



SUMMARY: Alone on Valentines Day, Jeff accepts a box of chocolates that has been mistakenly delivered to his home. As he eats them, he finds himself being transformed into a nymph, curtesy of Cupid.

## **CUPID MISSED**

**By Valerie Hope**

I'd been one of those people who hated Valentine's Day. It was like the entire nation conspired together to make everyone who wasn't in a relationship feel terrible about themselves. I couldn't even go out and get wasted in protest - all the bars were devoted to these sappy-romantic candlelit "couples" affairs. All my buddies were out, wining and dining their "one true loves" of the week and hoping to get laid. It was all so damned phony, it made me sick. I got my celebration in order on my way home from work. A bottle of Jack Daniels' from the liquor store and a whole bunch of slasher flick rentals from Blockbuster. That suited my mood just fine.

I hadn't been home for fifteen minutes when there was a knock at my door. Some ridiculous-looking guy in a red top hat and a red tail-coat with white hearts on it leered at me through the fish-eye lens of the peep-hole. I opened the door on the chain.

The man looked surprised to see me, in my just-a-little-too-snug work khakis and nondescript white dress shirt. He tried to look past me into the interior of the apartment but I blocked him.

"Uh. is, um, Ms. Halston home?" he said, looking at a foil-wrapped package in the shape of a heart.

"No Halston here," I told him irritably.

"This is Apartment 6B, right?" the guy asked nervously.

"Yeah, that's it, but there's no Ms. Halston here. I've lived here for seven years."

The guy completely deflated, sweeping off the stupid top-hat and sighing pitifully. "Shit. That's my sixth returned delivery this week. That's gonna cost me my job."

I felt a stab of pity for the poor jerk. To get shit-canned from a job that made you wear such a pride-swallowing outfit. totally emasculating, some of the shit we did for the Almighty Dollar.

"Look, dude, just hand it over. I'll sign for it. I'll even sign as 'Halston,'" I told him.

"You sure, man?" the guy asked, brightening up immediately.

"No sense in losing your job over some little piddly-shit like this," I said. "Call it a gesture of goodwill. Next time somebody near you is jammed up, then pay it forward and help him out a little. Bank some love, y'know, all that touchy-feely shit."

"You're really saving my ass, here, man," the guy said, handing me the clipboard. I signed the name J. Halston as illegibly and as femininely as I could and took the package.

"What's your name, brother?" the guy asked, putting his top hat back on.

"Jeff. Jeff Crosby," I told him. "Why?"

"Just so none of this comes back to you, in case the guy who paid for these calls my boss or some shit like that," the deliveryman told me. "You're helping me out, I should make sure nothing happens because of it."

"That's real cool of you," I said. "What the hell outfit do you work for, makes you dress like that, anyway?"

"Cupid Messenger Service," the guy told me, making a "jerk off" motion with his hand while he said it.

I hefted the package. "Well, I guess Cupid missed, but we won't tell him about it."

The guy smiled in a weird way. "Oh, he usually finds out. He's tough to fool. But I appreciate you helping me out."

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The package was a red foil heart-shaped box of chocolates with a card that read "with love from Richard." That was kinda too bad - this guy paid to send his girl some candy and now he was probably going to be in deep shit from his old lady because of this. Well, maybe if he spent some money on flowers and a nice dinner she'd forgive him. Feminine forgiveness usually came with a price tag like that, at least as far as I knew. Legend had it that there were women out there who didn't put you through the ringer because you didn't remember the six-month anniversary of the first time you held hands, but damned if I'd never met one.

I tossed the card aside and opened the box. No sense in letting good candy go to waste, and I'd always had a sweet tooth. The chocolates looked expensive - why else would they only put ten in the box? Shrugging, I took the bottom-most one - near the point of the heart at the bottom, and stuffed it in my mouth to test.

It didn't even really taste like chocolate. It didn't taste like anything I'd ever had before. The only way I could describe it was to remember the first time you had sex with the first girl you ever loved. Remember the way she smelled, the excitement and the fear-thrill and the anxiety and the hopefulness, the way you felt - that's how this tasted. It was pretty incredible. I slumped happily into my favorite chair and chewed blissfully, eyes closed. It was almost a disappointment when I had to swallow, that meant it would be over.

I opened my eyes and jumped in shock. My clothes were hanging off of me - my formerly a-little-too-snug khakis bagging, the crotch hanging halfway between my thighs. My shoes were big enough for two of my feet. My dress shirt was like a parachute had landed open across my shoulders. I tried to stand and the whole lot slid down my body, until I stood in a pile of my khakis and underwear and shoes, wearing only socks that were bunched down around my ankles and my dress shirt which now covered me almost to my knees. The whole apartment looked huge - my former six foot one had me used to looking at it from a certain height, and now I doubt the top of my head could have crested five foot six. My arms and legs were skinny like sticks, with none of the sweated-for cords of muscle along my forearms, biceps, thighs or calves. The bushy, russet body hair which covered me liberally looked all the more dense from the collapse in size. It also itched like crazy.

I ran towards the phone to call 911 and stepped out of my shoes and tripped over the pants which snagged my slender, tapered ankles. I went down hard, bouncing my head off the carpet and knocking the wind out of my narrow, shrunken chest. I had to lie there for a moment, waiting for a brief spell of dizziness to pass. Standing and walking was awkward to say the least. I wobbled and stumbled with almost every step, having to use furniture as handholds just to cross the two yards or so to the telephone. I snatched the cordless handset from its charger and pressed the "Talk" button, but there was no dial tone. I pressed buttons first in desperation and then in anger. What a time for the fucking phone to go out! Four years in this place without a single emergency, and the phone always worked well enough for some telemarketer to call me during my dinner, but when I finally need the thing, it doesn't work.

"Isn't this just like the fucking universe?" I asked the heavens.

Standing and walking were too much stress - I didn't have the muscle mass or coordination to move my shrunken body without thinking about it. It made me feel like an infant who'd just learned to walk, expecting a fall onto my rump at any moment. I sighed with relief as I slumped into my chair. No way could I trust myself to make it all the way to the bus station and from there to the hospital, not on these legs. I had to stop and think a moment. I scratched my flat-as-a-plank belly (the one good thing that had happened so far) as I stared out the window in thought, not even thinking as I reached to the heart-shaped box and selected out another chocolate and slid it absentmindedly between my lips.

Once again, the taste was incredible. It tasted nothing like chocolate, the filling nothing like cherries or coconut or anything that might be in a chocolate like that. It tasted the way romance smelled, candlelight and roses and sexual tension. I chewed and swallowed, still lost in thought.

I have no idea how long I must have sat there, thinking through my options. Finally, practicality got the better of me and I stood slowly, ready to take myself to the hospital and see what the hell was wrong with me.

I rose smoothly, my knees together and my hands gracefully flared out beside my hips. I glided towards my room - where I'd determined to find some clothes that fit me - with a catwalk-model sashay, my shoulders dipping and my posterior tracing an exaggerated figure-eight in the air behind me, long hippy strides with pointed toes and one foot in front of the other, all attitude and sex appeal. My hands and arms floated gracefully beside me like reeds swaying in the wind.

I stopped dead. Sure, I could walk now, but what the hell? I stared at myself in my little hallway mirror as I crossed one arm below my nipples and propped my other elbow on the hand, the free hand up and one finger sexily poised on my chin in a "cover-girl" pose which would have oozed sex appeal if I hadn't been a shrunken, hairy guy.

I tried to get a grip. "Get a hold of yourself, Jeff," I whispered.

But I couldn't help it, no matter what. Even when I consciously thought about moving like a guy would move, I still swayed and strutted and looked like a little fairy. I raked my hands through my thinning brown hair in frustration.

How could I go to the bus, and the hospital, now? I was walking and acting just like a queen - the average crowd on the bus would beat me half to death just for the hell of it. No way could I leave the house. I slumped back in the chair, "back to the drawing board" for a new plan of

action. I fumbled on the table for a cigarette, pulling one of my rumpled Camels from the pack and lighting it. I couldn't keep myself from holding it between the two outermost knuckles of my index and middle fingers, other fingers flared out in a sexy, feminine way. I couldn't even finish my smoke. I couldn't stand to look at what was happening. I ground it out in the ashtray after only three drags. Unconsciously, I selected out the next of the chocolates and popped it into my mouth. I savored the unique taste of it, a taste like honeyed moonlight, scratching my head in consternation and wondering what was next.

I had a brainstorm. I swished across the room and grabbed my briefcase from work, fishing in it until I found the cell phone. I didn't want to dial 911 - I didn't want some ambulance driver or cop to see me prissing around like some little Tinkerbell so they could laugh at me back in the station house. I leafed rapid-fire through the Yellow Pages - my fingers flared out and girlish as I did - looking for the Cupid Messenger Service. I found a number without too much problem and dialed it. The cell phone seemed to work. I waited until I heard a receptionist answer and readied myself to tear new assholes from the girl answering the phones all the way up to the chairman and CEO.

"Cupid Messenger Service, we deliver romance, how may I direct your call?" the receptionist chirped cheerfully.

I took a deep breath. "Um, like, yeah, I want to talk to, like, whoever's in charge and stuff," I said in a husky, breathy soprano. My free hand was gesturing grandly.

I looked at my gesticulating hand in shock. I usually kept my hands in my pocket while I talked, I never made such crazy or big gestures when I communicated. For that matter, where did this ridiculous phone-sex soprano voice come from, much less the fact that I sounded like a high-school cheerleader with the words I was using? I worked on the damned phone 60% of the time, I had excellent communication skills. I had no reason to say "like" and "um" and "y'know." I'd taken time to compose what I had been going to say. I had it all straight in my head, nothing off the cuff. Why was I talking like this?

"Ma'am?" the receptionist said. "Are you there? Ma'am?"

My eyes widened in shock. Of course she'd think I was a young woman on the other end of the phone. But being called "ma'am" was like a kick in the teeth. I ran a suddenly-expressive hand over the bulge in my baggy briefs to make sure there was nothing "ma'am" about me.

"Yeah, I'm here," I said back, perky and fuck-me sexy all at the same time.

"Mr. Eriss is gone for the day, ma'am. May I transfer you to his voice mail?"

I chewed my bottom lip. "Um, I. y'know, that's totally not necessary. I'll, like, try back and stuff. Thanks!"

I cut the cell-phone signal and screamed. All it got me was an irritated thumping on the ceiling from my grumpy downstairs neighbor. I plopped back down in the chair, lit yet another Camel and didn't care how the hell I held it as I smoked angrily, frustrated and impotent about these changes to me. What the hell did I do now? I guess I'd have to swallow my pride and call 911 after all. Something had to be done. I looked down at the phone, pressing the numbers as I popped another chocolate into my mouth.

The candy actually tasted like a massage. Forgetting about the phone call momentarily, I closed my eyes and leaned back with a throaty moan, tasting and feeling the strong, skilled

fingers on my skin and my scalp, kneading and causing curling tendrils of relaxation to spread throughout my entire body. I almost hated to swallow the candy, to end the wonderful sensation, but I had things to do. I sat up and was surprised to feel a slight tug on the back of my head. I turned to see what it was and gasped when a thick shiny wave of strawberry-blonde hair whipped around into my face. It fell easily to the bottom edges of my shoulder blades and had just a tiny little bit of natural curl to it. Feathery bangs framed my face and tickled me just above the eyebrows. I put my hands up to feel if the warm, rabbit-fur softness against my neck was for real and almost poked myself with the long, square-cut nails on my fingers, meticulously buffed and shined and with startlingly white tips in a perfect (and obviously expensive) French manicure. The arms were slender and tapered and the hair covering them was no longer bushy and itchy but a feathery down so fair that it was almost invisible. The same applied to my belly and legs, from what I could see.

"OhmyGod, this is, like, totally impossible!" I exclaimed, hopping up to look at myself in the mirror. What stared back was so feminine that I dropped my briefs to see with my own eyes that my dick was still where it was supposed to be. My reddish-blonde hair hung in a lustrous wave over my shoulder. Slender fingers with glamorous long nails rested in a very feminine hands-on-hips gesture.

Okay, so most people would have figured out it was the chocolates right away. Whatever. Most people don't close their eyes at six foot one and a bald spot and open them at five foot six with long red-blonde hair and a manicure. It finally sunk in what was happening to me. I sashayed back across the floor to the open box of chocolates and picked up the next one like it was a live adder. I studied it from every angle, sniffing it cautiously. It looked, smelled and felt just like an ordinary chocolate. It couldn't be possible. It was just candy. Candy couldn't do this. More to prove it to myself than anything else, I slid it into my mouth and resolved not to close my eyes. I chewed quickly, barely even tasting the miraculous flavor, and swallowed it in a lump. I stared at my body, trying to track the changes. Nothing happened. It was quite anticlimactic. I sat in the chair, now convinced that there was some other cause than the candy. My nerves completely shot, I put down my cute little pink cell phone and slid a long, skinny Virginia Slims cigarette from the crush-proof pack and lit it with my gold Colibri lighter. My feet stirred the pile of clothing at my feet - the four-inch stiletto-heeled pumps in black patent leather, the short leather mini-skirt with its heavy belt of heart-shaped silver links. Shifting the tail of my pink silk cowl-necked blouse off of my hip, I straightened out on of the lacy straps of my black garter belt which held the smoky black silk stockings with the lacy tops on my hairless thighs. My cock was bound up a little in the black lace-and-satin thong, but it wasn't too bad. My bracelets jingled against one another as I brought the cigarette to my pink-coated, glossy lips.

I bit back another scream. Skirt? Garter belt? Stiletto-heeled pumps? Pink, glossy lips? Virginia Slims? In a panic, I rushed (it was actually more of a sexy slither) into my bedroom. The top of the dresser was carpeted with jewelry boxes holding bracelets, necklaces and earrings of every conceivable shape and taste. It was only then that I noticed the large silver hoops which were tickling the tops of my shoulders, threaded through holes in my ears which hadn't been there before. They were so lightweight and I felt so used to them that I hadn't even noticed them, any more than the rings which were on every finger of both hands, including my thumbs.

I tore open the door to the closet and saw exactly what I thought I might. The rods - formerly very sparse with my few dress clothes and suits - were now packed solid with skirts, dresses

and blouses of every color and description. I could actually feel pulls towards certain articles, as if they were my favorites. Hatboxes lined the top shelf where before only my duffel bag and a couple of old board games had lived. The floor of the closet was a solid carpet of shoes, from casual flats and athletic shoes all the way up to platform heels in clear Lucite and vinyl thigh-high boots with zipper sides and six-inch heels over a two-inch platform.

My chest of drawers was no longer full of briefs, socks and t-shirts and the odd pairs of jeans. The top drawers were full of panties of every cut, color and fabric I could imagine, and a veritable treasure trove of brassieres and bustiers. My sock drawer was now only a few pair of cotton athletic socks along with more pairs of stockings and pantyhose than I'd ever seen in one place before. Charmouses, camisoles and slips were in another drawer. The bottom drawer held a few pair of oh-so-sexy low-rise flare legged jeans with the sandblasted patches on the legs and butt, some with studding or zippers on the seams, and quite a few barely-there skintight t-shirts that bared the midriff and with low scooped necklines. There was even a cuddly pair of pink pajama bottoms with little sheep sleeping on clouds printed all over them and a matching pink cotton camisole with spaghetti straps and the word "Sleeping Beauty" printed in white.

The bathroom was the hardest hit. Instead of my one-towel-for-every-occasion, can of Barbasol, razor, toothbrush, comb and Gold Bond powder, Speed Stick deodorant and Lifebuoy soap in the shower, the place was crammed with fluffy blue towels of every size. The shower was packed with exfoliating scrubbers that looked like big powder-puffs and bottles of moisturizing body wash, skin rejuvenator and after-shower splash. Oversized bottles of expensive-looking salon-quality shampoo and conditioner hung in a little wire rack underneath the showerhead, which was now one of those shower massagers on a long coiled silver hose. Several bottles of Nair and Surgi-Cream were in the shower as well, plus some Satin Care shaving lather and a ladies Venus shaver in a cute little blue holder.

The counter was littered with cosmetics. Pots, brushes, pencils, compacts and tubes in all the colors of the rainbow. A huge, dinner-plate sized eyeshadow assortment was the centerpiece, at least three dozen different lipsticks with nail polish to match ringed around it. A huge economy-size package of Q-Tips was there, plus all the bottles of lotion and moisturizer and makeup remover and cold-cream and anti-wrinkle cream that went with taking it all off. Once again, I could feel which ones were my favorite shades, the ones that were young-looking and trendy. A huge, lighted magnifying stand-mirror stood proudly over the messy carpet of cosmetics. Eyelash curlers, tweezers, facial waxing kits - it was all there staring back at me. There was even a box of Crest Whitestrips next to my toothbrush and toothpaste, to keep me in the gleaming, chalk-white "Miss America" smile I knew I had now. God, I even think I flossed now.

The shelf above the counter was crammed with hairsprays, mousses, gels, straighteners, glossers and volumizers for my hair, next to at least six different hairbrushes and five different combs. A straightening iron and a curling iron lay next to an oversized hair-dryer and a plastic basket full of rollers. Bobby pins and hair clips and rubber bands littered the shelf under everything, and another big plastic basket was full of scrunchies in all kinds of fabrics and patterns.

There was even a huge assortment pack of Playtex tampons on the back of the toilet, and a smaller box of pads next to it. Nothing had been left out.

I tapped the ash of my cigarette - which I'd somehow not dropped in all the rushing around - and smoked it while I tried to gather myself. I could see in the mirror that I was wearing an artful and seductive application of makeup, pink lips and cheeks and soft pinks and whites over my eyes, a thick black coating of eyeliner and mascara to make my big brown eyes seem even larger in my narrow, oval face. The lipstick and liner seemed to make my full lips even fuller and kissable, sexy as hell as the blue-white smoke curled out from my pouty little pucker in a soft, feathery jet. My eyebrows, formerly bushy and wild, were plucked meticulously to shape them into a soft, reddish 'Marilyn Monroe' arch. It seemed that my chin had softened along with the angle of my jaw, and my cheekbones had raised as well. It was a face that could be naïve, innocent, sultry or downright seductive at will. Beautiful wasn't quite enough to describe it. It was one of those faces that made you want to study its every detail. I touched my face in disbelief. Whatever the hell was happening to me, I was gorgeous. My cock popped from its prison behind the constrictive satin panties and lay warm and throbbing against my leg.

I wandered, dazed, back into the living room, still puffing absentmindedly on my long cigarette - they were almost twice as long as my old Camels and took forever to smoke down, but they tasted all right and looked incredibly sexy in my manicured fingers. I sat primly - knees together and ankles crossed - in my chair. I ground out my cigarette and immediately wanted another, but the pack was empty. I reached over the arm of the chair and lifted my small, stylish purse into my lap to dig for my other pack.

I navigated around the purse like a pro, even though I'd never had one or carried one before. There were the day's makeup for touch-ups, the pink lipstick and blush and the white glittery eyeshadow pencil, a tube of mascara and an eyeliner pen. I carried a brown plastic compact with powder to take down the shine on my nose (somehow I knew that my skin got oily there right around 'my time' of the month). Two or three very chic pairs of sunglasses, from little rimless pink-lensed wraparounds to a classic black pair of Audrey Hepburn "Holly Golightly" cat's-eyes. Two spare packs of Virginia Slims 120's. Several of the little plastic dispensers for Listerine Breath-Strips and a tin of Altoids next to a big fat Macanudo Robusto cigar in a clear tube, along with a cigar cutter and a butane lighter. A hairbrush and a nail-file. Two 'emergency' tampons and a travel-pack of Kleenex. About twenty thousand ATM receipts. A pink, cylindrical pill-case with "Ortho-Novum" on the plastic exterior. A Daytimer address book and calendar lay nestled next to my thick wallet-slash-checkbook.

I pulled the wallet after I'd torn the cellophane from a fresh pack of smokes and lit one - the long nails didn't slow me down at all, I was using my hands as if I'd worn my nails long my entire life. The little two-fold was stuffed with cash - the first welcome change that had happened tonight - and the checkbook register showed several thousand in checking. The bank book told me of an additional five-figures-approaching-six in the savings account, and there was no indication that these were my only investments. I was rich! Somehow that seemed to make the shock of what was happening lessen a little.

The drivers' license was a little bit of a shock. The picture was of my new beautiful, feminine face, but instead of seeing "Jeffery Gabriel Crosby, Eyes Brown, Hair Brown, Sex Male, Birthdate April 11, 1970" it kind of took the wind out of me to read "Jennifer Gabrielle Crosby, Eyes Brown, Hair Red, Sex Female, Birthdate April 11, 1980." According to the state, I was not only born female but also ten years younger than I actually was! All the credit cards reflected this as well - Jennifer Crosby was proudly embossed on my Platinum Visa, my Platinum MasterCard, my Neiman-Marcus card, my Foley's card and my Dillard's card. I stuffed the

wallet back into my purse and took a forlorn drag from my cigarette, absentmindedly playing with a lock of my too-soft red hair with one finger and distractedly pushing another of the delicious chocolates into my mouth.

The delicious taste was just this side of too rich, making me feel like my skin was a little too tight and things inside me were swelling and distending. As I chewed, I felt a strange but incredibly comfortable stretching feeling. I was watching the transformation with open eyes, but something about the remarkable flavor of the candy just wouldn't let me be upset as I felt my body rise up in the chair over the lush layer of firm muscle and just the right amount of jiggling fat which now padded my lovely feminine bubble of a derrière. The added padding made my hips seem to flare out from a perfectly tiny little waist, it made my walk make more sense and my legs cross more naturally. I would have seen all of this, I'm sure, except for the rapidly swelling mounds which were growing on my chest. There was nothing uncomfortable about it - it felt kind of glorious in a way - as they seemed to slowly inflate. It looked for all the world like my cock getting hard, it increased in little pulsing throbs and the stretching and distention was wonderful and erotic. Prominent nipples tented out the front of my silk blouse as they swelled into luscious, firm globes which rode high on my narrow chest. I watched in awe as they took on a perfect, gravity-defying spherical shape and filled out heavily. By the time I swallowed the chocolate, I had no doubt that 'The Girls' would easily fill all the 36DD bras in my dresser in the bedroom. I ran long-nailed fingers across them luxuriously, teasing the nipples with my manicured nails just a little.

Then I screamed again, bringing a fresh batch of knocking from my downstairs neighbor who probably thought I was watching one of my slasher flicks turned up too loud. I looked down in horror at the soft, swollen mounds of firm flesh on my chest. They were huge and jiggled strangely with my every movement. The exaggerated sway to my walk had been designed to take these strange shapes and weights into account, I discovered as I rushed back into the bathroom. Dropping my cigarette into a little white enamel ashtray next to the sink, I unbuttoned my blouse (in record time, given the long fingernails - something had reprogrammed my movements to make me used to them) and exposed the twin gorgeous spheres which bobbed deliciously on my narrow chest. Twin pale triangles surrounded the flesh of each oversized pink nipple, from where I'd sunbathed in a bikini top. The nipples stiffened a little more in the chilly bathroom, tightening into delicious little fiery points of incredibly pleasant sensation. My cock throbbed against my thigh nearly uncontrollably.

God, I was gorgeous. Five foot six with long, red-gold hair and huge, seductive brown eyes. A face like a porn-star angel with pouty, cocksucking lips just begging to be kissed. Long, elegant limbs with tapered wrists and ankles. Long, sexy nails on long, sexy fingers, tiny little palms and dripping with jewelry. Huge, soft tits which stood in open defiance of sag, nipples proud and sensitive. A lushly padded backside which exemplified the perfect feminine bubble, a tiny little waist and a flat-as-a-plank stomach just barely cushioned my the soft swells of an abdominal six-pack. The ribs were prominent without being grotesque, just to accent the sexy slenderness of my lithe, lissome body. The only incongruity was the thick, throbbing cock against my tanned thigh, the head bobbing gently and leaving a wet spot on the lacy tops of my silk stockings, held up by a lacy little garter.

Unable to contain myself, looking at the incredibly sexy image of the woman I was becoming, I slipped my panties down around my slender knees and grabbed my cock in my long-nailed fingers and stroked it rapidly. I took some sexy, Marlene Dietrich pulls from the Virginia Slims while I jacked off, finally sending my sperm flying out into the sink in long, hot jets. Instead of

my usual caveman grunts when I came, this time there was a musical little arpeggio of squeals and an impossibly sexy little-girl sigh as I released. I wiped the tip with a little bit of toilet paper and washed my semen down the drain. Trying to give myself time to think, I gathered up my clothes from around the room and dumped them in the hamper, finally just leaving myself clad in garter and stockings. I found a satin-and-lace black bra among the gathered-up clothes and stared at it oddly for a while, finally deciding to swallow my pride and put it on just to keep the out-of-control bouncing of my enormous tits to a minimum. I slid my arms through the straps and settled The Girls in their oversized cups and fastened it behind my back like I'd been doing it my whole life. I didn't even have to think about it. That scared me as much as anything else. It was like there was someone in my head that wasn't me, and she was calling the shots.

I slumped back in the chair again, trying not to cry or scream hysterically. There wasn't anything I could do - I didn't have any way of proving I was Jeffery Crosby. The whole world thought I was Jennifer now, and only the shrunken, spent cock between my legs, nestled in its little feathery 'V' of russet-colored pubic hair was the only proof I'd ever been a man at all. I was a freak now.

I ground out my cigarette in the ashtray - trying hard not to look at the ends of the filters there, stained pink by my lipstick - and looked at the chocolates. They'd been the cause of it all, but now it seemed that my only real recourse was to finish everything. I didn't want to be some she-male freak. Maybe I just needed to finish it. I picked up the next of the expensive candies and popped it in my mouth. I tried not to taste the musky, sexual flavor that it left, and closed my eyes. I felt a tightening and a shifting in my belly. The warm, soft heaviness of my cock against my leg was gone. I didn't need to be a rocket scientist to tell me what had happened.

The soft mound of my sex was in a pale triangle of untanned flesh like my tits, accented only by the little downy feather of reddish pubic hair which was meticulously trimmed to a slender little 'landing strip' which wouldn't show out of my sexier bikinis and underwear. I couldn't see much else, given that everything was arranged between my legs and my vision blocked by the huge globes of my tits. I felt with my fingers instead, feeling the puffy lips and the tender pink valley in between, the little dent of my urethra and the soft, moist pucker of my vagina. My fingernail flicked past the little bud of my clitoris, safe beneath its fleshy hood, and I gasped. I'd never felt anything so intense before. Steeling myself, I did it again, then used a little pressure from my fingertip. Incredible waves of pleasure were rolling through me, stiffening my nipples even harder and making my arch my back in pleasure. I rubbed my clit in little circles with the fingers of my right hand, moistening them a little with spit to keep the lubrication high. My left hand snaked behind me, through the soft crack of my divinely rounded ass, to push two spit-slick fingers carefully into the puckered hole of my pussy. The feeling was incredibly intense, having them inside my body and surrounded by the warm wet velvet of my pussy. I pumped them in and out, setting me nearly on fire inside. I bit my swollen bottom lip to bite back my little barking, chirping squeals of ecstasy, but as the cup-brimming-over wave of pure euphoric pleasure filled me from toenails to scalp, I shuddered deliciously and let out with a soft, high-pitched moan of pure delight.

I lasciviously licked my fingers clean, wanting to taste the musky, honeyed flavor of my own pussy. It was incredible, like warm salty strawberries. I dipped my hand below my crotch two more times to coat my fingertips with the syrupy dampness of my climax and lick it off. On pure sensual overload, I took the next of the chocolates from the heart-shaped box and

dragged it slowly through the almost-too-sensitive-to-touch cleft of my aroused pussy and placed the coated candy on my tongue.

The flavor was positively outside the realm of description. It was every pleasurable, sensuous thing that had ever happened to me in my whole life, distilled and liquefied and exploding across my tongue. I moaned in pleasure as my pussy contracted deliciously once again, gifting me with another shuddering, moaning orgasm as sweet and overwhelming as the first.

I opened my eyes and blinked in surprise. It was still my apartment - the same shape and square footage, at any rate. My wrinkled movie posters for *Braveheart* and *The Blues Brothers* were gone, replaced by framed posters of *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and *The Seven Year Itch*. Quasi-erotic Patrick Nagel prints hung from the walls. An oversized flower arrangement sat on a pristine parquet coffee table with only an empty wineglass and the television remote sitting on it. The couch and chair - formerly Salvation Army Specials - were a soft peach, overstuffed and covered with dozens of white and pink throw-pillows and a fluffy white afghan over the back of the sofa.

The DVD rack was now filled with Marilyn Monroe and Audrey Hepburn movies instead of my more customary bullets-and-breasts-and-car-crashes Schwarzenegger and Stallone flicks. Even my pornos, hours and hours of Jenna Jameson and Asia Carrera impaling themselves on all manner of cocks, were replaced by pink-jacketed Nina Hartley collections, her guides to oral sex and sex toys. I even had a few workout videos. My CDs weren't the loud, annoying guitar rock of my youth, replaced by techno and dance tracks.

I wandered around a little, looking at the immaculate little kitchen now filled with fresh fruit and produce and bottled water instead of my Swanson Hungry-Man dinners and the overflowing trashcan. My beer-can collection was replaced by a remarkably well-stocked wine rack and all my mismatched, chipped dishes and silverware were a subdued, matching pattern. I had another flower arrangement on the window above the sink, along with several prescription pill bottles.

The bedroom was dominated by a huge queen-size four-poster with pink satin sheets and a fluffy white duvet cover. This, too, had far more pillows than any human actually needed in order to sleep. The hamper was there, but there was a separate hamper for dry-clean-only clothes next to it. Even my small, over-filled ashtrays stolen from motels across the country were replaced by elegant, cut-glass ashtrays that were meticulously emptied. The back of the closet door had a huge, black-and-white print of a naked man from the back, exquisitely muscled and rugged-looking. I looked away hard. Of course a woman might have something like that in her room, but I didn't want any pictures of naked men anywhere near me. I felt nothing from looking at it, at any rate. That was a little relief.

I tossed on a little white Lycra t-shirt which left my midriff bare and had the words "Got Money?" printed across the expansive chest in black letters. I slid the stockings and garters off and dropped them in the sink to hand-wash later in Woolite. I did a little foot-to-foot shimmy as I tugged on a scandalously tight and high-cut pair of "Daisy Duke" cutoff shorts around my sweetly padded backside and bare pussy. The crotch seam rested tightly against my still-sensitive clit and gave me little thrilling tingles of pleasure as I walked. I finished by pulling on a cute pair of little pink socks to keep my delicate small feet protected against the draft. I even gave my stuffed white tiger on my little dressing table a tweak on his button nose as I left.

I sat back down, looking forlornly at the slasher movies I'd rented in anti-celebration of Valentine's Day, next to the bottle of Jack Daniel's I'd picked up which was now a bottle of expensive Chablis. Gone was *Friday the 13th* and *Halloween* and *Scream*, replaced by rentals of *When Harry Met Sally* and *Six Days, Seven Nights* and *Sabrina*. Tossing my hair over my shoulder with a girlish twirl, I gathered it up and pulled it into a loose ponytail, tying it with the soft pink scrunchie I'd been wearing around my wrist. Still numb from the shock of the transformation and logy from the powerful climaxes I'd had, I poured myself another glass of wine, dropped *Sabrina* into the DVD player and curled up in my chair with a pillow against my midsection and my legs tucked beside me. Before the main menu had even appeared from the DVD, I had the next-to-last chocolate in my mouth and was chewing distractedly.

It tasted like being warm on a cold night felt. Safe and cozy and small. It sent a little sexual thrill the length of my body, and somehow made it not so bad to be a buxom little redhead bombshell named Jennifer. I suspected that it would even make being Jennifer all right, even preferable if it had the time. It wasn't a bad feeling, but I didn't want to lose myself totally. I swallowed quickly, afraid to keep chewing and let it take me away totally.

I guess I zoned out, just watching the sappy 'chick flick.' It wasn't the old Audrey Hepburn version of *Sabrina*, which sat on the rack with the other DVDs I owned. This was the remake, with Julia Ormond, Harrison Ford and Greg Kinnear. I hadn't seen it before in my life - wasn't my kind of flick, actually - but somehow I seemed to know this story off by heart. I even caught myself saying some of the funnier lines under my breath along with the characters. But stranger than that was the fact that I wasn't eyeballing Julia Ormond. Usually, if I was stuck watching a 'chick flick' on a date or something, I busied myself by trying to picture the leading lady naked and sweating and sucking a cock for all she was worth. It was the only way to make some of them tolerable. But in addition to actually following the story and caring about the characters, I also found myself giving Harrison Ford the serious once-over. I was enthralled with checking out his lopsided grin and those intense eyes, the figure he cut in a business suit and wondering what he'd look like without clothes. I felt a heavy dampness starting in my pussy and my nipples pressing against the sheer fabric of my shirt.

I paused the movie in alarm, sitting up straighter. I was actually checking out Harrison Ford's butt and getting turned on! I shook my head, tried to concentrate on Julia Ormond. Sure, she was cute and slender, but I couldn't make myself feel any real desire for her other than just a mild curiosity about how she kept her figure so trim. Her clothes, which would have excited me before, I found wondering if they'd look better on me than on her, and a mild jealousy about her long legs and other features that I wished I had. And particular flashes of jealousy when she got to touch or kiss Ford.

I decided to test myself. I closed my eyes and pictured Pamela Anderson in her Playboy spread, all siliconed out and airbrushed and in full makeup, spread-eagled and just dripping with raw, unfettered sexuality. There was a little spark of excitement, but not nearly what the image usually did to me. Then I pictured the poster of the naked man on the back of my closet door. A heavy dampness started in my pussy, along with a maddening hollow feeling in my middle as my nipples stiffened into intense little daggers of pleasure. I found myself breathing through my mouth, panting a little. I wanted to be in my sexiest lingerie, my most revealing outfit, enticing and teasing and finally laying back beneath him, legs spread for his powerful tool, throbbing with the erection that I'd given him, trembling with the desire that I'd created.

Oh, God. There was no part of me left at all.

But wait. As long as I remembered being Jeff, remembered that things weren't right, then Jennifer hadn't destroyed me fully. Maybe if I went out and bought some more masculine clothes to wear around the house and to work - oh, shit, did I still have a job? - and got rid of all the girly stuff in the house, maybe I could force Jennifer out and give control back to myself. There had to be a way.

The little pink cell phone rang then, a merry little digital tune that I recognized as Beethoven's *Für Elise*. I pressed the "Talk" button with a long fingernail and tossed my head to press the phone against my ear, clicking against my huge hoop earring.

"Yeah," I said irritably.

"I'm trying to reach Jeffery Crosby," a rich, deep baritone said.

"This is he," I said. "Who the hell is this?"

"You don't sound like a Jeff to me," the voice said with amusement. "This is Quentin Erris of Cupid's Messenger Service. I understand you took a delivery for one of my men in error today. I imagine from the sound of your voice that you ate the chocolates?"

"Damn right I did," I said sharply. "And they turned me into a damn girl."

"Actually, my dear, they did quite more than that," Erris said. "You're far more than just a 'girl.' Those chocolates, I'm afraid, were filled with a distillate of a substance known as ambrosia. Do you know what that is?"

"Some kind of marshmallow salad?" I asked.

"Not quite," he replied. "It's a special food, my dear Ms. Crosby. The food of the gods of ancient Olympus, to be exact."

"Say that again?" I said, eyes widening.

"The food of the gods. The ancient Greek Gods of Olympus. You see, my dear, I'm not just the CEO of Cupid Messenger Service. I'm actually Cupid. Or, as the Greeks named me, Eros. Son of the Goddess of Love. I manufacture those chocolates for a specific purpose, to aid mortals who have aided me."

"Are you on something?" I asked him.

"Weren't you a man two hours ago? Do you have another explanation?" Eros said.

"It's very simple," he said. "A mortal man - Richard Fowler - did me a kindness, and I sent those chocolates to his lady friend to say thank you. They were supposed to be eaten by her. You should never have touched them."

"What did they do to me?" I asked.

"They transformed you," Eros explained. "They infused your body with ambrosia - which means you now have eternal life, youth and vitality. They also filled you with the essence of romantic love, which is my specialty, and several other magical compounds which gave you the looks and body you now possess."

"You said I'm not really a girl," I shot back. "What the hell did you make me into?"

"A nymph," Eros answered. "The earthly epitome of everything feminine. You are the essence of beauty, grace and seduction. Men will want you for the rest of your existence, and you can tease them, use them or join with them as you see fit. Any offspring you have will be girls, nymphs just like you, who will live and remain young and beautiful forever. You will exist only to cause desire and fantasy, my dear."

"Forever?"

"Forever," Eros said with finality. "It's not such a bad way to live, don't you think?"

"You bastard!" I half-shrieked. "I'm going to be trapped like this forever, looking at men's asses and with these huge blubbery tits on my chest? You fucking bastard!"

"I suppose I can understand your anger," Eros said, "but I really can't allow a mortal to speak that way to a god. Please rephrase yourself."

I cleared my throat and went on in a very even, "Mr. Eros, I'm afraid I didn't ask for this. I have serious concerns about remaining this way until the end of time."

"I sympathize," Eros told me, "but there's no way to reverse it shy of going to Zeus, the king of the gods. The bureaucracy alone would have us tied up in red tape. let's see. I doubt we'd even get in to see him until after your sun had gone red giant and all life except the immortals had vanished from this planet. Shall I still make the appointment?"

"What am I, like, supposed to do?" I sniffled.

"Relax," Eros said. "Try to enjoy yourself. I'd originally planned to give Richard Fowler a nymph to live with for the rest of his mortal life. I don't see why that plan necessarily has to change."

With a flash, there were several more flower arrangements on the tables in the apartment. All had cards stuck in little plastic holders which said "Thinking of you, Love, Richard" in the midst of the arrangements.

I looked down. I was wearing a scandalously expensive strapless sheath dress which glittered with sequins and hugged my every luscious curve from breasts to ankles. Open-toed three-inch platform sandals with a seven-and-a-half-inch heel peeked under the hem. My neck was enclosed in a huge diamond seven-row choker with at least a four-carat nestled in the top of my generous cleavage, and more diamonds sparkled from my ears, wrists and fingers. My red hair was in a feathery-soft and feminine up-do which framed my flawless face with little tendrils of soft hair.

"He'll be by for you soon. A very expensive dinner at a very chic restaurant, just the thing for Valentine's Day," Eros told me.

"And what if I don't want to be with him?" I pouted.

"Then you don't have to be," Eros said. "I'm not a rapist, my dear. I'm the god of romance. But I suspect that Richard will be such a gentleman, and so dashing and handsome, that you'll want to be with him."

"Fat chance," I shot back.

"Not necessarily," Eros told me. "You could always eat that last chocolate."

"What? How did you know."

"Goodbye, Jennifer. Have a good time with your new boyfriend. Don't stay out all night, though, you have work tomorrow."

The line went dead. I tried to call back using Caller ID, but there was nothing there. It was almost like I could hear this guy's footsteps coming up the hall, a guard coming for a Death Row inmate to take him on that last long walk to his lethal flu shot. I was breathing so heavily that I almost popped out of the top of my dress.

I sat fluidly - no easy feat in that tight dress - and lit a cigarette, staring from the door to the solitary chocolate and back again, imagining Harrison Ford in a tuxedo coming up the hall to collect me for the evening and my pussy overpowering me, lying back for him like a slut while the part of my brain that was still Jeff screamed and went insane.

I popped the chocolate into my mouth. It was yummy - it tasted like fun and dancing and being with friends and all the things I liked. There was a knock at the door and I hopped up excitedly, bouncing a little in my platform heels and giving in to my excitement a little before I let Richard see me as the sultry, oh-so-polished and sophisticated sex bomb I wanted him to see me as. He was sooOOoo cute! I was so glad when he'd asked me out - I mean, I get asked out all the time in my line of work and usually blow it off, but this guy was such a hottie that I'd hoped he'd take me to dinner the moment I sat in his lap at the club. He teased me a little - he didn't invite me for cocktails until after I'd given him his second lap dance. We'd only been dating a few weeks, but all the flowers and candy and the jewelry in addition to the romance of Valentine's Day - my favorite day of the year - had me like a giggling schoolgirl who didn't know what to do with her hands. It was wonderful. I wanted to feel like this forever.

He looked so good in his tuxedo, his salt-and-pepper hair making him look so distinguished and so worldly. Strong, solid shoulders and chest and piercing blue eyes that made me go all to jelly inside. He kissed my hand and put a single, long-stemmed red-rose between my fingers. His blue eyes twinkled up at me from above my hand.

"Jennifer, you look like an angel tonight," he said in his smooth tenor. My heart skipped a beat. That was almost too romantic to be for real. I hoped I didn't put a wet spot in the dress - I wasn't wearing any underwear tonight to keep from spoiling the line of the tighter-than-sin dress. If he kept this up I was going to soak straight through the crotch.

"Shall we? The limo is waiting," he said, extending an elbow towards me.

I took a sexy, breathless drag from my cigarette as he offered me his arm. He was going to get SO fucked tonight. I was betting he'd never gotten any from a nymph before. He was in for quite the surprise.