

A close-up portrait of a blonde woman with wavy hair, looking over her shoulder towards the camera. She has a small lip piercing and is wearing a dark, chunky beaded necklace. The background is slightly blurred, showing a window with vertical bars.

**BIMBO**



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After getting his wife's transgender friend fired from his place of employment, a man undergoes a radical shift that culminates in bimbofication.

featuring Katie Morgan



"I'm sorry, Abby," said Desmond, straightening his tie. "It had to be done. I know he was your friend, but —"

"She," Abby said, interrupting her husband. She glared at him as she went on, "Kara is a woman."

Desmond rolled his eyes. "Oh, come on," he said. "You're going to go all politically correct on me in my own house?"

"It's not about political correctness, Desmond," she said, shaking her head. "It's about respect. It's about having a little empathy for your fellow human beings."

"Whatever," he said, obviously unconvinced. "It'd be one thing if she actually looked like a girl. But... I mean... she's still got shoulders like a linebacker. It's kind of embarrassing, honestly. How do you think clients feel when they walk in and see something like that in our offices? Seriously."

"So, you fired her because she's trans?" said Abby. "That's what you're saying, isn't it? You know there are laws against that."

"Well, we didn't say that outright," Desmond said with a sly grin. "We cited his — no, wait, her — performance. But yeah. That was the reason we let her go. And stop looking at me like that. Even if I'd wanted to stop it, it wasn't my place."

"You could've said something," Abby pointed out.

"Oh, come on — you can't be mad at me about this kind of thing!" he said. "If anything, I should be the one who's angry. You're the one who convinced me to hire your 'friend from the gym'. Acting like you didn't know what you were doing. How do you think it made me look, huh? I'm lucky I didn't get lumped in with her."

"Whatever," Abby said. "I'm going to stay at my mom's for a couple of days. I'll talk to you later."

"Seriously, Abby? I don't —"

But she was already out the door, and the conversation was over.

Desmond still didn't realize exactly what he'd done wrong.



“Dude, you look like you lost ten years,” said Kurt, Desmond’s best friend. The man reached out and patted Desmond’s smooth cheek. “I feel like I’m hanging out with my baby brother!”

Desmond jerked away, saying, “Yeah — Abby’s got me on this new skincare kick. Who doesn’t want to look a little younger though, right? Maybe I’ll get the chance to bang a couple of eighteen-year-olds now.”

“Never had any problems doing that before,” replied Kurt. “But whatever, man. You do you, I guess. I’d never let my wife turn me into some baby-faced twink, but that’s between you and the missus.”

“Fuck you, bro,” Desmond said. “It’s your fault in the first place.”

“Say again?” Kurt said, raising an eyebrow.

“Yeah — that tranny you insisted on firing was her friend, remember?” Desmond elaborated. “And Abby thinks I should’ve taken up for her or something. I don’t know. You know how women are. They get so attached to people like that.”

“And what? She made you shave because you fired that... thing?” Kurt asked. “I am not following the thread here, man.”

“She left for like a freaking week,” Desmond responded. “Stayed at her mom’s. So, when she came back, I decided to throw her a bone or two. You know, to keep the peace. I don’t want to rock the boat when we just got things back on track.”

Kurt shrugged, saying, “Happy wife, happy like I guess. I still wouldn’t have done it. But I get it, I suppose.”



“Oh, I just love this scarf!” said Abby, looping one end over the other. “It really pulls your outfit together!”

“I feel kind of ridiculous,” Desmond admitted as he endured her ministrations. “You don’t think it’s kind of... I don’t know... gay?”

She narrowed her eyes, saying, “What you wear has no bearing on your sexual orientation, Desmond. You know that.”

“Right, but —”

“Truthfully, I have no idea where that whole idea even comes from,” she went on, throwing her hands up as she turned around. Walking away, she continued, “Why does wearing cute outfits matter when it comes to that kind of thing? As far as I’m concerned, men should feel free to push the limits of fashion just like women can.”

“So, you’re saying that men should be walking around in skirts and heels?” Desmond asked. “That wouldn’t be off-putting to you?”

“I think people should wear what they want to wear, regardless of how society has gendered fashion,” she stated. “Anyone who says differently is kind of... I don’t know... backwards, I guess.”

Desmond rolled his eyes, saying, “Only you would call a guy backwards for not wanting to dress like a woman.”

“That’s not what I’m saying at all!” she insisted. “I’m just saying that people should be able to do what they want without worrying about how it reflects on their perceived gender or sexual orientation. That’s it.”

“Yeah, well —I don’t think that’s coming anytime soon,” he stated.



This is it?" asked Desmond, looking down at the so-called food in front of him. It was little more than a few scraps of lettuce and a couple of cherry tomatoes. "Can't I get a steak or something?"

"No," Abby said. "You're on a diet."

Of course, that diet had been on-going for more than three months, and in that time, Desmond had lost an incredible amount of weight. He wasn't absolutely certain, but he felt pretty sure that he weighed less than she did, now. She'd even banned him from going to the gym because it "fostered all the wrong kinds of body shaming", whatever that meant. Either way, the result was that he'd shrunk to a shadow of his former self, with his muscles melting off right alongside whatever fat he'd once had on his body.

"All the guys at work keep calling little brother," he said, stabbing a piece of lettuce. She wouldn't even let him put any dressing on it, so he ate it dry.

'That's not so bad," she said. "Isn't that what everyone's looking for To look younger?"

Desmond supposed she was right on that count, but it went further than that. Because of his rapidly diminishing frame, along with his soft, smooth skin, some of those taunts had pegged him as "little sister", instead. It was humiliating in a way he'd never prepared for.

"I guess," he muttered. "But it's still demeaning. Plus, none of my suits fit right anymore."

"Oh, right!" she said, gesturing with her fork. Desmond only saw the juicy piece of steak on the end. "That reminds me. We're going shopping this weekend."

"Really? That's a relief, because I feel like I'm wearing someone else's clothes all the time," he said.

'Well, we're going to fix that right up!" she said. "Just wait — you're going to really turn some heads when we get you all fixed up."



“Are you sure these are men’s heels?” asked Desmond, doing his best to remain balanced on the uncomfortable footwear.

“Of course they are,” said Abby. “What else would they be?”

The shopping trip hadn’t really gone the way Desmond had expected it to go. Instead of going to the normal shop where he bought his suits, Abby had led him to a variety of boutiques where they spent the entire day trying on various styles of suits. And while he thought they were all stylish, he couldn’t quite get over the fact that they were, one and all, cut quite a bit differently than what he was used to wearing.

“Oh, here,” Abby said, handing him a small pouch. “I almost forgot.”

“What’s this?” Desmond asked, studying the thing. It wasn’t big, and if he hadn’t been certain that his wife wouldn’t have given him something meant for a woman, he would’ve called it a purse.

“It’s a clutch,” she said. “To keep all your stuff in.”

“W-what?” he asked. That definitely even sounded like a purse. “I don’t need —”

“Your new suit doesn’t have pockets, right? Weren’t you complaining about that?” she said. “Well, problem solved.”

Desmond didn’t know how to react. Of course, she made perfect sense, but there was something about carrying his “clutch” around that made him feel like something was amiss. Not that he thought Abby would ever steer him wrong, of course. If anyone knew fashion, it was her. And that wasn’t even considering the light makeup she’d convinced him to wear.

“Here,” Abby said, stepping back and hefting her phone. “Let me get a picture of your new look.”

Once Abby had taken her photo, Desmond hurried off to go to work. Even as he walked, though, he couldn’t keep a slight sway from his hips — a product of the heels he wore. He put it out of mind, though.



“Nice hair, Tinkerbell,” said Joe, one of Desmond’s coworkers. He mimed flipping his hair back, adding, “Cute outfit, too.”

Desmond seethed. Over the previous couple of months, he had gotten used to his coworkers’ biting insults. At first, he’d thought they were just the normal variety of male ribbing between friends. However, as time went on, he came to realize that there was nothing good-natured about it. And for the life of him, he couldn’t understand where any of it was coming from.

Sure, he’d let his hair grow out a little, and he’d even gotten it dyed blonde. But that wasn’t that big of a deal, right? He’d worked there through the era of man-buns, so longer hair in the office wasn’t that abnormal of a sight. So, what was the difference? Why did they feel the need to pick on him so much?

In those months, Desmond had also refined his style quite a bit, even going so far as to introduce some more color to his wardrobe. And in doing that, he had learned just how much he enjoyed fashion. How he had ever been satisfied with the old, boring suits he’d once worn, he had no idea.

Irritated, Desmond went back into his office and settled down behind his desk. Once there, he pulled a compact out of his clutch to check his makeup. Maybe he’d gone a little too far with his mascara? But he liked the smokey eye look quite a bit.

His phone rang, and he picked it up. The voice on the other end said, “Hey, Tinkerbell. We’re having a meeting in about an hour. How about you prance on down to Panora and get those bagels we all like? Thanks.”

Tinkerbell. There it was again. Desmond hated the nickname, but no matter how often he complained, his coworkers wouldn’t stop using it. He’d even considered going to human resources, but in the end, he decided against it. After all, he didn’t want to be that kind of guy. Besides, it wouldn’t be long before his coworkers moved on to the next thing, right?

Sighing, Desmond grabbed his clutch and left his office. Even as he made his way to the elevator, he endured the mocking catcalls from his coworkers. But he decided to be the bigger man, and ignored them all.



“What? Seriously?” asked Desmond, his hands on his hips. “You really think I need to —”

“It’s not about ‘need’ per se,” said Abby. “Don’t you want to be the best version of you that you can be?”

“Yes, of course I do,” he said. “But plastic surgery?”

“Just a few minor touch-ups on your face,” she said. “It’s not a huge deal. Practically everyone’s doing it. Even I had a nose job right after I graduated college. Remember — you’re the one who was complaining about your looks.”

“I was complaining because everyone I work with is an asshole,” Desmond pointed out. “It’s like — just because I’m fashion forward, they think I’m some kind of... you know... gay boy.”

“Gay boy? Really?” she said, shaking her head. “Why does everything have to be defined by sexual orientation? Isn’t it enough that you like your new clothes?”

“That’s what I tried to tell them!” Desmond pointed out. But he knew he’d messed it up somewhere along the way, because what had come out was, “Just because I like to look pretty doesn’t mean I’m gay!” That had only resulted in more teasing.

“You can’t force progress,” Abby said.

“You can say that again,” he muttered.

“So — the surgery? You want me to make you an appointment? It’ll just be a consultation this time,” she said. “If you’re not comfortable with it, then —”

“Fine,” he said. “I’ll do it.”

“Fantastic,” Abby said, grinning. “Now — did you take those new vitamins I got for you? They’re really supposed to help.”

“I took them when I first got up,” he said.

“Great,” she said. “That’s just... that’s just great.”



“What?” asked Desmond, his hands on his hips.

“Dude... seriously?” said Kurt. “Do you honestly not see what’s wrong with what you’re wearing?”

Desmond looked down at his bathing suit. Sure, he’d never worn anything but swim trunks before, but he’d bought the new style of swimsuit because he thought it was really cute. It was a little more revealing than what he was used to, but Abby had assured him that it looked great. So, the pool party she’d insisted upon throwing seemed like the perfect opportunity to show it off. The reception had not been what he had expected, though.

“If you call me Tinkerbell, I’m going to scream,” Desmond said.

“What? No,” said Kurt. “I’m just... I mean... you’re wearing a bikini. I don’t know what’s been going on with you lately, but... are you... you know... are you transgender or something?”

“W-what?” Desmond said, shocked. “Of course not! Why would you say something like that?”

“The long hair? The makeup? The fact that you’re wearing a freaking bikini?” Kurt said, obviously dumbfounded that he even had to explain. You have to see that.”

“First of all — lots of guys have long hair,” Desmond pointed out. “And I’m not wearing that much makeup. As far as the swimsuit, it’s European cut. I don’t know why people have to associate stuff like this with being a girl.”

“Because you look like one!” he insisted.

“We’re just going to have to agree to disagree,” Desmond stated. “Otherwise, I’m going to have to ask you to leave.”



"Is it just me, or are there a lot more gay guys running around these days?" asked Desmond, his hands on his hips.

"What makes you say that?" was Abby's response.

"Nothing," Desmond said. "It's just that I've been hit on by tons of guys lately. Like, everywhere I go, there are guys trying to chat me up."

"And? So?" Abby said.

"But I'm not gay," replied Desmond.

Abby rolled her eyes, saying, "God it's always about labels with you, isn't it Boy, girl. Gay and straight. You should be flattered that guys think you're pretty."

Desmond frowned. While he often thought of himself as pretty, it sometimes felt like the wrong adjective to use when talking about a boy. It shouldn't have made much difference to him, but at times, it just felt like he was missing something really important.

"I guess you're right," he conceded.

"You know what you should do, don't you?" Abby said. "You should humor them. I wouldn't mind it if you wanted to explore a little."

"Yeah, no," Desmond said. "I'm a hundred-percent straight."

Abby grinned, shaking her head as she said, "Always the labels. You really need to work on that."



Desmond said, "How does this look?"

"Great!" Abby said. "Really sexy."

Desmond wasn't so sure, but he wasn't going to argue with Abby's fashion sense. After all, she hadn't steered him wrong, yet. Besides, he was a little too concerned with the upcoming surgery to worry overmuch about his attire.

"Are we sure about this?" he asked. "I'm not saying I don't want to get it done. I'm just asking a question."

Abby said, "If you don't want to get the surgery, then don't. I'm not going to force you to do anything you don't want to do."

"But you said —"

"I said I think it'll be an improvement," Abby said. "Not that I'd make you do it."

Desmond sighed. "What happened to being happy in your own skin?" he asked.

"Oh, grow up," Abby said. "Even if society supported that — and they don't, by the way — we're all self-critical. We all want to improve. And this will be an improvement. You saw the preliminary renders, right? That could be you."

"I know," Desmond admitted. "It's just... I mean..."

"Spit it out," Abby said.

"Nothing," Desmond sighed. "You're right. I don't know why I'm so hesitant."

"Because you're human, sweetie," she said. "And that's okay."



“This is a men’s skirt, right?” said Desmond, looking at himself in the dressing room mirror. He couldn’t deny that the skirt suit looked good.

“It’s unisex,” Abby said.

“Oh, okay,” was Desmond’s response. “That makes sense.”

That explained why they’d come to what was obviously a women’s store to shop for the next evolution of his wardrobe. While he loved his pantsuits, there was a big part of him that desperately wanted to push the envelope.

“Worried about what your friends at work will say?” Abby asked.

If he was honest, Desmond had moved far past caring what those idiots thought. He’d been insulted, teased, and bullied so often, and by people he’d once considered his friends, that he scarcely even let it faze him anymore. Instead, he was more concerned with how the rest of the world saw him. While he was secure in his own masculinity, the rest of the world wasn’t nearly as progressive as him. The result was that Desmond had lost count of the number of times he’d been misgendered.

Not that it really mattered, of course. Abby continuously chastised him for caring about how other saw him, so he’d long since endeavored to push those concerns aside. However, he could only divorce himself from that natural inclination so much.

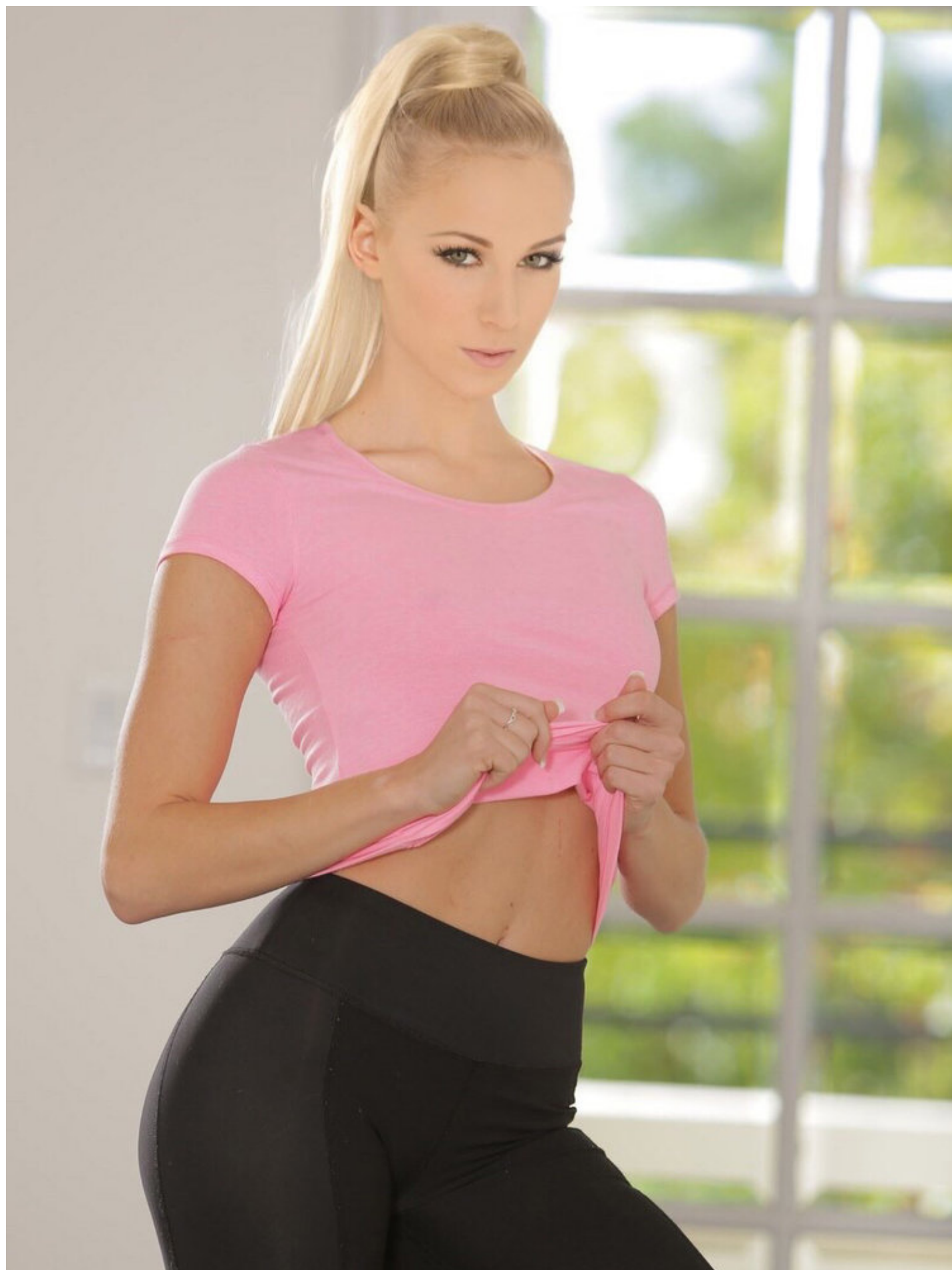
“You know what your problem is? Abby said.

‘W-what? I have a problem?’ Desmond asked.

“You need new friends,” she said. “You should totally start coming to my gym.”

“Isn’t it a women’s only gym, though?”

“Yeah, but I think they’ll make an exception for you,” Abby said. “I’ll sign you up later today, okay?”



"They all think I'm a girl," Desmond said.

"So?" asked Abby. "Is that such a bad thing?"

"But I'm not!" Desmond said in a refrain that had become something of a trend. He was okay with his new, more androgynous style. He even liked the much slimmer body he'd worked so hard to obtain. However, there was something about being misgendered that just irritated him. And making it even worse was the fact that Abby didn't seem to take his annoyance very seriously, often treating him like a petulant child.

"And?" Abby said. "Honestly, you should take it as a compliment."

"Seriously?" he asked.

"Yes, seriously," she said. "Think about it. Aren't women always referred to as the fairer sex? If someone thinks you're a girl, that's just another way of them calling you pretty."

Desmond was going to respond, but then he thought better of it. For one, Abby wasn't didn't take very well to arguments, and it really didn't take much to set her off. But for another, Desmond wasn't entirely sure that she was wrong. The logic made sense, even if it left him feeling a little off.

"Whatever," he said. "At least I'm making gains. I've never been in better shape than this."

Abby stepped close, grabbing his bottom. She gave it a squeeze, saying, "That's definitely true. Those squats are really paying off. Plus, you're making friends, right?"

"Yeah," he admitted. He had indeed found a lot more acceptance in his workout group than he'd gotten at work.

"Then that's all that matters," Abby said.



“What?” asked Desmond.

“A bit revealing, isn’t it?” said Abby.

Desmond looked down at his outfit. Certainly, it was a little more risque than what he normally wore, but he thought the outfit looked great. It showed a lot of skin, but that was the point. He’d worked hard for his body, and he wanted to show it off. Besides, they were going to a club. People wore outfits like this when they went out, right? By comparison, Abby looked downright conservative in her tight dress.

“I think it’s cute,” Desmond said. “So did the girls.”

When Desmond said “the girls” he meant his new gym friends who’d accompanied him on his latest shopping trip. Most of them were a little younger than him, but he didn’t mind; they were just as obsessed with clothes and the like as he was. And besides, none of them knew the older, stuffier version of him, so they simply thought of him as “Des”, their cute friend from the gym.

Of course, they all assumed he was female, and he hadn’t had the heart to correct them — a situation that kept reoccurring. But like Abby always said, what other people thought shouldn’t affect him.

“Well, who am I to argue with the girls?” Abby asked, grinning. “But you should know that you’re going to attract quite a bit of male attention like that. I hope you’re ready for it.”

“What’s new?” he asked. Even a few of the guys at work had abandoned their constant teasing and moved on to outright flirtation. Desmond didn’t know if they were gay or just bisexual, but regardless, it was better than the bullying.

“So long as you’re prepared,” she said. “And like I’ve said a hundred times, if you want to explore that area, I’m not going to stand in your way.”

“No, thanks,” Desmond said. “Nothing against gay guys, but that’s just not me.”

Abby didn’t respond, but she did smile knowingly.



Desmond cupped his chest, saying, “Do you think my pecs are getting kind of flabby?”

“I think your man-boobs are cute,” Abby said.

Desmond’s heart dropped into his stomach. “Man-boobs?” he muttered. “Seriously? I barely eat anything, and I’ve got man-boobs? How does that even happen?”

“It’s probably a hormonal thing,” Abby stated. “It’s not a big deal. Or do you need some new support tops?”

Desmond blushed. Though necessary, those support tops were definitely a source of embarrassment for him. It was one thing to be teased by his coworkers, but it was something else altogether to be called into the human resources department because of his attire. Apparently, there had been some complaints that some of his coworkers could see his increasingly prominent nipples through his relatively thin blouses. The short meeting where the human resources representative talked to him about it had reduced him to blubbering tears.

When he’d gotten home that evening, Abby had dragged the whole story out of him. And once she knew the problem, she set about solving it by buying him what she called “support tops”. To Desmond, though, they definitely seemed like bras.

“Do you think I need to go to the doctor?” he asked.

“For what?” Abby said.

“What we were literally just talking about...”

“Oh, no,” Abby said. “Like I said — I like your cute, little man-boobs. So, I don’t see the problem at all.”



"I hate it," Desmond said. "I just wish they weren't so weird about it."

"Hot everyone is as progressive as we are," Abby said. "It'd be great if they were, but you've got to just accept that some people are still stuck in the days when only women wore skirts."

Desmond shook his head. It wouldn't have been such a big deal if it wasn't for the fact that it had been his family. His parents and brother had staged an intervention with him, the whole purpose of which was to force him to admit that he was transgender. They'd gone on and on about how he was "obviously" transitioning to womanhood. Of course, Desmond had tried to explain how what he wore didn't define his gender, but they hadn't heard any of it.

And then his brother had pointed out his struggles with gynecomastia, and everything had devolved from there. Desmond had been reduced to tears while his parents and brother kept screaming in some misguided effort to persuade him in some way. Desmond wasn't even entirely sure what they really expected from him.

Not that it mattered anymore. He'd burned that bridge.

"Well, it's their loss, right?" Abby said. "If they can't accept you the way you are, that's their problem."

"Yeah," Desmond agreed. "I just wish... I don't know. I just wish it wasn't like that."

"Me too," said Abby. "But on the bright side, I was talking to your plastic surgeon, and I think I have a solution for your complex about your man-boobs."

"Really? What?" Desmond asked.

"Well, there's this surgery that you can get," she said. "It'll make everything better. I promise. Do you want me to make the appointment for you to talk to him?"

"Sure," Desmond said, perking up. "That would be awesome."



“You’re starting to fill out a little, at least,” said Abby. “For a while there, I was worried about you.”

“Oh, come on — you’re the one who put me on that ridiculous diet,” Desmond said, running his hands through his long hair. “I haven’t had meat in more than a year.”

“That’s because you needed to get rid of those gross muscles,” Abby said.

‘You’re, like, the only person in the world who thinks muscles are gross,” Desmond said, shaking his head in bemusement. They’d had the discussion before, so it wasn’t like they were treading new territory.

“Right, so all those skinny models out there are wrong, huh?” Abby said. “But whatever — that’s not the look we’re going for now.”

“It’s not?”

“Dope,” Abby said with a grin. “You’ve come a long way since you start working out at my gym, but I think we need to start developing your natural curves. You know, give me something to grab ahold of.”

“Curves? But guys aren’t supposed to have curves,” Desmond said.

Abby rolled her eyes, saying, “I thought you were over all this gender stereotype nonsense. Plenty of guys have curves. Society just wants you to hide them. But that’s fine. You don’t care what everyone else thinks, right? You just want to be the best version of yourself.”

“Yeah, but —”

“Then it’s settled,” Abby said. “I’ll talk to your trainer, and she’ll start you on a brand-new workout that’ll accentuate your natural gifts. It’ll be great.”



“Say again?” said Desmond, twisting the cap off of his favorite face cream. He’d started to notice a few extra wrinkles lately, and he was determined to head them off at the pass.

“I think you should do it,” Abby said. “The implants, I mean. They’ll look great on you.”

Desmond sighed. He hated the implication in Abby’s eyes. He’d never felt so inadequate in all his life than when she’d taken him in for the latest consultation with his plastic surgeon. For his part, the doctor was professional, courteous, and extremely helpful. But the way Abby looked at the various renderings provided by the doctor made Desmond feel like he’d never be enough for her. Those modified photos depicted Desmond with a wide variety of pectoral implants. Some were enormous. Some modest. But each of them seemed to steer into his greatest insecurities, accentuating the size and shape of his man-boobs. Rather than be disgusted, though, Abby had looked like a kid in a candy store.

“I don’t know,” Desmond said. “It feels like such a big change.”

“Oh, come on — you can’t go through life being scared of stuff like this,” Abby said. “Just take the leap. Worst case scenario, you don’t like them, and you have them taken out. It’s not a big deal.”

“But it’s plastic surgery!”

“And? You’ve already had your face adjusted,” she said. “This is just taking things a little further. Besides, you’re obviously not happy with your body. This is just a way to address your insecurities and turn them into strengths.”

That line of reasoning cut through Desmond like a knife. Was it really possible? Could he actually embrace his gynecomastia? Could it become a source of confidence? Abby seemed to think so, and he trusted her implicitly. However, that didn’t mean he was completely convinced.

But like Abby had said, what was the worst that would happen? He could always backtrack and have them removed, right?

Finally, he said, “Fine. Let’s do it.”



"I... I don't know," Desmond said, cupping his new breasts. The surgery itself had gone off without a hitch, and the recovery had been easier than he could've imagined. It had only been two weeks, and aside from a little soreness, there were no remaining ill effects. "They seem kind of big."

"That's the point," Abby said. "You always liked big boobs, right? Well, now you have some. And they look awesome."

Desmond just shook his head. When he looked in the mirror, his reflection definitely supported Abby's supposition that they looked great. Better than that, honestly. He was extremely happy with the way his implants felt, and he was even happier with how they looked. But there was something buzzing in the back of his mind, incessantly whispering to him that something was wrong.

But that voice had been with him for months, hadn't it? And it was consistently wrong. Besides, he'd gotten pretty good at ignoring it, hadn't he? So, he pushed it even further into the darkest spaces of his mind, hoping that it would eventually just shut up.

"What do you think the guys at work are going to say?" he asked.

"You mean, while they're staring at your awesome cleavage?" she asked with a sly smile.

"Ugh," he said. "Like I need any more attention like that."

"Most girls would love having that kind of problem," Abby pointed out.

"Yeah, but I'm not a girl," he said, still cupping his breasts. "I'm not even gay. So, it's just unwanted attention."

"Maybe you should work on that," Abby said. "Consider opening your mind a little. You might find out that you like it."

"Yeah, no chance of that happening," he said. "Ugh. I guess I'm going to have to buy a bunch of new chest supporters, huh?"



"I didn't mention it, but I totally dig your tattoo," Abby said. "It definitely fits."

Desmond sighed. "It wasn't even my idea," he admitted. "I was drinking with some of my friends from the gym, and one of them dared me to get a tattoo. I didn't have one yet, and... well... then this guy at the tattoo parlor offered to pay for it. And... well, one thing led to another..."

"You didn't perform any... ah... special favors for the guy to pay for it, did you?" Abby asked with a knowing smile.

"No!" Desmond said. "He just... he just wanted to watch."

But that wasn't the whole story, of course. The man had also asked Desmond back to his apartment for "drinks". Desmond had obviously refused — after all, he wasn't gay — but just before they'd parted ways, he had given the man his number. Since then, he'd been sending Desmond plenty of not-safe-for-work photos, mostly of his manhood. Desmond hadn't yet responded, but he'd definitely found himself thumbing through them on more than one occasion.

Not that he was attracted to him or anything. No — nothing like that. He was just a little curious. However, when he looked at the man's dick, something definitely stirred inside of him. Not desire. Definitely not that. But he couldn't help but wonder what the thing would feel like. Or how it might taste. Desmond had even had a couple of dreams about it.

"Well, that's just one advantage of being so gorgeous," Abby said. "You get free stuff."

That much was definitely true. Since Desmond had started changing his style, he'd definitely been treated differently by people. Outside of work, where most of his coworkers continued to tease him, people tended to treat him like royalty. People were nicer. More accommodating. People even went out of their way to hold doors open for him!

And it had only gotten even more prominent since he'd gotten his implants, which resulted in him no longer questioning if the surgery was a good thing.

"Yeah," he said. "I guess that's right."



“That’s an interesting outfit choice for a night out with the girls,” said Abby, looking Desmond up and down.

Desmond ran his hands over the slippery surface of the vinyl dress, asking, “Is it too much? It’s too much, isn’t it God, I told them it would be —”

Abby chuckled, saying, “No — I think its perfect. It really sends the right message.”

Desmond quirked an eyebrow, wondering precisely what message that was. However, he quickly abandoned that line of thought; after all, Abby had a weird sense of humor anyway, and he’d long since given up on trying to understand why she almost constantly wore a smirk.

“Are you sure you don’t want to come?” Abby asked. “The girls keep asking about you.”

“No, no — you need your own friends,” Abby said. “We don’t want to be one of those couples that’s always together, right? We need our separate lives.”

“I guess,” Desmond said with a pout. “But I hardly ever see you anymore. Between work and the gym and these nights out with the girls, we’re only in the same room a few times a week.”

“Awww — you miss me that much?” Abby said, mock sincerity in her voice. “Seriously, though — it’s not a big deal.”

“Yeah, I suppose you’re right,” Desmond said, unconvinced but unwilling to argue the point. If he was honest, of late, the absence of his wife from his life had left him feeling almost single. And given the number of men who constantly propositioned him, that was a dangerous thing indeed. At first, it hadn’t been that difficult to rebuff their advances, but lately, it had become increasingly more difficult. It wasn’t that he was gay or anything. He certainly wasn’t. But he couldn’t deny that he was a little curious about such a lifestyle. “Anyway, I’ll be back tomorrow morning. I’m staying at Julianne’s tonight.”

“Alright,” Abby said. “I’ll just be here pining away!”

“If you don’t want me to —”

“No, no — I was just kidding,” she said. “You go have fun with your little friends.”



“Wait, what?” Desmond asked. “Say that again.”

“Oh, don’t act so surprised,” Abby said. “An open relationship is not a huge deal. Lots of couples find that it helps them to grow much closer to their partners.”

“But... but we’re married...”

“And? That doesn’t mean we own one another,” Abby said. “I’m not so possessive that I would begrudge you the opportunity to have a little meaningless sex.”

Desmond just looked at his wife as he tried to wrap his brain around her statement. On the one hand, he hadn’t been living in a bubble. He’d read plenty of stories about couples who’d successfully tried out open relationships. However, he’d also seen plenty of people whose relationships had been destroyed by it. But he could also read between the lines. If he refused, Abby would consider him too possessive.

“Where is this coming from? Am I not enough?” he asked.

“Baby, don’t take this the wrong way, but we haven’t had normal sex in months,” she said. “It’s not your fault or anything, but when is the last time you even got hard?”

Desmond was about to answer the question, but then he froze. When, indeed? It had been close to eighteen months, and even then, it hadn’t been to have sex with his wife. It’d just been a random thing that had happened while he was watching football, of all things. Sure, he and Abby had had sex since then, but it had been a thing of tongues and fingers, more akin to what one would expect between a pair of lesbians than between a man and his wife.

“Sometimes, I just need a big dick,” Abby said. “It’s not a judgment on you or anything. It’s just sex. And think about it — you would be free to do the same thing. It really is a perfect arrangement.”

Despite his misgivings, Desmond wasn’t in any position to refuse his wife anything. So, he just nodded, saying, “Yeah, you’re right. I would never want to stand between you and something you wanted.”



“Ugh,” said Abby, walking into the bedroom. She had just had her first extramarital date, and she’d been very blunt about having sex with the guy. “I can barely walk straight.”

Desmond ignored her as he took off his heels. Instead, he focused on personal things — chiefly, his relationships with his coworkers. From an interpersonal perspective, everything had continued to devolve until he’d become the frequent butt of plenty of office jokes. He’d even overheard more than a few conversations where he’d been called the “tranny bimbo”. And while the moniker had hurt his feelings, he had difficulty refuting the claim.

The problem was that as he’d developed his new style, his work performance had steadily declined. No matter how hard he worked, he just kept getting things wrong. Tasks he’d once done without even a hint of difficulty completely stumped him, now. And if it weren’t for the fact that he could lean on the team around him, Desmond was certain that he’d have been already fired.

The worst part was that because his capabilities had so sharply declined, nobody in the office really respected him anymore. Any time he’d make a suggestion, his coworkers would just give him a verbal pat on the head and send him on his way. Usually to get coffee or something. He’d become a veritable girl Friday, and he was getting more than tired of it.

But what was he going to do? Each time he tried to speak up in meetings, his mind just went blank. He’d stammer through some inane, poorly-thought-out idea, and the rest of the executives would just look at him like he was just some ditzy, blonde bimbo. Which had become increasingly accurate, over the previous months.

And now he had to deal with his wife having sex with other guys. It was becoming too much for him, and he was certain that he was on the verge of experiencing a mental breakdown.

Not that Abby seemed to notice or care, of course. She was too wrapped up in her own sexual escapades, as evidenced by her running commentary about the guy she’d just slept with. Desmond was of half a mind to break the seal and sleep with someone else, just to show her how it felt. Yeah — that would teach her a lesson. Then, he could go on and on about how big her own lover’s cock was...

Wait. Cock? Had he already decided that if he were going to take advantage of the open relationship, he’d choose a male partner? When had that happened?



“What do you think, Miss Kane?” came a cutting voice, interrupting Desmond’s meandering thoughts.

Despite the fact that his colleague had misgendered him... again, he looked up, asking, “W-what?”

A wave of chuckles spread across the conference room. Doubtless, they all knew he hadn’t been paying attention — which was precisely the reason Russell had called on him. It was an effort to further destabilize Desmond’s position within the company, and it wasn’t the first time, either.

“You were just completely zoned out, weren’t you?” Russell said. He didn’t wait for Desmond to respond. Instead, he went on, “How about this? Be a good girl and fetch us some coffee, will you? When you get back, you can take notes.”

Desmond didn’t miss the fact that he was being treated like a secretary. But then again, he hadn’t contributed anything to the meeting, and more than anything else, he was terrified of losing his job due to his ever-growing incompetence. So, he was willing to do just about anything it took — aside from being good at his job, which remained a distant, unreachable goal — to maintain his employment. So, without complaint, he started taking everyone’s coffee orders.

Sure, it was demeaning — especially when one of the guys patted him on the bottom — but he endured it was best he could. However, it only got worse when Russell caught a glance at the list of orders Desmond had been keeping. He snatched it out of his hands, saying, “Guys — you are not going to believe this.”

“Give it back,” whined Desmond, reaching for it. But Russell was too quick.

“Listen to how this bimbo spelled cappuccino,” he said, already laughing. “She spells it k-a-p-u-c-h-e-e-n-o-e. Seriously. It’s right here on the list!”

Blushing furiously, Desmond said, “It’s hard, okay!”

“That’s what she said!” Russell added.

Desmond wanted to point out how terrible and outdated the joke was, but for the life of her, she couldn’t bring herself to respond. Instead, she just endured the rest of the jokes, wishing for all she was worth that she was somewhere else. In the end, it was just another typical meeting.



Desmond opened the front door to see one of his newest coworkers, Harry, standing there. "Oh, good — you're here," Desmond said. "Thanks for coming."

"Yeah, no problem," Harry said. "I just wanted to say that I'm sorry about how that meeting went yesterday. They had no right talking to you like that."

Desmond shrugged, saying, "It's fine. I'm used to it."

"Yeah, but you shouldn't have to get used to that sort of thing," the man insisted. "You're just as much a part of the team as anyone else, and it shouldn't matter if you can spell or not. They shouldn't make fun of you."

Desmond was about to respond, but then he really looked at Harry. He was young — probably fresh out of business school — and, if Desmond was being honest, he was handsome, too. Immediately, his thoughts went where they usually did upon meeting a handsome man, which is to say that Desmond began to wonder what the man would be like in bed.

He seemed sensitive, so that was definitely a plus. Maybe he would be tender, and take it slow. Or perhaps that was just hiding a more forceful side? Desmond didn't know, but he definitely wanted to — wait... what was he thinking? Did he really want to have sex with Harry? Was that even allowed?

Abby wouldn't object. She'd slept with, like, half-a-dozen men since they'd opened up their marriage, and Desmond had been forced to hear all about them. So, if he suddenly wanted to do the same, he knew it wouldn't be an issue.

The problem was that he wasn't sure if he wanted to have sex with men at all. Sure, he'd thought about it, and quite a lot. But that didn't mean he was ready to take that plunge. On the other hand, Harry sure was handsome. And judging by the bulge in his slacks that Desmond hadn't failed to notice, he was packing something truly impressive down below.

"So... what'd you want to see me for?" Harry asked.

Right then, Desmond made a decision.



Once Desmond had made the choice, he didn't hesitate. Instead, he stepped close to Harry and draped his arms over the man's shoulders. Looking up, he said, "I think you know why I wanted you to come over."

Harry swallowed hard. "Are you sure?" he asked.

"I am," Desmond said. And before he knew what was happening, Harry leaned in and kissed him. Even as their mouths came together, Desmond felt realization wash over him. This felt right in a way that he couldn't even begin to explain. He didn't just want it. He needed it.

Part of it was Harry. The man was extremely handsome, well-built, and if Desmond's suspicions proved correct, well-hung. He was also someone who'd never known the old Desmond, which only made things that much easier.

But there was another part — the one Desmond had long tried to subvert — that desperately wanted to give himself to a man. He'd come close on a few of his drunken nights out with the girls, but he had managed to keep that desire bottled up. However, once he made his choice, it felt like a dam inside of him had been broken, and everything just came spilling out, flooding him with desperate need and fervent desire.

And that was only after a kiss. What would taking things further do to him?

After a few seconds, Desmond guided Harry to the couch, where he pushed the man to a seated position. A moment later, and Desmond was on his lap, straddling his rapidly growing erection. Desmond ground against it, savoring the feeling — not just the physical sensation, but rather, the knowledge that, with only a kiss, he could cause such a response.

The two kissed for a few more minutes, their hands roaming all over one another's bodies. Until Desmond couldn't take it anymore. He wanted what was in Harry's pants, and it had finally come time to take it.



Desmond hooked his fingers under the waistband of his panties, dreading what was coming next. For more than a year, he'd almost exclusively been seen as a woman. Even at work, where he'd made it known that he preferred male pronouns, he was often referred to as the opposite. And in public? Among strangers? He couldn't remember the last time someone treated him like a man.

It wasn't that big of a deal. He was secure in his masculinity, and like Abby always said — what other people think of you isn't really important. It's who you are inside that matters. And besides, he liked the way he looked, and he wasn't going to change it just because someone thought he looked a little feminine.

However, with the assumptions concerning his gender came with attachments. Chiefly, that when people did find out he identified as a male, they often didn't believe him. Or if they did, things got a little... weird. More than one of his would-be suitors had cut contact the moment they found out what was between his legs. But in Desmond's defense, if they sent him dick pics, shouldn't he do the same? It only made sense. But apparently, that wasn't what any of them wanted.

In any case, as he dragged his panties down his smooth thighs, Desmond knew that his would-be affair with Harry was balanced on a precarious edge. He wasn't so naive that he didn't know the dangers. Though he wasn't transgender, he was well aware that he shared at least a few similarities with them. And so, he'd familiarized himself with their problems. Being seen as trying to "trap" straight men was definitely one of them, and he knew that things could turn violent in a matter of moments.

But for some reason, Desmond hadn't thought to tell Harry the situation. After all, he was a man, wasn't he? Sure, he might send a couple of mixed signals based on how he dressed, but Harry had to know the truth.

"Huh," Harry said, quirked an eyebrow as he looked between Desmond's legs. "I expected it to be bigger. It's kind of cute."

Relief flooded Desmond's mind, but he didn't say anything. Instead, he finished taking off his panties and dropped to his knees. After all, he'd been thinking about performing oral sex on men for quite some time. It was only natural that he would look forward to it.

Still, when he looked at the thing hovering before him, Desmond had a brief flash of panic. He wasn't gay. He shouldn't even be kneeling in front of a man's hard cock, right? And he definitely didn't want to suck one. So, why was he leaning forward? Why was he opening his mouth? And why was he wrapping his lips around it? No sooner had those questions rushed to the front of his mind than they dissipated into nothingness as the sheer satisfaction of finally sucking a cock washed over him.



Desmond knew it was coming. In fact, it was clearly the thing he'd wanted from the very beginning. So, when Harry sat on the couch, his saliva-slick cock jutting up from his groin, why did he find himself hesitating?

Was he really such a homophobe that he didn't want to have sex with a man? That was what Abby always said. To refuse was to acknowledge homophobic tendencies, and it was one of those things about himself that she'd always urged him to work on. And he had. The fact that he'd already sucked Harry's cock was a testament to how far he had come.

But this was taking things a step further, wasn't it?

Sure, he'd enjoyed making out with Harry, but that was just kissing. And the blow job had certainly been fun — especially when Harry's hand found the back of his head. But could he take that next step? Could he actually have sex with the man? More, judging by Harry's positioning, he wanted Desmond to be on top, which presented a host of other questions. It was one thing to just bend over and take it. But it was something else for him to be in control, for him to willingly ride the thing.

But he did want it. Desmond couldn't even begin to deny that simple fact. There was a knot of tickling tension in his tummy that told him just how much he needed it. And it wasn't like he'd never had anything in there before. He and Abby had introduced toys to their own bedroom activities nearly a year before. So, he knew he was prepared for it.

Before he even really made a decision, Desmond was moving. He was barely even thinking as he lowered himself onto Harry's cock, and the moment he felt the thing enter him, all thoughts of backing out faded into nothingness. Even as he felt it all the way inside of him, Desmond knew he'd made the right choice.



“You seem different these past couple of days,” Abby said. “Did something happen?”

Of course, something had happened. In fact, everything had changed. For Desmond, it all felt so clear. After having sex with Harry, he’d begun to wonder why he’d ever hesitated. It hadn’t just been the physical pleasure of it. Sure, he’d enjoyed it from a purely tangible perspective, but it went far deeper than that. And a good deal of his enjoyment was psychological.

There was just something about bouncing up and down on Harry’s cock that made him feel complete in a way he’d never experienced before. Certainly, the orgasm he’d experienced definitely helped, but it paled in comparison to the knowledge that he’d found something that made him truly feel wanted. But that wasn’t what was on his mind right now.

Desmond shook his head, saying, “Would it be weird if I changed my name?”

“To what?” asked Abby.

“I don’t know,” he admitted. “But I just... I don’t feel like a ‘Desmond’ anymore.”

The truth of the matter was that, when he introduced himself, people tended to look at him like he was crazy. Part of it was probably because ‘Desmond’ was clearly a male name, and sometimes he didn’t exactly look that part. But another part of the problem was that he really didn’t feel like his name fit him anymore.

“Hmm,” Abby said. “What kind of name were you thinking? Something cute, I hope.”

“Maybe something androgynous,” he suggested. “Like ‘Alex’ or ‘Joey’ or something like that?”

“Oh, what about Tiffany?” Abby said.

Suddenly, Desmond’s heart bloomed with warmth. The moment Abby had said the name, he’d felt a certain connection. “That... that sounds wonderful,” he said. “Tiffany. That’s not too girly, is it?”

“Oh, no — think of it like ‘Shannon’ or something like that,” she said. “Sure, there are probably more girls than boys with the name, but it’s definitely androgynous.”

Desmond — no, Tiffany — smiled, saying, “I’ll go downtown tomorrow to fill out the paperwork, then.”



"I don't know why we have to keep it a secret," said Harry. "I like you. You like me. Does it really matter if people at work know?"

Standing naked before her lover, Tiffany ran her hands through her hair. She had no idea how to explain the situation to Harry without making him feel horrible, but the fact of the matter was that he was little more than a convenient means of a scratching a very particular itch. Sure, she enjoyed their time together, but she was a married woman. If... wait, when did she start thinking of herself in feminine terms?

She was a man, wasn't she? So, why was she using feminine pronouns? Thinking back, it had been like that since she'd changed her name a few weeks before. Was that significant?

But then again, what did pronouns really matter? She knew what she was, didn't she? And a couple of extra letters here and there weren't going to change anything. Right? Still, it was a little distressing that she'd slipped into the habit without even realizing it.

"Because people at work wouldn't understand," she said. "You have no idea what I've gone through in that office. They'd target you."

"I don't care," he said. "I love you."

It was all Tiffany could do not to roll her eyes. Harry was young enough that he probably didn't even know what love really was, much less how it felt. And besides, he was just a tool, wasn't he? Aside from liking having sex with him, Tiffany felt nothing for the man.

"You don't mean that," she said.

"I do, though!" he insisted. Then, when she didn't say anything back, he deflated. "You don't love me, though."

"Listen, I told you from the very beginning that —"

"No, it's fine," he said. "I get it."



“Kurt!” Tiffany said, sitting up from where she’d been tanning by the pool. When the man drew closer, she said, “I’m so glad you could come by!”

“Um... you going to put those things away?” he asked, gesturing towards Tiffany’s chest.

For a moment, Tiffany was confused. Then, suddenly, she realized that she’d been tanning topless. A little embarrassed, she said, “Oh, pardon my fits. Kind of forgot they were out.”

That kind of thing had been happening a lot lately. Often, she’d just forget random things. She knew it made her look even more like a ditzy bimbo than normal, but try as she might, she couldn’t stop it. So, she was resolved to simply stop worrying about it, instead, decided to go with the flow.

“Right,” the man said. “Listen, I want to —”

“Oh, I forgot — have a seat,” she said.

Sighing, Kurt did. Then, he said, “Look —I just wanted to come by and talk to you about something. I’m worried about you, man. This whole... thing... it’s just come out of nowhere. And I was talking with your parents, and they agree that maybe you had some kind of psychotic break or something. We all thought it might be best if you go to this facility they found. It specializes in gender issues, and —”

“I don’t have any gender issues, though,” Tiffany said, narrowing her eyes behind her oversized sunglasses. “I know I’m a man. So, I don’t need a place like that, right?”

“You’re not serious, are you?” Kurt said.

“Oh, come on,” she said. “I’m well aware that I dress a bit femininely, but that doesn’t make me a woman. Geez, Kurt. Overreaction, much?”

For a few minutes, Kurt continued to try to convince Tiffany that she had an issue, but it didn’t work. Tiffany was entirely certain of who and what she was, so she had no intention of going to some needless psychiatric facility where they’d try to convince her she had a problem that she clearly didn’t have. In the end, though, she was forced to ask an increasingly irate Kurt to leave. He did so only when she threatened to call the police.

An hour later, Abby came home from one of her many dates to find Tiffany still sitting outside, mulling over the day’s events. After Tiffany told her everything that had happened, Abby said, “Well, he’s just a bigot. Clearly. And I’m glad you stuck to your guns. I’m proud of you.”



“Do you have any idea how many guys hit on me at the gym today?” Tiffany complained.

“Well, you’re dressed a little provocatively,” Abby said, nodding at Tiffany’s ensemble.

Tiffany rolled her eyes, saying, “Ugh. Do you know how annoying that is? Just because I’m dressed a certain way doesn’t make me a slut.”

“Woah,” Abby said, raising her hands in surrender. “What’s going on? I didn’t mean it like that.”

Tiffany sighed, then sat down. “Nothing,” she muttered. “It’s just... I mean, it’s not fair, right? The way people look at me, I mean.”

Abby sat next to her, saying, “What happened?”

“It’s work,” she said. “Harry let it slip that he had sex with me, and now everybody there thinks I’m, like, a turbo-slut. Everyone’s talking about me behind my back, but you know, just loud enough for me to hear. One of the secretaries even said that I only ever became an executive because I give the best blowjobs in the office. I mean, what the hell? I never had sex with anybody but Harry!”

“People suck,” Abby said. “I know it’s frustrating, but they just do. And there’s nothing we can do about it, so it’s best if we all just kind of ignore it.”

“But I’m not a slut!”

“I know that, and you know that,” Abby said. “And that’s all that matters. Right?”

“Y-yeah,” Tiffany said. “I guess so. But I still hate it.”



Tiffany had long since been moved out of her corner office and into the open bullpen where the secretaries were stationed. At the time, she didn't mind because she thought it would give her an opportunity to make new friends. After all, she'd found that the women she met during her workouts were far more accepting than any of the men who'd once been her friends. So, she simply assumed that the secretaries would be the same. That hadn't turned out to be the case, and if anything, they were even worse than the men.

In either case, she was sitting at her desk, struggling to make her way through an email when her boss, Russell approached. Thinking he was just there to make fun of her like always, she chose to ignore his presence. Until he cleared his throat, saying, "I'm going to need you to come with me, please."

His flat, emotionless tone of voice gave her all the hints she needed, and even as she followed him to his office, she knew something was wrong. But what was she supposed to do? She couldn't very well refuse to follow. So, soon, she found herself sitting across from him.

"I'm sorry, Tiffany, but we're going to have to let you go," the man said. He passed a folder to her, saying, "This is your severance package. Review it, and if everything is to your satisfaction, please sign the form in the back. Then, you can go."

"Y-you're firing me?" she said, tears welling up in her eyes. "Why?"

He looked at her like she'd just said the dumbest thing imaginable. "Seriously? You may be the worst employee I have ever seen," he said. "In the past two years, your efficiency numbers have dropped by nearly ninety percent. Your reports are filled with spelling errors. You space out in meetings. Hell, you can't even get the coffee orders right. And then, on top of that, there's your reputation. Inter-office flings aren't strictly forbidden, but they are frowned upon. Do I need to go on?"

Tiffany couldn't respond. She didn't know what to say. Sure, she'd known that her performance had dropped a little, but she kept thinking that it was only a matter of time before she regained her form. And as for the spelling errors, that wasn't her fault either. The letters just got all jumbled up in her head. It was the same with the meetings — it didn't matter how hard she tried to concentrate, it usually only took her a few minutes before she started daydreaming.

So, not knowing what else to do, she just shook her head, flipped to the back of the folder, and signed her name. Thus, her career had ended.



“What do you expect me to do?” Tiffany asked, crossing her arms.

“Well, you’ve got to get another job, obviously,” Abby stated. “I can’t support us by myself.”

“But you know how the market is!” Tiffany said. “And I’m sure Russell is going to blackball me. I think I should just —”

“You should’ve just offered to blow him or something,” Abby said. “Let him behind you over his desk a few times. That was probably what he was shooting for, honestly.”

“Y-you expect me to... I mean... I would never...”

“Oh, please — don’t start clutching your pearls now,” Abby said dismissively. “Men are easy to figure out, Tiffany. And if you’d have just taken one for the team, we wouldn’t be having this conversation. As it is, we might end up having to sell the house.”

“I... I’ll find something else,” Tiffany said.

“You’d better,” was Abby’s response. “And try not to be such a dumb bimbo this time, okay? I know it’s difficult for you, but if you’d just be better at your job, none of this would have happened. And failing that, be willing to use the advantages you do have.”

Tiffany didn’t know how to respond to that. Her wife was literally telling her to exchange sex for job security, which would’ve effectively made her a whore. That wasn’t something she was comfortable with, no matter how much sense it made.

“I... I’ll try to do better,” she said.



Abby sat across from Tiffany, asking, "Any luck?"

"No," Tiffany admitted. "And you asking every five minutes isn't helping. I'm getting super stressed out about this."

"Good," Abby said.

"W-what?" Tiffany said, looking up from her laptop. Over the previous few weeks, she had applied for countless jobs, and she hadn't heard back from a single one of them. She'd even gone outside her field and applied for positions for which she was grossly overqualified, and there hadn't been a single response. To say she was getting frustrated would've been a gross understatement.

"I said 'good'," was Abby's response. "Seriously, Tiffany — you can't afford to just sit around and wait for the perfect opportunity. You need to take whatever you can find. If that means working at some fast food restaurant flipping burgers, then that's what you need to do."

"I would!" Tiffany said. "But those jobs don't pay enough to make a difference!"

"What if there was something you could do that would pay plenty to help us make ends meet?" Abby said. "But fair warning, it won't be the kind of job you're used to."

"I don't care," Tiffany said. "I need to do something. I'll take whatever I can get."

"Do you mean that?" Abby asked.

"I do!" was Tiffany's immediate response.

"Okay — just remember you said that," she said. "So, here's the deal..."



It really wasn't so bad, Tiffany's new job.

Sure, she was a stripper, and it was a little embarrassing. However, as Abby had predicted, she made quite good money doing it. And, of course, there was the attention to consider. That made things that much more palatable.

Of course, it also took some adjustment, getting used to her new status. And it was especially humiliating when a few of her old colleagues came in. They didn't make a big deal out of it or anything — after all, they didn't want to get kicked out — but Tiffany saw the looks they gave her. Thankfully, it hadn't gone any further than that.

One thing she never expected was how much she enjoyed the dancing part of it. Before she'd begun to rediscover herself, she'd never really considered herself much of a dancer. As Abby would say, she'd been conditioned by society to think of dancing as a feminine activity, and thus, she'd avoided it. However, from the moment she took the stage and started twirling around that pole, she knew she'd found her calling. Now, only a couple of weeks later, she could move like the professional she had become.

The best part was that she actually made more money than she had at her old job. Almost double, actually. And that was only working a few days a week. The rest of the time, she had to herself.

But after she finished her latest dance, she gathered her discarded clothing, and exited the stage, she wasn't thinking about any of that. Instead, she was wholly focused on the sense of empowerment that she felt. At her old job, she had been so out of her depth that her confidence had taken quite a hit. But as a dancer, she was in her element, and as such, she felt better about herself each day. Up there, she didn't have to worry about her inability to spell. Nor did she have to think about the fact that she struggled reading even the most basic of sentences. On that stage, all that mattered was being sexy — and she could do that with ease.

Once she got backstage, she quickly found her vanity and started putting her clothes back on. There were a few guys out there that had been eyeing her, and she was certain that she could wrangle a couple of private dances out of them.



“You seem to enjoy your new job,” said Abby.

“It pays well,” admitted Tiffany. Despite the fact that dancing naked for strange men left her feeling inexplicably empowered, Tiffany was still a little embarrassed to admit that she finally felt like she’d found her calling. Especially to someone like Abby, who she felt certain would judge her for it.

“It’s more than that,” Abby said. “I was there yesterday. I saw how you were getting into it.”

Tiffany blushed. “I guess,” she said. “Is that such a bad thing?”

“No, of course not!” Tiffany said. “In fact, I think it’s wonderful. Everyone should find something that really suits them.”

Tiffany was about to respond, but instead, there was an inexplicable sensation of dread that washed over her. Suddenly, she felt certain that something was absolutely, unequivocally wrong with her life. No — with everything about who she was. Who she had become.

“What’s wrong?” asked Abby. “You look like you just saw a ghost.”

Just as quickly as it had come, the feeling passed. However, an echo of that unease remained within her, almost taunting her sense of self.

“N-nothing,” she said, pushing her hand through her hair. “I’m fine. I was just... my... it’s nothing at all.”

“So long as you’re sure...”

“I am,” said Tiffany.

“Good, because you don’t want to miss work, do you?” said Abby.



"I mean, yeah," said Tiffany. "I've definitely thought about it. Why?"

Abby shrugged. "I just thought it'd probably make you a Rule more popular at the club," Tiffany said. "It wouldn't make you any less of a man, either."

"Do you really think that?" Tiffany asked, a little confused. "I mean, isn't having a dick part of being a guy?"

"To people who don't understand gender, maybe," Abby said. "Mink about it. What about that guy you knew? What was his name? Hank?"

For a moment, Tiffany didn't remember the person she was talking about. However, that lasted only a few seconds until she said, "Oh. Yeah. Hank. I wonder how he's doing."

"I'm sure he's fine," Abby said. "But he doesn't have a dick anymore, right? Does that make him any less of a man?"

Indeed, Hank had been a friend of Tiffany's family who had been hit pretty hard by both testicular and penile cancer, necessitating the removal of both. Tiffany wouldn't have even known about it if she hadn't, as a child, overheard her parents talking about it in hushed voices. It had always seemed like such a horror story to Tiffany, being mutilated like that. However, each time she'd seen Hank in the interim, she'd been struck by how normal he had seemed. He didn't have male genitals anymore, but he was very clearly still a man.

"I guess you're right about that," Tiffany said. "But I've also got to think about my place at the club."

"I would think getting it removed would only help that situation," Abby said.

"Not really," Tiffany said. "Right now, me having what I have between the legs kind of makes me special. Without it, I'm just like any of the other girls. So... no... I don't think I want to get rid of it. Besides, you still think it's cute, right?"

Abby briefly frowned, but it only lasted a moment before she said, "It's absolutely adorable."



“W-what?” said Tiffany. “Are you serious?”

“Oh, come on — this can’t be coming as a surprise,” Abby said dismissively. “You had to know this was coming.”

“I really didn’t,” was Tiffany’s shocked response. “I thought... I thought you... we were in love.”

“Don’t be naive,” Abby said. “I do still love you. I’m just no in love with you, if that makes any sense. You’re way too feminine for my tastes.”

“B-but I thought you...”

“It was fun for a while, I suppose,” Abby said. “I definitely have bisexual tendencies, but the thing is — I need dick. Like, real dick. Not that shrimp, little thing you’ve got in your panties. I’m sure that you, of all people, can understand that.”

Tiffany just stared at her wife. Certainly, she had been very aware of just how unsatisfying their sex life had become. After all, there was a reason that Abby so often slept with other men. However, she had never suspected that Abby would ask for a divorce. Or more accurately, demand one.

“Don’t look at me like that,” Abby continued. “You look like a lost puppy. I mean, we’ll still be friends, right? That doesn’t have to change. This is kind of a good thing, if you think about it. You don’t have to worry about pretending you’re something you’re not anymore.”

“But I don’t want to get divorced,” Tiffany complained.

“I know,” was Abby’s response. “But this is happening anyway. It’s best if you just go ahead and accept it.”



“What are you doing?” asked Abby.

“Reading,” Tiffany lied. The reality was that she could only make out every third or fourth word, and even then, only if it was a short one. Her intelligence had continued to seemingly dissipate over the previous few weeks, and it had only been exacerbated by the impending divorce.

For her part, Tiffany insisted that she wasn’t stupid. She could still think perfectly well. The problem was that the combination of being practically incapable of reading and her tendency to space out made her seem borderline impaired. That, coupled with her looks gave people a very concrete impression that she was a bimbo. And though Tiffany hated that, she didn’t have the mental faculties to dispute it.

“Sure you are,” Abby said, rolling her eyes. “Listen — I know you’re upset, but you don’t have to lie to me. We’re still friends.”

“Whatever,” Tiffany sulked.

Abby sat next to her. “I don’t know why you can’t be amicable about this,” Abby said. “Just because we’re getting divorced doesn’t mean anything has to change between us. You know that, don’t you?”

Finally, Tiffany looked up from the book she couldn’t really read, saying, “Do you honestly believe that?”

“Why wouldn’t I?”

Tiffany sighed. “Because we’re getting divorced,” Tiffany answered. “Like, full-on divorce. Not a separation. If you don’t think things are going to change, you’re... you’re... God — what’s the word I’m looking for? Where people don’t see the truth?”

“Naïve?”

“Yeah,” Tiffany said. “You’re being naïve. Everything’s going to change the moment the divorce is finalized.”



“Wait, what?” asked Tiffany, sitting on the bed wearing only her panties, a bra, and a white tee-shirt. “I don’t understand.”

“Yeah, it hit me by surprise, too,” said Abby, looking nonplussed. “Came out of nowhere, honestly. I’m sure you understand, though.”

Tiffany just stared at Abby for a few seconds before saying, “But you said nothing was going to change. You promised that —”

“And you called me naïve,” Abby pointed out. “I suppose you were right. Congratulations.”

Tiffany shook her head in disbelief. “Where am I supposed to go, though?” she asked. “I don’t have any savings, and —”

“Honestly, that’s not my problem,” Abby said. “When you signed the divorce papers, I got the house. You really should’ve read those a little more closely.”

Tiffany didn’t know how to respond. She wanted to read the contract, but every time she tried, the words had just bled together. She hadn’t even managed to decipher the smaller ones, much less the meaning of the contract. Instead, she had relied on Abby to explain everything — a mistake, it seemed, but one she thought was unavoidable.

Now, with Abby basically having gotten all of their shared assets in the divorce, Tiffany had been left with nothing but her admittedly impressive wardrobe, a few pieces of jewelry, and her car, while Abby had gotten everything else. It shouldn’t have been an issue — and it hadn’t been, up until Abby had told her that she needed to move out.

“If it’s any consolation, this wasn’t my idea,” Abby said. “With Vince moving in, he’s just not comfortable with my ex-husband still staying here. You get that, right?”

“I... I don’t... I don’t know what to say,” Tiffany admitted.

“That’s fine,” Abby said. “Just so long as you’re out within a week, yeah? I’ll even make Vince help you move, just so there’s no hard feelings.”



“Thanks for helping me out,” said Tiffany. “I don’t know where I would have stayed if you hadn’t agreed to let me stay here.”

Bunny, one of the girls Tiffany worked with at the club, waved her off, saying, “Oh, it’s no big deal. So long as you don’t mind sharing a bed, I mean. No funny business, though! Keep your hands to yourself!”

The pair of strippers laughed. Of course, at one point, Tiffany would have found it difficult to follow that rule. Bunny was the sort of girl who was once just her type. However, the notion of sleeping with a woman just left her with a sour taste in her mouth. Certainly, she could recognize just how attractive Bunny was, but it was more like a detached acknowledgement of beauty, rather than anything associated with sexual attraction. It was the same with most women, actually.

Men, on the other hand, were a very different story. Even the mere thought of a naked man tied her stomach into knots of desire. Wait — was she completely gay, now? When had that happened?

“You know, you can always make a little extra money if you’re willing to go the extra mile at work,” Bunny said.

“What do you mean?” asked Tiffany.

“Well, you know Gary, right?” Bunny said, referring to one of the doormen. Tiffany nodded, and Bunny went on, saying, “He runs this little side hustle where he sets some of the girls up with their... uh... fans. You know, for sex. He doesn’t take a big cut, either. Only like fifteen percent. Lots of the girls do it.”

‘That’s... like, prostitution?” Tiffany asked.

“That makes it sound a lot worse than it is,” Bunny stated. “I mean, think about it. You’re already dancing naked for these guys. What’s a little sex? Besides, most of us need the money.”

“I... I’ll think about it,” Tiffany said.



Tiffany caved. But then again, did she even have a choice? While stripping certainly paid the bills, it wasn't enough to finance the sort of life she had enjoyed with Abby — especially considering that she'd come out of the divorce with basically nothing. And over the years, she had developed expensive tastes. Her skincare regimen alone cost hundreds of dollars a month. So, a few days after her conversation with her friend, Bunny, Tiffany went to work and pulled Gary aside.

"I heard you... um... that you handle special opportunities for some of the other girls," Tiffany said.

He looked her up and down, a smirk playing across his mouth. "Something like that," he said. "Is that something you're interested in?"

Tiffany swallowed hard. She knew good and well that if she took this step, everything would change. There would be no going back. But her resolve didn't waver, and she said, "Yes. I think I am. H-how does it work?"

For a moment, Gary looked her up and down, really taking in the whole view. Finally, after a few uncomfortable seconds, he took out a small business card and handed it to her. Then, he said, "You're off tomorrow, right? Meet me at this address."

"For what?" Tiffany asked.

"Tryouts," the man responded. "I have to sample the goods if I'm going to effectively sell them, right? Don't worry. You'll enjoy it. I've never had any complaints before. Now, run along. Mink you're supposed to go on soon, and I know you have to get ready."

With that, Tiffany left the man at the front door, and throughout her shift, she could think of little else but her impending "tryout". As it turned out, though, there was nothing really to worry about. The next day, when she went to the address, she found that it wasn't all that different from any of her other sexual encounters. Plus, Gary was quite handsome, so that made it easier.

In the end, though, she was deemed "acceptable", and just like that, her new life as a prostitute began.



“How have you been?” asked Abby.

Tiffany leaned against the table, saying, “I’m fine. What did you want? Why did you ask me to come by?”

Abby looked surprised. “I just wanted to see you,” she said. “You haven’t answered my calls. You don’t respond to my texts. I was worried about you.”

Tiffany sighed. It seemed that when Abby said that she wanted them to remain friends, she’d meant it. However, that didn’t seem like the best course of action to Tiffany. A clean break was infinitely better, as far as she was concerned.

For a while, she’d been bitter. After all, the divorce had caught her completely by surprise. However, over the last few months since it had happened, she’d come to realize a few things about herself. Most prevalent among those was that she wasn’t even attracted to women — which made understanding Abby’s choices a lot easier. But even as her bitterness waned, she still knew that being around Abby would be counterproductive because, despite everything, she still loved her.

“I’ve been really busy,” Tiffany said. “With work and everything. I’m sure you can understand that.”

Abby sighed. “Actually, I quit my job,” she said. “My boyfriend makes enough to support the both of us, so... well, it just seemed unnecessary.”

“Good for you,” Tiffany said. “I’m glad you’re happy.”

“Are you?” Abby asked.

Tiffany shrugged. “A part of me is,” she said. “A part of me still wishes we were together. I know that time has passed, though. It wouldn’t still work. In fact, I kind of think it’s best if we don’t see one another anymore. I have my life, and you have yours. Let’s... lets just keep it that way, okay?”

“I... o-okay,” Abby said, caving far more quickly than Tiffany expected. “That makes sense.”



"I can't believe that's the same person," said Kara, one of Abby's oldest friends and the catalyst for Tiffany's transformation. "It's amazing."

Abby frowned. She knew that her husband had deserved everything that had happened to him, but she still felt a little bad about how it had all gone down. Over the course of the past three years, her resolve had wavered more than once, but she'd stuck to her plan. And the result was that the world had lost a bigot, and thus, became a better place.

It had begun as an attempt to teach Desmond a lesson about firing her friend for dubious reasons, but it had quickly grown far out of her control. The hypnotic suggestions she'd implanted in his phone had been far more effective than she could've ever imagined, which made the transformation proceed seamlessly. The man had barely even balked when she had suggested he start wearing dresses and skirts, and he'd actually embraced getting implants. The program she'd found truly was a powerful thing, and for a while, she'd gotten drunk off of it.

However, even as Desmond became Tiffany and shot past the point of no return, she experienced some level of doubt. Sure, Desmond deserved it. She knew that. But wasn't it immoral to wield such power over someone? She'd destroyed everything about the man who'd once been her husband, and no matter how justified, that couldn't be considered a moral act.

And that wasn't even considering the fact that some part of her still loved that man. Sure, he wasn't perfect, but he'd had his good qualities, too. And in the face of her guilt, they only shined all the brighter.

What was done, was done, though. She couldn't go back. Even if she could somehow reverse the hypnotic suggestions she'd placed upon her former husband, she was Tiffany now, through and through. She could never go back to being Desmond. In fact, Abby told herself that Tiffany was much happier that way.

Or maybe that was just an effort to assuage her guilt.

"You've seen her," Abby said. "Just like you asked. Does it make you feel better?"

Kara shrugged. "I don't know," she admitted. "A little, I guess."

"Good," was Abby's response, standing up. "Let's go, then. She's not the person she used to be, and she deserves to live the rest of her life in peace."

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