



SUMMARY: After crossing a revengeful gypsy, one guy finds that every time he sees a sexy babe, he inherits the part of her he lusts after.

## **DETAIL ORIENTED**

### **Part One**

**by Valerie Hope**

BEER AND I NEVER REALLY GOT along as well as I thought we did. And the sad thing was, I knew my limits. I just chose not to adhere to them sometimes, and when I downed one past my limit of four, I became the stereotypical “Instant Asshole, Just Add Alcohol.” It's not like I was proud of the fact, but I'd been pre-loading for my best buddy Mike's bachelor party since about noon and I was well over three sheets to the wind when I stumbled out of the sports bar and into what I thought was a sex shop, with the bright idea of purchasing a few blow-up fuck dolls for the party tonight.

“Where do you keep the fuck dolls?” I asked the very slender and extremely attractive, waifish girl behind the counter. She looked at me very quizzically.

“I'm sorry?” she asked in a lilting accent.

“The fuck dolls. Y'know, blow-up dolls. Where'd'ya keep them?” I slurred.

“I think you have the wrong store, sir,” she said patiently.

“C'mon, li'l mama, the name of the place is called The Play Room,” I said with a drunken leer, attempting to appear worldly through a haze of imported beer fumes. “What the hell else you gonna sell in here besides dildos and fuck dolls?”

She smiled patiently. “The Play Room is upstairs, sir, and it's a classroom for mothers with new babies and no childcare experience,” she explained. “This is the downstairs, Madame Oresta's. Fortune telling, palm reading, tarot, that kind of thing.”

I blew a raspberry that I thought she might find charming. “Really? Shit. I'm trying to find someplace that sells fuck dolls. Got a Yellow Pages here?”

“No sir, I'm sorry, we don't.”

“Bullshit,” I snorted. “But it don't matter. I'll settle for your number, sweetheart.”

“I'm afraid I don't give that information out,” she told me sternly. “Sir, I think it's best that you go. You don't need to be in here.”

“I don't wanna go. I don't even know your name, sweet thing,” I slurred, sidling closer with stumbling steps. “Mine's Cliff. Cliff Hayes.”

“Delighted,” she said with scorn. “Mr. Hayes, you should really go.”

“How come? You can't tell me a pretty little piece like you doesn't want a little attention, tucked away down here in the basement,” I said. “What, doesn't your mama let you out to play every once in a while?”

“I wouldn't mention Mother if I were you,” she cautioned. “Mr. Hayes, I need you to leave. Right now. Or I'll call the police.”

“Why you gotta be such a bitch?” I bellowed, far louder than I thought I did. “I'm just trying to be friendly, and you gotta go off and be a fucking nasty little cunt about it. Fuck you.”

“What in Heaven's name is going on in here?” an imperious, sonorous voice said from behind me. I whirled around on unsteady feet, stumbling and nearly knocking over a floor lamp, to see a lusher, riper version of the girl behind the counter, wearing a peasant skirt, low-cut blouse and her black curls tied back with a simple white cotton scarf. She had her arms crossed beneath her generous breasts and was staring at me as if I'd just shit on her living room rug.

“This man is drunk, Mother,” the girl behind me said, a little quaver of fear in her voice. “He just got a little bit upset, is all. Nothing I can't handle.”

“Stay out of this, lady,” I added for effect. She sneered.

“Upset? The man is a braying donkey, from what I heard. Certain words are simply not used in polite company, Mr. Hayes. I will not tolerate your behavior.”

“I don't give a fuck what you tolerate,” I told her. “I'm just trying to be friendly to the girl, here...”

“And 'the girl' isn't the least bit interested in your attention, you drunken oaf,” the older woman interrupted smoothly. “Now, will you leave of your own volition, or am I going to have to compel you?”

My brow furrowed at the barrage of big S.A.T. words that washed over me, but I got the jist that she was giving me an ultimatum. I shot her the finger. “It's a free country, you old bag,” I challenged. “I can stay wherever the hell I want. You gonna try and throw me out?”

“Nothing so crude,” she said. “I prefer to solve my problems more creatively.”

“What the hell do you mean by that?”

She raised both hands in a clinking clatter of bracelets and rings and made an elaborate gesture. “By my mother and my mother's mother, and the family Rostov,” she intoned loudly. “I curse you, Cliff Hayes.”

“Curse me? Really?” I laughed. “What you gonna do, cast some kind of gypsy spell on me?”

“Exactly,” she said quietly, and in my inebriation I missed the threatening hiss.

“Oh, I'm so fucking scared,” I said with an exaggerated shudder.

“One more chance, Mr. Hayes, to leave now before I do something I can't undo,” she said.

“Sit and spin, Toots,” I said.

“Very well,” she said. She stuck her thumb in her mouth, wetting it with her saliva, and jabbed it against my forehead right between my eyes, hard enough to drive me back a step.

“Oh, Mother,” the waifish girl sighed.

“It's done,” she told me.

“What, no magic words, or eye of newt?” I asked her brazenly.

She gave me a wicked smile. “You want magic words? Fine,” she said. She leaned very close and whispered ominously into my ear:

“What you see is what you get.”

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I truly wasn't sure how I wound up on the street in front of the fortune teller's shop, or why I was having a very difficult time recalling what had happened over the last fifteen minutes. I dimly remembered being angry and belligerent, and there were some shredded wisps of memory here and there that suggested to me that I'd been in some kind of argument. The only thing that was very clear to me was that a) I'd had too much to drink and b) the words “what you see is what you get.”

Hailing a cab, I decided to make my way home for a nap before the evening's festivities. Mike's bachelor party promised to be legendary, and many of the groom's party hadn't seen one another since college. I was still a little drunk – far less so than I was a little while ago, I dimly recalled – and I wanted to be on top of my game when the wildness began.

I staggered into my apartment and flopped onto the couch, asleep in moments. I woke up with a bit of a headache – nothing another beer couldn't cure – and jumped into a shower to rejuvenate myself. I dressed in something casual but not too nice, comfortable and plenty of room in the crotch for the hard-on I was expecting to get from whatever stripper or strippers landed in my lap. Checking my watch and giving last looks to my spiky hair, I dove out the front door at a quarter to eight and took another cab to the high-dollar steak house where we were all meeting for dinner before the festivities.

Steve and Jeff, the two other groomsmen, were outside smoking on the sidewalk when I pulled up and paid the cabbie for the ride. I handed over the envelope with my share of the cash – each of us had put in about five hundred bucks to bankroll Mike's debauchery and bummed a smoke from Steve while we waited for the two ushers – old friends of Mike's from high school, or cousins, or whatever (I hadn't been paying attention when he mentioned it, all I knew is that it wasn't the crowd that ran together in college) – and Mike to show. After about fifteen minutes on the curb of the busy street, however, we decided to cut our losses and head inside to get a table before the threatening skies began to drop rain on us.

We procured a long table, one side edged by a long booth and the other by chairs. I slid into the booth side so I could get a good look at the crowd and kill time people-watching while Steve and Jeff hit the can, ostensibly to pee but if they were true to form they were heading out of sight to do a few lines of coke to get themselves amped up for the party. While I watched the crowd go by in the dimly-lit restaurant, I noticed a younger couple. The woman had her back to me, but was in a nice dress (this was a pretty upscale establishment) and had her hair up. Her boyfriend or husband or whatever he was was a big fella, probably played football in college with shoulders and biceps like that. The waitress set a ribeye in front of him that must've weighed a pound cooked and he could hardly get the napkin off his knife and fork, he was so eager to dig in. But I noticed that his slender, petite significant other had ordered only a salad

with grilled chicken, with dressing on the side, and a little glass of white wine instead of the schooner of beer her man had in front of him.

Now that's sexy, I thought to myself. Nothing but red meat and desserts on the damn menu and she orders a salad so she can look good for that guy. I like that.

I'm not sure if it was the day's earlier abuses or the shortness of the nap I'd taken, but a wave of dizziness passed over me, making me swoon a little. It was over nearly as soon as it began, but I swore I felt a patch of skin between my eyes burning and got a sense of snapping, angry dark eyes in a haughty female face looking at me with scorn and distaste.

“Hey, what's up, you bitches?” a drunken-sounding Mike bleated from around the corner at Steve and Jeff, who'd just gotten out of the bathroom and appeared much more chipper and hyper than they had when they went in. Back-pounding man-hugs were distributed all around as we took our seats, indulging in the pregame 'woo-hoos' and 'this-is-gonna-be-greats' that seemed to preclude any attempt at a bacchanalia with this crowd. The waiter came and took our drink orders, going around the table hearing 'beer,' 'beer,' 'beer' and 'beer.' When he got to me, I didn't skip a beat before I ordered.

“White wine,” I said.

Everyone's eyes at the table snapped onto me as if I'd just dropped my pants.

“What?” I asked, affronted.

“Whatever, fag,” Steve jeered. “Drink your sissy little white wine.”

White wine? I wondered. I had no intention of ordering that! I want a goddamn beer! But try as I might, I couldn't make the words come out of my mouth to the waiter, who committed the orders to memory and hustled away from the table before I could do so much as croak in outrage.

The shock wore off, eventually, as we got lost in the loud, boisterous conversation about women, sports and cars that we usually struck up when we were together, with plenty of good-natured competition and chest-puffing. I'd actually managed to forget about it by the time our waiter returned to take dinner orders, and no matter how much I wanted the 12-ounce porterhouse I'd been eyeing with lust since I first walked in the place, I couldn't make my mouth say anything other than “grilled chicken salad, house vinaigrette on the side.”

The guys at the table were goggling at me openly again. Jeff went so far as to ask, “Cliff? You feeling okay, buddy?”

I tried to laugh it off. “Just saving room for all the booze tonight,” I chided. “You fuckers will be full of steak and fries and shit while I'm gonna have nothing but space in there. See if I don't have the right idea.”

They all laughed and decided that, although they would not be dissuaded from their manly-man steak dinners, it wasn't a half-bad idea, and they might need to try it themselves the next time they partied.

I couldn't just shake this off, though. Something was fucked up. No part of me wanted to order rabbit food for dinner, and yet nothing else would come out of my mouth no matter how hard I tried or concentrated. And the strangest and most alarming part was that the salad and white wine tasted better to me than the steaks looked, and that I only got about half the way through

the already-tiny portion before I started to feel positively stuffed. I pushed the half-eaten plate away, certain I might never need to eat again, while the guys were finishing off gigantic steaks and starting to think about ordering dessert.

No dessert for me, though, I thought firmly. Gotta keep an eye on my figure.

Now where the hell had that come from?

I finally spoke up. "Guys, seriously – I think I better go," I said. "I'm not feeling too good."

Mike looked hurt. "You're gonna bail on my bachelor party?"

"Dude, I'm not gonna be any fun if I'm sick, right?" I asked.

"Aw, c'mon, Cliff! I haven't seen your ass in over a year!" Jeff complained. "I bet you ten bucks, anyway, that you're gonna forget all your damn troubles once we drop a naked girl in your lap and pay her to squirm around."

I thought a moment, considering my options, and finally relented to peer pressure the way I'd always done around these guys, following their lead. I slugged the last of the wine and signaled the waiter for another to the hoots and hollers of my friends.

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The club we'd chosen for the night, "Leather N Lace," was typical strip-club trashy-opulent. The walls were mirrored, everything not lit with lurid neon was pitch black, it was wall-to-wall crowded and the music was so loud it made conversation quite impossible. We took a table near the back, in the V.I.P. section (so named because the cover charge was steeper and the chairs a bit more comfortable) while the scantily-dressed and extremely flirtatious waitress (who wasn't quite attractive enough to be a dancer, being a little on the chunky side) got our drinks. The scattered ass walking around the place on platform heels was dizzying. I couldn't turn my head without seeing another statuesque, half-naked woman working her way through the drunken, rowdy crowd.

The first girl that trolled by was gorgeous, a tall blonde with a maneater attitude and sultry eyes and a slow, smoky smile that promised. I found myself captivated almost immediately. I remembered thinking wow, that's sexy just before another wave of dizziness passed over me.

The dancer, who gave her name as "Magic," looked at me strangely. "What's up with your face?" she asked me frankly.

"I dunno," I said. "Is there something wrong?"

She dug in her little clutch purse and pulled out a makeup compact, which she flipped open and turned on me. My eyes, formerly deep-set and a bit hooded, were now heavy-lidded and sleepy looking, and I had a boozy, half-awake look about me. The smile that spread across my features unfolded slowly and languorously. It was identical to Magic's smile, the smile I found so very sexy.

"Oh, my God," I breathed. "Oh shit."

"So," the dancer said matter-of-factly, "do you want a lap dance, or what?"

Terrified well beyond my capacity to reason, I shook my head and scooted my chair out so she could rise from my lap smoothly. “Fraid I have to pass. Thanks, though. Go ask the bachelor.”

She moved away, hiking up her strapless dress with an adorable little shimmy and favored me with a 'no hard feelings' smile. I noticed, as she stood, that she was in possession of a singularly amazing ass, a pert little bubble that was the perfect mixture of hard, toned muscle and delicious, gelatinous curves with just the right amount of jiggle.

More dizziness, and then my slacks were an absolute agony. I squirmed in my seat, grabbing at my crotch in incredible discomfort. It felt as though I was sitting on a pillow, too. Startled, I stood up and backed around, trying to get a look at my backside in the mirror on the wall, but it was too dark and glared from the stage lights.

“Dude, did you take a dump in your pants?” Mike jeered boozily. “Your ass is fucking huge.”

“Guys, seriously,” I said. “I really don't feel good. I should go.”

“Oh, hell no,” Steve said. “I promised my buddy a table dance, and I'm getting him a table dance. Now sit down.”

“I really don't think that's such a good idea...” I began, but I was turned in place by a pair of surprisingly strong hands and pushed backwards into my chair. A very tall, lanky Latina with bedroom eyes (like mine, apparently) and a mass of shiny black curls was standing over me, giving me a devilish smile and climbing slinkily into my lap.

“Hi, I'm Anna,” she purred. “Your buddy there gave me a hundred dollars to treat you special, so buckle up for the ride, sugar.”

“I really think I need to...”

Too late. She was already dancing, her stretchy top in one hand and her barely-there booty shorts dangling from the other, her magnificent tits bobbing gently to the beat of whatever song was playing right now. Desperate to keep anything else from happening, I squeezed my eyes shut tight and gripped the arms of my chair for dear life. It didn't slow her down one bit. I could feel my face being bounced back and forth between her warm, soft tits and her slender fingers traveling over my body, exploring places that she wasn't technically supposed to – but this was one of those titty bars, the kind where management turned and looked the other way and pretty much anything was available if the price was right. Perfect place for a bachelor party. Shitty place for a victim of a gypsy curse.

“Oh, come on, baby,” she whispered in my ear. “Don't be that way. Mama's gonna make you feel all better. Open those eyes.”

“I prefer not to,” I rasped.

“You don't know what you're missing, sweetie,” she said, and then she twisted my ear really hard. Shocked and biting back a curse, my eyes shot open. Filling my vision was the dancer's crotch, the fingers of one hand pulling her g-string aside to reveal one of the prettiest pussies I'd ever seen – thick pink lips pouting open like the petals of an exotic flower, a tiny little pink nubbin of a clitoris peeking from beneath the silky hood, a little mounded bifurcation of a teasing 'camel-toe' and the curly sable hair trimmed neatly into a tiny little 'landing strip' easily concealed beneath her barely-there g-string panties. She even had an adorable little freckle just to the right of her clit that just begged to be kissed.

I can barely remember thinking how sexy before I felt a hard pulling and tugging in my crotch, enough to make me yelp in pain and shock, before my uncomfortably tight slacks were suddenly extremely roomy in the crotch.

The dancer must have noticed the rapid deflation of my boner, because she snaked a hand down there, purring, “what's the matter, baby? Don't you like me any more?”

Her eyes got very wide when she felt me up. “What the hell?” she whispered.

“I gotta get out of here,” I croaked.

She gave me an evil smile. “Oh, hell no,” she told me. “You ain't going anywhere, mama.”

I jumped at the use of the feminine nickname and she chuckled throatily. “You're a hell of a tranny,” she said in my ear, just low enough for only me to hear. “I never would've guessed you weren't really a guy. But I hardly ever get to play with a pussy in here. You ain't robbing me of my chance.”

She knelt smoothly between my open legs and started pushing her big soft tits against my crotch. This time, my eyes didn't shut because of fear or panic. Using her body to shield the movement from prying eyes, she pushed fingers against my new, very sensitive anatomy and began to slowly rub in tiny circles. My toes curled inside my shoes and it was all I could do not to moan – as it was, I couldn't help pushing my new, unfamiliar crotch against her fingers and bucking my hips against her. I felt a hollowness in my gut, an empty yearning that I'd never felt before, and a blossoming happening in what had used to be my balls, a feeling of opening and hunger that literally took my breath away.

The fact that I was getting hot and wet and wanting a thick cock got forced away. I was totally lost in the feeling, panting and grinding against her hand and her tits, and didn't want to ruin it by thinking about what I was feeling actually portended. For the first time in my life, I felt my underwear start to soak with the warm, sticky musk that now and forever would signal my arousal. I loved the way it squished against the thick, heavy lips of my new pussy and made everything slippery and warm.

Oh God, I thought with alarm. I just said 'my new pussy.' I have a pussy. I have her pussy.

I would have freaked out at that moment if a feeling of a cup brimming over hadn't completely washed my brain away. When I came as a guy, it was as if the world just melted away and the only thing in the universe was my cock and balls. Not this time. Every cell in my body vibrated and shuddered with pure pleasure. I swear I felt the orgasm in my fingernails and the roots of my hair. I bit my bottom lip hard enough to draw blood to keep from crying out, and my thighs clamped around the dancer hard enough to make her grunt. It seemed to last forever – hours longer than the abrupt, hot explosions I was used to feeling – and left me energized and alive in a way that the drained, spent feeling of the male afterglow couldn't compare. I started to open my mouth to speak, to tell her to stop – that part of me was so sensitive right now I could hardly stand to have it touched – but I lost my train of thought as another, equally powerful wave of pleasure and release tore through me, stealing my breath and power of speech.

“Oh, wow, you can mutiple,” she said with a touch of jealousy. “You're so fucking lucky. Why would you possibly want to get rid of a pussy that can cum all it wants?”

“I never really wanted a pussy,” I told her honestly.

“Well, there ain't a damn thing wrong with the one you got,” she told me. She stood and put her clothes back on, plopping her soft ass into my lap and putting an arm around me. I still kept my eyes closed tight. I hated what was happening, was terrified beyond terrified, but the curling tendrils of pure ecstasy still running up and down my arms and legs were difficult to dismiss out-of-hand. For the moment, I was a firm believer in what the nameless dancer had just said. There wasn't a damn thing wrong with the one I got. Right now, I didn't want anything else, and that thought scared me more than anything else.

I opened my eyes and carefully didn't look at the dancer in my lap, instead staring at Mike and Steve to the exclusion of all else. “Seriously, guys. I had the dance. Now, I really think I need to go. I really don't feel good,” I said.

“Fine, asshole,” Mike finally relented drunkenly. “Fine. Be that way.”

“I'm sorry, man,” I told him.

“More pussy for me,” he said, giving me the finger dismissively and then turning his attention back to the blonde in his lap. Carefully keeping my eyes on the floor, I pushed my way through the rowdy crowd towards the front, trying to get the hang of walking with no balls and what seemed like a gigantic ass. While I walked, though, I saw a pair of feet in strappy platform heels. The toenails had a delicate little French pedicure and she wore a toe ring with a blue polished stone in the setting, a narrow, high arch and little button toes, a slender heel and delicate ankles covered with smooth, perfect skin. They flared out to muscular, well-toned calves, hairless and smooth. Even her knees were sexy. I didn't even have time to think before I felt the brief wave of dizziness and promptly stepped out of both shoes, which were far too large for me now.

“Oh, God,” I moaned, stooping awkwardly with my huge ass to gather up my shoes and then running towards the door, signaling a cab and piling in the back in a blind panic. I grunted the address of my apartment and hugged my knees to my chest, rocking back and forth slowly in a vain attempt to sublimate my gripping fear into something I could survive.

“You okay, buddy?” the cabbie asked. “You're not gonna puke in my cab, are you?”

“No,” I said. “Just get me home, okay? There's a big tip in it for you if you make it fast.”

He accelerated hard enough to push me back into my seat and I had to fling my arms wide to keep from collapsing. I raised my head abruptly to compensate and got a big eyeful of the glossy magazine picture of Megan Fox that the cabbie kept on his dashboard to keep himself company, getting a big eyeful of her slender waist and perfectly formed flat belly and six-pack abs. The next thing I knew once the dizziness had passed was that I would need to pull in my belt five or six notches to keep my pants up once I got out of the cab.

I buried my face in my hands, trying not to start crying.

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I shoved a handful of money at the cabbie and bailed out just in front of my little loft apartment above the strip mall where I flopped. I fished in my pocket – difficult with my wide hips now straining against the masculine cut of my slacks, even though the waist and crotch were completely baggy – for my keys, walking quickly as I could with my huge blubbery ass towards my front door. I sighed as I looked at the poster in the window of the little nail studio in the strip

mall, of a woman with slender delicate hands and long, willowy fingers tipped with inch-long, square-cut nails lacquered a pale, glittery pink.

My keys clinked against the concrete as my hands shrunk and my fingernails sprouted out and thickened. It took me the better part of a minute – and chipped my polish to boot – to pick my keyring up off the concrete. I fumbled my keys into the lock and nearly collapsed through the door in my relief at being home, and safe. Unfortunately, the first thing I saw when I stepped through the door was the screensaver on my computer which faced the front door, showing a smiling and vamping Holly Madison from *The Girls Next Door*.

I got dizzy and found myself spitting chalk-white, curly hair out of my mouth as I sagged against my front door, panting and pressing my hands into my eyes. Holding my ill-fitting pants up with one hand, I crossed the room as quickly as I could and slammed the cover of my laptop shut with my girly, long-nailed hand before any more of the 'hot babe' pictures that formed the slideshow of my screensaver could pop up and change more of me.

I snapped on the light and pulled off my trousers – breathing a profound sigh of relief once I got them off – and turned to the long mirror on the back of my bedroom door, examining for the first time the mix-and-match androgynous freak I was slowly becoming.

I was tall and lanky, with a five-o'clock shadow and a prominent Adam's apple and skin pitted and pocked by adolescent acne, beady brown eyes beneath a prominent brow. I had a narrow chest with a light dusting of dark curly chest hair and pale skin that rarely saw the sun. But my receding hairline had disappeared beneath a thick, shiny crown of long, silken blonde hair which hung down around my shoulders and down my back, flopping in my face and tickling me. My rosy, thick-veined arms now ended in delicate, long-nailed fingers whose flesh didn't quite match the ruddy flesh of my forearms. Beneath my chest was a smooth-skinned, hairless belly with a feminine six-pack of abdominals and a narrow waist without an ounce of fat, flaring out to wide hips and a delicious bubble-butt. I had a sensuous little tuft of reddish-brown pubic hair over the slender delta of my vulva, which flowered open in the little 'camel-toe' I'd developed. Thick, pale thighs narrowed to the delicate, slender knees, calves and ankles which ended in my tiny, perfect feet with their pedicure and toe-ring.

“I can't believe I got out of there without tits,” I breathed in relief. Without volition, though, my long nails were starting to gently tease the little pink bud at the head of my new vagina, yearning to recapture the feeling that I'd gotten from the dancer in the club. I forced myself to stop with a great deal of effort. No, I needed to figure out the name of the place I'd run into that weird gypsy lady and beg her to undo what she'd done to me. It was the only way I could see to get myself out of this mess.

But my long-nailed hands seemed to have a mind of their own, exploring the now-empty expanse of my crotch, touching lightly and teasing with gentle scratches of my long lacquered nails. My breath coming only in shallow pants, I found myself backing towards my bed, my eyes still on the half-male, half-female freak in the mirror, then sitting and spreading my legs wide as I began to press the sensitive skin around my clit in slow, tight circles. As my arousal built, I began to use more and more pressure and more aggressive motions, driving myself onwards to the full, brimming-over feeling I'd been introduced to in the strip club. With my other hand, I gingerly slid a finger – careful of the long nail – into the warm velvet tunnel leading inside me, into my depths, and gasped with the feeling of being invaded and being impaled, touching those new, untested nerve endings for the very first time. Gentle, tight circles became

a frantic back and forth as one slender finger became two, then three, pumping in and out harder and harder.

I threw my head back and screamed as the orgasm overtook me, but did not slow my motions and then another, and then another electric, body-spanning orgasm overtook my senses. Breathless and spent, I collapsed into a fitful sleep.

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My clock-radio clicked on dutifully at eight a.m. like it always did, tuned to the morning show. In my hazy half-sleep, I listened to the teasing, sexy voice of the lady DJ with her sultry, liquid British accent, and dimly thought how sexy it was.

With a gasp of realization, I half-sat and was forced back with dizziness.

“Oh, bloody hell,” I cursed in my new melodious soprano with its thick London East End accent. Groaning – even that sounded sexy and seductive now – I levered myself out of bed, my balance and movement completely ruined because of my mix-and-match body and shut off the radio. I tried to focus on the matter at hand while I poured myself a cup of coffee. How was I going to find that gypsy woman? I couldn't take a cab, looking the way I did, and I couldn't ride my bicycle and risk being seen as the freak I was. The long blonde hair that I was forced to spit out of my mouth and rake back from my red-rimmed eyes with long fingers would preclude any attempts at making myself inconspicuous – it stood out like a platinum beacon wherever I went, drawing eyes and unwanted attention.

I nearly choked on my coffee. Sighing, bidding farewell to a lifetime of taking it black, I added two heaping teaspoons of sugar and enough milk to make it barely recognizable. I would probably be one of those poser coffee girls who could only stomach iced frappé mochaccinos or lattes now and brag about how much they liked coffee. I felt a wave of dizziness and sighed. I guess, deep down, I did find those kinds of girls sexy. I poured my coffee out in the sink and tried to puzzle out if there was a Starbuck's on the way to the gypsy's shop.

Wait a second, I thought. Maybe I can make this fucking curse work for me, for once.

I rooted quickly in the stack of magazines beside my toilet, carefully laying the Playboys face-down without looking at the covers, until I saw a copy of Car & Driver. Leafing through, I found a picture of a cute young girl posing on the hood of a convertible Ford Mustang, red with white twin stripes down the hood, and made myself think that looks so sexy purposefully, and actually mean it.

Dizziness swept through me and I felt myself smile. Looking to the low shelf next to my door, I saw a set of car keys laying next to my wallet and cell-phone, on a keyring with a big sterling-silver heart studded with glittering rhinestones. I didn't complain about the girly accessory, though, since now I had wheels. All I had to do now was keep from getting pulled over for any reason whatsoever – no way could I convince a cop that my identification actually still described me.

The only thing I could find that fit my new, ridiculously-proportioned body was a dirty pair of navy-blue sweatpants and a baggy hooded sweatshirt with my college name across the front. The drawstring of the pants hung down to between my knees, so far did I have to cinch it to fit around my new, Megan Fox waistline and flat tummy with its six-pack abs. I gathered my blonde hair into a sloppy ponytail which I tied back with the 'twistie' from my loaf of bread and

jammed a greasy ball cap onto my head, low over my eyes, and pulled up my hood. Grabbing my new keys, wallet and cellphone I thundered downstairs to find the gleaming, freshly-waxed 2009 Mustang in the parking lot behind the strip-mall, its beige ragtop up against the threat of rain from the iron-grey sky.

I jumped in, fastened my safety belt and adjusted the seat to accommodate my shorter legs. It felt like the steering wheel was in my lap. I turned the key and my stereo blasted to life, run from a little pink iPod, blaring some thumping club tune that was probably all the rage on the local mix station. Strangely, though, it appealed. It made me want to move and dance. Somehow, in all the sensory overload of last night, I must've thought that girls who listened to that kind of pop/dance/house music were sexy, and it had been laid into my brain along with everything else. I decided not to get too upset about it – I'd never really listened to music before, and at least this wasn't inconvenient – so I tapped my long nails on the steering wheel and tried to ignore the swaying of the Mardi Gras beads dangling from the rearview mirror as I pulled into traffic, singing along with the words of songs I'd never heard before in my throaty, sultry soprano.

I'd never really known before just how hard it was to tune out all the sexuality that the modern world threw in our faces until I made that short, ten-minute drive across town. After seeing only four billboards, I now had long curling eyelashes which brushed my cheeks when I blinked, a cute little tattoo of interlinked pink and red hearts in the small of my back, my ears were pierced several times and hung with studs, dumbbells and a pair of dangling, shoulder-brushing sterling silver hoops and a little rhinestone frog dangling from the piercing over my navel and a set of piercing, sexy green eyes that looked every bit as airbrushed as the woman on the advertisement for colored contact lenses. I'd almost wrecked every time it had happened from the wave of dizziness but saved myself by thinking how I'd explain passing across a drivers' license that showed me as male, brown-haired and brown-eyed, six foot two and two hundred ten pounds when I was a green-eyed blonde, weighing possibly a hundred forty and about five-eight or five-nine, with a man's chest, thighs and arms and a male face with a five-o'clock shadow.

I finally found the little child-care place, The Play Room, after driving around the empty streets for a while, tucked my lipstick-red Mustang beside a parking meter with thirty minutes left on it (the only good luck I'd had in a while) and teetered downstairs on my mismatched legs to pound on the door of the shop and shout unfamiliar obscenities (I wasn't even really sure what bint and slag meant, much less wanker, but they sounded suitable for the mood I was in) in a shrill voice. Finally, I was rewarded for my persistence with a couple of thumps and bangs from inside and a muttered “wait a goddamn minute” before I heard the locks and deadbolts being thrown.

A bleary-eyed teenage boy opened the door, rubbing his eyes. “Who the fuck are you?” he challenged.

“Look, mate, go get your bloody grandma or aunt or whoever the fuck runs this place, right now,” I hissed.

“She's not here,” he said. “Now get the fuck outta here before I call the cops.”

“Go ahead, you little wanker,” I shot back. “Call them. I'm sure they'd love to hear about how that old slag cursed me and turned me into this.”

He chuckled. “Yeah, you'd get a real nice vacation in the wacko basket if you told them that. You should mention how the aliens put the microchip in your head, too – they love that shit.”

He slammed the door in my face and I collapsed against the doorframe, fighting back tears. Was this part of the curse, too, to become one of those girls who cried at the drop of a fucking hat? I didn't think that was sexy, but it didn't seem like that even mattered any more. Maybe I could pull a King Lear, put out my own eyes in an attempt to keep out any images and salvage what little bit of me still remained. But with my luck, I'd have some sex dream the same night and turn into a porn star.

Oh, God, don't think about porn stars, I cautioned myself, near-panicking. Or sorority girls or Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders or fucking anything like that.

Unsure what to do next, I climbed back in my car – sure that the old gypsy was looking at me through some window and laughing at her handiwork – and pulled back into the quickly-filling streets. It was Sunday morning, and folks were on their way to church or whatever the hell people did on Sundays before noon. I was frightened to go anyplace, see anything, but I felt like locking myself in the apartment with the blinds drawn and the lights out wasn't a good idea. I couldn't think of anyone who could help me. I wished I had friends that understood, someone who could comfort me and help me in this time of incredible change. Instead I had people like my erstwhile buddies of last night – ostensibly my closest and best friends – who offered no concern, much less sympathy, for my plight.

I turned the corner onto Main Street, deciding to avoid the bumper-to-bumper drivetime freeway and stay on surface streets for my route back to my apartment, but I'd forgotten where I was. Before I could look away, my eyes were filled with the big orange-and-white sign of the Hooters restaurant, and I didn't need the wave of dizziness or the appearance in my back seat of a little pink Adidas gym bag stuffed with orange short-shorts and stretchy white tank-tops to know where I worked, now. Somehow, I even realized that I was scheduled again for dinner shift on Tuesday. The burgeoning hope in my chest when I realized how desperately I hoped that I would get chosen for this year's calendar and get a shot at the pageant, however, surprised me. I didn't think I'd ever wanted anything as badly as I did that, and I'd certainly never felt pangs of desire and longing like that before. Was this how women felt emotion? If so, I didn't think I could handle it. I could barely keep myself from crying, the desire for it was so intense. It was all I could do to turn up the music, drive fast until I could no longer see Hooters in front or behind me and try to think about something else. It was enough to drown out my predicament, for the time being. It literally took my breath away, and completely eclipsed the utter and complete shock I should have felt knowing I was now a Hooters Girl and couldn't remember ever having been an insurance claims handler before, which I still somehow realized had been my job for six years. No, even though I was cognizant that insurance had once been my vocation, I could only remember interviewing with Matt, the manager, three years ago and waiting tables at Hooters ever since.

Sighing, I pulled over into a nearby parking lot. I didn't even have a history any more, much less a job that I even recognized. Hot fat tears welled down my now-long, willowy lashes and dripped onto my cheeks. The only money I could possibly make was as a waitress at Hooters, and even that wouldn't be much unless I finished what the gypsy woman had started. Remaining stuck in the middle the way I was would mean being denied by both worlds, and the likelihood of actually getting the gypsy woman to lift the curse she'd placed on me, well, that

looked pretty slim. I was already very near the point where my options would run out. Wouldn't it be better to have some control over what I was becoming?

No, my mind told me rebelliously. You meekly accepting this is exactly what that gypsy bitch wants you to do.

I didn't know what else to do – I was in front of a little convenience store with bars in the windows, and I really needed a drink. I was sure I was going to get strange looks from the people inside, but at this point I just didn't give a shit. I'd go in, get my beer, and get out and they could laugh at me behind my back after I'd gone all they wanted.

I pushed through the door and the bell jingled. Before I could get to the cooler in the back, though, I got a good long look at Jennifer Garner on the cover of Allure in the rack next to the register and could feel my lips puff up to the lush, bee-stung cocksucking lips she had even as I reached out a hand to steady myself against the counter from the brief wave of dizziness that made me sway in my stride. Keeping my eyes fixed on the cooler, I walked purposefully without looking to either side, grabbed a six-pack of cans and took them to the register, slapping down a ten-dollar bill and not even waiting for my change before I was out.

Damn, I can't go anywhere, I thought angrily as I got back into my car. Everywhere I look I find something that I think is sexy. If I don't watch myself I'm going to wind up I'm going to see some girl just going out to get her mail and wind up with a tongue stud.

Dizziness, and something hard clicked against my teeth.

Aw, come on! I thought angrily. It was what you see is what you get, dammit! That shouldn't count if I imagine it! There's no fucking hope if I can't even close my eyes!

\* \* \*

I managed to make it home in one piece, except that one billboard at a bus stop now had me the possessor of the most beautiful tanned, smooth and blemish-free skin I'd ever seen from a Revlon skin care ad and my imaginings of Shakira after hearing one of her songs on my iPod now gave me a set of muscular, toned thighs to match my calves and ankles, making me completely female from the waist down. There wasn't much left about me that was male any more, and I stomped into my apartment feeling thoroughly dejected and victimized. I'm sure that gypsy bitch was somewhere laughing herself sick. The environment I lived in was so overloaded with things I found sexy, alluring or outright desirable that I couldn't even turn my head without feeling the wave of dizziness and feeling the change overcome me.

It occurred to me that I still had a measure of control, though, and something inside my head and heart hardened into a knot of resolve. If this was the way it had to be, then at least I could do it on my terms and not have it be some freak accident. Swallowing a long slug of beer, I grabbed my remote control and turned on my television, looking at it squarely, with purpose for the first time since this had begun. The channel I'd left it on was showing CSI: Miami and I allowed myself a long look at Eva LaRue and let myself freely think about how sexy her face looked, almost welcoming the dizziness and the sharp pulls, tugs and pinches as I felt my face rearrange itself.

Moving a chair into the center of my living room so I wouldn't accidentally lose my balance and smack my head, I turned my television over to HGTV and let myself watch what I thought would be a sexy girl's apartment, and then to the Style Channel for her closet full of clothes,

her bathroom full of makeup. I didn't even know what half the stuff was for, to be honest, but I thought the curse would take care of most of that. It was strange to watch my furniture and possessions morph into the slick, sexy stuff that I was imagining. Nothing really got overlooked – my wallet was now a white leather hobo bag, my half-crushed pack of Camels now a box of Capri Ultra Light menthols, the sexy skinny cigarettes that I'd always said were for girls who wanted to smoke but didn't like tobacco. Even my cellphone had changed into a pink girly phone with a dangling tassel ending in a rhinestone heart.

I sighed. It was almost done. With a resigned shrug, I moved into the bedroom and opened the box containing the things I'd imagined there, spared and left over from the vanishing shambles that was my old male life. I knew there was only one thing left on my body to change, now that I had the arms of one of the fitness models hawking exercise equipment in some commercial I'd flipped through, and if I had to have them then I wanted the ones I thought the sexiest that had ever been. Closing my eyes, I fished out the magazine I'd deliberately left free of the changes I'd made to my living environment, and I opened the magazine gingerly to one of the dog-eared pages and looked down, gazing raptly at the sexiest, most mouth-watering set of tits I'd ever known, standing proudly from the chest of Anna Nicole Smith in her Playboy Playmate of the Year spread from back in the 90s. My chest pinched and pulled, my center of gravity shifted and I almost fell from the combination of that and the dizziness, and the hooded sweatshirt I was wearing now stretched uncomfortably over the large, firm, spherical 36DDs that bounced sexily on my thin chest.

I looked at myself in the mirror and took in the sexy, beautiful creature that stared back. Thinking how difficult it was for me to move, I stumbled over to the television again and flipped the channel over to find myself a sexy walk. I did manage to find some college cheerleading finals on ESPN2 and accidentally gave myself the ability to dance, tumble and do the splits before finding a repeat of America's Next Top Model and picking up a sexy, self-assured catwalk strut to go with everything else.

I relaxed on my white sofa, lighting one of my skinny cigarettes, and took in everything I'd imagined from my Audrey Hepburn Breakfast at Tiffany's print to the row of books such as The Joy of Sex, Delta of Venus, The Kama Sutra and Lady Chatterley's Lover on my shelves. I even grabbed a pen from my purse and scrawled a name on a scrap of paper, which instantly became rounded and bubbly. Dizziness overtook me as I knew my passport, work visa, green card, drivers' license and even my orange Hooters Girl nametag now displayed my name as Amber, which I'd always thought was a sexy name.

My phone rang, and I heard my answering machine pick up.

“Hey, fag, it's Steve and Jeff, bitch! Too bad you pussied out on us last night, the party kicked ass,” Jeff started while Steve belched wetly behind him and yelled, “Tell him he sucks dick!”

My flawless, beautiful face screwed up in momentary anger. Somehow, down deep, I blamed these guys for my predicament. They'd been the ones that had led me to start drinking so early, which had led me to insult the gypsy's daughter. It had been them who'd made me stay at the club when I hadn't wanted to and begun my path into total womanhood. The same ones who'd called themselves my friends but who'd never really showed me a moment's kindness or consideration for the length of our relationship.

Bitterly, and with an evil smile, I thought you know what's really sexy? Girls who have dumb, sexy hot bitches for friends who eat each other's pussies all the time, with sexy jobs and cars and clothes like mine...

The voice on the answering machine popped directly, between words, from the rumbling, boozy basso that had been speaking to a gum-smacking, airheaded soprano. "Oh! Shit, got totally dizzy for a second there, Amber, sorry! So, um... are you coming out with me 'n' Madison tonight, or what?"

I immediately recognized the voice, as if I'd heard it my entire life, as my friend Tiffany, a nail tech at a day spa. Madison, my other friend, was the receptionist at a plastic surgeon's office and our third friend, Cassidy, was getting married soon and would quit her job as a cashier at a lingerie and sex-toy shop, which would suck that we wouldn't get her employee discount any more. We'd all been Theta Pi's together, in college, before we all flunked out, and hung out together in high school. We'd all been cheerleaders together.

The voice that had once been Steve's broke in, saying, "Like, Cassidy's bachelorette party last night was sorta, like, busted after you left, so me 'n' Tiffany totally want to try again, if you're feeling better, baby..."