

## Chapter Six



Heart racing, head swimming with anxiety, Bronco looked for his truck, but once more, his world seemed to fade to black. He came to slowly, eyes closed. Where the hell am I? He wondered. The air smelled gross, like the lavender oils his wife called aroma therapy mixed with the acrid scents of ammonia and peroxide.

“All done, Ivy Rose,” he heard a woman say.



Opening his eyes, Bronco found himself looking at a woman who stared right back at him with an intense curiosity. She was blonde, cute,— assuming she was into him, Bronco smiled, and she mirrored his smile and-- holy shit. Holy shit. She was him. What the fuck had happened? How had his hair gotten so long? So blonde? “Where am I?” He asked, running his long nails through his hair. “What happened? Why do I look like a --?” He couldn’t say.

His heart skipped a beat as his attention was drawn from his long, golden hair to his thick, impossibly long, curly black lashes. He recognized them immediately as eyelash extensions. They were popular among the country girls, and he'd always found something incredibly sexy about them. Seeing his own eyes done up, he shrieked, even as he stared in shock at how much his face, softened by long, golden hair and with those slutty, fuck me lashes, now looked like it belonged to a woman.



“Damn the devil,” Bronco shouted. “Damn the devil straight to hell.”

Aimee Lee, his stylist, stood in the mirror behind him, looking concerned. “That’s certainly a different reaction,” she said.

“What have you done to me?” Bronc whispered in his soft voice. “I look... I look like...” he still couldn’t say it. He met Aimee’s eyes in the mirror. “Why? Why would you do this to me?”

Aimee shook her head. “Cause you asked me to, hon.”

“I– I asked for this?”

“You pointed right at that picture and said, ‘I want to look like her.’”

“I never...” Bronco said, shaking his head, and yet, the memories started to flow back. He remembered teetering into the salon, seeing the picture, wanting to look like her, asking to look like her.

Aimee had been surprised when the studly Bronco had come mincing into the salon wearing heels, a cowgirl hat propped on his head and a purse slung over his shoulder. No doubt, he was having buyer’s remorse now that he looked like a girl with his blonde bob, long lashes and sculpted brows. It wasn’t the first time a client had seen the results of her– his? – makeover and been filled with regret. Aimee really couldn’t blame him. She and her husband liked to role=play, so it wasn’t really a thing for her, but in this little town for Bronco to go around looking like a woman would be actually a life threatening proposition. People were a bit old fashioned and while everyone knew pretty much everyone was getting up to something behind closed doors, it was one of the things that was meant to stay behind closed door. “If you don’t like it I can fix it—”

“No!” Bronco said, his mind shifting at Suzy’s command. He batted his long lashes and smiled, once more running a hand through his hair. It was so bright and soft and full of body! “I– I love it.”

“Well, okay, then, Ivy Rose,” Aimee said, thinking, it’s a woman’s right to change her mind.

“Why are you calling me Ivy?” Bronco said as he gathered up his purse and stood.

“Because you told me to.”

“My name’s not Ivy,” Bronco said. And then, to his surprise, added, “It’s Ivy Rose.”

That’s not my name, Bronco thought, confused. My name is— Ivy Rose. No, it’s Ivy Rose! He couldn’t remember his name, his real name. Couldn’t even think it. He was now Ivy Rose.

The devil! Damn the devil! Bronco looked at his watch. He had to get moving. There was no time, or he’d be late to see the reverend. “Thanks, you’re a doll, I need to run,” Bronco said, grabbing his purse. “Buh bye, y’all!”

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As Bronco drove to meet the preacher, Suzy decided his old denim jacket just wasn’t right for the occasion, so she made a change. Flowery embroidery stitched itself onto the weathered denim. Bronco didn’t even notice.

When Reverend Tighe answered the tentative knock at the church hall door, he did a double take as he looked at the young blonde standing there before him, hair glistening in the sunlight, a fashionable bag slung over her shoulder. “Miss, I—Bronco?” He said, as the magic kicked in and he recognized the transformed man.

“I prefer to be referred to as Ivy Rose, if it ain’t too much trouble” Bronco said, unable to keep himself from correcting the Reverend, though he hated the name Ivy Rose.

“Well, then, come on in. It does look like maybe we need to talk.” The Reverend, on force of habit when dealing with what his mind was telling him was a woman, held the door and gestured gallantly. “After you.”

The church hall was carpeted, and Bronco found a whole new challenge trying to walk on the soft, spongy surface in his heels. He’d only just begun to figure out how to walk on the hard sidewalk and parking lot, and now this? On top of that, his eyelash extensions partially obstructed his vision, and he found himself feeling helpless and hobbled in a way that further



unmanned him as he minced along next to the easy striding Reverend.

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As they entered the parlor, the reverend bowed toward a chair next to the fireplace.

“Please take a seat, Bronc—er, I mean Ivy Rose.”

The bow irked the Broncster. “Don’t treat me like a woman!” He objected, clutching to the straps of his purse with one hand. ‘I know how I look, and

my voice is all messed up, but I'm a—" he was about to insist he was a man, but he'd come to see the reverend hoping for forgiveness for his sinful ways, and he doubted whether lying to the preacher was going to get him in good with the Almighty. "I, well, I just don't care for it."

With a huff, Bronco sat legs crossed, hands in his lap. He explained about the devil. "He forced me to get my nails done and wear high heels. He even turned me into a blonde! What can I do? You gotta help me!"

The Reverend's office was classic clerical— all calming tones, bookshelves piled with religious tomes, comfortable chairs. It was where he met with parishioners to talk with them about their problems, offer guidance.

The Reverend was at a loss for words or even any ideas. This was so far out of his experience. He'd never heard tell of the devil getting up to this kind of mischief, so he wasn't sure if that was what he was dealing with here in Bronco's case. The Rev fell back on the old reliable. "You need to pray. Ask the good lord of forgiveness and knowledge his will for you."

Suzy made a change. Bronco smiled as he felt his cheeks growing warm. The Reverend had such kind, gray eyes, and he was so strong and spiritual. Bronco batted his long lashes and tilted his head slightly to the side. "Oh, Reverend," he gushed. "You're so wise and helpful. I just— I admire you so much. Ain't there, maybe, some way I can *repay* you for your kindness?"

Tarnation! Is he doing what I think he's doing? Old Man Tighe wondered. The Reverend picked up on all the signals Bronco was sending him, but he didn't want to believe his lying eyes. Women in the parish were frequently smitten with him, to be sure, but Bronco? No, he decided. He had to be imagining things. "Read your bible tonight for at least an hour before bed," he said. "You need to fill your head with the holy scriptures."

Bronco, for his part, was horrified at what he was thinking, feeling and saying. It was just like one of the dreams he'd been having as he felt himself getting wet, his nipples getting hard, his throat dry, only this was a man, the preacher and it was for real. Stop. No. Grab your purse and run, he told himself, but he was no longer in control. Ivy Rose had needs.



“Is it hot in here, or is it just me?” Bronco asked, pulling his jacket off his shoulders and fanning himself. Suzy saw a chance she couldn't miss. His chest swelled. Bronco arched his back, thrusting his breasts forward and shook his shoulders side to side. “Would you mind terribly if I took my shirt off?”

“The devil!” Reverend Tighe shouted, no longer doubting Bronco's story. He stood. “It's time for you to leave, you wanton Jezebel!”

“Oh! You're so commanding, and your voice is so deep and powerful,” Bronco



heard himself say in a breathy, sexy voice as his breasts continued to swell. He spread his legs and giggled.

“I must insist you leave at once,” Reverend Tighe said, thinking perhaps Bronco was truly possessed by some sort of demonic harlot.

“I just thought of a way to thank you,” he said, slipping a finger between his lips. “I could—”

Bronco, suddenly regaining control, blushed, equally ashamed as a man and as a woman; he was

stricken he’d thrown himself at the Reverend, and crestfallen the Reverend had rejected him! “I’m so sorry! I didn’t mean—”



“Out, temptress! Go! Pray! Read the scripture and may God save your soul!”

Bronco hot with shame, got up and fled the room, his breasts bouncing with each step. He couldn't believe he'd just thrown himself at a man, and the reverend to boot? I've completely lost it, he decided, flustered, hot, thirsty hungry for sex. He covered his breasts with his hands, trying to get them to stop bouncing, while his long hair kept swinging across his eyes and his purse kept slipping off his shoulder. Impossible. It was impossible! Unbalanced and unnerved by the weight and swaying of his breasts, he was already thinking ne might need to wear a bra...

Suzy, once more, changed her mind, and by the time he got to his truck, he once more found his breasts had vanished. Again. What the hell? Well, at least he wouldn't need a bra. Small consolation, he decided, given what he'd just done in the preacher's office. He opened the truck door, careful not to break a nail. Once more, his thoughts turned to how he would need to eventually leave town. Not only was he no longer a man, but he'd have a reputation as a fallen woman soon enough the way he was acting.

Bronco did not want to face Suzy looking the way he looked now, so he decided to just kill time until it was late and she'd gone to bed. Even thought she'd made it so he adored his nails and pretty hair, at the same time he knew he'd been emasculated, and he dreaded Suzy's taunts. She'd think he'd done all this by choice. He didn't even want to think about how his kids would feel when they saw him.

Picking up a sixpack of beer, Bronco drove out to Miller's Creek, found a log to sit on, drank and skipped stones. The humming of the cicadas filled the air, which smelled of snakes and moss. What the hell was he going to do now? Where would he go? He'd lived his whole life in Zink County, had never known nothing else. He thought of the way he'd thrown himself at the reverend, seething with shame, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. He cursed himself for crying like a woman. He cursed himself for being a woman.

The tears eventually dried up, and he eventually ran out of beer, crushing the last of the cans and tossing it into the creek, almost hitting a frog that had been resting on a lily pad. The frog croaked in protest and leapt into the water with a splash. The sun had set. It was getting cold. Bronco checked the time—11:34. Suzy would be in bed by now. He'd sneak in, go to his room. He supposed he'd have to face her eventually, but he'd decided to put it off as long as possible.

Bronco idled his way to the end of the driveway and cut the engine. The house was dark, but for a few lamps they always left on at night, plus the porch light. He climbed out of his truck, slung his purse over his shoulder and walked around back. His bedroom was closer to the back door. He crept into the house. It was quiet. He smiled as he made his way to his room, pulled open the door and, "Suzy?"



Suzy sat on the edge of his bed. She'd decided to dress sexy, just to tease him on what he no longer was, and remind him of what he was becoming. It was one of what had once been one of his favorite outfits for her: slutty cowgirl.

"Bronco?" She said, pretending to be surprised.

“You’re blonde?” Suzy had seen him, of course, through the scrying stone, but seeing him live and in person, she was quite pleased with how he was coming along, and the look of shame and humiliation in his eyes was perfect.

Bronco, the former macho rodeo star now propped on high heels and deeply ashamed, sighed. “I prefer Ivy Rose, and this hair? It was an accident.”

“I love your purse,” Suzy said, wanting to rub it all in.

“It’s not my purse,” Bronco said. “I found it somewhere.” He had forgotten he was even carrying a purse. It felt natural to him now. Caught by his wife, he tossed it onto a chair, trying to act like he didn’t care, then set his sexy, high-heeled boots down. “Look. I’m really tired,” he said. “I’ve had a long day.”

“Of course,” Suzy said getting up, putting a hand on Bronco’s arm. “You need your beauty sleep.” She started to pull the bedroom door open, then looked back over his shoulder and grinned. “I love your nails.”

Rather than getting angry, Bronco struggled to hold back the tears.

## Chapter Seven

Bronco woke up the next morning, his stomach growling.

Suzy was cooking. The whole house swam with the salty, savory smell of bacon baking in the oven, and there was, too, the wheaty smell of pancakes. Suzy only cooked for her and the kids now while she and Bronco waited to finalize the divorce and fought over the house. It pissed him off. As long as she was legally his wife, he felt she should cook for him, damnit. Feeling insecure about his new sex and his humiliating experiences the previous day, his anger grew as he headed to the kitchen. He'd put Suzy in her place, he decided. He'd remind her he was the man. Even if he, technically speaking, wasn't a man.

Suzy was at the counter, minding the waffle iron. She wasn't making pancakes, but waffles, his actual favorite. The kids were at the table on their phones. Perfect, Bronco thought. The cereal was in the cabinet right above the waffle iron. It gave him the perfect excuse. Bronco came up behind Suzy, letting his chest press against her back as he reached over her and opened the cabinet. He was still a foot taller and much bigger, and he put one hand on her shoulder to show he was in control.

"Get off me," Suzy said, annoyed that the idiot was invading her space, asserting his so-called dominance in front of the children. Bronco didn't answer. Not with his new voice, but he gripped her shoulder tighter as he pretended to peruse the row of cereal boxes, his long nails digging painfully into her flesh.

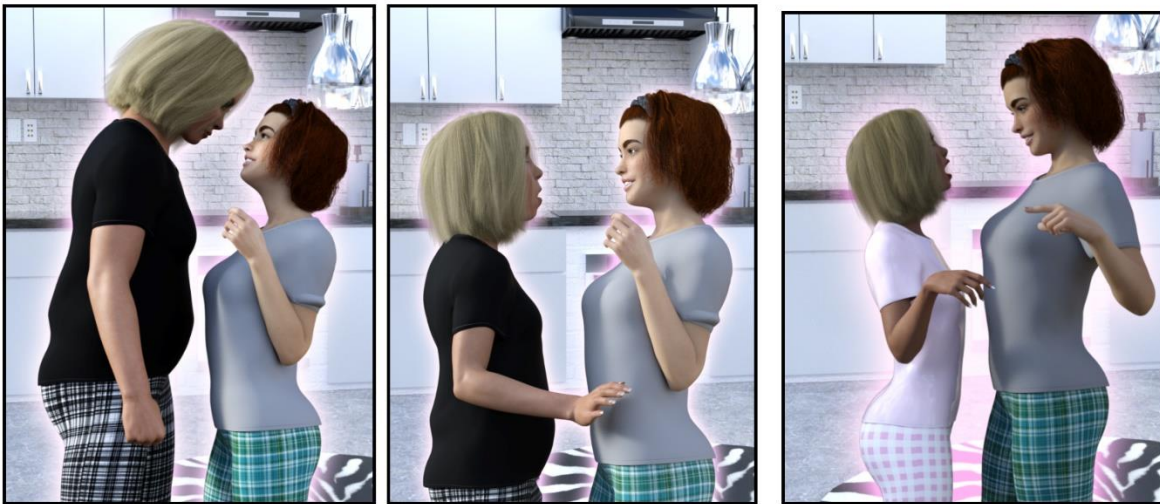
Suzy twisted away, taking three steps back. He has no idea what I can do to him, she thought, as ideas flitted through her head. Maybe I should finally give him tits for good? She thought a wicked smile spreading across her face as she imagined his shirt stretching out across a pair of d-cups...

The kids had looked up from their phones. The tension in the room was thick as molasses. Suzy glanced at them, and decided she didn't want to

do it in front of the kids. It was enough for them to see their father with a blonde bob and those long lashes. She didn't want them to see him pop out a pair of boobies.

Bronco, seeing the smile on Suzy's face, took it as a sign of disrespect, which, in fact, it was. Grabbing a box of Pirate Crunch cereal from the cupboard, he shoved his hand into the box, grabbed a fistful of sugary cubes and tossed them into his mouth. He stepped right up at Suzy and munched, staring down at her. Aggressive eating. His signature. He had never hit her, but he loved to let her know he could crush her anytime he wanted.

In the past, these little displays had terrified Suzy, but not anymore. First, he looked like a fool trying to stare her down with his long eyelashes, sculpted brows and blonde bob. Secondly, she had all the power. Fine, she decided. I guess I'll have to humiliate you in front of the kids. You asked for it. She envisioned.



From Bronco's perspective, it seemed like Suzy suddenly started to grow, even as the room seemed to expand, the walls and ceiling rising away from him. Suzy got bigger and bigger until he had to tilt his head back to meet her eyes. The box of cereal fell to the kitchen floor, the contents scattering

across the tile. “What the hell?” Bronco said, but his voice now sounded even higher pitched, squeaky, like a little girl and not even a woman.

He heard the kids chuckle. They were always taking their mom’s side. He looked down to see skinny little arms, small hands, and his pajamas had turned– pink?

“Bronco,” Suzy said, acting all surprised and concerned. “What happened to you? You’re– you’re tiny!

“My name,” Bronco said, planting his fists on his hips, staring up at his wife in feminine fury, “is Ivy Rose!”

Suzy laughed. She couldn’t help herself. “Such a pretty name,” she said. “I’m sorry I forgot. It suits you, Ivy Rose.”

“This can’t be happening,” Bronco said, starting to hyperventilate. “This can’t be real!” He was turning his little hands over, staring at his slender wrists, his sparkling nails.

“I agree,” Suzy said. “What the hell is going on, Bronco? I mean, Ivy?” She was keeping up the act, gaslighting the hell out of her now tiny little former man. “Why do you sound like a little girl?”

Little girl. The words stung. “I do NOT sound like a dang little girl!” Bronco shrieked, stomping one little foot.

Once more, he heard his kids laugh. “Don’t laugh at me!” He screamed. He looked up at Suzy. She was so much bigger than him now, and he– he felt a little afraid.

Suzy couldn’t resist. She wrapped her arms around Bronco and pulled him to her breasts. “Someone needs a hug.”



Feeling so small in his wife's arms, his face pressing against her breasts, the condescending tone of her voice, Bronco screamed and pushed her away, turning and running from the room.

Ding! The ready light on the waffle iron began to blink.

"Oh, the waffles are done," Suzy said.  
"Bradley, can you take the bacon out of the oven? Be careful not to burn yourself."

"Sure, Mom."

Things had been tense for a while, and the kids were used to both the sudden drama and

then the reset to normal as if nothing had happened. While Brad got the bacon, Mary Kate went back to her phone. I think my Dad is turning into a girl, she posted, along with the picture she'd snapped of him being smothered in her Mom's arms.

"We heard," one of her friends texted right back along with a row of smiley faces.

While the kids dug into the first round of waffles, Suzy poured more batter into the waffle iron, glad her back was to the kids so they couldn't see her grin.

"Mom," Brad finally asked when he thought enough time had passed.  
"What happened to Dad?"

"I am sure I don't know," Suzy said, but she was thinking, I am sure he won't be trying to intimidate anyone anymore. "Let's just try and have a normal morning. I'll go talk to her—" the kids giggled— "I mean *him*, later."

Bronco ran down the now too big hall and yanked open the giant-sized door to his over-sized room. He was still breathing hard, fighting off a panic attack, as he stepped in front of his bedroom mirror. "No..." he whispered in his soft little voice. His eyes confirmed that he was not just shorter, but skinny— he had pipe stem arms, narrow shoulders... his face had even softened, looked younger— he looked more like a young woman than a man, the impression increased by the stupid pink pajamas he found himself wearing. And, of course, the fact he actually was a girl. A woman. A man. Whatever.

Doctor? Shrink? This, he decided, is some serious ass voodoo. He'd prayed and fallen asleep reading the Bible. The changes had only gotten worse. There was no other option. He needed help, and he knew there was only one place he could find it: Eusebe Doucet, the Voodoo Queen of Zink County.

He started getting dressed, thinking at first that getting into a pair of jeans and a denim jacket would help him feel more like a man again, but the jeans were so tight he had to lay on his back and yank them over his shapely thighs. The jean jacket still had those absurd flowers and even his tank top was cut for a woman, tapering in to celebrate his now slender waist. He hoped maybe no one would notice, but a glance in the mirror told another tale: he looked like a teen tomboy or some country era Taylor Swift



groupie. His clothes hugged his curvy hips and thighs, made obvious his thigh gap and all that implied.

Oh, shit, he decided, adjusting his hat, wilting. There was no way he could ever pass for a man now. He couldn't even pass for a boy. He had to fix this somehow, he decided, sitting on his bed and pulling on his stiletto boots. Standing, he wobbled. I should practice walking in these things, he decided, making a mental note to work on it later– if his trip to see Madam Doucet failed him.

Finally, slinging his purse over his shoulder, Bronco threw one hip out to the side, planted a hand on it and examined his nails. His eyes slit with determination as he gathered his will. “Let's do this!”



## Chapter Eight

“Well, so you’ve come to see Madam Doucet? You must be a desperate girl.” Madam Doucet had a faint, Jamaican accent that added a mysterious flair to her every word.

“I know how I look, but I’m— not a girl,” Bronco lied. Madam Doucet had a rich, older woman’s voice, and it hurt him to hear how high and soft and young and female he sounded compared to her.

Madam Doucet laughed, a big, boisterous laugh. “We both know that isn’t true! I can see your aura, young miss! I know what the magic has done to you.”

Bronco closed his eyes. It was the first time anyone had known he was a female now, called him out on it. He almost felt relieved that his secret was out. “I’m sorry I lied,” he said. “Do you know why this is happening to me? Can you please help me?”

“You are under the spell of a powerful sorceress,” Madam Doucet said. “I know her work well. She goes by the name of Tatiana these days, though she has used many names over the millennia. It is she. Her magic is at work here.”

Bronco leaned forward, excited. “So, you can help me, then? You can fix me?”

“Nooooo,” Doucet said, chuckling. “Hahaha. I cannot help you, little one.”

Bronco groaned. “Why not?”

“Tatiana and I have a noncompete agreement. We all do among the witches in the Conjurors Union. We don’t mess around with each other’s magic. It creates too many problems. Witch fights are the worst and they always end up with someone stuck as a toad. Why even bother?”

Bronco couldn't believe what he was hearing. "Union? Agreement? Why bother? I'm supposed to be a man. I'm a father! How am I supposed to live like this?" He held up his dainty hands, his long nails sparkling.

"It's easier than you think," Doucet said with a dismissive wave of her hand. "You'll get used to it."

"Used to it? Do you have any idea what this is like for me?"

"A little. I spent a year as a crocodile once. Came to the point I liked eating small birds. They're very crunchy."

Bronco picked up his purse, stood and put his nose in the air. "I'm sorry to be rude, but you've been no help at all." He started toward the door, one ankle rolled a bit, and he yelped as he regained his balance.

"I do have one bit of advice for you," Doucet said. "Something that can change your life!"

"Yeah?" Bronco said, his hopes rising for a moment.

"Learn to walk in those heels, baby girl."

"Hmmpf. Like I ain't figured that one out on my own." Bronco tried to strut out the door, but his dramatic exit was ruined as he wobbled and swayed.

After Bronco left, Madam Doucet took off her wig. "Tatiana. She does do some fucking amazing work. I admire the girl." The Jamaican accent was gone, and she said the words in the gruff gutturals of her native, New Jersey accent. She'd put on the mysterious accent and played up a whole Cajun voodoo queen shtick ever since she'd moved to Zink County. People expected it thanks to the movies. What could she do?

## Chapter Nine

It was a particular point of pride for Bronco that he never missed work. He'd never taken a sick day or a personal day in his 4 plus years with the county, where he'd been working since retiring from the rodeo. It was a testament to his dedication, or, perhaps, a little magic nudge from Suzy, that he planned to go to work the next morning even in his embarrassing, feminized state. He had no idea how he was going to explain all this. He looked like a woman now, sounded like a woman, and he'd have no choice but to show up to work wearing his damnable cowgirl boots with the ridiculously impractical heels. Well, if he had to wear them, he decided, he would wear them well. He didn't want to embarrass himself in front of the fellas.

Bronc searched on TubeYou for "How to Walk in Cowgirl Boots." There were videos on how to stretch them, how to walk up stairs— for men? Oooh! A video on how to wear them in terms of style. He saved it for later. Finally, he searched for how to walk in high heels and there were thousands upon thousands of videos aimed at women. Well, Bronco thought, another sign of the decline of civilization. Mothers should be teaching their daughters this stuff! Well, I suppose I should be grateful. He picked a "How to Walk in Heels For Beginners" and watched, eager to learn. He then spent the next two hours practicing before finally pulling his boots off and massaging his aching calves.

When Bronco woke Monday morning, his hair had grown even longer and fell all the way down his back in a shimmering, golden wave. What am I supposed to do with all this hair? He wondered, running his hands through the silky strands. Then, as if he'd been doing it every morning for years, he sat cross-legged on the edge of his bed and began to brush it out before going to work on his braids.

Once he was done braiding his hair, Bronco dressed. He looked in the mirror with a mixture of pride and dismay. His braids were tight, no flyaways. He was proud of himself. He once more confronted the reality

that his clothes, though pretty much like guy clothes— jeans and a button-down shirt, were cut to and clung to his every new curve. His jeans, in particular, tight against his crotch, made it clear what he didn't have anymore. The boys are gonna have a field day, Bronco thought, adjusting his cowgirl hat. Well, I'll just have to face the music.

Finally, and without even thinking about it, he started to do his makeup. He'd never worn makeup before, but it only made sense to him now that he would do his face. It just made sense.

Suzy and the kids were sitting at the table, eating, all three of them on their phones, when the sound of Bronco's clicking heels caused them all to look up, look down, then look up again, faces wide with surprise.

"Mornin' y'all!" Bronco sang out. He'd found himself speaking in the feminine, sign song cadences of a country girl.

"Daddy!" Mary Kate said. "I love your hair!"

"Thank ya kindly," Bronco said, raising one knee and touching one of his braids like he was posing for a photo. He didn't even notice Brad shake his head and go back to his phone, looking disgusted and ashamed.

Bronco opened the cupboard and reached for a box of Loopy Fruit. His sparkling nails grasped at air. He was too short! "Well, ain't that a pickle. Gosh, darn." He stomped a little, heeled foot in frustration.

"Let me get that for you," Suzy said, getting up, brushing against Bronco to remind him how much bigger she was now, easily plucking the box from the shelf and handing it to him.

Despite his humiliation, Bronco's new imperative to be polite over-rode his effeminate rage. "Much obliged," he said, sharing a bright smile with his hateful soon to be ex.

Suzy ran a hand along one of Bronco's braids, then let her finger trace his smooth jawline. "Ivy Rose," she said. "You did do a wonderful job braiding your hair this morning! Maybe you can do Mary Kate's before she goes off to school?"

Braid his daughter's hair? That was woman's work. "Well, I am sure I'm not the best, er, ah, man for—"

"Please, daddy?" Mary Kate said. "Please. Please. Please!"

"Okay, then. Fine. My pleasure," Bronco sighed, even as he this time did notice the look of dismay on his son's face.

"You better get started," Suzy said, sitting back down. "There isn't much time. You can eat after."

Bronco went around behind Mary Kate and went to work, only scarcely aware he was letting Suzy make his decisions for him. It was always best to look on the sunny side. He had been hoping to find some way to connect with his kids and re-earn their respect. He was good at braiding hair! Still, he felt like he'd gone from the penthouse to the outhouse, from a rodeo star to a little wisp of a girl, getting bossed around by his wife and braiding hair? It all seemed impossible.

Suzy pretended everything was normal, though she reveled in the sight of petite little Bronco braiding his daughter's hair, a happy smile on his pretty face. It was a good start to the morning, and she had plans for his day.

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Bronco worked for the county as a surveyor in the Zink County Department of Construction. Women had made in-roads in just about every field and institution in America, and that was true in many of the departments of Zink County, but it was not true of the Construction Department which consisted of all men, accepting for the secretary, of course. He knew he was about to

catch hell, and he anxiously checked his nails, looked in the rearview mirror to adjust his— what the hell? Bronco’s lips glistened with glossy lipstick, and his eyebrows had been penciled in, dark and neatly defined. There was pink blush on his cheeks. Damn that Tatiana, he thought, feeling even more a fool, knowing his situation had just got even worse. He looked damn pretty, he hated to admit, with his face all made up like that, and it would probably just be one more reason for the guys to give him shit.

Well, he decided, there was nothing for it. He would just respond with grace and dignity. He grabbed his purse, tossed his keys inside, and draped it over his shoulder.

The guys were all gathered in the parking lot behind the municipal building, sitting on the tailgates of the county trucks, or leaning against them. They didn’t notice Bronco approaching at first. It was a cool, crisp morning, with a high, pale blue sky, and the air smelled of the earthy aromas of early hours coffee and cigarettes. The deep, booming sound of men laughing and talking shit filled the air. The prework hangout had once been among Bronco’s favorite times of day, but today the skinny little female he’d become felt anxious, self-conscious. He had the same feeling he’d had at the salon, only this time he felt like a woman entering a man’s space.

Click. Click. Click. Bronco’s heels announced his arrival. The men began to look up, one by one, staring at him, eyes hard. Self-consciously the only girl in the lot, Bronco decided to be cute about it all. “Hi, y’all,” Bronco sang, striking a pose. “Do ya notice anything different ‘bout me this mornin’?”

The men stared. Bronco. They’d been hearing rumors all week about him, but seeing him— her— looking as pretty as a posey, wearing heels, carrying a purse? It was downright puzzling. Bronco shrugged his little shoulders, smile growing broader and brighter. “Y’all starin’ at me like I got three heads.”

That seemed to break the tension as the men laughed, but then, it started to happen. A whistle. “Wiiiiit. Wooo.” The men began to catcall and whistle.



Bronco blushed and looked down and away. It was the first time he'd ever had a group of men treat him like this. He felt a familiar ache and warmth growing under his nipples. Oh, no. He was looking down, and he watched and felt his chest swell into a firm little pair of A cups, even as he felt the t-shirt he wore underneath his button down shrink and form into a bra, the



cups lifting his breasts, straps over his shoulders.

The spell did its thing, and then men all accepted- and enjoyed- Bronco's new puppies.

“Well, you sure are a lot easier on the eyes this mornin’, Bronco,” Hoss Breckenridge said.

“Um, if it isn’t too much trouble, I prefer Ivy Rose.”

Booming male laughter answered Bronco’s bashful request. ‘I’ll call you Ivy,” someone shouted, “if you show me your tits!”

Bronco slumped over and wrapped his arms across his budding breasts, mortified.

More laughter. Suzy, watching it all, was laughing loudest. How many times had Bronco defended he and his asshole buddies catcalling women on the grounds it was a form of compliment? He was finding out just how it felt now to have a bunch of men “complimenting” him.

Consumed with shame, Bronco felt tears stinging in his eyes. He turned on his heels and started to leave, not wanting to further embarrass himself by crying like a female in front of the men.

“Hey, hey, hey,” Hoss said, hurrying over, taking Bronco by the elbow and steering him back to the group. “We’re just joshin’, honey. Come on over here. Join the fellas, Ivy Rose.”

“Thanks,” Bronco said, looking up, giving Hoss a bright smile. With Hoss at his side, protectively taking his elbow, the men calmed down. He and Hoss had been enemies, really, fighting to see who was the alpha in this group. While Bronco had been a rodeo champ, Hoss had been star quarterback of the high-cool football team. They’d gone at it for years, so it surprised Bronco Hoss was being so kind. Maybe I misjudged him? Bronco thought as Hoss steered him to the side of a truck, turned him around so he could lean against it, then threw an arm protectively over Bronco’s shoulder.

Where once that gesture might have struck Bronco as an attempt to show dominance and he would've shoved Hoss away, now he just felt— safe—



and appreciative of Hoss for being such a gentleman. It actually felt good to nuzzle up against a big, strong man, and, Bronco couldn't help but notice, the man smelled good! The men talked. Bronc didn't try and join the conversation. He just listened and giggled as the men talked.

When they finally headed out to the jobsite out on Country Road 410, Hoss decided Bronco wasn't much use as a worker, being he'd chosen to wear

heels and all, so they gave him a sign that read STOP on one side and “Caution” on the other. Bronco stood, smiling, directing traffic while the men worked. Some guys honked their horns at him. Others rolled down their windows and hollered, “Hey, honey!”

Bronco giggled and tossed his braids. So, he thought, is this what it’s like to be a pretty girl? He wasn’t sure if he loved it or hated it.

When lunch came, Bronco started to head back to his truck, but Hoss once more took him by the elbow. “Come eat with me,” Hoss said. “I want to get to know you, Ivy Rose. I mean this new version of you. Come hang with me in my truck.”

The thought of being alone with Hoss in the man’s truck made Bronco nervous. His female intuition started to tingle, sending out warnings, but then, he didn’t want to seem rude. “Couse,” he said. “It’ll be fun.”

They climbed into the back seat and ate. Hoss had a meatball sub. Bronco a cup of yogurt. Hoss told jokes. Bronco giggled. Hoss was so *funny*. Then, Hoss leaned over and kissed Bronco right on the lips, his mouth tasting like red sauce and garlic. Bronco’s eyes went wide. He’d never been kissed by a man, and it shocked him and thrilled him as he curled his toes, fighting weakly, pushing against Hoss’ chest.

Suzy watched, pleased to see Bronco trapped in such a feminine position and suffering such a feminine reaction to the big, strong man’s aggressive advances.

When the kiss ended, Bronco was flush, his pupils dilated. “I don’t think this is a good idea,” he said., worrying his lipstick would be all smeared and the guys would know he and Hoss had been up to some heavy petting.

“You don’t go thinking now, blondie. That’ll get you in all kinds of trouble,” Hoss said as he began to slowly unbutton Bronco’s shirt. “Let’s get you more comfortable.” Hoss was taking his time, slowly working each button

free, then pulling Bronco's shirt open wider, letting his fingers brush across Bronco's soft, hairless skin, the swell of his soft breasts.

With the release of each button, Suzy made Bronco's breasts blossom.

Button... and Bronco's firm, perky a-cups rounded, thrusting forward... button... and his shirt spread open, and now he had deeper, shadowy cleavage nestled between the crescents of his B/Cs... Looking down, Bronco moaned softly, awash in desire as each time a button was



removed, each time his breasts grew bigger and heavier, he squeezed his knees together, jagged bolts of pleasure jackknifing through his body. The desire consuming Bronco, however, was not the desire to fondle the magnificent breasts he watched forming, the soft crescents pressed pleasingly together by his padded, push up bra. No, he didn't want to play with his breasts, but to have Hoss play with them, kiss them, suck on them...

Button... D cups... Bronco's chest heaved as he breathed harder and harder, the strap against his back so tight, the straps across his shoulders straining... he needed to be free, and as if reading his mind, Hoss reached around, expertly unclasped Bronco's bra and tossed it aside, planting his



mouth against Bronco's boobs and motorboating across them like he was playing a harmonica. Then, latching his mouth on one of Bronco's throbbing nipples, he began to suck while also grabbing his tit, squeezing...

Bronco sighed and moaned, lifting one leg, pressing it against Hoss' ribs, arching his back, overcome with desire... with joy... it felt so good, he'd never imagined how good it could be to have a gorgeous pair of jugs and a man to put them to good use...

"That's right, honey buns," Suzy thought, loving the changes she was making in dummy. He'd always been a breast man. Now, he was a man with breasts.

Bronco'd never been so wet, and as Hoss sucked on his teat, an emptiness opened up in him. He needed to be filled, to be penetrated... It wasn't polite for a girl to ask for it, though, so he just kept sighing, moaning.. Hoping... running his little hands over Hoss muscular back, feeling the hard ridges of the man's shoulder blades...

"Oh, shit," Hoss said, pulling away, glancing at the time.

Bronco, face flush, eyes as wet as his panties, moaned. It went against his newly feminine nature, but he, well, he grabbed Hoss and pulled himself to the man, kissing him on his stubby face. "We have enough time..." he panted, wanting, needing release...

"Yeah, we do," Hoss said, unzipping his pants, pushing down his underwear, his turgid cock springing into the air. "My turn," he said, making the whack off gesture with his hand. "Finish me."

"Oh? You want me? To, um?" He glanced down at Hoss' dick, initially feeling disgusted at the thought of touching another man's cock, let alone giving him a hand job, but Suzy made a change, and suddenly Bronco smiled and licked his lips. He'd never realized how beautiful a penis was, with all those veins and ridges... the tip.... He'd never held one in his hand,

other than his own, never caressed one, felt it pulsating in his soft palm... he eagerly reached out, wrapped his hand around the shaft and feeling that hard rod, the throbbing... he got even wetter, his nipples harder... it was like grabbing a piece of... heaven.

Seems like Bronco found his level, Hoss thought, leaning back while



Bronco worked his dick with one soft little hand. Just before he spurted, he grabbed a rag from his dashboard and covered his dick so the spluge didn't get all over his truck. He handed the rag to Bronco, who instinctively raised it to his nose and inhaled deeply. "Well, well," Hoss said. "I guess we've settled once and for all which one of us is the man and which one is the girl."

It was an insult, and Bronco knew it, but what was he going to say after just giving Hoss and hand job? What was he going to say as he sat there, smelling the man's seed, a pair of huge pair of bouncy tits jutting out from his chest, nipples hard as nails? He'd gone from a Buck to a doe. There weren't no denying it. Still, he let Hoss know his displeasure by slitting his eyes and shaking his head.



Hoss leaned over and kissed him. “Don’t get all pissy, darlin’,” he said, patting Bronco on the cheek. “I’m just messin’ with you.” While Bronco slipped back into his bra, then started to fix his makeup, Hoss massaged his shoulders. “You a damn fine woman, Ivy Rose.”

Bronco smiled, his little fit of rage evaporating. He loved compliments. “Why, thank you,” he said. “I gotta say, Hoss. You sure are a good kisser.”

The crew was out back, finishing up lunch, getting ready to go back to work, when Hoss came around the corner, Bronco clinging to his arm. Knowing smiles spread across rugged faces. “What have you two been up to?” One of them asked.

“Oh, a little this, a little that,” Hoss said. The guys all chuckled. Then, they let their eyes roam across Bronco’s newly bountiful bust. Hell, that boy had some fine ass boobies.

Bronco pretended not to notice all the eyes locked on his chest. It made him feel a little queasy, being stared at by all these men, knowing what they were thinking about him.

Suzy, watching it all, thought, that’s not fun. What kind of cowgirl isn’t boy crazy? She made another change. Bronco felt like a wave had passed over him. He arched his back, thrusting his breasts forward, standing at  $\frac{3}{4}$  angles, sure give the boys a primo view of his assets. “Drink it in, boys,” he thought. He realized he loved male attention. It was like a drug to him now.



## Chapter 10

Bronco stood naked, looking at himself in the mirror in his room. He had a centerfold's body now. He could most definitely pose for Playboy. He drank in the sight of his bombshell figure, appraised himself, pleased as he drank in his glowing skin, small shoulders, the dramatic rise of his perfectly shaped, gravity defying breasts. His eyes drifted down from his bust to the impossible slendering beneath those breasts as his ribs arched into a waspish waist which in turn surrendered to the startling swerve of his wide, soft hips. Turning to the side, he nodded, taking in yet another sensational curve, as he giggled with pride at his plump, tight ass. Long tone legs. Small ankles. He loved his long blonde hair, so glossy and sparkling. And his face, with those big, soft lips, his doe eyes ringed with false lashes. He puckered his lips and blew a kiss at himself. With such a pretty face, he'd never have to buy a drink again.

Some part of the old Bronco was still hiding behind those gorgeous eyes. He'd stopped fighting, resisting, stopped even thinking about finding that witch, Tatiana. He'd once imagined busting into her office, clawing at her with his long nails, pulling her hair. Not anymore. That old Bronc dwelt in a state of confused resignation. He couldn't understand why he'd turned into a woman, couldn't comprehend why some part of him had grown to love looking so hot, so sexy. He couldn't understand why he'd started craving men. Oh, he loved them. Their deep voices. Big hands. Broad shoulders.

Which reminded Bronco he needed to get dressed. It was Friday night and he was heading down to the honkytonk. As he wiggled into a pair of scarlet panties and then his Daisy Dukes, he thought back on the whole week. He was famous again, this time as Caution Cutey. People had been taking pictures and videos of him standing on the roadside, holding his sign, smiling and waving at passing cars. They'd named him Caution Sign Cutie at first, then shortened it and the pictures had gone viral. Guys would find out where they were going to be working and driving out of their way to check him out. He was always getting stopped in town, people wanting to

take selfies. The rodeo had even called and offered to sign him up to be their spokes girl and make appearances.

Ta think!

Every day at lunch, he and Hoss got hot and heavy. Every day, he got Hoss off, his own needs unfulfilled. Men! The end result was that he was on horny, frustrated female. Well, that was about to change. Bronco needed a man and bad.

Makeup done, he ran his fingertips over his smooth legs. He shaved them every morning now, and he loved his soft skin. He knotted his checkered shirt. Popped on his cowgirl hat. Looking at himself in the mirror, he posed and smiled. He looked fine as hell. Them boys down at the honkytonk didn't stand a chance. He texted Willow from the salon. His old high-school flame. "U ready?"

"Come on over," she said.

Bronco knew better than to go out to a bar alone as a female. A girl needed another girl to watch her back. Willow had texted him a couple days ago, they'd gone out for coffee, and now they were friends again. It was so different being friends with her now that he was a girl, too. Bronco drove over to pick Willow up. Of course, she wasn't ready.

"It'll just be a minute," she said, puckering, applying her lipstick.

"Take your time, honey," Bronco said, sitting down and checking his social media. He knew how long it took a girl to get ready! He felt a little guilty now at how much shit he'd given Suzy over the years. Dang, he sure had been a rude boy. Well, he'd paid for that, he thought, slipping his thumbs under his bra straps, slipping them up, then adjusting his boobs. Why the heck was it, he wondered, that every bra ever made promised comfort when not one of them could deliver? Well, it didn't really matter. He wasn't dressed for comfort. He was going out hunting men.

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Bronco gripped the body of the bucking bull with his bare thighs, squeezing hard, knuckles white as he clung to the pommel with one hand, the other holding onto his hat. The room spun, and he laughed as the crowd cheered... With one great lurch, the bull sent him flying, rising in the air. He squealed, bracing for impact as gravity yanked him back downward, but instead of crashing against the hardwood floor, he felt himself cradled in a

pair of strong arms. “Hoss!” He said, looking up at the man who’d caught him and now held him, just for a moment, before setting him gently back down on his feet.

Bronco gave Hoss’ arm a squeeze, smiled his brightest, thank you, kindly, sir, smile, then took a bow as the crowd cheered.

There was line dancing, beer, more line dancing... guys crowding around, buying him drinks... hugs and laughs... and then, he found himself once again in Hoss’ truck, panties down, knees spread, the truck rocking as the windows steamed up, and Bronco, the former cowboy stud, got rutted, crying out “omigod... omigod.. OMIGOD!”

## One Year Later

The rodeo crowd roared as Bronco strutted to the center of the ring holding a sign, hips swaying, a big, happy smile on his face as she shook his breasts side to side. He turned, turned, and then sashayed back to a spot near the stands.

“Hey, Ivy Rose!” He heard a familiar voice call.

“Suzy!” He squealed when he looked back and saw his ex-wife. He ran over and gave her a hug.

As the hug ended, Suzy copped a feel, cupping his right breast and giving it a squeeze. “Oh, my God, girl, have you gotten even bigger?”

“Heck,” Bronco said. “It seems like everything I eat goes right to my boobs and my butt.”

Suzy laughed, looking down at her e-husband’s pretty face. “Mary Kate is so excited you’re gonna teach her how to walk in heels next week. Thanks so much. You know I’d do it, but you’re so much better in heels than me. Whoever thought Bronco the Great would end up more of a woman than me?”

And there it was, a flash of impotent rage behind those pretty eyes. She caught glimpses of him in there, trapped in this woman’s body, this woman’s life, fretting constantly over his nails and makeup, always on a diet, worrying about his figure. She knew he hated all of it. There wouldn’t have been such sweet justice in what she’d done to him if he’d just gone away.

Bronco raged, but outwardly he just smiled and chose to be polite. “Well, I’m just so glad I can help out,” he said. “You’re looking good,” he said, touching Suzy’s hair. “Oh, and I have it on my calendar. I’ll pick up the kids for soccer practice Saturday.” His thoughts of fleeing their little town had

faded. Family was the most important thing to a country girl, and as embarrassing as it had been to face everyone after his changes, he'd decided he had to stick out for the kids. Sure, there was the occasional rude comment, someone talking shit about the kind of man he'd been, the kind of woman he'd become, but there were always going to be rude folks.

Besides, a lot of good had come out of it. He was the most famous girl in town right now, whereas before he'd been living off his old rep, really just a has been. Caution Cutie was still trending, and he was gettin' extra money to put in the kid's college funds with endorsement deals since he'd become an influencer, selling the "country girl aesthetic" everywhere. He even got free clothes, and they were all so cute. Ivy Rose was such a glass half full kind of girl, she just reminded herself every dang morning you had to take the good with the D cups.

The horn rang, the gate opened and a bull came out, bucking, trying to throw off a long, lean, handsome cowboy, his arms ripped with witty muscle. Bronco's heart leapt, and he clutched his hands under his chin.

"You're new boyfriend is one fine looking man," Suzy said, putting her arm around her little ex.

"Yeah," Bronco sighed, watching his man ride that bull. "I do love me a cowboy."





**Alternate Pics**

