

EX

REVENGE IS A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

HUSBAND

MAGAZINE

MAKE THAT
CHEATIN' MAN
A SWEET OL' FASHION

COUNTRY GIRL!

POLITE?
DANG RIGHT.

COWBOYS

MAKE HIM
CROSS-EYED!

CAIN'T GET
ENOUGH

**SHANIA
TWIN**

LIVES
TO
LINE
DANCE!

**COWGIRL
BOOTS!**

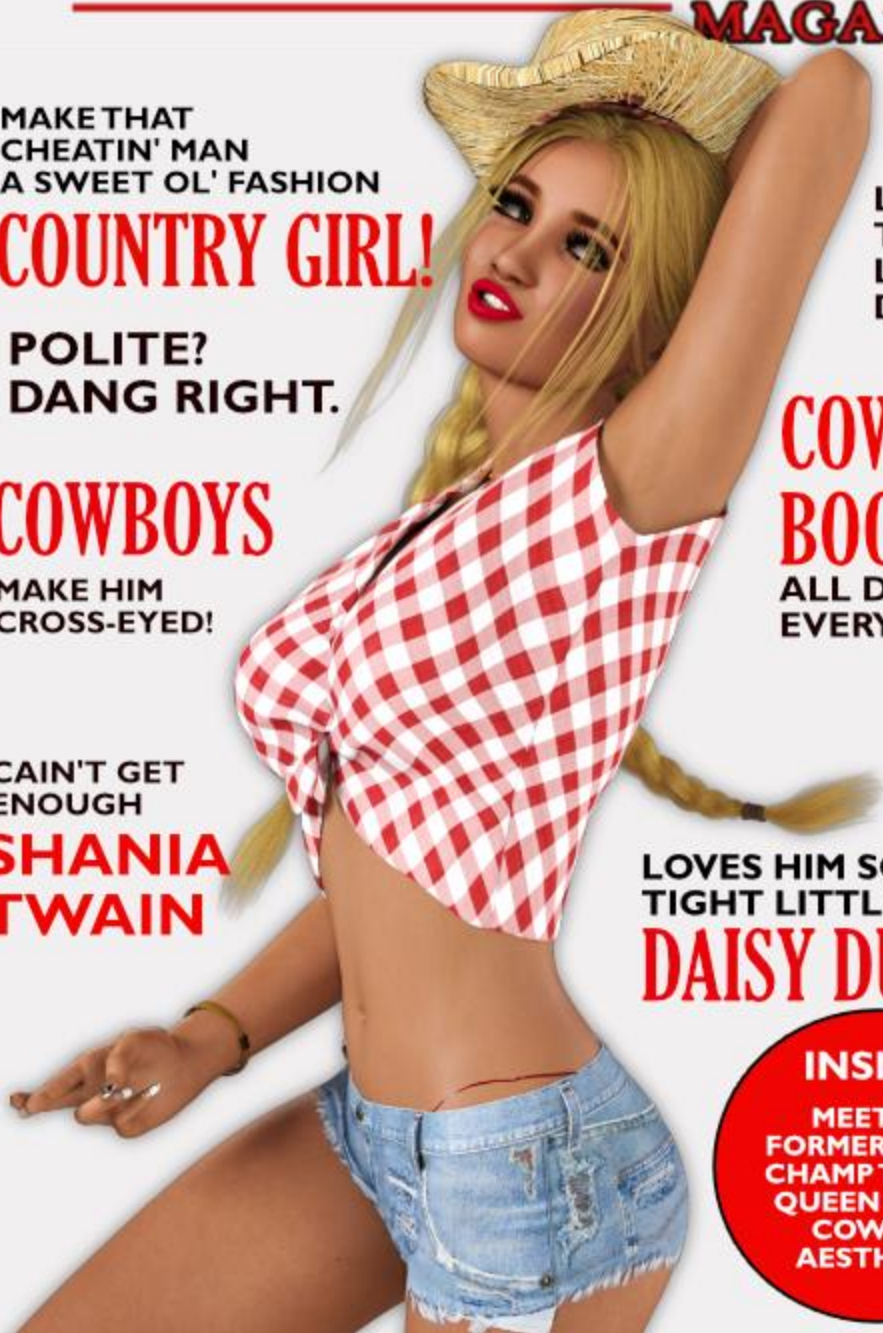
ALL DAY.
EVERYDAY!

LOVES HIM SOME
TIGHT LITTLE

DAISY DUKES!

INSIDE!

MEET THE
FORMER RODEO
CHAMP TURNED
QUEEN OF THE
COWGIRL
AESTHETIC!



The following material is rated

X

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.

“I don’t want him to know I’m the one turning him into a woman,” Suzy Lou said as she paged through Tatiana’s look book. She was sitting in Tatiana the Fixer’s office, a cozy wiccan refuge of soft textures, warm colors, feminine chanting and the tinkling from a waterfall in the corner. “We’re still living together.”

“He doesn’t have to know,” Tatiana said. She looked over the aura of her latest client. Suzy had a bright, rainbow aura, indicating she was going through a time of change, but there were flarings of black— she was tired, exhausted. This came as no surprise to Tatiana. The women who came to see her were always enveloped in some darkness, inflicted on them by some man.

“And this is real? All real? I can change his body however I want?”

“Not just his body, but his mind as well. You could, just as an example, make him boy crazy.”

Suzy giggled. “Bronco? Boy crazy? Omigod, I would love to see that, but should I?” She didn’t know. As much as he was a total a-hole, the thought of making him some boy crazy female seemed a little too much.

“You can do anything you want with him,” Tatiana said, sipping her chamomile tea. “I encourage you to play, follow your intuition, just do what feels right. Have fun. And, if it helps, up until you finalize, you can always undo any changes.”

“Undo?” Suzy kept looking through the pages. There were so many options of different kinds of women, different body styles, different faces, different personality types. 1950s Housewife. Lolita. French Maid! Basic Bitch. She chuckled at each, thinking how funny it would be to see Bronco with space buns or wearing a French Maid outfit, yet none of them seemed perfect. She was on the fence, partly because she wasn’t sure if Bronco really deserved this, but also because the idea of magically changing her husband into a woman seemed impossible. “Excuse me for saying,” she

said. "I have to say, and I don't want to seem rude, but this all sounds like total bullshit. Sorry?"

"It's perfectly normal to feel skeptical" Tatiana said. "You don't want to pay me a whole bunch of money only to find out I am some kind of hustler. I mean, magic? Everyone knows it isn't real." She paused. "How about a trial?"

"Trial?"

"You can make one change. Just to see. Then, if you want the full package, you sign on. No money down. No risk."

"But I bet you want my credit card number, anyway?"

Tatiana shook her head. "You don't have to give me anything right now. I don't do this for the money."

"Then, why?"

"My purpose in life is to make women happy."

Suzy raised an eyebrow. As much as all this sounded ridiculous, there was just something about Tatiana. Suzy trusted her. She just seemed so open and genuine. She radiated maternal warmth and caring. She found herself warming to the idea of turning Bronco into a woman. She kept looking through the book. Beach bunny. Snow bunny. Gym bunny. "There are a lot of bunnies in here. A lot of stereotypes."

"Many of my clients enjoy the idea of turning their man into a male fantasy. You don't have to use one of the types, though."

"I'm not sure what—" she flipped a page, and her mouth dropped open. Yes. This is what she wanted for Bronco. "I found her." Suzy held up the book and showed it to Tatiana. There was a gorgeous girl in Daisy Dukes and a

checkered shirt tied up to show off her midriff. The page was titled Country Girl.

“Excellent choice,” Tatiana said, putting her hand to her heart. “He’s going to be so cute.”

Bronco. Cute? Suzy liked the sound of that.

Chapter Two

Logic indicated to Suzy that Tatiana was either a crazy person or a con artist. Her heart, though, was telling her something different. and as she drove home, she felt her excitement growing at the thought of “fixing” Bronco. She mostly was just struggling with what to change first, seeing in that she had decided to make a series of gradual changes to her soon to be ex-hubby. Tatiana had urged her to go slow. “It’s about the journey more than the destination,” she’d said.

She was lost in her musings, thinking about Bronco as a hot little honey in a pair of cutoff shorts, when she got home, walked in the door and, “Come on!” She shouted, seeing muddy boot prints tracked right in the front door and across the hardwood floors. Her temper flaring, she stormed into the living room where she found Bronco, those same muddy boots up on a table, eating nachos and watching videos of himself from back in his rodeo days. On the screen, a long horn ran full speed across a dirt arena floor. A tall, lean cowboy with a dark dusting of stubble on his rugged chin leapt from the saddle of his stampeding horse, grabbed the mighty steer by the horns and wrestled it to the ground in one swift, powerful motion.

“And that’s how it’s done!” Bronco shouted. “I was the best,” he said, really talking to himself more than Suzy. “Damn it all! I was the best!”

Suzy looked from the cowboy on the screen, arms ridged with muscle, his chiseled features. That was the man she’d married, that swaggering stud. Looking at him now, sitting on the couch, stuffing his face, she felt disgusted. He’d let himself go a little the past few years, put on 20 not so flattering pounds, his body Pillsbury plump. His chiseled features had bloated to a soft, moon face, and his mind, as far as she was concerned, was as soft as his belly.

“I’ve asked you a hundred times to take your boots off when you come into the house!” She said.

“Yup,” Bronco said, tossing a chip into his mouth, munching loudly, with his mouth open. “Since you’re up, you wanna fetch me a beer?”

In the past, Suzy would have blown up and got in his face. She had a hot temper, and even though her mother had tried to explain to her that all she was doing was feeding into Bronco’s mind games, she’d never been able to help herself. Today, though, things were different, and instead of a furious rage, an icy hot anger seethed. No time like the present to put Tatiana’s magic to the test. She began to cycle through some possibilities from what she’d seen in Tatiana’s book— maybe give him long nails? Long hair? What if she made him wear lipstick? She couldn’t decide, and so, while she dithered, she snapped, “It’s been a long time since you got on a horse.”

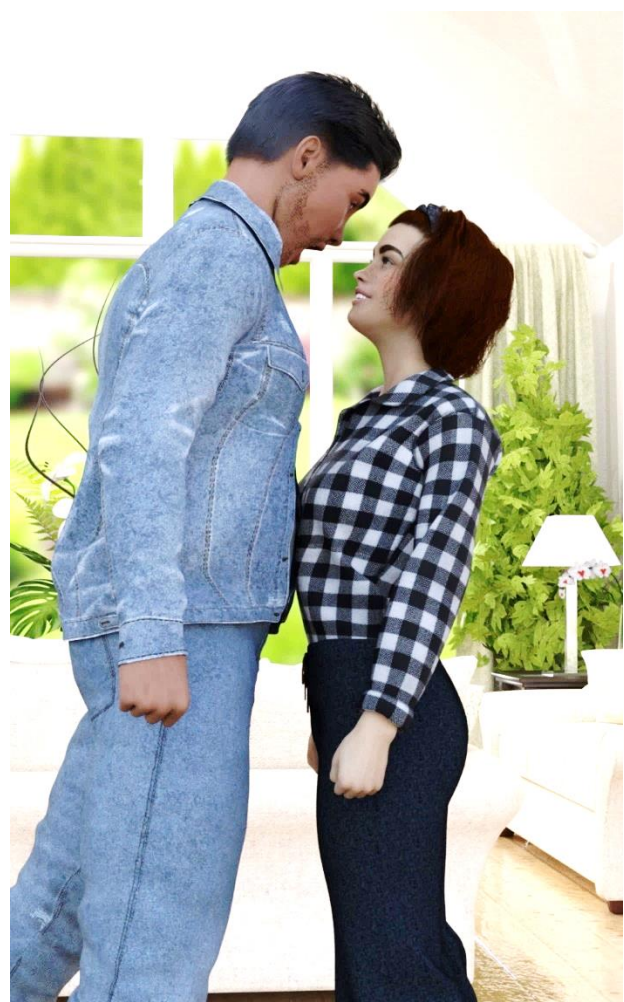
Bronco sat up. “The hell?” He groaned as he climbed off the couch, then came around and stood over Suzy, staring down at her, reminding her how much bigger he was than her. His whole life he’d been about domination— roping steers, taking ‘em down, riding bulls... he knew how to handle ornery critters, whether they be a raging bull or an uppity woman. He’d kept his bag of nachos, and now threw a handful into his mouth and chomped, mouth open, crumbs raining down to fall at Suzy’s feet and all over her floor.

When she’d been young and they’d first met, Suzy had been turned on by Bronco’s whole dominance act. They’d go at it, get in screaming fights, and then they’d make love, if you could call it that. Bronco made love like a cowboy, wrestling Suzy down like she was a runaway calf. It’d been fun for a time, but Suzy had grown up, and Bronco hadn’t. The relationship soured, and as he became lazier and softer while she ran the house and kept everything together, while he kept trying to play the whole, I’m the man, and I’m in charge game, it had all rankled.

Now, fed up and with Bronco pissing her off once more trying to play the big man, the change she wanted popped into her mind. You wanna act like a prick? She thought. Then how about I take yours? Tatiana had said she could wish things and they would happen, or if she visualized them the

exact changes she was seeing would materialize. If she'd taken the time to really think about it, she might have hesitated, but she was pissed. She visualized.

“I asked for a beer. Maybe you didn't hear— *me?*” Bronc yelled at the end of that. His knees went together, eyes went wide. The bag of nachos fell from his hand, yellow chips scattering across the hardwood floor. Suzy watched as Bronc frantically grabbed at his groin, eyes bulging as he squeezed and patted.



Hell, Suzy thought. Did it really work? Had Bronco gone from a rooster to a hen?

“Missing something?” Suzy said, grinning at the thought, though scarcely able to believe what she’d done. She’d felt a surge of power, and the nature of the spell was such that she knew it had worked, as impossible as it seemed. She knew Bronco, big dumb Bronco, now had lady parts.



Bronco was too far gone to hear his soon to be ex-wife’s taunting. He suddenly believed he had a vagina. Two things had happened at once: first, he’d felt fingers shove themselves between his legs— like deep between his legs in a space he didn’t have, and at the same time a thought had slammed into him like a Mack Truck— I have a vagina. I’m a woman.

“Shit. Shit. Shit.” Bronco said, and Suzy was pleased to hear his voice had risen an octave. It wasn’t too high, but he was definitely an alto now, his

voice registering as female. Bronco ran off toward his bedroom, hands clasped at his groin.

I wish I could watch, Suzy thought, and then remembered. “Oh, yeah. The scrying stone.” Tatiana had given her, as she did all her customers, a magic stone that would allow her to watch Bronco even when she wasn’t in the same room. As she willed it, an image rose up.

Bronco had run to his room, yanked down his pants and his underwear. Looking down, he was acutely aware of what he could NOT see— any evidence of his junk. Leaning forward to see over the rise of his pudgy belly, all he saw was a thatch of public hair above— nothing. He knew, though, with a certainty, that he had a woman’s lips now. He. Had a woman’s lips? He knew he did, but he didn’t want to believe it.

He reached down and placed his fingertips on his soft mound. “Oh fuck me,” he said, then cleared his throat as he became aware of his changed voice for the first time. Hearing himself say “Oh, fuck me” in a woman’s voice shook him further.

Bronco didn’t need or want to probe further, but some part of him wanted to know, to confirm with his eyes what his mind already, somehow, knew to be true. He went to the dresser and looked at the mirror, and looking down, he saw a triangular patch of dark hair, but he didn’t, couldn’t see his vagina.

“Oh, fuck this,” he said, sitting down on the bed, legs spread. He stared down at the space between his thighs where his junk used to be. With his legs spread, the smell of a female wafted up to his nose. “My dick’s gone,” Bronco whispered sadly. “My rod done vanished.”

And then, he had to confront the second reality. He had not only lost his Johnson, but he’d gained—

“I have a cooter,” he whispered. “Does that make me a Philly?” Bronco was not a man of science, but he was pretty sure you couldn’t just go and order

a new dick if you happened to find yourself with a vagina one day. “Am I stuck with this— dadburn taco?”

Now, dear reader, in case you are unfamiliar with the work of Tatiana and her special blend of magic, it was always a condition of her spell that the recipient both recognized the impossibility of what was happening and also accepted what was happening. Likewise, when those around them became aware of a change— for example, if a guy at work suddenly popped out a pair of D-Cups, everyone knew that couldn't happen, but also accepted that, well, it did. And so, even though Bronco knew a guy sitting on the couch eating nachos couldn't just lose his dick, he also knew that he had done just that.

Overwhelmed and hormonal as estrogen now flooded his body, the tears rolled down his cheeks.

Suzy knew that Bronco had always taken an inordinate amount of pride in “Gasparzilla,” which was the name he'd given his penis. In fact, despite his belief that he was well-hung, she'd always considered him average. It would be a blow for any man to lose his dick, but she couldn't help but think it was even worse for Bronco who pretty much thought his cock entitled him to say and do whatever he wanted. To him, his dick was power, status. Losing it was like he'd gone from driving a Porsche to tooling around in a VW Beetle.

She might have felt bad. Okay, she did feel a little bad seeing him cry like that, but then again, she remembered what a sexist asshole he was. Giggling, she decided to make another change. All of the tidy whites in Bronc's dresser turned into lacy little pairs of panties. He might as well get used to it, she decided, giggling some more at the thought of Bronc's face when he found his collection of sexy underwear.

As much as she sort of wanted to watch more, she shut down the scrying stone and put it in the drawer next to her bed. Dinner wasn't going to cook

itself, and she couldn't let the kids starve. She went to the kitchen and started to make her signature marinara sauce.

Chapter Three

Bronco had lain down and fallen asleep, but he woke, his stomach grumbling, the tomato and garlic smell of Suzy's cooking wafting through the house. He slipped a hand between his thighs, hoping it had been some kind of crazy dream, but yanked his hand away after it brushed the soft swell of his vulva.

Should I see a doctor?" He wondered as he sat up. What the hell could a doctor do? Besides, they lived in a small town, and he had no doubt if he went to see Doc Gilroy, it wouldn't be long before his gabby assistant was spreading word all over town that tough old Bronc was now a Philly. Suzy would laugh her ass off. He was sure of that. He had to keep this from his soon to be ex at all costs.

Though part of him felt like he really should take some kind of action regarding his impossible and yet undeniable gender swap, he really didn't know what he could do. What he did know was that he was hungry and angry, and he had only one coping mechanism: hanging out at the honky tonk. "I won't be picking up any ladies tonight," he said with a rueful chuckle, "but that doesn't mean I can't get hammered. I'll just stick to myself. Damn." He smelled his armpits and decided he didn't need a shower, especially since he wasn't exactly in any condition to be hitting on the honeys. He went to his dresser and opened his underwear drawer. "The fuck?" He stared down at a drawer full of pink and white and powder blue panties. Some of them were polka dotted or festooned with hearts.

"That – that-- woman!" He hissed, thinking it must have been Suzy, that she must have snuck in and filled his drawer with these damn– insults. And yet... he picked up a pair– pink– and stared in wonder at the tiny little scrap of fabric, the cute little bow. They were so sexy. He rubbed them against his cheek. And so soft!

Dude, he thought. No fucking way. And yet, he fingered the lace. Adored the pretty flower pattern. They'll fit better than the old tidy whities, anyway, now that I lost my junk, he decided.



Dude! He repeated to himself, trying to summon his will, his manhood. If trading his junk for a vagina was like trading down from a Porsche to a Beetle, putting on panties would be like a Roman gladiator dropping his shield and picking up a bunch of posies. Panties were for ladies!

And yet he found himself stepping into the panties, pulling them up his thighs, then over his hips, feeling them cup his new sex as he let the waistband snap against his waist. A sense of ease and comfort came over him as he felt the little panties around his

hips and backside. It was like he'd come home.

Maybe, he decided, managing to resist the urge to look at himself in the mirror, I need to see a shrink. What the hell? Had losing his Johnson made him think like a woman? Was that why he'd wanted, needed, to wear panties? The thought terrified him. Would he start wearing a bra next?

I am not going to start acting like a woman, he decided. Well, other than wearing panties. Besides that, I am still the same man I've always been, damn it to hell! I'm Bronco!



To his relief, the rest of the Broncster's clothing was unchanged. Putting on his good, old reliable jeans and shirt, fitting his cowboy hat onto his head and then pulling on his boots, he felt like he was sheathing himself in masculinity, wrapping himself in the trappings of his real identity. He looked in the mirror at his broad shoulders, square chin, thick arms. I'm still a man, he thought, even if I ain't a man downstairs. Once more, he considered seeing a doctor. There had to be some explanation for what had happened, some way to fix it.

He grabbed his keys and started toward the door, then stopped. Thinking about how he'd smelled his new female sex earlier, he doused himself heavily with cologne, enveloping himself in a musky, masculine scent. Yeah. Smell like a man, feel like a man, he decided.

He headed out, climbed into his truck and headed toward the bar. The cab of Bronc's truck was classic country with fuzzy dice hanging from the mirror, Holstein patterned seat covers and a hula girl statue glued to the dashboard that shook her hips to the vibration of the rumbling engine. Once more, surrounded by what he considered the epitome of a manly environment, Bronc felt like he'd staked a claim to his manhood.

As he drove, his favorite country song, Drunker than You, came on, all twangy guitars and folky fiddles. It was by the band Good Country People. They had two lead singers— Kenny Carolina and Emma Cline, and on this song, they sang in tandem, Emma providing higher harmonies over Kenny's deep, southern bass. Bronc started to sing along:

You may be taller than me
You may be smarter than me
You may even have better boots
But there is one thing that's true
And let me give you a clue

I'll always be drunker than you
That's one thing that I do

I'll always be drunker than you
One thing I do
I'll always be, always be always be
Always be
druuuuuuunker than—

Bronc stopped singing, shocked as he realized that he not only sounded like Emma, but had been singing her part. It reminded him he sounded like a woman now, which drew his attention back to the absence between his legs. He'd been so focused on his girl parts, he hadn't even thought about his voice until just that moment. His voice wasn't super-high pitched, but it definitely sounded female. It was almost enough to make him turn around and head home, but he really needed to get hammered at the honkytonk. He'd just disguise his voice, he decided. Talk low like. He'd heard women do it, usually when they were mocking the way men talked. It could be done.

Other than that? I'm still me, he kept reminding himself, I'm still the Bronc.

Chapter 4

Yet, the Bronco who paused at the door as he entered the honkytonk and looked tentatively around the crowded bar was already a changed man. He couldn't help but feel self-conscious about what he had hidden in his pants now and he was both nervous and strangely excited. The nervous part? What if someone somehow found out he had a vagina and was wearing panties? He'd be dead in this town forever.

The strangely excited part? It amused him, for some reason, that no one knew what he had going on between his legs, that he was wearing sexy, lacey panties. It felt oddly thrilling to have this little secret.

No one's gonna know, he thought. No one unless they have x-ray vision.

Scanning the bar, Bronc saw the room was swinging. All the hottest ladies in town were here— and yet, his momentary surge of excitement at the sight of so many little bunnies to hunt turned sour as he remembered his condition.

Straightening his back, putting on his old swagger, he walked up to the bar. "Bronc!" People called. Bronco was famous all over town thanks to his rodeo glory days. People loved to see him. Normally, he would have bellowed back, but not tonight. He gave a thumbs up and took a chair at the end of the bar. "Hey, Bronc," the bartender, Lacey Monroe, said as she came over. "The usual?"

"Beer and a whiskey chaser," Bronco said with a smile. Lacey was fine as hell, with a banging body he'd been wanting to take for a test drive for years.

Lacey, who usually all flirty smiles, stepped back, a confused look on her face. "You okay?"

"Yeah. Why?" Bronc said.

“Your voice sounds funny.”

Shit. Bronco’s hand went to his throat. How had he forgotten to disguise his voice? He tried to lower his voice now, to imitate a man, but when he spoke his voice came out in the same, woman’s alto. “I, um, got punched in the throat.”

Why can’t I lower my voice? He wondered

“Well, I hope it heals up real soon.” Lacey said as she poured his beer, glass tilted to the side. She knew better than to say it, but she was thinking, he sounds like a woman.

Bronco’s confidence wilted, but he slammed the shot and then chased it with a gulp of beer. The booze immediately began to work its magic as he felt it burn down his throat and rise to his head. Yeah. That was the stuff.

Meanwhile, back at the house, Suzy had put the kids to bed and settled down to watch some TV, glad to have the living room since the asshole had gone out. It had surprised her when she’d heard his truck start and drive off. She’d thought maybe he’d be too ashamed to leave the house. She didn’t have to wonder where he’d –or was it she now?--- gone. The only place around here open this time of night was the honkytonk. Her curiosity got the best of her, and she went to her room and activated the scrying stone. “What could she possibly be up to?” Suzy wondered.

Bronco hunched over at the bar, drinking. He didn’t want to talk to anyone, not with his voice, so he just watched Lacey work, enjoying the sight of her firm breasts, the swell of her ass in those tight jeans. He was being careful to make sure she didn’t realize he was staring. He was a gentleman, after

all. Damn, she was fine as hell, and not for the first time, Bronco found himself mentally undressing her, imagining what that fine body would look like stretched out on his bed, legs spread...

As he was enjoying his little fantasy, Bronc started to become aware of a growing wetness and heat between his legs. His cheeks started to burn. His nipples grew hard. He'd never felt like this before. He squirmed uncomfortably and took a drink of beer. "What the fuck is going on?" He thought, and then it hit him. He was feeling horny, and it was not the way a man felt when he got horny. Bronco was getting horny like a woman got horny. Instead of a hardening rod and an urge to thrust, he felt a wet hole and a need to spread. He was so wet, he started to worry he might soak right through his panties and leave a wet spot between his legs everyone would see.

He pulled his eyes away from Lacey. "Another shot!" He called, forgetting his voice, wanting to calm the burning of his new and unnatural female desires. He turned around on his chair, forcing himself to stop looking at Lacey, trying to calm himself.

Suzy smirked. How sweet. The scrying stone not only allowed her to watch what was happening, but to read Bronco's mind, so she knew exactly what was happening to the poor girl. It was kind of sweet, she felt, seeing Bronc get the hots for the first time as a female, looking so confused and ashamed. She hadn't made him horny. She didn't need to, but this was too fun, and she decided to push it a little more.

Flush, hot and bothered, Bronco tried to look at the ceiling, the floor, the mechanical bull— anything but the women. His shot came and he gulped it down, and when he turned around his eyes locked right onto the face of his high-school flame, Annie. Their eyes met. Annie smiled and curled her hair behind her ear, tilted her head to the side. The invitation was obvious, and Bronco clamped his knees together as he felt a twitch in his lady parts.



Suzy filed his mind with fantasy, and Bronco, unable to pull his eyes away from Annie's, found himself imagining that he was all woman, with soft skin, a curvy figure, naked, and he and Annie were making out...the scene shifted, and now Bronco was posing on his bed, dressed up like some kinda slutty cowgirl. He felt that same sheer, clenching pleasure in his new lady parts as Annie strapped on a...

"I gotta get the fuck out of here," Bronco decided, finishing his beer. His female fantasies were too much, too disturbing, shaking him something

awful. He threw some money on the bar, but as he headed to the door he realized he needed to piss, and badly. Damn. He glanced toward the restrooms. Back toward the front door. For a moment, he thought about going out back and pissing against the wall, but the realization that those days were over hit him like a punch in the gut. He would have to squat, and he couldn't risk some dudes coming round and finding him in that position.

He felt a tiny trickle between his legs. He had to go. He'd never make it home without pissing himself. He cringed, thinking about how women were always complaining it was harder for them to hold it. Now, he was finding out.

Suzy was laughing, loving it. Bronco had the same stressed look on his face any woman got when she was struggling to hold it in. "Better hurry, honey." She briefly considered making him pee himself right there in front of everyone, but no. She wanted to see him sit down to pee.

Bronco hurried to the Cowboy's Room, as it was called here, shoving open the door, sighing with relief that the stalls were free. There was a guy at the urinal—Jeb, pissing like a racehorse. Bronco flew into the stall, slammed the door, made sure it was locked and then, pushing his pants down, then his panties, he sat, squirming uncomfortably on the cold plastic seat as he let loose, his pee coming out in fits and starts. He kept his panties at his knees, terrified someone would see them from beneath the stall door, and sighed with relief, his sigh sounding like a woman.

Jeb had finished and was shaking his dick. He heard the soft sigh, and then the tinkling. Sounds like a chick in there, he thought, though he was sure he'd seen Bronco bust into the place like he was about to shit himself. He glanced under the door and saw jeans, boots. He shrugged and left. The guy code held. Dudes didn't talk in the bathroom, at least not about their bodily movement. He did wonder, though, if Bronco was sitting down to pee like some female. Hell, he thought, maybe a horse kicked him in the nuts.

Chagrined at the very female sound of himself peeing, Bronco dropped his head, horrified as the tinkling echoed around the bathroom. Suzy filled his head with a new habit, and when Bronco finished he looked ruefully at the roll of toilet paper. There were just a few scraps clinging to the cardboard roll, and he once more struggled with the conflicting thought filling his addled mind: 1) I am not going to wipe myself like some cow. 2) I hope there's enough toilet paper.

To Suzy, the chaos in Bronco's brain sounded something like this: hell, no. hell no... I'm not. I don't want to get a yeast infestation... I'm not a girl... of course some jerk only left a couple squares... I don't want to get pee on my panties... I'm a fucking dude...

Finally, because he really didn't have any choice, it was what a proper girl did, he peeled the last few scraps off, folded them up and reached down to wipe himself, cringing at the feeling of the toilet paper against his sensitive new sex. Damn... damn... damn... he let the wadded-up paper drop between his legs, stood, pulled up his panties, then his jeans. This fucking sucks, he thought as he left the stall and washed his hands, gazing enviously at the urinal, remembering the ease and freedom of being a man. He suddenly felt a stinging resentment toward all men rise in him. They had it so easy.

As Bronco went back to the bar and headed toward the door, Suzy couldn't help herself. Bronco felt his chest tingle, then swell, then jiggle? Looking down he saw he had breasts, full, firm breasts thrusting out from his chest, stretching out his tank top and struggling against his jean jacket. He didn't have much experience looking at breasts from this angle, but he had to admit they looked as fine a pair of hooters as he'd seen.

I got bigger problems, he thought, distracted by his recent girl on girl fantasies, but then realized- Shit. Boobs? I have boobs? He touched them, lifted, squeezed. He felt the soft weight of his breasts in his hands at the same time he felt his hands on his breasts.



They were real. Real! He was in a crowded bar, and terrified everyone would see his jugs, he wrapped his arms around his soft chest, slumped over and raced for the door, hoping to hell no one had seen him blossom.

Suzy, watching, changed her mind about the boobs. It was too soon. By the time Bronco got back to his pickup truck, his breasts were gone.

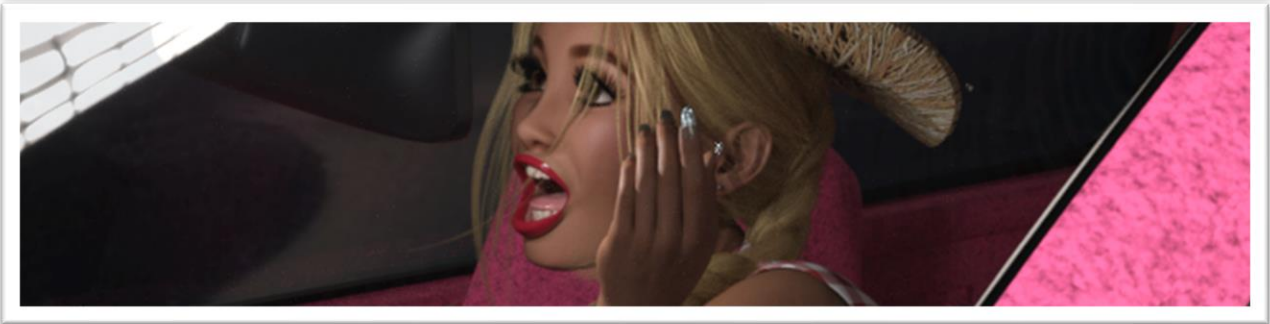
“I’m losing my mind,” he said, staring down at his same old chest. He was sure he’d popped out a pair of boobs just a minute ago. Hoping his other change had all been some sort of hallucination, he grabbed at his crotch, but came up empty. No dick. Still. Damn.

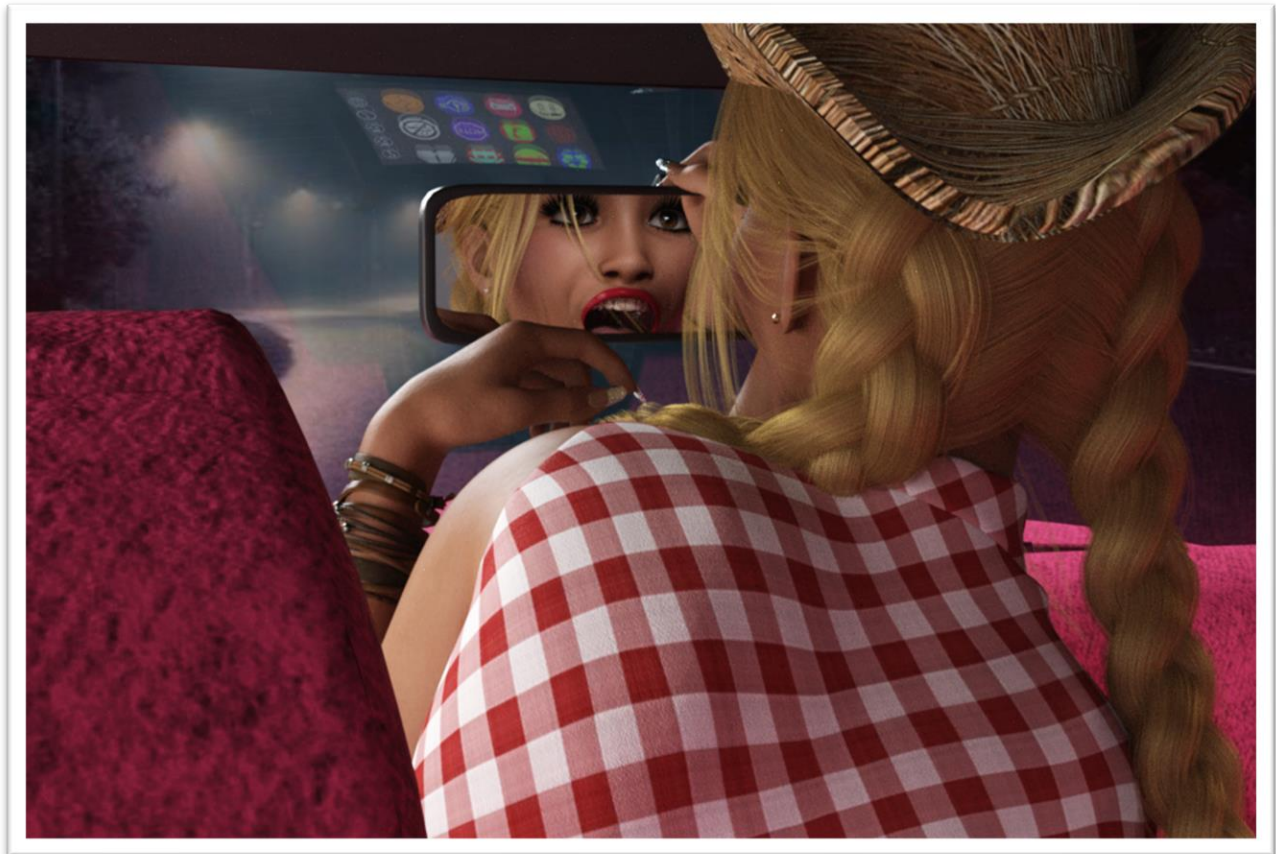
Suzy had just changed her mind on a whim, deciding she wanted to wait until a more opportune moment to fit Bronco with a nice, firm pair of tits. No one in the bar had even noticed, and that was not fun. Watching his confusion, the lost look on his face, a whole new game occurred to her. Bronco loved to play mind games? Well, she was about to gaslight the living shit out of him.

As Bronco climbed into his truck, the little hula girl on the dashboard suddenly seemed to come to life and flipped him the bird. Bronco did a double take, but she was just there, same as always. No obscene gesture. Did someone spike my drink? He wondered as he started the truck and pulled out, but slammed on the brakes a second later as the interior of his truck began to shimmer and glow, transforming before his eyes. The fuzzy dice became a pair of ballet shoes. The seat cover turned satiny pink—the whole interior of his truck turned pink with white trim, and his steering wheel, which had been wrapped in leather, was now—bedazzled? It was festooned with glittering pink and white gemstones.

“Christ almighty!” Bronc shouted, recoiling, looking around, but then he became aware of the feeling of long braids swishing each time he moved his head. Panicking, he grabbed one of his thick braids and pulled it around so he could see— it was blonde? He looked in the rearview mirror, blinking, shaking his head. He saw nothing of himself at all. The face staring back at

him belonged to a beautiful young woman with big eyes and plump lips, blonde hair and wearing a straw cowgirl hat. The spell worked its magic. That can't be me, Bronco thought in horror, even as he accepted she was him. He put a hand to his cheek and saw he now had long, glossy nails. The panic grew, rose, intensified until finally, unable to help himself, Bronco screamed.





A couple guys who'd been shooting the shit in the parking lot looked up to see a pink pickup with the words SEXY stenciled on the tailgate. There was a woman inside and they both started over, meaning to see if she needed help, but then— "What in the devil?" One of the guys said.



There was no pink truck. There was a black pickup, just like a hundred others. "Is that Bronc?" One of them asked.

Bronco was staring at his big, thick hands with his short, gnawed on nails. He looked around. No interior pink. No bedazzle. He looked in the rearview

mirror and saw his same old self. No straw hat. He put his truck in gear and drove off, shaking his head, once more thinking he probably really needed to see a shrink.

Inside the bar, Annie had come over and sat on the stool Bronco had recently vacated. "Bronco didn't seem like himself tonight," she said, feeling a little let down he hadn't even pursued her at all. Was there something wrong with her? She looked at herself in the mirror behind the bar, wondering if she was getting old. "I gave him the glad eye, and he didn't even smile."

Lacey leaned both elbows on the bar. "It's not you," she said, dropping into her conspiratorial, gossip voice. "He got punched in the throat, and don't tell anyone I told you this."

Annie crossed her heart.

"His voice?" She raised an eyebrow. "He sounds like, well, he sounds like a woman now."

"A woman?" Annie said. "Come on. You're shitting me."

"I swear to God. That's why he didn't want to talk to anyone."

"Well, that's something different," Annie said, processing the new information. "Beer me."

Five minutes later she cozied up to some of the other girls. "You'll never believe what I just heard about Bronco..."

Suzy felt like she'd pushed Bronco far enough for one night. Besides, she was tired. She would mess with him some more in the morning. She went to bed, but she woke up around three AM and couldn't get back to sleep. Growing rapidly addicted to the pleasure of fucking with the idiot, she decided to give Bronc some hot, wet dreams. Of course, in all of them, he

would be a full-on woman, needing everything a woman needed, feeling everything a woman felt.