The fact he, Paul, a man's an if there ever was one, now needed a bra, just like any woman. And now he had to slip out of his dress and let this young woman see his rack, see that he was wearing panties. It

was too humiliating for him to even find the words, but he simply had to have support, so he just had to—endure—this latest disgrace.

“These aren’t really mine,” he said in his soft little voice, making a cupping gestures beneath his breasts. “My ex-wife gave them to me, well, not exactly gave... it’s a long story.” He shook his head and flicked his nails. “She made me wear these panties, too.”

“I’m sure she did,” the girl said, putting a hand gently on Paul’s small, soft little arm.



She’d thought he was a woman. “Ex-wives are the worst.”

Paul cringed as the girl got ready to measure his breasts. He just hoped the tape measure had been sterilized. He didn’t even

want to think of the filthy, ordinary things that measure had touched. Paul stood topless before the girl, and she wrapped the tape measure first across his nipples, and then under his breasts. When she’d wrapped the measure under his boobs, her hand had brushed against his side boob, sending a quiver of pleasure through his soft chest, and he felt his nipples

start to tighten. “Eeee!” Paul had squeaked, humiliated that a brush of the hand from this girl had – thrilled him in such a feminine way.

No. No. No. He focused, concentrated as hard as he could trying to mentally will his nipples to stand down, desperate not to have this young girl see him getting—female.

“34 D,” the girl said, blissfully unaware of the gender crisis storming through Paul’s brain. “Now, let’s get you a bra.”

The girl showed him a selection of bras. They were laid out on a round table beneath a bust wearing a pink, lacy bra. Brand name labels identify the maker of each of the bras. Paul snorted in contempt. “These are all so common,” he said, picking one up by the strap with his fingertips, then tossing it back down.

“These are the most popular brands in America,” Mary said.

“Yes. As I said, common.” Paul threw his hips out to the side and planted a hand. “Don’t you have something a little more— refined?”

Such an asshole, Mary thought. Who the hell does she think she is? With that face? “I’m afraid not. You should try a boutique. There are high end stores that sell more exclusive products.”

“Ah, yes. Now, you are actually serving your purpose and helping me,” Paul said. “And where might I find one of these boutiques?”

“Try Baba Yaga,” Mary said.

Paul stared at her, slit his eyes and let a cold, hateful smile crawl across his lips. “And where, dear child, might I find this Baba Yaga? Where is it located?”

Mary had had enough. “Maybe you should do a search with your phone?”

“Maybe / should? Do you mean to suggest I do it myself?”

“Um, yeah. I do.”

“Your generation is appalling,” Paul huffed. He fished his phone from his purse and said, “Call my assistant.”

“Yes?” Daphne said, answering on the first ring.

“I need you to find the address to a place called Baba Yaga,” he said. “Send it to my phone.” He ended the call, and still holding the phone in his hand, he tilted his head to the side. “A woman like me does not do things herself.” With that, he turned and sashayed out the door.

It must be nice, Mary thought, watching Paul storm from the store, his hips swaying. As much as she hated the arrogant bitch, she also kind of found herself wishing she could be her.

“Heaven!” Paul gasped as he walked in the door to the clothing side of the Baba Yaga boutique. “Heaven!” The clothes! The tailoring! He could see right away these were the most elegant and perfect clothes a girl could buy. He went to a rack and checked the label. “Vollette.” Somehow, he knew. A small fashion house in Burgundy. Exclusive. Rare.

Expensive.

A fashionable older woman approached. “Welcome,” she said in a delightful, upper class British accent. “My name is Bianca. May I help you find something?”

“No,” Paul said with an icy laugh. “I’ll take one of everything!”

“I see you have good taste, madam.”

Paul smiled. “Let’s start with lingerie.” His earlier contempt for panties had vanished. He adored them now, needed them, just as he needed to most feminine bras. Lace! How had he lived his whole life without lace?



Paul felt like he descended into a fever dream as he shopped and shopped— colors seemed brighter, fabrics softer— the world seemed to glow and shift and flicker, as if he were under a strobe light. His whole body buzzed, tingled as a full body euphoria washed over him like a foamy, tropical wave.

He bought and bought, tried on outfit after outfit. Time ceased to exist or to matter. He could have been there minutes, hours, days or even weeks, it was all just one constant blur of *sensation!* Each time he tried on an outfit, he strutted out like a model on a catwalk, posing for Bianca. Turning. Posing again. Changing. Posing. Primping. It really was heaven. Amy, of course, watched her darling little husband suffering from shopping fever, laughing. He was just like her now—only worse.

Paul was at the register, handing Bianca his credit card as he admired the way his newly purchased Cartier diamond bracelet sparkled on his slender wrist. He wore one of his new bras, enjoying the feeling of having 1625 dollars of Le Perla support lifting and supporting his dynamite tits. Paul had not paid the slightest attention to the price of anything; women like him never did, and he'd had to max out two of his credit cards to pay for it all.

“I definitely need a man,” Paul said with a smile. “A very rich man.”

“Don't we all,” Bianca said.

Tatiana, the owner of the boutique, approached. “That bracelet looks gorgeous on you.”

“I know,” Paul said, holding his wrist up so the diamonds caught the light.

“You know, we have earrings to match?”

“Earrings?” Paul’s heart fluttered— again. His naked lobes suddenly felt positively scandalous. “Cartier? Matching? Diamonds?” The last word came out as a desperate squeak. The bracelet, alone, even on sale, had cost him 25,000 dollars, and he was down to his last credit card. He started to ask how much the earrings would cost him, but a girl like him did not ask the price of anything.

“Let me get them for you.” Tatiana fetched a small velvet covered jewelry box. She held it toward Paul, paused, and then popped it open. Light danced within the perfectly cut diamonds. They sparkled.

“I need them,” Paul gasped, steadying himself on the counter as his knees went weak. He reached a trembling hand toward the pretty, pretty jewels, but Tatiana snapped the box shut.

“Let’s pierce those ears of yours.”

Paul found himself sitting in a salon chair.

“While I’m at it,” Tatiana said. “I am thinking collagen. Give you some full, plump lips.”

“Yes,” Paul said, thrilled. All the most beautiful women had their lips done, and he was in competition with them now. He needed big, fat kissable lips, the kind of lips a man looked at and thought—No. His mind retreated from the last bit. He just needed to be kissable.

“And some eyelash extensions. What do you think?”

“I wouldn’t dream of leaving here without them.”

Paul once more found himself drawn into a state of pure euphoria, the world taking on a gauzy, blurry dream-like state as Tatiana pierced his

ears, plumped his lips and then gave him a full makeover. It was bliss. As good as shopping, his mud bath. No wonder women loved going the salon, he decided. He'd been so wrong to judge them. It wasn't indulgence, it was an absolutely necessary component of happiness.

As Tatiana applied foundation, eyeliner, mascara, lipstick, Paul's manly features melted away as he was gifted the soft, beautiful features of a



woman.

Amy watched, pleased as her ex-husband's formerly handsome, manly face melted away. He was gorgeous now, and with that pretty face, he would find the whole world treated him differently. Paul was gone. Well, almost gone.

When Tatiana turned the chair around, Paul did not recognize himself. He blinked his big, bright eyes, the long, lash extensions looked so

sexy. He had sculpted, feminine brows, a petite nose, thick, plump,

kissable lips and a perfectly delightful little chin. He now had the face of a very pretty woman, a face that would invite compliments, male attention. His lips, alone, could give a guy a boner.

Tatiana pulled his hair back so he could get a good look at the diamonds now sparkling in his little ears. "What do you think?" Tatiana asked.

Paul hated it. Hated what Amy had made him. At the same time? "Finally, I'm perfect," he said, and he smiled and crinkled his nose.

Amy chuckled. He was. Perfectly doomed.

When Paul returned home, he had a couple shopping bags draped over his slender forearm, his new 5000 dollar Bottega Veneta Chain Cassette slung over one slender shoulder. Most of his purchases would be delivered in the morning, but he'd brought some things home he just needed to try on that night...

"Hello, Paige," Amy, his ex-wife, called from the shadows.

Paul squeaked in shock.

Amy turned on the lamp next to the chair she had sat waiting in. She wore a pair of jeans, one of Paul's old button-down shirts. She was man spreading, smoking a cigar, the blue smoke swirling in the air around her head. "Are you ever easy on the eyes."

Paul, what was left of the old Paul, felt himself burn with feminine fury. "Ugh!" He said, setting down his purse, his shopping. "You had no right to do this to me!"

"You're pretty when you're angry," Amy said.

"Don't patronize me!" Paul said.

Amy stood, took one last long toke off of Paul's cigar and blew a ring towards him. Paul's eyes went wide, and he hissed as he scampered away from the smoke. "I don't want to have to wash my hair!"

Amy doubled over, laughing. “You are such a woman now! Omigod. I mean, I did make you like this, but just to see you all feminine and precious, with those big tits and that little girl voice! It’s too much.”

Paul crossed his arms under his breasts and looked Amy over. She was beautiful. He couldn’t deny that. He’d married her because she was beautiful, rare. Special. Even now, dressed as she was, the way she carried herself, the way she spoke, she still came across as an exotic creature.

“You’re a high maintenance girl now, Paige,” Amy continued, circling Paul, checking out his figure— the plump, inviting ass, his long, sexy legs. “Just like me.”

“Change me back,” Paul said. “I don’t want to be like you.”

“Change you back?” Amy said, now standing in front of Paul, looking him right in the eyes. “Is that really what you want, honey?”

“Yes!” Paul said. “Right now!”

“That means no more manicures,” Amy taunted. “No more trips to the spa, the salon. And what will you do with that scrumptious purse?”

“No more...” Paul looked at his nails. They were— everything. And, looking at his nails, he saw once more the sparkling pretty of his diamond bracelet. “But... I mean...”

Amy brushed a strand of hair away from Paul’s face, then cupped his chin. “And how will you ever find a man who can afford to provide you with the lifestyle you need and deserve?”

“A man? I don’t—” Paul started to say, I don’t want a man. He couldn’t say it. He realized in a deep and fundamental way that he wanted, needed, craved a man to buy him things, to pamper him, to free him from the

appalling need to work some horrid job, and every job was horrid. “I don’t... I don’t...”

Seeing the realization in Paul’s big, pretty eyes, the horror of what Amy had made of him, Amy smiled once more, the very smile of a cat who has caught the canary. “I’ll give you a choice,” Amy said. “I can either turn you back into a man, but leave you with your, what did you call me once? Vacuous and materialistic personality?”

“I am not vacuous!”

Amy chuckled. “Or, I can make you a woman. Down there.” She pointed to Paul’s. “A woman in every way. A woman who has that final special little present between her legs, the one thing all men really want, and that can use to capture yourself a prime male of the species, a man with money. Your choice. You’re going to be a high-maintenance girl for the rest of your life, Paige. The only question is whether you’ll do it with a male body or a female body. Well?”

A man. I’m a man, Paul thought. Of course, I want to be a man. But then he remembered how ugly that bulge had looked the first time he’d put on his new panties. He’d even wished, just for a second, he didn’t even have a dick.

And, as a woman, he could have everything he needed, wanted, was born to have. Being a man was so—tiresome. No pretty dresses or fashionable bags, and when would he ever get a chance to wear any of the gorgeous shoes he’d purchased?

“I need to know your decision,” Amy said, though she already knew what Paul would decide.



“The male organ,” Paul said, putting his nose in the air. “Is highly over-rated.”

“I agree.” Amy grabbed his junk and squeezed.

One Month Later

Paul and his bestie, the supermodel Claire Gold, minced into Club Forever, their heels clicking as they pretended to notice no one, chatting amiably, just two superior females floating through the world on a cloud. Paul and Claire sidled up to the bar, and they each pulled out their phones and pretended to check their makeup.

The bartender placed a couple of drinks on the bar. Pretty blue and orange drinks with fruit in them, frosted rims. Girly, feminine drinks “From the gentleman,” the bartender said, gesturing toward a man sitting at the end of the bar. “I’ve got four more coming from other guys.”

Paul and Claire giggled. It was always like this.

Paul looked at the guy at the end of the bar and assessed his pursuer. A little older, but that wasn’t always a bad thing. Good hair, and his suit and that gold watch said— money. Paul smiled. The guy picked up his drink and made his way over to Paul and Claire along with a crowd of other men. Paul glanced around to see the annoyed looks on the faces of some of the other girls. Suck it, bitches, he thought.

“I’m Duke,” the guy said, putting a hand on Paul’s knee.

Paul smiled and covered the man’s hand with his own, but he was already disappointed. He couldn’t see himself with a guy named Duke. It was so utterly common. Still, he decided to flirt with Duke. The other men would compete, try and get between them. He would see who really had balls.

“I’m Paige,” he said, putting his nose in the air, haughty, superior. He needed men to know right away what kind of girl he was. It scared a lot of them off. “Nice to meet you, Duke.”

Duke squeezed Paul's knee and leaned in closer. "Oh, my *name* isn't Duke," he said. "I am a Duke. The Duke of Glaston Wood. Call me Aengus."

Paul felt his nipples getting hard. "A Duke?" He said, impressed. "And whatever are you doing in America?"

"Looking for a wife."

"Go on."

Claire and Paul eventually made an excuse to head to the little girl's room, the men who'd crowded around them parting like the Red Sea to let them pass. They were all enthralled and impressed by these thoroughbreds, who even in a room of the classiest, hottest women in town, radiated a superiority that certain men found irresistible.

Paul sat on the toilet, his dress hiked up, his panties pushed down, and as he tinkled, he had his phone in his hand. "He's for real," Paul said. "Net worth estimated over a billion."

Claire, who was at the sink fixing her makeup, said, "Pretty boy with money. Score."

Paul wiped himself and joined Claire at the mirror, touching up his lipstick.

"Status?" Claire said.

"Divorced. Once." Paul primped his hair with his long fingernails. "No kids."

"Ooooh! I'm jealous!"

"I could be a duchess!" Paul giggled.

"Every little girl's dream come true!"

"Yes," Paul lied, tugging on one of his earrings. "Too bad he's not a prince, but did I mention he has a billion dollars? It's all I've ever wanted!"

Six Months Later



“I want a house on the Riviera!” Paul said, stomping a tiny foot, his breasts bouncing. He was wearing nothing but a bra and a pair of panties, and had just been finishing up his makeup when the argument had started.

“Paige, the market is too hot right now,” Aengus said. “Everything is overpriced.”

“The Clemersons just bought a mansion with a view of the ocean,” Paul shrieked. “The Clemersons!”

“Clemersons is an idiot, he—”

Paul screamed and then let the tears start flowing, pouring down his cheeks. He’d learned to cry at will since becoming a woman. It was one the best tools he had to get his way, especially with a man as stubborn as his husband. “What will I tell all the other wives?” He sobbed. “That my husband doesn’t love me?”

“Hey. Hey.” Aengus got up, gathered Paul into his arms and kissed the tears on his cheeks. “You know I love you.”

Paul put his head on Aengus’ chest so his husband couldn’t see him smile. “We could have so much fun there,” Paul whimpered. “I just want to be there with you. Just the two of us, and a beautiful sunset. Please? Please? Just do this for us?”

Aengus sighed. “For us,” he said.

Paul tilted his head back and smiled through the tears, inviting the kiss. And it was a good, long, loving kiss sweetened by the fact that he’d won. Again. “I love you so much,” he whispered when the kiss ended. Then, putting on his little girl voice, he asked, “You’re not mad at me?”

‘Of course not.’

“Goodie!” Paul hooped back on his feet and pranced away, his moods shifting with ease. “I have to finish getting dressed.”

Aengus watched his gorgeous wife as she went about her morning routine. He wasn’t mad at her. Not at all. He actually enjoyed her little games, as each time they had one of these dramatic spats she would reward him with the kind of rough, raw nasty sex she didn’t really like, but would do for him when he bought her something. Oh, she pretended to like it, and was a good enough little actress she made it interesting, but it actually meant more to Aengus that he knew she wasn’t really into it.

Sure, it cost a lot of money to keep a woman like Paige happy, but he knew what he was getting into when he married her. She was, after all, high maintenance.

Paul wiped the tear smeared foundation from his pretty face and started over on his makeup. It was so much work being a woman! But, well, he loved it. At least, most of him did. Deep inside the man he’d been still hated

and resented everything about his life— his obsession with makeup and hair, his need to be pampered and primped, and most of all the fact he was now completely and totally dependent on another man to provide for him, to care for him, to finance every new absurd feminine impulse that gripped his scattered female brain.

He knew what Aengus would expect that night, and he wanted to do none of the filthy things he knew his husband had in mind, but he would fake it, play along, act like he loved every depraved minute of it. Paul had become a master at faking the female orgasm. It was so important to Aengus and a small thing he could do for his man.

So, he had to please his man in bed, do things he just didn't really care for. Big deal. He was a Duchess now, and he had a rich man, and soon he would have a house on the Riviera. That made it all worthwhile. Let other, foolish girls marry for love.

A girl like Paul married for one thing and one thing only: money. And, to him it now made perfect sense. Love grew hot and cold. People came and went. But, diamonds? Diamonds were forever.

