



SUMMARY: A group of "girls" out on the town recount how their lives have changed since they have changed.

## **GIRLS OUTING**

**by Valerie Hope**

“JESUS H. CHRIST, MAN, HAVE you seen Table Twelve?” John asked, his jaw still a little slack from just taking the orders for drinks. His friend, Luke, shook his head distractedly, still trying to get his last table's credit card to go through so they could pay for the overpriced meal at the expensive little bistro in the city's bustling downtown pedestrian district.

“Why, is it something special?” Luke grunted.

“One hot girl, that's one thing. Even two hot girls,” John said breathlessly. “But four of the hottest fucking girls you've ever seen, all at one table? Dude, you got to make an excuse to go by there.”

“I will in a minute,” Luke said, a little annoyed.

John elbowed his lanky friend out of the way and swiped the credit card for him. “I'll take care of this, dude. Just fucking go.”

Luke tried to argue, but his friend just gave him a level, don't-fuck-with-me look and ignored him utterly. Sighing, Luke grabbed an empty tray and hustled through the weekend lunch crowd and its crazy polyglot conversations to the outdoor patio and the mysterious Table Twelve, pushing the glass doors open with his shoulder in a practiced motion and stepping out into the warm late spring breeze. Rounding a decorative planter, he prepared to indulge his friend's adolescent fantasy with grudging good grace, to give them just a subtle pass and then go and agree with John's testosterone fantasy for a few seconds before returning to work, hoping that his friend wasn't taking his well-earned tip from the table of hung-over yuppies who'd bothered him about every little fucking thing until he thought he would scream.

His annoyance melted away in an eyeblink. John actually hadn't been exaggerating – they were four of the most breathtakingly gorgeous creatures that Luke had ever seen, all sitting around the out-of-the-way table, sipping mimosas and taking languorous, no-place-to-be pulls off of long imported cigarettes. They were all tall, leggy and bombshell curvaceous, all with makeup-model flawless complexions in various states of tan – two blondes, a brunette and a redhead. They talked and chatted easily with one another, obviously comfortable around one another instead of the usual “who's hotter” catty but civil maneuvering that Luke was used to seeing between women who looked like these. Scandalously expensive designer clothes clung to every delicious inch of them, showing off all their best parts, which included everything from their firm, ample breasts to their flat, toned bellies to their curvaceous, generous buttocks. It took a few seconds for Luke to realize he wasn't breathing.

One of them – the brunette – noticed him with her sparkling nearly-black eyes and offered him a glittering smile that raised his heart rate considerably. “Hi,” she said in a warm, throaty alto.

“Uh... hi,” Luke stammered. “Did... did someone get y'all's drink order already?”

“Mmm-hm,” she nodded. “Sure did, sweetheart.”

“Oh. Okay,” Luke said, retreating back behind the planter and back into the relative safety of the restaurant, unwilling to acknowledge the intense intimidation he felt in the face of so much glamor and raw sexuality. He made his way back to John, to declaim the perfection he'd witnessed and brag about what his perceived sexual prowess could do for any one or more of the women at Table Twelve, but secretly relieved that he didn't have to come within ten feet of them again.

God, he hoped they didn't think he was a complete idiot.

\* \* \*

“Jesus, Dawn, you scared him half to death, the poor thing,” the tallest of the quartet said, giggling behind her French-manicured hand. “He was even kinda cute, too, not like that other one.”

“Oh, God, I'm, like, hel-lo, have you heard of ProActiv?” the other blonde said with a practiced sneer.

The redhead snorted laughter behind a champagne flute. “God, Krystal, you're such a bitch,” she laughed. “Like he asked for acne.”

“Whatever,” the brunette, Dawn, said with a dismissive wave which twinkled the late-morning sunlight in huge flares from her Tacori and Harry Winston diamond rings which she wore on every slender finger. “You can fucking have him. I don't do young guys, anyway.”

“Mmm, yeah,” Krystal, the shorter blonde, said with a cream-in-whiskers smirk. “Older guys are the only ones who know what they're doing.”

“Young, old, black, white, I don't care just as long as they got it going on where it counts,” the redhead said with a mischievous smile, holding the palms of her hands about ten inches apart and biting her plump bottom lip. “Know what I mean?”

The taller blonde cracked up in high-pitched, giggling laughter, blotting her eyes carefully with a cloth napkin so as not to disturb her perfect makeup. “God, Michelle, could you be a bigger slut?”

The redhead shot her the finger – glamorous and sexy with the four-karat Elie Tahari diamond and the \$200 French manicure – and giggled back, “And when was the last time you fucked just one guy at a time, Lindsey? You got, like, no room to talk, y'know?”

To forestall any further bickering, the lissome brunette raised her glass. “So, like, what's it been, now? A year?” she asked the group.

“Fourteen months,” Dawn said, clinking the crystal against her friend's in toast. The other two joined in as well. “Here's to fourteen months.”

They all sipped deeply, leaving lipstick stains of different hues on the rims of each flute as they set them down on the table. Lindsey, the taller of the two blondes, twirled a lock of platinum-white curl around her index finger idly, staring into space for a moment with lustrous, sapphire-blue eyes before saying dreamily, “Wow. Has it really been that long?”

“I know, right?” Dawn echoed. “It's like, in some ways it seems like my whole life, but in other ways it's like I'm never gonna get used to this shit.”

“So what's your favorite part?” Michelle, the redhead, asked, leaning forward across the table.

“Other than the fucking?” Krystal giggled. “Oh, I don't know, baby. There's a lot to like.”

“Okay, then, what do you hate the most?” Michelle shot back. “And nobody gets to say periods, 'cause we all agreed those weren't near as bad as we all thought they were gonna be.”

“I hate not being able to just go out of the house,” Lindsey spoke up, lighting a cigarette with a gold lipstick lighter and taking a long puff between pink-glossed lips. “I mean, like, before, when I was... you know... I could just throw on a pair of jeans, some sneakers, a t-shirt and a baseball cap and then just fucking take off. I didn't, like, give a shit how I looked. But now – shit, it takes me an hour just to do my hair and makeup and pick out my outfit. And I never used to have to care if everything matched, now I can't leave unless my shoes and my purse go together. It's a total hassle.”

“But baby, it's so worth it!” Dawn squealed, squeezing her arm. “You look so fucking hot all the time!”

Lindsey blushed, her golden-amber tan flushing sexily with traces of pink, and long mascara'ed eyelashes lowering across her green eyes to fall against her perfectly made-up cheeks. “Thanks,” she said, toying with an earring with long nails. “You're totally sweet, baby. But still, I do hate not just being able to, y'know, just motor without having to go to all that trouble.”

“Holy shit, y'all, what about just being able to go to bed? Or just take a fucking shower?” Krystal chimed in, eyes wide. “You can't just, like, flop in bed and go to sleep, you have to take all your makeup off, and moisturize, and fucking ow if you leave your earrings in. And you can't just, like, jump in the shower, neither, you have to shave and exfoliate and condition and rehydrate...”

“I don't have to shave,” Dawn said. “I got laser removal.”

“And I wax,” Lindsey said. “But yeah, it is so a hassle.”

“I get that,” Michelle said, raking manicured fingers through her shiny, dense mop of kinky red-gold curls with a smile. “I mean, shit. Just washing my hair takes an hour, to get it dry 'n' styled 'n' everything. But I don't mind that near as much as all the shit I got to lug around every fucking place I go. Remember the way it was before? Just a wallet, some keys and a cellphone? I mean, carrying a purse is cool 'n' all – way easier than pockets – and even if it's the cutest Louis Vuitton out there I still got to load it down with hairbrush, hairspray, makeup, that big-assed wallet I have to carry now, mirror, Kleenex, tampons, condoms in case I meet the right guy, pepper spray in case I meet the wrong guy... total fucking hassle, baby, no fucking lie.”

“OhmyGawd, you're so right!” Krystal said emphatically. “I completely hate that too. But not as much as I hate laundry now. I mean, like, I hated it before, but now...”

Michelle was giggling behind her mimosa. “Laundry? That's what you hate?”

“Totally!” Krystal exclaimed. “Before, y'know, it was like, whites and colors. I washed every fucking thing in hot and boom. Done. Now, I have all this shit that has to be in Woolite, in cold

water, stuff that can't be dried, stockings 'n' shit... it completely sucks! I fucking hate it, it takes me all day!”

“Oh, Krystal, you're such a bimbo!” Dawn laughed, hugging her side-on and kissing her cheek fondly. “Of all the things you could've said, it's laundry that you decided you hate the most?”

“It's hard,” Krystal pouted. “And all my clothes are so pretty, I'm scared I'm gonna mess it up.”

“You are so precious, baby,” Dawn consoled her.

“So what do you hate, baby?” Krystal asked Dawn, poking her in the short ribs gently.

“Easy,” Dawn said, sucking sexily on a strawberry she picked from her plate, her bee-stung lips wrapping around it poutily, making every woman at the table subconsciously imagine those same lips puckering around her pulsing clitoris. All the women shifted their weight in their seats, as subtly as they could, to put pressure in just the right places.

“The thing I hate worst of all is meals,” Dawn said with a definitive nod, tossing the stub of her strawberry onto her plate.

“Meals?”

“I hate what all I eat, now,” she said. “I mean, like, remember how it used to be? Steaks, and pasta, and burgers and hot wings and beer? Fucking all the time, and ice cream for dessert 'n' shit. And now it's always salads with the fucking dressing on the side, and half sandwiches and fucking yogurt for breakfast, all so I can be skinny and look hot.”

“You don't think it's worth it?” Krystal asked.

Dawn vamped, pushing her delicious tits together and blowing her friend a kiss. “If I didn't think it was worth it, baby, I wouldn't fucking do it. But don't y'all just miss fucking 16-ounce porterhouses and sixers of beer?”

“I would so puke,” Michelle said. “I'm totally vegetarian now, ,anyway.”

“Were you vegetarian before?” Lindsey asked.

“No,” she allowed, “but now, whenever I think of eating meat, it's all, like... ewww.”

“They really changed the shit out of us, didn't they?” Dawn said. “I mean, they didn't leave anything out. Michelle being vegetarian, and Lindsey knowing whatever designer did each of our fucking panties. Hell, I used to be a car guy, and now all I care about it whether or not I look hot in it. I drive a fucking convertible Beetle, now, for Chrissakes. It used to be a classic hemi 'Cuda. I really miss that car. What sucks is, I don't miss it 'cause I fucking found it in a junkyard and then restored it by hand. I miss it 'cause I would look so fucking good in it, and I have a Cole Haan strapless dress that totally matches the upholstery.”

“OhmyGawd, you're so right,” Lindsey stuck in. “I mean, they so bimbo-ized me. I used to be a fucking archaeologist, for fuck's sake. Now I can't even read a fucking Newsweek 'cause it doesn't have enough pictures or free perfume samples.”

“I had three Ph.D.'s,” Dawn said, “and now I totally think math is hard. I can't even figure out the tip on a restaurant bill anymore.”

“I miss my signature,” Krystal said. “I mean, the way it used to be. I used to sign, like, million dollar checks and depositions for Congressional hearings. My signature used to look like the way a powerful man would sign his name. Now it's all bubbles and I can't help drawing hearts all around it, and putting XOXO before it.”

“But it's so cute!” Michelle said. “You write so cute!”

“I fucking misspell everything,” Krystal went on. “I mean, I know I'm doing it, but I just, like, can't help it 'n' stuff. Something in my brain won't let me do it right, 'cause in my brain I know it's, like, way cuter that way. And all I care about is how cute it is, or how sexy.”

“Oh, God, the sexy thing is such a pain, but it's so awesome. I wore fucking stockings and a garter belt out to get cigarettes at the drugstore the other day,” Dawn put in. “I just had to. I threw on some nasty old Goodwill jeans and a sweatshirt over the whole thing, but I just couldn't resist doing it.”

“I can barely make it to the drugstore and back,” Lindsey added. “Seems like no matter where I go, I see some cute guy that I like, and bam – next thing I know, I'm in the backseat of his car, blowing him, and all I needed was fucking toilet bowl cleaner or some shit. I am such a slut, I can't believe it.”

“We all are,” Michelle told her sympathetically. “None of us can help it, baby.”

“I wish I could,” Lindsey went on. “I mean, shit. There's cum drying on the insides of my thighs right now, for Chrissakes. I stopped off at the gas station before I came here and wound up in the fucking freezer of the store, fucking the guy who delivers Monster drinks doggie-style.”

Krystal giggled. “Did he have a big dick?”

Lindsey blushed and nodded. “A great big one, sweetie,” she confessed. “He hit all the right spots, know what I mean? But he had Big Dick Syndrome. He didn't last real long. I was just getting warmed up 'n' stuff when he popped his load. Had to fucking finger myself in the car for twenty minutes just to get some fucking satisfaction.”

“I just can't get used to that,” Michelle said. “How quick guys shoot. I don't remember being like that, before. I used to think I lasted a long fucking time, but now I know I didn't last near long enough to satisfy.”

“Just one of the things I have trouble getting used to,” Krystal said, tapping the ash from her cigarette in a crystal ashtray in the middle of the table. “Like fucking pantyhose. I'm never gonna get used to those. Fucking fight with 'em for half an hour and the crotch is still between your thighs.”

“Hell, I'm just glad I finally quit going into the wrong damn bathroom,” Michelle added. “It was a couple months before I stopped heading straight for the one marked 'Men.'”

“Lipstick stains on my coffee cup,” Lindsey said.

“And on the filters of your cigarettes,” Michelle said, “except that's sexy as shit.”

“Guys opening doors for me,” Dawn said.

“Being so fucking short,” Krystal said.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Dawn laughed. “You're tall as shit, girl!”

“I'm five nine,” Krystal shot back. “I used to be six four. Trust me, bitch, I'm short.”

“Hell, I just wish I could lift a hundred pounds again,” Michelle said. “I try to lift, like, forty now and I get, like, twelve hernias. I used to bench two eighty, easy.”

“Texting all the time,” Dawn said. “I never used to do it, now I can't go, like, ten minutes without texting somebody. With these two-inch fingernails, too, which blows my fucking mind. I still have trouble seeing how I fucking do anything with these claws.”

Lindsey fanned her own overlong, square-cut manicured beauties in front of her, studded with rhinestone hearts and with a long, skinny Capri cigarette smoldering between the index and middle fingers of her left hand. Diamonds twinkled dazzlingly from her fingers as she waved her fingers elegantly in a Price-Is-Right-Showcase-Model kind of way. “I fucking love 'em, though. I couldn't imagine not having them. Sometimes I just stand naked in front of the mirror and get off on watching myself grab my titties with 'em. There's nothing sexier than long nails.”

“That's true, unless it's long hair,” Krystal said, flipping her own high-volume, teased platinum blonde curls over one shoulder to shine in the sunlight. “Even though it always winds up in my mouth, or tangled all to shit every time I let down the top on the Beemer, I don't think I could stand having it cut.”

“What's it, down to the top of your ass now?” Michelle asked her.

“Just about,” Krystal said. “If I do a backbend and put my hands on the wall, I can tickle my pussy with it just a little. It feels fucking incredible, baby. It's, like, a whole new way to jack off.”

“Oooh, I totally gotta try that,” Michelle laughed. “Mine's just about that long.”

“Would be if you'd straighten it,” Lindsey commented, reaching over and threading her slender fingers into the thick mane of light auburn curls which spilled over her friend's pale shoulders and down her back, watching the kinky ringlets bounce back after she pulled them gently straight.”

“You know how fucking long that would take, even with that new InStyler you got me?” Michelle shot back, laughing. “Besides, if I actually did straighten my mop, it'd probably be down to my fucking ankles when I was done. That's too long.”

“I think it'd look hot,” Dawn said with a sultry grin, biting her bottom lip suggestively. “All that red-gold hair, down to your ankles like that – I could use it to tie your ass to the bed and fucking torture you all night long.”

“Bitch, you better quit talking like that before I rip that Dolce dress off you and lick your fucking pussy raw right here on this motherfucking table,” Michelle purred.

“Promises, promises,” Dawn teased back.

“Why don't we finish breakfast before we start thinking about dessert?” Michelle offered, digging in her monumentally expensive Fendi purse and drawing out a capped test tube. She twisted off the cap in long-nailed fingers with a soft pop and chugged the contents quickly, tossing her head back as she let the milky contents of the vial slide over her tongue and down her throat.

“Still gotta have it, huh, girl?” Lindsey asked softly.

“Yeah,” Michelle said, licking her lips and tossing the empty vial back in her purse, rummaging briefly inside to find a silver cigarette case and a silver lighter. She selected a long, white Virginia Slims 120 from inside and lit it, taking a sexy French inhale and blowing a soft jet of bluish smoke skywards, brushing her long bangs out of her face.

“That must kinda suck,” Krystal offered.

“That's what I get for mouthing off to a sorceress,” Michelle said with a pragmatic shrug. “One little stupid offhand remark about how girls are only good for one thing, and you see what she turns me into. It's been pretty cool for the most part, once I got used to it, but having to drink cum all the time is kind of a pain in the ass.”

“What happens if you don't?” Dawn asked.

“It starts out like menstrual cramps,” Michelle explained, puffing her cigarette lazily. “But they get worse and worse, and then I get nauseated. Then my back starts to hurt, and my nipples get real sore. I get crazy, too, crying half the time and pissed off the other half. Then I start puking and getting these blinding headaches, and all I can think about is sucking cock. That's after about twelve hours without cum. I've never tried to go longer than that.”

“Wow,” Dawn said. “That sucks.”

“It's not so bad,” Michelle said. “That little dose I took just now is enough for the day. It lasts a little bit longer if I get it warm, y'know, straight from the tap 'n' stuff. So I only really have to do it once a day or so, and I got no shortage of guys who are happy to donate to the cause, y'know?”

“I believe it,” Lindsey said, “if your little black book is half as thick as mine. Shit, between getting nine or ten new numbers a night, I had to get a fucking iPhone just to keep track of everything. I don't keep their names – like, who's even interested in who they are, y'know? – but I can at least take a picture 'n' stuff, so I know whether or not they're cute when I make a booty call.”

“I haven't bought a drink for myself since it happened,” Krystal said. “If I wanted, I could go the rest of my life and never spend another night alone.”

“What about a boyfriend?” Michelle asked.

“Too much work,” Michelle said, and Lindsey nodded emphatically beside her. “I like the club scene way too fucking much, and I get bored with one guy. Besides, I don't like guys enough – even with all the changes the curse made to me – to be faithful to one. I like girls for that. I could see having a girlfriend, y'know, somebody who really understood what I was about, to come home to after I fucked some nameless dude in the back of a minivan just to swallow his load.”

“I feel the same way,” Lindsey said. “I could totally be in love with another girl, but boys are just toys. I don't want 'em around for nothing except fun, y'know?”

“I dunno,” Dawn said. “I could have a full-time boyfriend, if I met the right guy.”

“‘Cept you'd fucking cheat on him the first time you found somebody with a bigger cock,” Krystal teased, giving her a gentle and playful shove.

“Yeah, I probably would,” Dawn laughed. “I’m weird that way.”

“I think we established we’re all fucking hood-rats,” Lindsey laughed. “None of us could go longer than a day or two without some cock, probably, before we started to get the itch 'n' stuff.”

“So, are you like, interested in ever breaking the curse?” Krystal asked Michelle.

“Maybe,” she answered, puffing on her cigarette. “The gypsy said it would only break when I met the perfect guy. I don’t even know what that means, but the psychic I talked to about a week after she changed me said it probably means I have to have a son. Which is cool – I could totally be a mommy 'n' stuff – but right now, I don't want to give up cock, I don't want to give up booze and coke, and I sure as shit ain't gonna stop smoking any time soon. And in the meantime, I have a totally cool job, and y'all for friends – life is pretty sweet, actually. I'm not in any big fucking hurry to change it all.”

“Shit,” Dawn said, “I don't even wanna think about getting preggo. I mean, I know I should, as much as I fuck and everything, but it would fuck everything up for me.”

“See, though, that's probably just the accident talking,” Lindsey said.

“I dunno, maybe,” Dawn said, twirling her hair around one finger and her brown eyes sparkling. “I mean, the computer that programmed all the little nano-thingies that turned me into a girl, it makes me act like I thought girls ought to act when I was still a guy, and as a guy I was kind of a dick. So I gotta fuck all the time, and act like a bimbo, and be all into clothes and shoes and makeup 'n' stuff. But the problem is, baby, I fucking love it. I'd rather fucking shop for shoes than do just about anything else, and I fucking love putting my face on every morning and doing my hair 'n' stuff. I change clothes at least four times a day. And it's more fun than I ever had as a fucking guy, no shit.”

“But you could totally flush all the nano-thingies out of yourself, though, right?” Michelle asked.

“Shit,” she said, giggling. “Maybe I could, if I could concentrate on anything longer than, like, two seconds. I can barely keep up with what's happening on the Kardashians most days, much less figure out all that bio-shit and all the fucking math. Way more fun to do my nails and go clubbing.”

“But at least you're happy, right?” Krystal said. “That's all I really give a shit about. I mean, I never thought I'd get zapped by that weird meteor 'n' stuff, and all the radiation would make me a girl, much less a fucking hot girl, but for everything I did when I was a boy, being an astronaut and a Ph.D. and a fighter pilot, all that shit – none of it made me half as happy as slipping into some sexy-ass lingerie and some platform heels and going down on a room full of guys with huge cocks.”

“What the fuck else is there to be happy about?” Michelle said, raising her glass in an impromptu toast. “We're young, we're hot and we fucking live at the party all day and all night, baby. This is the perfect fucking life. Yesterday, you know what I fucking did? I slept 'till noon, sucked off the guy I brought home from the club, then went and tanned, worked out, ate dinner, took a bath and went out dancing again. That's it. Oh, and I bought some fucking lingerie online. I get paid to pose for calendars and car shows and I wear a fucking bikini to work. Who wouldn't love that shit?”

“Speaking of which, I bought your 2010 calendar,” Lindsey said. “I can't believe how fucking beautiful you look. I love the one for July, with you in the yellow bikini. I hung it up in my bedroom, inside my closet, so I can see you every morning.”

“You are so sweet, baby,” Michelle said. “But, y'know, am I right, Krys? I mean, about the way we live? Don't you think it fucking rocks?”

Krystal smiled. “Oh, completely,” she answered. “I mean, I guess I get a little tired of all the other stuff that came along with it.”

“Like what?” Dawn asked.

Krystal sipped her champagne. “Okay, so, like, you guys know I'm not, like, a hundred percent like you, right? Human, I mean. That alien meteor, well, it made me something different.”

“You're not human?” Michelle said, eyebrows raising.

“Not completely,” Krystal said. “I mean, I am. Like, DNA-wise 'n' stuff. But for me, y'know, cock is like food. Or breathing. You bitches can do without – even Michelle gets to drink cum from a vial instead of a real live cock – but I have to have it. My old partner, the scientist, he says I'm more like a vampire than a human, 'cause I get all these nutrients 'n' enzyme-y thingies from getting fucked that I have to have just to survive. And I can't just use a dildo or nothing, neither, it has to be real cock. Which is why my old partner is so fucking happy I got zapped, I've fucked him cross-eyed at least two hundred times since it happened.”

“Like a vampire? Really? That's so cool,” Dawn said. “And sexy as fuck, too.”

“Totally,” Lindsey echoed.

“It's not as cool as it sounds,” Krystal said. “Thank God I do what I do for a living, so I have an excuse to fuck, like, all the time 'n' shit. There's just the one problem, really.”

“What problem is that?” Michelle asked.

“Occasionally – and I can usually tell when it's gonna happen, so I can pick out who it happens to – but, like, occasionally when I fuck a guy the radiation or whatever that I got zapped with leaks out, and I turn him into a girl, too. Not a vampire girl, like me, thank God, just a regular girl. And then I have to help her out, y'know, get her a job and a drivers' license and a bank account, that kind of shit. Well, I mostly just take her shopping. My partner, Bill, he does all the computer stuff. I can't concentrate on that stuff any more, way too fucking boring.”

“Really? You turn guys into girls?” Michelle said, chewing sexily and absentmindedly on one of her luxuriously manicured fingernails.

“Every time I feel it coming on, y'know, I, like, find some homeless guy so there won't be too many questions 'n' stuff. They usually turn out pretty hot, too, so I get 'em hooked up with a new ID, buy 'em some nice clothes and put 'em in my spare room for a little while, then get 'em a job with my producer so they can make a little money and get a little action.”

“They show up in your movies?” Lindsey said, laughing loudly. “OhmyGawd, baby, that fucking rocks! You have to show me which ones used to be homeless guys, I fucking love it!”

“I like to think it helps them, I guess,” Krystal said. “Makes them happy like me. But if I think about it too much, I get bummed out sometimes.”

“Couple lines of blow will fix that,” Dawn said.

“We should totally throw a party,” Michelle said, “y’know, for all the guys you turned into girls, and have them all over to my pool one night. Y’know, hang out, swap stories, that kind of shit. If any of them have boyfriends, they could totally bring them along. It would be super fun.”

“Maybe,” Krystal said. “There’s only like eight of them, y’know, since I started, and only three of them seem to be really into the whole girl thing. The others, they, like, keep to themselves ‘n’ stuff. I don’t think they’re too happy about being girls, and way less happy about being in porn.”

“What’s wrong with porn?” Lindsey asked.

“Nothing, but you know how people are ‘n’ shit,” Krystal said, waving a hand dismissively.

“Shit, if they think porn’s bad, they should try doing my job,” Lindsey said. “I mean, you suck dick for money, baby, but only certain dicks. I suck anybody’s dick for money. Out of all the bitches here, I’m the only honest-to-God whore at the table.”

Michelle moaned deep in her throat. “God, I love that fucking word,” she said. “I used to use it to bring girls down, y’know, but now all those words – ‘bitch,’ ‘whore,’ ‘cocksucker’ – they fucking turn me on so bad, I soak through my panties.”

“Had somebody call you a ‘cunt’ yet?” Dawn said. “I damn near came right there.”

“No, but ‘cum-dumpster’ just about brought me off the other day,” Lindsey said.

“I had a dude call me ‘funbags’ the other day,” Michelle said. “I fucking loved it. Mostly because I love my titties so much.” She giggled and cradled her huge, 38F beauties in both her arms and swung back and forth, giving them a fond hug.

“Funbags is cute,” Krystal confirmed. She looked down at her own tempting cleavage, pushed skywards by a straining push-up bra trying admirably to contain her 36DD bounty. “I kinda wish mine were bigger, though. I’m saving up to get ‘em done.”

“You should,” Lindsey said. “When I first changed, I was only a B-cup. Getting the silicone was the best thing I ever did.” She gave her 38DD’s a playful shake over the tabletop, nipples prominently straining against the silk of her dress.

“Yeah, I actually like the ‘done’ look better than natural,” Dawn said, hefting her own 36F’s in each hand and bouncing them up and down deliciously. “They’re, like, better than perfect, y’know?”

“Totally,” Michelle said. “I mean, mine just turned out this big, and they don’t sag, but I like how yours look like spheres instead of teardrops like mine. I don’t think I want to go bigger, but maybe just to get a little lift and get that awesome shape like y’all’s. I’m definitely gonna get my lips done, though.”

“I love having cocksucking lips like this,” Dawn said, blowing them a very pouty, lush-lipped kiss.

“Yeah, mine turned out all pouty naturally,” Lindsey said. “Perfect for wrapping around a big fat cock. And they’re so sensitive. I’ve cum before just from giving head.”

“Wow,” Michelle said.

“Hell, even smoking a cigar feels like sex,” Lindsey said. “I have a client who pays me just to sit and watch me smoke Macanudos. He gets so fucking turned on just watching my lips wrap around that thick cigar and then watching the smoke curl out. He makes me wear lots and lots of lipstick, too.”

“That does sound sexy,” Krystal commented. “Does he fuck you?”

“Nope,” Lindsey said. “All he wants is a handjob. Which I'm cool with, I guess, but it's kinda frustrating 'n' stuff. I mean, it's tough, trying to find the perfect experience 'n' everything.”

“What perfect experience?” Dawn asked.

“I got changed on a dig in Mesopotamia,” Lindsey explained. “I touched this statue of an ancient goddess, and I think, like, her spirit or whatever flowed into me and changed me into a hot blonde. The inscription said I have to find the perfect sexual experience and then I'll, like, become a real goddess. Like, have powers and live forever and all that stuff.”

“OhmyGawd,” Michelle said. “Seriously?”

“That's what it said,” Lindsey said. “But I, like, don't have the first fucking clue what that means.”

“Maybe it means making love,” Dawn said. “Have you done that yet?”

“Not really. Mostly it's nasty fucks, one-night stands and johns,” Lindsey said, puffing a cigarette alight from a match. “I don't really love any of the guys I know. Who knows, maybe it's one of you guys. You're, like, the only people I really love 'n' stuff, maybe it means I have to fuck one of y'all. Or all of y'all at the same time, or something.”

“I got nothing going on this afternoon if you wanna try,” Krystal said, only half-teasing.

“Not just yet,” Lindsey said, blowing her a smoky kiss. “I'm having way too much fun doing what I'm doing right now. I'm one of the highest-priced call girls in the city, my waiting list is a couple months, I drive a fucking Mercedes and live in a million-dollar condo and have a closet full of designer clothes and shoes and purses – who'd want to turn their back on that? I can be a goddess anytime.”

“That is so cool, you feel that way,” Dawn said. “I mean, I get guys telling me all the time I can do better than dancing on a pole, and none of them seem to understand, I don't need to be saved. I fucking love what I do, and I'm totally in control. Fucking feminists don't have a clue what they're talking about. Stripping is the most empowering thing, like, ever. And I make crazy bank doing it.”

“You're such a fucking domme,” Michelle teased. “Empowering, my ass. You just can't keep from getting your tits out in public. You're so Girls Gone Wild.”

“Oh, hell no,” Dawn shot back. “You gotta fucking pay to see my babies, this bitch don't get 'em out for free. They can buy me all the fucking drinks they want, I ain't never doing no Girls Gone Wild. Besides, I hear that Joe guy that runs it is, like, a total douche.”

“Y'know, like, it's funny,” Krystal commented. “We're all of us, like, sitting here, and every one of us used to be this big, powerful man with all this responsibility and education and shit, and there ain't a single one of us that doesn't think we're fucking way better off being a fucking big-

tit bimbo with nothing to do but fuck and look hot. You'd think we'd be all, like, pissed off 'n' shit, right?"

"You'd think," Lindsey said, "but I've never been so happy."

"Me neither," Dawn and Michelle echoed simultaneously.

"And I totally would never have met y'all if I hadn't changed, and you bitches are, like, the most important people in my life," Lindsey went on. "I'd go completely fucking crazy if not for y'all."

"It's so weird, how we all met at that club one night," Dawn said.

"Well, that club was the hottest dance club in town, and every one of us was out there trolling for cock at the same time," Michelle said. "And I'm not one of those bitches who sees a girl as hot as I am and just sits there hating. I was all, like, I totally gotta go meet these bitches, they look cool as nuts."

"Me too," Krystal said. "Besides, I wanted to eat y'all's pussies pretty bad, too, but mostly I just wanted to hang with Michelle, I never seen a bitch who could move like that."

"Oh, fuck yeah," Lindsey agreed. "Girl, say whatever the fuck else about you they want, nobody can argue that you got the sexiest moves ever. I wish I could dance half as good as you."

Michelle blushed a demure scarlet and lowered her eyes, smiling brightly. "Y'all're so sweet."

"It's true!" Dawn protested.

"By the time we were all getting high in the bathroom, we were like BFF's," Lindsey said. "As soon as I saw that y'all were all down bitches, I knew I could hang with you. I hate when people give me shit about getting fucked up."

"Shit, I'm fucked up most of the time," Michelle said. "I'm a fucking model, it's like in our contract. I do coke to stay thin, Xanax to get me down so I can sleep, Aterol and nicotine to suppress my appetite and X just 'cause I like it. And weed, occasionally, but everybody does fucking weed."

"I'm all about the mellow shit," Dawn said. "Valium and Xanax bars, mostly, but you bitches turned me on to coke. It makes sex fucking amazing."

"It makes everything amazing," Krystal said. "So does Ecstasy. But I guess I'm old school – if I want to get fucked up, I usually just stick to champagne. I just like being drunk."

"I like drinking when I'm on cocaine," Lindsey said. "They kinda go together."

"Can you believe how fucking uptight we were, before, about partying?" Dawn laughed. "I don't know about y'all, but I was all 'Just Say No' and shit, hell, I hardly even drank before I got changed. If I'd known how awesome it was, I'd've been fucked up all the time."

"I was a fucking astronaut and an Air Force colonel," Krystal said. "They piss-tested my piss-tests, baby. It wasn't that I didn't party back then, I couldn't party or I'd've been kicked out of the space program."

"I was such a fucking bookworm, back then, it never even occurred to me to try," Lindsey said. "I tried weed, once, when I was an undergrad in college, but I was so fucked up about my grades and my classes and shit I never did it again. Maybe a beer, every once in a while. Shit, if

I had it to do over again, I would've majored in fashion design and fucking pledged Kappa Kappa Gamma and just had fun instead of working that hard. Like being an archaeologist was so fucking awesome.”

“I could totally see you all dressed up like Indiana Jones, though,” Michelle laughed. “Hell, if you dressed up like that now, it'd be hot as fuck. I bet you're good with a whip.”

“I have a couple clients that think so,” Lindsey teased, with a sultry glint in her emerald-green eyes.

“Shit, I was just fucking boring back then,” Michelle said. “I didn't party because I was so fucking dull. All I did was work and go home. No fun, no girlfriend, no nothing. If I hadn't shot my mouth off to that gypsy, I would've stayed that way forever, probably, or blown my fucking brains out the day I turned forty.”

“Forty? Eww,” Dawn said.

“I know, right? I mean, I know I'm supposed to be, like, fifty-two in real years, like how long I've actually been alive 'n' stuff,” Lindsey said. “But my drivers' license says I'm twenty-five, and that's how old I fucking am.”

“Damn right,” Michelle confirmed. “No, I like being young and hot and exciting. The world ain't gonna miss Michael Amblin Taylor at all. Nobody even gave a shit when he was gone. But there's lots of people that are happy when Michelle Amberlyn Taylor hits the door, baby.”

“Amberlyn is your middle name?” Dawn said. “OhmyGawd, baby, that's so pretty. My old middle name was Ellis, Don Ellis Lynch, so my middle name is just boring old Elizabeth.”

“Not boring, baby, it's classic. It suits you,” Krystal said. “Not like mine. Denise. Talk about boring. But still, it's prettier than it was when it was just Dennis. Christopher Dennis Flaherty.”

“I like Krystal Denise,” Lindsey said. “Specially 'cause you spell it with a 'K.' That's so cute. I had to kinda work to make my name fit. I used to be Lyndon Annis O'Reilly. It took some thinking to come up with Lindsey Annette O'Reilly.”

“That's pretty,” Dawn said. “Really pretty.”

“Thanks,” Lindsey said. “Y'know, that's one of the things I never expected about being around girls. How fucking nice y'all are. I mean, you give me compliments all the time. It was never like that when I was a guy. If I felt bad about something, then it was like 'tough, deal with it.' But girls are all, like, 'no, baby, it's not that way, you're pretty, you're cool, I love you.' I really like it.”

“I like that too,” Michelle said. “I never expected how different people would treat me. I know it's just 'cause I'm hot and sexy, but people are like super nice to me. They give me things, and go out of their way to help me out... nobody ever stopped to help me change a tire when I was a guy. I had a blowout, like, a week ago, and like six people pulled over to help me out.”

“I never expected to be so into shiny rocks,” Krystal said, gazing adoringly at the diamonds on her fingers as they sparkled in the dappled sunlight. “Now I can't get enough of them.”

“What about how forgiving everybody is?” Dawn said. “I mean, I ain't proud. I know I'm a total fucking airhead bimbo. I fuck shit up all the time, and it's like, nobody ever gets mad or impatient or nothing. I mean, I don't care if it's 'cause they like my tits – it's just really sweet. It makes me feel really special, y'know?”

“I totally know what you mean,” Krystal said. “The big thing I never expected about being a girl is how many fucking choices we have. I mean, way more than when we were guys. Back then, we could choose to either work or be unemployed. Now, we can work, or be a mom, or a student, we can focus on ourselves or on our careers or on a boyfriend. Shit, we even have more choices when it comes to shit like clothes. How many pairs of shoes did you have when you were a guy?”

“Three,” Lindsey laughed. “Sneakers, casual and dress shoes.”

“Uh-huh,” Krystal said, “and how many do you have now?”

Lindsey laughed hard, making her tits bounce. “I lost count at a hundred. And I ain't gonna stop getting more, neither.”

“Yeah, that's what I mean!” Krystal said, joining in the laughter. “Hell, we used to have the choice in underwear of boxers or briefs. Now we have thong, low-rise, high-rise...”

“Crotchless,” Dawn interrupted, and the whole table dissolved into jug-bouncing laughter.

“I guess the biggest surprise, though, for me, was assfucking,” Lindsey said. “I mean, I can't believe how scared of it I was when I was still a boy. OhmyGawd, I was fucking terrified! Shit – if I'd known how good it feels to have a big stiff pole up my ass, I would've been so fucking bi. I love getting buttfucked. I can't believe I was ever afraid of that shit.”

“Me neither,” Dawn said, grinning. “Kinda makes me want to stuff a butt-plug up there right now.”

“So what do y'all think we should do now?” Lindsey asked, looking at the table full of empty plates in front of them and judging that brunch was at an end.

“Well, we should definitely order another drink,” Michelle said.

“But then what?” Dawn asked. “Wanna go shopping?”

“That could be cool, I think there's a sale at Neiman Marcus,” Krystal said.

“We could go hang out by the pool at my house,” Lindsey offered. “I've been meaning to get some sun, and I have this really cute bikini I haven't had a chance to wear yet.”

“I think there's a wet t-shirt contest down on the beach this afternoon,” Krystal offered. “With a concert afterwards, I think. We could rent Jet-Skis or something.”

“Or,” Lindsey said with a conspiratorial smile, “we could call over those two waiters who've been fucking staring at us ever since we got here and go gangbang the fuck out of them in that hotel across the street.”

Dawn giggled and clapped her hands. “I think we have a winner.”

“Yeah,” Michelle agreed. “Definitely.”

“I dunno, y'all,” Krystal said with an adorable pout of consternation. “Y'know that whole vampire thing I told y'all about? About how I occasionally change somebody into a girl? I'm starting to get that feeling again, I've had it for, like, the last couple days. I probably better not.”

“How come?” Lindsey said, giving a narrow-eyed glance of sexual hunger at the two lanky waiters, trying to be inconspicuous staring at them through the plate-glass window and

through some decorative foliage. “Look at it this way, Krys. We get to fuck them silly, and then afterwards we get two new girlfriends to hang out with and take shopping, right? I think that sounds like total fun.”

“You're right,” Krystal said, the glint of sexual hunger in her own sapphire-blue eyes now. “That does sound like fun. I think we should name them Jennifer and Tiffany, what do y'all think?”

“Jennifer and Tiffany,” Dawn said, her own eyes infected with the desire which seemed to be flowing from them all, now. “Perfect.”

“Yeah,” Michelle said, toying idly with a stiff nipple through the cup of her bra. “Just perfect.”