

EX-HUSBAND

Magazine



1950s Housewife

On the first day of his new life, Jeffrey Sturm woke up with an irresistible need to bake. Jeff did not cook. He did not bake. He hadn't even turned on the oven once since his stupid cow of an ex-wife had left him. It struck him as odd, then, that he should suddenly have this compulsion to bake something, but it was also inevitable. He simply *had* to make oatmeal cookies. *I hope I have all the ingredients*, he thought as he padded to the kitchen.

He was handy with tools, and he'd remodeled the kitchen himself. It had been a birthday gift to Becky. Naturally, she didn't appreciate it and accused him of trying to handcuff her to the stove. They'd lived together before marriage and Becky had done all the cooking, cleaning. She'd seemed like the perfect little housewife, and Jeff, who had a thing for 1950s pinups, had married her eagerly, thinking he'd found his dream girl.

As soon as they got married, things changed. She said she was bored sitting around the house and got a job, and then she was too tired to cook. She started to complain that he never helped clean up around the place.

"Cooking and cleaning are women's work," Jeff had explained. "Men don't mop."

Becky had done the usual shit: first she called him a sexist, a caveman, and then she left him when she figured he wasn't going to be one of these modern, weepy, wimpy men who let his wife push him around.

He'd told her to take all the cooking shit with her, but she'd been more than happy just to take the alimony. She'd bought a nice house with HIS money and left him in a little apartment. He couldn't believe he had to support HER.

“Maybe I’ll at least get some value for my money now,” he thought, using his smart pad to find a recipe for oatmeal cookies. There were so many, but locked onto one called “Grandma’s Old-Fashioned Cookie Recipe.” Yes. Everything old-fashioned was better.

Jeff, indeed, believed that things had been better back in the 50s. No GMOs. No high-fructose corn syrup. And women were women, not like these women today. Not like Becky. Back then, women were content to stay home, take care of the kids and...

Bake?

The thought brought him up short. *Men don’t cook*, he thought. *Men don’t bake*. The kitchen was a woman’s place. Ever since the divorce, he’d been living off canned goods, take out, microwave dinners. *What’s wrong with me?* He thought, turning to head back to the living room. He stopped. Looked back over his shoulder at the gleaming stove, the fridge, the appliances.

He needed to bake. He slowly turned back around, fighting, but taking short, ragged steps back into the kitchen, like a zombie. *What the hell is going on?* Jeff wondered, his head swimming with happy visions of himself sifting flour, folding batter. Something was going on, but when Jeff finally opened the kitchen cupboards to gather the ingredients, he felt like a 100 ton weight had been lifted off his shoulders. Relief. It felt so good to stop fighting and just get to baking.

Jeff stopped trying to understand what had happened, was happening. There were cookies to be made, and he sensed he would not be able to relax until he’d baked them.

No one needs to know, he told himself as he gathered the ingredients.

Becky watched the whole thing, clutching the scrying stone she'd been given by Tatiana the Fixer. She giggled. It was real, this whole Ex-Husband thing was real. She'd willed it, and now her stupid ex was going to bake. She decided to try another test. Made a change.

The ingredients arrayed on the counter, Jeff suddenly worried he would make a mess of himself, get flour all over his pajamas. He reached for Becky's apron, still hanging in the kitchen where she'd left it. The apron could only be described as ridiculously feminine.

"Come on," Jeff said to himself, looking at the bows that decorated the



pink apron. "Be a man when you bake at least." His hand trembled as he strained to stop himself, but he grabbed the apron and put it on. It simply made sense, didn't it? Besides, he once more reminded himself, no one would ever see him fussing around the kitchen in his wife's apron.

Becky laughed out loud at the sight of her husband all cute in his little apron. "This," she decided, "is going to be fun!" Jeff had pestered her constantly about being more like a 1950s housewife. So, she'd decided, let him be one. We'll see how *he* likes being a Trad Wife.

Jeff carefully followed the recipe instructions. He was nervous he would ruin the cookies, and if he did he would just die. He couldn't imagine anything worse than being exposed as a bad cook. Soon, the cookies were in the oven, and his apartment filled with the smell of cinnamon and sugar, oatmeal and molasses. Jeff had set the timer on his smart pad, but he was so worried the cookies would burn he kept checking and checking, unable to focus on the football game he was trying to watch.

Finally, the alarm went off and Jeff scurried to the kitchen, took the cookies out of the oven and placed them on a cooling rack. Perfect golden brown! He was so proud of himself. Going back to the TV, he found himself wondering what other fun things he could make, so he switched to the Eats Network.

I think cooking is going to be my new thing, he decided, watching intently as a bald, tattooed baker named Derfs explained how to make meringue. Seeing a guy bake, especially one who would fit right in at a biker bar, made Jeff feel a little better about his obsession. Men do bake, he told himself. It's not weird.

Once they'd cooled enough, Jeff ate one of his first ever batch of cookies—it was so good. He just had to share these, if for no other reason than he would eat them all if he didn't. He couldn't admit to himself he also wanted everyone to know how good he was in the kitchen, but that was a big part of it, too. Jeff carefully transferred the cookies into a container and took them to work the next day.

"I see you decided to come out of the Easy Bake Closet," Spencer, his arch-rival said, munching on one of the cookies. "Not bad."

"Not bad?" Jeff said. "More like awesome."

“I didn’t take you for the cooking type,” Spencer said. “If you did this to try and score points with the boss, let me just tell you— swing and a miss.” He walked off.

Damn. He was right. Old Man Grizzwold was a whiskey and cigar guy. He wouldn’t respect a guy who baked. Big mistake, Jeff realized. Well, I won’t do that again. Everyone will forget about it in a week, and my reputation as a regular guy will be restored.

Yup, Jeff assured himself, there was no way he would ever turn on an oven again. No way. None. Nada.

The next day, he showed up to work with a three-layer cake. He couldn’t help but let everyone know he’d made it from scratch.

Chapter Two

Watching Jeff frost his cake with the frosting he'd made himself, Becky felt a sense of power she'd never felt before in her life. She had to resist the urge to make all the changes she wanted to make at once. Tatiana had urged her to savor the experience. "You only get to change your ex into a woman once," Tatiana had said. "Don't miss the trip getting to the destination."

Becky had taken the advice to heart. She decided to make a dramatic physical change next, but not go all the way. She couldn't wait long to get Jeff into his first dress, and he would need to have the figure for it. She decided to make the change at work. She wanted people around to see it happen.

Jeff was standing in front of a crowded conference room, delivering a presentation, when his hips swelled, rounding, spreading until he had his own big, birthing hips. Becky had modeled off a picture of Marilyn Monroe. He'd felt his pants getting tight, but trying to focus on what he was saying, but the room could not. Everyone stared.

"What?" Jeff said, even as the rest of his body began to shrink. His waist tapered in dramatically, his shoulders narrowed, and his arms shrank to slender, lithe and perfectly feminine little stems, his clothes shrinking to fit his new body. It seemed like the room was growing bigger as the angle of Jeff's vision changed.

"What in the name of hell?" Grizzwold grumbled, watching as Jeff seemed to be reshaped into an hourglass figure.

Jeff looked down at himself. It was hard to fully grasp what had happened, but his hips did look– wrong. They now jutted out to the sides. “Excuse me,” he said, his voice now higher pitched, like that of a woman.

The first thing Jeff noticed as he hurried from the room was that his arms banged into his hips. What the hell? He’d never had that happen, but his hips were now wider than his shoulders. Looking down, he again noticed things didn’t look quite right, though it was hard to get the full sense of what had happened from this angle. More, he now found himself distracted by his slender wrists and tiny forearms.



As he rushed past his coworker, Mary, he realized they were now about the same height. He must have shrunk at least six inches. Six inches. He was as short as a woman. “What the fuck?” His hand went to his throat as



he heard a woman’s voice come from his mouth. “What happened to me?”

Confused, embarrassed, he held his arms up to keep them from bumping into his hips, already looking like he was walking like a woman, and rushed to the bathroom, where he froze, staring in the mirror in horror. He had— a figure? Looking at himself, he could only think he had the body of a girl, though he was still flat chested.

The door to the bathroom swung open. Spencer walked in. “Nice ass,” he said.

Jeff spun, hating the idea that he not only had a nice ass now, but that Spencer was checking him out. “Fuck you!”

“Fuck you,” Spencer said, mocking Jeff’s high pitched voice. “This is too perfect,” he said. “I don’t know what happened, but you just lost any chance you had at that promotion.”

Jeff seethed. “We’ll see,” he said, heading toward the door.

Spencer stepped in front and blocked him, reminding Jeff know how small he was now. “You’re no competition for me anymore,” Spencer said. “You’re only competition for the secretarial pool.” Spencer then turned to let Jeff squeeze past him.



Becky smirked. It was better than she had hoped for, but she didn't know if she really liked this Spencer character. She had enjoyed watching him give Jeff shit, but he came across as just another asshole.

Jeff went back to his cubicle and sat, wiggling as his ass spread, making it feel like he was sitting on a pillow. How big is my ass? He wondered. He heard people whispering. Talk was spreading all over the office about his—whatever had happened. He logged into the HR system and took the rest of the day off, just wanting to get back to his apartment and hide.

When Jeff got home, he threw a roast in the oven and then checked himself out in the mirror, wondering if he was suffering some kind of hallucination, or maybe that this was just a bad dream he would wake up from? He confirmed that he did have a nice ass- or what he would have considered a nice ass if it were on a woman instead of him. He couldn't get over how tiny his waist was now, and his skinny little arms? For a man, they were almost pathetic enough to make him cry.

How would he ever face the people at work now?

Becky made two more changes.

He sat down and turned on the Eats Network. They were talking about how to make fried chicken. It looked delicious, but it would go straight to his hips, and they were big enough. It didn't even register that he was now worrying about his figure. He idly picked up his smart pad and found himself browsing through a selection of 1950s style dresses.

“Why am I even looking at these?” He wondered aloud in the voice he was already getting used to. It wasn't like he was going to wear a dress. A new thought popped into his head: *With my new body, I would look pretty cute.*

Maybe he could get one to wear around the house?

Men, he reminded himself, *don't wear dresses*.

"Most men don't have booties like you," the new voice whispered. *And no one will ever know anyway.*

"Fuck no!" Jeff said, throwing the smart pad across the couch. "No. I am in charge. I am a man. I won't wear a dress! I *don't want* to wear a dress."

He heard soft laughter in his head.

Jeff snapped awake in the middle of the night as if from some terrible nightmare— it was still dark? He realized he was clutching his smart pad. Waking up the screen, he sighed as he saw that somehow, sleep shopping? He'd ordered a dress. "I won't wear it," he said to the voice in his head.

"Oh, yes, you will. And you'll love it."

Becky snickered. Jeff had no idea how powerless he was now, and it was so fun watching him struggle against what was coming.

Chapter Three

Jeff did not find the courage to go to work the next day. He had every intention of staying home, but under Becky's command, he found he simply had no choice. He'd baked butterscotch brownies, after all, and he knew how much everyone looked forward to his tasty treats. He dressed in a shirt and a pair of slacks, groaning as he realized they had not only changed to fit his new shape, but had become women's clothes. His pants now hugged his plump rear and his coltish legs and dropped down to just above his now tiny ankles. His shirt tapered in to draw attention to his slender waist and the buttons were on the wrong side, plus the material was thinner than his old shirts, and they were all in soft, feminine colors. His shoes looked fairly like men's shoes, though they did have a half-inch block heel, but even with his ankles exposed, he just had to hope no one would really notice. He was wearing, he realized, women's clothes, but a shirt and slacks were a shirt and slacks, he told himself, so was he really cross-dressing?

Besides, with the desire to wear a dress growing more urgent, he could only be thankful he was able to at least put on a pair of pants. He looked in the mirror and put a hand to his cheek. The white blouse, it was clearly a blouse, the women's slacks hugging his rounded hips and flaring out at the ankles? Women's slacks. He'd been kidding himself. He was clearly dressed as a woman, and he looked like a woman— though he still had his face, only a smaller version of it that fit his little head. His feminine clothes and curvy figure made him read female, though his features and haircut hadn't changed.

Why is this happening? How? Jeff wondered as he put his wallet into his laptop bag. His pants didn't have any pockets. He didn't want to leave the house dressed like this. But— brownies. He had baked brownies.



Becky made another change in her budding little housewife.

Distracted as he was, as he headed out the door he couldn't help but notice his apartment was filthy! *When was the last time I cleaned?* He wondered, annoyed and grossed out.

Work was awkward. Everyone tried hard not to stare or to comment, which only made Jeff feel more self-conscious. At least he was just working in his cubicle, so he really didn't have to interact that much. Still, he felt like his future at this company was

over, and he wondered what he would do when they found some excuse to get rid of him. Halfway through the morning, he headed to the break room, careful to make sure there was no one between him and the door, since he dreaded talking to anyone with his new voice.

He practically dove into the break room, relieved he'd avoided everyone, including and especially Spencer. His plan had been to make a cup of coffee— the company provided a pod machine and unlimited coffee. One of the nice perks. Jeff got the machine going, just hoping he could get out of here before anyone came in when he noticed— what a mess! The sink. The counter. There were spills and splashes everywhere. These people were pigs!

Jeff had no choice. He simply couldn't ignore this. He grabbed a sponge and started to clean.

Mary Wilson came in. She was cute and nice. Jeff had considered her a possible replacement for Becky. She saw Jeff scrubbing away and smiled. He certainly was revealing a new side of himself. "Thank you so much for cleaning up," she said. "And great job. This place sparkles."

"Oh, thanks," Jeff said, annoyed at his voice even as he noticed, again, he was now shorter than Mary— of course, she was wearing heels. "It was so disgusting."

"And it's not like the *men* around here ever clean anything up."

Jeff stopped. Oh, shit. He'd done it again. Men don't clean. Mary would probably lose all respect for him now. He tossed the sponge into the sink and tried to strike a macho pose. "Yeah, well, I usually wouldn't, either. My wife always did the cleaning."

Mary chuckled. She thought he was making fun of men. "You're so funny," she said. "That cake you brought in the other day was to die for. I can't wait for your next creation."

Mary likes my baking, Jeff thought. Maybe I do have a chance with her still?

Spencer barged into the room, smirking. "Ladies."

“Look,” Mary said. “Jeff cleaned the whole break room.”

Spencer burst out laughing. “You’d look sexy as hell with a mop,” he said. “Wanna come over and clean my place?”

Mary looked appalled. She hadn’t meant to bring down Spencer’s derision.

Jeff blushed. “You’re a jerk,” he said, heading for the door.

“You even talk like a girl now,” Spencer said.

“Don’t be an asshole,” Mary said.



“I can’t help it,” Spencer said, letting his eyes lock onto Jeff’s ass as he stormed out of the room, his hips swaying from side to side. “Maybe I should join a support group.”

Jeff was upset. Very upset. He wanted to go and tell Spencer off, but he didn’t have the courage. Not like he was now. He seethed all day, and when he got home he knew there was only one thing he could do to calm himself down before he made dinner: Clean. “Get ready,” he said to his apartment as he grabbed a vacuum cleaner for the first

time in his life. “I’m coming for you!”



Jeff cleaned furiously. He dusted, and he swept and mopped. He wiped down every surface. He scrubbed the toilet until it sparkled and got down on his hands and knees and scrubbed the floor, the baseboards. He cleaned before dinner. He cleaned after dinner. He simply could not, would not stop until there was not a speck of dust to be found anywhere!

It was almost midnight when Jeff sank down onto the

couch with a satisfied sigh of relief. There. He felt much better. The tension and anxiety were gone. Wow. If he'd only known how therapeutic it was to clean, he would have gotten into it a long time ago. One thing was for sure, he would never let his apartment go like that again.

Becky smirked, knowing the perfect end for her little former hubby. He'd always given her so much shit about it.

Jeff found himself longing for a bath. He was tired, and he smelled like cleaning supplies. He'd earned it. He poured some Caldon honey lavender bath beads into the steaming water and climbed in, laying his head back and sighing, "Caldon, take me away!"

"Honey," that evil new voice whispered. "You know men don't take Caldon baths, right?"

"No one will ever know," Jeff whispered. "Now shut up."

Chapter Four

Jeff's butterscotch brownies had been a smash hit, and he was starting to wonder how he could keep topping himself. Baking and cooking had become the two most important parts of his life, just edging out cleaning. Today, he showed up at the office with a chocolate Bavarian tort he'd found on a website called Best Desserts of the 1950s. He was more obsessed with the 50s than ever. His brain crackled with conflict as he searched Pinterest, gazing longingly at dresses, hairdos and starlets. The fashions were all amazing, and each time he looked at a woman from the 50s with her flaring, A-line skirt and big hair, he had two thoughts: I'd totally do her... I need that dress.

Jeff had so far successfully fought the urge to buy himself another dress, some cute heels, maybe a pearl necklace. He had a dress coming anyway, which he would NEVER wear, and as much as he was obsessing about what it was like to walk in heels, he would also NEVER give in to that strange need. In fact, Jeff had even found the will to do something most Ex-Husband's never do, and he'd scheduled an appointment with a therapist to try and deal with all these strange thoughts.

As Jeff worked in his cubicle, his email chimed, and he idly checked the message, making a small, high-pitched yelp when he read it: *Mr. Grizzwold wants to hear the rest of your presentation. Conference Room. 11.*

Jeff put his hands over his eyes. Spread his fingers and read the message again, hoping he'd gotten it wrong, but he wasn't wrong. Shit, shit, shit. Grizzwold had not seen him wearing women's clothes, and though Spencer was probably right and his chances at getting promoted

zero, he still held out some hope. Jeff went to the bathroom and checked himself out, turning to get a look at his plump, enticing female rear. He was so ashamed to have such a perfect, lifted, heart shaped ass, but as he looked now, he noticed something even worse— he could clearly see the seams from his tidy whites bulging along his tight, stretchy women’s slacks.

How had he not noticed this before? Horrified, he went into one of the stalls and took off his underwear. He would have to go commando. He couldn’t let people see what subconsciously his mind interpreted as panty lines.

Jeff dreaded the presentation, not only because he would now have to get up in front of everyone and speak with his woman’s voice, and have them see him in his blouse, but because the last time he’d been in the conference room, he’d found himself with hips. He had a minor case of PTSD now, consumed with dread there would be another change.

He wasn’t wrong. Becky was waiting and ready to pounce with her latest changes.

Jeff began his presentation, sounding like the nervous little male he was, his voice shaking slightly as he pulled up the first slide. Everyone was watching, including Mr. Grizzwold, who seemed laser focused today. Whenever Jeff turned to gesture toward a slide with his tiny, delicate hand, the room got a nice view of his ass in profile. He clicked and clicked, working through the slides, and as he did, Jeff found himself feeling more and more confident. *I can still do this!* He thought to himself. *I am still Jeff Sturm!*

He’d reached the final slide, when he felt a tingle in his face and all over his head. All around the room, mouths dropped open and eyes went wide. Jeff froze, knowing something must have changed, but not what. He

decided his best move was to finish his presentation. He didn't want to run away like last time, He brushed a strand of hair away from his cheek and...

Wait. A long strand of hair?

Jeff reached up to pat his head and up and up... he could tell he had big hair now, long hair. "Oh, no." Was his voice now even a little higher than before?

"Oh, yes," Spencer said.

Becky wasn't done. Framed by all that lustrous hair, he'd already looked



very much like a woman, but now his face tingled, and Jeff's workers did double takes as his features softened and feminized: he now had a stunningly beautiful woman's face.

Just about everyone felt embarrassed for Jeff as he stood in front of them with his

classic 50s hair style. Mr. Grizzwold, however, just watched with the same laser-focused intensity as before. "Continue," he rumbled in his deep, gravelly voice.

Spencer glanced at Grizzwold. *What?*

"Continue," Grizzwold repeated, seeing Jeff's uncertainty.

Jeff nodded, trying to put his latest shame from his mind. He finished his presentation, and looked at Grizzwold, terrified at how the manly man might react to his latest feminization.

“Well done,” Grizzwold said, and then he raised his hands and clapped.

Everyone else followed. When the boss claps, you clap.

Jeff found himself blushing, plucking nervously now at his new hair.

“Thank you, Mr. Grizzwold,” he said when the applause died down.

“You’re a smart little cookie,” Grizzwold said. “I see a bright future for you.”

Spencer looked more shocked than ever.

“Oh,” Jeff said, feeling himself get–tingly? “Gosh.”

“I’ve got another meeting,” Grizzwold said, getting up. “Keep up the good work, and by the way? That cake thing you brought in today? Yahtzee.”

Jeff wanted to scream. The boss loved his baking. It made him feel so good about himself when people appreciated his skill in the kitchen, and the boss? Heavens!

The presentation over, Jeff wanted to run and look at himself, but as usual people came up to him after the presentation. They’d all heard the boss, so they complimented Jeff, asked a question or two. Spencer had slunk out without a word.

Mary was the last. “I love your hair,” she said.

“Is it good?” Jeff said with a desperate smile.

“Good? It’s gorgeous! And your little bow is so cute.”

When Jeff finally got to the bathroom, he could not agree. He might have freaked out more about being blonde and having a bow in his hair, but there was a greater shock. “My face?”

He stared at his big eyes, plump lips, tiny nose. It was a woman's face, a beautiful woman's face. "I've been erased," he whispered, staring in horror. "Who am I anymore?" He ran a fingertip along one of his sculpted, feminine eyebrows. "People will think I have my brows done at a salon," he whispered, as ashamed of that as his long blonde hair. He reached up to at least see if he could get the insulting bow from his hair, but his hands seemed to freeze. He strained. Arms shaking, but he couldn't remove his bow.

Becky watched, smug and pleased. "Oh, we do need a new name for you, don't we?" She said, watching her ex stare in horror at his pretty new face and hair. He had no idea how much work it was going to be dealing with that hairstyle! But, what should his name be? Oh. Of course, she realized. Of course. He'd already been given his new name, and it was perfect!

When Jeff got home, he found a box waiting for him on his doorstep. His heart fluttered with fear and need. He knew it was his dress. He picked the box up. *I'm going to go and throw it right in the rubbish!* He decided. He knew if he opened the box, looked at the dress, he might not be able to resist the urge to slip into it.

But... he couldn't walk toward the rubbish bin. He stood, frozen, trying to command himself to go and throw that feminine nightmare away. *I don't want to wear a dress! I don't!*

Blackness.

He found himself inside his apartment, carefully opening the box, laying the dress out on his bed. He'd apparently ordered heels as well, and they matched the dress! "It's so pretty," he whispered, looking at the gown,

wondering what it would feel like to have that dress swirling around his legs.

No. No.

“Oh, put it on,” the voice whispered. “You’ll look so cute.”

“Stop!” Jeff said, as he began to undress. “Don’t do this to me!”

“I’m doing it for you!”

Jeff reached toward the dress, felt the silky material. Soft, cool, slick, he desperately wanted to feel it against his skin. He needed...

“Never!” He cried out, spinning and running away, throwing an arm across his eyes. He would bake! Yes! Baking always took his mind off his worries!

The kitchen, however, for the first time since this all started, let Jeff down. Not even the prospect of cooking up some tasty treats could calm his fevered mind. He couldn’t focus. Couldn’t think. All he could think about was that dress. Those heels. He needed to wear them, to feel the hem of the dress swishing around his shapely calves.

“Why?” He cried out. “What’s happening to me?!”

His willpower failed.

Once more, he spun and ran dramatically, but this time he ran **to** the dress. He had no choice. I say yes to the dress, he whispered. Yes to the dress.

Soon, a relieved and calm Jeff was bustling around the kitchen in a dress and heels as he happily baked. He had known, and he knew, that he would love the way he felt, how pretty he looked. He’d never felt so confident, so right. He just felt—at home in the kitchen in a dress and heels. It was his happy place!



As his pineapple upside down cake baked, he grabbed his smart pad and feverishly ordered five more retro dresses, and six pairs of heels. He simply couldn't fight it anymore. He didn't even want to.

When his cake finished baking and he'd taken it out of the oven— he was sure Grizzwold and everyone at the office would love it-- Jeff went back to shopping. He needed a purse. He had to have at least one to complete his

outfits. Not at least one, he corrected himself. JUST one. This would be a good time for him to reassert himself, get his newfound shopping obsession under control.

He dithered and dithered and in the end he bought three purses.
Because, ya know?

Chapter Five

Jeff had managed to force himself to wear slacks to work the next day, but he arrived at his therapy appointment in a dress and heels, his purse dangling from his forearm. It was his first time going out in a dress, and he was so nervous and self-conscious! He felt like everyone was staring at him. The tailoring of the top even made it look like he had breasts! It was totally embarrassing.

At least I look like a woman now, he said to himself. *There's that to be thankful for...*

Wait. Did I just think that?

"Of course you did," Becky said giggling, knowing the new shame little Jeffie-pooch was about to face.

He walked up to the receptionist. She was cute, but her look was pretty plain. *I'd probably do her,* Jeff thought, *but she should do more with her hair and a little makeup. She could be so much prettier.* Jeff pictured himself under her, the skirt of his dress bunched up around his waist. *Mmmm.*

"Yes?" The girl, Erin, said, looking up.

"I'm here for my appointment?" Jeff said.

"Your name?"

"My name is...." Jeff got a confused look on his face. "No. My name is..."

"Yes?"

I'm Jeff, he thought to himself. *JEFF!* But he couldn't say it. It felt... wrong now. The new name, the one that was now his name, no. Not that.

“I need to know your name, miss,” Erin said. She worked in a therapist’ office, so she was used to clients with issues.

Miss... She called me *Miss*? I can’t blame her, Jeff thought, thinking about the blonde cutie he saw in the mirror. He started to say his name and discovered he couldn’t. *Say, Jeff! Say Jeff*, our poor, transforming male thought, but the word wouldn’t come from his mouth not matter how hard he tried to say it.

“Cookie,” Jeff finally blurted out. “I’m Cookie Eclair.”



“Ah, yes. I see you in the system. The doctor will be with you soon, Miss Eclair.”

Cookie? What the hell is wrong with me? Jeff took his purse and sat, knees together. On impulse, he dug his wallet out of his purse and checked his ID. The picture now showed his new face, his hair, and the name read: Cookie Candace Eclair.

I'm going insane, Jeff thought. I've completely lost my mind. This has to be some kind of delusion, a psychotic break from reality. It all seemed so surreal. Impossible. How could he find himself wearing a dress and heels calling himself Cookie? How could his driver's license change to that ridiculous name?

Jeff found himself in Dr. Carole Stock's Office, nervously arranging the hem of his dress.

“So, tell me why you've come to see me, Cookie?” Carole said in the calm, even voice of a therapist. “Is it okay if I call you Cookie?”

Hell, NO! Jeff thought, but he just smiled. “Of course.”

“So, understand this is a safe place for you. Tell me what's going on.”

“Well, to begin with, and you may find this hard to believe, but I am actually—” Jeff summoned his courage. It was so embarrassing! He felt safer having people think he was a woman. “I'm actually a man.” He watched Carole intently, half expecting her to laugh, but she just nodded.

“And is that a problem for you? Being a man?”

“Yes. I mean no. It's— look at me.” He gestured at his hair, his body. “A week ago, you wouldn't have caught me dead in a dress. Now, it's like I'm allergic to pants. And, I'm always baking! And cleaning! Look at my hair. Men aren't supposed to look like this.”

Snickering to herself as she watched, Becky made another change, and Jeff found himself staring at Carole's perfectly manicured nails.

"So, you started to feel different a week ago? Did something happen recently that might have triggered the change?"

"Your nails look great," Jeff said, looking at his own haggard, nail bitten fingernails.

"Thank you," Carole said, "but let's keep the focus on you. Did something happen?"

"I don't think so. I mean, I got divorced recently."

Carole jotted something down in her notebook.

"You don't think that could be--?"

"I'm just gathering information right now. But, I do feel you should know that it isn't wrong for you to want to wear women's clothes. It's perfectly common."

"I don't want to wear women's clothes." Jeff said, raising his voice to an even higher pitch. "I'm compelled to wear them by some unseen force. I want you to help me stop. To get back to being a real man."

"Cookie, let me be honest with you. I probably can't help you stop. I can only help you get more comfortable with your choices."

"I'm not choosing this," Jeff said, putting a hand to his cheek. "You must believe me."

Carole nodded and made another note. "Tell me about your relationship with your ex-wife."

Jeff had to ask. He had to. So, even though she'd brushed off the question before, he asked again: "Where do you get your nails done?" He was now keeping his fingers curled, feeling totally ashamed of his horrid nails. He'd come here looking to regain his fading masculinity, and instead

he was obsessing about getting his nails done. At the moment, he didn't care. Priorities.

"Baba Yaga Boutique," Carole said. "Do you want to get a manicure, Cookie?"

"Yes," Jeff whispered, horrified at this new need, this new compulsion. "I do. I need one. My nails are just—ugh."

"Then, you should. You don't need to feel ashamed, Cookie. Be who you are. And, if you decide to continue seeing me, I will help you embrace your femininity. Now, go. This is my first suggestion. Go get your nails done."

In spite of his every effort to stop himself, Jeff found himself at Baba Yaga, sitting still while a young woman worked on his nails. "I love your hair, and that retro dress is amazing," the girl said.

"Thanks," Jeff said with a giggle, deeply pleased this young woman appreciated his fashion sense. "I'm so obsessed with vintage." Women's opinions of his outfits were so important. He wanted to return the compliment, and he knew just what to say. "Your nails are the bees knees." He found himself constantly checking out women's nails now, their outfits, their skin.

"I work at a salon," the girl said. "They better be."

"Your skin is so bright," Jeff added. "What's your secret?"

As the girl trimmed his cuticles, the two of them chatter, and Jeff felt a warm, cozy sense of comfort. It was so different talking to a woman who thought he was a woman. The whole guy-girl thing was gone, and he loved this salon. It was so warm and pretty. A guy could get used to this, he decided, wondering if maybe he could get used to it all.

His session with Carole had not gone at all as he expected. He'd thought about trying to find another therapist, one that would help him act

like a man again, but Carole had been nice, and maybe his best bet was to try and get used to all this?

There was a mirror behind the nail technician. Jeff looked at himself, and what he saw was a woman with a gorgeous, utterly feminine face: Even if he could stop thinking and acting like a woman, how was he supposed to be taken seriously as a man with this smooth, pretty face?



The rest of him did nothing to help matters. A long, slender neck, narrow shoulders, puny little arms and he couldn't sit without being reminded of his plump rear and womanly hips. Maybe he could save up some money to get plastic surgery, somehow have his face restored, but was there even such a thing as hip reduction surgery? He couldn't imagine the shit he'd take from his old buddies if he showed up at the bar with this body.

And his voice seemed to be getting higher, buzzier— and when he tried to speak from a lower place and imitate a man, his voice just got squeakier and cuter, like a mouse on helium. Maybe I should just embrace my femininity, he thought, looking at the gorgeous blonde in the mirror?

My femininity?

There it was. Jeff felt certain that “his” femininity was somehow being imposed on him, that it was like someone or something was forcing him to think and act like a woman. It wasn't him. He'd never wanted any of this. Jeff had maintained the idle chit chat with the tech the whole time she'd been working on his nails even as his mind had wrestled with his identity crisis. One of the bonuses, he supposed, of his changes was that he seemed so much better at multi-tasking.

“And?” The girl said with a big smile.

Jeff held up his hands, to see he now had long, scarlet talons, like Jayne Mansfield or Brigitte Bardot. They made his fingers seem longer and more delicate. They were, “Gorgeous!” He gushed, feeling so happy, so complete. Never again would the world see him with disgusting, chewed nails. He picked up his purse. “Someone just earned herself a big, fat tip.”

After getting his nails done, Jeff had to rush to the grocery store to pick up a few things, then he hurried home, put dinner on, turned on The Eats

Channel and started to whip up a double recipe of Banana Cream Pie. His baking was so popular people were lining up to make sure they got some first thing every morning. Jeff could barely get into the breakroom he had so many fans. He felt bad some people didn't get to sample his tasty treats, and he'd begun to make double and sometimes triple batches. It was still never enough, but what was a boy to do?

Becky watched. She liked Jeff like this, acting and thinking like a woman, but still clinging to his so-called masculinity. What could she do now to further torture him? Once Jeff had finished cooking and eaten dinner, he did the dishes and scrubbed the kitchen until everything was gleaming and spotless. With a sigh of relief, he plopped down on the couch and went to StreamAll, wanting to just watch something and wind down before bed. *Welcome Back, Cookie*, the screen read, and Jeff cringed at his new name, the fact everyone in the world called him that now, even stupid computers.

Once more, he shook his head. How was any of this possible? It felt like some kind of strange dream, or nightmare and— Interesting. He'd left the selection box on a show called *Sunset Harbor*, and the preview had begun to play:

"I told you before," a tall, dark, handsome man said, grabbing a woman by the arm. "No wife of mine is going to have a job. Ever." Jeff felt himself get all tingly My kind of man, he thought.

"We need the money!" The woman said. "We could lose the ranch!" She was pretty, put together. Her nails looked great. Jeff approved.

"We're not going to lose the ranch! I have a plan. You have to trust me."

"I do. I just worry!"

The man yanked her to him and kissed her. Her leg flipped up, and when the kiss ended, the man said, "I'll always take care of you, Bianca. Always."

Jeff's hand went to his throat, and he felt his heart start to race. *Who is he?* Jeff wondered, deciding he had to watch the show. He simply had to. It turned out the man was called Ernesto, and somehow he was a villain on the show. That makes no sense, Jeff thought. He's the only one who really knew how to treat a girl.

As Jeff watched, he got to know the other characters, but his heart fluttered each time Ernesto came on the screen. He had thick, curly black hair, a perpetual five o'clock shadow, and his top buttons were always undone, revealing a mass of curly black hair on his chest. He always wore tight pants, and Jeff found himself getting thirsty as he enjoyed the view of Ernesto's tight butt, and that bulge in his pants.

Jeff twisted his long hair around his fingers as he imagined what Ernesto's dick looked like. I wonder if he's circumcised? Jeff just knew he love to grab that junk, give Ernesto and hand job and...

Jeff screamed. "What the hell am I thinking?"

"No! No! No!"

Becky laughed, watching Jeff's horror as he realized he'd been fantasizing about playing with another man's dick.

"Face it, Cookie," the insidious voice in his head taunted. "You love men. You've always secretly wanted a husband."

"Bullshit. Who are you? Why are you doing this to me?"

"I am you," the voice lied. "The real you."

"It's not true," Jeff said, throwing himself on his bed, crying. "It's not true."

That night, Jeff once more woke up to find himself clutching his smart pad. Dreading what he would find, he looked to see he'd ordered himself a collection of dildos. He stared in horror and fascination at all the shapes and sizes and colors. His tiny penis throbbed, and his nipples hardened as he felt some strange kind of clenching inside. "Goddamnit," he whispered. They were all so— pretty. He would see them all live very soon, he noticed. He'd paid an extra 10 dollars for next day delivery.

The next morning, Jeff lost the latest Battle of the Dress. He'd gone out en femme now, and he just didn't have the energy to keep fighting it. His dresses were all pretty, feminine throwback dresses from the 50s and early 60s. He'd strapped himself into the girdle he didn't even remember buying. His dress wouldn't look right unless he crushed his already small waist. Along with the dress, he knew he had to wear heels. His outfit demanded them. He had the perfect heels with little bows, and anyway he'd already come to feel more confident in heels from just his first outing. He loved the way they shaped his calves and gave his ass an extra lift, and he stood in the mirror and shifted side to side, admiring the way his silk skirt swung and shimmered when he moved.

"Oh, goodness," Jeff sighed. If only he didn't look so pretty, he thought he might be able to fight off this insane urge, but there was nothing for it. He straightened the ribbon in his hair, took a deep breath and prepared himself. Everyone was about to see exactly the kind of man he was, and the answer was-- not much of one.

The women at work all gushed over Jeff's dress, his shoes. Mary, in particular, couldn't get enough of him. "Divine!" She said, checking him out. "To die for!"

"Really?" Jeff said. "I was so nervous."

“You have no reason to be nervous, honey,” Mary said. “You’re a doll.”

Jeff was used to being admired by women, but not for his pretty outfits. He loved and hated it, needed and wanted it. Especially from Mary. She was always so put together. Jeff found himself fascinated with her makeup.

The men were all disturbed by the new Jeff. For one thing, he had great legs, and they were all struggling as they found themselves actually attracted to their formerly male colleague. More, Jeff’s transformation filled them all with what we’ll call femistential dread. What if whatever happened to him happened to them? More than one of them had begun to have nightmares where they found themselves with birthing hips, big, blonde hair. Spencer was rattled more than anyone, especially given the way Grizz had acted at the meeting, clearly giving Jeff his approval. He made a point to stop a co-worker just outside Jeff’s cubicle. He had to take that baking freak down a notch. “Did you see *Cookie*? What a sissy.”

“I don’t know,” Harry had answered. “I’d do his body and his face.”

Jeff’s mouth dropped open. The comment from a man— excited him?

“You’re weirder than he is,” Spencer said, stalking off, looking for allies in his war against Cookie.

Jeff’s transformation was disturbing for the men, very disturbing.

To all but one of them.

Jeff’s phone buzzed. He reached out, still surprised to see his long, pink nails. “Yes?”

“Mr. Grizzwold would like to see you.”

Oh, no. Jeff’s heart began to race as he put a hand to his cheek. This was it, he decided, feeling doomed. He’d worn a dress to work. It was the

last straw. Grizzwold would fire him now. How was he supposed to pay the bills? Where would he get the money for baking supplies? Cute outfits?

Might as well get it over with, he decided, checking his hair and heading up to the office. Grizzwold's secretary, Sandy, showed Jeff in, and he



started to walk across the space to his boss's desk, assuming Grizzwold would want him to sit down for the bad news. Jeff had never been fired before, and he felt the tears building.

"Stop," Grizzwold said. "Stay right there. Just like that. I want to get a good look at you."

Jeff froze in the middle of his feminine walk. *What's going on?* He wondered, plastering a smile on his face as Grizzwold's eyes drifted from his face, down the length of his body, lingering on his legs before slowly rising

back up to meet Jeff's eyes. Jeff looked down and away, blushing. He'd never had a man look at him like that, and his skin tingled.

"Charming," Grizzwold said in a flat, emotionless voice. "Dazzling. Bella coquette," Grizzwold added, his cool reserve breaking for just a moment as he nodded in appreciation. "Elegant."

"Thank you," a shaken Jeff said, putting his hand to his heart even as his little head swam with confusion.

"Turn," Grizzwold said. "Let me see your back."

Jeff turned.

"Yes," Grizzwold said. "Yes. Now, twirl."

"Pardon?" Jeff said, glancing over his shoulder, having no idea and yet every idea what was happening.

"Twirl. You know, Give me a little twirl."

Jeff twirled, the skirt of his dress rising and twirling with him.

Jeff, the old Jeff, felt that same old horror of being emasculated. He was posing and twirling for another man, a man who was clearly checking him out as if he were a woman. But the new evolving Jeff? Grizzwold was a strong, powerful man.

"Come. Sit down." Jeff sat, legs crossed, hands in his lap. He raised a slender eyebrow and waited patiently for the man in the room to speak.

Becky was rolling on the floor. She couldn't have planned this better! And Jeff had looked so adorable when he did his little twirl. She loved the way Grizzwold was treating her hapless little Ex!

"You did a great job at the presentation the other day, Cookie" Grizzwold said. "I have a special project for you. Some marketing research. You'll be reporting directly to me. We're going to be working together closely. Very closely."

Jeff got the drift. He almost giggled, but Grizzwold had called him elegant, and he needed to be elegant now. He needed to please this amazing man. "I'm so flattered," he said.

"Come over here. Sit on the couch. I want to show you some of the client specs."

"Of course, Mr. Grizzwold." Jeff's heart leapt. He was experiencing a full body blush. He knew what was about to happen, and he couldn't, shouldn't, no. He wasn't Cookie. He wasn't a woman.

"Call me Frank, sweet cheeks. We're gonna be buddies, see?"

A mortified Jeff soon found himself smothered in kisses, felt Grizzwold's hand on his soft thigh, shoved up under his dress. Jeff struggled, tried to push Grizzwold off, but the man was too big, too strong, and Jeff's feeble struggles only seemed to enflame his passions. The nerve, Jeff thought as he finally surrendered and accepted that this was happening. Who does he think he is? He wondered, kissing, moaning, feeling Grizzwold's hands pawing his body. He resigned himself to just getting through it, though he would pretend to be into it since he didn't want to make his boss mad.

Fortunately, Frank was satisfied with some heavy petting, but when the make out session ended, he said, "You're a good kisser."



“You, too,” Jeff gasped, his chest heaving. He was breathing hard, and his girdle made it difficult to take full breaths.

“You need to start wearing makeup, though. As pretty as you are. Got it? Oh, and let’s keep our new working relationship between us.”

“Of course,” Jeff said, as his mind now became consumed with a new priority. He couldn’t believe he’d been walking around plain faced, even as

pretty as he was. Of course, how could he have come to the office without putting on his face? After all, it was expected.

For women.

“How was the meeting?” Sandy asked, a catty little smirk on her face.

“Peachy,” Jeff said, disgusted to know that she knew exactly how the meeting had gone, and that word would probably have spread through the whole office by the end of the day. How had this happened to him? How had he become the boss’s squeeze?

Chapter Six

Mary found Jeff in the breakroom, cleaning, wearing a frilly apron to protect his dress. He'd brought one in in case he needed it.

Jeff had had no choice in the matter. For one thing, the *men* had once again left it a disgusting mess. *Pigs!* For another, he was so frazzled and disturbed by his "buddy" session with Frank he just needed some way to decompress, and baking was not an option, so he'd grabbed a sponge and gotten to work.

"How was your *meeting*?" Mary asked in an offhand way, while she popped a pod into the coffee machine.

Jeff counted down from ten, then smiled. "Oh, you know? Just boring business stuff."

"So, you got down to business?" Mary said.

Jeff's smile grew wider. "It really was just work stuff." Sure, everyone knew, but he was elegant now, and he would rise above it all.

"Okay. Keep your secrets, but just remember, Frank is married."

Mortified that a woman he once considered hitting on was giving him sisterly advice now, Jeff decided to change the subject before he lost control. "Say, Frank wants me— I mean, I decided I should probably start wearing makeup? I mean— like I am now. But, I wonder if you could recommend someplace where I could, I don't know, get a lesson?"

"Well, with your features, you don't need a speck of makeup," Mary said, knowing how sensitive women could be. "But, if you go to the Baba Yaga salon, they'll show you everything. It's like, the best salon there is. The girls there are great. They'll do a makeover and share so many tips."

"That's where I got my nails done," Jeff said.

“Oh, then you know how special it is there. You’ll have fun.”

“You know it’s just for work,” Jeff said.

“Cookie,” Mary said. “It’s okay. It’s perfectly normal for a girl to want to wear makeup.”

A girl? Jeff felt like he was shrinking and dying. But men didn’t wear makeup, and he now needed to-- just like any feminine woman.

Jeff fidgeted with his purse strap as he stood just inside the door of Baba Yaga. This was a woman’s space, and he felt that shrinking, dying feeling as he was about to take another step into a woman’s world, a woman’s life. He might have stood there for an hour, but a perky young woman whose name tag identified her as Leigh, Cosmetologist, saw him and approached. “Can I help you?” She asked.

“Oh, um, yes,” Jeff said. “This is kind of embarrassing, but I was wondering, I mean, someone told me, a friend told me, that you could teach me how to do makeup? Believe it or not, I’ve never worn it?” The words were out. Jeff had committed to his new course of action.

“With a face that pretty,” Leigh said, “you don’t need it, but come in, relax, and let me show you.” Jeff appreciated the girl had made a point, like Mary, to remind him how pretty he was. He knew. He owned a mirror, but he’d found himself constantly feeling insecure.

Leigh took Jeff by the hand and led him to a beautician’s chair, then began to reveal the mysteries of makeup. Jeff, who’d become a bit scatter-brained since his changes had begun, now focused, absorbing every word, committing every single thing the girl said to memory. She even gave him a color palette, so he could always find the shades and colors that went best with his complexion.

She gave him a light, daytime look, and when Jeff saw himself with makeup for the first time, he was stunned that he was so stunning. He'd been pretty before, but the makeup highlighted everything feminine while also giving him even softer features, at the same time erasing any traces of masculinity from his already feminine face. "Oh, dear," he sighed, staring at the mirror in wonder.

"Just remember," Leigh said, proud of her work. "Guys will tell you they don't care if you wear makeup or not. They're lying."

Well, Jeff thought, unable to tear his eyes away from that gorgeous woman in the mirror. *My guy told me to wear makeup. So, there's no gray area there.*

My guy. The thought stabbed at Jeff. Yes. He had to face it. Another impossible shift in his reality. He was now another man's girl. Jeff had already purchased what Leigh had told him were makeup essentials, so he started to go.

"While you're here," Leigh said, thinking about her commission. She brushed Jeff's hair back and hooked it behind his ear. "Would you like to get your ears pierced?"

"Oh, no," Jeff said, revolted by the notion. He felt he'd already delved into girl world enough for one day. Besides, he still had baking to do. "I'm really in a rush."

"Oh, yes," Becky said to herself, as she willed another change onto little Jeff.

Jeff froze. Shook his head. Smiled. Why not? He'd been wanting to have his ears pierced for the longest time so he could wear pretty earrings. "You know, I would love to get my ears pierced," he heard himself say. "Thank you for the suggestion."

Leigh smiled. Who was this beautiful woman who'd never worn makeup, never had her ears pierced? Maybe she was a tomboy, Leigh decided. It didn't matter. She loved helping women get more beautiful, and Cookie was her most successful project ever. The guys were going to be all over her, even if she was flat chested.

Jeff was frantic as he drove home. It was already late, and he had so much to do! How was a boy supposed to find the time to bake when he had to deal with makeovers and piercings and doing his nails and hair? It was too much. But, what choice did he have? The whole way home, at every traffic light, he glanced in the rearview mirror, admiring the sparkling jewelry in his ears, the soft colors on his face. *Well*, he thought, *at least it had been worth it!* Frank would be pleased, and he was sure to get plenty of compliments from the girls.

Jeff found a package waiting for him when he got home. He knew it was a box of dildos, and he instantly had that thirsty, hot feeling as he carried the box inside, knowing what was inside. It was a struggle between baking and playing with his new toys, but Jeff knew everyone at work was counting on him, and he fought off the urge to take care of himself because it was just his nature now to put others first.

He'd decided to make a strawberry cream tort. The grocery store had so many fresh, juicy strawberries, and he thought it would be nice to bring in something lighter with a spring feeling.

Finally, his delicious dessert done and ready for delivery, Jeff opened the box and looked at all the phalluses arrayed inside. That evil voice had picked ones that all looked realistic, and Jeff stared with fascination. Their shapes. The veins. He took one in his small. Soft hands and squeezed, and it was like he was holding a hard tube of heaven. The voice in his head, the

lingering male voice, was so faint he almost couldn't even hear it. Don't do this. Don't. Be a man.

Oh, Jeff thought, just shut up.

His own penis had shrunk down to a little nub, hidden by his pubic hair, and he now rubbed his dildo against it, a strange and terrible pleasure shaking him. He wanted it inside him, but there was no way, so instead he pressed it against his thighs, rubbed it against his soft body and his hard, little nipples, but went back again and again to his little, so sensitive nub... arching his back, moaning softly.

Becky watched, her eyes hard, knowing that her ex was feeling it all like a woman. Jeff was getting off like a girl, and she loved it, loved seeing *him* play with what was now little more than a clit. But, she wanted more.

Lost in passion and need, Jeff barely even knew what he was about to do as he took one of the dildos— it had a suction cup— and attached it to the shower wall. What was it like to give a blow job? He had to know. He let the phallus slip between his lips, gasped with pleasure as he felt the ridges against his tongue, and started to bob, his whole body shaking with pleasure. The dildo was now smeared with Jeff's lipstick, and he kept doing down, tasting his own lipstick as he worked, wanting it more, deeper... needing it... His knees hurt. He wished he had knee pads, but he couldn't stop. It was just too good.

Feeling so relaxed, dazed, ashamed and elated, Jeff crawled into bed. He brought one of his new toys with him. You know. Just in case.

Chapter Seven

Jeff got up an hour earlier the next day, his mind reeling as he tried to process what he'd done the night before, tried to fit his new needs into his evolving psyche. It was not only that what he'd done was not manly, but that he had also not felt in the least— elegant? Maybe it was okay to be a little dirty in the bedroom, he decided. Maybe. Who could he ask? He wasn't sure how to be an elegant woman, and he needed to know.

Jeff, however, had not gotten up early to struggle with his femistential angst. He needed to do his makeup, his hair. It took so long to get ready as a woman. It was so unfair, but it was what it was, and there was no use complaining about it. It was just part of being a woman in a man's world.

Like getting hit on by your boss, he thought as he sat in his bra and panties, teasing his hair. Or that the office was always so COLD. He thought about stupid Spencer, and what rude comments he might make today. *Like I care*, Jeff thought to himself. Frank likes me, and that promotion is mine!

Frank summoned Jeff just around 11 o'clock. He seemed to like to do a little hugging and squeezing before he headed off to the club to throw back a few drinks with the boys. Jeff freshened up his makeup and teased his hair, then headed up to get pawed over by his boss. Jeff had once dreamed of getting close to the big guy, but he'd imagined them smoking cigars, playing golf, hitting strip clubs. He never expected it to involve having his boss shove his hand up his skirt, but here he was.

As soon as Jeff came in the door, Frank was all over him, smothering him with kisses, letting his hands roam over Jeff's round body. He knew

what he wanted from a girl, and Jeff played the girl, following Frank's lead, letting him do whatever pleased him. Frank never got off. He would just work Jeff over until something seemed to click, then he would stop, satisfied, and things would be over— though Jeff couldn't help but drool as he checked out Frank's raging hard-on, poking out the front of his pants.

Today, once he'd finished, he went to his office bar and poured himself a drink. Jeff had fished his compact out of his purse and was touching up his lipstick. "You're going to see a doctor. A surgeon. Best in the biz," Frank said.

"A surgeon?" Jeff said in a breathy voice. He'd begun to pattern his speech after Marilyn Monroe, whose movies he adored. "But, I'm not sick, am I?"

"He's gonna give you a boob job. Nice tits. I picked them out myself."

Becky had tuned in. She loved seeing her ex-hubby getting slobbered on by another man, and she'd stayed tuned in because she also loved watching him do his makeup. But, when she heard Frank mention a boob job, she sat up and giggled, covering her mouth. Of course, she'd been planning on gifting her husband a nice set of big, perky breasts, but now the thought of him having to get a boob job for his boyfriend? It was too much!

"Boob job?" Jeff said, trying and failing to hide his shock and horror. "Do you mean implants?"

"No, I mean some rocks for that empty head of yours," Frank said, chuckling. "Of course, I mean implants."

"I don't know," Jeff said, crossing his arms over his flat chest. The thought of getting implants, of having his own breasts?

“Well, I do,” Frank said. “I want you to get tits, and you’re getting tits. That’s final. See Sandy on your way out. She has the details. I got things to do.”

Jeff got up, but Frank stopped him. “Hold on. I got something for you.” He rifled around in his desk drawers, then pulled out a velvet jewelry box. He opened it to reveal a pearl necklace.

“It’s so pretty,” Jeff said, eyes wide with desire. He adored pearls, and he’d been thinking about buying a necklace, but they were so expensive. “I couldn’t.”

“Lift your hair,” Frank said, ignoring Jeff’s protestations. He knew how to work a woman. “I wanna see how you look in it.”

Jeff dutifully lifted his hair, and Frank came around behind him and clasped the necklace around his slender neck. He put a hand on Jeff’s hip and turned him. Jeff touched the necklace and tilted his head back, eager for Frank’s approval.

“Elegant,” Frank said. “Beautiful.”

Jeff blushed and dropped his eyes.

“All right, doll,” Frank said. “I gotta run.” He gave Jeff a slap on the ass and sent him toward the door.

“Nice,” Becky said. “Jeff’s boyfriend is rich and likes to give him pretty things!”

Outside the office, Jeff stopped at Sandy’s desk. He was embarrassed having to ask her about his impending boob job. “I, um, well, Mr. Grizzwold?”

“Here,” Sandy said, handing Jeff a card. “All the particulars for your *implants*.”

Jeff glanced at the card. It had the surgeon's name, address, the date and time for his appointment, but his face twisted into a mask of horror as his eyes were drawn to the last line. D-cups.

"Cookie, you're going to have terrible back-aches," Sandy said, not even bothering to hide her amusement. She loved the fact a male, or at least a former male, was going to have to get used to such big tits. Jeff hadn't been the worst of them, but he'd been a typical, arrogant, entitled male, and she loved seeing all this happening to *HIM*.

"Back aches?" Jeff said.

"You'll see."

"Yes, he will," Becky said, giggling with delight. This whole thing had been more fun than she'd ever expected. Jeff? With D cups? They would, she decided, be a perfect fit for him. The ex-wives all had different reactions as their men feminized. Some were happy just to watch the show from the scrying stone. Others liked to meet them and taunt them, make sure they knew who exactly had turned them into women.

Becky? She was starting to think she wanted to be friends with Cookie. Maybe she would even make him come over one day and clean her house.

Frank wanted what he wanted when he wanted it. Jeff's appointment was for the very next day— Friday morning. He'd have to take the day off. The unreality of Jeff's life grew deeper. He went to the break room and started to clean. A day from now at this time, he'd have implants. Jeff loved looking at women's breasts, playing with women's breasts. He didn't want breasts of his own. He dreaded the thought. His only solace was that his boyfriend, at least, would be pleased.

Jeff showed up for his appointment wearing a hat and dark sunglasses, terrified someone might recognize him. Everyone was nice, and after the

procedure he found his chest wrapped tightly in a gauze bandage. “You’ll come back tomorrow, and I will remove the bandage,” the doctor, Karen, said. “There will be some discomfort for two to three weeks. I don’t recommend running or any intense exercise.”

Jeff could feel the weight of his new breasts, even with the bandage. Back at his apartment, he felt so much anxiety, thinking about getting the bandage off, what his tits would look like. What if something went wrong and he had deformed, alien looking boobs? Frank would hate him!

There was nothing to do but cook, clean and watch Sunset Harbor.

The next day, when Jeff went to have his bandages removed, Karen had a pretty assistant with her. Jeff was mortified as Karen unwrapped the bandages, knowing not one but two women were about to see his new breasts. The bandages came off, and Jeff felt his breasts sway free.

“They came out perfect,” Karen said, leading him to a mirror.

“Congratulations,” The little assistant gushed.

Jeff started in horror at the big, firm perfect breasts now swaying on his chest. Becky had decided to tweak his nipples making them big and plump and inviting. Jeff cupped his breasts, feeling their soft weight in his hands, and he started to cry, and both women patted him on the back, smiling. They thought he was crying tears of joy.

“They look spectacular,” Karen said. “Some of my best work.”

“Thank you,” Jeff managed to whisper, not wanting to seem rude. He crossed his arms over his chest and turned away from the mirror. His new bra awaited him, laid out on the desk. The two women left to give him some privacy as he dressed. Jeff had been wearing bras for weeks, but as he hooked this one on and fitted his plump new assets into the cups, the



sensation was totally different. He felt the shoulder straps pull tight as they lifted and supported his breasts, felt the strap across his breasts much tighter. He was surprised how heavy his boobs were! He glanced in the mirror and saw himself in the pretty, pink bra, his tits jutting proudly from his chest, and he felt himself getting a little turned on at the sight of his luscious melons.

“Oh, dear,” he thought, as he stepped into his dress and pulled it up, the top now tight, straining to contain his chest. He knew he was going to have to spend a little time with Old Sparky.



The next day, Jeff would discover life as a member of the D-Club would be very different for him. Men would never, he would soon learn, look at him the same way again. His new reality crystalized when he stopped by the grocery store to pick up a few things on his way home. As pretty as he'd been before, he'd gotten used to men checking him out, but now it seemed like just about every guy he

passed gawked at his chest. *I'm up here!* Jeff thought as guy after guy ogled his tits. One guy stared so hard his wife even slapped him.

Even the clerk at the checkout, a pimply faced boy who looked about 18, just stared right at Jeff's tits while ringing him out. *Ugh. Men!* Jeff wanted to

say something, but it just wouldn't be the kind of thing an elegant woman would do. He would just put up with it.

Chapter Eight

As Jeff was busily finishing up cooking dinner that night— tuna casserole— his doorbell rang. “Goodness!” Jeff said. “Who could that be?” He nervously went to the door. His neighbor, Tommy, had been hitting on him recently, and Jeff just didn’t want to deal with him right now. He peeped through the peep hole. Becky?

Jeff looked down at himself in his dress and heels, the swelling of his still aching bustline. He touched his long hair. He couldn’t let Becky see him like this! He’d pretend he wasn’t home. He started to creep back toward the kitchen.

Click. Click. His heels tapping on the hardwood floor!

“Hello?” Becky called. “Jeff?”

Jeff froze. *Go away!* He thought. *Just go away!*

“I can hear you!” Becky said. “I drove all the way over here. Open up. I’ll be in and out. I just want to get some of my stuff.”

Jeff sighed. It would be rude to leave her out there after she’d come all this way. Besides, she was going to find out about his— change— eventually. He might as well get it over with. He opened the door.

Becky looked him over. “Sorry. I was looking for Jeff?” She said, pretending she didn’t know it was him in his Aline dress and with that huge bust.

“It’s me,” Jeff said, looking down in shame. “I’ve— changed.”

“Jeff?” Becky said, feigning disbelief. “You’re Jeff?”

“Yes,” Jeff said. “But I prefer Cookie.”

Becky smiled. Poor little Jeff. “Well,” she said, enjoying the chance to talk to him like the woman he’d become. “I love your dress. So pretty.”

Jeff smiled, touching his pearls. “Thanks,” he said. He looked over Becky, wanting to repay the compliment, but what she was wearing? Drab. He found something. “Your skin looks terrific!”

“Oh, you,” Becky said, standing there, waiting. “What are you cooking?” Becky asked. “It smells delicious.”

“Please,” Jeff said, his budding hostess instincts kicking in. “Come in. You know, I was just about to have dinner. You’re welcome to stay and eat.” *Please say no. Please say no.*

“That would be delightful,” Becky said, laying it on as she entered Jeff’s tidy, spotless apartment. “It smells so good.”

“I’ve got a casserole in the oven,” Jeff said, unable to contain his excitement. “It’s from a 1950s cookbook by Betty Crocker.” He loved talking about his cooking. “Let me just set the table.” Becky plopped down on the



couch while her pretty little ex bustled about the kitchen.

A girl could get used to this, she thought, amused and pleased as Jeff played the domestic. Watching him fuss about in the kitchen in his heels, she noticed he moved just like a woman now. Well, maybe not just like a normal woman. He was all flirty, like a model in

an ad for the 1950s kitchen of the future, constantly arching his back, thrusting his breasts forward, his ass back, a smile plastered on his pretty face. Becky grabbed the remote and flipped on the TV. “Hey,” she called, putting her feet on the table. “Bring me a beer.”

“Imported or domestic?” Jeff answered, thinking— *why can’t you get it yourself. It’s not like I’m in the middle of doing everything!*

“Imported,” Becky said, flipping through the channels.

Jeff opened the beer, poured into a glass and brought it to Becky, then hurried back to the kitchen. He needed to get the chicken out of the oven.

“Beer in a glass,” Becky said, taking a sip. “Fancy.”

“Oh, you know,” Jeff said as he plated their meals. “Drinking from a bottle is so, I don’t know?” He searched for the right word.

“Vulgar?” Becky offered.

“Yes. Exactly,” Jeff said, waving his little hands.

“You’re so— elegant,” Becky said, knowing how much little Jeff loved that word.

Jeff blushed. Becky reveled in the new him. He was— nothing now. All the male swagger was gone. He’d done good work. They ate dinner, chatting about this and that. Jeff naturally let Becky lead the conversation, nodding and smiling, making little supportive sounds. “Delicious,” Becky said as she finished eating. “You are a great little cook, Cookie. Hey, you’re Cookie the Cook.”

Jeff laughed, his breasts shaking, and there was a gurgling sound as gas escaped.

It gave Becky the opening she’d been waiting for. She’d been dying to bring up her ex-husband’s impressive bust. “What was that?”

“What?” Jeff said, “I didn’t hear anything.” The doctor had warned him his boobs might gurgle as air escaped from the pocket around his implants.

“I’m pretty sure I heard a noise come from your tits,” Becky said, mentioning Jeff’s new additions for the first time. The stunned and embarrassed look on Jeff’s face was to die for. Becky decided to really have some fun. “Jeffrey, did you get breast implants?” She asked in the tone of a mother scolding a child.

“Yes,” Jeff said, wishing he could crawl under the table and hide.

“I just can’t imagine what’s gotten into you,” Becky said. “You seemed like such a rugged man when we were married, and I never even saw you pick up a spatula. Now, breasts? Did you always want to have tits? Was that your thing?”

“I never wanted to have my own breasts,” Jeff said. “I just– well, I didn’t have any choice.”

“Why not?”

“My– my, um– boyfriend wanted me to get them?” He said in a small voice. He couldn’t believe he’d just admitted to his ex-wife he had a boyfriend.

Becky smiled and covered Jeff’s hand with her own. “You have a boyfriend,” she said. “How sweet. And, honey, I have to say, those D cups? They fit you to a T. No one deserves D cups more than you, *Jeff*.”

“Thanks,” Jeff said, confused by her reaction, but legitimately flattered by what he thought was a compliment.

Jeff started to clear the table. “Dessert?”

“I don’t think I could eat another bite.”

“I made Peach Bavarian?” Jeff said. “You sure?”

Becky had no idea what Peach Bavarian even was, but why not. “You know what, why not?” She said. “And be a doll and put a pot of coffee on.”

“Sure thing, hon,” Jeff said, thinking, *don't offer to help!*

Once they'd finished eating and Becky had left, Jeff could finally slip out of his heels and girdle and bra. It was heaven for Jeff each day when he was finally able to take off his bra. He had welts on his shoulders from the straps, and his neck ached. “Caldon take me away!” He sighed as he slipped into the steaming waters, frothing with bath salts. It felt so good all the tension of the day rising from him. He lifted a leg and ran his fingers along his calf, then closed his eyes and leaned back. The night with Becky came back to him and reflecting back now he experienced the devastating humiliation he'd been too busy to process during dinner. He'd been the woman. His ex-wife the man. It was not lost on him that he had become the very old-fashioned housewife he'd once demanded she become.

Hold on, Jeff thought. He had become the woman he wanted her to be. Could she be the one behind all this? Jeff frowned as he pondered. Then he laughed. As if that stupid cow could somehow pull this off. Becky was a lot of things, but he did not believe for a second she had the capabilities. Who did? He didn't know, but for now he put the thought aside.

Jeff was still tense from his “unfinished business” with Frank, so he reached for one of the dildos he kept on the edge of the tub. “Hey, there, fella,” he cooed to his second favorite sex toy. “Looking for a good time?”

Jeff had gotten over his shame at finding the male appendage to alluring. Why fight something that made him feel so good?

Chapter Nine

“Time for the finishing touches,” Becky decided the next morning. Jeff wasn’t the only one who’d gotten off. Seeing her utterly emasculated husband had been an unexpected turn on for her, and she’d imagined them having sex, Jeff on his back, digging his hands into his hair, biting his lip as she took him. The fantasy had made her eager to change the last part of Jeff’s body– to give him his very own vagina– with a side order of womb and ovaries.

Jeff was still sleeping when she’d gotten out of bed. She watched him there, looking so peaceful and pretty in the morning sunlight. Then, she wished for Jeff to have a vagina.



Jeff made a small squeaking sound, “Ee!” And he flinched as the change occurred, but he was still asleep. “Oh, get up already!” Becky said, annoyed and impatient to see how Jeff would react

when he found out he was now truly a woman. Jeff's eyes fluttered open. He yawned and stretched. He wore panties under a nightie. Climbing out of bed, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, he adjusted the slender little straps of his nightie and headed to the bathroom. He needed to pee. As he walked sleepily to the bathroom, he realized his panties weren't pinching his balls for a change. In fact, they weren't crushing his junk at all. It struck him as odd, but he didn't make the connection.

Jeff lifted his nightie and pushed down his panties. Ever since his penis had shrunk down to a nub, he'd been forced to sit when he peed. Squirming uncomfortably on the cold seat, wished he could still relieve himself while standing, could do it like a— man? Something didn't feel right. Jeff could feel a change in the way he was relieving himself. He could hear it in the sound of tinkling. It reminded him of his wife when...

"Oh, my," he whispered as he began to realize what had happened. Finishing his business, Jeff stood. He couldn't see past his boobs, so he groped around with one hand, then both. "No! No! No!" He whimpered as his hands felt only his vulva, his nether lips. "I have a lady garden," Jeff cried out. "A Hoo Hah. A Coin Purse."

"I'll put my coin in your purse anytime!" Tommy called through the wall. He was the neighbor who'd been coming onto Jeff lately.

Oh, my God. Jeff hadn't realized anyone was listening, that anyone could hear him. He'd just announced the big news that he had a vagina now to the neighbors.

"Hey. It's six in the morning!" Jerry from upstairs yelled. "And I got kids."

"Shut up!" Karen from downstairs shouted. "No one wants to hear about your panty hamster!"

Jeff sank to his knees and put his head in his hands as he started to cry. The fact that everyone knew about his lady lips horrified him as much as the fact he had them. It never occurred to Jeff that, given the way he'd come to look, a lot of people had just assumed he had a juice box to begin with.

When Jeff showed up at the office Monday morning, his boob job sent the office buzzing. It was obvious he'd had them done. He'd left Thursday with the flattest chest in town, and then showed up Monday with boobs out to *here*. Most of the women were jealous. Jeff overheard more than a few of their catty conversations. "Can you believe *Jeff* has bigger tits than any girl in the office now?" Hillary said. "I'm so jealous."

"And I hear Frank paid for them!" Nancy hissed.

"Frank? Seriously?"

"Oh, you haven't heard? Cookie is Frank's new side piece."

"No."

"Yes! You don't think he could afford those pearls he's wearing, do you?"

"What a slut."

Slut? It hurt to hear himself called a slut. *I'm elegant!* Jeff thought to himself, throwing his nose in the air and marching off.

Mary found him in the break room. For once, Jeff was not cleaning. The janitorial crew had done a good job over the weekend, and the *men* hadn't had a chance to make a mess of things yet. Jeff had actually had a chance to have a cup of coffee, sit down and just relax, though when he'd first sat, his boobs had landed right on the table. He'd had to scooch back.

"Hey, Cookie," Mary said as she came in. She'd heard about his new measurements, and she made a fist under her chin and looked over Jeff's

cleavage as if she were a scientist looking over a specimen. “I see you decided to go with the jumbo package.”

Jeff groaned. “These weren’t exactly my idea.”

“Frank?”

“Yes,” Jeff said. Unlike with his ex-wife, he wanted Mary to know that he hadn’t wanted these knockers.

“I already warned you, honey,” Mary said. “Just don’t let yourself fall in love.”

“I know,” Jeff said, thinking there was no way he would fall in love with another man. I mean, it was one thing to like kissing and also the whole male package, but love? No, that was romance novel stuff for foolish girls, and he was... Jeff had been about to say man, but then he remembered his fingers brushing against the lips of his vagina. The way his nipples had gotten erect. He was a woman, not some silly girl.

“We’ll see about that,” Becky thought. She rather liked the idea of Jeff falling in love with a man. It would be sweet.

That morning as 11 o’clock approached, Jeff felt himself getting horny in anticipation of their make out session. He fixed his makeup and double-checked his hair. But the call never came, and an extremely disappointed and TENSE Jeff spent the rest of the day thinking only about his sex toy collection.

That night, after an episode of Sunset Harbor, Jeff found himself checking out an episode of The Bachelorette. He immediately fell in love with the girl, Selina, as well as all the guys except for Drew— gross! Oh, my God, it was such a romantic show, with amazing settings and such nice clothes, if a little too modern for Jeff’s taste. And just that quickly, Jeff found himself falling in love with the idea of falling in love, of finding the

perfect man, getting married. That night, as he relieved the tension in the bathtub, he was imagining himself just walking down the street when a rich, handsome prince saw him and swept him off his feet.

“Dimitri,” Jeff sighed as he slipped his toy inside himself. “Take me away.”

Chapter 10

Three more days passed without him being invited up to “talk business,” and Jeff could only conclude Frank had gotten bored with him. He was surprised how hurt and lonely it left him feeling, and he wondered if he had been falling for Frank and not even realizing it. He spent a night watching rom coms, eating ice cream and popcorn, crying himself to sleep wondering how he would ever make it through a day, a week. He was so lonely, so unlovable. “I’ll never find a man,” he cried. “I’m going to be an old maid with a hundred cats.”

Then, he’d had a chance encounter with Sandy in the hall. “You got your knee pads ready?” Sandy said, eyeing Jeff’s bust.

“Whatever do you mean?” Jeff said.

“I mean Frank will be back from his trip tomorrow, honey, and after three days trapped with Mrs. Grisswold, he’ll seriously need to ‘talk business.’”

A trip? Frank had been on a trip? Jeff almost floated back to his cubicle. Look at you, he admonished himself. Getting all worked up over nothing! He looked at his face in the mirror. I’m pretty, and Frank adores me, he told himself. I wonder if he brought me a present?

The next day when the call came from Sandy, Jeff almost ran to the elevator. He’d brought in cupcakes and saved one for Frank, which he now brought up to the office. “I brought this for you—” Jeff said.

“God damn, I missed you,” Frank said, taking the cupcake and shoving the whole thing into his mouth. He then planted a kiss on Jeff’s lips, a kiss filled with sugary frosting and angel food cake. Frank was, indeed, as Sandy had predicted, horny as hell. Jeff felt overwhelmed as the man

kissed and pawed and groped... this time Frank's hand slipped right up his dress, right up the inside of his thigh, and...

"Oh!" Jeff had never had a man touch him there, and the lightning bolts of pleasure that shot through his body and curled his toes were mind rattling.

"You like that, don't you Cookie?" Frank said, probing.

"Yes," Jeff gasped. "Omigod, yes." He could feel Frank's member, hard as steel, pressing against his leg, and he wanted to grab it, squeeze it...

"Let me give you a hand job," Jeff gasped. "Please. Please. Please?"

Frank stared down into Jeff's eyes. They were wide and hot with desire, and this girl was so different from his frigid wife. "The mess," he said, fighting his desires.

"I brought tissues?" Jeff said, making sure Frank knew it was a question, that he, the man, was in charge.

"Oh, hell, why not?" Frank said, unbuckling his belt. "But make it quick. I have a meeting."

It wasn't quite the romantic scene Jeff had imagined, but he got the tissues from his purse and Frank took his underwear off, and the sight of Frank's dick popping up, hard and eager, made Jeff swallow as that hot, thirsty feeling intensified. He wrapped his hand around Frank's dick, and he felt another charge pass through him, a clenching deep inside and a need to be filled... Frank kissed Jeff while he worked, sliding his hand up and down Frank's member, and when he felt Frank begin to pulse, shooting his load into the tissues, Jeff gasped, shuddering as he was rocked by his first true female orgasm.

As soon as he'd finished, Frank got up. "I gotta run, doll," he said. "That was great. I brought you something."

“You did?” Jeff said, thrilled.

“Hold out your hand.”

Jeff did, and Frank slipped a sparkling pearl bracelet onto his wrist.

“Frank. You shouldn’t have.”

“Anything for you, babe. Oh, by the way, I’m having a thing for some gents. I need you to put together a party Saturday night at your place. There will be maybe 5 or 6 guys there. Food. Her devers. You know.” He mispronounced hors d'oeuvres. Jeff found it cute.

“What time?” Jeff said, feeling excited and terrified at the same time, but never even thinking about refusing this order from his man.

“I don’t know. How about 5. Yeah. Make it 5. And don’t mention this to anyone. The missus doesn’t need to know. You’re okay with all this,” Frank said. It was a statement, not a question.

Jeff smiled and nodded. “Of course.”

Frank gave him a kiss and a slap on the ass. “Off you go.”

Jeff was terrified and stressed. He would be hostess at his first dinner party and for the boss, no less. Everything had to be perfect. And, let Mary think what she wanted, but Jeff was thinking this would be an audition to maybe one day step up from Miss Cookie Eclair to *Mrs.* Frank Grizzwold.

A girl could dream! He told himself, and then he corrected himself. A girl could cook, and he was determined to cook his way right into Frank’s heart.

The day did not end on a positive note. Jeff had made his way to the break room for a late afternoon coffee. Spencer came walking in. “You really think you’re something, don’t you?” Spencer said, looking Jeff up and down.

Jeff slit his eyes. “Leave me alone.”

“What the fuck were you thinking? Turning yourself into a woman, getting tits? Just so you could bang Old Man Grizz and sleep your way to a promotion?”

“The nerve,” Jeff said. “For your information, I did not turn myself into a woman.” As he talked, he pulled his compact out of his purse and powdered his nose. “It just happened.”

“Yeah, right, and you just happened to spread your legs for him, too.”

“You are an uncouth and vulgar man.” Jeff said, heading for the door. Spencer grabbed his wrist and yanked him back. “Let go of me.”

“It’s not gonna work, Cookie. I am getting that promotion, and you’ll just be stuck as a blonde bimbo with huge tits.”

“Ugh,” Jeff struggled to free himself, and Spencer held on long enough to remind Jeff how small and weak he was now, then let him loose. “We’ll see,” Jeff said, leaving.

“Do you know how many girls Grizz has slept with at this office? You’re just another one of his cheap whores.”

“Pig!” Jeff stormed off and headed to the lady’s room. He didn’t want anyone to see him cry. Spencer’s words had shaken him. Grizzwold’s reputation was well known, and Jeff had heard all about the way he used and led women on. He’d actually thought it was pretty cool, back when he was a man. He’d thought he would probably do the same thing once he was an executive and had his own office.

But now? What if Spencer was right? Mary, too? He would feel such a fool! But, no, he told himself. I’m not like those other girls. With me, it’s going to be different.

“I’m not just some common office girl,” he said to himself as he wiped his tears and fixed his mascara. “I’m Cookie Éclair.”

Chapter 11

Jeff spent hours planning his big dinner party. He'd never cooked for 5 or 6— *how inconsiderate of Frank to be vague on the numbers*. He'd decided to make enough for 8. It was better to have more than enough rather than risk the embarrassment of the men leaving his party hungry. And it was so expensive. Entre, sides, hors d'oeuvres... dessert... drinks... Jeff didn't know how he was going to juggle his household budget, but he would find a way. It was the kind of thing a man expected of a girl before he considered her wife material.

Saturday morning, Jeff was up and cleaning furiously. His apartment was always spotless these days, but he wanted it extra spotless, so Frank would see what a good housekeeper he was on top of being aces in the kitchen. His phone rang. It was Frank. "Yes?" Jeff asked, thinking— don't you dare expand the guest list on me now.

"Doll," Frank said. "You know that thing where Marilyn Monroe popped out of a cake for Kennedy?"

"Yes?" Jeff knew everything about Marilyn Monroe. He adored her.

"Good. I'm having one of those cakes delivered to your place. After dinner, you're going to slip into something sexy and pop out. The gents are going to love it. See you tonight."

Jeff frowned. As exciting as it was to think about being Marilyn, he wasn't sure this was the kind of elegant thing that made a man look at a girl as wife material. And, yet, Marilyn had been married a few times. He still wasn't sure it was a good idea, but it didn't matter what he thought. His man wanted him to do it, and so he would.

Jeff began to fret. Something sexy? Now he had to pick out two outfits for the party. Oh, well. It wasn't like he didn't love shopping as much as the next girl.



The men started arriving around 5:30. Jeff fluttered about with trays of food, drinks, making sure everyone was taken care of. Frank came in and gave him a peck on the cheek, looked around. “Not too shabby,” he said.

“Would you like a drink?” Jeff said, happy everyone had seen Frank give him a kiss, even if it was on the cheek. “Scotch on the rocks,” Frank said. “Let me say hi to the boys.”

Frank swaggered into the den. “Please tell me someone brought the porn?”

Every guy raised his hand. They knew what the boss expected.

Frank pulled out a fistful of cigars. "Let's do this."

Oh, my, Jeff said as they all lit up. His whole place would smell like smoke now, and he'd have to wash his hair. It was so annoying, but he just smiled pretty and delivered Frank his drink, while the porn movie started playing on the flat screen. Jeff watched out of the corner of his eye while he continued to serve the men. He'd seen this one, he realized, as the doorbell rang and a topless girl answered to find a studly looking man dressed as a plumber waiting there, a lurid grin on his face. "Does someone need her pipes plunged?" He asked.

"Thank God you're here," the girl said, as if answering the door topless was the most normal thing in the world. "My pipes need plunging sooooo bad."

She does have good tits, Jeff thought. *Almost as good as mine.* Despite the feminine pride he felt in his bust, the old Jeff was still there, and seeing the topless girl, knowing he had bigger and better tits than a porn star, he pulled at the top of his dress, feeling self-conscious. Pretty soon, they were fucking. The men were all laughing and cheering the plumber on, but Jeff just found it crude and gross. *Men.* He wished there was at least one other girl there so he had someone to talk to, but he just opened a few windows to try and disperse the cigar smoke and then busied himself in the kitchen.

Dinner was a huge success. Everyone raved over Jeff's roast, and he found himself glowing. He was so relieved! After dessert, he cleared the table and started to do the dishes, when Frank called out, "Babe? It's time for the cake."

"Oh. I forgot," Jeff said, rolling his eyes.

"What a dingbat," Frank said. "Blondes."

The men all laughed while Jeff, mortified and humiliated, headed to the bedroom, where the cake awaited. He put on his sexy outfit and climbed into the cake. Two of the guys, who Frank had let in on the plan, came and pushed the cake out into the living room. The Happy Birthday song began to play.

Jeff realized Frank was expecting the whole show, so he popped out of the cake and putting on his perfect, breathy Marilyn voice, he shook his shoulders side to side and sang, "Happy Birthday, Mr. Grizzwold, Happy

Birthday, to you!"

"It's not my birthday, you airhead!" Frank shouted to uproarious laughter. "But, come here!"

A couple guys helped Jeff climb out of the cake, and he found himself sitting in Frank's lap. "She may not be too bright, but ain't she a looker?" Frank said, and then he gave Jeff a big kiss. Jeff kissed him back, loving the fact his man had claimed him in front of everyone. He was Grizz's girl, he thought, but then he thought about how Grizz made fun of him, which



hurt and didn't seem like the way he thought a future wife should be treated.

The party broke up soon after. It took Jeff hours to clean up the mess, and he sprayed his whole place down with Rebreze, hoping to at least cover the stinky smell of cigars. Drowning in female angst, he struggled with hope and insecurity. He didn't like Frank making fun of him in front of the guests, calling him dumb! Maybe Spencer was right?

And, yet, that kiss?

A girl couldn't mistake the feelings behind a kiss like that, could she? Jeff had felt adored and taken for granted, admired and disrespected all at once? What was he to think? Maybe this is why so many women are nutty, he thought. He resolved to ask Mary.

After Jeff told Mary about the party and his neurotic feelings, Mary nodded. "That sounds about right," Mary said when they got together for brunch Sunday morning. Jeff loved brunch, and he'd confided in Mary after swearing her to secrecy. Of course, he left out the part about the porn—and the cake.

"Really?"

"Guys like Frank have to show their dominance, especially over their girls and even more especially in front of their subordinates. Frank was just being Frank."

"And, we just put up with it?" Jeff said.

"If you wanna be the boss's side piece, you better," Mary said. "But between you and me, you deserve a man who respects you. Go for the gold, honey."

"I don't know if I want to," Jeff, to his shock, had found himself falling in love with Frank, warts and all. "He buys me the prettiest things."

Mary just shrugged. “Well, then you have to get used to being called dumb all the time.”

“Can’t I, I don’t know, change him?”

“Sister, you show even the slightest backbone to a guy like that, and he’ll dump you. You don’t change a man like Frank. Take it from a girl who tried.”

“You?”

“Not Frank, but a guy just like him. He called me a feminist bitch.”

Jeff thought back to the way he’d treated Becky, how he’d gotten pissed over talk about things like independence, her bitching about having to do all the housework. Mary was right, he decided. It was not Frank who needed to change; it was Cookie.

He was a woman now, and he needed to remember that.

Chapter 12

The email announcing the promotions came out Monday morning. A stunned Jeff skimmed the list of names. This can't be right, he thought, tapping his nails on his desk. It can't be true. What about the dinner party? The make out sessions? What about Carrie and Sherrie? He thought looking down at the soft shadowy cleavage rising from the top of his low cut dress. I got boobs for him.

Spencer had gotten the promotion. Spencer. And Mary, too. Jeff had gotten nothing but a pair of D cups.

Jeff got up and, straining to maintain his composure, made his way to the ladies' room. He let himself into one of the stalls and as soon as he closed the door, he started to cry. It was all so unfair! He'd started to think that this whole thing, his transformation into a woman, was actually some kind of gift. He'd fallen in love. He was going to be married. But they'd all been right. Spencer. Mary. Frank had just used him. He was just a dumb blonde bimbo.

I've been such a fool.

His despair quickly shifted to anger. All the rage he repressed over being called dumb, over being forced to get these breasts, came bubbling over. He stormed out of the bathroom, not even bothering to clean up the tear drenched streaks of mascara on his face. Grizzass was having a meeting at that very moment, and Jeff resolved to storm into the meeting, tell him off and quit.

Jeff threw open the door to the conference room, marched right up to Frank and, planting his hands on his hips shouted, "You're a jerk, and I quit."

Frank chuckled. "You're cute when you're angry," he said, and everyone chuckled.

"Unh. You!" Jeff made a tiny fist and swung at Frank. It was an awkward, girly swing, and Frank caught his wrist and yanked him in close. "Doll, calm down. Anyway, I was going to fire you."

"Fire me? Why?"

"Because no wife of mine is ever going to have a job."

"Well let me just— wait. Wife?" Jeff said, suddenly feeling himself melting.

"I was going to do this in my office later, but what the hell?" Frank said, pulling a small ring box from his pocket and dropping to a knee.

"Oh, my God... Oh, my God..." Jeff said, fanning himself, thinking, is this happening?

"Cookie Eclair," Frank said, staring up into Jeff's eyes. "Will you do me the honor of agreeing to be my wife?" Jeff looked at the diamond ring, nestled in a bed of black velvet, sparkling, so pretty.

"Yes," Jeff squeaked. "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Frank stood, grabbed Jeff and bent him backwards, planting the longest, most loving kiss Jeff could ever have hoped for. The room erupted in applause.



Chapter 12

Jeff was just finishing up dusting when the doorbell rang. “Becky!” The two women hugged. They’d been getting together for coffee pretty regularly on Saturday mornings. Frank was always out golfing, so Jeff had the house to himself.

“So, how are things with Frank?” Becky asked as they sat. She loved getting Jeff to talk about *his* husband.

“Oh, great,” Jeff lied. “He’s so great.” In fact, like most marriages, theirs had its good and bad.

“And in the sack?” Becky said, raising an eyebrow.

“Oh, you know,” Jeff said. “He works so hard, and he’s always under a lot of stress.”

Check, Becky thought, pleased to know her husband was now a typical, sexually frustrated housewife.

”How about you and Chad?”

“The same.”

“He does have a really cute butt,” Jeff said.

“Hey, I was thinking a bunch of us girls would go and see a show next month.”

“Oh, that sounds like fun! I’ll have to ask Frank.”

“It’s just for the girls.”

“I know. I have to ask Frank if I can have the money. I don’t work anymore, and the accounts are all in his name.”

Check. Jeff was now totally dependent on his controlling husband. “Well, I hope he says yes. It would be fun.”

“I’ll convince him,” Jeff said with a little smile. “It might just take a little sweet talk is all.”

Check. Jeff had learned to be sweet and pleasing to get what he wanted from his man.

“Oh! I made the most incredible sweet rolls!” Jeff said, getting up. “You have to try one.”

“You are so good in the kitchen!” Becky said. “I can never say no to your baking!”

Jeff scurried off. Mary watched him clicking away, in a dress, heels and pearls even though it was a Saturday morning, and she knew all he was doing was housework and then maybe watching his soaps. She loved it. Jeff was the perfect little 1950s Housewife. And she knew, somewhere inside that ditzy blonde was the old Jeff, the one that had tried to force this fate on her, and she knew he was hating every minute of his pretty, little life.

The End

