

# EXTRAORDINARY GIRL



COOPER KADEE  
& NATALIE

## Prologue

“Yes,” I say as I sit, crossing my long legs, arching my back slightly to thrust my breasts forward. “I used to be a man. Does that excite you?”

My client clears his throat and nods. “Yeah.” He’s looking me over, eyes lingering on my face, then drifting down to my cleavage, swelling, straining against the top of my tight little dress.

Most of my clients don’t know I used to be a guy, but certain men and women come to Extraordinary Services looking for certain experiences.

“You’re so beautiful,” the client, Marc says, voice hoarse, barely even a whisper.

“You’re sweet,” I say, gracing him with my big, bright, happy girl smile, and he actually recoils, like he’s in shock. I have a stunning smile. I am stunning. People say that word a lot, but when I walk in a room people stare— men, women, children. They can’t help it. Marc is stunned. He’d never even spoken to a woman as beautiful as me, I can tell. I let my smile grow even brighter, and he looks away. I don’t do it to be cruel. I do it because I know he wants it.

Marc’s shy, which is sweet. He’s paid for the girlfriend experience. He takes me out like I’m a date and we go to dinner, a walk, then back to the hotel. I’m going to be Marc’s dream girl tonight: fun, loving, sweet, flirty. I’m going to cling to his arm and he’s going to show me off to everyone, and he’ll feel like the King of The World, and I will be the best day of his life, his happiest memory.

I love doing that for a man. Making him feel special. Giving him a night of pleasure he will never forget. I love being an escort. It is, after all, a part of my programming.

## Chapter One

Ashley came up with the idea to get a couples massage. We were friends in that kind of murky middle stage where I wasn't sure if she was a girl who happened to be a friend or a *girlfriend*. It's one of the hazards of modern dating life. In the old days, I would have been required to state my intentions. "Miss Ashley, I would like to court you."

"Oh, sir!"

Our relationship had gone along the path of most these days, at least among the young in NYC. We met and started to "hang out." We went out together, though we didn't even call them dates. We slept over at each other's places, even did brunch. But, we'd never actually had any kind of talk like let's be exclusive or is this something more serious? We were friends with benefits.

So, when she suggested a couples massage, I was pretty excited. I wanted us to be more, and this seemed like a step toward that. I almost brought it up, finally, but the thing is— well, there were two things. First, I didn't want to mess up what we had. Second, I was afraid. What if I'd misread the whole thing, and she didn't want to get more serious? A lot of young women in NYC are very focused on their careers and not really interested in any kind of "serious" relationship that could get in the way of their climbing the corporate ladder.

We'd decided to walk down to the Village from our place on the Upper East Side. Having Ashley at my side made me feel cool, like a badass. She's hot as hell with long brown hair, big, brown eyes, and always really well put together, today wearing a spaghetti strap top that celebrated her tan shoulders, with a plunging neckline that showed off her— well, you

know. She'd picked out a short skirt, too, that really let those long legs of hers breathe. We passed other couples now and then, and looked at the other guys and always thought— my girlfriend's hotter than yours, chump. Really, though, my favorite thing about her was her smile. She had the sweetest smile.

It was a beautiful spring morning, and the sidewalk cafes were all packed, waitstaff bustling, the smells of coffee, fresh baked bread and bacon wafting out from the open fronts and across the streets.

"I'm kinda nervous," I said to Ashley as we walked. "I couldn't even find anything on the Intertubes about this place." Ashley looks up at me with those big brown eyes, a bright smile on her pretty face.

"You're such a scaredy cat," Ashley said, nudging against me. "I told you. They're bringing that whole secret speakeasy vibe to the spa business. It's really hip. No advertising, no web begging. Just word of mouth."

"You're such a trend hound," I said. She was, and it was something I always teased her about. Ashley was obsessed with being on the forefront of new trends.

"Lucky for you," she said. "Or you'd still be sporting that Hasselhoff hair."

"I looked good!" Ashley had talked me into getting a more cutting edge haircut shortly after we'd met. She was always teasing me about how clueless I was about fashion.

"You did look kinda cute, in a sad, I don't own a mirror kind of way."

"Well, if you'd let me keep my Hasselhoff, I am sure it would have become trendy again someday. Besides, it was very popular with the grandmas! "

So, we went on like that, talking, joking, until we found ourselves in Greenwich Village, making our way down one of those twisty, winding, narrow streets and to a green, wooden door with a brass number that read 001. In keeping with the whole “speakeasy” vibe, there was no sign, nothing to indicate we had arrived at a business. I tried the door. Locked. “What do we do?”

“I got it,” Ashley said. “Jon told me.” She knocked. Once. Paused. Then three quick.

We heard movement.

“It was pretty cool of Jon to tell you about this place,” I said, trying to sound cool about the fact she was still in touch with her ex-boyfriend. Or, I at least thought he was her ex. NYC dating, remember?

Before Ashley could answer, we heard three locks click, then the door swung open. A tall, beautiful woman in a black dress regarded us with a bored, dismissive look. “Yes?”

“Metamorphoses,” Ashley said, grinning. She loved all the cloak and dagger roleplaying.

The cold look on the woman’s face was replaced by a pleasant smile. “You must be the White’s,” she said. “You may call me Adriana. Please come in.”

All the clients at Xtraordinary Services booked under false names and paid in cash. Ashley had come down here a week or so ago and made the appointment. It still amazed me a business would operate like this in the modern world. It seemed pretty extreme just to have a vibe, but that’s really not so uncommon in NYC. It wasn’t enough anymore to just offer a good service at a good price; people wanted an experience.

The woman led us to a small office with a desk and two chairs, a few plants and a painting in the style of a Rembrandt of a nude couple intertwined, their limbs and bodies almost seeming to meld together. It was impossible, really, to tell where he ended and she began. Adriana paused at her desk and looked me up and down, a wry smile on her face. “You’ll do nicely,” she said.

I glanced at Ashley. She just shrugged.

Adriana handed me a smart pad. “Please sign.”

I looked at the screen: Contract for Services, then rows and rows of really tiny letters. “I thought everything here was anonymous,” I said. “Underground spa and all that.”

“Most things *are* anonymous,” Adriana said, then repeated, “please sign.”

I scrawled a mess with my finger, the same as when I used a credit card these days. I didn’t even think to read the pages and pages of legalese she’d asked me to sign, or even to question why I needed to sign something like that to get a massage.

Adriana took the smart pad, once again gave me that wry smile. “Welcome to X Services,” she said. “You’re going to love it here.”

Our massage therapists arrived. Ashley’s was a hunky guy with tats. Mine was a knockout bombshell brunette with big, sparkling green eyes, pale, radiant skin and a lean, athletic figure, like a gymnast. She had a yin and yang tattoo on her wrist. They both wore short robes that did very little to hide their gorgeous bodies. “I’m Naomi,” the brunette said in a breathy, sexy voice.

“Baptiste,” the guy said. “Come with us.” They turned and led us down a dim hallway, lit by candles flickering in sconces.

I leaned over and whispered to Ashley. “Naomi and Baptiste? Are you sure these are just massages?”

“Yeah,” she said. “It’s all part of the show. It’s cool, right?”

“Very cool,” I admitted, doing my best not to stare at Naomi’s long legs, her plump rear. It’s rude when you’re with your sort of maybe girlfriend. They led us to our room. Dimly lit, like the hallway, with soft candlelight. A waterfall danced in the corner. Two massage tables waited for us, side by side. The room swam with the smell of aloe and some sort of flower— lotus, maybe?

“Please undress, and we’ll be back in a few minutes,” Baptiste said.

“You can go completely nude or keep your underwear on,” Naomi added. “Wherever you’re more comfortable, but—” and she let her hand trail down my arm as she said the last bit, “the experience is so much more intense if you’re nude.”

“It really is,” Baptiste said to Ashley as the two departed.

We both chuckled. They were so beautiful and so flirty. “Are you horny?” I said as I slipped out of my trousers.

“A little,” Ashley said, giggling, as she pulled off her shirt. “I’m starting to wonder about this place myself,” she said.” Everyone here is so gorgeous. Baptiste is like an edgy Ken doll, like someone did a mashup of Chris Hemsworth and Johnny Depp. Yummie.”

“Hey.”

“Oh, come on. Naomi looks like she could be on the cover of Maxim.”

“I hadn’t noticed.”

“Yeah, right. Is it just me, or do they both have this— animal energy?”

“Like they are down to fuck right this second? It’s not just you. It’s hard not to respond to that— heat.”



Hard? It was impossible, and I could see the tip of Ashley's nose had turned pink, like it always did when she was getting horny. I might have been pissed had I not been fighting a boner as I thought about Naomi's sculpted ass.

"You gonna go commando?" She asked, unclasping her bra, and laying it over the back of a chair, her breasts swaying freely.

"I don't feel like I have a choice," I said. "Not after what she said."

"The feeling," Ashley said, mimicking Naomi's breathy voice, "is more intense!" We both laughed as we slipped out of our underwear, climbed onto the tables and pulled the sheets up to our hips.

"Should we choose a safe word?" I asked.

"Hush," Ashley said. "I want to meditate until they come back." She closed her eyes.

I decided to do the same. I closed my eyes and breathed, the fragrant smells filling my head, giving me a little buzz. I heard the door swing open, and Naomi came to the side of my bed. "Just relax," she said as she ran her fingernails along my scalp, then began a gentle scalp massage with her fingertips. "Enjoy the experience."

I opened my eyes. Ashley had her head facing me, and our eyes met. Baptiste was working on her shoulders, whispering to her. As Naomi worked on my scalp, I felt my whole body begin to tingle with pleasure, my scalp growing warm, the bottoms of my feet tickled. Something fell across my eyes, and then I felt Naomi lifting, gently lifting my hair, but- my hair wasn't long? She tossed it over my shoulder, thick, wavy golden hair that now hung next to my face. I could feel the weight of it, tugging gently at my head as she tossed it. Was this my hair? How?

Ashley scrunched up her face as looked at the same long hair I was now seeing and feeling.

“What?” I said, starting to push myself up, confused, alarmed.

“Relax,” Naomi said, placing her hands gently on my back and pushing me back down. “Relax and surrender.”

“Relax and surrender,” I murmured, laying back down, wanting, needing to do as she asked. “Relax.”

“I don’t understand—” Ashley started to say, but Baptiste shushed her.

“Everything is cool,” Baptiste said to Ashley. “You are feeling intensely relaxed. You never want this to end.”

“Relaxed... never end...” Ashley whispered, and though her face relaxed she was still looking at me, her eyes sharp with disbelief.

“Let’s do something about those shoulders,” Naomi said as she dug her fingers into my flesh. “They’re so broad and thick. You want pretty, round little shoulders, don’t you, sweetie?”

I thought she was just talking nonsense, but as she worked her fingers into the muscles along my shoulders, I felt an intense heat building in my belly, and little jabs of pleasure in my groin. I felt, it almost didn’t register it seemed so impossible, but I felt my shoulders growing more narrow, the muscle melting away as she worked, worked, seeming to somehow massage my body away, like I was made of clay.

“Relax,” she whispered as she took my right arm and lifted it. I am not a huge guy, but I am a guy. I watched as she started to work her fingers along my knuckles, pushing prodding, and my fingers and hand grew smaller, slender, more delicate. The heat in my belly grew, the shocks of pleasure grew stronger and I sighed as a wave of pleasure rolled down from my hand and through my whole body as long, square-tipped nails

seemed to emerge from the tips of my fingers. “Relax... relax...” Naomi kept repeating.

“Everything is cool,” Baptiste whispered off to the side, but Ashley watched, confused as Naomi began to work her way up my forearm, the hair and muscle vanishing, replaced by a slender, feminine arm, with bright, glowing, hairless skin. I felt a growing sense of shame for Ashley to see me like this, with this tiny, woman’s arm, and yet—

*I’m hallucinating*, I decided. *Something in the air*. Whatever thoughts I had to ask, to say stop, to get up were overcome by Naomi’s gentle whispers to “relax” as well as the intense and ever building erotic thrills shaking me as she worked.

While Naomi began to work on my left arm I looked at my right hand. It seemed so wrong. So small, those long nails glittering in the candle light, my tiny wrist—

“Unh!” I gasped as Naomi, having finished with my left arm, began to work on my back, another velvety flash passing through my body, that warmth and tension in my belly building. I felt myself getting hard, stiff, my dick beginning to throb, pressing against the firm surface of the massage table. She worked around my shoulder blades, then along my rib cage. I felt it growing smaller, tapering in, and when she got to my waist she cupped her hands on my sides, just above my hip bones, and then she made— squished me. It’s the only word I can think of to describe how she just seemed to push her hands together, and I felt my waist shrink, pushed in by her strong hands, which now began to work along my waist and hips, gliding up and down, pushing, shaping...

I bit my lower lip and gasped as the heat and pressure built, clawing at the end of the massage table with my hands, knuckles turning white.

Naomi's hands moved to my ass. At first, it just felt like a traditional glute massage. She pushed the heels of her hands into my flesh, kneading it, softening it, whispering... "relax... relax..." The tension that had been building and building calmed a little, and I relaxed my hands, let my body go soft...

Naomi began to pluck at my booty, kind of pinching my skin gently and pulling, pulling, lifting...

I moaned as I felt that jabbing pleasure in my throbbing groin, the heat in my belly, it all came back a thousand times stronger than before, and I felt my ass rise— it felt like my ass was rising, like a loaf of dough in the oven, swelling, filling out, rounding... Naomi grabbed my hips, and pulled, and I winced as I felt my pelvis spread, Naomi's hands now sweeping along the sides of my hips, pushing, shaping, rounding them...

Ashley's eyes went even wider as she glanced down at my butt, and I started to push myself up, to look back, but Naomi put her hand on the back of my head and gently pushed me back down. "Not till we're done, silly," she said, her other hands cupping and squeezing what now felt like a big, plump ass cheek. I found myself grinding my now rock hard cock against the table in rhythm to her squeezing, and moaning softly at the feeling of her hard nails digging into my flesh.

I complied. I had to do whatever she told me, and besides feeling her squeeze my ass like that was— I was overwhelmed with erotic desire... I cupped my cheeks and looked over at Ashley, and there was a new look growing in her eyes now in addition to shock and confusion. I now also saw— horror?

Naomi worked on my thighs next. First, she swept her fingers along the length of the them, and I could feel the hairs pulling back into my body,

vanishing as my once hairy legs now became silky smooth, tingling with her touch. She started working around my knees then, pushing, rounding, moving flesh up into my upper thighs. I felt them growing round, fleshy, and she planted her hands on my inner thighs and squeezed, making me buck and gasp.

She moved down to my calves, squeezing, pushing, shaping, and then my feet, which she cupped and I felt them shrinking, getting smaller under the gentle pressure of her hands. I was panting now, my heart racing, cheeks flush. “Unh... unh... unh...” I could help it. My mind raced. I couldn’t piece together what she was doing to me, how all these changes fit together, and I was still in denial, telling myself this wasn’t real. That was all about to change.

“Roll over,” Naomi said, running a finger along the ridge of my spine, sending more jolts through me. My skin seemed so much more sensitive.

This was my chance to run, I thought at the time. To get out of here and whatever was happening, but even as I pushed myself up and glanced at the door, Naomi said, “lay down on your back with your arms at your sides.”

I did exactly as I’d been told, squirming at the feeling of my new ass spreading out under me, so soft and plump. How big is my ass I wondered? It felt like I was sitting on a pillow. I rolled my hips side to side, and my ass moved with me, pliant, almost fluid, like a bowl of Jell-o. I was used to my whole body laying flat, but now my waist hovered above the surface, lifted by this swelling beneath me. My dick was hard as stone, poking straight up in the air, and as I experimented with my new ass, it throbbed even harder.

Naomi massaged my forehead, ran her finger tips along my nose, my lips. I felt them tingle and flow, shift and change. It felt like my lips swelled, thickened, growing full and plump, while my nose tingled and shrank. I

didn't panic, as I still thought it was just a hallucination. Next, she actually licked the tip of her index finger and ran it along my brows. She brought her hands down to my cheeks and ran them over the stiff bristles of my short, Van Dyke beard, but as her hands moved I felt the hair pulling back into my skin, melting away, until she was tracing her fingertips along smooth, soft, hairless skin. My skin felt so soft— like a — a— I'm trying to think of something other to say than baby's, but that's what it felt like.

She worked on my chin next, pulling, shaping it, making it more narrow, more round, and then she began to massage my neck, squeezing, pulling, and as she squeezed, her hands tight on the sides of my neck, I felt it growing longer, more narrow, and I gulped as it seemed like my Adam's apple withered and shrank, almost to the point of disappearing entirely, my head seeming to rise slightly higher above my shoulder blades as my neck grew longer and more graceful.

The tension had receded slightly, the heat cooled a bit, but now I found myself aching for it, needing it, wanting more, wanting Naomi to push me further, drive me deeper into a frenzy of tingly excitement, and she did as she planted her hands on my chest and dug her nails into me.

"Ahhh!" I cried out, my voice now high and soft like a woman's. I arched my back as a bolt of heat shot from my chest right down to my groin and gripped the sides of the table, gasping, "ahhh unh... ..UNH!" That can't be me, can it? I thought in horror, hearing what sounded like a woman getting fucked. I sounded like Ashley did when I fucked her, though my voice was higher?

My ability to think and process anything exploded, blasted apart as Naomi pinched my nipples and then pulled... pulled... and I felt my nipples rising, rising further and further away from my rib cage even as I shed my

chest hair– I had a thick matt of 70s porn star chest hair, and as it fell away, I felt cool air swirl around my bare, hairless chest, my aching nipples.

Glancing down, I saw– breasts?-- rising with my nipples, round, soft flesh seeming to swell and blossom on my chest as Naomi pulled, then let go, my nipples snapping back and bouncing on top of the full, soft mounds jiggling on my chest now, and then she cupped them and lifted and squeezed, pulled and shaped... she ran her thumbs around my nipples, my areolas expanding, my nipples surging, her thumb now teasing the little nibs on my areolas, sending impossible female pleasure through me even as I felt the new swelling mass on my chest growing large, heavier, pressing against my ribs, making it slightly more hard to breath even as they quivered and shook and jiggled with the movement of Naomi's soft hands.

“Unh... omigod.. Oh!” I gasped, as my eyes rolled back in my head, I squeezed my knees together and struggled with two impossible thoughts: 1) I have tits? and 2) they feel so good. Fuck no, part of me was screaming inside. No. I do not have fucking tits, and I don't like –

“Ahhhhh!” Naomi had pinched my hard, erect nipples again, and then she let her hands slide over my impossible, soft new breasts and down to my tummy. I knew now what was happening to me, what she was doing to me, or seemed to be doing to me as all the pieces fell into place– the tiny hands, the long nails, the plump ass and now breasts, my breasts?

She was turning me into a woman. I knew it. Run! Run! But I couldn't, and it wasn't just Naomi's commands anymore. She'd gotten me so hot, so shaky with need, that I wanted, no I needed, her to finish. I found myself squirming, shaking my tits, loving the feeling of my rock hard nipples swaying in the cool air, my skin glistening with sweat. My breasts jiggled

with even the slightest movement, and they splayed out to either side, resting against my forearms. The feeling of those soft mounds jiggling, rising and falling with each breath, laying softly against my arms jangled my nerves with a confusion of pleasure. I was getting turned on by my own tits, and I rubbed my soft thighs against each other and arched my back, whispering, “more.. Please, more.. I .. I .. “ I didn’t even understand what I was feeling, what was happening. I only knew I needed more, something more, and I cried out, “I’m so fucking horny...”

I looked over at Ashley, humiliated and ashamed as I felt my breasts rising with each desperate breath, my aching nipples now floating what felt like a foot above my ribs.

Baptiste was working on her feet, a nonchalant look on his face like all of this was just a typical day at the office. The look of horror in Ashley’s eyes had grown more intense, and she cupped her hands toward her own chest and mouthed, “huge.”

I closed my eyes, deeply ashamed the woman I loved had seen me get my own tits, and the shame, my God could this get any worse? The shame seemed to flow into the pleasure that consumed my body, the two seemed to merge, and I gasped as I felt the thrill of shame, being shamed light up my brain like a Christmas tree.

As Naomi worked her hands along my tummy, I felt new heat and tingling. It was like a narrow sheath of soft fat layered itself over my abs, my belly taught and tight, and yet soft and inviting, one of the those perfect contradictions that make the female so exciting, and now I knew— I knew— I had the same lean and soft tummy now to go with my breasts, my hips, my smooth skin. The thought came out of nowhere and scared me— I would look great in a crop top. Or a sports bra. Or in nothing at all.



The changes to my tummy, to the outward appearance, were mirrored by the changes inside me. I could feel— what? It was like my internal organs were rearranging themselves, like I could feel something growing inside me... “Oh, god... Oh, God.. what’s happening to me?” I cried out in my soft, little voice.

“Your womb is forming,” Naomi said in a chirpy voice, like she was speaking to a room full of kindergartners. “That’s where a mommy carries her babies!”

“Wo-omb?” I gasped, terrified, and yet— yes. Yes. That was something I needed, wasn’t it? To be complete, to— “No!” I begged. “Please,” as Naomi’s strong hands slid down my belly, toward my Johnson, my dick, my cock, my manhood.

“Relax... relax..” Naomi said, but how was I supposed to relax when she grabbed my turgid cock and squeezed? I lay back, pushing my hips up, and I couldn’t help myself as I planted my palms over my nipples and squeezed... “Unh...” At the same time, some new instinct overwhelmed me, and I found myself spreading my legs, hooking my heels under the sides of the massage table... pulling, driving my hips up, up, wanting, needing, craving something inside me... deep inside me... The heat in my belly blazed now, and every inch of my sweat slick body trembled with pleasure and need... I squeezed my breasts harder, pushed them together, soft and round on soft and round, my stiff nipples tickling my soft, little palms. I ached with the desire to grab my hard, throbbing nipples, tweak them the way I liked to tweak Ashley’s, but the fear of pleasure held me back, the terror that I would like it too much. Even just the feeling of them against my palms was driving me mad with desire, with feminine pleasure that shook my sense of self as a man.

I looked over at Ashley again through bangs that had fallen across my face, but she wasn't looking at me. She was staring down at my waist, where Naomi had her hand on my cock, and now I saw anger flash in her eyes. Rage.

I wanted to apologize, to tell her this wasn't my fault but... "Ahhhh!"

Naomi started to push down on my dick, and if you had taken all the pleasure I'd felt in my entire life and multiplied it by a thousand thousand I don't think it could have equaled the shock and awe of that moment, that sharp, hot and wet moment as my eyes filled with stars and I threw my head back and begged, "please... please..."

Naomi kept pushing, and it was like— I don't even know how to describe it, but it was like my dick was being pushed into me, sinking into me even as it shrank. I had never felt erotic terror before, but I felt it now, my mind screaming as my dick shrank, smaller and smaller, and yet at the same time as it shrank the terrible new needs within my grew and grew, a feeling of emptiness, a need to be filled... My balls shrank with it, shriveling, drawing up and into me, deep into me, even as my ball sack seemed to merge into me, and I felt a fold forming, opening between my legs, and it was hot and wet and aching with this sense of emptiness, a need to be filled and.. Inch by inch, inch by inch, my manhood melted and withered away, what was left sinking into the hot, wet slit forming between my legs.

"Unh! Unh! Please. Please!" I yelled, my voice getting higher and higher pitched, louder. No. Stop, I was screaming on the inside, in whatever part of my brain was still a man, still me, but this body? It was so horny, it needed it so bad, and biology was winning.

I felt myself thrusting my hips up toward Naomi as she pressed down, wanting her in me, hard and deep. Consumed with desperation I tried to

spread my legs even wider until my hips stung with pain, “Unh!” I gasped feeling this new emptiness, openness. Naomi leaned down, puckered her lips and blew a jet of cool air over my trembling vagina. I gasped. Exposed, my whole body lay open.

I had never felt so open, so vulnerable, and the pure thrill of my vulnerability consumed me. It was like cocaine candy, my brain sparking and short circuiting with insane new urges and desires. That delicious feeling of emptiness, vulnerability, came with an all-consuming need to be filled, to have that emptiness, my open space, met with something hard and hot and— “Fuck me,” I begged, panting, needing her inside me. “Fuck me!”

Naomi plunged her fingers between the dripping lips of my vagina, and I screamed, “yes.. YES!” As I was penetrated for the first time. She found my clit and another explosion detonated, another wave of heat, and then she started to pull her fingers out of me...

“No... please...” I begged as I was consumed with a desperate feeling of loss, or denial, of unfulfilled... I couldn’t think of anything else but the hot ball of tension in my belly, aching for release... “Ple—”

Naomi thrust her fingers deep inside me, and I screamed “YES!” One final time, tears rolling down my cheeks as I collapsed back onto the table, that ball of heat seeming to roll through my whole body, every cell, curling my toes as I felt myself shaken by my first... and, omigod... second orgasms as a woman.

I threw a slender arm across my eyes as I came back to myself, freed of my animal lust, and I faced the fact that I had just begged a woman to finger bang me— right in front of Ashley.

## Chapter Two

“I don’t understand,” Adriana said as she stood before myself and Ashley in the massage room. We were sitting side by side on one of the massage tables, and Ashley was holding my soft little hand. I’d wrapped a sheet around my body, while Ashley had slipped into one of their little robes. I couldn’t get used to the sensations of my new body– the rising and falling of my heavy breasts with each breath, the soft cushion of my plump ass. It felt so wrong, so impossible the way my ass spread out beneath me on the table, the feeling of my smooth, hairless thighs pressing together, and yet, no junk there between them, no dick, just an empty space, a feeling of lack between my legs. I felt like I’d been disarmed. Everything was wrong. My posture, the way my body now held itself, felt alien, the way the small of my back curved and then flared out into my wide, round hips, the dramatic swerve of my tilted pelvis.

Curvy, I felt like I was wearing some kind of girl suit, a fake body, and I burned with shame sitting there next to Ashley, now just another woman, a woman like her with dramatic curves and a slit between my legs. She was an inch taller than me now, and feeling smaller, being a smaller female as I sat next to the woman I loved, the psychology of my new situation- it felt more unmanning than being physically unmanned had even felt.

“I want you to turn me back into a man,” I said, wincing at the squeaky, high-pitched sound of my voice. It was disgusting to me, utterly humiliating that I was not only a woman, but I now had bigger tits and a higher pitched voice than my girlfriend.

“This happens all the time,” Adriana said, regarding Colin, looking him over like he was a prize poodle at the Westminster Dog Show. “A guy signs

up for the Xtraordinary Life Experience, and then once he gets his vagina he freaks out before he even turns his first trick.”

“Trick?” I squeaked.

“Yes. The Extraordinary Life Experience you signed up for? You get to become a female sex worker right here at Xtreme Services.”

“I am not going to be a prostitute!” I shriek as Ashley puts her arm around me and pulls me close. I feel my breast press against hers, into her side, our soft flesh squishing together. I still have my sheet pulled up to my arm pits, and she’s wearing one of their little silk robes, but the material of each is so thin I can feel the heat of our bodies, the soft skin of our thighs pressing into each other. It’s so different. My skin seems more sensitive, and not only my breasts, but all of it. I am so soft now, and every little touch, the feeling of my soft body against hers, makes me tremble.

Adriana pushed her bottom lip out, then patted my cheek. “You’re very emotional right now, honey, with all that estrogen flowing through your system, but don’t worry. You’re going to love being a working girl. We’ll help you get used to being a woman. It’s all part of what you signed up for.

“What I? You mean—? Um—” I remembered the document I’d signed. Had I signed up for this? I was speechless.

Ashley stepped in. “I think there’s been some sort of misunderstanding. We just wanted massages. Not— this.” She waved her hand up and down my curvy shape.

I nodded in agreement. ‘I don’t want to be a woman,’ I said. “I’m the most cis guy there ever was. I’m not even into anything kinky.”

“He really isn’t,” Ashley said, a little too quickly. ‘I can barely get him to consider anything other than missionary. It’s like dating mayonnaise.’”

“Um, honey?” I say, now embarrassed that I am not only a woman, but that my girlfriend is disparaging my love making.

She glances toward Adriana and gives my hand a squeeze, and I realize what she’s doing. “Yeah. Me? A sex worker? Haha! I am so lame in the sack. You don’t want me.”

“Don’t worry, cutie,” Adriana said, smiling brightly. “We’ll fix all that. Over the next few hours, we’ll be altering your mind and personality to match that hot little bod of yours. We’ll lift that sexual repression right out of you, honey, and make you all kinds of kinky. This is the premium package, and *you* will be a premium package when we’re done with you.” Everything she said sounds like a threat, and I get mad.

“This is bullshit,” I say, standing, pulling the sheet up to try and cover my cleavage. “Turn me back right now, and I won’t go to the police and tell them all about your little perv factory here!” I try to sound stern, confident, but with my new voice I sound like an angry little girl throwing a temper tantrum. Still. I am serious, and I stare up into Adriana’s eyes, letting her see just how ready I am to blow the lid off this place.

She smiles. “You’re so pretty when you’re angry,” she says.

“What?” I say, infuriated at her condescending tone, her dismissive attitude. “Fine. Let’s go.” I start toward the door. “Where are my clothes?”

Adriana opens the door and steps to the side. “Go right ahead. Go tell the police you’re a man, and that you were turned into a woman during a massage gone wrong. Please. By all means. I promise to come visit you in the psyche ward after you’ve been committed.”

I stand there, frozen. I realize she’s right. No one is going to believe I am a man, or was a man. No one is going to believe there is a massage parlor that can turn a guy into a woman during a thirty minute massage. If I go to

the police like this? They'll just laugh at me, and maybe try to get my number.

Adriana watches as the realization hits me. The smile spreads on her face, a triumphant gleam in her eyes.

"There has to be something we can do," Ashley said. "How much would it cost us to get out of this contract?"

"Nothing," Adriana said.

"Nothing?"

"I've just decided to make you an offer. You go through the whole process, and when you are done, if you still don't want to live an Extraordinary Life, I'll change you back into a—" and she waved her hand disdainfully— "man."

"You will?" I say, feeling hope rise. "You're not just bluffing?"

"I will change you back. All you'll have to do is ask. Once you have gone through the complete process."

I look at Ashley. She looks at me. "Agreed," we say together.

"Your clothes are in the closet," Adriana says. "Though, they are not going to fit. Would you like to borrow a dress? I have one in your size, and you would look adorable in it."

"No, thank you," I say. "I'm not a cross-dresser."

"Yet," Adriana says with a smirk and then exits.

"Are you sure you want to go through with this?" Ashley said as I went to get my clothes.

"I don't feel like I have any choice," I said, pulling my t-shirt over my head, struggling as my long hair gets caught in the collar, then straining to tug it down over my massive jugs. "Anyway, there is no way they can change me, turn me into some kind of sex-crazed bimbo. I know I don't

exactly look, or sound it, but I'm still a man. Damn it!" I was struggling to get my shirt on, my hair all tangled in the collar.

Ashley came around back and helped pull my hair through the collar, spreading it across my shoulders while I finally yanked it down over my tits. "We'll just go through the motions," Ashley says. "Play along. Then, at the end?"

"I change the hell back and get out of this— ugh!" I gesture down at my soft curves.

Adriana was right. My t-shirt doesn't fit at all. The top strains across my breasts, and the bottom now hangs down past my waist, almost like a night shirt. It's unnerving, having my own breasts. They are heavy, and all that extra mass swaying on my chest just feels so wrong, my nipples floating out there so far away from the rest of my body. It's cold in here, and my nipples are still hard, erect, and seeing how the firm tips poke out the front my t-shirt makes me horny and ashamed. Keeping my back to Ashley, I tug and squirm, try and stretch out the top so it doesn't hug my tits so tightly, but it's useless.

Finally, I give up, remembering all this will be over soon. I just have to put up with it for a little while. I grab my boxers and step into them, and they hang on me like a tent. I pull my jeans on, experiencing the same too big some places, too small others reality as I did with my t-shirt. They stretch right across my ass, and, meanwhile, they hang down on my wide, round hips, too big for my slender waist, and I have to roll up the pant legs so I don't step on them with my delicate little feet.

"Shit," I say, looking at my soft little feet. "Shoes." My shoes are way too big. There's no way to make them work.



As if they've been listening in on us, the door opens, and a slender hand reaches in. Dangling from the woman's fingers are a pair of glossy white pumps.

"Come on," I say. "Seriously?"

"You could always go barefoot," the woman says, and I recognize Naomi's voice.

Ashley grabs the shoes, annoyed, angry.

"I can't," I say, shaking my head, horrified at the thought of slipping into a pair of pumps, of having her see my wearing heels, women's shoes to go with my woman's body.

"I'll wear them," Ashley says. "You can wear my sandals."

I look at her sandals. Open toed, platform, with a slight heel. Strappy. Not exactly manly, and they are my girlfriend's cute shoes. I feel sick as I realize I am about to put on her sandals because, well, they are still better than high heels.

"Okay," I say, and I feel like I need to make sure she knows I don't like this, don't want this. "Why couldn't you have worn your Chuck Taylors?" I say as she unstraps her sandals.

"I almost wore stilettos," she says with a wry smile. She hands me her sandals.

"Just so you know, I am only putting these things on so I can get through this whole thing."

Ashley nods. "Colin, just so you know, I know you didn't want any of this, and— what happened? The way your massage, um, ended? It's not your fault."

I sigh and look away, blushing as I remember how I'd screamed out, "Fuck me," how badly I'd wanted Naomi inside me. Ashley had seen and

heard the whole thing. I just hoped she could still respect me when this was all over. “Thanks,” I say. “For sticking with me.”

I’m struggling to get the tiny little buckle to clip into the tiny little strap, especially with my now long nails, my hair falling in my face as I bend over, fumbling with the straps. It’s like everything woman is designed to make life harder, though I am surprised to realize I am more flexible now. “Why is everything so small?” I say.

Ashley comes over and pushes my hands away, then straps me into her shoes. “Come on,” she says. “Let’s get this over with. I want my man back.”

There’s a mirror on the wall. I glance at my face, and then turn away in horror as I see myself— big, innocent eyes, plump lips, a tiny nose, all framed by long, thick hair. I see a gorgeous girl, and I don’t want to accept that she is me.

## Chapter Three

I find myself at a place called Fines Boutique, surrounded by women's clothes—skirts and blouses and tops and dresses. Naomi is here with us, dressed now in loose, summer dress. “Now, this is going to be fun,” Naomi says. “As part of the package, you get to pick out any outfit you want and wear it home—for free.”

I see some slacks, and I am about to head over to them when Naomi touches my arm. “Now, now. I know a girl loves to shop, but first I will be making some alterations to your personality so you love wearing women's clothes and find the idea of wearing male clothes a little uncomfortable.”

I take a step back. “Whoa.”

“Is that really necessary?” Ashley asks.

“It's all part of the contract you signed,” Naomi says. “And part of the side arrangement Adriana made with you. If you want the option of turning back into a—man—you need to go through with the whole experience.”

“Fine,” I say. I turn to Ashley. “It's not going to work anyway.”

Ashley puts a hand on my arm. “This really is a waste of time, believe me. I couldn't even get him to wear a pink shirt, when pink was in for men.” She looks up at me. “You'll be fine.”

“There is no way they can change my personality,” I say to her. “I have an iron will.” I turn my attention back to Naomi. “Give it your best shot.”

Ashley squeezed my arm. We both faced Naomi.

Naomi smiled and began to chant in a low voice:

Flirty, feminine, flowing and free  
women's clothes to wear must be

Dresses and heels, skirts and bows  
Bras and panties and, oh, who knows  
Naughty little things of silk and lace  
Pretty colors for his lovely face  
He finds boy clothes boring, this is his fate  
He wants everyone to admire his perfect shape

As she chanted, I felt— nothing. I shook my head. “Is that it?”

“Yup!” Naomi said with a giggle.

“Well, it didn’t work,” I say, looking up at Ashley, smiling. “It didn’t change—”

Naomi held up a dress— I instantly knew it was a corset mini-dress, though a moment before I would have had no idea. It shocked me, as I realized I knew all about women’s clothes. My mouth dropped open as I looked at the pretty pattern, the big bow at the waist. “Oh. Wow,” I said, my voice hoarse as I imagined how pretty I’d look in that dress, as I felt myself being consumed with a need to have it. I wanted it so badly.

“Colin?” Ashley said, looking at me, concern etched onto her face. “Did it work? Are you?”

“I’m still me,” I say, lying as I ache with desire for the dress, the dress I need, want, crave. “The spell did nothing.”

Ashley sighs with relief. “See?” She says to Naomi. “You can’t change him.”

“Really?” Naomi says, holding the dress toward me. “Would you like to try this on?”

“No,” I whispered, as I nodded, yes. My hand trembled as I struggled to stop myself from reaching for the dress, tried to will myself to refuse, but it

was so pretty, and I would look so good. “No,” I said again as I plucked the dress from Naomi’s hand and then held it lovingly against my chest. “I’m sorry,” I say to Ashley. “I can’t... the spell, it changed me. I— I’m in love with that dresses. I am. I need to wear dresses. Skirts. I need to wear this,” I say, still hugging that dress. “I can’t be happy unless I see myself in it.”

“What?” Ashley says. “It’s just a dress. How can you love dresses? What happened?”

“I don’t know,” I say. “I’m so confused. My mind is all jumbled, but I know everything about girls’ clothes now— everything about what’s in, what’s out, what Rachel Zegler wore to the Oscars. I feel like I’m going insane. I’m so confused because I know I shouldn’t, and I don’t understand how or why, but I love girls’ clothes. I adore them. I can’t help it.” I hold the dress out toward her. “This is to die for.”

“There has to be some part of you that can fight this,” Ashley said. “That is still a man? Please? Fight it. For me?” She reaches for the dress. “Give it to me.

I struggle. My hands tremble. Part of me does want to give it to her, to fight, to be the man I was.

“The changing room,” Naomi said, “is right over there.”

And that’s the end of the struggle. I run to the changing room, breasts bouncing. I needed to see myself in that dress.

“Stop!” Ashley yelled. “Fight!” I was too far gone. I had no choice. I lunged into the dressing room, ignoring Ashley, ignoring my old self. He was defeated by the bubbly femininity that had invaded my brain.

Stripping off my boy clothes, I felt a rush of relief. I was becoming aware of all the changes she had threatened to make, and I realized I was now worried that someone might think I was a little bit butch. It was so important

to me to be feminine, and I wanted to vomit, but I really couldn't think about that at all. Naked, I felt the cool air swirl around my body, between the space between my legs, once again aware of how much more sensitive my smooth, hairless body was now, my soft skin tingling as it goose bumped.

I started to step into the dress, but I realized with the smaller, stiff corset top, it would be better to pull it on over my head, and as I did just that I became aware that Naomi's spell had also filled my head with a catalog of knowledge on how to dress myself as a woman.

The skirt fluttered around my legs. I enjoyed the way the corset top hugged me, lifting my breasts, pushed them together, the whole top growing tighter as I reached back and zipped myself up, surprised at how flexible I was now. The inside of the corset was lined with silk, and it felt so cool and soft against my skin, even as it held me firm, like a grandmother's hug. The skirt, likewise, was made of a soft material that caressed my legs as it flowed around me. I'd kicked off my boxers, and I could feel cool air rise under the skirt, gently blowing against the empty space between my legs, the insides of my thighs. I don't have a dick anymore, or balls, and the emptiness between my legs feels so odd, so less? I have a gap between my thighs, a void, a space, and yet as much as I feel emptiness, I have something new. The silky skirt flutters against my smooth, hairless pussy, and I am shaken by the tingling, by this utterly female sensation, and I squirm and fuss with my hair, not knowing how to deal with what I'm feeling, something only a woman would ever feel.

Finally, I slipped my thumbs under the shoulder straps and adjusted them, then spun and faced the mirror.

"Fuuuuuck." It was all the same conflicts I'd suffered when I'd seen myself before, multiplied by a thousand. My breasts swelled from the top of

the dress, inviting mounds of delicious cleavage. Like scoops of ice cream, enticing shadows playing in the deep, valley between their soft weight. I was—stunning— with the dress showing off my slender shoulders and arms, my round and alluring thighs, the narrow waist, the swerve of my hips. The corset slendered my already tiny waist, made me more conscious of how tiny it was now, and it hugged my hips, forcing me to acknowledge how wide, womanly, and curvaceous my hips were now. I found it hard to breathe from the diaphragm now with the firm hold of my corset, so I breathed in my chest, which made my creamy breasts rise and fall dramatically. I was not just a woman, nor just a beautiful woman; I was a beautiful woman on display., wearing clothes designed to lure men, to command their attention, to fill their minds with lust. I wanted that girl in the mirror— I wanted meme— and it was hate and love, shame and pride as I realized I was very fuckable. The dress made me feel— feminine? Was this what it felt like? The contradictions of my dress— so tight and constricting, and yet so soft and pleasing. I was dressed, and yet so exposed, so much of my bright skin bare, caressed by the cool air. Most of all I felt— fun? Almost like I was playing a character: corset girl. My male clothes had always been about utility, functionality, but this feminine dress almost seemed like a costume, something for a play, and I couldn't help but giggle. I plucked at the skirt. It certainly made me feel vulnerable, and once more, as during the massage, that sweet feeling of vulnerability now made me a little excited.

There was no way I could let Ashley see me like this. Or anyone. I looked at those big, soft breasts, my breasts, and there was no way. She would never be able to see me as a man again, I thought, and—

And then Naomi chanted:

“Like a model he loves to pose and seek praise  
Trying on new clothes leaves him in a daze  
Women’s approval he must seek  
This fashion boy is oh so chic

– and I just had to let everyone see how pretty I looked in that dress.

Ashley was out there. She would see me, her supposed, maybe, boyfriend, like this, and I hated and loved the idea all at the same time. I didn’t want her to see me wearing a dress, to see me stripped of even the slightest hint of masculinity, but another part of me wanted her to see me, was desperate for the approval of another woman.

I opened the door and stepped out of the changing room, one hand plants on my hip, tossing my hair. I couldn’t stop myself. I was moving like a Victoria’s Secret model, my hips swaying from side to side. Suddenly I felt powerful, sexy.

“Bitch!” Naomi said. “Work it.”

I dug my hands into my hair and arched my back, lifted one leg, then turned so they could see how I looked from the back, looking over my shoulder, smiling, smiling. I turned back around to face them, throwing my hip to the side, planting my little hand on it, mortified as I gave my shoulders and little shake, breasts jiggling, and looked at Ashley, “Well?”

“You’re gorgeous?” She said, clearly not sure what to say as she watched her boyfriend strut his stuff in a little dress.



I hooked my hair behind my ear and giggled. “Thanks.” Conscious of how I was standing, acting, I added, “You know I can’t help it, right? I don’t want to do this, but I have to. The magic is changing me. I can’t fight it.”

“Maybe you can,” Ashley says, taking my hands. “You have to try harder, Colin.”

‘I want to,’ I say, drawing strength from her, and for a moment I believed, I really believed, that with Ashley’s help I could fight it, but Naomi grabbed my hand and dragged me into the store. “Time to choose your outfit!” Any thoughts of resistance evaporated, and I was only fashion boy once again, oh so chic.

“Do I have to choose just one?” I gasped as my eyes went wide at the sight of all the sexy dresses and skirts. I had never been so— turned on by clothes in my life.

“I know, girl. It’s so hard,” Naomi said.

I found myself drawn to a rack of miniskirts, running my fingers lovingly along the soft buy stretchy fabric. Daffodil, plum, rose... so many pretty colors... how was a boy to choose? But then, Oh! I saw it. Baby blue. Perfect for my skin tone I knew somehow, and it surprised me, again, how much I knew about such things.

“Maybe something a little more modest,” Ashley whispered, once more clinging to my arm.

I looked at the tiny scrap of fabric in my hands. The word whore popped into my head. “You’re right,” I said. “This is all part of them turning me into a hooker.” I slit my eyes angrily at Naomi, and she made a sheepish, apologetic face.

“Good. You don’t have to be what they want you to be.”

“But—?”

“But?”

I scrunched up my nose and added a tone of vocal fry. “*Omigod*, this skirt is everything!”

“Colin!” Ashley said, and now her eyes were getting wet, tears pooling. “Don’t you love me? Can’t you fight this for me?”

“I want to fight this, I do,” I whispered, terrified as I realized I was willing to choose cute clothes over my relationship with Ashley, that I wanted to be sexy, show off this body more than I wanted her. At the same time, the thought of losing her left me with a emptiness I couldn’t even face.

“I’ll find something a little more demure,” Ashley offered.

“Yes,” I said. “You pick something out.”

“I’ll be right back.”

As soon as she left, Naomi said, “You need a top to go with that skirt. Hmm. Something with a plunging neckline to show off your cleavage.”

“I’m not going to do that,” I said, thinking of Ashley. “I’m going to dress like a nun.”

“Pick whatever you pick,” Naomi said, and she gestured and half bowed toward a rack of tops.

I strutted over, still with that extra swivel in my hips, and slipped a hanger from the rack, and— not again, I thought, as I felt myself almost drooling over a scrap of fabric, an even lighter blue than the skirt, like a summer sky. I glanced at Naomi and she nodded, and I nodded. It was to die for. With Ashley off on the other side of the store, my resistance was gone, and I had to show off my fashion bonafides. Without even looking at the label I said, “The mini-tank by Flirts.”

Naomi raised an eyebrow. I checked the label and smiled.

“You’re such a fashionista!” Naomi said.

I just smirked. The top had a deep, plunging neckline, would let everyone appreciate my taut belly and narrow waist. It was basically a bra, and the thought of how fucking hot I would look made me giggle. Not that I would actually ever wear it, I told myself as I handed it to Naomi, who was also holding the skirt I had no intention of wearing. I would wear whatever modest clothes Ashley picked out for me.

“Okay, honey,” Naomi said. “Time to pick out your panties.”

“Panties? Really?”

“Do you want to risk someone getting a glimpse up your skirt and seeing your—”

‘Okay. Okay,’ I said, not wanting to hear her even say that word, to name my— you know.

Naomi led me over to the underwear section, and my eyes sparkled at the sight of all the lacy bras and panties, shimmering on the display dummies. They were so pretty, festooned with little bows. There were, I was vaguely aware, practical, everyday panties— boy shorts, gym shorts, but I was drawn hungrily to the sexiest little lace things. The man in me, what was left of him, recoiled at the thought of wearing panties. It was just about the most pussy-ass thing a man could do, but that man was just a tiny, impotent voice somewhere deep in the back of my head. The woman they were making of me loved sexy little things.

I had just picked up a pink thong, lovingly looking over the V-shaped lace front, the silky dental floss at the back, when Ashley came back and said, “Colin.”

I blushed. “I’m just looking,” I lied. Naomi stood off to the side, amused.

“You are not wearing those,” she said. “Here.” She grabbed a pair of boy shorts— underwear shaped for a woman’s body, but that looked almost like

a pair of tidy whites. Male adjacent. I mean, don't get me wrong, I knew there were times when that could be a very sexy look, but the idea of pairing them with a mini-skirt?

I handed the panties to Naomi.

"I picked out some things for you," Ashley said. "To wear back to the spa with some dignity. Okay?" She held out a long skirt that would come down to my ankles in one hand, and a flowing, oversized shirt in the other with long sleeves and a high collar. It looked like something a school teacher from the 19th Century might wear.

"I'd do anything for you," I said, thinking the outfit was not at all summery of fun.

"Let's just get this over with."

The three of us made our way back to the dressing room, and Ashley and Naomi held out the clothes for me. I looked back and forth between Ashley and Naomi, the miniskirt and tank, the long skirt and full blouse, between sexy and dowdy.

"I'm so sorry," I whispered as I reached for the cute clothes.

"Colin!" Ashley said. "No."

"I can't help myself," taking the clothes, pivoting, and letting my hips sway as I plunged back into the dressing room.

"You bitch!" I heard Ashley say from outside the door.

"She made her choice," Naomi said.

"Because you made her!"

She. Her. It was strange to hear them talking about me as a woman, and I wondered what it meant in terms of how Ashley was coming to see me, but I didn't dwell on it. I couldn't wait to try on my new outfit.

I had never understood how women could obsess over clothes the way they did, become so consumed over a skirt which, to my eyes, looked pretty much like every other skirt. I understood now.

I slipped out of my corset dress, thinking I just might come back and pick it up later, forgetting for a moment that I would be a man again soon. I picked up my panties, excited, scared, thrilled, appalled. Stepping into them, I felt the waist band slip up along my thighs, and as I pulled it up over my hips I felt the panties cup my new sex, the inner material so soft, it felt like a caress, even as the floss slipped between my ass cheeks. I squirmed. I had never understood why women put up with thongs, but turning and checking out my ass now, I realized it was not only sexy—something I'd noticed as a man of course, but that I would have no panty line showing through my tight skirt, and that was so important, really.

I stepped into the skirt next. It was made of a soft, stretchy material, and the waist was so small, so much smaller than my hips, I had to wiggle and pull and shake from side to side, but I finally got it up, the fabric now stretched tight against my hips and ass, soft, again, everything female was so soft! The way it caressed my soft, bare, sensitive skin, it felt like our clothes—women's clothes== were designed to feel almost erotic, to excite me when I moved.

I pulled on the tank— I was learning how to manage my hair— and it felt, like everything, too small, stretching tight against my body, hugging and holding my breasts. I checked myself out in the mirror, turning side to side, pleased with how high and firm my ass looked. While the corset had dramatically lifted my breasts, the tank top, which was sculpted to offer support, left them with a lower profile and didn't press them together so much, but I was lucky— my breast were really perky and firm. It only

vaguely registered as not me that I was taking pride in my perky breasts. I fussed with my hair as I continued to check myself out, and once more I couldn't help but feel a burst of pride at my perfect figure, my slender arms and little, round shoulders.

Squeezed into those soft, revealing clothes that hugged and caressed my body, I felt feminine, just as feminine as I had in my dress. I guess the clothes make the woman as much as the man. My long legs were gorgeous, and I couldn't believe Ashley wanted me to hide them under a long skirt.

I needed her to see, everyone to see, the spell overriding my manly shame. Once more, I strutted from the dressing room, hand on hip, smiling brightly.

"You sexy bitch!" Naomi said as I pivoted and let them both drink in the sight of my perfect ass in that skirt.

Ashley just shook her head. "I thought you would fight this. For me," she said.

"I wish I could," I said. "I wanted to. Don't you think I look cute, though?"

"You look great," she said, seeing how needy I was.

I smiled and giggled, and then I looked down at her feet, at those white pumps, the ones I had refused to wear earlier. Now, I needed them. I adored high heels.

I raised an eyebrow and smiled apologetically. "Ya think?"

Ashley realized what I was hinting at. "They would look better with your outfit," Ashley said, slipping out of the pumps. She had a kind of shell-shocked look at this point. I think she was struggling to accept what I was becoming.

Perched on my heels, I checked myself out in the mirror, my new modeling impulses taking over as I teased my hair, turned to the side, to the side, checking out how my figure looked in my outfit. I had an hour glass shape, dangerous curves, and all the delicious contradictions that made a female so alluring: The tiny shoulders leading down to the dramatic swell of my breasts, the narrow rib cage and slender waist, and then, suddenly, the dramatic swerve of my round, soft hips. Turning to the side, I enjoyed the delicious sight of the curve at the small of my back, and then the triumphant swell of my big, plump, firm and lifted ass, tapering down to long, round, coltish legs and dainty little ankles, my tiny feet perched now on those heels, which shaped my perfect legs and ass and made them even hotter. My smooth, hairless skin glowed with a fresh, healthy feminine radiance, practically begging to be touched, caressed, smothered in kisses.

Naomi stood behind me, smiling as I – frowned. “Something’s missing?” I said, putting a hand to my cheek, meeting her eyes in the mirror. And I did feel like there was just something– else? More? That I needed to really finish my look.

Naomi put her hands on my shoulders and squeezed. Then, she whispered a single word. “Accessories.”

“Accessories!” I squealed in excitement as I realized she was so right. I looked around the store, my heart racing. Shopping was so fun! Especially since I didn’t have to pay for anything.

Ashley turned to Naomi. “Seriously?” She said. “Do you have to totally–humiliate him like this?”

“The girl needs to accessorize,” Naomi said with a shrug. “Do you want to help your boyfriend pick out his first purse?”

Ashley just glared at Naomi. She blamed herself for this. It had been her idea and— Jon. Her ex, Jon, had suggested all this. Had he known what was about to happen to Colin?

Purse? I was— I needed one— but this was yet another blow to my sense of self, and my sense of who I was, or had once been, to Ashley. I mustered my will, insisted that I would not even choose a purse, let alone carry a purse, and— my eyes drifted over to the handbag section, a wall of shelves where so many gorgeous handbags and shoulder bags, clutches and buckets and satchels and— Oh! I knew every kind of purse, and I wanted every kind of purse.

Once more my willpower failed me. I put a hand to my chest and tilted my head to the side and batted my eyes at Ashley. “Would you help me pick out a purse?” I whispered. “You have such great taste.”

“We’ll pick one out I can use when this is over,” Ashley said, disgusted. “Because I will get my man back.”

“Of course you will,” Naomi said, but her smirk revealed she thought otherwise. I was having a hard time walking in my heels, and I was so self-conscious, there were so many women here, and I was mortified for them to see me bungling around like a boy, so mannish and clumsy. I turned to Naomi. “Can you make it easier for me to walk in heels? I’m so embarrassed.”

“Let’s fix that walk of yours,” Naomi said.

I looked at Ashley. She looked mortified. A little angry. “I’m sorry!” I said. “I can’t suppress these feelings! These women are judging me.”

Ashley just shook her head.

“It’s just for a little while,” I said. “Once we get back to the spa, this will all just be like a bad dream.”



“Do what you want,” Ashley said. “I just want this to be over.”

“I don’t want this!” I said, hurt, feeling sad that Ashley seemed to have lost faith in me.

Naomi chanted:

“Heel to toe, graceful and refined

A feminine walk so sweet and sublime.”

Suddenly, walking in heels felt like the most natural thing in the world to me, and I floated proudly across the store, pleased at my feminine gait. I didn’t even bother to fight this change. I mean, I was wearing heels, and wasn’t it better that I could actually walk in them? I did, though, worry about what Ashley thought. Not about my walk, which was better than hers, but about my fading manhood. I wanted her to think I hated this.

“This is so embarrassing,” I said to Ashley, drawing a strand of hair away from my cheek with a long, polished nail.

“If there were time,” Naomi said, “we’d go to a salon and get you a makeover, but I can just magically do your makeup and nails. Would you like that, honey?”

“I most certainly would not,” I said as Ashley starred. “I think this has gone far enough and— did you say makeup?”

“Just a bright, day look. I mean, you know how judgy girls can be,” Naomi said.

“It’s probably for the best,” I said, cringing, worrying about how Ashley would react to this latest surrender.

Ashley just threw up her hands.

Naomi chanted:

Popping eyes, gleaming lips  
Crimson nails, blushing cheeks,  
Silvery liner and brows so fleek

My face tingled with magic, and I giggled as I felt a camel hair brush busting my cheeks, creamy lipstick spreading across my lips. Looking at my long, square tipped nails, I saw they were now covered in a rose red polish with little golden flakes that sparkled when I moved my wrist. My toes sparkled with matching polish.

Before I could even find my phone, Ashley held hers up. "I know you need to check yourself out," she said. And I did. I knew I had a stunning face, and really, I didn't need makeup, but omigod? It scared me how hot I looked with those wet lips, mascara drenched lashes.

## Chapter 4

As much as Naomi had made me fall in love with skirts, when we walked out of the store and onto the streets, I felt extremely self-conscious. I was a man wearing a skirt in public, a woman's top, carrying a purse. No one would think I was a man, not with these curves, but all the same, it pained me.

That feeling of self-consciousness grew as we walked, and I realized men were checking me out— and I mean, really checking me out. It felt creepy to have other men looking at me like that, like they wanted to fuck me. I couldn't blame them. I was hyper-aware of my body, especially in these clothes— the swell of my ass, straining against the skirt, the sway and bounce of my breasts in my tank top, my plump nipples rubbing against the soft fabric with each of my dainty steps. And so much bare skin: my cleavage, midriff, long, hairless legs all caressed by the warm summer air, all enticing and inviting the attention of hungry male eyes. Of course men were checking me out; they had no choice.

Naomi had insisted we stop for lunch before heading back to the spa, and it was an incredible relief when we got to the cool, dimly lit restaurant, away from all those hungry male eyes. "I'll fill you in on your new career while we eat!" Naomi said, still with that excited air, like she thought I'd won the lottery and not just gotten stuck with a pair of hooters I never wanted and had no intention to keep.

“Ladies,” the maître d said as we entered. Ladies. I was one of them now. A lady. I just had to endure this a little longer, though, and soon I would be one of the gents again, thank God. We got a table, and I sat down, slouching in my chair, throwing an arm over the back of Ashley’s chair, manspreading. I wanted to show Naomi I was still a man, despite all the changes.

Naomi tsked. “Let me help you with all of this,” she said, holding her palm toward me. “I can’t have you sitting like a disgusting boy. I’ll make it so you want to sit like a proper young lady.”

“Don’t cast another one of your—” Ashley started to say, but it was too late.

“Small, dainty, sweet and meek  
The way he sits, the way he speaks  
Fluttering hands a sing song delivery  
All to confirm his sweet femininity”

This time, I felt my head spin for a moment, and then I felt a sudden compulsion to close my legs, to correct my posture. “No,” I said, shaking my head. “I won’t.”

Naomi just tilted her head to the side and raised an eyebrow.

“Fight it, babe?” Ashley said, but she was starting to sound exhausted, defeated, as her constant pleas with me to fight had all ended in disappointment.

I strained, keeping my legs spread, gritting my teeth, and, like, who knows or whatever, I might have actually won, but then I spotted the waitress coming toward our table. She was another woman, and I knew just what she would think of me if she saw me sitting like that. “Omigod,” I

gasped. Terror overcame my will to resist as I slammed my knees together, sat up, straightened my back, smoothed my skirt, and smiled a pretty smile as the waitress came to the table. “I– I have to,” I said. “It just felt so wrong, so unnatural, to sit with me legs spread, especially in a skirt. I– want to have proper posture,” I said. “Shoulders back, tits out.”

Ashley, slouching in her own chair in a sort of careless, not very ladylike way, shook her head. “This will all be over soon.”

*Well, maybe little miss smarty pants had gotten me to sit like some dumb girl, I thought, but there was, like, no way I was going to start talking like one. I mean, fer realz.*

“Can I get you something to drink while you make up your minds?” The waitress said. Naomi and Ashley ordered, but when it came to me, I found myself struggling to decide. “Um, like, I guess I’ll have, no...” My soft voice was now married to the exact, sing song femininity Naomi had wished, and I winced to hear myself talking like that, my hands fluttering in the air. I strained to stop them, humiliated at my limp wristed gestures. Grabbing one hand with the other, I brought them to my chest and strained to keep them there. I wanted to say, like a man, Tea. Just like that. I focused all my will, my concentration, and instead I said, “Um..” another um? “Um, tea, but, could I get a little lemon with that? If it isn’t too much trouble?”

The waitress just jotted it down on her smart pad and walked off, but I wanted to crawl under the table and hide. I sounded so weak, every sentence ending on an uptalk, as if I was asking a question or permission, as if I was almost afraid to seem pushy by ordering a glass of tea at a restaurant.

“You’re so cute,” Naomi said. “Adorable.”

I wanted to tell her off for all the things she'd done for, for making me talk and act like some bimbo. I was so angry! I opened my mouth meaning to tell her to go fuck herself, I tried, really hard, but instead I heard myself say, "I don't mean to complain, but this is all just a teensy weensy bit embarrassing for me?"

"Jesus Christ," Ashley said. "Just tell us whatever the hell you have to say, which is all a waste of time anyway since he's going to change back."

"Well, just in case *she* decides she wants to stay a woman and become an employee at the number one business in our sector—"

"Prostitution," Ashley said.

"Escort services," Naomi corrected, "let's talk about what it means to be an Extraordinary Girl."

I gracefully crossed my legs and folded my hands in my lap, feeling feminine, the soft, hairless skin of my long legs gliding together. Once more, I became conscious of my lack of a dick as there was nothing in the way now, no junk to get crushed up between my rounded thighs. I had crossed my legs like a woman, and it felt— right.

I listened intently as Naomi explained the life of an escort. I mean, of course, I had no intention of staying as a woman, but I didn't want to seem rude.

"You," Naomi said, leaning toward me, "are a perfect 10. You're gorgeous, and you deserve to live a Perfect 10 life. You will get that life at Extraordinary Services. Your nights? Champagne. Limousines. Five Star restaurants and exclusive clubs all the while being adored and doted upon by one of the classy, wealthy, clients from our highly selective list of—"

"Johns." Ashley said, crossing her arms, shaking her head in disgust.

“Gentlemen,” Naomi said, not missing a beat, ignoring Ashley. “And ladies. We don’t discriminate.”

There was a pause in the conversation, so I raised a timid hand.

“You don’t have to ask permission to speak to this pimp,” Ashley said. She was getting more and more annoyed and embarrassed by the way I was acting, but it was so unfair! I couldn’t help it!

“Yes?” Naomi said.

“So, this all sounds, like, really amazing, and I’m sure it’s a great opportunity for so many girls, but I’m just not interested? Kay?”

“What if I were to tell you,” Naomi said, “that you will earn more than 200,000 a year as an Extraordinary Girl?”

“200– Really?” I said, “That much?”

“Not counting gifts from your clients. You’ll be surprised, honey. Men love to shower gifts on a girl like you. Jewelry, clothes, furniture.”

“Furniture?”

“Our clients have money, and they love to spend it on a pretty face.”

“Do you know a girl could make so much?” I said, turning to Ashley.

“Colin!”

“I mean, not me, just– well, again, thanks? I just think I’ll take a pass.”

“Well,” Naomi said. “There is one more big change coming once we get back to the spa, and I think it might change your mind.”

“It won’t,” Ashley said, covering my hand with her own. “She’s *my* man.”

## Chapter Five

When we got back to the salon, Naomi led us to Adriana's office. "Look at you," she said as I walked in, getting up, and giving me a hug as we exchanged air kisses. "You look great."

"Omigod, thanks!" I said, waving my little hands.

"You remember Baptiste?"

"Oh, hey," I said, that same feeling of shame and embarrassment coming over me as I found myself in heels and a skirt, clutching a purse to my side while another man looked me over. It was so gross.

"Let's just get this over with," Ashley said. "He doesn't want to stay a woman. Change him back."

"Is that correct, Colin?"

A scrunched up my face. "Sorry? I mean, Naomi did a great job, and I feel so bad 'cause I so should have read the contract, but I can be so silly—"

"Colin!" Ashley said.

"So, yeah, I think the whole escort life isn't for me? Is that okay?"

"Of course," Adriana said. "It's not for everyone."

"Omigod. You're so nice," I said.

"Really?" Ashley said, not buying it. "You're going to make it that easy."

"Well," Adriana said, "there is the matter of the last change. 'Once we've changed Colin's sexual orientation so he loves men, if he still wants to change back, then—"

"Loves men?" Ashley said.

"Men?" I said, putting a hand to my cheek.

"Men," Adriana said, then gestured to Naomi. "Begin."



“I’m not sure—” I started, but once more Naomi chanted away, ignoring my objections.

“Slender, soft and round is he  
And so these things he does not need  
Now he craves a man so strong  
Bulging with muscles and so well hung  
He needs a stag, a wolf a bull  
An alpha dog his needs to fulfill

I staggered back as I felt the spell overcoming me, changing me, my mind filling with flickering images of rock hard pecs, building biceps, rippling abs...

“Shit. Colin? Did it work? Are you—?” Ashley couldn’t even think of what to say, but I wasn’t listening to her anyway. I stared at Baptiste, and it was like I was seeing him for the first time, seeing a man for the first time. He was, omigod, he was gorgeous. I wanted him. I wanted him to kiss me.

“He’s quite delicious isn’t he?” Adriana said, seeing me go weak in the knees as I stared in fascination at this beautiful creature.

“No,” I lied, needing to deny it, not wanting Ashley to know that I— I liked men? It was the most humiliating change yet, the most shameful. I glanced down at the bulge in Baptiste’s pants and gasped, blushing.

Baptiste smiled and winked.

“Omigod,” I gasped. His smile it was like—

“Colin? No,” Ashley said, seeing the way I was gawking at Baptiste. “Are you actually attracted to men now? The spell worked?”

“My mind...” I whispered, tossing my hair, staring at Baptiste. ‘It’s all swirling. I just... he’s so tall, and lumpy... muscles... broad shoulders... those thick, the hair on his chest? It’s horrible. I’m not supposed to feel this, not any of this? But when I look at those strong legs, all I can think about is how hard he could— pound me. Omigod,” I whispered as I imagined myself pinned under Baptiste while he thrust into me... I covered my eyes with my hands, but my fingers were spread as I couldn’t take my eyes off Baptiste.

“Oh, no,” Ashley said, shaking her head. This was the ultimate loss, the ultimate betrayal. “Colin, remember how much you love the reverse cowgirl? How good it felt to be inside me? If you need me to, I can get a strap on.”

I look at Ashley, Adriana. Meh. I can see they are both pretty, but they do nothing for me. They are only competition for male attention now, but I also think about Ashley, her feelings, our years together. Can I really throw all that away? Can I do that to her? When this all started, I wasn’t even sure what we were to each other, but it’s obvious now: she loves me. Needs me. I’ll be a man again. For her.

“Turn me back—”

Before I could even finish that thought, Baptiste tore his shirt off. I mean, he grabbed it and just ripped it off, and my eyes hungrily played across his bulging, rock hard chest, the ridges of his hard, turtle shell abs. My knees went weak, and I almost fainted, instead falling against Ashley, clinging to her for support.

“Colin? No,” she said. “No.”

Baptiste met my eyes, and I could see the desire, the promise. He wanted to fuck me, and all I had to do was say yes.

“Do you want to remain a woman?” Adriana said. “Do you want to be an Extraordinary girl?”

“No. He doesn’t,” Ashley said. “Colin, tell her.”

I wanted Baptiste. I needed him inside me. I pushed off Ashley and tossed my hair. “Yes,” I said, my voice hoarse with desire. “I want to be a woman.”

“What about me?” Ashley said. “What the fuck?”

I looked at her and felt nothing. “I’m prettier than you,” I said, as Baptiste came to me and wrapped me in his arms. He slipped one arm around my waist and jerked me to him, while he held the back of my head with the other, putting me totally under his power, his control. Not that I minded one bit. I put my hand on his bulging, muscular chest— it was so everything and more, that I sighed and licked my lips as I tilted my head back and offered him my mouth. He pulled me even closer, lifting me off my feet, and covered my lips with his. I moaned softly, and when I felt his hot, wet tongue slip between my lips and find mine, I kicked one leg up, and pressed my breasts against his rock hard, angular body.

“That’s it!” Ashley shouted. “I’m going to get help! You won’t get away with this!”

I was lost, lost in Baptiste’s arms, his kiss, lost in the delicious pleasure of being a woman in the arms of a gorgeous man. I heard the door slam as Ashley stormed off, but it was nowhere as loud as the beating of my heart.

## Chapter Six

“Baptiste?” Adriana said, sitting behind her desk. “Excuse us.”

Baptiste stepped away from me. I made a desperate, mewling sound, clinging to his arm, wanting him, needing him so badly. “Do not worry, little dove,” he said. “We will see each other again very soon.” He gently removed my hands from his arms and left.

I watched him go, my eyes filling with tears of desperation as I was overcome with a longing, a need to have him inside me. I turned to Adriana. “Please,” I begged. “Omigod, please!”

“You will have a chance to get to know Baptiste in a moment,” Adriana said. “Please sit. There are a few more things we need to— adjust.”

I sat, legs crossed, hands in my lap, shoulders back, tits out. I was aching for that man, and I would do anything to get to him, to get relief.

“To excel in your new career, you will need a few qualities. For one, it will help if you love sex, all forms of sex, if you are, to use a crude word, a bit sluttier. How do you feel about that?”

I nodded, thinking only of Baptiste, willing to agree to anything to get to him. “If you think it’s best?” I said.

“I do. Also, men like a girl who seems a bit helpless, and you will be all the more enticing and desirable if we lower your IQ— just a tad.”

This time, I paused. I had always prided myself on my intelligence. “You want to make me dumb?” I said, now playing with my hair.

“Just a little less threatening,” Adriana said. “Men are so insecure. Most of them are actually a little intimidated by an intelligent woman. You don’t want to intimidate your clients, do you?”

“Um...?” I thought about it. “No?”

“That’s right,” Adriana said. “That’s the right answer. So, let’s make the changes, shall we?”

I hesitated.

“Baptiste is waiting,” Adriana said, raising an eyebrow. “You know how men are, he won’t be in the loving mood forever. Let me make you the perfect escort.”

That was enough to overcome any misgivings I had, and I nodded eagerly. “Make me the perfect escort,” I said, panting as I thought of Baptiste, feeling myself getting wet with anticipation. I would have agreed to let her give me three heads right then if she’d asked.

“Good girl,” Adriana said, waving her hands. I guess she didn’t need to chant, because I felt the magic wash over me, felt the changes to my mind, my personality, my soul.

“Let’s call you Candice now,” Adriana said. “Welcome to Xtraordinary Services. You are now a consummate professional sex worker.”

“Consum– consumerate?” I said, confused. I used to know that word. I was sure I did, but now it just seemed like a big, fancy word that made no sense.

“It means, how shall I put this so you will understand? It means, you are a really good fuck.”

“Oh!” I said, pleased. ‘Oh, good! Fucking is my favorite thing– well, after shopping. I love to slobber over a man’ cock, to pull it deep into my mouth... two at a time, one in my mouth, one in my ass... playing with another girl while a man watches. Handcuffs and collars, leather and whips... “I was totally getting off, thinking about all the kinky sex I loved so much.

Adriana raised an eyebrow. “You will find your talents highly profitable.”

“Profitable?” I said, shaking my head.

“Profitable, Candice, because men will be paying you for all that tender, loving care. They will pay you to please them.”

“Oh!” I giggled and tossed my hair. “Right. Cause I’m an escort! I mean, I would do it for free? I love to fuck!”

“My girls don’t give anything away for free,” Adriana said, and then she smiled. “Baptiste is waiting. You may go.”

It was like she’d told me there was a big sale on crotchless panties at Victoria’s Secrets. “Thank you, thank you, thank you...” I said rushing off, hungry for that studly hunk of a man.

Baptiste waited in the massage room, the same room where I’d first been turned into a woman. It seemed like it had been ages ago, another life, though it had only been hours. He’d stripped down to just a pair of boxers, and his skin glistened with oil that gleamed in the flickering candle light.

He looked me over and then smiled at me, smiled like a ravenous wolf who’d just spotted a sweet succulent lamb. The look alone made my knees weak, sent tremors through my body. I started to pull my top off, but before I could he was all over me, kissing me on my breasts, wrapping his arms around my hips, lifting me off my feet. I wrapped my legs around him, his ribs hard against my soft thighs, and threw my head back as he carried me to the table, lay me down and then yanked my skirt down to my knees, then my panties. I pumped my legs, pushing, kicking them all the way off as he shoved a hand under my top, helped himself to my breasts. I gasped as I felt his strong, calloused hand on the soft flesh of my breasts, and when he found my nipples and pinched, I cried out, only to have my cries smothered by his hot, wet mouth as he climbed on top of me.

He was hard, and the feeling of his rock-hard dick pressing into my thigh drove me wild. I felt something inside me clench, felt like I was opening, became conscious of an emptiness, a space, a need to be filled. He grabbed one of my wrists and effortlessly pinned my arm above my head. I gasped. He was so strong, so dominant, and I was so helpless. I ran my free hand along the muscled ridges of his shoulder, our bodies now entwined, his chest against mine, his legs against mine, his lips, pressed into mine.

I spread my legs, wide, and I moaned softly, desperately, as he started to move up, position himself. He was looking down at me now, and I stared into his hot, hungry eyes as he entered me. “Unh!” I yelped. It was better, so much better than Naomi’s fingers, and when he began to rock his hips, thrusting into me, harder and harder, I thrust back, matching his timing, pushing, wanting him deeper inside me, deeper, deeper...

Every cell of my body was on fire, every inch of my skin tingled and sang with pleasure... I dug my hands into my long hair and I was panting now, “omigod... omigod.. Omigod...”

He exploded into me, a jet of hot, wet excitement, and I screamed as I orgasmed, “Yes! Yes! YES!”

## Chapter Seven

He was my first client. Larry. An older man, tall, with salt and pepper hair. He had a lean body, not that it mattered. He was a client, and I would be serving all his needs tonight. He'd paid for the girlfriend experience, so that meant dinner, maybe a walk before we went back to the hotel. We were going to Elegance, the hottest new restaurant in town, it had been opened by the celebrity chef, Jackson Genet, and people were waiting months to get a reservation.

Not me.

Larry had all kinds of money, and he explained on the way to the restaurant that he'd pulled a few strings and gotten a table that same morning, right after he called EX. "You're so powerful," I'd sighed, putting a hand to my chest.

"Money makes the world go round," he said. "And I have plenty of that."

"Oh, you," I said, putting my hand on his knee. He slipped his hand between my legs and under my dress, cupping the soft flesh at the top of my thigh, squeezing.

"You bad boy," I giggled.

The driver dropped us off right in front of Elegance. I smiled. It was just like Adriana had promised. I was a 10, and I was living the 5 star life a girl like me deserved.

Larry came around and opened my door for me, took my arm and helped me out of the car. I felt like a helpless little thing, hobbled by my tight, little red dress, my stiletto heels. A dainty clutch purse dangles from



my crimson tipped fingers. I sparkle. Bracelets, earrings, rings on my fingers and toes, an anklet. Even my vision is limited, reduced, by my thick, curly eyelash extensions. I am dependent on this big, strong man to assist me with even so simple a task as getting out of a car. I love that feeling, and he loves me like this— helpless, sweet, vulnerable.

I tugged the hem of my mini-dress down, wiggling my hips, smiling, putting on a show for him. I could see it in his eyes. He was not disappointed with my performance, nor were any of the other men who stared, looked me over, undressed me with their eyes. A few women slit their eyes at me, glared.

Jealous bitches.

Larry put his hand on the small of my back and guided me toward the entrance. I clung to his arm. “You’re so fucking hot,” he whispered in my ear.

I giggled. “You’re so sweet.”

“Colin!” A shrill voice called, ruining the moment, sounding like a shrieking harpy.

Ashley ran up and blocked our path to the door. She was wearing jeans, a t-shirt, and her hair was a bit of a tangled mess. I felt sorry for her right away. Poor girl.

“What the hell?” Larry said.

“Colin,” Ashley said, ignoring him. “I found someone. A warlock. He can change you back, undo all of this. Come on. Let’s go.”

She grabbed my wrist and tugged. Tottering on my stiletto heels, I clung to Larry, looking up at him with wide, frightened eyes.

“Didn’t you hear me?” Ashley screamed. “You don’t have to do this. I can save you!”

“Lady, back off,” Larry said, stepping protectively between us.

I looked past Larry and shook my head. “My *name* is Candice. I am an Extraordinary Girl,” I said, tilting my head back, putting my nose in the air. “And I love it.”

“Let’s go,” Larry said, taking my arm, leading me toward Elegance. “Get the fuck out of here before I call the cops,” he shouted, pointing at Ashley.

He opened the door for me. I looked back over my shoulder. Ashley stood there, staring. “Ashley?” I called.

Hope flickered in her eyes. She took a step toward me.

I smiled. “Do something about your hair. You look like a hobo.”

Larry laughed, grabbed and squeezed my ass, and I nuzzled against him as we stepped into the cool, shadowy world of Elegance, as I left behind my boring, dull life as a man and into the glamorous, velvet life of an Extraordinary Girl.

Ashley watched, staring as Larry squeezed my big, plump ass, and I think, I like to think, she finally accepted it was over. Colin was gone. There was only Candice.

The End