

BEV

10 years after boys Got
BUSTY



Surrender
Media

BEV
By Cooper

Cute guys, big breasts and the changing face of masculine culture in America.

In singles bars across America, it's becoming an increasingly common sight. A young woman sitting with her friend at the bar spots a really cute guy ordering a drink at the other end. She and her friend huddle, whispering. Finally, the young woman nods, walks down to the other end of the bar and approaches the guy.

"Would you settle a bet between me and my girlfriend?" She asks.

The guy, taking a sip from his beer, smiles confidently. "Sure. What is it?"

The girl glances down at his cleavage. "Are you wearing a padded bra, or are those all you?"

The guy, subconsciously shaking his shoulders and sending off tremors in his chest that cause the girl's mouth to drop open, says, "Why don't you come back to my place and find out?"

These are not, it would seem, their father's sons.

Nor are these their mother's daughters. While the first generation to experience male breast enlargement treated it as something shameful and embarrassing, young people now look at it as something perfectly natural.

Michelle Yo, a bartender at Katie's, where the above scene took place, says she has seen a definite change in the past couple of years. "The first young guys who grew breasts were really ashamed about it," she says. "You started seeing a lot more layers of clothing. They slouched. Now, we see young guys coming in wearing tight jeans, boots and nothing up top but a chemise or a push-up bra."

I asked Brian Anderson, a seventeen year old freshman at Grant University, about the new trend. He is wearing a lacey bustier that raises and enhances his bare chest. A bright golden necklace dangles in the swelling of his cleavage. His fraternity brother, Hamish J'amal, is wearing a more conservative tank top. Finally, Kelly Smith, a recent graduate from the college, has on a tight blue polo shirt. It hugs his breasts, but the collar is buttoned all the way to the top.

“I think it shows that a guy’s confident when he isn’t afraid to show a little cleavage,” Brian says. “I’m not going to go around dressed as a nun.”

“It drives the girls crazy,” Hamish says with a roguish smile. “They go wild when a guy comes in here in a tight shirt. They’re just like us now.”

Kelly feels differently. At 25 years old, he is seven years older than Brian.

When the breast enlargement virus, BEV, hit, he was a fifteen year old freshman in high school. “Guys didn’t have breasts,” he says matter-of-factly. “It was really hard for my generation when we started to develop. We’d spend our middle-school years snapping bra straps, twisting nipples and giving the girls a hardtime. Then, suddenly, we woke up one morning with our own knockers. It was very disconcerting.”

“We’re trying to get this dinosaur to loosen up,” Hamish says with a smile. “He dresses like an old man.”

I find the same attitude gap among women. Sarah Barnhardt and Shelly Goldberg, both first-year students at Grant, give me a definite “Yes” when I ask them if guys who show cleavage are sexy. “I think guys who try to hide them are sissies,” Sarah says. “I mean, all the boys have them, so what’s the big deal?”

“When I see a hot guy in a halter top,” Shelly says, “my jaw just drops to the floor.”

Yet, Maria Sanchez and Yolanda Gutierrez, twenty eight year old graphic designers who come to Katie’s about twice a week, find it strange. “I know that most guys have breasts now,” Maria says, “but I really don’t want to see them bouncing around all over the place.”

“I like a traditional guy,” Yolanda says. “A coat and tie. He should hide his breasts. It just looks... well, wrong.”

Michelle Yo says that as men have started to show off their new assets, other changes have taken place. “Look out at the dance floor,” she says. “The guys in the tanks and the bras, they shave their armpits.”

Looking out at the scene, I see that she is right. The guys who are showing all have razor-smooth armpits. Just like the girls.

“It’s aesthetics,” Brian says. “Your chest is smooth, your armpits should be,

too.”

“Hairy pits are gross,” Sarah and Shelly assure me. “I don’t care how hot he is. If he has bushy pits, that just makes me want to vomit.”

Kelly, sitting stiffly, shakes his head in wonder. “Shaving pits is a girl-thing. I can’t believe there are guys who do it to be honest.”

Hamish raises his arms to show up his smooth, peachy armpits. “There’s a reason I’m getting laid tonight and you aren’t,” he boasts.

I ask Michelle Yo how she accounts for the new openness men are showing about their breasts. “Time,” she says. “People get used to change over time.”

And how does she, I ask, feel about guys who are stacked? “I like to have something to grab on to when I’m making love to a guy,” she says. “Once I had a guy who had blossomed, I never wanted to go back.”

Shelly shares Michelle’s passion for well-endowed men. “It’s another thing to play with,” Shelly says. “Another way to get and give pleasure.”

Sarah is more pragmatic. “Guys with breasts are more sensitive. If he bites me, he knows now that I can bite him right back.”

“I get lots more breast-kisses from endowed guys,” Michelle agrees. “They are a little more gentle up top, unless I don’t want them to be.”

While time may account for some of the change in attitude, younger people have been helped in their acceptance of male breasts through changes in school and culture.

“I was about seven when the virus first started to hit, and it was all a big deal. I didn’t really care,” Brian says. “In elementary school, we read books like Mike’s First Training Bra. They showed us videos where boys and girls were at the pool wearing bikini tops. One of the boys tried to take off his top, and all the other guys told him that it wasn’t right for guys to be outside without covering their breasts. I knew and expected to have breasts as a normal part of growing up.”

Not so with Kelly. “I refused to wear a bra when my breasts started growing. By my sophomore year in high school they’d gotten pretty big, but I wore T-shirts and just let them hang. That’s what most guys were doing. The teasing from the girls was bad enough as it was. We weren’t about to start wearing bras and let them get at us about that.”

Changes in law that came about in Kelly's junior year brought his days of letting it all hang out to an end. Concerned that bra-less guys were starting to distract co-eds, state and national laws were passed requiring that people "with enhanced breasts" wear bras when on government property.

"My mom brought me my first bra," Kelly tells me. "She told me how to wear it. I cried that night thinking about showing up at school wearing that harness."

"I was really excited when I got my first bra," Hamish counters. "It meant that I was becoming a man. My mom took me to the store and we picked one out together."

The experiences of Kelly and Mike are not unique. Despite the fact that over 80% of adult males now have breasts, the providing of bras and the training in their use is still a task that falls largely to mothers. In addition, mothers are expected to provide discipline to rebellious boys who refuse to show the proper degree of modesty.

Dr. Angela Richter feels that may one day change. "The men who are fathers now did not grow up in an era when men dealt with such things. Sixty percent buy their own breast support devices on-line. They say that they feel creepy and out of place when in the bra department. They just aren't comfortable with their own breasts, and they surely aren't comfortable talking with their sons about them."

Dr. Harold Pinter is more blunt. "To most older men, breasts are for cheerleaders. They still haven't accepted that it is a part of male culture now.

How can a guy tell his busty young son that it's wrong to go outside without a shirt on when he spent his youth shirtless? There is a lot of cognitive discord among older men about this issue."

Indeed, surveys show that 75% of men still believe that men should be allowed to go topless. Only 6% of women share this view.

Schools now have programs for both boys and girls encouraging modesty. "We have the same policy for guys as girls," Principal Cynthia Moore of Edward's Academy explains. "The guys have to learn just like the girls that if they show up at school wearing a see-through shirt, they are going to cause a distraction."

In addition to educational efforts made by schools, mainstream media has done its bit to help men accept the changes in their bodies. The long-running sitcom "Puppies" made male breast jokes a part of the culture. Jimmy Vavino, who played the father of a teen-age son and an adolescent boy who all had to deal

with the trials and tribulations of “growing hooters,” says the show’s goal was to “tell men that what happening to them was all right.”

“The father grew these really big knockers,” Jimmy recalls gleefully. “He was like Dolly Parton, and they were always getting in the way when he was trying to do things. A lot of guys felt that way even if their breasts weren’t really that large. They were out golfing and all of a sudden they had these big boobies swinging around while they were teeing off. It was crazy.”

Kay Mitchell, who played Jimmy’s wife on the show, says the show was also about helping women adjust. “Jimmy had bigger knockers than his wife,” Kay explains, “and it made her feel inadequate. We had a lot of jokes where they argued and Jimmy joked that he didn’t need her anymore. ‘I can feel myself up when I get horny.’ A lot of women were confused about what was happening. We showed them how to laugh about it. How to be supportive.”

Andy Pillman, who played the teen-age son, says that he was going through the same things as his character. “When the virus first hit, only some boys got it.

It took about three years for it to get just about everyone growing. Chaz, my character, was one of the first to blossom, and in the show his girlfriend dumped him for a guy with a flat chest.”

That episode still resonates with Kelly, who was a real-life early bloomer. “All of us were really afraid that would happen. In fact, the more my chest swelled the more macho I tried to be. I got in a lot of fights trying to prove to guys-and girls — that just because I had tits that didn’t make me less of a man.”

Comedian Kathy Acker says that the changes brought on by BEV and shows like “Puppies” helped female comedians become more mainstream. “If I made a joke about jogger’s nipple before,” she says, “I lost half the audience. Now the guys are laughing as much as the girls.”

The Society for the Preservation of Television has named the episode in which Chaz gets dumped by his girlfriend as the eighth most important moment in television history.

Coming in at number fifteen was an episode where Chaz’s new girlfriend buys him a floral print bra and refuses to make out with him unless he wears it. That episode was written by Sheila Stanhope, who now teaches film and feminist theory at Columbia University.

“I felt like the BEV was a great opportunity for the men and women of the world to become more equal. I wanted men to see their breasts as being the

same as

women's, as components of their sexual identities. I hoped the episode would encourage young men to wear sexy underwear, and young women to demand that they do."

Sheila feels that the work she and others did at the time has paid off. "Men are learning to be proud of their breasts, just like women. And women are learning to take more pleasure in the male breast. It puts us on an equal footing. He can look at my chest while he's talking to me, and now I can look at his." Sheila points to the new lactation drug "His Turn" as another example of how male breast growth has brought the sexes closer together.

"Over a million new fathers tried 'His Turn' last year," Sheila boasts. "Statistics show that 25% of these men shared nursing duties with their wives right up until the time the baby started eating solid food. That's a quarter million men who have now bonded with their wives and children in ways that no man has ever done. When these guys hear a woman complain about feeding her baby, they aren't going to snicker anymore. They are going to nod in sympathy."

Dr. Andrew Marlin, author of the best seller "Father's Milk" about his experiences nursing his twin daughters, agrees. "It changed my life," he says proudly showing me a picture of him holding his daughter Cassie to his nipple while his wife stands approvingly behind him. "When my first child was born, I really felt divorced from the childcare process. I changed a diaper here and there, but it wasn't until he was older and I could help feed him that I really started to feel like a parent. This time, I was right there with my wife nursing the babies from day one."

I ask him if it helped his relationship with his wife. "Of course," he says. "I learned all about 4 am feedings and raw nipples."

Any drawbacks?

"My breasts got bigger, and they aren't quite as perky as before," he confesses wistfully. "But that's a small price to pay. A very small price."

Popular music and movies also have helped change the view of male breast enlargement. Like their peers, older performers initially hid their breast development. But now, male singers increasingly show their stuff on MTV, which even added the category of Sexiest Male Bust to the video awards. Stud had a number one hit with "Jiggle." And buxom boy-band newcomers Chemise popularized the wearing of a floral print chemise as an over-shirt among teen-age boys and girls this past year. Even old-timer Madonna got in on the act with her song "White Lace and rock hard abs," a testament to her love of hunky males with

big breasts and sexy brassieres. “Girly is the new guy,” Madonna sings, “and a sweet pair of breasts just gets me high.”

Fashion designer says that the fashion statements made by groups like Chemise are not confined to television. “Early on,” Gaston Wah explains, “fashion designers really struggled to design underclothes that would give men support while not seeming feminine. We made styles that did not look like traditional female undergarments, and we made them in bland, dull colors. It was embarrassing for men to buy things for their breasts, so we made things that said to the world, “I don’t like this, but I have no choice. Male breasts were seen as a freak, a mutation, a disease, and the clothes reflected that.”

The results, Mistascha Kyoto says, “were ugly. The worst work. Absolutely.” Now, however, she says that with changes in how men are looking at their breasts, designers have been freed up to make better clothes for them. “Male breasts now represent youth, vigor, lust for life. They are starting to be a sign of virility.”

Consequently, males are now willing to showcase their breasts in bright colors and patterns that tell the world they are healthy and sexually active. “A man in a floral print shirt that hugs his breasts is very sexual. His breasts are serving as a signal to women that he is virile. A guy who struts into a room wearing a metallic push-up bra? A stallion,” she says. “Hung down to here.”

A man who hides or downplays his breasts? Kyoto crinkles her nose. “A limp dick,” she says. “A guy who can’t get it up.”

Gaston Wah agrees. “You already hear women saying that the size of a man’s breasts is the size of a man’s penis. They are looking at a guy and judging his virility based on his cup-size. We are making more and more items designed to make a guy have a fuller, more impressive bustline.”

At the same time, the head fashion designer for Victoria’s Secret’s male division says males are no longer so averse to more traditionally feminine support. Her company’s line of “Lace for Him” bras and accessories has been extraordinarily popular. “Look,” she says, “the word is out. Guy’s breasts are just as soft and sensitive as women’s breasts. I think men are now seeing a traditional lacy bra as a way to show that they are sensitive guys. He still has the big shoulders and the biceps that women like to tell them that he is strong, a lacy white bra tells them that he is not afraid to be vulnerable.”

Perhaps the best evidence of this change in attitude toward male breasts comes from plastic surgeon Mel Fister. “When this all started, there was a rush of men coming in to inquire about breast reduction surgery,” he says. “Most of us had waiting lists of over a year. Guys were offering ten, twenty grand above the normal fees to get to the front of the line. There were serious mutilations and

deaths from guys going to sham clinics in South America to have their breasts removed. These men were in hysterics over their breast development.”

Now? “I have young men coming in looking to get implants,” he says shaking his head. “The typical candidate for reduction is a middle-aged man or older. It’s traumatic for them. But the young guys want cleavage.”

On average, men already have slightly larger breasts than their female counterparts. That is not by accident. Dr. Kincaid Rassmussen, the designer of BEV, wanted men to have larger breasts than women. “They have larger upper-bodies,” she explained in her now infamous testimony to the federal court that convicted her of biological terrorism, “so they should have larger breasts.”

Rassmussen says that the gradual acceptance of male breasts proves that she did not commit an act of terrorism. “When I unleashed the virus,” she says, “I did it in order to create real equality among the sexes. I think that instead of imprisoning me, they should have given me the Nobel Peace Prize.”

So far, like most viruses, BEV, known popularly as The Hooter Virus and to feminists as Ms Virus, has proven resistant to treatment. “It works by re-writing a male’s DNA so that his body reacts to testosterone as a woman’s does to estrogen. He develops the female secondary characteristic of breasts,” Dr. Laura Child of the Center for Disease Control explains. “It mutates rapidly, and it acts very quickly.”

Why not simply re-rewrite the male DNA? “We don’t know how,” Child admits. “Dr. Rassmussen was way ahead of the state of the art. I think men should just be thankful she didn’t decide that they should have a uterus.”

Republicans claim that not enough funding has been devoted to research to prevent and cure BEV. They point to repeated vetoes on the part of President Hilary Clinton to stop increases in funding as well as bills aimed at giving men a tax credit for breast reduction surgery as proof that liberals oppose efforts to, in their words, “restore masculinity.”

Dr. Childs defends current spending levels. “BEV is not a life-threatening disease. No one has died from it. No one has missed a day of work. Yet, we spend as much on it as we do researching breast cancer, a disease both men and women have a lot more to be concerned about. I think the current funding levels are high enough for us to pursue the work without taking away from more pressing needs.”

Conservative columnist Riley Rority bristles at the comment, opening his coat to reveal a shirt that barely hides a healthy pair of firm young, B-Cup breasts. I can see the outline of his bra through the material.

“This,” he says making cups with his hands beneath his chest, “is a pressing need. Men are not supposed to have breasts. That is a simple fact that liberals cannot ignore. Making me walk around in a bra is all part of the feminist-leftist conspiracy to destroy America.”

“How does it destroy America?” I ask.

“I can’t expect you to understand,” he answers, putting his coat back on, “but it’s all part of the end of days.”

Economist Alice Rivlin dismisses calls for more funding as “Republican hysteria. My own research shows that men now spend over a billion dollars a year on services and products related to their breasts. Republicans should be celebrating Rasmussen for stimulating business. The simple fact of the matter is that male breasts have been good for the economy.”

Rasmussen, who has been fighting her terrorism conviction for years, says she would gladly do it all again. “When I turn on the television and see football players doing ads for Playtex total control sports bras, I can’t tell you how proud that makes me feel. For a long time men looked upon their chests as proof of their superiority to women. They can no longer do that.”

How does she think history will look upon her legacy?

“History,” she says. “I’m not thinking about history. I expect to beat this silly conviction and get out of prison within the next five years. I still have work to do.”

If she gets out of prison, do men have any need to worry?

“No,” she says. “I’ve achieved my goals as far as male biology goes. My next project is to work on upper-body strength for women.”

Kelly, the buxom young man at the bar, cringes at the thought of Rasmussen ever getting out of prison. “Whatever her feelings about equality,” he says, “she had no right to do what she did to our bodies. She caused a lot of people a lot of grief. I hope they never let her out again.”

Sarah is ambivalent. “As long as she doesn’t do anymore experiments, I don’t really care. I don’t think it’s so bad that men have breasts.”

Michelle Yo is more forceful. “Give that woman a medal,” she says. “There’s a

whole generation of girls now who never had to hear one joke from a boy about their breasts. That alone is worth it.”

It’s a sentiment echoed by Rority. “Men shouldn’t have to put up with this,” he says. “This is girl stuff for girls to deal with. It isn’t fair.”

One wonders what his wife thinks about her husband’s definition of fairness.

I woke with tits
by
Cooper

I woke up with tits. Big tits. I was on my side, and immediately felt them squeezing together, smooshed between my arm and the mattress. I opened my eyes and looked down into what looked to me like a mile of cleavage. They registered immediately: soft, tan, round, big breasts on my chest. I sat up, and they cried out in agony as they bounced in the lacy black cups of the bra I found myself wearing.

“What the fuck?” I said, reaching up and gently cupping the tits, gasping in pain. “Somebody gave me a boob job.” They’d also done my nails. Each finger was now tipped with a long, crimson nail.

Over the years I’d been shot at, punched, kicked, cracked in the head with bottles and tire irons and baseball bats. I’d had guys torture me, batter me, try to kill me. I thought I’d seen it all.

But no one had ever thought to give me tits.

Stop thinking about the tits, I urged myself. Move.

I looked around. I was in a small cinder block room. Two doors. Both metal. I was sitting on a narrow, metal cot; the thin, stripped mattress was torn and stained with ugly, brown marks. The only other thing in the room beside the cot was a mirror. Shit, I thought. What else did they do to me? I reached up and touched my face, my arms squeezing those big melons together, giving me another shot of pain. I barely registered the delicate silver bracelet on my wrist. When I touched my face there was no pain there. No bandages. My fingers rubbed across stubble. I stood, awkwardly, and

the breasts ached, forcing me to gingerly place one hand to my chest to try and keep the things still. I realized, for the first time, that I was wearing some kind of g-string: I could feel it in my backside as I stood, and glancing down I saw that I was wearing clingy black, silky pants that flared out at the bottom. Women's pants, and beneath them women's shoes—almost like slippers, but no heel. Too damn tight, though. I kicked them off and walked over to the mirror. Suddenly dizzy, I stumbled into the wall, and found myself with my nose practically against the mirror.

It was my face. No changes. My bulky arms and shoulders looking ridiculous with those little black bra straps. And then I looked down at them—those big, bouncy tits nestled in a lace bra. Christ almighty they were big. Stripper tits.

What the fuck?

I felt something scratching at my left nipple, and carefully reaching in pulled a little piece of paper out of the bra. Struggling with my long finer nails, I unfolded it:

Paybacks make you a bitch. You did it to me. Don't pursue me
or I
might cut your balls off.

Short, but not at all sweet. I folded the paper, discovered these pants had no pockets, and gently pushed the note into the cleavage. Might as well use them for something. I looked at the bracelet. Very girly, with little hearts dangling from the thin silver chain. I started to slip it off, but thought better of it. It was a clue. Better hang onto it.

I felt dizzy again, and sat down for a moment, muddle-headed and just barely aware of the fact that I felt tired, weak. Frail. Like I'd been sick.

Or drugged.

I tried to first door. Locked. Grabbing the handle of the second, I was almost surprised that it turned, and I carefully opened the door, only to immediately find myself blinded by a flash of bright light.

And another and another. Instinctively I charged at the flashing, ducking low, ignoring the pain as the breasts bounced, and found myself slapping

aside a camera and looking right into the bemused face of Kal Legit, photographer for The Daily.

“Take it easy,” he said. “Easy.”

“What the hell?”

“Nice tits,” I heard a familiar woman’s voice say from behind me.

I turned, embarrassed and ashamed, but trying to hide it. Kelly Journal, my sometimes friend, often nemesis, stood there holding a camera and snapped off a series of quick pictures that would be all over the wires by morning: Me, turning arms flung wide, with a stunned look on my face, the tits thrust out there in the little black bra. Me, crossing my arms over the tits like a shy little girl, all attempts at composure lost. And finally me, cowering with my arms across those breasts, knees together, bent, an imploring look on my face, the little bracelet flashing against the black of my bra, my long red nails stark against the full breasts.

“Knock it off,” I said, pleading more than snarling.

Like a magician, Kelly made the camera disappear and a handheld tape recorder appeared in its place. “Care to comment on why the toughest PI in The Old City decided to get a boob job?”

Behind me, Kal Legit was still snapping pictures. One hand over the breasts, I reached back and pulled up the pants, which had slipped down to expose the top of the g-string. “Make him stop,” I said.

Kelly raised her chin and Kal’s camera went silent.

“Comment?”

“Give me a ride home, and I’ll give you an exclusive,” I said, trying to turn the situation to my advantage.

“Deal,” Kelly said with a smirk.

“Lead the way.”

We were in a narrow alley littered with overturned trashcans, heaps of old rags, oil drums. It was a cold night and my nipples hardened, poking out the front of the bra. “Would you like my coat?” Kelly asked.

“Actually, yes,” I said, ignoring the whole role reversal thing as much as I could. That was the last picture Kal took: me with my arms over the breasts as

Kelly put her coat over my shoulders. I shrugged the coat off, walked over to Kal and belted him on the jaw, sending him sprawling to the ground. It sent those big melons swaying wildly and cost me another shot of guy wrenching pain, but it was worth it.

“Not very lady-like of you, Miss PI,” Kal said.

I started toward him again, but Kelly put a hand on my arm. “Let’s go before a crowd gathers.”

I pulled Kelly’s coat tightly around me and made it to her car without anyone really noticing. It seemed late. The streets were deserted, and as she started to drive I realized where we were: Dockside. The old wharf. I slouched in the seat still holding her coat around me, those big breasts bouncing and jiggling as she banged her little Fiat over the pot-holes.

“So?” she said. “What gives?” All business now.

“I was on a case. Someone got the jump on me, and when I woke up I had these big beauties as a souvenir.”

“Why?”

I didn’t want to tell her about the note. “Someone has a strange sense of humor. Some kind of sick revenge. But what I want to know is, what were you doing there waiting for me?”

“Got a tip,” Kelly answered. “Said that Bruno Gun was a transsexual, that you had gotten breasts implants and that we could find you there tonight in drag.”

“Bullshit. You believed it?”

“Look in the glove compartment.”

There was an envelope in there, and inside the envelope more pictures of me. In one I was sleeping, those big breasts on my chest, my face all made up, some kind of platinum wig on my head. I was wearing a string of pearls. In another I was sitting in a chair, glassy-eyed, wearing a blue and white checkered dress, ruby slippers. Someone was out to destroy me, make a fool of me. I felt sick.

“How long? What day is it?”

“Saturday. The 14th.”

I'd been out a week. I tried to remember what had happened, where I'd been. Nothing. I looked back at the ridiculous pictures on my lap. “These pictures been out?”

“No.”

“Will they?”

“I can probably keep them private. No one else knows about them.”

“And the ones you took tonight?”

“I couldn't stop Kal. Probably wouldn't. Sorry, Bruno, but those will run in the Sunday paper.”

“You can't run those pictures. You know this is all bullshit.”

“To be honest, I don't know what to believe. I checked out the lead. There was a back alley surgeon who operated out of the warehouse, and...”

“It's all bullshit,” I shouted.

“It's news,” she answered.

I turned and looked in the back seat, grabbed her bag and started rifling through it.

“I slipped the camera to Kal,” Kelly said. “He's on his way to the newsroom right now.”

I threw her bag against the back window. “Fuck. I can't believe you're going to do this to me. You know what this will do to me? What people will say?”

Kelly didn't say anything; she just kept her eyes on the road. She knew what it would do. She knew. But she could be ruthless. I wanted to slap some sense into her, but I never hit a woman in my life, and I wasn't about to start now. “At least tell me you aren't going to run that story.”

“Bruno.”

“It isn't true.”

“What story should I run? That someone gave you a boob job as a prank?”

“It’s the truth,” I said. “Why not run that for a change? Or do me a favor and don’t run anything.”

Kelly didn’t answer.

She pulled up to the curb in front of my office building. I lived in an apartment on the third floor, at the back. She turned the car off. We sat there, listening to the engine tick. “Thanks for the ride,” I said.

“It really was the least I could do.”

I turned and took her hand. “Kelly, please, I am begging you not to run the transsexual story. Begging you. Promise me you won’t run it.”

She looked me in the eyes and shook her head. “Tell me what really happened, then. Tell me what you know.”

With a sigh, I plucked the note from between the breasts and held it to her.

She smirked. “Hiding things in your cleavage?”

“Just read it.”

She looked at the note. Looked at me. “Pretty vague. Any ideas?”

“No, but warnings aside I intend to find out.”

She folded the note and slipped it back between the soft swelling of breasts. “I’ll give you a couple days, but I want the real story, every detail, when you find out who did this. I can’t stop the pictures, but I’ll hold back the story.”

I smiled. “Thank you,” I said. Popping the door, I slipped out of her car, looked around to make sure the street was empty, and tossed her jacket into the passenger seat before rushing awkwardly, boobs bouncing and swaying, into my building and out of sight.

Whoever had jumped me had taken my keys, wallet, gun. The whole works. So I had to grab the extra key I kept hidden in the public john down the hall. I felt strange walking around the building in nothing but a bra, those big hooters sticking out in front of me, but thankfully the building was empty, and I soon found myself sighing with relief as I let myself into the familiar and private world of my office. The room smelled of leather, cigar smoke and whiskey, and

the lights from the street slashed through the blinds, cutting the room into ribbons of shadow. I made my way to my studio at the back of the office and opened the door, walking over to the closet, eager to get some of my old duds on. I opened the door, and my jaw dropped. Dark rows of suits had been replaced with rows of colorful skirts, blouses and dresses. My dresser was now full of silky bras and panties, more women's pants. The counter in the bathroom was crowded with jars and bottles of make-up and perfumes. A white, see-through robe with little blue flowers had replaced my terry cloth.

Fuck. I stood there in my bra, angry, violated, confused. The boobs. Paybacks make you a bitch. But then why this? Wasn't what they had already done enough? Why take all my clothes?

What the hell were they trying to prove?

The room was cold. As much as those tits ached, I didn't want them bouncing around and kept the bra on. Searching through the closet, I found a white blouse that wasn't too ridiculous and pulled it over my shoulders, not bothering to button it up. I went out to my desk, sat down and pulled open my thinking drawer.

Fuck.

My bourbon and cigars? Gone. In their place? Blush Chablis and Virginia Slims. Oh hell. I poured myself a glass of the pink wine, lit up one of the cigarettes and raising the glass said, "to a shitty, titty week" before slamming it down. It was foul crap, girl booze, but I poured another and after the third started to feel it. Whoever did this would pay. Big time. When the papers hit the stands in the morning, my reputation would be destroyed. I would be the laughing stock of the city, a freak, a man with tits.

I took a long drag on the cigarette and let the smoke out through my nose, watching to drift toward the roof. So, they'd won the first round. They'd made a fool of me, they made a joke out of me. But they would pay.

I looked down at the swell of breasts. They would pay. What had been done would be undone. I'd have these things cut off me. I would find out who did it.

And I would get them. I had nothing to lose now. Nothing to fear. I would get them, and they would suffer before they died.

I finished the glass of wine, and realized that suddenly the room seemed very hot. Slipping out of the blouse, I tossed it over the back of my chair and fanned myself, sweat beading on my forehead, trickling down between the

breasts. Time to sleep, I decided, stumbling toward the bedroom. Thinking of how they'd broken in, I wondered if I should do something extra with my door, but I was too tired, suddenly just too tired and so damn hot, and I collapsed on the bed and fell immediately to sleep.

I don't think I dreamt. It was more like a memory. Thumping music. Flashing lights. I saw myself in that blonde wig again, that pearl necklace. The face of Marilyn Monroe.

I woke up, and didn't even have to open my eyes to know that the events of the night before had been real. I could feel the breasts on my chest. The bra hugging my upper body. I opened my eyes, looked down at the breasts and sighed, pushing myself into a sitting position and then swinging my legs off the bed. Stabbing pains shot through my temples, and I had to sit there with my eyes closed for a few minutes, fighting back nausea, before I finally stumbled to my feet and hurried to the front office, my desk, sitting down again, lighting up another Virginia Slims, sucking the smoke down into my lungs, feeling the soothing nicotine flowing into my system.

My head started to clear a little. I blew a smoke ring at the ceiling, leaned back and, seeing the flash of the bracelet on my wrist, slipped it off, tossed it on the desk and began to examine it, hoping for something that might lead me back to my attacker. At first I saw nothing, but then I reached down and used my long, polished nails to carefully pry open one of the hearts that dangled from the bracelet.

A picture of a woman. Brunet. Real sexy. She looked familiar, but I couldn't place her. I pried the others open one by one, amused that these nails had come in handy for something after all, and in each of the others was an identical picture.

I unfolded the note and looked at it. Turned it upside down. Looked for watermarks. Anything. But nothing came up.

I would let my subconscious work on it, I decided. Picking up the phone, I dialed Fawn, my secretary. She answered on the 10th ring. She had one of those high, scratchy voices, and it was even sexier when she was half asleep. "Hi? Who is this?"

I pictured her in bed, pulling those masses of red curls away from her face, wearing a sexy little green negligee and felt myself getting hard, then suddenly losing it as I felt the nipples on these breasts tighten up and surge with pleasure. Shit.

"It's me, babe. Marko."

“Bruno!” She shouted. “Thank God you’re okay. Where have you been?”

“Long story. I’ll tell you when you get here.”

“I’ll be there in thirty,” she said.

“No. I’ll need a complete set of clothes. The works. Socks, Underwear. Suit. Tie. You know my sizes, right?”

“Yeah.”

“And listen, pick up copies of all the papers. There’s some stuff about me in there. It’s pretty weird. I’ll explain it all when you get here.”

As soon as I hung up on her, I slipped out of the bra, slithered out of the slacks and slid the panties down the length of my smooth thighs. Smooth. I ran my hands over my legs, then my chest. I looked under my arms.

Hairless. Smooth as a baby’s butt. I hadn’t noticed. It irritated and concerned me that I hadn’t noticed, but I didn’t have time to worry about it.

In the shower, I found that my Irish Spring and Selsun Blue were gone, replaced with Dove Body Wash and Herbal Essences. They’d even put one of these little white puffballs in there. I tossed it on the floor, stepped into the steaming water and for the first time experienced the feeling of the shower on the breasts. I looked at the girl soaps and shrugged, the breasts jiggling with every movement. I was getting used to it and didn’t have the time to decide if that was a good or bad thing. Popping open the body wash, I lathered up and let my mind wander over the details of the case, what I knew, where I should start looking. As my hands cupped the firm swelling of the breasts, I worked the lather into them, my mind awash in a confused and conflicting desire to grab and be grabbed, to caress and be caressed as I thrilled to feel those full, yielding breasts in my hands even as I thrilled to have hands on those swelling masses of feminine flesh.

I moaned softly, shook my head and dropped my hands, letting the breasts sway freely. I watched a bead of water roll down the left breast, dangle from the tight, erect nipple, and then drop to the floor with a splash of finality.

Finishing, I grabbed a towel and tried my hardest not to look at myself in the mirror, but finally I had to look: the breasts were big, high and firm, deeply tan and topped with wide, meaty brown nipples.

Gorgeous breasts. Goddess breasts. Just looking at them, and I felt the nipples getting hard, the breasts growing tight and firm with arousal again.

Fuck.

I tore my eyes away from the womanly breasts, but then they locked on something else. I hadn't realized until I saw it in the mirror: the hair around my groin had been shaped to look more like—a woman's than a man's. Red hot anger rose in me, but I calmed myself.

Think about the case, I said to myself. Think about the case.

Thinking about the case, I wandered into the bedroom and dressed. It wasn't until I found myself standing in front of a full-length mirror, slipping a slender white belt around a plaid, pleated skirt, that I stopped and realized what I'd done. I stopped and looked at myself standing there in that little plaid skirt, a pink blouse that hugged the new breasts, white leggings and glossy, patent leather shoes with shiny gold buckles, and my mouth dropped open. I'd gone to the closet on autopilot and slipped into women's clothes as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

I felt dizzy again, and stumbled backward, plopping down onto my bed, still staring at myself in the mirror. What had they done to me? Half consciously, I smoothed down the hem of the skirt. How much had they tampered with my mind? I put my fingertips to my lips, began breathing hard, hyperventilating. Those fucking bastards.

I went into the bathroom and snapped off the nail extensions they'd affixed to my fingers. Then, I rifled through the cosmetics and found a bottle of nail polish remover. Back at my desk, I cleaned off the nails as best I could, getting everything off but a little ring of red around my cuticles.

Collapsing into my desk chair, I lit up another Virginia Slims before grabbing the phone book and dialing the first plastic surgeon I could find. No answer. Too early. Damn. I wanted to scream, felt tears stinging at my eyes and again found myself shocked and furious because I was reacting like a woman.

Take a deep breath. Calm down. Think. What can you do right now? I closed my eyes and breathed, feeling my heart calm. The tension leave my shoulders, my forehead. Good.

Firing up the computer, I found the place where I'd woken up on Googlemaps, located the address and searched the records—abandoned property, of course. But it was on the same block as a place I knew—a strip club owned by Vinnie Castillo, a low-level mobbed up punk I'd had some run ins with in the past. Could it have been him?

I looked down at the breasts.

No. This wasn't his style. He would never do anything that made him seem like a pervert. Was out of his league anyway in terms of resources. But he might have been involved, and he very well knew who'd been using that property.

I heard a key in the outer door, and realizing that I was still wearing a skirt, I scurried into the backroom and closed the door down to a crack as Fawn came into the office wearing a green dress that clung to every inch of her amazing curves.

"Bruno?" she called, her voice pretty with concern.

"Back here," I said, peeking around the doorframe.

She walked back, carrying the clothes. I opened the door just enough to grab the clothes.

"I don't want you to..."

"I understand," she said. "I saw the papers."

Closing the door, dressed quickly, relieved to get out the skirt and panties, into some men's underwear and pants. I had to keep the bra—I knew the breasts would start aching painfully if I slipped out of it— but pulled a t-shirt over it, and then buttoned up the shirt—surprised it fit so well—and tucking it into the pants, slipping on the dark charcoal suit coat. I stood in front of the mirror. The shirt hugged the full breasts, which were lifted by the bra, but when I buttoned the coat, you couldn't really see that big bust I'd been stuck with. Good. I went over the floor to the far side of my bed under the window, pried open my secret compartment and reached for my spare shoulder holster and gun that...

Fuck me.

It had been replaced. I picked up a bright pink shoulder holster made of glossy leather, and pulled out a pink .22 with white flowers painted on the grip. It was like a bad joke, or the gun of some animated Japanese chick. I checked the chamber and saw it was loaded—real bullets. Shit. What the hell? I'd have to get another gun, but this was all I had for now. I put it on, and pulled my coat shut, confident I could keep it hidden.

When I stepped out, Fawn was at her desk looking at the papers. She looked up at me and raised an eyebrow. "How do the clothes fit?"

"Perfect. I'm surprised the shirt fits so well."

“It’s... a blouse.”

“What?”

“Based on what I saw in the papers, you needed a blouse cut, Bruno. No one can tell. Other than a little extra room up top, it’s just like a man’s shirt, pretty much.”

I groaned, knowing she was right. I nodded at the papers. “How bad is it?” I said.

“Really bad.”

She held up *The Mirror*, a tabloid. On the back was me, with my arms across the breasts, my mouth open, eyes wide. The headline read: “Bru-no? says Bra-yes!”

I frowned, looking over the ridiculous pictures and headlines, feeling my face burning with shame. “PI goes Double D!” And “Bruno gets Busted!” I stopped at one of the pictures—taken from behind, the g-string peeking out above the top of the women’s slacks I’d been wearing, but what caught my eyes was the tribal art tattooed along the small of my back. I reached back when I saw it, dismayed at this new humiliation.

“They really fried you, Bruno,” Fawn said, an edge of anger to her own voice. “Details?”

I told her what I knew. Showed her the note.

“Someone you put away. Striking back somehow? Maybe for some kind of sex thing?”

“It seems that way. But someone with means. Lots of means.”

She nodded. “I was thinking the same thing.”

She was a smart girl. Could have been a PI herself if that’s what she wanted.

“I’m going to track down a few leads. You, see if you can find a plastic surgeon willing to do an emergency boob—smaller thing.”

“Breast reduction?”

“Whatever.”

“Where are you going?”

“Don’t worry about it.”

Fawn stood and put a gentle hand on my shoulder. “Bruno, you disappeared for a week, could have been dead, I want to know, so if you disappear again, I can send help.”

I could almost have hugged her. “Vinnie Castillo’s in the warehouse district. Find me a surgeon as fast as you can.”

Vinnie had named his place Stripers!—he wasn’t the most creative guy in the world—and I walked into the dingy bar that morning, my nose assaulted by the smell of cheap booze, cigarettes and sex. A couple of his thugs were sitting at a table, pouring over a bunch of slips of paper—Vinnie had apparently gotten into the bookie business, which meant he was moving up. They smirked when they saw me, and I felt suddenly self-conscious.

“Hey, there, Bra-no,” one said.

“Screw you,” I said.

The second thug stood up. “Hey, Mikey, stand up. Show the lady some respect.”

It looked like now was as good a time as any for me to send a message. In one quick move, I grabbed a chair and splintered it over the guy’s head. He collapsed to the ground in a heap. I stood there with a broken chair leg in my hand and looked at the other guy. “What did you call me?”

He held up his hands in supplication. “Hey, jeez, I was just...”

“Bruno,” I heard a deep, raspy voice call from the back of the room.”

“Teach these scumbags some manners,” I said, dropped the chair leg and self-consciously pulling my coat closed.

“Come back here, and we’ll talk,” he said.

I followed him back to his office. As I stepped through the door, I was grabbed from behind and my arms pinned behind my back. I tried to pull free, but

this was not some run of the mill thug. I couldn't move. A second one—six four, three hundred pounds of ugly, belted me in the stomach, knocking the air out of me. I went limp as he reached into my coat, pulled the little pink gun from its holster and tossed it onto Vinnie's desk.

He picked it up, his face twisted with disgust. "What the hell?"

The two fire hydrants exploded into laughter like it was the funniest joke ever.

As I struggled to get my breath back, I found myself plunked into a chair and my hands tied to the back.

Vinnie leaned forward, rubbing the stubble on his chin. "What the fuck do you want? Why the hell are you here in my club beating up my guys?" He slammed his fist on his desk.

I flinched, and then the thug grabbed a fistful of my hair and yanked my head back.

"I asked you a question."

"I woke up on this block," I said through gritted teeth, "after being drugged and surgically—altered. I want to know who uses that space."

"How should I know?"

I decided flattery was my best strategy. "You know everything that happens on this street, Vinnie," I said. "Everyone knows that. So, since it happened on this street, you must know something."

"Well, you're right on both counts. But, here's the thing. Why would I help you?"

"Because you have a heart of gold?"

Vinnie smacked me in the face. And again. I saw stars, and my eyes stung with the beginning of tears. Suddenly, I found myself scared—scared of him. Terrified. I squealed in panic, struggled to get up from the chair and run, but was shoved back down.

I had never been scared of another man in my life, and now here I was suddenly seized with terror.

"Don't get smart with me," he said. "Don't get cute with me. You'll answer my questions, and you'll answer them straight, or I'll smack you again."

Understood?”

“Y...yes,” I stammered, fighting against the tears. Don’t cry, I was saying to myself. Don’t fucking cry.

“Yes, what?” he said.

Ashamed, humiliated, embarrassed, but so afraid that it didn’t matter, I answered, “Yes, Mr. Castillo.”

“Well, looks like I’m teaching someone some manners today, right cutie?”

“Yes, Mr Castillo.”

He smirked. Sat back. “So, I asked you, why should I help you? What’s in it for me?”

I sighed, dropped my head. “Nothing. I don’t know. I guess you shouldn’t.”

He laughed. “Today is your lucky day, Brano. Because you can do a favor for me, and I’ll do a favor for you.”

“What?” I said, hopeful, but wary.

“Guys?”

The two guys left.

Bruno leered. Looked down at my chest. “I want to see those titties of yours. I want to play with them.”

My eyes went wide. “What?”

“You heard me.”

“No,” I said, straightening. That’s....”

“Sick? Maybe. But here’s the deal. You can either says yes, and get the information you want. Or, you can say no, and I am going to tear that shirt off you and play with your titties anyway. So, which way do you want it? Yes or no?”

I looked away. Bit my lip. “Yes,” I said, my cheeks burning.

Vinnie flipped a couple switches, then untied my hands and led me to a back room, one of the small rooms where guys went to get private dances. Music was booming through the speakers. Vinnie sat down and looked up at me expectantly. “Well? Come on, baby. Strip.”

I realized what he wanted and – trying not to think about it—closed my eyes and let my hips sway to the music. I slipped out of my coat, then undid my tie and tossed it onto the floor. “Take it off,” Vinnie cooed. I slowly undid the buttons of my shirt, gradually allowing the smooth, round mounds of the breasts to be bared. “Shake ‘em,” Vinnie said, and I obediently shook my shoulders, sending the breasts rocking back and forth in the lace cups of my bra.

My eyes still closed, I slipped out of the shirt and—still dancing— did a little turn, then reaching back and unhooked my bra, sliding it off, letting it drop and then reaching up, I put my hands on top of my head and shook from side to side, the breasts swaying and bouncing, the nipples getting hard...

“... lean down... lean down..” Vinnie whispered, his voice extra hoarse.

My hands still on my head, I leaned forward and felt him grab the left breast roughly with both his hands, squeezing it, hard, just below the nipple— a mixture of please and pain shooting through my body, and then he took the nipple into his hot, wet mouth and I felt it close on the nipple, the tongue flicking against the soft flesh, and I moaned with pleasure, losing myself, forgetting myself, I pulled one his hands away from the right breast and brought it to the left, and he caressed and squeezed while sucking on my—the—other nipple. My God, I thought—or did I say it out loud- and I threw my head back and gasped, and then—did I really do it?—I sank onto his lap and collapsed against him, my body wracked with feminine pleasures—so beautiful and sweet, so painful and shaming to my manhood.

Vinnie cupped my—the— breast, letting me rest my head against his chest for a moment, then gently pushed my to my feet.

“Holy shit,” he said. “Holy shit. That was worth it, baby. Better than I thought. It was just like being with a woman.”

The words stung. I stepped back, now ashamed, crossing my arms over the full, cinnamon breasts. “May I get dressed now?” I asked, surprised and not surprised that I was still feeling so deferential to him.

“Sure thing, sweetie.”

He watched me as I slipped back into my bra, my blouse. When I was finished, he took my arm by the elbow and led me back to his office, where he took my little pink gun and stuck it down the front of my shirt, between the breasts.

“That room was being used by an old friend of yours named Barton Gold. He was doing all kinds of twisted stuff there—but mainly taking runaways and turning them into transsexual slaves—making good money, I think. Doing good work. He pointedly looked at the breasts on my chest. Winked. “But I don’t guess I have to tell you that.”

“No,” I said, removing the little gun and buttoning up my shirt to hide the cleavage.

“Barton told me to pass this along before he left— “if you just accept what has happened as fair payback for what you did to him, and get used to the breasts and the bras and all the girlyness—it ends. But if you don’t drop it, he said that he will make you into a woman.

A complete woman, if you know what I mean. And if you try to get a boob job, the same.”

“So I’m just supposed to live with these?” I said.

“That or it’s slit city for you.”

I stood. “Thanks,” I said.

“I didn’t give you permission to leave, sweetie.”

I felt a stabbing at my temples. I wanted to reach across the desk and choke him to death, but I remembered the slap, and couldn’t shake the fear. Instead of punching him, I did a little knee bend, tilted my head to the side and side, “May I leave?”

“Sure thing, cutie pie. Thanks for the dance. You have great tits.”

Outside, I wanted to go back to the place where I’d woken up, but I was dying for a cigarette and some wine. My head was a swirl of emotions— mostly bone deep shame at what I had done. I had danced—stripped— shown these breasts—no shown MY breasts, to Vinnie, let him fondle them, play with them, suck on them. And I’d loved it. I’d loved it and hated it, and I was humiliated by him and treated like one of his dumb strippers and I am a MAN. A MAN.

I hurried back to my car, lunged in, slammed the door and finally felt the tears wash down my face, my body wracked with sobs.

“Bruno!” Fawn said, looking at my face, when I banged open the door. “What happened?”

My eyes were still red and puffy from the tears. I stomped over to my desk and, hands shaking, grabbed a cigarette out, put it between my lips and lit it up, sinking into the desk chair, grateful for the sense of ease and comfort the flowed through my body as the smoke hit my lungs.

Fawn had come over to me and perched herself on the corner of the desk, her face alive with feminine concern. “Are you okay?” she asked.

“No,” I said. “I’m not.”

I didn’t want to tell her, but she—and a couple glass of blush—got it out of me. I told her the whole thing—the stripping, the sucking—the fact that I had loved it—LOVED it. The message from Barton. I cried again. She held me. Finally, I started to feel like I needed to be more of a man again. Or at least try.

“So he says you just go through life like this, or you get a total sex-change?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Do you think he could do it?”

“Not if I find him and kill him first.”

“Kill?”

I nodded. “Kill.”

Fawn didn’t say anything. I could see it all going on in her mind, the objections, the concerns, the logical arguments that sending myself to prison for life wouldn’t square things, but she also knew what kind of man I was and what it had cost me to see this be done to me, to see it splashed across the newspapers.

So, she changed the subject. “Barton. I remember the case,” she said. “It was bail bondsmen gig right? You brought him in on an outstanding warrant?”

“Yeah. Routine stuff. He ended up getting sentences to three to five- -I think. Nothing major.”

“So why—this? And how? I mean the clothes, and the gun...?”

I thought about it for a moment, then shook my head. “I don’t know. Truth to tell, I don’t care. The only part of this story that interests me is the ending.”

“Vinne told me that Barton is running some kind of sleazy slaver ring, selling teen-age transsexuals. Make a few calls?”

“On it.”

“How about the surgeons?”

“It was hard,” Fawn answered. “But I got you an appointment today. Doctor Robert. In about an hour. But it’ll cost you an extra \$500 dollars.”

“Five hundred?”

“Seems plastic surgeons are busy people.”

“Fine,” I said. Considering the other changes—my mental state—the breast issue didn’t seem as important—but I still wanted to be rid of them. I could hide them fairly easily, but whatever they’d done to mess with my mind, that would be much trickier to fix—if it was fixable at all.

While Fawn did her research, I went back into my room, grabbed a Lean Cuisine out of the icebox, nuked it and ate quickly. Washing up, I looked at my face in the mirror and a thought came into my head—you need to do your make-up. It didn’t surprise me so much as annoy me. I looked down at the jars and sticks and brushes, pushed the thought away with a grunt and made my way back out to Fawn. She handed me a slip of paper with a name and an address.

As much as I wanted to get right back on the case, I didn’t want to miss my appointment with the plastic surgeon. The constant weight of the breasts, their swaying in the cups of my bra—the fact that I was wearing a bra—the sooner I could get rid of all that the better. After the usual ridiculously long wait in the waiting room, I found myself sitting on the examination table—Doctor Robert had his hands on my breasts. “This must be awkward for you,” he said in a clinically detached voice.

“Me?” I said. “How about for you? Probably not every day a guy comes in wanting a boob job.”

I was worried, based on my experience with Vinnie, that having a man look at and touch my breasts might trigger some kind of odd behavior, but here in this setting, I guess, with the doctor so professional, I didn't seem to be having a problem. It was embarrassing—yeah—to have a guy see me with tits—the nurse had politely excused herself—but there was nothing like what had happened at Strippers.

“Odd,” the doctor said, finally taking his hands off my breasts, letting them sway. It was cold in the room and my nipples were hard. I put my arms across my chest. “You can put your—get dressed.”

“Odd?” I kept my arms across my chest.

“You say that someone put implants in a week or so ago?”

“Something like that. What's odd?”

“Let's get an x-ray to be sure, but I don't think these are implants.”

I shook my head. “They have to be. A guy can't grow boobs like these in a week, can he?”

“No.”

In a hospital gown that did nothing to hide my bust, the nurse led me to the back room where they did X-rays. She glanced at my chest a couple times, and my smooth, hairless legs, hiding a small smile. I tried my best to ignore it, pressed my chest up against the machine and then followed her back to the examination room. “You can get dressed now,” she said, glancing at my clothes. “Cute bra.”

I scowled, and she left the room, trying not to laugh.

The doctor came back and showed me the X-rays. “I can't explain it,” he said. “But those are natural breasts. No implants.”

“Well, whatever. Can you get rid of them for me?”

“Yes, but you'll need blood tests and a physical before the surgery.”

“Fine,” I said. Leaving, I couldn't help but dwell on what he'd said. Natural breasts. Impossible. There was no way. But I decided, for the time, to push it out of my mind and focus on something far less mysterious—vengeance.

Even in a city as dirty and corrupt as Fowlton—Where the name says it all—the number of people will to work as fronts for a man dealing in transsexuals slaves was small. This one was a butcher shop—haha—and as I walked in the door and scanned the glass cases lined with porterhouses, rib eyes, lamb chops and sausages, I was surprised to see they all looked like good, fresh, quality cuts of meat. “Nice place,” I said to the man behind the counter. He was older, bald, preternaturally tan, and wore two gold chains around his neck and two more on his left wrist. Coded language for his clients, no doubt.

“Bruno,” the man said, smiling. “Looking for some nice meat? Maybe a nice turkey breast?”

“You know why I am here.”

“Sure, and I was told to give you a warning. Go no further. Deal with your new life as you are, or you will suffer the consequences.”

“I’m going to have to take my chances. Now, are you going to tell me what I want to know, or am I going to have to beat it out of you?”

“Bruno, Bruno, Bruno. Didn’t you learn anything from your experience with Vinnie? I could have you in my back room giving me a lap dance in two minutes, letting me suck on your tits and you begging for more.”

“You know about that?” I said, half-consciously placing my arms across my chest.

“Of course, pretty girl. I know how sexy you are.”

I felt my head swim and stepped backwards, reaching back for something to steady myself.

“You have the most incredible tits I’ve ever seen in my life, sweetheart.”

I could feel my nipples getting hard even as I grew dizzier. “Shut up,” I yelled—or rather squeaked- my voice suddenly sliding into a higher register.

“I’d love to see those awesome tits of yours. You’d like to show me, wouldn’t you?”

And I did—I did have an urge to show him my big, beautiful tits—to let him see how beautiful they were, to have him want them, need them, grab them—“No,” I squealed. “Stop it.” I lunged for the door, stumbled and fell to the ground.

The butcher laughed. “Crawl on out of here little girl. Crawl on out and don’t ever come back.”

And I did. On my hands and knees, I crawled out the door, head hung in shame.

Back in my car, I took a deep breath and hunted around for my purse — purse?—damn—I wanted a cigarette badly, but I’d left them back at the office. Calming down, I thought about what had just happened. What had happened at Vinnie’s. How my whole demeanor had changed, the dizziness... it had to be some kind of key word or words. What had he called me—a cute girl—or pretty girl?

At the drugstore I found a pair of earplugs. Bought a wad of gauze and some duct tape. Back in the car, I tested the plugs out with the radio. Good enough. He’d have to shout for there even to be a chance I would hear him.

I slammed open the door to the butcher shop and watched as the man’s ginning mouth moved. I smashed the grin right off his face, beat him to the ground, shoved the gauze into his bleeding orifice and triple taped it into place. “How do you like that you dumb shit?” I said. “Not laughing now, are you?”

He was thrashing on the ground, his eyes full of pleading. I found a pad and a pen and threw them on the floor in front of him. He shook his head. Three broken fingers later and he was scribbling out an address. For good measure, I hauled him to his feet and slammed his head through the glass panel at the back of his display case.

They’d had me on the defensive, but now it was my turn to take some action. I fished out my cell phone and called Fawn, gave her the address. She pulled it up in no time—a private residence.

I drove by the mansion where Barton Gold lived—and it was a mansion. Gated, with security cameras. I wanted to drive my car right through the gates, march right up and beat him senseless, but the odds of that approach working out in my favor were small. I’d come back at night, but first I had to make sure of a few things.

Fawn was just getting ready to go home when I walked through the door. “How are you holding up?” she asked with feminine concern.

It annoyed me. She’d never felt the need to worry about me before, but I could understand. She’d never seen me cry before today, either. “Better and better. Can you work a little late?”

“What do you need?”

“Barton Gold’s schedule. I need to know if he’s going to be home tonight.”

“On it.”

She made her calls. I had a glass of wine and a cigarette. I knew—suspected—they were maybe treated with some kind of chemical, something that was assisting them in the ways they’d changed me—but I had to have them. Had to. So I sat with my Virginia Slims in my hand, sipping my blush, and thinking about how good it would feel to pay Barton back. After, I could worry about fixing what had been done to me.

“He’ll be home,” Fawn said. “Got it from his butler.”

“Then I will pay him a visit.”

“Bruno,” she said, putting her hand on my shoulder. “Don’t do this. You’re going to destroy your life. You’re going to end up in prison.”

I took her hand and kissed her lightly on the fingers, then nodded toward the papers, the pictures of my in my bra and slacks, my full breasts, the headlines. “He didn’t give me any choice.”

“Don’t you think that maybe this is what he wants?”

“If it is,” I said, “then I won’t disappoint him.”

I waited a few hours. Agitated. I kept thinking about my make-up—the make-up in the bathroom. It was nagging at me, the thought that I should do my face, my nails, that I should look my best when I faced Barton and ended his life. I pictured myself standing in front of him in a little black dress, my earrings flashing as I pulled the trigger..., my crimson lips matching the deep red of his blood as it pooled on the floor... I pushed the thoughts and the images away, but they kept coming back

It was going to make it hard to concentrate.

Finally, as a compromise, I found myself putting on a garter belt and long black stockings that matched my black lace bra. I found a necklace and slipped it around my neck, the circle of gold in the middle nestling between my breasts. It was all hidden by my suit. Finally, a little foundation and pale pink lipstick that was so close to the color of my lips you would hardly notice. I slipped

the silver charm bracelet he'd given me onto my wrist and pulled my cuff over it, then headed out the door.

It was easy to get into Barton's. I found the back gate—there was always a back gate—and like most it was far less secure than the front gate. The two dogs I took out with a tranquilizer gun, and the security man that followed joined them soon after. Then, I walked right into the house. I had my earplugs on, and over them a pair of muffs like you wear at the shooting range. I felt calm. Determined. Free of doubt. Room after room, I entered, looked around and moved forward. The bottom floor was empty. I made my way upstairs and slowly checked, room by room, by room. Until I finally came to the door of the master bedroom. There was light coming from beneath the door. I cocked my pistol and pushed it open, and there, laying on the bed, was Fawn.

What the hell?

A woman stood next to her—a woman with long dark hair, full breasts and hips as wide as her waist was small. She was wearing a scarlet nightgown, and I could see her black bra and panties through the thin material. I recognized her face. It was the woman from my bracelet. She had a gun and it was pointed at Fawn. I raised my gun and pointed it at the woman. “Drop it,” I said. “I don't want to hurt you.”

She said something, but kept the gun on Fawn.

“My ears are plugged,” I said. “I can't hear you, but I will kill you.”

I edged into the room. I couldn't let anything happen to Fawn. That wasn't part of my plan. Keeping my eyes on the woman, I moved closer, edged toward her. She backed away, and I smiled, knowing that this was a test of wills she couldn't...

Something slammed into my head from behind me, and I fell forward, turning just in time to see a first flying toward my face. Then everything went black.

I woke as someone was fondling my breast, kneading it, and then viciously pinching and twisting my nipple. “Owww!” I screeched, and tried to bat the hand away, but found my wrists restrained. I opened my eyes and looked into the face of the woman I had seen earlier pointing her gun at Fawn.

“Our little girl is awake,” she said.

“What have you done with Fawn, you bitch?” I asked, forgetting my own pain and danger.

“Oh dear. Let’s do something about that voice.” She grabbed my throat then and squeezed, pushing her hands up and down as a hot pain shot through me and then my neck turned cold and tingled.

“What...” My voice squeaked out, a tiny little girl’s voice. I swallowed, cleared my throat, but when I spoke again it was still that tiny little voice. “Where is Fawn?”

“Leave him alone,” I heard Fawn say, and I tried to look around but couldn’t see her.

“Fawn,” I said. “Are you okay? Did they hurt you?”

“I’m fine,” she said.

“I’m not going to hurt Fawn,” the woman said. “But I thought it would be fun if she watched me turn you into a woman.” She started kneading my breast again, and I felt my nipples getting hard.

“Who are you? Why are you doing this to me?”

“Because you turned me into a woman first.”

“What the hell are you talking about? I never saw you before in my life.”

“Oh but you have, back when I was a man named Barton Gold. Back before you stole my life.” She kept playing with my breast as she talked, and I felt myself getting aroused, losing my ability to think straight.

“You? Barton?” I groaned with pleasure as she brought her other hand up and started playing with both of my breast at once, arching my back. “Stop!” I squealed. “Don’t touch me!”

She flipped a switch, and a mirror above the table where I lay lit up. I saw myself there, tied spread eagle on the table, and she moved to the head of the table and started to massage my scalp. Again I felt the heat, and then the cool tingle, and a jolt of pleasure shot through my body, causing me to arch my back and gasp as thick coils of curly black hair seemed to unfurl from my head and spread out on the table around me, framing my face in a glossy, feminine mane.

“H—how?’ I stammered, shaken.

She moved her hands down to my shoulders and started to massage me there, and I closed my eyes and bit my lip as another erotic flash hammered at

my brain. When I opened my eyes, my thick, muscled shoulders were gone, replaced by the smooth, slender shoulders of a young woman. She moved to my left arm.

My whole body was on fire with passion now, and I thrashed on the table, Fawn called out something, but I couldn't hear her, and it wasn't until the woman stopped after moving her hands down my right arm that I finally, panting and sweating, took a deep breath, opened my eyes and looked at myself—I now had the slender, rounded arms of a girl, full breasts, long back hair and a slender swan's neck. The rest of my body was unchanged—for the moment. I felt—afraid—seeing my once powerful upper body so small and weak and womanly. I repeated my question: “how?”

She smiled. “Magic.”

Then she worked on my rib cage and waist, reducing them, making them conform to the womanly shape she was giving me. Again, I was overcome with erotic sensations, bucking on the table, gasping and moaning with pleasure, my soft voice so strange in my ears.

Barton stopped, leaning on the table, tired. “I went into prison a man. Tough. Macho. Short and wiry, I had to compensate for that by being more vicious, but when I got into prison I was given a cell with Julian Banneker. I walked in and found panties and a bra lying on my bed. A skirt. A blouse.”

My breasts heaved as I struggled to catch my breath and regroup, regain control of my faculties. “Punish him, then,” I managed. “Not me.”

“I refused to put them on, of course,” Barton continued, ignoring me. “I was ready to fight, but then he showed me pictures of my son—at school, a friend's house. He told me that I either started living as a woman, or my son would start living as a girl.”

“That's not my fault,” I said, pleading.

Barton smiled. “It was humiliating dressing in those clothes, having Julian introduce me to the cell block as his girlfriend, and was trapped and didn't even know it. The other inmates would have eaten me alive, but Julian was my protector, and as long as I stayed his girlfriend, I was safe. I needed him, and so learned to shave my legs and put on my skirts and do my face. He had some of the feminine inmates train me in how to walk and talk and act like a girl, and I stayed by his side and smiled and giggled and played the role of his woman. He arranged for me to have an accident—a broken nose. When I took off the bandages I had this face.”

I looked at her. She had a voluptuous, hourglass figure, full, rounded breasts. “But if he only made you dress like a woman...”

“Only, you say. It was only the start. He put me on hormones right away. The women in my family have always been buxom, full-figured girls, and soon I found myself developing a figure. Before long, I had a pair of nice, firm breasts, and watched in shame as they blossomed from little Hershey’s kisses into full, pendulous woman’s breasts. He loved having me show them off. I wore tank tops and low cut blouses, dressed. Sometimes just a sports bra, and how he loved to play with my boobs. I was like a little sister to the other inmates, and I learned to play that role as well.

“At first, my wife pretended not to notice. But as my figure rounded, we stopped having conjugal visits. When she came to visit normally, I would tie my long hair back in a ponytail and hide my body under baggy prison clothes. But she looked at my pert little nose, my full, fleshy lips, the holes in my ears, my slender eyebrows. She knew, but she pretended not to know.”

“But it isn’t my fault.”

“Oh but it is. If you hadn’t sent me to prison, it never would have happened, now would it, sweetie?”

She started working on my legs. When I regained my sense I looked up to see I now had long, tone legs, like a chorus girl’s. There was only one part of my that still belonged to a man, and she now had her hands on it.

“Don’t,” I said. “Please.”

She laughed, squeezing. “This is the last time you will ever feel that,” she said, and I felt it shrink, growing smaller and smaller, until her fingers slipped into the lips of what was suddenly my vagina, and I gasped, arching my back, as a rocket of pleasure seemed to explode and spread through my body and I screamed before collapsing onto the table.

She gently caressed my hip, pushed the hair from my face. “For four years I played the role of his woman, my body changing to match my circumstance, and then when I got out I found he had one last insult for me. My street clothes had been replaced. The guards laughed, and I struggled to hold back the tears as I dressed in a little plaid skirt, a pink blouse and pumps. I slung my little white purse over my shoulder and walked out of prison, but I was not free, and I was not a man. My wife looked at me as I walked out the door, and I stood there in my skirt. Her eyes fell and they drifted up my long sexy legs to my wide

hips and tiny waist, to the full swell of my breasts, and she spat. 'You disgust me,' she said. And she turned and left me there.'"

I didn't say anything. I was exhausted, humiliated, in shock. I just lay there, stunned.

Barton leaned down and kissed me. Then, with her head on my forehead, she looked me in the eyes and said, "welcome to my world, little girl. My pretty, pretty little girl. If you want to ever be a man again, get dressed and come see me. I'll give you a little time to freshen up."

I heard the door close as she and her henchmen left. In a moment, Fawn was at my side. "Oh, Bruno," she said, her eyes scanning the length of my woman's body.

"Don't look at me," I said hoarsely, turning away from her. "Leave me alone."

Fawn undid the restraint on my right wrist, and then came around and did my right. I closed my eyes so I wouldn't have to look at her. Then she undid my ankles. "Bruno?" she said uncertainly.

"I want to die," I said.

She took my arm and started to pull me into a sitting position, but I yanked it free and shouted, "leave me alone!" I turned away from her, curling up into a ball, my hands over my face.

"I'm not going to just leave you here," she said softly. "We're leaving together, you and I. We're leaving because..."

I sighed. "Leave? And go where? Like this? What's the point? She... she..."

"She cut your balls off," Fawn said. "I know. She unmanned you. She made you into a woman. I watched the whole thing. I know how you must feel, but..."

"You don't know anything."

"You can't just quit. You can't just give up because, this is the thing, she's doing this to other people, too. You told me. Teen-agers. We have to find a way to stop her."

Fawn knew me well. She knew what drove me, and that even now, even as stunned and ashamed and defeated as I felt, I couldn't just let her get

away with it, let her continue doing this to others. I couldn't give up. At least not yet.

I pushed my long hair away from my face and turned to look Fawn right in the eyes. "You're right," I said, putting as much resolve into my little voice as I could. "We do have to stop her."

"That's my boy," Fawn said, offering me her hand.

I grabbed her small, soft hand with my own, and she helped me off the table. Instinctively, my slender arm went across my breasts, while my other went down to cover my slit. Standing next to her, I realized that I was now a little shorter than Fawn. Clothes had been left for me—it was the exact same outfit she had described in her prison story—-a tiny little plaid skirt, pink blouse, white purse. "Don't watch," I said to Fawn, and she turned away as I slipped into the bra and panties, the skirt and blouse, the heels. I slung the purse over my shoulder. It was obviously important to her that I look as she had.

"So what's the plan?" Fawn said.

"I'm going to go see her. Ask her how to become a man again. Make her think that's she's broken me. Then, I'll find out how she did this to me. To the others. How to undue it."

"And after?"

I stopped in front of a mirror to primp my hair, realizing for the first time that she hadn't changed my face. Of course. She would want everyone to know that this was me. "After? I put enough evidence together to make sure she goes to jail and stays there for a very, very long time."

Outside the door were two bouncers—big, muscle-bound bruisers who looked even bigger to me now. "Miss Lace," one said with a smile. "Miss Gold left instructions. Do you want to see her and find out how to become a man again? Or do you want to go and live your life as a woman—and a very fine ass woman—might I add."

"I want to see Miss Gold," I said.

I was led to her office. Fawn had to wait outside, and as I walked in I saw her sitting in a large easy chair. Kneeling beside her was a stunning Asian girl—busty, with gorgeous dark eyes. "Well, pretty little Miss Lace. So you want to see about being a man again?"

"Yes," I said, suddenly self-conscious in my skirt and heels.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, Miss Gold.”

“You stole four years of my life. I want four years of yours. You will work in my club as one of my strippers for four years. After that time, I will turn you back into a man.”

“Four years?” I said, pretending to be outraged. “You want me to live as a woman, to work as a stripper, for four years?”

“No,” she answered. “As far as I am concerned, you can sashay out that door and live the rest of your life as a woman. But if you want to be a man, you have to give me four years of your life in exchange for the four years you stole of mine.”

“I didn’t steal them. It was Banneker. Why don’t you take it out on him?”

She smiled at that. “Banneker? Banneker has been taken care of, haven’t you sweetie?”

The Asian girl giggled at that and nodded. “Yes,” she said in a small voice, much like mine, “Miss Gold.”

“Banneker?”

Barton reached down and scratched her on the head and she smiled prettily. “Banneker stole my manhood, and I took hers. But she’s turned out to be the sweetest little female.”

“Banneker wasn’t Asian,” I said, thinking she was playing some game.

“No,” she answered. “In fact, he was a bigot. Hated Asians, minorities. Didn’t you, little one?”

“I did,” the girl agreed, rolling her eyes. Then, she giggled again. “I am really dumb!”

“Yes, you are. So, you see, you don’t need to worry that pretty little head of yours about it. Banneker has been taken care of for what he did, and now so have you.”

“Four years?” I said.

“Four. Then I turn you back.”

I bit my lip, turned as if to leave, then turned back. “Can I think about it?”

“No.”

Clutching my purse, I let my shoulders drop, then my head, and I said, “okay. Fine. I’ll—do it. Work as a stripper for you. For four years.”

“I thought you would. And remember this—I expect my girls to perform and perform well. I don’t want you sulking or moping around on the stage. I expect you to give the men a show, honey. You understand me?”

“Yes,” I said. “Yes, Miss Gold.”

“Good. Now, get your sexy little ass up to the dressing room and get ready. You start tonight.”

“Tonight? Right now?”

“My strippers dance when I tell them to, girl. And I am telling you to get ready right now. Bambi, be a good girl and help Breanna get dressed, won’t you?”

“Of course, Miss Gold,” she said.

I started to argue, but what was the point? I was just playing along, and if I had to play along starting now, it was all the better.

Bambi was all giggles as she led me to the dressing room and then began to lace me into a pink and white corset. “It’s really not so bad being a woman,” she said. “You’ll get used to it.”

“And how about being a stripper?”

“It’s fun!” she gushed. Once she was done getting me into my corset, she slip a garter over my wide hips and hooked up my stockings. Then, she sat me down, took a brush and did my hair before going to work on my face with blush and eye shadow, mascara and lipstick. I looked stupid, my coarse, man’s face all painted up, but from the neck down I was a bombshell, a curvaceous female who could give any man an instant boner. Bambi finished by covering my breasts and smooth shoulders in glitter, then helped me slip on my high, pink pumps. She led me to a mirror and I felt sick to my stomach looking at myself there, all dolled up, my long, lean legs, tiny waist, womanly hips, and those full, soft bouncy mounds of female flesh on my chest that had started it all. The corset didn’t cover them at all. It just pushed them up and out, making them seem even bigger than they were.

Gold's voice came on over the intercom. "Bring her down," she said. "It's time for her big debut."

But before we left, Bambi had me slip on a long trench coat, and then she tucked my hair under a fedora. It was a generic detective's costume right out of a 1950s film, and I didn't have to be a genius to understand why she had picked it for me. Bambi led me to backstage, and I took as deep breaths as my corset would allow, trying to keep calm. "I don't know how to do this," I said.

"It will come to you," Bambi said, taking my hand and giving it a girlish squeeze. "Just remember to smile, smile, smile."

Heavy base rattled the stage, and the MC's voice blared over the sound system. "And now, gentleman, the girl you all came to see tonight. You used to know her as Bruno, the private dick, but now she's Breanna, the private dancer, sexiest little former sleuth in the world."

The curtains open and I—felt it. Throwing my shoulders back, I smiled, swinging my hips from side to side as the audience hooted. I was temporarily blinded by the flashes of cameras, but just pranced up to the edge of the stage, where I pulled off the fedora and shook my head, letting my hair come tumbling down. Then, I grabbed my coat and yanked it open, revealing my slender, sexy body to howls of appreciation from the audience. I felt a thrill as that howl, and just let the music take over, dancing, dancing, shaking my breasts, turning and shaking my ass, working the poll, with each shout and holler of male appreciation from the audience I felt myself growing more excited, more thrilled at my own power, the power of my female sexuality. I felt the sweat on the insides of my thighs, on my breasts. I felt the eyes on me, the eyes of these men on my calves and thighs, my shoulders and breasts, and I felt hot and hungry with desire, with the thrill of being desired.

Finally, I crawled to the edge of the stage, taking some money in my mouth, then stood and swayed, my arms over my head, my hair in my face as guys shoved money into my garters. I recognized them— not necessarily by name, but I recognized them. They were all thugs, punks I had put behind bars, and they were all laughing at me now as I swayed and danced in my garter and panties, as the man they had hated danced for them as a woman.

And then I saw Kal, the photographer from the paper, and his camera flashed. I blinked, and saw Kelly. And then other reporters and other photographers, and even a camera crew from Channel 7 news. "Oh my God," I

said, suddenly self-conscious, suddenly remembering that I was a man, a man dressed in a corset shaking his ass for a roomful of guys. Turning, I rushed from the stage as quickly as I could in my heels, the announcer calling out, “that’s all for Breanna, but don’t worry, guys. She’s going to be dancing here for a long, long time.”

Backstage, I fell to my knees and wept. Miss Gold walked up, took my chin in her hand and turned my face up until our eyes met. She smiled sweetly. “You did real good out there, girl. Be back here tomorrow night for your next big show. Oh, and if you talk to that reporter at all, tell her that you were always a woman trapped in a man’s body, that you have been undergoing sex-reassignment procedures for a long time.”

I wiped at my tears. “She’ll never believe it. You can do this,” I gestured at my body, “with surgery.”

“She’ll have to believe it, but the alternative would be to start believing in magic, and everyone knows magic isn’t real!”

Kelly and Kal were waiting for me outside. Fawn had her arms around me and hurried me past them, saying “No comment.”

I heard Kelly say, “that can’t be him.”

She called me the next morning. I hung up. She called me again and left a message. “I don’t know who you are or what you’ve done with Bruno, but I’m going to find out.”

She assumed that I was some kind of imposter- the worst imposter of all time, but an imposter. Smart girl. But I had to protect her, so I had Fawn give her some false leads, send her away from Miss Barton Gold.

It was strange working with Fawn that day. I was scurrying around the office in a skirt and blouse, my hair down to soften my mannish facial features, my make-up on, a bracelet and a pair of cute pearl earrings. I was shorter, bustier and had a softer voice than her now. When she suggested we go out to lunch, I grabbed a purse and we walked, two beautiful women, drawing double takes from every straight man we passed.

“How do you feel about dancing again tonight?” she asked.

“Sick,” I responded.

She gave my hand a squeeze.

I almost didn’t go back, but Fawn helped me be strong, to remember that I owed it to all the other men who had been or would be transformed, and so I

went back and dressed up, met all the other girls and got started on my new life as a stripper. Miss Gold called me into her office.

“Last night I wanted everyone to see you with your old face on that banging new body, but you make an even uglier woman than you did a man.”

I giggled.

“So, I am giving you a new face. Sit still.”

I tensed up, considered running, but then decided it was better anyway, not to look like myself.

It would only confirm to Kelly that it was all some kind of sham, but I couldn't be worried about that, and as Gold put her hands on my face and began to kneed, I relaxed and then walked out of her office with a gorgeous woman's features.

How long would it take?” I wondered, sitting at my dressing table and dusting my breasts with glitter. How long would it take to get all the evidence? Weeks? Months? Years?

But things finally seemed to go my way. Miss Gold was careless. She did nothing to secure her office or her records. It only took a few weeks to get the evidence on Miss Gold, and I took it to the DA. He thanked me, and by that night the report hit the news—Gold arrested for running prostitution ring. I sat back in my nightie smoking one of my Virginia Slims and raised my glass of wine to the television.

“Vengeance is mine,” I thought.

Now I would be free to find out how she had done it. I would trace her steps, see where she had gone after prison, what she had done, how she had been able to reshape my body. Walking back into the bedroom, I looked at my long brown hair, my slender arms, full breasts and hips. It was a good body. A healthy, gorgeous body. But I was a man, and I would be a man again. In the meantime, though, Breanna Lace, private eye, was just going to have to find out how to operate as a pretty young woman in a man's world.

And I was sure that she would. I'd faced a lot of challenges in my live and been in a lot of tough situations and I'd always come out a winner. Sure, I would have to find different ways to win now, but Bruno Gold in a skirt was just as much a survivor as he'd ever been. Tits and all, I would make it.

And when Miss Gold got out of jail, I would be ready for her.

