

# **COVID Feminized My Husband**

**Grace Mansfield**

## PART ONE

The accident, if it was an accident, happened in my lab.

As far as accidents go, it wasn't much. Just somebody left their lunch in the wrong refrigerator, then discovered it and put it in the right refrigerator. Unfortunately, nobody ever found out, and what happened happened.

Janey and I eat lunch at 11:00. We go in an hour early, eat early, and leave early. And, we share our lunches.

Now Janey is a knock out blonde. Wears glasses to read, but when she takes those lenses off, zowie! Baby blues knock those boys right out of the park.

I'm married, so I don't care. And, to tell you the truth, I've sort of let myself go. Kids, work, my lazy ass 'house husband' does a few dishes and a load of laundry and calls it a week.

So I'm about 5'6", 200 pounds, and haven't had sex in a half a year.

In fact, I heard my bastard hubbie talking to a friend on the phone, he didn't know I was talking, and he said, "I just roll her in dough and look for the wet spot. He was referring, of course, to how he ever found my hole on my blubber laden frame.

Okay! It's my fault! But there were extenuating circumstance. His promises to love and support, backed up by endless games of football on the TV, and then, later on, suspicions.

I always sort of knew that he was stepping out on me.

'Cause he had to roll me in flower and look for the wet spot. Bastard.

Anyway, Janey and I sat down to eat. She shared her PBJ with me, and I shared my tuna fish with her. What we didn't know was that the PBJ had a little extra something. Something it had picked up by being placed in the wrong refrigerator, the refrigerator we use to keep samples of germs. And the germs had already been altered, mutated, and nobody really knew what was in some of those little babies.

So I ate half a PBJ, finished the rest of the day, and went home. The good news is that whatever was in that sack that nudged up against Janey's sack and impregnated it with the latest and the greatest in diseases...didn't effect me.

I rolled into the garage and stopped the car. I had gotten in the habit of being sneaky. I really wanted to catch Chuck. Catch him at what I wasn't sure, at first, but, as time rolled on, I caught him more and more.

For instance, this day I coasted to a stop, got out of the car without making any noise, closed the door without a click. Then I entered the kitchen, taking off my shoes when I opened the door. I tip toed across the floor, down the hall, and peeked into his office.

There he was. Pants down, dick hanging out, flacid, white goo in his hand. On the computer screen I saw a video of a Carolina Ramirez doing her thing.

His thing.

Her thing.

She was a transgender from across some border, selling videos of herself jacking off. She had big tits and a monster cock. For a tranny.

As usual, I took out my cell phone and took pictures.

He slept the deep sleep of someone who has just squirted his brains out. I risked tip toeing into the room. I got close ups of his drooling face, snorting in in happy but demented dreams. I got a far away shot that caught his dick laying on his happy lappy and the tranny on the screen moaning and shooting a monster load.

Finally, one more day of evidence done, I tip toed back through the house, into the garage, and opened closed the car door loudly. A second later I opened the kitchen door and yelled, "Honey! I'm home!"

Why, you ask, didn't I bust him?

I honestly don't know.

Maybe there was some residual love. We'd been together ten years. Maybe I was waiting for better evidence. After all, a man jacking off to trannies isn't much when it comes to divorce court.

But I didn't really want a divorce.

Somewhere inside me I think I remembered a time of love. When I had been skinny and svelte, and had world class boobs instead of these big, fatty hangers. I remembered when he used to open the door for me, when his eyes had lit up at the sight of me.

Sigh.

So, while he tucked his lazy dick into his pants and tried to look like he'd just been napping, I fixed lunch. I had a doctor's appointment the next day and I wasn't supposed to eat anything.

So Chuck entered the kitchen with a grin that concealed nothing, at least not to me, and pecked my cheek, and put his arm around my shoulder in a perfunctory hug, and asked what was for lunch.

Then I sat across from him, sipped some hibiscus tea, good for weight loss, and watched him slurp and gobble and spread crumbs across the table.

Slob.

I didn't know that the next day was going to change my life.

I took work off and went to the doctor the next day. Parked and entered his office, exchanged chattie nothings with his secretary, and was shown to an exam room.

Another nurse took my vitals. And my blood, and a few other things. I asked her if she was going to pay for all my 'vital essences,' and she just smiled. Seems like nobody has a sense of humor these days.

The Doc walked in, a skinny, bald fellow with thick glasses. He joked with me, listened to my heart, and then started asking some weird questions.

"When did you start gaining weight?"

"What is the heaviest you have ever been?"

And, "Would you like to lose all that weight? In a month?"

Blink. Open-eyed stare. WTF?

He continued. "Elle, you have been victimized."

"What?"

"Look, medicine is getting better all the time. New breakthroughs. New advances."

"No, no. go back to that weight loss bit."

He grinned, "You fall into an odd category. You are healthy. You have some rather unique readings, and we think we can wake up your thyroid."

My thyroid, the little son of a bitch that had stopped working shortly after I got married, and had slapped 80 pounds onto my once sleek body.

"We've known that your weight gain isn't because you ate too much, or exercised too little. We know that your thyroid just...stopped working. And that's why you had considerable weight gain.

Considerable, huh! He was being polite. I had inflated like one of the Spruce Goose's tires.

"So...what? You're going to give me a thyroid transplant?"

He chuckled. "No. A small firm in Germany has developed a serum that they believe will kickstart your thyroid. Initial trials have caused fat mice to slender down in a week. A couple of human trials have resulted in exceptional weight loss."

"How much?"

"Everybody is different, but from your statistics I estimate you will lose up to 80 pounds."

My jaw dropped. Eighty pounds. I would be 120. About what I was when I had first gotten married, and a hell of a lot better than 200 pounds. I would be sleek and slender again.

"Doc?" I actually grabbed him by the lapel. "Sign me up!"

So he signed me up for human trials, and I was one of the first people in the world to experience the effects of Zildo 123, otherwise known as 'The Red Pill.'

One month later—a month in which I came home no less than 9 times to take pictures of my degraded hubbie—I sat in the Doc's exam room, three suits and four doctors watching me, and the nurse put a red pill in my maw, and I sipped from a paper cup.

"That's it?" I asked.

All those suits and white coats, they seemed extraordinarily pleased with themselves. They high fived and shook hands and even hugged one another.

"As agreed, you will come here 3 times a week for tests."

"Okay," I answered. "When can I buy a bikini?"

They laughed, soon after departed, and I went home.

I felt nothing. After eight years of crash diets and boot camp work outs, I expected something. We're the world of instant results, you know? Fast food on the dime. Infomercials promising the moon. But I felt nothing.

Sigh. Well, what did I expect?

I expected 200 pounds to suddenly slurp away. Faster than I could gobble a french fry.

Well, I wasn't in the fast food world, really, that is just a gimmick. I was in Kansas, where fat housewives wear wallpaper dresses and the nylons swell up and can't contain all the cellulite.

I walked into the house. I slammed the door. I didn't feel like sneaking around. I wanted results. And, boy, did I get results. I heard some muttering, some weird rustling sounds, then Janey popped out of Chuck's office.

"Janey?"

She stood there, looking nervous. Her hair blowzy and her make up slightly mussed. Her lipstick, specifically, was smeared around her mouth.

"Uh, hi."

She looked away, she glanced in the office, she looked desperate and pathetic all at the same time.

I stomped down the hallway, it's impossible not to stomp when you weight as much as I did.

"I dropped by to see you, and, uh..."

I looked into the office. Chuck was desperately buttoning his pants. He turned and stared at me. His eyes were dark and haunted, like a thousand yard stare. But he hadn't been in combat...he had been in my best friend.

"Chuck?" And I turned to Janey. "Janey?"

"I'm sorry," Janey burred.

"It doesn't mean anything," blurted Chuck.

"Shit," I said. And then I realized...it really didn't mean anything.

And here's the weird thing.

Chuck? Janey? They were just...silly people. Insincere. Dishonest. The kind that you stay away from.

That day I packed a suitcase. Grabbed a couple of dresses. A couple of small boxes with personals in it, and I walked out the door. Never to return. I thought. What I didn't know was that I had already struck, and that I had had my revenge.

Don't let me get technical here, but here's what happened. For 6 hours after I took the pill I was contagious.

I know, a pill doesn't make for contagion. Or does it? The Red Pill was designed to grab one of my organs and strangle it into motion. And the things that went into that little bit of packed powder...I still don't know, but I was contagious for 6 hours.

I didn't infect Janey. She was a woman. And she was the wrong blood type.

But. I infected Chuck. I didn't even have to have sex with the bozo to give him a...'disease.'

What was going to make me lose more weight than a blimp shot by a cannon was going to something to him. And, oh baby, it was REALLY something.

The first ten days I lost 20 pounds. I was taking in my dresses, buying new bras and panties, and my hair was even turning lustrous. Lustrous hair, what a side effect, eh?

The people at work all marveled, asked me what my secret was. "Oh, nothing. I just finally got serious with the weight lifting."

A lot of the over sized gals at work started shaking the iron after I made the comment.

And my thyroid was just getting started.

The second ten days I lost 40 pounds. 40 FUCKING pounds!

Oh, the doc was worried, that much weight leaving my obese frame at once, he was worried.

But I was healthy, and, if anything, The Red Pill had made me healthier.

Now I couldn't just take in a dress. I had to buy new clothes. And, here's the good part, I had to buy them so they'd still fit when I hit 120 pounds.

Every day I woke up, feeling fresh and full of vim and vigor.

Every day I jumped on the scale, without the fear of breaking it, and took note of the pounds dwindling away.

Every time I stepped into the doctor's office the secretaries cheered. One day they even opened a bottle of champagne.

Ten more days, and...20 more pounds.

80 pounds in a month. And here's the really good news. What extra fat I did have was in my boobs.

I have always been healthy in boob department. A solid C cup. But then I had gone to fat city. But, now that I was back, my boobs were bigger than they had been before I had gained all that weight. I don't know if it was just the fat accrued when I had been obese, or whether The Red Pill did this to me, but I had to get bras for double D. And I was skinny as a boy. I had some fanny, but not much. I had abs. The results of all my exercise regimes was now being revealed.

The only weird thing was that I had to do all sorts of exercises for excess skin. I mean, 80 pounds in 30 days, that stuff would have hung off me like drapes over a window.

But I exercised, took some other pills, and the Doc even cut some of it off me.

Bottom line, day 30 I was back to being world class knock out. Big tits. Long, shiny hair. A body to die for.

And, I had not only lost 80 pounds of ugly fat, I had lost 140 pounds of cheating bastard.

I thought.

It was day 31, I had just gone out and gorged on clothes. I had flimsy bras, thongs, nylons for my now sleek legs, and fresh make up.

And I had several dresses, boots and sandals and high heels, and everything that a gorgeous babe needs.

Ding a ding a ding.

The phone.

I frowned. I wanted to take a bubble bath and then try on clothes. Maybe have a drink, maybe even go out to a bar and look for an honest man.

I know, an honest man in a bar? That's an oxymoron.

I certainly didn't feel like yakking on the phone.

Besides, I didn't really have many friends. I hadn't seen cheating bastard in a month, and I ignored Janey at work.

I gave a sigh and I picked the phone up.

"Elle? Elle?" Chuck's voice was hurried, actually sounded a little frantic.

I hung up. I said a few bad phrases. You know, things like, 'fucking cheater. Bastard,' as I walked away from my cell.

It rang again.

I went back and looked at the number. Chuck. Fucker. I walked away.

And the damned thing stopped ringing. And started. And stopped. And...I picked up the damn thing and snarled, "Don't call me any more!"

"Elle, please!" And I knew he was crying. His voice was strangled, choked up, and his tones, he was sobbing like a baby.

Now, truth, I didn't much care for Chuck, but there was just the teensiest concern. You can't live with a man for eight years and not care something.

I didn't say anything.

He blubbered, "Elle, something has happened to me. Something bad. There's something wrong with me."

"Sure," I quipped manly. "You're a cheating bastard who wants to beat off to trannies. That qualifies as 'something wrong.'"

"Honey! Please. It's not that. My body. Something's happened to my body. I need...I need you...I need help."

I listened, and frowned, but there was a spark of interest. Something had happened? Was he sick? Had he been in an accident.

That teen, little spark of concern popped. And curiosity. Though, I have to be honest, maybe I just wanted to see what was wrong with him so I could gloat.

"Okay," I spoke savagely, after 15 minutes of him wailing and crying. "I'm coming over."

So I stalled a while. Took a bath, and answered the phone. Dripping wet, rubbing my big boobs with a fluffy towel, I answered, and when he began crying I merely grinned and said, "I'm on my way over."

Then I picked out my best new bra. A shelf that would like my excited nipples poking through the stiffest of material.

And a blouse, thin, sheer, not thick.

A thong, a short skirt that showed off my freshly shaved legs. High heels that showed off my calves.

The phone rang and I picked it up.

"Almost there," I lied cheerfully.

I put on make up. Red, red lipstick, shadowy eye shadow. I put in my earrings, little springs of diamonds that swayed and gave sparkle to my face.

I walked down to the car, my ass swaying, my boobs shaking, and answered the phone. "Just a couple of minutes," I said.

I had to laugh. Here he was, crying, moaning, sobbing like a little girl, and I was going to knock his eyes out and remind him of what he had lost.

I pulled up in front of the house, not in the driveway, it wasn't my house anymore, and sauntered up the walk.

Mr. Kevins, across the street, opened his mouth so far his dentures fell out. All the way out. Landed on the lawn where he quickly picked them up and tried not to stare some more as he walked toward his front door.

"Hi, Billie!" I waved.

He waved, then tripped on his front door step.

I stepped into the house. And it hadn't changed much.

Maybe a few more dishes in the sink. Articles of clothing strewn about. Well, Chuck did most of his living in front of the computer.

"Elle?" he called to me from the bedroom.

I snorted. Bedroom. Fat chance I'm going in where he can grab me. And he would grab me. Chuck was always a horny bastard. Even when he didn't want me he was whacking off several times a day to the computer.

"I'm out here."

"Can you come back here, please?" whiney, moany Chuck. I wasn't falling for that stuff.

"No way, Jose. Get your butt out here."

"Please, Elle. Please."

And, I have to say, the way he was carrying on, sounding so pitiful. I actually took a few steps down the hallway. I stopped.

"Come on, you bozo. Get your ass out here or I'm leaving."

"Elle!" And there was something so rock bottom in the way he said my name. There was something so broken and shattered and gone to hell, I started walking down the hallway. I stopped before the end of the hallway, before the door to our bedroom.

"Chuck?"

"I'm here," almost a whisper, but a cracked and whining whisper.

"You better not try any funny stuff."

"I won't. Please. I won't." And he was openly crying again.

Just for a moment I felt concern. concern for another human being. Didn't matter that he was a no good, cheating bastard, he was a human being.

I stepped into the doorway, ready to run the other direction, and my mouth dropped.

Chuck was standing on the far side of the room. His head was hanging and he was crying, and he had boobs.

"Chuck?"

"I'm...something's happening...I'm...changing." He sobbed uncontrollably.

I couldn't help myself. I entered the room, came around the end of the bed.

He had the body of a 20 year old woman. Slender. Big tits. Almost as big as mine. He always kept his hair long, was too lazy to get it cut probably, and his hair hung down over his face. His shoulders shook, and his boobs shook.

"Turn towards me."

He turned, and he had no manhood. No pecker. No balls. Just a wisp of hair, a landing patch, and inside that small bit of fringe he had a vagina.

"Oh. My. God!"

"I can't...I don't know what happened. Elle!"

Now that I was here I realized that he had been making himself talk in a deep voice, normal for the old Chuck. As I stood at the end of the bed and listened to him his voice went up, became feminine.

"I don't know what to do. Elle. I'm sorry. I don't know what..."

He crumpled up then, actually fainted. He half fell on the bed, slid off, and puddled on the floor.

I picked up the phone and called my doctor.

I didn't call 911 because this wasn't their purview. What? They were going to come arrest a guy for turning into a girl? what would they charge him, or her, with? Transgendering in the first degree?

I explained to the Doc that my husband had turned into a woman.

He scoffed at me. Said I was drinking, that my little joke was ridiculous, and I kept talking...and he started to believe me.

He told me to just wait where I was—what did he think...I was going to do cartwheels down the street?—and people would be coming to see me.

The people were the suits and lab coats who had given me the pill. I didn't know why them, but eventually I would find out. They represented a big pharma company. They were involved in researching an amazing number of subjects. Said subjects included COVID, kickstarting thyroid glands, and...sexual mechanisms of various animals. Animals like Clownfish, appropriate for my hubbie; Slugs, yea, that was Chuck; frogs; green sea turtles.

Animals that turned from one sex into another.

My doc knew this. He knew what they were researching, and that was why he called them instead of the CDC.

Chuck woke up and began struggling when they loaded him on a stretcher. He fought, but how much fighting is a girl capable of.

So these big, strong huskies in white coats put him on a stretcher, strapped him down, and carted him off.

I followed them out of the house, watched them put Chuck in an ambulance.

Neighbors came out. Mr. Kevins came out to stand next to me, his eyes glancing at my boobs, the old lecher, and asked, "Where are they taking him?"

I shrugged. "Don't know."

"Well, if you need anything..." and he turned to me.

Fucking Mr. Kevins. He laughed at me when I was fat, made jigging motions to his wife when he thought I wasn't looking, and now he was hitting on me.

I smiled, turned to him, and said. "How nice of you," and I touched my hand to his cheek.

He bonered up and gulped and watched as I walked away, forever out of his reach. Let the fool suffer.

Tell the truth, I sort of forgot about Chuck then. He wasn't in my life, or thoughts, and that was fine with me. I returned to my apartment, gloried in my new looks, and went out on the town a few times. And I found out something interesting.

The world had changed.

Well, actually it wasn't the world that had changed...it was me.

I would sit down at a bar and some good looking hunk would come sit next to me, chat me up, buy me and drink, and I would see right through him. All the way through.

Shallow, insincere. Only wanting a roll in the hay.

So I stopped going out.

And I was getting horny.

The guys at work were hitting on me, but they were all old and married. I didn't want to do to somebody else's marriage what had been done to mine.

And, a month later, there I was. Gorgeous and horny. Beautiful and frustrated. No options for love. And, in a way, I cursed Chuck. I blamed him for taking away my best years, but I knew it wasn't his fault.

It was my thyroid. If I hadn't gotten so chubby maybe I could have kept Chuck interested. Maybe he wouldn't have gone looking. Maybe he wouldn't have spent his time beating off to big breasted transvestites and transgenders and trans everything.

Poor, stupid Chuck.

And, poor me. All dressed up and nowhere to go.

And that was where I was on a Friday afternoon. Off work, looking good, and nowhere to go...when the phone rang.

"Hi, Elle."

"I recognized the voice right away. "Hey, Doc. Thyroid is still working. What's up?"

"Well, uh, can you come pick up Chuck?"

"Chuck?" I have to tell you, laugh if you want, I actually had forgotten about my poor schmuck of a husband.

"Yes. He's ready for release."

"Release?" I didn't want him. "Did you find out what was wrong with him?"

"Actually, yes. Your body was doing a chemical dump for several hours after you took Zildo 123, we think, well, the egghead doing the research said that shouldn't have done anything, but...have you been exposed to COVID?"

"What? No!"

"You haven't been around anybody who has had it?"

"No. Look, I know about COVID. My company is doing research into it."

"It is?" And that interested him. He asked me for some contact info for my company, and months later, many months, I would eventually find out that it was the COVID that did it.

I had picked up COVID from a bag put into the wrong refrigerator. I had given it to Chuck. Neither of us had ever shown symptoms, and it had not effected me. But he had the COVID, then he was exposed to the changes happening to me from The Red Pill, and it was the perfect storm. Everything came together, wiped out his Y chromosome and left him with double Xs. It was the worst sort of double cross, and an accident, and what had started Chuck down the inexorable path to womanhood.

Right then, however, we knew nothing, and, even if we had...what difference would it make? It was all done, and the Doc asked me again, "Can you come pick up Chuck?"

"So he's cured?"

"Well, uh, he's not sick."

That was an evasion if ever I heard one. "What is he?"

"Well, he's doing well."

"Is he still a girl?"

Silence.

"He is."

More silence. Then: "Look, the company can't keep him anymore. They have done what they could, but they're releasing him, and somebody needs to come get him."

"Let him walk."

Silence. Then: "He really needs somebody to pick him up, to, uh, help him."

"Help him what?" I asked suspiciously.

"Look, Elle. Please. Just come see him. You'll understand then."

So, against my better judgment, not wanting to, I drove down to the hospital and walked in the front door.

"Elle?"

I walked into the hospital room and knew exactly what was wrong.

"Elle?"

He was scared. He was shivering and frightened and was scared of the world.

In a way, I understood it. He had been changed. One day he was a hunky man, sort of, if you discount the porn problem, and then he was a girl.

Well, a woman.

Some nurse had taken pity on him and done his hair up. Piled it on his head in a french bun.

And this merely emphasized how his cheeks were more hollow, and his chin more narrow, and that made his lips bigger and plumper. Real Angeline lips.

And, here's where it gets weird, I felt a warmth ignite in me. Those lips. I could imagine them all red and juicy. Ripe for kissing.

Oh, I'm not a lesbian.

But I do appreciate beauty.

And, let's face it, my whole image of Chuck was of him as a man. And there was something soft and warm for him in the way back of my soul.

Hell, I had married the damned doofus! I must have loved him. Once upon a time.

"Chuck?"

He sprang out of bed. He was a lithe 5 foot 6, my height now, he had lost 4 inches, and he had curves. I could see them under the hospital gown.

Curves like mine. Big breasts, round hips, and...and no bulge down where the dick should be.

He ran at me and hugged me. I could smell his hospital washed hair. something would have to be done about that. His armpits needed shaving, and his legs, but there was no trace of hair over his lip.

I could feel his big bosoms smashing into mine.

I let him hug me for a long minute. He was crying, getting my sheer blouse all wet. And I felt the weirdest feeling. A mix of sorrow for a fallen man, and warmth for this...this creature in my arms.

I wasn't a Lesbian, but I did feel something for a man in a woman's body.

"Please," he kept begging. "I'm sorry. Please forgive me. I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

I started saying, "Shh, it's all right."

But it wasn't all right.

A minute before I had been a proud bitch, ready to take on rather frustrating and disappointing world. Now I was saddled with a crybaby man in a woman's body. A person who had no idea what to do, who was victim to the world.

And that warm spot in me got warmer and warmer. My eyes even started to fill.

I pushed him back, held him at arm's length. "Chuckie, Chuckie. What will we do with you?"

And then, hating myself, but giving in to that warm spot in my could, I did the only thing I could do.

"Get your stuff, Chuck. Let's go home."

And the big baby cried all the way home.

## PART TWO

Chuck was a mess. Apparently they kept testing him, taking samples, telling him everything would be all right, and ignored the fact that he was totally and utterly freaked out.

He had been a man, a perverted man, but he had the dick and the balls and the scratch yourself and drool mentality. Then he was a girl. Thirty days may seem like a long time to be changing, but when it is happening to you it is both fast and slow.

Fast, because every day you wake up and your boobs are growing, and your dick is shrinking, or your balls have disappeared, and you can't even look in the mirror without freaking out.

Slow, because each moment drags on forever. You are stuck in a nightmare and even though the Mummy is waddling behind you as fast as a duck hauling a car, he is catching up to you.

And with all the testing and sampling and pin pricks and hypodermics and everything, they had never bothered to send in a psychiatrist, or a transgender counselor, or anything.

I had to drag Chuck out of the car. He just wanted to lie there and sob.

I pushed him up the steps into the kitchen, and then he just stood there. Looking around. His face all wet with tears.

So I pushed him down the hallway, took his stupid hospital gown off, and shoved him into the shower.

Even then, warm water sluicing his new body off, he just stood there and cried.

I pulled him out. He was getting a bit more malleable, so I dried him off, then put him in bed and tucked him in.

"Go to sleep," I said.

"I...I...will."

But I could tell he wasn't going to sleep. His eyes were big and dark with despair. He had bags under them, which meant he hadn't been sleeping at the hospital, and they didn't care. Fucking hospital.

So I went and found some Vicodin, popped two tabs into his mouth, and made him sip warm milk.

He couldn't sip worth shit, and he only took a couple of gulps, then placed the glass on the side table and stared at the ceiling.

I waited.

He yawned, but he didn't go to sleep. A half hour later he was still staring at the ceiling.

"Crap," I said. I lay down next to him and I held him. I cuddled him. I rocked him. I soothed him. I sang a lullaby to him.

Oh, I was pissed. I didn't want to be here. I was all dressed up, and forced to babysit my brain dead husband. But I had to.

The guy was messed up! Who else was going to help him?

So I cradled him, and rocked him, and said sweet things to him. "It's going to be all right. We'll get through this. Come on, baby."

And, an hour later, the Vicodin actually started working.

Now Vicodin isn't sleeping pills, but it was all I had. And I figured if he got a little loopy he would relax, and then maybe he could fall asleep.

And he did.

Two in the morning, I had been here for hours, and he gave a snore. Just a light one. Not a barn burner like he usually did, but it was a start.

I waited, and slowly he began to grow in volume.

"OINK SNEW! OINK SNEW!"

He might be a woman, but that was the residual man in him.

Smiling, I slithered off the bed. Thank God, he kept sleeping. If he hadn't I was going to take a mallet to his noggin.

I tip toed down the hallway, poured myself a stiff drink, then thought. Long and hard.

I could leave him, and he'd probably be in a psych ward, or commit suicide. So as much as I didn't want to, I was going to have to stick around. For a few days at least.

Heaving a dissatisfied sigh, I washed the empty glass out, and went out to the car and drove back to my apartment.

I threw a bunch of clothes into a suitcase. I put all my new sex underwear into one of the big shopping bags I had accumulated, grabbed my make up kit, and headed out the door.

My mind wasn't in a good place. I wasn't pissed so much as resigned, and there was a dark blot sitting right in my forehead.

Yet, inside that dark blot, hidden so well I wouldn't admit to it, was a spot of warmth.

Truth was, I was already tired of being single. I didn't want Chuck back, I didn't think, but...I was tired.

I drove back home, checked on Chuck, lugged my stuff in, poured another drink, and face another problem. Where would I sleep?

I wasn't about to sleep in the big, comfy double bed in Chuck's room. Chuck was in that, and I didn't feel like cuddling up to him. And I didn't like the guest room. The bed hurt my back, and a street light outside the window made it too bright to

sleep.

So where?

Sigh. The living room. On the big, old comfy couch.

I stripped out of my sexy duds, pulled a blanket over, fluffed up a pillow, and gave up for the night.

Daylight struck me in the face. I grumbled something, and turned over. But now I was awake. I was still tired, it had been a rough night for me, but it was time to get up and join the human race. Or, at least put up with the human race. The human race, in this instance, consisted of Chuck.

I didn't bother to get dressed. I just walked down the hallway and into the big bedroom.

He was laying on his back peaceful, his eyes closed.

The curtain was a little open, and the light was going to hit his eyes, so I tip toed over and pulled it shut. When I turned around his eyes were open.

Open and staring at the ceiling. Filled with misery and despair. This was a guy who was going to kill himself. I could see it all over him.

"Good morning," I said.

He said nothing.

I sat on the edge of the bed. "Chuck."

Slowly, slowly, he turned his head, focused his bleary eyes on me.

"I said 'good morning.' What do you say?"

Oh, Lord, it was pulling it out of him. But he mumbled a slow and dull, "Good morning."

"Excellent. It's time to get up."

He just lay there.

I stood up and pulled the drapes. Light flooded the room.

I turned around, about to say something, and he was staring at me.

He had never actually seen my new body. At the hospital he was so out of it he wouldn't have noticed if an elephant shit on him. But now, a new day, the first real sleep he'd probably had in weeks, since his 'change,' he noticed.

I felt naked then. He was my husband, but I had written him off. And here he was, staring at me, my nakedness, studying my tits.

"You've changed."

Tell the truth, I should have celebrated. This was the first coherent thought he had had, and he had actually said something, me, in the real world. But I was feeling pissy, so I snapped, "So have you."

He turned back to the ceiling, and I realized maybe I should be a little more gentle and understanding.

Oddly, the comparison of Chuck to Chuck happened in my mind.

Chuck, the pervert watching trannies and jacking off. A handsome man, but a sad man, trapped in perversions with no hope of controlling himself.

And Chuck, the sad shell of himself. The bozo who cheated on me, and was rewarded with a brand new body. The king is dead. Long live the queen.

"Chuck, time to get up."

He lay there.

I went to the bathroom and got a glass of water. I returned and threw it in his face. So much for compassion and understanding.

He sputtered, and he sat up. Yippy.

I pulled the covers off him, I pulled on his arm. He was light, easily handled. The old Chuck I couldn't move with a tractor. This Chuck weighed about as much as me, 120 pounds, and he didn't have my exercise improved muscles.

"Stop," he said. A dull protest which I ignored.

I pushed him into the shower and turned it on. Cold.

He shivered, looked around, and then stepped to the side and turned the hot water spigot.

Good. He was starting to move.

"Can you come to the kitchen if I leave you alone?"

He stared at me. He was standing quite motionless.

I sighed, jumped into the shower and began scrubbing, first myself, then him.

I soaped his body. I paid attention to his long hair, using lots of shampoo and conditioner. Damned hospital were a bunch of slackers. How could anybody feel good about themselves if nobody else cared?

Then I soaped his body. His back. His torso, and...his boobs.

I had never felt another woman's boobs, and the experience was fascinating.

He wasn't a man, I reminded myself. He was a woman. No matter what was going on in his mind, his was a woman's body. And it was a pretty good woman's body.

His tits were firm, but soft. I soaped them thoroughly, knew that I was getting carried away, but was unable to help myself. I soaped his nipples, and I watched his face. He was getting warmer. In fact, his boobs were actually turning red, like they were blushing, and his nipples stood straight up. And, I was getting warmer. To handle another woman's boobs. It was forbidden, and therefore delicious. I felt myself blush. I stopped rubbing his tits and soaped his hips, and...his pussy. Oh. My. God! He had a real live pussy. Under my fingers I could feel the labia, the clitoris, the plump softness of the whole area. I soaped, and realized I was getting carried away again. And he was starting to breath hard. And so was I. I stopped soaping him, was embarrassed, and said. "Rinse yourself off, then come into the kitchen. I'm making breakfast." I got out of the shower, toweled myself off, left a towel for him, wrapped another towel around my hair, and walked to the kitchen. I left little, wet footprints all the way down the hall. In the kitchen I threw a dozen links of sausage into a pan. Put some hash brown patties into the toaster, then poured myself a drink. I was drinking too much, but I didn't blame myself. Heck, I hadn't had a drink for breakfast for eight years, and it was fun. Everything was done and ready for consumption, and I was wondering if I was going to have to go drag him out by the nipples, when he came down the hall. He was clean, and his hair was wet and straggling—he didn't know anything about hair care—and I took the time to really look at his body. He was slender, like me. His tits were as big as mine, but I don't think any bigger. My bras would certainly fit him. The main thing was that there was no trace of man about him...except for his walk. "You're walking wrong," I blurted. "What?" He looked confused. He looked at the plates on the table. I realized he was hungry. A good sign. "Sit and eat. I'll tell you." He sat down and picked up a sausage, got his fingers all greasy and put it in his mouth and chewed. Like a man. I sighed. "What?" "Look, when you walk you walk like you still have a pair of balls between your legs, keeping them apart, forcing you to walk stump legged, like a man." He didn't say anything, but it was easy to see what he was thinking: *I am a man!* But he wasn't. "You have to walk gently, almost like you have on high heels. Padding like a cat, not stomping like a pit bull. He frowned. And ate. "And, another thing. You eat like a pig." He stopped eating and stared at me. but I was pissed. I had to be here and take care of him, and I felt like my life was on hold. So damn the torpedoes and full speed ahead. "Men eat with their hands, grunting and slobbering, shoveling food in because they're in a hurry. Watch." I picked up a fork, neatly sliced a bit of sausage, and placed that bit in my mouth. Easy peasy. No lipstick smeared. And I chewed with small motions. "Got it?" "Uh..." "Do it." Frowning, he had a lot of frowns in him, he did. He cut the sausage, put a little bit in his mouth and chewed. "Not bad. Needs work, but we can do that." "Do what?" Yes. Do what? What was I doing? I was taking care of an invalid. I was raising a retard. Or was I? And inspiration just sort of whelmed over me, glomped down on me, and I answered, "Teaching you how to be a woman." We stared at each other for a long time, and then a deep down sort of wail could be heard erupting from his throat. I reached across the table and grabbed his chin. "Stop that! It's not ladylike." He stopped. I finished my drink. I felt like another one. But...no. I wasn't going to— "Can I have a drink?" I blinked. He was recovering. He might be a girl, but there was a hint of the old Chuck in there. Beer swilling, bourbon sucking, throw a football better than the next guy Chuck.

"Sure. You can have a wine spritzer. That's what ladies drink."

Oh, the disappointment on his face.

I laughed, a harsh laugh, and I said, "Fix us each a drink. A stiff one. I'm going to show you something."

Puzzled, the frown rippling across his features, Chuck stood up and poured us a couple of drinks.

Hell, I thought. Not even ten in the morning and I'm getting sloshed.

But, you know? It felt good!

"Now, drink that whole thing, as fast as you can."

The old Chuck, brawny and in shape, could do it. And do ten more. And then do a full set of push ups and sit ups and everything.

The new Chuck drank the drink, he managed to get it down, I'll give him that much, then we sat there and looked at each other.

"What?" he asked.

"Wait for it."

"What?"

I smiled.

The booze was hitting him hard. He had a 200 pound male mind in a 120 pound female body. something had to give.

"BLURP!" He threw up.

I knew it was coming, so I got out of the way. He messed up the table, got puke in his hair, and couldn't figure out what happened.

"Women can't drink as much as men. It's not just the size, it's that we have softer bodies. We can't digest all that poison all at once.

He nodded. Miserable. Chunks of sausage and bits of hash brown littered the table and the floor.

"Now go take another shower, then come back out and clean this mess up."

Dismal, feeling like frozen turds, he left the kitchen and headed for the shower.

"And dry your hair off and wrap it with a towel."

Ten minutes later he was mopping the floor. A blue towel wrapped around his head it was a poor job, but he had tried, and I smiled as I watched the expression of disgust on his face as he mopped up the vomit.

Finally, he sat down.

"I'm hungry."

"Suffer."

"Why are you so mean?"

It was an honest question. I couldn't fault him that. But I didn't want to answer him. Heck, if I answered him I would have to admit to myself, and there was no way I wanted to do that.

By now I was dressed. I hadn't put on make up yet, but I was wearing a sweat shirt cut off at the midsection. It showed my new belly button piercing. And I had on running shorts. I liked running shorts, they showed off the legs, were just tight enough around the hips, yet loose enough to move. And running shoes.

I wasn't going to go running today, but I liked the ease of these clothes.

He said, "You look beautiful."

I ignored him.

And, unfair, the idiot started crying on me. His eyes filled up and overflowed and little trails dribbled down his cheeks. He mumbled, "I'm sorry. Whatever I did...I'm sorry."

Tears. Son of a bitch! How often had I used tears on him to get my way? And now he was doing it to me. But his were real, much more real than mine had ever been.

"You really don't know? What you did?"

"I cheated on you," he looked down, and the tears were really started to flow. And, dammit, they were working on me.

"And you looked at porn on the internet, trannies, for chrissakes, and you jacked off." I snarled, trying to get the anger up there, desperate to keep the anger between me and him.

His head was bent all the way over now. Hair was falling out of his towel, his chest was heaving, and those damned breasts were surging up and down. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

I just sat there, getting myself dismantled. Not knowing what to do about it. Damned women. They are so insidious. You can't trust them.

"It's okay," I finally muttered, looking away.

His tears slowly stopped. Then he stood up and trundled towards the bedroom.

"Where are you going?"

"Get dressed," he sniffed.

Huh! I got up and followed him. This I wanted to see.

He entered the bedroom, went to his dresser and took out boxers and an undershirt.

He stepped into the boxers, then pulled the shirt over his head. He looked ridiculous, and I stifled a giggle.

He looked at his own body, I think he knew how stupid he looked, but there was nothing else he could do.

He got out a pair of jeans and tried them on. Inches too long. He took a pocket knife out of the top drawer and tried to cut the pants off. He lacked strength, and he wasn't used to slender fingers, and I knew if he had any nails he would have destroyed them.

Still, he managed to shorten the pants, and he put them on. They hung around his waist and he had to buckle the belt extra tight, and he had folds of cloth inside the belt.

He sat on the bed, then realized he wasn't tall enough to just bend over and pick something up off the floor. He got off the bed, got some athletic shoes out from under the bed, and sat back on the bed, and put them on. And, of course, no matter how tight he tried to tie them, they fell off.

I giggled. Then I laughed.

He looked at me, and I stopped laughing. Yeah, he was stupid, but he was also hurting. I was reminded of times in my life when people had hurt me, and how I had felt.

"Come on," I said, and I stood up. I led the way into the living room and got out my sack with my brand new, sexy underwear in it.

"What?"

"Okay, let's get you dressed." I upended the bag on the couch and he stared at the colors, the fabric, the sexy new ways of doing things.

"I can't wear that stuff."

"And I don't want you to. But you don't seem to have any woman clothes, so...put this on." I tossed him some thigh high panties. All cute with flowery material. I loved the way they looked, and the way I thought they would look on me, and now he was going to get the look.

He sat down, like a man about to pull up trousers.

"No. Stand on one foot, balance, that's how women put their panties on."

He looked like he was about to start crying again. But he stood on one foot, then the other, and had to lean against the corner of the couch, and pulled on the panties.

"Now this."

I tossed him a wispy sort of bra. His nipples would show through the material, big time, but they were perfect for his skin color.

He tried, but couldn't. He kept getting the straps fumbled up, and then the cups were backwards. I showed him how to fasten the clasps in front, then slip it around the body and pull it up.

He took my breath away. His shape was perfect. Every bit as good as mine. His breasts, now held up, were like torpedoes, and his legs were curved and reached the ground.

"What now?"

I was getting warm now. My face was slightly red and I was breathing harder. Fuck. I didn't think he would be this good looking, and he didn't even have any make up on. And, suddenly, I got inspired. I wanted to see how good looking I could make him.

I helping him into a garter belt, then unrolled stockings up his legs, always telling him how to do things, how a woman does things.

Then I put him in a short, pink skirt and held a halter top in front of him.

Fuck! I took the bra off, then put the halter on him. His skin was creamy smooth, ready for petting.

"Come on." I led him back to the bedroom. My make up table was still there. Empty, and I put my make up kit on it and started taking out items.

"Okay, let's get to work...girlfriend."

God! I wasn't angry anymore. What had happened.

And what was happening is that the simple act of sharing make up cements girl friends. The small talk and the trading of beauty secrets, the rolling of each other's hair, it erased boundaries and made girl friends.

Was he still my husband?

I didn't know and I didn't care. I was just feeling the feelings take me, and I was following my gut.

I sat him down, and sat next to him, and began working us up.

First I cleaned and moisturized him. Then myself. Explaining about cleaning pores and making sure the face was in good shape for the creams and powders to come.

I put on foundation, a bit of blush. I worked on the eyes. Eyes require delicate work and focus. I put shadow on him, and on me, then I curled my lashes, and told him how to curl his own.

Dully, yet moving faster, certainly breathing harder, Chuck curled, and then mascara-ed, and, finally, I pulled out the lipstick.

"We're going to have to get you your own. These are my colors, though I have to say, you're so beautiful you could make anything work."

"I'm beautiful?"

"Oh, yeah." He watched me as I colored his lips Bright red, my favorite color. His favorite color on me. And now on him.

"Okay, we need to attend to this mop."

I brushed out his hair, tugging the knots out, spraying a bit here and there, making a shoulder length bob with just a hint of curl on it.

Finally, I stood him up and walked him to the full length mirror.

"Oh," he blurted. "Is that me?"

"Turn a little, show some ankle, yeah. Yeah. That's you."

He turned to me then, and I was struck by how truly beautiful he was.

"Thank you," he said.

And I realized that I had just saved his life. He had been mourning the death of the male, now he saw the true potential behind his change.

He saw what he had been lusting after his whole life. He saw the trannies he had jacked off to, and wanted to be...but....he had gone all the way. He had lost his penis, gained a vagina, had the most wonderful tits this side of me, and...and he looked like dynamite with a short fuse.

"What now?" he asked.

I smiled. "Time for lunch."

And it was. It had been hours since breakfast. And he had thrown his breakfast up, anyway. And now we were hungry, and thirsty.

I helped him slip into some heels, he walked like shit so I linked my arm in his and kept him balanced, and we went out to the car.

We drove to a fancy restaurant. And all the time I lectured him. Sometimes with short, snappy remarks, because he should have known better, and sometimes with giggling little asides, treating him to the secrets of woman.

We had chicken salads, blue cheese on top. And we nibbled, careful to keep our lips perfect. And I lectured him about men. Which was something that truly scared him.

"But, I'm a guy!" he complained.

"You were a guy," I explained. "Now you're a girl, and even if you never go out with a guy, you have to know how to act, how to move, how to hold your own. This world isn't always kind to women, and you have to learn how to survive in it.

We treated ourselves to small scoops of Vanilla with chocolate sauce. Mmm. And I lectured him about keeping his figure.

"You don't want to end up like I was, right?"

"Yeah, but you didn't get there by being a pig. You had thyroid problems, and you worked like hell to beat them."

I frowned. "Well, that's past. Shall we go get a drink?"

We found a small bar, very dark, with no men in it. And I told her about drinking. She already knew that she couldn't drink as much, and she quickly took to sipping and making alcohol last.

A few men came in, and I showed her how to use body language to fend them off, or to pull them in.

"Men really are suckers," she laughed. It was the first laugh she had given since the hospital, and it really warmed my heart.

And, speaking of being warm, I was feeling downright hot. I was flushed, slightly high, and my groin was feeling, shall we say...slippery?

We stepped out of the bar and went to the car and I drove her home.

Her. I had stopped thinking him, and started thinking her. Make up and good looks go a long way.

We pulled into the drive way and she asked, "What do we do now?"

I sat there for a moment. I knew the alcohol was pushing me a little bit, but it wasn't bad. Besides, I was not just a little warm. I was wet and squooshy. If somebody had slapped my ass my pussy would have squirted.

"Come on," I said.

We walked into the house, through the kitchen, stopped for another drink, and on to the bedroom.

She sat on the bed, I sat at the make up table, and we sipped our drinks and occasionally giggled. I said. "Chuckie, we're going to have to get a better name for you, Chuckie, I need the truth now."

"Nothing but truth with you, babe."

So odd, her saying a 'Chuckism,' but like a girl.

"Have you ever had anything up your ass."

Her face shuttered up like winter was here.

"Come on. Nobody here but us girls. I know you looked at trannies, and you must have wondered...have you ever had anything up your butt?"

Her face as red as a fire engine, she whispered, "Yes."

"What?"

"Butt plug. Made me cum harder."

"Just a butt plug?"

"Well, I tried a regular dildo, I got a strap on, and I tried it, but it was too big, I couldn't take it. I still have it."

"Really? You have a strap on?"

She nodded.

"Show me! Show me!" I actually clapped my hands in excitement.

"Well, I could, but I can't reach it."

"What do you mean?"

I put it on a top shelf in the kitchen. It's too high for you, but I could reach it, and I figured you'd never find it."

"But now you're too short to reach it." I laughed. How deliciously cruel."

She chuckled. "Yeah. I outfoxed myself."

"Well, let's get it down."

So we went to the kitchen, I helped her onto the counter and she managed to pull down a pink box without falling.

Back in the bedroom she pulled out the strap on.

I looked at it. It was most delicious. Six inches, with balls, and the head was round and juicy looking.

I stood up and started putting it on.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm going to fuck you."

"What?"

"And it's not just your asshole, but a real live pussy I'll be diddling. This is going to feel good. Ooh, look!" I showed her how the back of the dildo had nubs Nubs to rub my own pussy.

So there I sat, holding a big, old hefty dick out of my lap, and we finished our drinks. She watched me like a scared, young virgin. I watched her like the predator I was.

Finally, I stood up and stepped in front of her. "Time to learn how to suck cock."

Oh, God, the look in her frightened eyes, the way her red mouth opened up so I could push my dick into it.

"Mmm!" she mumbled, and I moved it gently in and out. And I told her how to fondle the balls, how to swirl the tongue around the head, how to poke her tongue into the slit.

It was so hot. I couldn't believe how hot it was. Her sucking me off. Innocent and scared, yet trusting. I understood why men liked virgins then.

I lifted her up, I was hot, but I had to make sure she was. I kissed her, gently, tentatively, and I speared her hole with one finger.

She gasped.

I worked the finger, and I could feel her juices build.

I bent my head and sucked her nipples, and I had her suck mine, and I could feel the heat building.

We fell to the bed, holding each other, chewing on each other's mouths, sucking on tongues and clits and nipples and things.

Then, she was finally ready.

"Up on your hand sand knees," I slapped her ass.

She squealed, actually squealed, and then she was positioned, her ass looking round and beautiful, her slit high and ready and moist. She was hotter than hot, she didn't need any lubrication.

"All right," I muttered, putting my cock head to her pussy. I slipped it between the lips, stared down at it in wonder, then began to push forward.

"Oh!" She groaned loudly. Her pussy withdrew a little, but I held her hips.

"It's okay, it's okay. It'll hurt a little bit, then, if you can relax, it will be the end of the world."

She said something, but I don't know what. I was concentrating on pushing my dick in.

She moaned, half pain, half pleasure, then she arched her back, and I could feel the wonder erupting from her.

"Oh...oh...!"

I struck the hymen, but I was expecting that. I figured a new body would have one. I bounced gently off it, gave her pussy a moment of respite, then began applying the pressure.

"Oh...ow!...Ow!..OH!"

I slid past the ruptured membrane.

Chuck's whole body tensed up and he reveled in the sensations of being penetrated.

"Oh, God!" She blurted, and she began to move back against me. Soon she was meeting my thrusts with her own, pulling back and feeling the grip of her pussy on my slick cock.

She started crying, good cry, tears of joy cry.

I began pounding into her. I wasn't worried about my own orgasm, but it sure would be nice.

I drove in, wiggled my hips, and felt the nub on the back of the cock tickling my own pussy.

She arched her back, lowered it, wiggling her hips, and fucked me like woman should.

I felt the rub of the nub getting to me. I felt the heat in my groin.

I reached under her and grabbed her breasts. They were too big for my hands, and I pulled on the nipples.

She yelped a happy yelp.

I thrust my hips hard. She grunted and shivered, and then I knew it was happening. She was shuddering, her back shivering, her body shaking. The orgasm swept over her, and I knew her mind was blank, filled only with the white heat of pleasure. And then my own orgasm hit. It was a clit buster of some proportion. It made me ram harder, and then my muscles were locking up. My hips began to spasm.

We cried, we howled, and I collapsed on her.

She lay on the bed, flattened out, under my weight, my dick still in her, but not moving.

She was still crying, but because of the fulfillment, because of the happiness.

"What do you think?" I finally muttered. "Would you like to go back to being a guy?"

She laughed, she rolled, somehow staying under me. she kissed me, hard, and she said, "Not a fucking chance."

END