



**SUMMARY:** A group of old college buddies go to an exclusive cigar club with a private room, but when they get there they find the imported cigar they are smoking has the power to change them into females.

## **HAVE A CIGAR**

**By Valerie Hope**

Me in an oak-paneled sitting room was a whole lot like tits on a bull, anyway. I never figured out why the guys picked this place, other than that they had money and I didn't. Don't get me wrong - I didn't think it was to rub it in or anything. It was just that they lived by the credo, "if you got it, flaunt it." I flaunted the best that I could, but being an out-of-work actor didn't exactly make for a lot of spending cash.

Hell, if it hadn't been for the fact that the five of us had gone to college together, we probably wouldn't even be friends at all. Here I was, lowly Harmon Godfrey, born to working-class parents in a not-too-shabby-but-not-too-nice suburb of Austin, TX. I was the token working stiff in college, having to skip all the wild parties and practical jokes because I had to wash dishes in the Student Union just to make tuition and books. Logic said that I should have gone for a business degree or maybe engineering if I had the knack, something to get me a good high-paying job. But instead, Genius Me gets a degree in communications and drama. Which qualified me just barely for the French-fry machine at the Whataburger. But at least my full sandy head of hair, well defined upper body, tight butt and lantern jaw were enough to get me the occasional commercial and movie role. I didn't quite have the scratch to head for L.A. or New York, where I could actually pursue a career more fully. Besides, there was a lot of work in Austin if you knew where to look, and I had my parents' house after they passed on. Odd jobs and temp work paid the bills. The only reason I wasn't in a U-Haul to either coast right that minute was that lingering, hard-to-define feeling that Austin was my home, and the money I spent trying to keep up with my well-to-do friends.

And the majority of that money was spent right here, at The Humidor. Calling this place upscale was like calling the San Andreas Fault a minor structural flaw. Which was what had me sitting in my best off-the-rack Haggard suit trying not to look like a poser over my eighteen-year-old cognac.

Because I didn't have the burden of full-time employment, I was usually the first one to arrive on our regular Tuesday meeting for cognac and scandalously expensive cigars. I'd dealt myself out of quite a few of these nights, both for lack of money and for possible work, but when my buddy Christian called, he made me promise to say I'd come. He said he had something special for us, something that was once-in-a-lifetime. Christian's surprises were pretty legendary, and besides, I'd never hear the end of it if I pussied out of this one.

I nursed the cognac, since there was no way in hell I was going to afford a second one with just the ten-spot in my pocket. I'd only been there about ten minutes when Hyde Westin showed, the other poor guy in the equation.

Built like a fireplug, Hyde was two hundred twenty pounds of pure muscle. In college, he'd used it to make miserable the lives of countless offensive guards out on the gridiron, but add to it the Criminal Justice degree he'd gotten and you got a tan, hairy, slightly balding Detective in the city's Vice unit. As much as I loved Hyde, there was no doubt in my mind that if he told me to put my hands on the car and assume the position, I'd ask him if my legs were far enough apart to suit him.

He unbuttoned his not-that-nice linen suit coat and slid into the booth beside me, just long enough to flash the gold detective's shield and the holstered Glock on his hip. He gestured to the very attractive blonde waitress who'd waited on me and ordered a cognac as well.

"Hey, Harmon," he said in his broad East Texas twang that two years of diction hadn't quite erased. He still thought it made him sound like a hick, but most of the girls he dated thought his drawl was sexy as hell. I never understood that, and neither did he. "Good to see you, buddy."

I hugged him quickly, one of those silly "man hugs" where body contact is minimized and we slap the hell out of one another's backs to prove that even though we're hugging, we can still kick each other's asses.

"Good to see you, too, Hyde," I said, tousling his thinning hair and dispensing with the obligatory joke. Thirty had hit him hardest of all of us. "Getting a little shiny up there, partner, don'tcha think?"

Hyde grinned and shoved my arm away gently. "Yeah, but you should see the crop coming in on my back. Like a wheat field."

We laughed and kept up the small talk until the next two of our quintet made the scene. As usual, they were laughing - usually from the punch line of one of Tim Anderson's scandalous jokes which he timed well - and making a lot of noise, which was so not like the usual quiet and somber attitude prevalent in The Humidor. Tim had made a small fortune as a news anchor on the local NBC affiliate and hoped one day to be "called up to the majors" by working a serious story. He was the only one of us who secretly wished that terrorists might attack Central Texas, I think. If only the people watching the news at nine every night knew Tim's cool, professional demeanor hid the raucous sense of humor of a failed stand-up comic in college, they might look at him a little differently. But it was hard to look at him any other way as a fantastically handsome young man in a tailored Italian suit, his dark hair combed perfectly and sprayed until it shone, his chiseled features and direct dark-eyed stare equally suited to reporting on anything from plane crashes to hundred-year birthdays. It had certainly bagged more than his share of pretty young interns and sexy weathergirls over his five-year career. If I hadn't liked him so damn much, I would have hated him.

His partner in crime - now as it was in college - was Brock Delaney. He'd always been the geek of our group, cloistered in front of his computer at all hours and only attending parties with us in college under threat of coercion. He'd slaved all through college and grad school and finally got his rewards; in other words, a dump truck full of money for writing a piece of software that could only be described by a long series of three-letter acronyms that left my head spinning nine times out of ten. It amounted to a really unique way for businesses to sell shit to other businesses, as best I could figure. But one way or the other, Brock went from nobody to millionaire in no time flat. Couldn't have happened to a nicer guy, but it wasn't enough to get him out of his usual habits. His cheap Penney's dress shirt was tucked in unevenly to a pair of

chinos that had to have been bought at Salvation Army. A woven leather belt straight from the 80's held it together on his skinny frame - naturally, he'd missed a belt loop in back - and he wore his boat shoes with no socks. Thick silver-rimmed glasses rode an impressive beak of a nose in a painfully skinny face, and a prominent Adam's apple tented his neck. A more stereotypical geek one would be hard-pressed to find. Tim and Christian made fun of him ceaselessly for his lack of style, but hey - if you had as much money as Brock did, then you could wear whatever the hell you wanted.

They sat in a cloud of laughter, ordering drinks and making their hellos. We'd only just gotten comfortable, wondering what the hell Christian was up to, when he made his show, walking in with his head bent, talking quietly to the manager and slipping him a C-note companionably. A wooden box was under the arm of his tailored double-breasted suit, his tie still done up tight as if he'd just come from court.

He had slick, polished lawyer good looks, impossibly white teeth and a dimpled chin, short blonde hair kept immaculately neat and a piercing blue stare that had made more than one rival divorce attorney blanch and back down over alimony payments.

"Hey, guys, grab your drinks," he announced to the table. "I got us a private room."

"What the hell's going on?" Hyde demanded in his best cop voice.

"You'll find out in a minute," Christian said smoothly. "Now get up! C'mon, the damn room cost a fortune, will you go already?"

We took our drinks and let the graceful figure-eight of the waitress' fantastic backside lead us tantalizingly through the smoke-filled grottos of the main bar area, past the enormous walk-in humidor where aficionados and wannabes were hard at work selecting just the perfect cigar for the evening, back into a luxurious private room, complete with leather chairs, a leather sofa and mahogany end tables. The walls were done in dark red brocade above paneled wainscoting and dotted here and there with stuffed animal heads and framed Audobon prints. A cheery fire in a hearth drove away the chilly eighty-degree heat of the balmy Central Texas summer night, but served to make the whole room like something out of a Victorian hunting lodge.

A tray with cut-glass snifters and a bottle of thirty-year old Courvoisier lay out on a silver tray. Christian slipped the waitress a healthy tip which raised even her jaded eyebrows and sent her away, closing the door over her demands to call her if there was anything we needed. We assured her that we would, but some of the needs we had in mind for her to satisfy would have had us in handcuffs, so we decided to keep our own counsel for the time being. There were two officers of the court in the room, after all.

"You went all out," Timothy said, examining the slightly dusty bottle. "Wanna tell us what the fuck is going on, Chris?"

Christian set the wooden box on the end table and flipped open the lid with a flourish and a trilling "Ta-daaaah!" Five fat, long handrolled cigars lay in the bottom of the cedar box on a bed of red felt.

"What have we got here?" Hyde said, slipping the Macanudo he'd purchased for the night's festivities into his jacket pocket. Brock shoved his glasses up his long beak of a nose and took a closer look.

"Those, my friends, are what the big deal is," Christian said.

"We're not a fucking jury, okay?" Brock snorted, knowing full well that Christian had never been in front of a jury in his life but not being able to resist the lawyer joke anyway. "Just get to the point."

"You remember me telling you about the César Monteparilla case, right?"

"Yeah, the rich Nicaraguan guy who was banging his secretary, right?" I said.

"Right. I represented his wife and took that sonofabitch for every penny he had. Well, apparently he has a real respect for people who drive a hard bargain or something. He sends me a case of these to say 'no hard feelings.'"

"So what are they? Cuban?" Timothy asked.

"Cuban seeds, I hear," Christian said. "These, my uncultured friends, are some of the rarest cigars in the entire world. They're grown in Nicaragua. They call them 'Cairpodmoors,' or something like that."

"Never heard of it," Hyde said, sniffing the cigar suspiciously.

"I don't expect you to," Christian went on. "It took me three days to find out what the hell they were. Apparently, the fella who makes them is a Cuban national who fled for his life from Castro. He has a couple of acres in Nicaragua and grows just enough to roll about a hundred of these beauties every year. He harvests only by the light of the first full moon of fall and there's all these great legends, that the wrapping is soaked in a mixture made from the blood of an unfaithful woman, all kinds of freaky shit."

"I ain't smoking no bloody cigar," I told him flat out.

"Relax, Harmon, there's no blood in 'em. It's just a stupid legend," Brock said. "You hear all kinds of shit like that in Central America."

"The rarest and most expensive cigars in the world," Christian announced. "Three hundred bucks a pop - minimum - for these things! I got four extra and four best friends. Works out pretty well, don't y'all think?"

"Cool," Brock said, rolling the cigar between his fingers.

"So sit down, pour yourselves a drink of this excellent cognac, and have a smoke on me. Couldn't imagine a better bunch of assholes to share 'em with." With that, he plopped unceremoniously into a leather wingback chair and propped his Italian loafers on the polished table in front of him.

There was a definite air of swank in the room as we shed our topcoats and lounged around, sipping the amazing cognac - way too textured and mature for guys that were drinking Milwaukee's Best from a keg seven years ago and *liking* it - and letting the general decadence of the place soak into us. Christian was awarded the honor of cutting the first one with the little sterling silver clippers, passing them along and testing the draw with a cream-in-whiskers expression. Once we were all ready to go, we counted three and clicked our butane lighters alight simultaneously.

A thick cloud of rich, fragrant blue formed in the air between us as we sat back, tasting the expensive smoke as we would a fine wine. Strangely enough, there was no real way to

describe the aroma or the flavor. The best I could do was: when I was in college, I met the love of my life, Karen Richardson. She used to get up before I did - she was one of those automatic early risers - and she'd sit and read in the window while the sun shone down on her. I'd wake up every morning and go put my arms around her and bury my face in her hair. The cigars tasted and smelled just like that. It was amazing.

I fumbled for words to express that and found that my mouth didn't seem to be working very well. I turned my head with effort - it was like being immersed in Jell-O, like every movement was restricted somehow, but not prevented - and looked at Hyde, who was staring at me with a slack-jawed blank face, but his eyes admitted fear.

We all, as one, tucked the cigars between our teeth and stood. We kicked off our shoes and began working quickly to shed our clothes. Fear - no, fuck that, this was *panic* we were feeling - shone out from every eye, but our movements were steady and composed, as if someone else was making our movement for us. We all took a little time and folded our clothes neatly and set them out in neat piles, along with our wallets and jewelry, on the polished sideboard which ran around the room. Then we stood and looked at one another, standing like zombies in our nudity as we formed a circle in the middle of the room.

Timothy was the first to move - he took a deep, deep drag from the cigar and savored the smoke for only a second before he turned and knelt. He then exhaled the smoke - seemingly way too much of the vapor for the amount he exhaled - and blew a fragrant, curling cloud on Brock's bare legs.

I don't know how I or any of the others stood still, not with the frenzied, crazy panic that was hammering around the inside of my skull. Before our eyes, the smoke curled around Brock's skinny, hairy, pasty-white legs and as we watched they became smaller. Wide, full hips which tapered to a slender knee, a gorgeously shapely calf and petite ankle and lovely little dainty feet with toes painted an adorable seashell pink. The pasty white flesh with its thick coating of wiry black hair slowly faded into a creamy mocha tan with not a single visible hair.

Eyes wild with fright, Brock waited for the smoke to dissipate and took a drag off his own cigar, kneeling to blow a cloud onto Hyde's legs. As the lush cloud of roiling blue vapor dissipated, Hyde now stood on a pair of long, graceful legs which were a perfectly even creamy white, far too small to support his massive torso and expansive gut.

His eyes betrayed a frantic, fearful apology as he pulled on his cigar and knelt before me. As he exhaled, I felt a burning, itching tingle run the length of my legs, and a terrifying feeling of something entering my body, through my pores, leeching into me. There was the almost palpable feeling of an invader beneath my skin, rearranging things against my will. I would have trembled. I would have screamed. I would have clawed at the even, rich amber skin of my new, shapely legs until it ripped and bled.

Instead, I took a luxurious pull on the Cairpodmoor cigar - 'Cairpodmoor?' Did that mean something? - and knelt smoothly, my slender and petite legs somehow carrying my heavy and well-defined upper body without strain, blowing smoke onto Christian's bare, chiseled legs and watching with terrified fascination as all those long hours in the gym melted into a lovely pair of luscious thighs, cutely dimpled knees, firm and rounded calves, delicate ankles and tiny little petite feet with toenails painted in pearlescent white to contrast the porcelain-white complexion.

We came full circle and Christian rewarded Tim with a pair of slender, delicate looking hairless legs with a deep, Mediterranean olive complexion and bright, cherry red toenails.

If it had been possible, we would have sighed in relief. Until Tim took another long pull from his cigar and turned slowly towards Brock. He breathed a swirling cloud of smoke onto the skinny man's midsection, watching the skin crawl as his prominent ribs were muted by softness, his stomach and waist flattened out and softened and the creamy mocha tan complexion spread across him from navel to shoulders.

Brock, in turn, exhaled a long plume of smoke which clouded around Hyde's generous midsection. The thick, coarse hair which covered him front and back shrunk and disappeared against the perfect smooth peaches-and-cream complexion. The generous rolls of fat and massive shoulders and pectorals vanished like balloons deflating, leaving him with a narrow little waist, plank-flat stomach with sexy, athletic-looking abdominal definition and a sunken, pitiful upper chest.

Hyde couldn't even look at me as he exhaled, tears streaming openly from his dark eyes. Again, the tickling invader seeped through my skin, making me stand impossibly straight as I felt my stomach and waist shrink, my well-defined abdominals and pectorals vanishing - as it were - in a puff of smoke, the hair on my chest feeling as if it were being pulled back into my skin. I could feel a strange, uncomfortable pressure in my guts - as if gas were building - and felt things shifting, as if somehow my bones and insides were rearranging somehow.

I found, like Hyde, that I couldn't look at Christian either as I exhaled. It wasn't until I opened my eyes that I saw Christian's paunchy midsection with its coating of wiry black hair replaced with that incredible porcelain skin - patterned oh-so-faintly with a map of barely-there blue veins - stretched smoothly over a flat, perfectly defined stomach and the most adorable little belly-button I'd ever seen. A light spray of freckles coated the milky-white upper chest.

Christian took another pull and sent a jet of smoke onto Timothy's midsection. As we watched, Tim's well-defined abs and pectorals shrunk and flattened under skin which seemed to be tightening and smoothing out. Even Tim's tidy little black, wiry "treasure trail" thinned to invisibility as we watched helplessly, watching his superb physique shrink into an impossibly small waist and the hard lines of his defined muscles turn into a soft but still well-defined 'six-pack' which seemed smooth and soft. The smooth, unblemished olive skin now covered him from navel to shoulders. He pectorals - formerly his pride and joy - were positively meager now. He was weeping openly as he took another long pull and turned towards Brock.

This time, Brock stuck his own cigar between his teeth and held his hands out, palms down, straight out in front of him. The smoke from Timothy's pursed lips curled between his fingers and up his arms like a living thing, turning the pasty-white and scrawny arms on their friend into lushly curved, willowy arms with slender wrists and long, slender fingers topped with square-cut fingernails at least three-quarters of an inch long, painstakingly manicured the same glossy, seashell pink as his toes. I couldn't determine whether the thick, dark cigar looked impossibly out-of-place or impossibly sexy between those fingers. A part of my brain which was still somehow sane, probably in some better place than the rest of me, briefly imagined what those slender, long-nailed fingers would look like gripping a cock.

It went around the circle again, happening somehow too slow and too fast all at the same time, leaving Hyde with slender willowy arms in place of his massive, beefy ones, long fingers instead of his stubby, hairy ones, tipped with an inch-long, square-cut French manicure which

shone glossy in the meager lamp light of the room. He, in turn, gifted me with the same, and I couldn't help but stare at the long French manicured nails tipping the slender, graceful fingers and bringing the thick, fragrant cigar to my lips. With a look of purest regret at Christian, I exhaled.

He got a chance to look at the inch-long, pearlescent white fingernails which matched his toenails as the cigar came to his own mouth. The teasing spray of amber freckles spread from his upper chest to his shoulders, down his arms and onto his forearms, ending just above his petite, delicate wrists. He was almost sobbing, the tears streaming down his cheeks, as he gave Timothy the gift of slender arms, delicate wrists, slender and lissome fingers and inch-long square-cut nails, lacquered cherry-red like his toes, glossy and shining like the paint job on a showroom 'Vette.

Tim's eyes were squeezed shut, tears leaking from them uncontrollably, as he took another pull. This time, he took a step forward and bent, placing his lips firmly over Brock's exposed left nipple. Brock's face, even though controlled by whatever force had us all in its grip, registered shock. Cheeks distended with effort, Timothy blew the smoke onto the nipple. Somehow, impossibly, *into* the nipple.

The chest swelled with the smoke, rounding out and distending like a balloon filling with water. It filled out and sagged a little - just enough to be natural, settling over Brock's tiny chest and ribs in a luscious, perfect globe. The nipple was distended as well, the size of the eraser on a pencil and glistening a wet pink. The areola was the size of a silver dollar and pebbled neatly as a tiny, almost-imperceptible trickle of blue smoke escaped from the puckered nipple. Timothy took another pull from the cigar and repeated the process on the other nipple, leaving Brock's now curvaceous body crowned with a pair of perfectly formed, spherical but pouty 36C breasts. Another light dusting of smoke painted the dark mocha of the breasts with white triangles, mimicking the coverage of a barely-there bikini top as he tanned.

Brock turned helplessly to Hyde, his eyes imploring forgiveness as he filled his mouth with smoke and fastened his lips over the detective's left nipple. My view was blocked by Hyde's back, but I saw Brock straighten and then bend again.

*Oh God, I thought. I'm next. Oh, God.*

Hyde turned to me, his eyes closed tightly, his chest ridden high by two of the most delicious, spherical and supple 36C breasts I'd ever seen - they were straight out of a Playboy centerfold, capped by enormous pink areolae and pink nipples the size and shape of mini-marshmallows. I waited for him to take a pull from the cigar and closed my eyes tight, not even allowed to flinch as I felt the rough lips fasten on my tiny nipple.

There was no tickle this time - this was pain. I ached to cry out as the smoke invaded me, pulling and stretching and violating, feeling as if my chest would split apart. After a breathless eternity, it ended; then it began again on the other breast. I looked down pitifully once it was over. My flawless amber tan was marked with lily-white triangles from a non-existent bikini top as well, this one even smaller than Brock's. A part of my mind registered that it was the outline of a competition bikini, used by pageant contestants. I don't know how I knew that, but I did. What was most relieving was the size. They couldn't have been more than a shallow B cup (I knew from my years and years of trying to guess in high school, I got very good at

guessing). I breathed an internal sigh of relief, hoping that Christian - next in line - would forgive me for what I had to do. He had to know I had no choice.

I could have screamed again when Hyde took another deep drag and put his lips back to my now large and rigidly erect nipples. This time I watched helplessly as I felt the smoke take a rigid shape in my chest, a heavy wet feeling that distended the breast, stretching it out and out again, more painfully than before. In the brief instant between breasts, I could almost picture what could only be a saline implant beneath my breasts, under my pectoral muscle. It even sloshed a little, pushing my breast out into a titanic, perfectly smooth and spherical 36DD which would never sag or droop. I couldn't stop the tears as I felt Hyde's lips on the other. From the smallest to the biggest tits in the room in two breaths. I could have screamed, if I had the use of my voice. Inside, I raged at the heavens, even as I took another pull from my own cigar and bent to Christian's left nipple. I exhaled as hard as I could, cheeks puffing, and I felt the nipple harden against my lips, growing and swelling in my mouth. I felt the rough pebbled skin of the areola slide across my lips as I watched my friend's collarbone get father and father away from my eyes as the swelling breast pushed my head back. Another drag from the cursed cigar - God hate the damned thing! - and another man's chest became a woman's tit. Christian got off pretty easy, considering. With his much more slender build, he couldn't be more than a 34, and a shallow C cup at that. Lovely, pouting breasts, proportional and milky-skinned, crowned with light pink areolae and positively huge nipples.

Christian, once again, completed the circle. Timothy stood like a statue, weeping silently as his chest filled painfully into a pair of meager breasts which would have been hard-pressed to overflow a B cup. Another pair of drags from Christian's cigar soon filled them out with saline implants like mine, lovely perfect 36D's that pointed eternally skyward, proud with their dark brown caps standing at rigid attention against her luscious olive skin.

Timothy's face was a mask of pain and frustrated fury as he turned once again to Brock, pulling deeply on the cigar which was the source of so much destruction. This time he let the smoke trickle out in a long, feathery plume which wound its way up Brock's neck and slithered like a hundred tiny translucent snakes across the software engineer's face, into his mouth and nose and into his hairline. As we watched in mute horror, Brock's bushy eyebrows thinned into a graceful thick arch reminiscent of Marilyn Monroe. His titanic beak of a nose became slender and aquiline, pushing up at the bottom into a little up-turn. The cheekbones raised and widened while the chin narrowed, the jaw smoothing into a graceful, soft feminine curve. Brock's mouth fell open and the smoke rushed in, straightening his crooked teeth and whitening them to a lovely gleaming white, while the rough veining on his neck smoothed and the prominent Adam's apple receded into the creamy mocha skin. Faint touches of rose appeared on his cheeks and nose as his eyes widened and his lashes thickened and lengthened until they brushed his cheeks when he blinked. His overlarge, Jug-Head ears pulled up and in, the lobes shrinking and several tiny holes appearing in the lobes and upper cartilage. A similar little pinprick hole appeared in his pink tongue which had lengthened and narrowed into a sinuous, graceful teaser. The eyes, now wide and girlish, softened from their typical washed-out hazel into a striking ice-blue which positively smoldered with intensity and sex appeal.

The last of the smoke tendrils curved teasingly around the perfect little face, lining the eyes with a dark blue line of cosmetic and covering the lid with a shimmery slate, blue-grey powder. Dark mascara coated and separated the lashes while a thin coating of foundation covered the skin and evened it out. A cute little dark-brown beauty mark appeared on the

mocha skin of his left cheek while his lips widened and thickened into a sensuous pout, covered with a glossy coating of the same seashell pink as his nails.

Brock's exhalation did the same for Hyde, evaporating the chunky detective's double chin and five-o'clock shadow along with his salt-and-pepper policeman's moustache. The lantern jaw softened and shrunk into the soft-cornered square woman's jaw of a Rebecca Romijn-Stamos. The peaches-and-cream complexion needed little more than a little concealer and a lovely blended streak of pale pink blush along his sculptured cheekbones. Hyde's pale brown eyes deepened in shade to almost black, like pools of dark liquid that shimmered teasingly from their nest of long, feathery lashes. A thick, dramatic line of dark brown eyeliner covered his lids top and bottom and the lashes became even thicker with a generous coating of dark brown mascara. The lips filled out and coated themselves with a dark pink glossy shade with a darker, rosy lip-liner evident along the plumply full bottom lip and the adorable little Cupid's-bow on top. His formerly bushy eyebrows were thinned out and arched into a delightfully sexy Julia Roberts "surprised" expression, with just a hint of dusky mauve shadow on the eyelids. The ears were a little larger and pierced with only one hole in each lobe.

I was terrified as I watched Hyde's soft, kissable lips - cocksucking lips, he'd used to call them, but that was not funny anymore by a long shot - wrap around the thick cigar sexily and the soft, pink-powdered cheeks hollow out as he pulled. The thin feather of smoke tickled my face and invaded again, and I tried not to think too much about what was happening to me as I felt my face shift and my throat tighten painfully. Some of the shifts in my teeth even made cracks and crunches which resounded in my head. As I brought my cigar up to my own lips, I felt lips that were infinitely softer and fuller than I'd had and sucked in the fragrant smoke, closing my eyes languorously, viewing the world through a curtain of long, black-painted lashes that tickled my cheeks when they closed. I could smell the clean, soft scent of the face powder and taste clearly the perfumey stickiness of the lipstick on the pouty moué of my mouth. I breathed out slowly, watching the wafting plume of smoke cross the distance slowly and begin to crawl across Christian's ruggedly handsome face. The creamy white complexion took over the outdoorsy tan of his face, putting a precious spray of russet freckles across the cute little button nose and high cheeks. A thicker coating of pinkish blush fanned across the cheeks as the lashes lengthened, now a shocking carrot-red like the slender, highly arched eyebrows. A thick coat of black mascara covered them, thickening and curling them as the eyes widened and faded from their pale brown to the most sparkling emerald green I'd ever seen. The teeth were small and chalk-white between glossy red lips, thin and expressive and begging to be kissed. A complicated blend of pink and purple covered his eyelids as his eyes closed in shame and defeat. He brought his own cigar up to his lips and turned robotically to Timothy.

Timothy's sophisticated, heart-shaped face was under a thick coating of foundation, his eyes done in a smoky grey with heavy black liner on top and bottom lids, and a huge amount of mascara. His eyebrows were dark and tweezed thin and high and a generous coating of cherry-red lipstick to match his nails glistened on a pert little pouty mouth with enormously full, bee-stung lips. His teeth were the straightest and whitest of them all. I thought, at first, that the cigars were changing him into one of those women who wore way too much makeup, but then I remembered that he'd come straight from work. Maybe he still had his camera makeup on, and that was always way thicker than any sane person would wear. Maybe that held true for women as well as men - although not many men wore makeup as a general rule, so I had no idea how much makeup a sane man would wear. I stifled a hysterical giggle in my mind. I couldn't afford to lose it now. If I wasn't losing it already.

This time it was a little different. Timothy stuck his cigar between his even, dazzlingly white teeth and closed his bee-stung lips with their cherry-red lipstick tantalizingly over the rigid length of the cigar (which made me think of things I'd never thought about Timothy doing, ever) and put his slender hands cupped together out in front of him, like he'd just caught a firefly and didn't want to crush it to death. This time it was Brock who took a long, languorous pull on his cigar and blew the smoke into Tim's cupped hands. Brock then turned mechanically, facing away from Timothy. Tim stepped forward and put both his hands on the top of Brock's head, near his hairline and smoothed the smoke into his scalp. As his hands traveled, they filled with a dense, soft curtain of glossy dark auburn Brock's scraggly, mouse-brown hair with the part in the middle was now a shining, full fall of lustrous straight dark reddish-brown with a part on the side and a sweet little set of feathery-soft bangs which covered his forehead and framed his doll's face sexily. Tim's hands finally dropped and the curtain of hair drifted sensuously to rest just above the shapely curve of Brock's lower back. Brock tossed it over his shoulder with a head-flip like he'd been wearing long, thick hair all his life - apparently the smoke ingrained feminine mannerisms to go along with the physical changes or something.

Then Brock cupped his hands and Hyde blew smoke into them and turned away. The shiny pate of the detective with its few measly patches of thinning dark hair, clipped short, became a luscious, shiny wave of shoulder-length, sandy blonde hair which was sexy as hell while still being low-maintenance. Lighter highlights shot through the lustrous length of it, and the feathery bangs, speaking of a lot of money spent at a salon.

Hyde turned to me with cupped hands and I felt myself - despite all my attempts at controlling myself - blowing a fragrant lungful of smoke into his cupped hands and then turning away. His hands clamped onto my scalp hard and pulled backwards. My scalp itched and burned as if Hyde was pulling the hair physically out of my head. I got hysterical, critical-sanity-failure images of the Play-Doh Barber Shop set I had as a kid, push the plunger down and the hair just squirted out of the little plastic guy's head, and all the time he had this crazy, dopey smile on his yellow plastic face.

A lustrous wave of light, vanilla blonde hair settled over my shoulder, tickling the top of my gigantic breasts. I had a very high-maintenance layer cut with a sinuous natural wave, cut for versatility instead of ease. It shone nearly white in the lamps, and was so soft that I could barely stand it. I tossed it over my shoulder with a girlish flip of my head, stuck the cigar between my generous lips and cupped my hands for Christian. He turned his slender back to me and his short, well-tended ash blonde hair pulled outwards in my hands, filling my palms with ticklish softness. What sprang from my fingers was a dense and lustrous curtain of curls, the most shocking coppery red I'd seen but absolutely perfect against the pale skin and freckles. The curls - natural curls, I suspected - bobbed teasingly as he shook them out, raking through them with slender, long-nailed fingers.

His own cupped hands pulled a sleekly glossy mass of dark brunette out of Timothy's head to complete the circle. The cut was shoulder length and had sable streaks shot through the high, sprayed bangs. It was sexy and sophisticated in cut, in keeping with the rest of the look, broken only by the piercing dark brown eyes.

We stood a tremulous moment, staring at one another. All of us beauties, with cover girl faces, perfect hair and skin, and sculpted athletic looking bodies ranging from Christian's slender and curvy 5'-4" through my own tall and leggy 5'-9", Hyde's similar 5'-9" but with riper curves, Brock's Jayne Mansfield "bombshell" curves filling out his delicious 5'-6" frame and Tim's

slender and delicate 5'-5". All pretty little pictures, suitable for framing on hanging on the wall of an auto-body shop, except for the dangling, limp penises between each pair of slender legs.

Timothy's face was all apology as he went his knees, sucking deeply on the cigar. Like an automaton, Brock stepped forward and let Timothy engulf his flaccid tool in her waiting mouth. Dense blue smoke escaped Tim's bee-stung lips as he exhaled forcefully. The first real noise we'd heard in what seemed like an eternity escaped Brock's lips, a high girlish squeal of delight in a precious, little-girl soprano. Brock's back arched spasmodically and his hips jerked, long fingers tangling in Tim's dark sable hair except for the two extended to support the cigar.

Timothy stood, his cheeks and chin covered in Brock's sperm. Frantically, Timothy used his long and slender fingers to scrape up all of the goo on his face and lick them clean, getting every drop of the stuff into his mouth. His sparkling brown eyes betrayed revulsion and soul-deep pain.

Brock turned and I quailed inside. The dangling, purple cock which had hung between his legs was now a luscious, flowering set of pink labia nesting in a patch of dark brown pubic hair which was trimmed into a slender little 'centerfold' patch. The tender little barely-there swell of his *mons veneris* sported the lily-white outline of a thong bikini bottom against the deep mocha tan. He fell to his knees, pulling on the cigar, and Hyde moved forward slowly, his face betraying his internal struggle to fight.

Hyde's back hid what happened, but I saw his feminized body jerk and spasm, a sweet husky mezzo wail escaping his mouth and the wet smacking of Brock licking his lips. He turned to me, his once-massive cock (he'd been a legend in college) now a slender little rounded swell around a narrow pink furrow in the creamy flesh. A downy little feather of sandy blonde pubic hair wisped from just above his pink, pouting clitoris.

The soft but firm lips closed over my cock and he exhaled. Thin, needle-thin lances of red-hot pain shot through my abdomen and crotch and I struggled, mentally, with the pain. But in the midst of it, feeling the smoke enter me and rearrange me, feeling my scrotum stretch painfully and elongate, pulling backwards towards my anus and forming labia, I felt the familiar building of my male orgasm, the familiar downhill plunge and the burning tingle behind the penis, the almost-too-sensitive flutter in the head, and then the urgent, unstoppable outpouring in jets. But instead of the customary feeling of energy leaving my body, I felt as if the smoke were carrying in new energy, something I'd never felt before. It made my skin tingle all over, made me feel high and euphoric. I heard a breathy, husky soprano moan and it never occurred to me that it might be my voice.

That feeling held on, infusing my blood and nerves, leaving me floating, as I stepped away from Brock and tried not to watch him licking my cum - the last of my cum - from his lips and chin, hungrily.

I shut my eyes tightly, trying to take myself to a better place, trying not to think about what would be in my mouth immediately after this cigar and what waited for my inspection between my legs. The unfamiliar void there, the balmy air of the room against anatomy I'd never felt sensation from before, made it difficult to ignore. I could hear Christian's light steps on the carpet and pleaded with a God I hadn't spoken to in years. Taking the cigar out of my mouth, I screwed my eyes as tightly shut as I could and felt it enter my mouth. It was warm and heavy,

soft and not-too-unpleasantly musky. I couldn't tell if the compulsion forced me to exhale or my own impulse. I just wanted this to be over.

The foreign object in my mouth began to grow and harden, filling my mouth and pressing my tongue down hard, snaking its way down my throat. I should have been gagging, but for some reason I didn't seem to mind the fleshy cylinder halfway down my throat. The warm, spongy balls which had been against the soft skin of my chin retreated and I could feel things shifting and tightening. Then, with a massive spasm, the thing in my mouth began to shrink impossibly fast while filling my mouth with jet after jet of hot, salty fluid. I swallowed as fast as I could, trying to get it all down so I wouldn't have to use my fingers the way the others had, but still some escaped and dripped off my bottom lip onto my large, ripe breast. The throaty, sexy contralto wail from his throat still hung in the air

I opened my eyes and found myself staring into a perfect, beautiful little pussy, as soft and tight as any man could wish for. Thick, pink labia in a creamy white furrow with a tiny little "landing strip" of carrot red pubic hair. I licked my lips hungrily and scooped the stuff off of my breast as I stood, trying to ignore both what I was doing and the fact that the cigar smoke in my mouth had somehow made the stuff taste fantastically good. I barely glimpsed my new pussy through the deep cleft between my huge breasts, a gentle swell with a white 'vee' of untanned skin and a wispy little patch of light blonde hair trimmed neatly above it. It fairly tingled with desire, and it made me squirm in my own head. I realized what that heavy, damp emptiness in my middle had in mind to satisfy itself, and I didn't want to think about it.

Then Christian was licking his fingers, his lips and his chin and Timothy was stepping backwards into the circle again, a thick but neatly trimmed patch of dark pubic hair over his own rounded little swell and swollen brownish-pink lips.

As one, we stepped away from the circle and swayed - it was the only way to describe our new, sensuous feminine walks - across the carpet to where our clothes, wallets and jewelry were laid out neatly. I was just getting used to the heavy bounce of my new breasts and the unfamiliar breeze through my thighs where there'd always been a wind-break before when I found myself looking down at my clothes and effects as Tim pulled deeply on his cigar.

The force compelling us made us go in the same order it always had. As the smoke curled out of Tim Anderson's mouth and into a cloud surrounding his clothes, we watched his \$500 Zegna suit shrink and crawl until it became a red Bill Blass with silver stripes. The pants crept upwards, turning themselves into a black leather miniskirt. His socks lengthened and lightened into a pair of smoky grey silk stockings with lace around the tops and his leather belt became a lacy black garter. The expensive Italian loafers shrunk and the leather peeled away until they were a strappy slingback sandal in dark alligator with a squared-off toe and a three-and-a-half-inch heel. The dress shirt was now a shimmering white silk with a lacy collar and the tie was now a thick strand of pearls. The non-descript boxers completely remade themselves into a satin black thong panty with high legs and lacy trim and the white cotton undershirt became a matching bra in black satin with lace trim. The ring became a diamond solitaire and the watch a ladies' black-and-gold Movado. The cufflinks were now large gold hoop earrings. His wallet distended into a little alligator clutch and even the cellphone changed to a powder-blue, slim little model that was made specifically so a woman would find it 'cute.' Even the sunglasses changed from his little 'John Lennon' square lenses to a pair of chic, Audrey Hepburn cat's-eyes.

Tim placed the cigar in an ashtray automatically and fastened the bra around him, fastening it behind his back like he'd done it all his life. Next he sat gracefully and pulled on the stockings and fastened the garters before pulling on the panties. He was starting to dress when Brock breathed out his own cloud on his clothes.

The cheap, thrift-store chinos and rumpled polo shifted and contracted, becoming a pair of skin-tight hip hugger jeans with a designer-frayed waist and the 'sandblasted' patches on the legs and seat that was popular among young women and a tiny little pink, midriff-baring 'baby' tee with a Playboy bunny-head in gold foil across the front. The thick, silver-rimmed glasses became sexy little frameless 'Radar O'Reilly' lightweights. The 80's-style Velcro wallet became a très-chic brushed aluminum miniature train case, the high-dollar cell phone now a kinky zebra-print affair (no less expensive, though). Even the Dead Can Dance CD he'd brought along to lend me shifted to become Pink's "Missundaztood." His clunky digital 'geek' watch separated into several earrings, from some tiny diamond studs to some enormous platinum hoops and two little silver dumbbells. There was even a toe-ring. The nondescript tightie-whity underwear was now a tie-side grey Tommy Hilfiger low-rise thong and his signature Nike tennis shoes became a pair of chic black leather wedges with a four-inch heel and a one-inch platform. Brock was busily threading the dumbbell stud through the hole in his tongue with long fingernails, already having put the other through the hole above his navel. He'd sat, his ears now bedecked with all the studs and hoops and was pulling on the barely-there panties when Hyde let go on his own clothes.

The worn but serviceable dress shirt became a tight pink rib-knit tee with a scoop neck and the unimaginative striped tie became a small gold crucifix on a gold herringbone chain. The badge and gun remained the same, but the belt was now wider and had an intricate silver link in place of a buckle. The pager was a happy, girly translucent pink. The tired-out suit became a dusty rose two-piece with a very short skirt. The socks became suntan pantyhose and the shoes a python-print pump with a three-inch heel. The watch was now a sinuous gold bracelet and gold teardrop earrings appeared seemingly out of nowhere. The highly-masculine aviator sunglasses were now a stylish, rimless pink plastic and his wallet became a little black clutch purse with a gold chain shoulder-strap. Even his pack of Camels and silver Zippo transformed into a long box of Capri 120's and a little gold 'lipstick' lighter. He had stepped into the lacy red silk thong panties and clipped the matching bra behind his back and was pulling up the pantyhose like an expert with his long French manicured fingernails when I puffed out a deep lungful of smoke onto my own clothes.

My oh-so-stylish bowling shoes were the hardest hit, transforming into a pair of high-heeled mules with three puffy clear plastic straps and a pink-tinted, clear Lucite two-inch platform and a six-inch tapered heel - 'stripper shoes,' I'd always called them, never thinking I'd have a pair on my own feet. A sexy little red crystal ladybug toe ring went with them. My own slacks shrunk and reformed into a very abbreviated blue Lycra tube-dress and my belt became a circle of thick silver links, big wide hoops with a latch on the side. My dress shirt became a white lace demi-bra, designed to push up my massive melons into an even more tempting display. My tie became a seven-row rhinestone choker and the jacket colored to match the blue of my dress, shortening into a cute little bolero with gauzy, see-through sleeves. My underwear was a white lace thong, barely enough fabric to cover even my new anatomy. Huge silver nested hoops waited for my ears. My wallet became a little silver-sequined purse which held what little money I had, my keys (now with pepper spray in a leather case on the keyring), my cute little pink-and-white swirled cell phone and my cigarettes. I wasn't surprised that

instead of my customary Marlboro Lights I now had an overlong package of Virginia Slims 120's and my disposable convenience-store lighter had even turned pink.

I had slipped the panties up my legs and snugged them down to hug the swelling little curve of my pussy and was working on the three-hook closure of the demi-bra when Christian let go. It was almost a shame when the expensive Hugo Boss suit turned into a short-skirted Donna Karan double-breasted pinstripe with a red silk cowl-neck blouse in place of a dress shirt. The four-inch pumps teasingly emulated the black-and-white pattern of his wingtips, but with a golden stiletto heel. The dress socks were now smoky grey stockings with a lacy garter attached to a black lace merry widow and filmy, see-through black thong panties with a lacy trim. His reading glasses were sophisticated-looking black rimmed half-glasses and even the attaché case with his laptop seemed more feminine somehow. The little black leather Neiman-Marcus purse - as scandalously expensive as his Neiman-Marcus wallet had been - was clasped in gold and had a gold chain shoulder strap like Hyde's. His little package of Danneman Special Cigarillos had become a slender red package of More cigarettes, the long, skinny brown cigarettes that my mom used to smoke way back when, and his gold Zippo shrunk to a more petite, ladies' version.

I stood in the towering heels like I'd been in them all my life and clasped the belt of silver links around my tiny waist before I picked up my cigar - now stained red at the tip from my lipstick - and walked back towards the leather couch. I took a quick glance at myself in a little mirror next to the sideboard and finger-combed my hair, fixing it just so like I had any clue at all how to manage this mass of platinum blonde. It was the first time I'd seen my face, but it was disturbingly familiar. A soft, narrow jaw and expressive, bee-stung lips. Heavy lidded, 'Jenny McCarthy' eyes and nose and thick, arched brows. My lips were painted a vivid, 'fuck me' red that sparkled with gloss and some kind of - was that glitter? I wore my eyes with heavy black liner and bronze shadow and my eyelashes seemed almost too long, too thick and too black to be real. I was gorgeous, a woman I would have killed for a date with not an hour ago.

And so we sat, legs crossed demurely at the knee, sipping cognac and wondering if it was over. I turned to Timothy and wished him well - he'd been the first in the circle, and if it was me, I'd feel like all of this was my fault. I wanted to tell him and to my surprise my voice responded, although in a way-too-high husky soprano.

"Timothy, man - are you okay?"

"I don't know. I. God. We're chicks, Harmon. Something changed us into women."

"I couldn't stop," Brock almost wailed. "I tried, but I couldn't."

"It's okay, buddy," Hyde said soothingly. "We all tried. It was stronger than all of us."

"It's all my fault," Christian said. "I brought the damned things in here. I'm so fucking sorry. Jesus."

"Enough of that," I told him. "How could anybody have known about these things?"

"What were they called again?" Brock asked, studying his cigar with an adorable, girlish little pout of concentration. Brock had been the only one to leave the band on his cigar.

"I wasn't sure how to pronounce it," Christian said. "Cairpodmoors, something like that."

"No," Brock said. "The band says it. On the top is Cuerpo de Mujer and the bottom says Espiritu de Mujer. Body of a woman, and soul of a woman."

"You think this was some kind of magic?" Hyde said, grabbing the cedar box they'd come in.

"What else could it be?" Timothy asked.

"Look at this," Hyde said, prying up the bottom of the box with his long fingernails and pulling out a folded piece of paper. He passed it gingerly to Christian.

"Dear Asshole Lawyer," Christian read. "I hope you enjoy your new life full of people doing to you what you did to me. Signed, César Monteparilla."

"That's the sonofabitch whose wife you represented," Brock said. "The guy who gave you the cigars. He must have known."

"I'm going to crucify that fucker," Christian said angrily, his throaty contralto making it sound more sexy than threatening. "First, he's gonna find a way to change us back, then I'm going to sue him until his grandchildren are writing me checks."

"I don't know," Brock said. "Cuerpo de Mujer, we've got. But when does Espiritu de Mujer kick in?"

We never noticed that we'd all brought our cigars to our lips again, for one last pull. The smoke seemed to latch onto something in my head, something that was throbbing behind my eyes with pressure, and when I exhaled, the smoke took that with, out into the air and away from me, never to return.

"Jesus, Brooke, you're so paranoid," I told her, giggling a little. "Like a cigar is going to do anything to us. It's just a cigar, okay?"

Brooke Delaney clicked her tongue stud against her teeth as she smiled, shrugging. "Okay, Sigmund Freud. Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar. Hey, listen, babe, are we still going tanning tomorrow after lunch?"

I shrugged. "I think so. I have an audition at two, and I need to get fixed up."

"Fixed up for an audition?"

"Yeah, you know," I said. "I heard that this guy gives the best parts to whoever sucks his dick. I figure, hey - I'm his girl, right?"

"You're better than that, Harmony, you know that, right?" Brock said. "Hell, I bet you could get Heidi to bust him for that if you wanted."

"Damn right," Heidi affirmed. "And Kristen would prosecute him, right?"

"Dammit, Heidi, haven't you learned I'm not a trial lawyer by now? I don't prosecute, I just handle divorces, okay?" Kristen Fleming complained, smiling at the same old joke.

"Look, okay, I don't mind," I said. "I've sucked a lot of dicks for parts. It's not a big deal, okay? Mostly because I really like sucking dick!"

"Seriously, y'all, Harmony's right," Tiffany Anderson said. "Do you know how many loads I swallowed to get the anchor's chair over there? I could have sued anytime, but I didn't, because I wouldn't have gotten to suck nearly so much dick."

They all laughed. Kristen was the first to stand, grinding the tiny stub of her cigar in the cut-glass ashtray and straightening her blazer. "Speaking of which, I have an extremely well-hung young paralegal who's waiting on my call."

Heidi ground out her own cigar and stood as well. "I'll walk with you. I've had my eye on that valet out there for a while, I'll see if he wants more than just a tip tonight."

"Good hunting," Tiffany told them, stubbing out her own cigar next to mine and Brooke's. "What about y'all?"

"No prospects," I said. "Poor pitiful man-less me."

Brooke put a hand over mine. "Feel like some girl fun tonight?"

My nipples stiffened. Brooke was amazing in bed, and we'd been doing it since college. I'd take her sweet little pussy anyday. "Oh, hell yeah. Want to make it three, Tiff?"

Tiffany shook her head. "I'm meeting the weatherman for cocktails tonight. I think he's going to get lucky."

"Okay, then, g'night."

We all walked to the front together, waiting for the cars to be brought around by the young and attractive valets. Heidi had already cornered the tall brunette with the tight buns over in a corner by the key box and was whispering to him intensely with a glittering, come-hither smile. No wonder she'd gotten so many collars when she posed as a prostitute. Not many men could say no to her, and the young valet was no exception.

Kristen slipped sexily into her lipstick-red BMW Z3 roadster and lit a long, slender brown cigarette. She revved the engine - she was totally like a guy that way - and waved, honking the horn while we all thanked her for the cognac and the smokes.

Tiffany was into her Porsche Boxter soon after, dropping the top and speeding off into the night, waving. Heidi gave the valet's bulging crotch a devilish little squeeze and he scampered off into the lot after her Camry. He piled in the passenger seat, scarcely able to sit still, as Heidi blew us a kiss and drove off towards her apartment.

The valets brought around Brooke's Jaguar XJS convertible and my Dodge Ram shortly thereafter.

"Your place or mine?" I asked.

"Always yours, Harmony," Brooke said patiently. "Mine's full of computers and shit, and you know you hate it there."

"Okay, then, see you there," I told her, kissing her sweetly and brushing my nipples across hers. I belted in and lit a long Virginia Slims, throwing the truck into gear and pulling away smoothly.

One of the waitresses poked her head around the corner from where she was having a smoke break. Her friend stepped out to watch the last of the vehicles leave.

"Who the hell were those sluts?" the first one asked.

"Don't call 'em that," the second replied. "Yeah, they fuck around a lot, but they've been coming here every Tuesday night for like, seven years. And they tip like mad. You're lucky if you can get them at one of your tables."

"Is there anybody they don't fuck?" the first asked.

"Not that I can tell," the second told her. "But hey - it's perfectly fine when guys act like that, right? So why the hell can't girls?"

"I guess you're right," the first conceded. "Hell, if I had a body like that, I'd probably fuck every guy that caught my fancy too. Must be nice."

"Yeah, money to burn, hot bodies and free spirits," the second echoed. "Must be really nice."