



I CHANGED MY HUSBAND INTO A WOMAN!

A delightful novel of total power exchange!

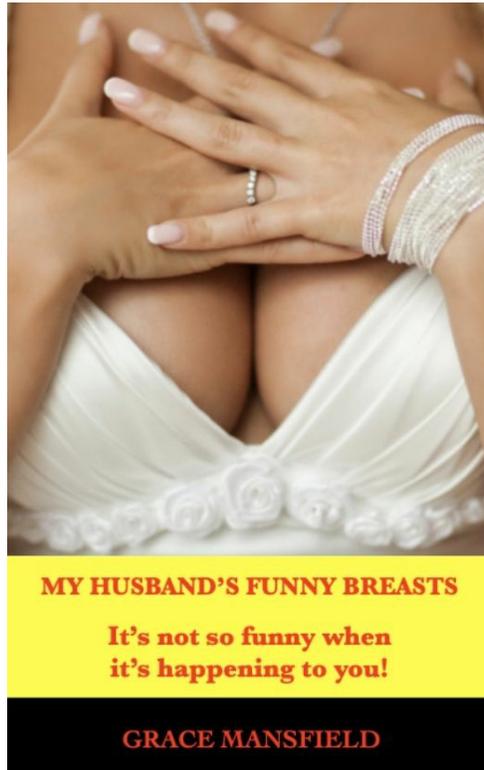
GRACE MANSFIELD

I CHANGED MY HUSBAND
INTO A WOMAN!

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MY HUSBAND'S FUNNY BREASTS
(IT'S NOT SO FUNNY WHEN IT'S HAPPENING TO YOU!)

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PROLOGUE

My husband likes jokes. Bad jokes. And everybody hates his bad jokes. But he keeps doing them. Why does he keep doing them? Because his name is Roscoe Tannenbaum. That's right, 'that' Roscoe Tannenbaum. Hollywood producer, jet setter, man about town...joker.

My name is Sandy Tannenbaum. Wife to the big man. And, believe me, that is a mixed bag of benefits and curses.

On one hand, I get to go to all the parties, I am held up as an important woman, and, I don't mind saying, I am genetically blessed.

What? You thought Roscoe would pick a shlump for a wife?

No way. I won several beauty contests when I was younger, and I decided, then and there, that being beautiful was the way to get ahead in the world. So I dedicated myself to improving myself. I spend more time at gyms than the owners. And I spent a LOT of time and money getting facials and learning the latest methods for staying beautiful. And, I hate to say it, but I am a friend of botox, silicon, and a lot of other chemical and surgical enhancers.

No way I am going to turn into an old rag and get tossed out by my asshole husband.

I know, you wonder how I can call him an asshole, especially just for a few bad jokes. Well, read on, and when you have heard me out then maybe you'll understand how revenge can be sweet, and whether the punishment fits the crime.

Ready? Then let's rock!

CHAPTER ONE

The day it all came apart, the day my husband made a date for his comeuppance, started out typically. The night before had been late and wild. We had gone to a party, everybody got sloshed, harder drugs made their appearance, and we were the last dogs to be hung.

Well, at least Roscoe was.

I'm careful. I always have a drink, but usually I only sip, and then only until I can find a way to replace my whiskey with a Pepsi. This is just one of the ways that I preserve my appearance.

Roscoe, on the other hand, drank from every bottle, smoked from every joint, and took every pill. The amazing thing about this was that he was always the last one standing.

So last night he was in typical high spirits, literally, and when the wee hours hit I helped him

to the car, pushed him into the back, then drove home.

Oddly, it was a relaxing time. Him absent from the world, the world wound down to the few people getting the really early start to work, and me enjoying the drive to our Beverly Hills mansion.

I waited for the gate to open, then drove up the long drive. I pulled the car up to the entrance, then set about getting Roscoe upstairs.

Tugging a body pretty near dead to the world out of a car is not easy. The body to be moved snorts and grunts, rolls and flings its arms and legs out, and is generally resistant to the idea of being transferred to a nice, comfy bed.

I struggled for several minutes, got him half out of the car, and thought about leaving him there.

If he had been all the way in the car I would have done it. He hates waking up to find himself in the back of the car, but the wages of sin, you know.

I thought about getting him all the way out and then just throwing a blanket over him, but that seemed a bit much.

So, sighing, I went into the house and knocked on Juanita's bedroom door.

"Juanita?"

A moment while I heard the squeak of bedsprings and the rustle of clothes being put on, then the door opened.

Juanita came over the border illegally, and we hired her. When the SHTF and people started looking around for illegals to deport, we realized that Juanita was worth her weight in gold, and we found a good lawyer to help her get legal.

"Si, senorita Sandy?"

"I'm sorry, I need help getting Roscoe upstairs."

Juanita smiled ruefully. "Senor Roscoe," and she shook her head. "Let me get the shoes on."

I waited, and within 20 seconds we were hurrying back out to the car.

"Senor Roscoe, he need take care of heemself."

"You're telling me."

We managed to get him out of the car, then, blessing of blessings, Roscoe woke half up.

"Hey! I'm being kidnapped by beautiful girls!" We supported him, and we walked him up to the front door.

He stumbled and rolled, but managed to stay on his feet.

"It's Juanita! Are you taking me to Mehico?"

That's my rotten, husband. The bad side of good is that he flirts with every woman in the world. Of course, he protests that he is just friendly, that that is the Hollywood way. But I always suspicion...but I never found any evidence. Lots of rumors, but rumors are cheap fare in Hollywood. It's how actors and actresses get famous, and to pay attention to loose lips is to sink rowboats.

So we walked/dragged my stumblebum, drunken man through the foyer, up the long, winding stairway, and down the hall to our bedroom.

"Hee getting heavier," Juanita puffed. She was a chunky girl, not in great shape, but I was in

great shape, and I was puffing, too.

“Don’t feed him so much,” I grunted.

She giggled. “I just put plate out. He keep feelling and feelling.”

We reached the bed and pushed him onto it. We had done this before, and we knew that a big push might get him all the way onto the bed. If we were lucky.

We were lucky, and Roscoe landed, rolled, and snored.

“Okay, Senorita Sandee?”

“Thank you, Juanita. Sorry to have disturbed your sleep.”

Again, she giggled. “Thee more I do thees the bigger Senor Roscoe pay me at Christmas.”

I shook my head ruefully. The good side of bad. Roscoe had more money than God after a tax return and he did like to share. He paid people who worked for him well, which was good, because they had to put up with his bad jokes.

“Get what you can, Juanita, and more power to you.”

She giggled, she was a giggling girl, and left the room.

I took off his shoes, then his socks. Pew. He must have forgot to wash his feet. He was always in such a hurry, making deals, producing movies and TV series, that he sometimes passed right by personal hygiene.

When I complained he was abashed, but how could I blame him? He was in a hurry to make a billion dollars. Well, to be honest, a trillion. He often joked about being the first trillionaire on earth. It was a joke, but behind the joke was a serious hard charger.

I worked his body around and got his jacket off, then his shirt, then his undershirt. I pulled his pants down, he wasn’t wearing underwear, and my hubbie was officially naked.

I stared at Roscoe. He was a handsome man. A few years and I was sure his hard living would catch up to him. But right now he was slender, well cut, and only a trace of the ‘heaviness’ that Juanita had observed could be seen. Of course his eyes were a bit puffy.

Sometimes, after a hard night of partying his eyes were so puffy that I had to put make up on them.

Oh, not mascara and eye shadow and all that, but a light foundation type of cream to disguise the shadows. He had to appear happy and healthy, and not drunk as a dog, if he was going to keep making those million dollar deals.

Though, to be honest, the bad side of my good, I often thought about making his eyes up the feminine way, and not letting him know. That would serve him right.

I stared at his manhood. It was big, and it just laid there, a sleeping slug. The good side of bad, when that slug engorged it was a monster. It filled my hand, and my pussy, and made me cry and moan and scratch his back.

But now, after a long night, I stood there and watched it sleep.

I was horny. I wanted a little pleasure. I had had a long night of flirting, it’s what we do in Hollywood, with young stars and starlets, and my pussy itched. Hell, I was downright wet.

I leaned forward and placed my hand under the slug. I lifted it up, shook it. Damn, if it had woken up I would have jumped him, asleep or not.

But it was not to be.

So I took off my own clothes, put some blinders on so the sun wouldn't wake me, and crawled into bed. Within seconds I was snoring. Ladylike snores, of course. But snores, nevertheless.

And that was how the day began, the day that started the 'unravelment' of my dear husband. When we awoke things were going to get interesting, and even more interesting as the day progressed, and good things and bad were going to come to light, and the devil would get his due. My husband, the rich and fabulously wealthy power player known as Roscoe Tannenbaum, was about to get his just rewards.

CHAPTER TWO

I was tired, it was still earlier, and I was lazing, half in and half out, occupying the twilight zone of barely asleep but hearing bits and pieces of the world.

I heard Roscoe stir. He placed a hand on my hip. He pulled lightly. He wanted some.

But I felt like I had barely gotten to sleep, and it was his fault. No way I was going to rouse myself and do the good and happy in and out. "Go way," I grumped.

I heard him say something. A return grump, no doubt. Then I felt the bed rustle.

I was going back to full sleep. I needed it. It was beauty sleep, after all, and I was addicted to being beautiful.

The bed shook a little bit more. I was half dreaming now, and I imagined myself in an earthquake, running down the street, the street shaking and buildings falling down. I was carrying something...a bundle, like groceries, like...like...A BABY?

I was carrying a baby in my dream running away from an earthquake, and suddenly somebody stepped out and shot me in the back. I lurched forward and found myself lying asprawl on my bed, blood dripping down my back, blood...BLOOD!

I snapped fully awake then, and I knew what had happened.

Roscoe rolled out of bed and padded towards the bathroom. After a night of carousing he was chipper and bright. "Good morning, love!" And he laughed.

I sat up and felt my back. Yuck! He had squirted on me! All over my hair! My gown! Mother fucker!

"You son of a bitch!" I yelled after him.

He laughed merrily. "Never say no to The Man!"

I climbed out of bed and staggered into the bathroom. I was not like him, I was not chipper after a night of carousing.

I stepped into his roaring shower and mumbled, "Wash my back, you son of a bitch."

So he did. And he worked shampoo into my hair and washed that, too. And then he soaped my goddamn breasts.

Ah, gad! I leaned against the tiles. The man was hornier than a goat playing a slide trombone. I felt my nipples perk up, I felt the electricity head towards my groin, and I knew that son of a bitch was going to get his way. He was going to get to climb into my cockpit and fly. After squirting his seed all over me!

"You just came," I complained.

"So? Maybe I can cum again. And if I can't, at least I can say I've been to see God this morning."

"Jesus," I moaned. I was wet. Of course I was wet. I was in the shower. But I was wet down there, with my own juices.

“I’ll see him, too, my sweet, little pussy pie.”

“You are so fucking...” I didn’t finish as I was busy latching on to his lips, sucking his tongue like I was going to eat it.

“Oh, baby,” he moaned.

Then I was down on my knees. Could he cum twice? It had happened before. Maybe, if I... then I got an evil idea.

I sucked and I sucked. I rolled his balls in my hands. Then I leaned back and spread my legs and he moved into me. He thrust his hips forward and slid his monster half into my vagina.

“Ahhh,” he groaned. It was an awkward position, and he could only get halfway into me. He tried and tried, lurching and tilting his hips, but I kept a careful position and all he could do was get the head and an inch or two into me.

“Come on, baby,” he was pleading, but I don’t think he really knew how I was controlling the situation.

He was in, the head was in paradise, but he couldn’t get in far enough to do the old in and out. He just kept pushing and pushing, his face turning all red, and just when it looked like he was going to pop, I tilted my hips away and pushed his chest.

“Wha—“ he looked confused.

“Thanks, lover, got to go.” I stepped out of the shower.

Oh, he roared. “You...you...BITCH!”

But I was laughing, and I knew he would laugh when he thought about it. That’s the good side of his bad, he didn’t mind a joke being played on him.

Of course, my joke wasn’t over.

In the bedroom I laid on the bed, legs spread, and played with myself. I placed a dildo into my pussy and played the clitoris with a vibrator. A few minutes passed and he stepped out of the bathroom...just as I let loose.

“AHHHH!” My hips jerked and my eyes were glazed, but I could see his jaw drop.

I surged and moaned and bucked. I actually sprayed a bit of fluid.

Through my half slitted eyes I could see him standing so forlorn, his pecker standing up like a pirate about to board, all eager and dripping.

Then, when the spasms faded and I was left panting and loose and spread out like a flower that had been trampled, I said, “You can squirt all over my hair anytime you want, big boy.”

A rueful grin flitted across his face—I told you he liked a good joke—and he said, “I should have known better.”

“Ah, but you didn’t,” I rolled out of bed and came to him. I kissed him soundly, stroked his mighty machine, then pushed him away. “See you tonight, lover. Maybe.”

He laughed.

Then we both got dressed and began our days. Him making million dollar deals, and me...I had to look beautiful. It was my job, after all.

While he put the screws to money men, and hired and fired camera crews and make up artists and went over scripts with producers, I went to the gym.

While he snarled and bellowed, and ended up with a good deal for all involved, I went

spinning, and rode twenty miles without moving an inch.

While he went to a fancy dining car and tossed down martini's and joked with his lawyers, I went to a cozy, little salad bar and sipped smoothies and talked with my girl friend.

My girlfriend—not sexual, you dirty minded pervert—was Tina Garfield.

Tina was brunette to my blonde. Like me she liked to wear her hair long, with abundant tresses curling this way and that. She was into fitness, too, and she liked nothing better than looking good.

In fact, we liked nothing better than to look good. I tell ya, there is no higher feeling than strolling down the walk, heels clicking, feeling the male heads snapping around to take in our voluptuous curves, our outstanding mammary glands, our red, juicy lips.

But don't believe me, just follow me around some day and see for yourself. Giggle.

Anyway, we were sitting at a table in a corner talking girl stuff.

Girl stuff is a broad subject, no pun there, and it includes everything from the color of your lipstick to who's dating Shiela. Whoever Shiela happened to be at the moment.

And I told Tina all about the morning. And we giggled and laughed at how I had handled rough and tough Roscoe, and then we talked about her boyfriend, a hunk who worked as a lifeguard at—a shadow darkened our table.

"I'm sorry," a voice stuttered.

The woman was standing with her back to the sun and I lowered my sunglasses to better see her.

She was maybe 25, and a delightful, little thing. She had a darned good body, a pretty face, but her clothes weren't the best. Of course, I'm sort of a clothes snob, so...

I said: "Sorry for what?" My eyes got used to the sun and I saw that she was holding a bundle.

Across from me Tina was watched with a tilted head, her eyes all quizzical and puzzled.

"I didn't know what to do."

A bundle like a bag, a bag full of groceries...

"I didn't know who else to turn to."

...not a bag...a baby.

"Marsha, I told you you couldn't come here when Mrs. Tannenbaum was here." It was Pierre, whose real name was Roger, or something. He was our waiter and he took care of us personally. Now he hovered, and tried to get in front of the woman with the baby.

A baby. I may be into fitness and beauty, but, like any woman, I am a sucker for a baby. Durn things fill their diapers and do their little baby barf thing...and I just love 'em.

"I didn't know what to do!" She was actually crying now. Big tears. The kind that don't just mess up the make up, but wash it entirely away.

"I'm sorry, but you can't disturb our customers and—"

"Pierre," I spoke sweetly, "Please shut."

Pierre opened his mouth, considered me, knew that he had overstepped, and back away.

"The plot thickens," murmured Tina.

"Sit down," I offered.

The woman, Pierre had called her Marsha, didn't sit. She just stood there and sobbed. Cried all over her baby.

Tina stood up and pushed a chair under Marsha. Now she was sitting, gasping and trying to control her tears. Might as well try to control Niagra Falls.

We sat for a long minute, then Tina offered, "Can I take the baby?"

Wordless, sniffling, Marsha handed the baby to Tina.

"What's his name? Or is it her?"

"Charley," sniffed Marsha. She had the look of somebody who has held a baby for a month straight, and now that somebody else was holding him she looked lost.

"Would you like something to eat?" I asked.

"No...I don't—"

I waved to Pierre, who was there instanter.

"Pierre, Marsha would like...?" I looked at Marsha.

Timidly, Marsha whispered. "Could I have a hamburger?"

Huh. Younger than 25.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. Now that the young lady was adopted by us she was a customer, and would receive all the respect that an upper crust establishment has to offer.

"Oh," I said. "That sounds delish. Can you change my order to a burger? Fries and a Coke, of course."

"Me, too," said Tina, cradling the baby and rocking him gently. She had one of those goofy smiles that women get when they fall in love with a baby.

Pierre nodded and whisked himself away.

"Now then," I said, shoving my untouched glass of water in front Marsha. "Please tell us everything."

And darned if Marsha didn't start crying all over again.

Marsha nibbled on French Fries. She had demolished that burger like it was the last burger on earth, or the first burger she had had in years.

"So I mismanaged everything. I thought I had the part sewn up, I was told I did, then the production company went broke, and then I found myself pregnant, and..."

She told us the tale of woe that is not all that common, but does happen, in Hollywood. Yes, young starlets come to town, but then they end up getting real jobs, or just return to Podunk, Nebraska to raise a family.

But this one hadn't gone home. This one had stayed and tried to make it, baby and all.

You had to admire her courage. Maybe not her smarts, but certainly her drive to make something better of herself.

"So you were slated for the lead in a series produced by...what was that production company again?"

"Starbright." She spoke like she had a secret and didn't want to say it. Of course.

"My husband had dealings with that production company," I said.

"Yes, I know."

And there it was. The dawn's light. The thought that bursts. The curse that ruins your life. At that moment I knew it. And, female intuition, Tina knew it. And that was Marsha's secret. So for a full 30 seconds nobody said anything.

Tina stopped rocking the baby, as he was asleep and making adorable, little baby sounds. I stared, put my sunglasses back in place so I could stare from behind shields.

Marsha kept looking up, then looking down, nibbling a fry, looking up, looking down...

"I would like a paternity test."

Yet we all knew the results.

"I'm sorry, I don't—"

"Stop being sorry," interjected Tina.

"Yes, no more of this 'sorry' shit."

"But I don't know you, and I come here and..."

"And there was nowhere else to go."

"No. I have no family. I was an orphan, and—"

"So, here's what we're going to do." I spoke with the confidence of a woman who has made up her mind. Lord knows my confidence was shattered beyond all repair. "First, we're going to put you up in a swank hotel. No charge to you. And while you're getting room service and massages we will get the paternity test done. If everything works out, we will confront my husband."

"Confront...Roscoe Tan—" She couldn't even finish his name. He was a powerful figure, she was a failed starlet. What she hadn't grasped, yet, was that she had his bloodline.

"Yes. We will confront. We will make a plan. And if you really are in possession of Roscoe Tannenbaum's child, then you will never want again."

Marsha started crying again.

I said to Tina, "Hey, baby hog, give me the squirt."

Tina handed me the sleeping baby and I cradled him, and my heart felt warmer than toes over a fire.

Roscoe Tannenbaum's future looked up at me and smiled a toothless grin.

CHAPTER THREE

I had dreamed of a baby in my waking dream that morning. Intuition? Some weird sort of prescience? Probably. Being in California I get accused of being part of the loony tune, peace and love, save the planet cult, but that doesn't mean these things don't happen.

And, to be honest, while I don't spend my millions on gurus in spandex selling tea leaf theory, I do believe there are things of the human spirit that should be explored, and definitely not denied.

So, to explore the fact that my husband had a baby by another woman.

The baby was two months old. So Roscoe had boffed little Miss Marsha some 11 months previous. We had been married 23 months. So he was a cheater, and a bastard, and a lot of other bad names.

What do you call it when a woman is cuckolded? I know. Cuckolding is when the wife steps out. But what do you call it when a man steps out?

As we drove away from the restaurant I glanced at the other ladies.

Tina was in the back seat, arms spread out and sitting like the Queen of the May. The top was down on my Maserati, and she did so love the way the wind whipped her hair in the wind.

Marsha sat in the front seat, rocking Charley and cooing to him, and nervous as a cat on a hot solar panel. Hell, the woman had been preyed upon, found herself on the streets, and had just had her first meal in what was likely ages.

And it was a miracle baby Charley hadn't suckled all the milk out of her skinny, little breasts. (Well, once they were big, and she still had the shape, but you know how gluttonous little babies can be, right? Suck the nipples right off the tit if it was left up to them.)

"Siri," I asked my dash mounted cell phone, "what is the female equivalent of a cuckold?"

Siri, stupid as always, asked if that was the correct address. I said no, and the bitch actually asked me if I wanted directions or to make a phone call.

Tina laughed outright, and even Marsha tittered.

"Well, do better, bitches," I commanded caustically.

Tina, of course, rose to the challenge. She opened her cell phone and googled, then told me the answer.

"It's a cuckquean. It's supposed to be a fetish."

"I've got your fetish right here," I grouched.

"Sounds like it's more of an everybody knows kind of thing, the husband seems to control it, the wife has to ask permission to be involved, that sort of thing. So what are you going to do?"

"Huh," I grunted. Truth, I felt like driving my precious, little Maserati into a light pole and handing Roscoe the bill, and laughing in his face. There were several things stopping me, however.

First, the price of a Maserati isn't much to a tycoon like Roscoe. Pocket change, if you get my drift.

Second, it was my car, and I loved it, and what was the point in hurting myself? It was Roscoe that needed the hurting.

We pulled up to my doctor's office and we strolled into the veddy expensive clinic like we owned the place, which, if you consider how many friends I had sent there for plastic surgery, we did.

"Is the Doc in?" I asked the nurse at the front.

She smiled professionally, recognized me, and immediately picked up the phone and pressed a button. "Dr. Patterson? Mrs Tannenbaum is here. Uh, huh." Hung up and said, "He'll just be three minutes. Would you like coffee, tea, or...?" she arched her eyebrows in question.

"No, thanks. We'll just lurk a bit."

I led my two girls and brat over to the door leading to the back area. I nodded for Marsha to sit. Tina folded her arms and leaned against the wall facing me. I folded my arms and leaned against the wall.

Behind us, at the counter, the nurse kept glancing us. Our behavior was out of the norm, but she managed to contain her curiosity and pretend she was ignoring us.

"So, girlfriend. What's the haps?" asked Tina.

I smiled. It was the kind of smile that could freeze boiling lava in under second.

"Anything exciting been happening lately?"

I lowered an eyebrow and frosted her again.

She laughed. "Would you like to purchase a gun? Fully automatic? Guaranteed for 50,000 rounds?"

"Now you're talking," I muttered.

She grew sober. "Seriously, what are your plans for dealing with this little imbroglio?"

"You mean beyond an enema with a ten foot railroad spike?"

Tina grew silent and watched me. I had started talking, all she had to do was give me the silence and I would be forthcoming.

I sighed. "So I find out my loving hubbie has been making babies without my permission. What should I do?"

Tina shrugged. She waited. She was a wise girl.

Sighing again, trying to calm myself down, I said, "At first, all I wanted to do was make him suffer. But how do you make a guy richer than God suffer? I could divorce him, but, I hate to say this, I love him."

I didn't say anything for a moment. Then: "If only I could make him feel the hurt I feel. How it feels to be betrayed. How it feels like to be a woman..." I stopped. Little lights going off in the back of my mind. Little avalanches sliding around inside my head. Thoughts ganging up on me and forcibly opening my mind.

"What?"

"If only," I started again. "If only I could make him understand what it is to be a woman, and to..." My mind sort of short circuited at that moment. I had said it. I had pronounced sentence on

the cheating bastard. I just had to figure it out. My half statement, if taken as whole, to make him feel, to understand, what it was like to be a woman...then...then...

Then the door opened and Doctor Patterson smiled out. "Mrs. Tannenbaum! How wonderful to see you! Come in!"

Quickly we trailed after him to his office. Me, then Tina, then Marsha and the swaddling babe.

His office was stylish, done in green clothe with nary a sign of a medical instrument. This was where the close was done. This was where he sold the tricks of his trade. Very professional.

He made sure we were comfortably seated, then sat down himself. He sat down behind an acre of polished hardwood. Not a pencil nor basket upon the thing. Just a sheen that reflected faces accurately.

"What can I do for you today?"

"This is Marsha Carson. I would like you to do a paternity test on her."

A blank shield dropped around the doctor, and I knew what had happened. I was the client, but my husband paid the bills, and he and my husband, dear old Roscoe, were part of the 'old boys' club.

But I, of course, was a member of a bigger club. I was part of the females of the world, biggest damn club in the world, and I had a cause.

Heck, I had a mission, and possibly a jihad. And he, wise, old doctor, could read that in my oh so beautiful face.

He regarded me, framed his words, sighed, framed more words, then simply gave up.

"And the presumed father?"

"Roscoe." I said it flatly.

He sighed yet again, then he tried. "There are laws concerning the revealing of medical information..."

I slid in, as if with a knife. I leaned forward slightly and, as coldly as I could: "I need the results today. I don't need a copy. This can all be off the books. Nobody need ever know that you even gave the test."

I watched his throat work very slowly. It was a gulp. A slow motion gulp that revealed that he didn't like being the subject of my broadsides.

"Yes, but—"

"Furthermore, while you are quick walking the test to a conclusion, I will be going to the bank and taking out \$5,000 cash. I presume that will be enough for this service?"

"It...I don't...you must understand..." he faded away. He gave his final sigh.

I waited.

Slowly, as if by pixels, he seemed to relax. He had come to a conclusion regarding my dastardly request. He looked at Marsha, "If I can have a look at this little charmer."

And, as the good doctor bounced Charley on his knee, a nurse was called to begin the test, and it was the beginning of the end for Roscoe Tannenbaum.

That afternoon we sat around the pool and sipped Margaritas. Real Margaritas made by

Jaunita.

Well, Tina and I drank. Marsha sipped a Coke. She worried about the effect of alcohol on her baby milk. It was obvious that she was a good mother. Yes, she had fallen on hard times, and her story indicated that she hadn't been the sharpest Ginsu in the drawer, but she had a good heart and was trying.

"So, what you going to do?"

"I want to change him into a woman."

Tina spit out half a gulp of good Margarita. "You what?"

"I want him to know what it feels like to be a woman."

"Roscoe T? The Man himself?"

"Maybe it's time 'The Man' learned what is like to be 'The Woman.'"

"Jesus. You're serious."

"As serious as a castration."

Tina gave a mock shiver. "Please don't say that word. I like my men to have all their parts."

At that moment Juanita came out with another tray of Margaritas. She placed them on the wrought iron table we were sitting around and started to leave, but I said, "Juanita, could you please have a seat?"

Tina blinked. I could see she was having trouble with my bringing the servants into this.

Hesitantly, Juanita sat down. I pushed one of the Margaritas towards her. "Drink, girl, we have some serious business to discuss."

Juanita gripped the glass, her hand tight around the stem, and lifted it to her mouth. She looked at me for a moment, and the, perhaps because she needed to imbibe a little to enable herself to deal with things out of the ordinary, she took a big gulp.

"I'm going to change my husband into a woman," I said. "And there are going to be times when I will need your help."

Juanita's dark, Mexican eyes grew round and liquid. "Muxe?" she blurted.

"If you mean a man who becomes a woman, then, yes."

The woman had a fit, without moving, right in front of me. I half expected her to make the sign of the cross and running screaming from my home.

But I should have known better. This was an old Mexican lady who had seen good times and hard, who had raised children, and put up with the peccadillos and felonies of the opposite sex.

Juanita, who had helped me drag my drunken husband to bed, was built of stern stuff. After the gulping and wide eyes and the heavy breathing and looking around as if to see who was listening, she giggled. Actually giggled.

Tina laughed.

Marsha smiled wanly. She was a good girl, and she didn't know how mean and vicious high class people like myself could be.

"What do I need to do?"

So we began talking about clothes and make up, methods for forcing the transition, how to deal with Roscoe's temper tantrums, and other bits and pieces of the coming production.

And the pool man showed up. A studly, Greek God sort of fellow, a little middle-aged, but

still rippling with muscles, a surfer's haircut, and the look in his eyes that told us he was a struggling actor.

Of course. Everybody in Southern California wants to be an actor. Why would he be different?

"Hey! What's your name?" I called out.

He stood there, festooned with long poles and hoses, and said, "Dick."

"Oooh, I like that name," bubbled Tina.

"Well, Dick, come over here and have a Margarita. I need your advice on matters of world importance."

Dick came and sat down next to Tina. Well, actually, he sat down on the chair next to Tina, and then my girlfriend sort of crawled into his lap and started licking his face.

Now, truth be told, we were getting sloshed. Juanita had kept up the flow of world class Margaritas, our favorite liquor store, the Pink Dot, was keeping us supplied with endless bottles, and I was starting to slur my words.

Well, truth be known, I needed this. Not only had I been betrayed, but I hadn't partied like this for years. Maybe a decade. I had been too preoccupied with how I looked to have a truly good time. So I was having a good time.

Tina: "Hi, DICK! I love your name. DICK. Do you think you could do your name to me?"

And Dick said the funniest thing I had ever heard. "Actually, I'm gay."

We all laughed hysterically. And Tina cursed. Then Tina said: "I'm going to convert you." And we all oohed and awwwed and pitied the DICK.

"So what is this problem you need my advice on?"

In his defense, he wasn't drunk, and so was still serious.

"My husband cheated on me so I want to make him into a girl."

"Cool," he nodded thoughtfully, not put off a blink, even though he was sober, by my outlandish statement. "Where do we start?"

And so the afternoon went. More and more people showed up. More and more bottles showed up. More and more Margaritas disappeared. by the time Roscoe arrived home, fashionably late, I might add, there were 40 or 50 people in the house and overflowing the pool area. The sound system was working at full pitch and The Doors were telling everybody it was 'The End.' Neighbors came to complain about the noise and were absorbed by the frivolity and festivity. Cops came to issue citations, so we called the mayor who called the police chief who called...and the cops disappeared. Or went off duty and joined the party.

And, I might interject, Marsha and Charley had been whisked away to the Beverly Hills Hotel, where they were enjoying a sedate and sober, and relieved, night.

Anyway, to get back to the story, all the people who were at the party, close friends or passersby, were asked their advice, and help, on the production dealing with turning Roscoe Tannenbaum into a woman.

And they all had sage wisdom and good ideas to add to the mix. And they all laughed and said it was a good idea. And...I want to make a point here.

Some of you dear readers may be wondering how I expected to be able to pull off this

absolutely stupendous practical joke. And it was becoming known as a great joke. Heck, even though I talked about Roscoe as a cheater, and even seemed a bit vindictive, everybody automatically classified it as just one more practical joke.

To be truthful, they probably had to. To consider my plan as nothing but the projection of a jilted female would have resulted in people walking away, and nobody wanted to walk away. So it was classified as, accepted as, a practical joke.

And why didn't they want to walk away? Because they had all, close friends and passersby alike, been the victim of my husband's practical jokes.

The mail man had reached into the mail box and put his hand in a pile of dog doo.

Our neighbors woke up to find their lawn painted purple.

DICK had been cleaning our pool, and found out that his cleaner had been replaced with soap, very sudsy soap.

Everybody...EVERYBODY...had felt the bite of my overzealous husband's sick and twisted sense of humor.

So they were all willing.

And here is the crux...if I had asked everybody to keep a secret, everybody would have told. They would have giggled and blurted, and called the local news, and written emails and twitters and committed every other sort of communication to the world at large. Roscoe would have found out about my plans long before he ever arrived home.

But in telling people that it was all just a practical joke, NOBODY said a word. Nobody could have dragged the truth out of them, not even with Budweiser horses.

EVERYBODY wanted to be part of the grandest practical joke of all time...EVERYBODY wanted a little revenge for the constant trickery Roscoe had subjected them to.

And, by the time most of them sobered up, most of them had forgotten the conversations. They just figured it was drunk talk and life went on and that was that.

Heh. Heh.

CHAPTER FOUR

I saw Roscoe come through the side gate. He wormed his way through the crowd, shaking hands here, giving a smooch hug there, very Hollywood, don't you know.

I knew he had had to park his Bentley down the street, like a commoner, and that probably irked the heck out of him. His precious car, victim to pigeons and passersby. Ha!

"Hey, Sam, how you doing! Bob, good to see you!"

Everybody greeted him, and they were extra cheerful. After all, they were part of the great practical joke; they were about to get a little revenge on the big time Hollywood producer.

He finally reached me, sitting at the wrought iron table at the head of the pool. Somehow he had managed to find himself a drink along the way, and he already had half of it down.

"What the hells' going on?" He wasn't mad, he asked the question cheerfully. After all, he was party boy number one.

I stood up on my chair and gave a very unladylike whistle. You know, two fingers in the mouth and people nearby better close their ears. After my shriek had filled the air, and everybody had given me their attention, I yelled out: "The guest of honor is here!"

Immediately, everybody began singing happy birthday.

Roscoe tilted his head in puzzlement, but he kept the smile on his face. When everybody was done he jumped up on a chair and raised his hands. "Thank you, everybody, but today's not my birthday."

"Oh, yes it is!" Somebody yelled, and damned if everybody didn't break into another chorus of Happy Birthday.

Roscoe gave up on trying to explain everything, and got off his chair. He took the time to smooch my cheek, and I restrained myself from biting his off.

"But it's not my birthday, honey."

I have to admit something now. I used to want to be an actress. I went to all the cattle calls, took lessons from the best, took dance lessons and karate lessons and learned to play the piano. Sort of. Very bad on the piano, but...oh well.

Anyway, I wanted to be an actress. And now I was going to be one. I had to act like I loved my husband. And I had to do an Oscar winning performance.

I mean, I did love him. I was just a wee bit put out, him boffing an actress and having a baby and all.

So I put on my best (and most beautiful) face and I hugged him and I said: "Every day is your birthday, Roscoe. And today most of all."

He looked at me quizzically.

"Today is the first day of the rest of your life."

He laughed at the pithy, old saying.

“Now let’s get you a real drink, and have some fun.”

So we did. I walked him into the house where Juanita had prepared him a special drink.

“Senor Roscoe! How good to see you!” Juanita had the most gleeful expression on her face, and she actually hugged him.

Surprised, Roscoe hugged back.

“Roscoe needs a special drink, Juanita,” I asked.

Juanita, giggling, looking at Roscoe with a very knowing look, turned to get one.

“Now what’s that about?” Then: “Has she been drinking?”

I laughed, and immediately covered for our dear, sweet maid. “Would you care if she had?”

“Nah,” he laughed. “She’s the greatest.”

Juanita turned back with a tall bourbon and Coke. Good bourbon. Blanton’s Original Single Barrel with the horse and jockey on top. The Coke, of course, was off the shelf.

Roscoe, dear, sweet Roscoe, tilted the glass and guzzled it down like the connoisseur he is. Then he asked Juanita for another one.

Juanita glanced at me and I merely nodded. It wasn’t about him drinking that she was asking about, it was about giving him another drink laced with the most powerful female hormones known to man.

Of course, my dear, sweet husband could have another drink. And keep them coming.

Then we enjoyed the party. We chatted with friends, danced, had a lot of laughs, and the evening turned into night, and people started to drift.

And, I have to admit, acting wasn’t hard. As I said, I did love him. I think I hated him more than I loved him, but only for a minute. Then his natural charm, and my sweet, forgiving personality met in the middle, and I enjoyed being the wife of the richest man in Hollywood again.

Of course, there was still a core of hate in me. That would take a while to get rid of. But for now, I was good to go.

Eventually, the last dog was hung, and I waved to the departers, and Roscoe who was going to get his Bentley. I closed the door, put my butt against it, and smiled.

Revenge is sweet. Especially when the whole world knows what you’re going to do, is in on it, and is cheering you along.

I went to the kitchen and poured Roscoe one last drink. Good bourbon and Coke. And a little extra something. What they used to call a Mickey Finn.

The term Mickey Finn comes from one Michael Finn, a pickpocket turned bar owner in old Chicago. Good, old Mickey would slip a little chloral hydrate into a customer’s drink, and the customer would wake up in an alley without his wallet.

Of course, I had access to drugs far more potent than Chloral hydrate. Heh. Heh.

I heard the big garage door shut, then footsteps as Roscoe ascended the two steps to the kitchen. Then that door was open and I handed him his final drink of the night.

“Here you go, my love, my birthday boy.” Girl, I thought.

Roscoe took the drink and quaffed it. The whole thing. Ha! Then he looked down at the top of my head. “Whoa!” he said.

Not 'whoa' like stop, but 'whoa' like he didn't know this was going to happen.

I pulled out his trouser snake and set about making it into an iron rod. And it was easy. Roscoe had no defenses for a beautiful woman giving him a blow job. As he had doubtless proven before.

Then, a smile on his handsome face, I grabbed ahold of his personality and led him through the kitchen, up the stairs, down the hall and into the bedroom. And all the while I counted in my head.

He would have about ten minutes before the Rohypnol hit him. Ten minutes, and then he would be amenable to my suggestions. Anything I said would be like a hypnotic command. He would do what I said, and love it. Even if he hated it, he would love it, because I would tell him to.

Five minutes to the bed. He was like a rock in my hand. A big rock.

I threw him on the bed, jumped on top of him, and ripped his clothes off. I glanced at the clock on the side table. Two minutes plus five, he had about three minutes left before he entered the real la la land.

I crouched over him. He grabbed my breasts. I liked it a little rough, and he gave a twist, and I groaned as I sank to the bottom of his shaft.

"Ah!" he moaned.

I was impaled, and loving it.

I hated him, and I loved him, and the combination of the two was making me hornier than I'd ever been. I wanted it, but not him, but I loved him, and I wanted it. The twist made me stupid horny.

I bounced up and down for a minute.

He laughed in delight.

Then I grabbed his ears and said, "Get me off first. You come later."

And, lovely, wonderful husband, he did. He flipped me over, he was a strong son of a B, and he began pounding into me. He took my breath away. I was light headed. I felt like a rag being wrung out. And...I felt it. I felt the way down deep ignition, I felt the big wave coming up to swallow me, then I was howling in pleasure, trying to speak and speechless at the same time. I was hot as the sun and every inch of my body curled and spasmed. My back arched, my eyes rolled back, my tits were on fire, and then...then it was done. God, it had been a glorious cum. And now it was Roscoe's turn. Not.

My timing was perfect. I felt his dick go soft in me, and I felt his breathing lengthen, and then he was struggling to stay in his push up position, and failing.

I rolled out from under him just as he collapsed.

"Don't go to sleep," I commanded, and his eyes stopped trying to close. "Sit on the edge of the bed."

He pushed up and turned and sat on the edge of the bed.

Oh, God, this was good. As you have no doubt figured out, I am a woman who likes to take charge. I can be beautiful and soft and cuddly all I want, but when the chance comes to crack the whip, there I am. And watching Roscoe sit so complacent, mine to do with as I pleased, I have to

admit, my pussy was downright wet. And I had a tight, warm feeling in my chest. And I felt so goddamn, fucking powerful.

Here was the most powerful man in Hollywood, and he couldn't do a thing unless I told him to. And he would do whatever I told him to.

God! Power is better than sex! It is the ultimate aphrodisiac. And I had it all.

I stepped in front of Roscoe. I focused on him. "Roscoe Tannenbaum. Look at me. He raised his eyes. Drugged, they were trusting. Heck. I was his wife. Of course they were trusting.

"You will do what I say, and only what I say." He held perfectly still, hanging on my every word. "You will not remember what we are doing here. Do you have that?"

"I won't remember what we're doing here."

I smiled. "Okay, Juanita, Tina. Come on in.

The door to the bedroom opened and my maid and best friend rushed into the room.

"Okay, let's go to work."

Tina came to look at Roscoe, and she was amazed. "Oh. My. God. This really works!"

"Like a charm," I agreed.

"And you're going to give up that?" She looked at his penis. It lay on his thigh, big like an anaconda.

"For a while. Maybe I'll let it work again, maybe not."

"How you gonna stop it from working?"

"I thought about a testosterone blocker, but I think he probably needs his testosterone. Besides the hormones will shrink that puppy up until I stop his treatment."

"So he'll be hard, even though he's small."

"Sort of."

"Sort of?"

"Yeah. Be quiet for a moment, okay?"

She and Juanita gave me a bit of silence, and I gave Roscoe the works.

"Roscoe. You can only get hard for me. If anybody else tries to have sex with you you'll immediately squirt."

Tina's mouth gaped. "I can't believe you did that!"

I grinned, and turned back to Charley. "And you will always have an erection when you wear woman's clothes."

Tina shook her head in disbelief.

"That will save me another unrequested baby."

Juanita giggled. "Senorita Sandee. You ba-a-ad person." Which statement made us all giggle.

"Okay," I snapped to. Time to get the job done. "Tina, the polish is on the dresser.

Tina was good, and she had his nails enhanced and polished in quick snap time. Both hands and both feet. Three coats, a glossy protective finish. Long and deadly looking.

Juanita, help me get him dressed.

He was already undressed, so all we had to do was hand him a garment and tell him to put it on, and do a little guiding. Stoned as he was, unfamiliar as he was with female garments, he was a bit clumsy.

First came the panties. Bright pink. With little white flowers around the waist.

Then we handed him a garter belt, and we helped him roll up the nylons. Drugged, he would not be able to figure out the intricacies and delicacy required to put on the nylons. Not until we had had him do it a few times. We snapped the snaps and had him stand up.

“Perfect,” I muttered.

“His legs are awful hairy,” remarked Tina.

“We’ll get them later. Right now this sort of emphasizes that he is a man trying to look like a woman.”

Juanita held up a fake boob. “You want to put the glue onto them?”

“No glue this time,” I said. “Maybe next time.”

I handed Roscoe a bra and helped him put it on. Then Juanita and I slipped the boobs into the cups.

Oddly, there was a certain amount of sex appeal to the man. He was still clunky, it would be a few weeks before the hormones rounded his hips and started giving him the boobs, but there was a certain heft to his shape that was downright feminine.

I wondered if maybe that was why my hubby was such a hard charger in Hollywood. He was trying to hide certain predispositions or predilections of his. Hmm. Maybe.

“Is that it?”

“For now. Just lingerie. Make him appear a little slutty. You ready with the make up?”

Tina was, and we watched as she prepared his face, and, I have to tell you, she was a genius. She moisturized and cleansed, blushed and worked on the eyes, and when she was done he was perfect. No blotches, just smooth flesh, like a regular girl’s.

Then we did his lips. Bright red. Fuck me lips. Or maybe...suck me lips.

Finally, we put a wig on, hooked on some big, dangly earrings, and he was ready.

Ready for what?

Ready for his photo shoot. Tina whipped out her video camera.

First, we posed him on the bed. Odalisque style, leaning on one elbow and looking ‘come hither’ provocative.

Then we took pictures of him walking around the bedroom. Strutting in some extra high heels, tilting his ass at the camera and smiling like a whore who got paid. Well.

Finally, the coup de grace, the piece de resistance, the show stopper, the money shot, we posed him with Tina. Tina’s face was away from the camera, and we had her in clothes that wouldn’t be recognizable. He was groping, trying to mount, looking lascivious, and she was struggling to get away. We managed to hide his limp dick.

Perfect.

Then Tina came up with an idea that was more than perfect. “Can you get him to jack off?”

I stared at my friend in horror and wonder. “Can I...I don’t know...we simply have to try!”

So I put him on the bed and told him to get an erection. He got an erection without even touching himself. Ah, the power of drugs.

Then I had him play with himself.

“Pity he can’t feel all that pleasure,” laughed Tina.

Then I told him to squirt.

He got a pinched expression on his face and began slapping the monkey. His hand moved up and down, getting quicker and quicker.

“I don’t know,” I said. “I just...”

He squirted. Maybe it was the command, enhanced by Rohypnol, just really worked. Or maybe it was because I had primed him by having my own thunderous orgasm. But, whatever, he shot long ropes of cum into the air, and Tina captured everything with her HD camera.

And, he had laid back on his back and I yelled, as Tina climbed on the bed and shot down at him, “Eat it!”

The son of a bitch actually aimed for his mouth, and got a few ropes in.

I couldn’t believe it. My revenge was working better than I had ever expected. It was almost like God was smiling down on us; maybe God enjoys an occasional laugh, too, you know?

Then we were done. Nothing but the clean up.

What clean up? Why not just leave him the way he was?

Because, dear reader, I am not only beautiful, with a trace of mean...I am devious. Heh. Heh.

Carefully, we cleaned his face, then undressed him. Then Tina took the polish off his fingernails, and then removed the nails.

“Leave the polish on his toes,” I said.

“You got it,” muttered Tina, working quickly. It was getting late, and we wanted to be done and getting our own beauty sleep.

Finally, we were done. The film was in the can and my husband was back to normal. Except for the nail polish on his toes.

“Roscoe,” I commanded. “Go to bed. You will not remember any of this. You will wake up refreshed and feeling fine.”

He slid under the covers, turned his back to us, and started to snore. Just like that.

Giggling, we three villains crept out of the bedroom and went down the stairs. Time for a little debrief, and future planning.

Oh, I had blackmail ready to go, but I wasn’t done with hubbie. I had a lot more planned for him, including him meeting his very own child.

CHAPTER FIVE

“What the fuck!”

I roused myself from a deep and very deserved sleep, only to see Roscoe standing next to the bed, looking down at his feet and cursing.

“Wha...” I mumbled, pulling the covers over me and trying to look like I was still asleep. In truth, though I was tired, I was as awake as I had ever been.

“Did you do this?” His voice was going up. “Is this your idea of a joke?”

“Shut up,” I whined. “I wanna sleep!”

“No! Wake up! Why’d you do this?”

“Do what?” and I finally rolled over and made my eyes sleepy and tired.

Oh, baby, was I acting. And I was acting in front of the fellow who had created a half a dozen Best Actor Oscar winners. This was going to take all my prowess to pull off.

“My toes! Look at my toes.”

I blinked, and edged towards the side of the bed so I could look down to where he was pointing. And I exulted. He had felt he had to explain that it was his toes, so he was just working off emotion and blaming whoever was closest. He didn’t have any clue as to why his toes were red.

“What the fuck!” I opened my eyes wide and stared at his tootsies.

“Why’d you do this?”

I looked up at him and put a tiny edge of anger in my voice. “I didn’t do that! Why the hell would I paint my sissy husband’s toes red?” Very important to get the word sissy into the conversation as quickly as possible. “Do I look like I’m the kind of girl who’d marry a sissy?”

He kept trying to look fierce, but I could tell that my arrows had hit the mark. In some odd, almost invisible way he shriveled. He withdrew slightly into himself. I had met the challenge and acted my way out of being the culprit.

“Okay, okay,” then he tried again. “You did this because I jacked off on you the other day.”

“First, I just said I didn’t do that!” I pointed at his toes. “And, I already got you back, and, husband of mine, practical jokes aren’t my forte.” At least they usually weren’t. I was enjoying this; I was thinking of a career change. Sandy Tannenbaum, Practical Joker Extraordinaire!

“So who did this?”

Now I looked at him suspiciously. “There’s only two people in this room.”

He sputtered in outrage, so I kept up the attack. “So why did you paint your toe nails red?”

“I didn’t!”

“There’s nobody else here!” I was pushing him now. I had been accused unfairly (he thought) so I had to act the outrage. I narrowed my eyes. “Are you going pervert on me?”

“I didn’t do this!” he wailed.

“Well I didn’t, and I didn’t figure on waking up next to Bruce Jenner.”

Oh, Jesus!” he almost ran to my make up station and started looking for polish remover. “Where is it!?”

I got out of bed, and went to him. I didn’t want him making a mess, so I handed him a bottle of polish remover. He grabbed at it like a sailor grabs a life preserver after jumping off the Titanic. He sat down and lifted his foot up to the edge of the chair.

“Hold on,” I said. I took the remover out of his hands. “I don’t want you making a mess. Come here.”

I led him into the bathroom. “Put your foot here,” I pointed to the john. He placed his foot on the toilet and I sat cross legged in front of it. I giggled.

“What?” he groused.

“It is sort of cute. Hubbie gives himself a peddie. Make a good TV series.”

He let his breath out in disgust. “I’m a man’s man, not a girly man.”

Yeah, that’s right, you like to get young girl’s pregnant. how manly. But I didn’t say that, I just thought it, and kept manipulating him.

“Well, you might say so, but Roscoe Junior says otherwise.”

Now, truth, he wasn’t really all that hard, just sort of a morning half woodie, but I reached up and grabbed his meat and in a second he was throbbing in my hand.

“Hey!” he said. But he wasn’t really protesting. What man would object to a pair of sexy hands fondling his man pole? “Take the polish off.”

“Oh, okay.” but the damage was done. He was now erect, and associating that erection with nail polish. Manly man. Huh!

So I hummed a tune and stripped the polish off and returned his toes to their ‘manly’ state.

“Okay,” he said. Standing and looking down at his repaired manhood, uh, nails.

“Not even a thanks?”

“Thank you,” and he did sound abashed. “But I have no idea how...somebody must have broken in and done it.”

“While you slept? They painted your nails and you didn’t even wake up?”

“Well, I was pretty drunk.”

I’ll say.

“Not that drunk,” I lied. “You never get that drunk.”

“Well, yeah. But somebody did it.” We left the bathroom then and re-entered the bedroom. He walked over to the double windows, which led out to a small patio. He tried the doors. “See! they’re open!”

“We’re on the second floor.”

“He had a ladder.”

“He?”

“Well, you don’t think a woman did this?”

“Those nails were done pretty well. Men don’t know how to apply polish that well.” Then I cocked my head and it was obvious what I was thinking.

“Don’t look at me that way! I didn’t polish my own nails.”

I shrugged. "Okay. So Spiderman left off fighting crime for one day so he could paint your nails."

He made a grimace.

"Or maybe somebody just walked in because our door is unlocked." I swung the bedroom door opened.

"Well, I don't..."

"Forget it, Roscoe." I use his name when I am angry with him, or irritated, and he took notice of that. "just admit that you did some sleep walking." Then I giggled, "Or sleep toenail painting."

"Oh, shut up." he brushed past me and headed down the stairs. It was a mark of how irritated and upset he was that he had forgotten to get dressed.

"Ahem!" I cleared my throat.

He turned at the top of the stairs and looked at me. Oh, the look on his face. Irritated, confused. Priceless.

I looked at his groin, placed an elbow in a palm and wiggled my index finger in the air.

He looked down at himself, mumbled a curse word I dasn't dare repeat, and stomped back into the bedroom.

Breakfast was delightful. Juanita, as usual, out did herself. A Spanish omelette, mimosas, toast, and a single chocolate.

God, I love that woman. She knows I starve myself and drive myself to distraction and work harder than a longshoreman to keep my weight down, my boobs up, and my face perfect. And she always has a little chocolate truffle, or some such delight, on the edge of my plate.

Once, when I was determined to lose a half an ounce, I had left my chocolate piece on the plate, and she had followed me out to my car, chiding me for not finishing my breakfast.

How can you not love somebody who cares enough to make sure you are happier than fat?

"How are you this morning, Juanita." I forked into my omelette.

"It ees a beautiful day, senorita. How are you? Senor Roscoe?"

Roscoe grumbled, but answered in the affirmative as he sat down.

"I'm fine. Roscoe is..." he looked up at me, "fine." He looked down, and I waggled my hand to Juanita.

Juanita giggled, and brought Roscoe his orange juice.

Roscoe always started the day off with orange juice. He liked OJ, and he liked to pack the drink with his morning vitamins. OJ hid the taste of the pills, or so he claimed. Of course, that was really being put to the test, for his orange juice had a few extra vitamins this morning. Like estrogen. To be precise, a very potent and advanced form of estrogen. Good by deep, bass voice and hello limp dick.

Not totally limp. Got to have a testosterone blocker for that, but limp enough. Heck, I didn't want to totally deprive myself of that glorious rod of his, I just wanted him to have a little trouble. Make him work a little harder for that orgasm. That sort of thing.

So we ate breakfast, and I have to admit, Juanita was a great actress.

Of course, not to take anything away from her, she wasn't supposed to know anything about

Roscoe's red toe nails, so it was easy. But, still, credit where credit is due.

After breakfast was done and Roscoe was off to work, I began my rounds. Yoga, spinning, massage, and a visit to...Marsha Carson. To tell the truth, I sort of ran through the spinning and yoga stuff pretty quickly, didn't have my mind on it, even got chided by the instructor for showing up a little distracted.

That was okay, I was distracted. And who wouldn't be? Discovering that her husband had fathered a child with someone else?

So, by ten o'clock that morning I was entering the Beverly Hills hotel.

"Good morning, girl friend!" Tina touched cheeks with me. She was already in Marsha's bungalow and had opened the door for me.

"And how is my favorite nephew?" I smiled at Marsha and picked up baby Charley. Sometimes I wonder how a woman such as I, so mean and devious, could have such a soft spot in her heart for this bundle of love.

Charley cooed and gurgled and melted my heart into a million pieces.

"So how was Roscoe's morning?" asked Tina.

"Very colorful," and we both giggled.

"What did you do?" asked Marsha.

So I told the story, gave a rendition, played to a packed house, and described, in delicious detail, how Roscoe was enraged, mystified, angry, puzzled, and defeated.

Tina and Marsha were a wonderful audience. They knew when to cheer, when to clap, and when to snicker meanly.

"So what are you going to do?" asked Tina.

Here was the hard part. I knew Marsha was in a fragile place. Heck, she had a baby, the world had flipped her on her head, she felt betrayed, and she might even want a piece of Roscoe's ass. Which was something I could not allow. Not yet.

"Okay, so after much thought, and much input from interested parties, I have come up with a master plan. It is genius, if I don't mind saying so, but it will require much dedication, a little forbearance," I glanced at Marsha, "and a lot of mean."

"Oh, goodie!" Tina clapped her hands.

Marsha smiled, but it was a wan smile. I needed to reassure this girl.

"So, first up, here is the black mail." I tossed a video chip on the table. "But that is merely your assurance, insurance, that I will complete the plan. If everything goes right I won't need the blackmail, and you will throw that away."

Marsha frowned.

"Because, let's face it, it's bad press. If you use it you will bankrupt the man whose money you want. I am guessing that the woods are filled of ladies who would like to sue Roscoe within an inch of his life."

They stared at me. I took particular note of the greed in Marsha's eyes. Yes, she wanted a pound or two of Roscoe's back end. I had to give her better, or at least promise her better.

"So, Marsha. You could take this, get a lawyer, subject yourself to about five years of lawsuits, all while struggling to make ends meet, and risk a jury not believing you, all while

other woman are bringing their own lawsuits, and you will simply be lost in the pack.”

Her eyes looked disappointed, but the fever was still there.

“Or,” and I focused in on her, “you could let me play my game. You can be a part of it, and at the end of a year, a year in which you can live it up here at the hotel, room service any time you want it, and then get more than you would have if you did the lawsuit thing.”

Silence. Let her think. Which she did.

“What’s the other shoe?” asked Tina, helping me along.

“The other shoe is this,” and I put the most fervent expression I could on my face, “Charley gains a permanent aunt. He becomes a member of the Tannenbaum family. You don’t have to live with Roscoe, but you’ll have to see him, and me, and you’ll have to get over whatever anger you’ve got stored up in your little heart.”

Tina grinned. “Two aunts.”

“Two aunts,” I agreed.

Marsha wasn’t dumb. She had been young, but it only takes one big mistake to overcome youthful follies and grow up. Marsha had made that mistake. She was growing up, and growing up fast. She was going to have to if she was going to be part of the greatest practical joke of all time.

She repeated the offer in simple. “I sue and might win, or I trust you to do right by me.”

“And Charley,” Tina amended.

Marsha glanced at Tina. She could see the seriousness in my friend. And she could see my seriousness.

“And,” I added the piece de resistance, “you keep all that stuff there. If I betray you, if I don’t earn your trust, you still have the means to take Roscoe to the cleaners.”

“But wouldn’t us meeting like this, planning to take Roscoe down, wouldn’t that be collusion, or conspiracy, or something?”

Ah, the girl was growing.

“It might, but what do you think that would do to me if it was found out what I was doing to Roscoe? There are some that don’t have our finely honed sense of humor, who wouldn’t consider our plan a practical joke.”

She thought some more, then she nodded. “Okay.”

I smiled, and the three of us put our hands forth in a stack.

“One for all,” I said.

“And all against Roscoe,” added Tina.

For a second Marsha hesitated, then she said, “Amen.”

We grinned, and the deal was set. Roscoe had begun his slide downward into the pits of hell. A hell he had, by his own joking ways, devised.

CHAPTER SIX

The episode with red toe nails bothered Roscoe for about a week. And for a week I did nothing. Let him wonder, let him squirm. Let him get over it, then...

So every day for a week I attended to myself, took my classes, and had Charley for lunch.

Charley was a love. I'm not just saying that. I'm not one of these women who say every baby is cute. There are some babies that aren't cute. Some can be bleating, milk puking parasites, sapping a woman's will.

Charley was not like that. He rarely cried, seemed to recognize whoever looked down upon him, and was just a happy camper. Pretty good for a bastard, right?

And, speaking of the bastard's father, the next step in his downward spiral occurred a week later. It was a Saturday night, and one more of those endless parties that Hollywood is famous for. This one was thrown by one Roscoe's friends. George Canby.

I had been introduced to George two years previous, he came to my wedding. He kissed the bride, pinched her bottom, and was generally a good fellow.

Hell, I don't mind my bottom being pinched. If my nice, round, but not overly large tush calls for a bit of male attention, it means I succeeded in my beautiful endeavors. Right?

And I didn't mind George on the whole. He was like Roscoe, a mover and shaker, a winner of Oscars, and a magnet for rumors.

Those damned rumors. Rumors are the blood of Hollywood. At least, so I thought until I met my bouncing baby 'nephew.'

Now I wondered. Was George Canby really a womanizer? And not just a harmless bottom pinching one? Or was he something else? A lech, a gropper of darker desires? A cheater with no conscience?

I didn't know, and, truth be told, I didn't care. As heartless as it sounds, he was some other woman's problem.

So we went to one of George's soirées. A small one, only 80 or a 100 people. This wasn't one of those drunken smashes that hit the media, this was a polite affair, a string quartet and cases of veddy expensive champagne, movers and shakers and not wannabes. And it was obvious that Roscoe had fully recovered from his traumatic red nails episode. Heh.

So there we were, eating and drinking, listening to soft music, and Roscoe is in high spirits. After being laid low I figure he must have felt that he had to go high. He was telling ribald jokes, getting louder and louder, and then he pulled his famous 'Sorry I barfed' routine.

He and George were standing by the kitchen. I was across the room talking with some ladies. Mostly listening, talking just enough so that nobody noticed that I wasn't, but really watching Roscoe.

I could feel it coming, you see. I knew my husband. I knew that under the stupid of his bad

jokes there was a shrill desperation. Painting his toe nails red had acquainted me with a shade of Roscoe's personality that I hadn't realized existed. Desperation. Desperate to be liked. Desperate to be cool. Desperate enough to tell bad jokes, to do bad jokes, and think that the disgust people felt was admiration.

A young director walked by, a beautiful woman on his arm. Roscoe, I could see him doing it across the room, swallowed air, and then let it up, in a disgusting barf sound. BLA-A-A!

The young director whirled around as Roscoe brushed the back of his jacket. "Sorry, old fellow."

Everybody roared with laughter. The guy was embarrassed for a moment, I don't know why, it was Roscoe that was the idiot, but he was, and then the party continued.

And I knew that tonight was the night.

The party went on. People got drunker, couples hooked up here and there, and a few of them disappeared for a short while. And returned 10 minutes later looking a bit disheveled.

I wormed my way closer to Roscoe, and closed with him at about midnight.

He was drunk. He liked champagne, and it was going to be one of 'those' nights. I would have to pour him into the car and lug him upstairs. So, to help matters along, being very careful not to be spotted, I broke two caps of Rohypnol and held the powder in my hand. Normally one cap would be enough, but I figured I would lose a little in the application.

Roscoe was talking over somebody, had his head turned, and I carefully swept my gaze around. Everybody was watching the conversation, Roscoe was quite loud by now, and I placed my hand over his, and dropped the powder into his champagne.

Perfect. A second glance around showed nobody had seen me. I managed to brush stray particles off his hand by natural 'wife touches husband' familiarity.

And, Roscoe tilted the champagne flute and drank the whole thing.

God, I loved that man. He was so accommodating to me on his way down the road to rack and ruin.

Not even five minutes passed before he was staggering about, looking like a billy goat had just won a butting contest with him.

Quickly, I guided him out the door. People yelled their good bys, Roscoe waved his hand blearily, and I just made it to the Bentley.

I drove through Los Angeles, feeling that peaceful, calm feeling of satisfaction. I love it when a plan comes together.

"Tina?" I said to the phone. "It's a good night."

She laughed, and hung up. We had made plans for this next bit of skullduggery earlier in the week, and she knew what she had to do.

"Juanita, gonna need a little help."

"Si, Senorita Sandee," and she hung up.

I drove through Beverly Hills and parked the car in the garage, and Juanita came out to help me.

Roscoe was not quite out, but he was mumbling and blurting weird nonsense, and I knew I had to get busy. If I could keep him going then he wouldn't pass out and I could do all I needed

to do.

We guided Roscoe upstairs. He was in bad shape, great shape for what we planned. He would take two steps up the stairs, lose his balance and look like he was going to fall, then he'd catch himself, take another two steps, and so on.

We pushed him into the bedroom.

"Roscoe," I commanded, speaking loud enough to penetrate the drunken haze he was in.

He turned his head to me. "Wha...?"

I leaned forward so my face was in his, and I said, "You aren't going to remember this, but take off your clothes."

He needed help, and Juanita and I kept him moving. We pulled off his jacket and pants, then his kinky thong. No thong tonight, lovey. Got other plans for you.

Then we sat him down and feminized him. I painted his toes, then put false nails on his fingers and painted them. Bright red. Ooh la la.

Juanita brought in some garments I had bought special for him, and Tina showed up.

"Hi, girls. Juanita, I left two 'ladies' downstairs. You might want to keep an eye on them."

Juanita scurried out and hurried downstairs to watch the 'ladies,' and the silverware.

Tina started on Roscoe's face while I finished his nails. In quicksnap time we had him presentable, and we started playing dress up. We didn't give him any panties, just pulled on a garter belt and then rolled a pair of stockings up his legs. I put a bra on him, after gluing a couple of breast forms on his chest.

"Jesus," whistled Tina. "He's a beauty."

And he was. We were good at make up, and if we positioned him correctly he would look more round than angular. At least round enough for our purposes.

Finally, we put a cheap dress on him, put some high heels on his feet, and, voila! we got ourselves a sissy!

I positioned Roscoe on the bed while Tina went down for the 'ladies.'

Roscoe, during all this was compliant and stupid. He'd say things like, "wha..." and "Hey," but that was about all. He followed directions, and when Tina brought back his escorts for the night he was positioned on the bed, grinning lasciviously and having about as much sense as a bull that's been smacked on the head with a four by four.

"Okay, girls, I need you to climb on the bed and do what you do best."

The girls, one was named Roxie and the other was named Spam, I kid you not, climbed on my and Roscoe's big bed and started cuddling with him.

They kissed him, leaving big lip marks all over his body.

I told Roscoe to move this way and that, and he did so with a stupid smile of happiness.

Tina worked the camera, catching everything for posterity.

"A little to the left," I directed. I moved the girls in and out of the light so we could obscure their faces, or hide them in motion. I didn't want anybody able to find them, should they go looking.

Interestingly, I found out that I liked directing. I liked putting the camera in position and moving the action around and telling the actors what to do. In fact, it even made me a little warm

down there. That was such a little hint, but I would remember it. Being in control is fun.

Then Roxie held up Roscoe's dick. It lay like a bent fish over her hand, and she said, "Ain't it ever going to get hard?" Which remark, of course, caused Tina and I to break out in gales of laughter.

"Wha...?" said Roscoe.

Finally, an hour in the can, I called it a day. "Okay, ladies. You did good, but it's time to call it a night."

Roxie and Spam were fine with that. And they were fine with the \$1000 I gave to each of them. Good wages for a night where they rolled around and never actually had to spread their legs. Except for lewd poses, of course.

While Tina took them back to whatever corner she had picked them up from, Juanita and I cleaned Roscoe up. Sort of.

Juanita took his clothes and underwear, except for a garter belt and nylons, and hid them in a special place. A box on a tall shelf in a storage room. The box was filled with other garments that would fit Roscoe. His 'stash,' if you get what I mean.

I cleaned his face up, wiped the kisses off his body, took off most of the make up, but did a sloppy job. Then I put him to bed.

"Sleep well. Wake refreshed. You don't remember any of this."

Roscoe snored, and I went down to the kitchen to have a sip of champagne, I hadn't had any at the party, with Juanita and Tina.

In my nice, warm kitchen, surrounded by friends, we chatted. We talked about this and that, but mostly about how Roscoe was going to react the following morning. Mostly, I gave instructions and tips to Juanita on how to act when the SHTF. She wasn't a professional actress, by any means, but I figured the shock to Roscoe's psyche would be enough to get her through any faux pas she might make.

Finally, four in the morning, tired but happy, we parted. Tina took the short drive to her apartment, and Juanita and I retired.

And my husband, my dear, sweet, cheating husband, was about to ride the whirlwind.

"WHAT IS THIS!" Roscoe cried.

I sat up. I was tired, but, once again, energized.

"Roscoe?" I blurted in confusion.

Roscoe sat in bed and looked at himself, and a more confused face I have never seen. He stared at his nails. He looked at his chest, which still had breast forms glued on it.

"Roscoe!" I half shrieked. I knew he would be so confused I had to overplay it, but carefully. "What did you do?"

"I didn't...I don't..."

The way I had handled myself during his last episode had put me off the suspect list, and he looked confused and apologetic and like the Blue Bird of Happiness had just shat upon his head.

"Get up! Get up!" I pushed him. "Look at you!"

He got out of bed and stood upright, the most forlorn and dazed man in the world.

His toes were painted. His finger nails were bright red and shiny. He wore garters and nylons, and there were his breast forms, of course.

“I didn’t...what...what is happening?”

“Oh my God!” I blurted.

He looked at me helplessly. “I can’t...I don’t...”

“Are you turning into a pervert?”

“But...but I didn’t do this!” he wailed.

And, on cue, Juanita burst into the room. Senor! Senorita! What is...” she stopped in shock.

“I didn’t do this!” Roscoe pled with Juanita.

“Aye, carumba!” Juanita, a touch of genius, made the sign of the cross on her chest. She gripped some beads hanging around her neck. “What have you done!” Not a question, a protest, a rhetorical protest if ever there was one.

“But I didn’t...somebody did this...I don’t...”

Quickly, I moved in to herd Juanita out of the room. She had done perfect. But now it was time to let the pro take over. “Juanita,” I said, “Please go fix breakfast. Everything is all right.”

“But señor Roscoe, hee is...hee is—“

“It’s all a practical joke. Somebody played a joke on him, that’s all.”

I gently pushed her out of the room. She was just out of Roscoe’s line of sight when she winked at me. And I winked at her. Then I turned back into the room.

Roscoe stood, his face slack with stunned shock, his eyes drinking in his appearance.

“Roscoe, we’re going to have to talk.” I spoke gently, but added a confused lilt to my voice.

“But I didn’t do this! Somebody did this!”

“We talked about this last week, Roscoe. Nobody climbed up to our balcony. And, look. I locked it.” I strode to the double doors and shook them, and pointed to the engaged lock lever.

“But I didn’t do all this! Somebody...”

“Who, Roscoe? Who?”

And this stopped him. He was going from upset and dazed to blank and confused. Not a large leap, but a logical one, considering what had been done to him.

After a moment of what looked like reflection, but was really just his mind spinning, he blurted, “I don’t know, but somebody!”

“Well, when you find out you can tell me. In the meantime, do you want some help in, uh, fixing yourself?”

“I...I...”

“Come on, Roscoe. We’ll talk about this later.” I had gone from being upset to being sad and resigned. I was good. “Right now, why don’t you get in the shower and...and get those things off.” I pointed at his chest.

“But I didn’t...I don’t...” I pushed him into the bathroom, opened the door and turned the shower on. When it was warm I pushed him in, still blubbering and moaning and whining.

“And wash between your ears!” I thrust at him, leaning against the side of the shower and trying not to giggle.

I heard him mumbling and muttering and protesting to the Gods. I listened while he tried to

peel off the boobs, and I laughed and enjoyed my sweet victory. And it was only the first of many. The second of many, if one counted the victory from last week.

Finally, his body looking like a prune, Roscoe got out of the shower. He stood on the tile, dripping and looking like a dog that had been caught in the rain. "I've got a problem."

And he did. I had used REAL glue on his chest, and those titties weren't coming off.

"What am I going to do?"

I stared at him, aghast, and rejoiced in my mind. I knew what he was going to do. Heh. Heh.

CHAPTER SEVEN

First, I helped him take off the nail polish. “You’re going to have to learn to do this yourself,” I groused.

“What? But—“

“If you’re going to keep doing this.”

“But I didn’t! I didn’t do—“

“Shush up,” I snapped. “It’s bad enough that my husband is trying to turn into a girl.”

“I’m not...I don’t...” he stopped talking. He didn’t stop thinking. I had introduced the idea that he was turning into a girl. I was moving fast, pushing hard, but I had to get this thing going before Marsha got tired of waiting and showed up on the doorstep. Or, rather, her lawyers did. I trusted Marsha to try and play it out the way I had outlined, but I knew that everybody has a breaking point. I had to find Roscoe’s breaking point before Marsha reached hers.

Finished with his nails I worked on his face. He stared at himself in the mirror as I cleansed and moisturized. I worked slowly and lovingly, wanting him to enjoy the experience. He saw bits of lipstick disappear from his lips, shades of eye shadow become natural skin. He sighed. A sigh of aggravation, frustration, and confusion.

“Listen,” I said, when he had calmed down. “I don’t care if you do this.”

“Do what?” He sounded so hopeless.

“Make yourself up and all. I mean, you’re not using my clothes, so why should I care.”

He didn’t say anything.

I tried to remove the breast forms. I pulled and he said ‘ow!’ I tried various types of what I thought might loosen the glue. I tried make up remover, and even a dab of lighter fluid. Those puppies were there to stay.

“I can cut them off.”

“And cut yourself? I don’t think so.”

“I can’t go to the hospital!”

“Then there’s only one solution.”

We were standing in front of the mirror, staring at the large falsies on his chest.

“What?”

“This.” I grabbed the bra he had been wearing. It was laying over the back of the chair at my make up station and I tossed it to him.

“I can’t wear that!”

“Seems like you already have,” I made a wry face.

He stared at me, tried to come to grips with his situation.

“But I can’t! I can’t be seen like this! I can’t go to the office.”

“Then you can stay home and hide in the bedroom,” I said sourly.

He stood there, caught, unable to move. So I moved.

“Come on,” I took the bra out of his hands and placed it around him, fastened the clasps. “You liked it when you were asleep, maybe you’ll even like it when you’re awake.”

“That’s not funny.”

“Not meant to be.”

I pulled the bra up and adjust the straps. “There.” I stood next to him, leaning against him a little. He stood, a man with D cups, staring at himself. Aghast.

“You know,” I said, “You don’t have a bad figure.”

“I’m taking this off,” he muttered, reaching for the back but not flexible enough to reach the clasps.

“Then your skin will sag from the weight of the falsies.”

He stopped, and groaned, and his shoulders slumped.

“Okay, here’s how it’s going to go down. You can stay home and wear a robe. Take a day off. I’ll go to work for you.”

“What? But you can’t do that! You don’t know what I’m doing!”

“The big project is that movie, ‘He’s the One.’ You’re selecting production companies for music and sound this week. Harry Salton is the director. I’ll get Harry to come up and sit in with me. I’ll ask his advice. If anything seems weird, I can call you. I won’t commit to anything, just prepare everything so that when you finally get rid of your boobs,” I glanced at them, “there will be nothing left for you to do but come in and sign some papers.”

“Yeah, but I have that meeting with the money men for the Gooseneck project!”

“I get it all in writing, have them explain it all in English, and bring it back to you. They expect a short wait anyway, while you send it back to the lawyers.”

“But what about...”

Roscoe went on and on, prepped me for his day, and didn’t even know it. Every objection he had I handled, and presented a plan, and included him enough so he wouldn’t feel that I had overtly bypassed him. Which I was doing, of course.

I had watched Roscoe for two years, and most of his business was bluster and bullshit. To be honest, my job, keeping myself beautiful, was harder than his. I didn’t say that, however, I just kept handling his complaints and pushing him down the path to having a bosom.

Finally, he acceded. He nodded his head, and hung it. And I had won. Which was okay, woman aren’t represented enough in Hollywood, and I was smart enough to be more than the delightful eye candy I was.

I went downstairs first and spoke to Juanita. I was to tell her it was all a practical joke, that somebody had gotten Senor Roscoe good. Which she would understand because everybody knew that he was heavily into practical jokes.

In truth, I congratulated her on her performance, and told her all she had to do was be polite, and maybe giggle a bit. She was quite happy with that.

Then Roscoe came down and we had a wonderful breakfast. Eggs and bacon. A little Mexican seasoning in the eggs. Toast on the side, along with a large glass of hormones. Uh, I mean orange juice.

Juanita was a charm, letting herself get caught staring at Roscoe's chest until finally he tore apart his robe and snarled, "Look at them!"

Juanita looked stricken and scuttled into the kitchen, and I admonished Roscoe. "Don't you dare treat Juanita that way! You can't blame her for staring at you. And you did this to yourself!"

It was the accusation, 'you did this to himself,' that did it. He quickly pulled in his horns, then called to Juanita and apologized thoroughly and completely.

Juanita did wonderful at sniffing and accepting.

"I weel try not to stare," she said.

I nodded to her, and she knew one thing. She was going to be getting a BIG Christmas bonus this year.

After breakfast I went for an early yoga class, then dropped by the Beverly Hill Hotel to see Marsha and Charley, and show them the latest videos of Roscoe. Then, fashionably late, I wheeled into 'Amazing Studios.'

Interestingly, parking the car and striding into the offices, this time, was entirely different than all the other times I had come to see Roscoe for lunch, or some other reason.

Those prior times I had been the wife. I was treated with respect, but that was all.

Now, I was in charge. Funny, nobody really knew it, yet, but I did, and that changed my attitude, and that changed everybody else's attitude.

I stepped out of the Bentley, I had chosen to drive the 'power' car for my first day on the job, and strode through the parking garage. My heels clicked and my breasts were high and proud. My sunglasses were perched just so, so that nobody could see where I was staring. I might be staring at them, and nobody wanted the boss staring at them.

I reached the guard station.

"Good morning, Mrs. Tannenbaum." Something more in their tones. More than respect. Not exactly fear, maybe awe, but definitely a higher level of 'oops, hope I don't say anything wrong in front of the boss.'

I entered the Amazing building and was greeted by security.

"Good morning, Mrs. Tannenbaum."

"Good morning, Larry." I put just the right tone of imperial in my voice.

I could feel it. I could feel the wake of respect and...I hate to call it fear, but it was a higher sense of them being careful. Don't risk the boss's ire.

"Mrs. Tannenbaum!" Georgia, Roscoe's secretary greeted me. She had an arm full of folders. "Mr. Tannenbaum called and explained that you would be sitting in today. I have the various folders you will need, and..." she continued briefing me as I strode into Roscoe's, now my, spacious office.

I sat down and she placed the folders on the corner of my highly polished desk.

"Georgia," I spoke in severe tones.

Georgia straightened up, and a frightened look came into her eyes. But she didn't need to be frightened of me. Women were no threat to me, only men. It was the men that I wanted, if not frightened, on edge.

“Yes, ma’am?”

“First off, you will call me Sandy. I don’t believe in ruling by force...” (unless they are men that I am ruling) “...but by friendship.”

She stared at me, and I have to give it to her, she didn’t drop her jaw. She did, however, feel hints of the coup d’etat I had engineered.

“Now then, I am going to need help, and you are my number one. You will give me advice on everything. Be invisible, be polite, but be accurate.”

“Yes, ma’am.” She was almost stuttering.

“One thing I am particularly interested in is rumors. I don’t believe in the veracity of rumors, but I do believe there may be fire where there is smoke. So you smoke out the rumors and I will put out the fire...or just fire somebody. Is that clear?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

I arched my eyebrows.

“Yes, Sandy.”

“Okay, last, but not least, I need you to prepare a report for me. I want your take on what is wrong with this company. You can include anything and everything, rumors, matters outside your area of expertise, anything. And you can say what you want without fear of reprisal. I will use your report as a springboard for further investigation. My interest, your interest, is nothing more than finding trouble areas and making this company work smoother and more efficiently. Okay?”

“Yes, ma’am, Sandy.”

“Now, I think I have a few gentlemen waiting for me in the meeting room. Let me go over the ‘He’s the One’ folder, and please ask Harry to come see me. And, oh, yes, let the gentlemen waiting for me know that I am late and properly repentant. Anything else you can think of?”

“No, Sandy.” And she smiled. And well should she. I was giving her a voice, and a voice is power, and power, aside from the money it brings in, is always a desired commodity.

“Okay, let’s get rockin,’ okay ‘sweet cheeks?’

That ‘sweet cheeks’ remark was a mockery of Roscoe, and it made her laugh. She grinned. “Let’s give ‘em hell, boss lady.”

She walked out of that office with a lot more confidence than she had walked in with.

Sitting there, musing, I realized something. Roscoe didn’t make enough use of his people. Well, of course. He was a power mogul. But I was a power mogul-ette, and I was determined that that would be better. I wouldn’t just use my people, I would use the power of my people.

The phone on my desk buzzed, it was easy to think of it as ‘my’ desk, and Georgia said, “I’m sending Harry in.”

Excellent. No time wasted on ‘ma’ams,’ or explanations, or asking dumb questions. She knew we were in a crunch, and she was responding.

Through the open door Harry Salton strode.

I always liked Harry. He was a short, brisk man with grey mustaches. He regularly turned in Oscar contenders, and he knew how to bend a budget without breaking it.

“Harry!” I greeted him with excessive cheer. “My favorite director. Have a seat and tell me,

in English and as quickly as possible, no big words, how we're going to handle the sound meeting we're going to go to in 5 minutes."

Harry grinned. No nonsense. A sense of humor. And as smart as a woman. Heh.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The day went perfectly. Of course it did. Roscoe had everybody prepped for his heavy hand, and my womanly appreciation and sensitivity was a welcome relief. When I left, at 4:30, everybody was happy, and working harder than they did for Roscoe.

I stopped by the Beverly Hills Hotel and made sure Marsha and Charley were happy, then it was time for home.

Home, and Roscoe, and the next step in my plans.

“Hello, dear,” I breezed in, planted a kiss on his cheek, and headed out to the pool.

The old Charley would have demanded a report right then, but the new Charley, chastened and embarrassed by the globes on his chest, and the sexy bra holding them up, followed me like a little boy.

“How’d it go?” he asked, as we crossed the patio.

“It was wonderful,” and then I did something I have wanted to do for a long time. I walked into the pool. I was fully made up, wearing my ‘uniform,’ which was a pencil skirt, blouse, and naughty underwear.

I sank under the water and just relaxed for a long minute, holding my breath and feeling my heart rate slow. Feeling the water touch me and calm me, sooth me and clean me.

I came to the surface and began kicking off clothes.

Roscoe watched from the side, and I could feel his horny, little eyes scoping out my breasts. I knew he was horny because I had been sparing in my sexual attentions. And it was going to get worse for poor, old Roscoe before I was done.

“Come on, lover. You’re not going to melt.” And neither would his boobs.

“Well, uh, I...”

“Get your butt in here, right now!” I liked commanding him. I liked the extension of power from the office to the home.

I’ll tell you the truth, being in charge all day was gloriously sexual. Every time I told an underling what to do it was like somebody kissed my pussy. Five thirty and I was so slick I was close to dripping.

Roscoe went to the shallow end and dropped his robe as he descended the stairs into the water.

I swam, then walked my way over to him. It was time to show him a little velvet. A man can only take so much of the hammer, after all. Poor, weak, little men.

I grabbed his boobs and giggled. “They don’t look half bad on you, baby.” Then I kissed him, forestalling any remark or objection he might have to my sauciness. It was a good kiss, and I could feel his eyes widening, then his blood vessels dilating, then his prick surge up against me.

“Oh, Roscoe,” I swam teasingly away from him. “Now I know you’re a tit man.”

I know he gulped, I could see his throat working from across the pool, but it's hard to snap at somebody who has just crawled sexually down your throat. Instead, he swam after me. Good, little puppy dog.

"Juanita!" I yelled.

"Si, Senorita!" She came out with a tray and two ice cold bottles of Corona. Funny, Roscoe had started the habit of beers and a swim after work, but now I had inherited it. You know, old Roscoe had some pretty good ideas.

Roscoe and I clung to the side of the pool and each took a bottle. We intertwined arms, kissed, and drank.

Ah! Gad! The frothy coldness slicked down my throat. Cooled my whole body, and gave a puff of icy explosion in my belly.

"Ah," murmured Roscoe. Then he rolled the frosty side of the beer across his forehead. "So tell me everything."

I turned and braced my arms on the side of the pool. My large breasts floated in the water, and I could feel him looking at them.

"Everything was perfect. Harry helped me pick out the right teams, contracts are in the briefcase in my car," (my car, the Bentley, heh.) "... and we've set a tentative date for storyboarding."

"Already?"

"Why not? You don't want to wait around, do you?"

"Well, no, but I thought maybe I should go over the contracts before we set a date."

"Go over to your heart's content. We can adjust if we need to."

He was silent then. I closed my eyes while he thought about life, and waking up with tits on his chest, and waited.

"Say," he blurted, "Maybe we could go upstairs and, uh..."

I looked at him, and I took the smile off my face. "Roscoe, we need to talk."

"Oh," he was disappointed.

"Yes. I'm a little weirded out by the...by your...tits."

"But those are just some kind of prosthetic. If I had a hook instead of a hand, it would be the same."

"Not really. First, there is a sexual nature to having breasts. And that sexual nature is...weird. Second, I don't think I'd want you messing with my pussy if you had a hook for a hand."

"That's not funny."

"I guess not," I begrudged, then I turned to him.

"It's so weird. On one hand, I'm attracted to you. I want to kiss you, you make me so horny I drip, and then I see the breasts, and it puts me off. I mean, why did you put those on your chest? And with whatever superglue you used?"

"I didn't put these breasts on. I woke up with them on."

"The evidence doesn't support that."

"But...but—"

"Roscoe. I called a doctor today."

“You what?”

“Not Patterson. He’s into boobs. A specialist, deals with...with psychological problems.”

“I don’t want to go see some shrink!”

“I wouldn’t think so, but you have to.”

Roscoe went silent. I could see him digging in his heels.

I turned and lowered a hand. I grabbed his penis under the water. I breathed into his ear. I stroked him, and I whispered, “Roscoe, I want it. I want it bad. Odd, those tits of yours, they excite me, but at the same time, they put me off. So I don’t think I’ll be able to fuck you until you have this problem taken care of.”

“I’ll get rid of the tits!”

“How? You going to cut them off? Maybe lose a nipple in the process?”

“I’ll find a way. There’s got to be some sort of solvent.”

I worked his shaft, running my hand up and down. I squeezed his knob and watched his breathing deepen and his eyes grow wider. “A solvent? Something that will dissolve your skin along with the boobs?”

“I’ll figure something out.”

“I’m sure you will, but until you do I think I’ll forgo marital pleasures.” I let go of his dick.

It was like I had just shoved an ice cube up his ass. A big ice cube. He was so built up and then disappointed that I expected him to shriek.

“Babe!” He started.

I climbed out of the pool, swigged the last of my beer, and looked down at him. “Roscoe. I married a man. Not a fake man. Not a temporary man. I’m going to hold my sex back until I have that man back again.” And I walked away.

Oh, I had cut him deep. I had humiliated him. I had emasculated him. Oddly, when I entered the house I glanced back to see him climbing out of the pool. He had the biggest, most sensational hard on I had ever seen. I couldn’t tell if it was the water dripping off it, or if he was just dripping, but I knew he was excited. And here’s the odd thing. I knew that my handling him and stroking him and kissing him had made him horny, but that horniness was increased geometrically by my denial. Promise a man a good fucking, then take it away, and that man will be harder than steel...and twice as willing to please.

And I needed to be pleased.

I dressed up for dinner, and I flaunted in front of Roscoe. I smiled at him invitingly. I pressed my breasts into him when I kissed him. And I kissed him good.

Roscoe responded as I knew he would. He was all over me, eager to please, hoping he would get laid.

Dinner, and I played footsie with him, all the way up to his cock, and I could see his face get red, and his breathing deepen. Then I would glance at his chest, obscenely thrusting outward, and frown.

Up and down. Excite and deny. It was the female game, played for ages by knowing women of all cultures. And I was the best at it.

Finally, it came time for bed. He was hoping, but I was firm. No sex for you, bozo. Not until you get your head shrunk. The one on your shoulders.

I got dressed in my dirtiest underwear. Not sexy, not naughty, but dirty, designed to excite a man's imagination beyond the breaking point.

I laid on the bed and watched him divest himself of bra.

I sighed, showing my displeasure.

He frowned, but didn't budge. He wasn't going to see no durned sick-iatrist.

Then we went to sleep. And the fun began.

The pill he took before bed was Rohypnol. Substituted for his sleeping pill by me. Within a few minutes he was laying on his back staring up at the ceiling, his mind a blank piece of paper about to be writ upon.

"Roscoe. Get dressed like a woman." That was all it took. He sat up and swing his feet off the bed.

"Your clothes are in your bottom drawer."

I had planted lingerie there earlier, and he went to the drawer and pulled out panties, a garter belt, nylons, and a peignoir. He was already wearing a bra.

Slowly, he put the underthings on. He even managed to roll the stockings up nice and straight.

"Now snap the nylons on."

He snapped the snaps, and was pantied, bra-ed, hosed, and ready for make up.

I got out of bed and told him to sit at my make up table.

"Roscoe. You're going to be doing this yourself. You won't remember tonight, but you will remember how to put on make up. Start with a cleanser.

Slowly, like a sleepwalker, Roscoe began applying make up. He was not good, and I didn't know how well he would actually retain what he was learning. I mean, he was unconscious, so how much could he retain?

Still, it was worth a try. And he had certainly seen me put on make enough that it was in his conscious memory.

Step by step, shadowing his eyes, lengthening his eyelashes, and, finally, bright red lipstick. His favorite. I knew it was his favorite because he had asked me to put it on enough times.

"Okay, Rosco. Time for a few pictures.

I took them on my cell phone. I would put them in Tina's computer tomorrow, and there was little chance of them being discovered before then, but I really needed Tina's HD camcorder.

Then, stroke of genius, I had Roscoe take pictures of himself in the mirror. I stood outside the frame and directed him. Stand there, shift your weight, fold your arms under your breasts, smile.

And he did it. Everything I asked, and I have to tell you, one thing did occur to me. Yes, he was under Rohypnol, but the way he posed so easily, the quick way he learned, was there a piece of Roscoe that wanted to be a woman? Was there something in him struggling to get out? A bit of lace and lipstick? A tight corset and high heels?

I believe there was. Roscoe was too easy.

Or, was it all men were too easy?

Could be. They all got hard ons fast enough, was it too simplistic to think that they wanted to be what they lusted after?

It was certainly something to think about.

And, finally, done, I told Roscoe to go to bed. Don't take off the make up or the clothes. Just get a good night's rest, and don't remember anything.

I hid my cell phone, didn't want any accidental discoveries, then I went to bed.

I lay on my side, facing Roscoe. Smiling at his made up face. Then I reached down between his legs.

He was hard as the proverbial rock. He was a cast iron erection. Even under the effects of drugs he was randy, horny, ready to mount.

I giggled, stroked him in his sleep, and actually thought about fucking him while he was under the Rohypnol. Heck, he wouldn't remember, and I could tell him not to cum. Then I decided I shouldn't. Why risk a good thing, right? Besides, it would actually be more enjoyable to get myself off in front of him.

Giggling, I drifted into a fine sleep.

CHAPTER NINE

“Oh, fuck,” Roscoe sat up and looked at himself.

I, of course, was sleeping a dead sleep. Not. Actually I had woken up 15 minutes earlier, all excited by what was about to happen, and made myself pretend to be asleep.

I didn't move or respond. I just lightly breathed.

“Honey? Sandy?” He touched my shoulder.

“Huh? Wha...?” I shifted around, then I turned over and opened my eyes. Then I sat up, realization dawning in my pretty, blue eyes. “You didn't...not again!”

I stared at Roscoe.

Roscoe stared at himself. At his boobs in bra, at his nails, at his reflection in the mirror on the other side of the room. His fully made up face. Bright red, lipstick, a little smudged by sleeping on a pillow.

“What have you...are you serious?” I blurted in shock and horror. Yet I downplayed my reaction. I was supposed to be getting used to this. Getting used to waking up next to a husband that was a fully made up sissy. Hah!

“I don't...I didn't...” The look in his eyes was downright catastrophic. From being a hard charging asshole he had gone to a deeply soul shaken...pervert.

“Get up,” I commanded.

He got out of bed and inspected himself further. He stood in the center of the room, saw himself in the mirror. His legs encased in nylon. His face colorful and pale at the same time. The sadness and terror in his eyes.

I stood in front of him and stared at him. “Well, I guess you're going to see that doctor. I'm making an appointment today.

Poor Roscoe. All he could do was nod. I have never seen such misery on a human face in my life.

“Can you...can you help me get out of this?”

I sighed. “You get out of the underwear, I'll get ready to work on the nails. You can do your own cold cream.”

He nodded and started to undress.

“But, I'll tell you this...if you wake up one more time like this...I'm not going to clean you up. You just stay at home and be a girly girl all you want.”

He actually started to cry. “But I don't understand what's happening.”

“You'd better figure it out. Enough is too much.”

He didn't say anything to that, just sat down at my table and put his hands out. Inside, I snickered. He hadn't bothered to take off the bra. Man, that was good glue.

Downstairs we ate a sober breakfast. Several times he looked like he was going to say

something, then stopped himself.

I have to tell you, on one hand I felt a twinge of guilt. What he was going through, it must have been like a mental breakdown.

On the other hand, I had had enough of his domineering, bad joking ways. It was time for him to get his comeuppance. So I held firm to my plans.

I kissed him good by and headed for yoga, a visit to Marsha and Charley, and the office. My office.

Another day of meetings, script readings, negotiations, making money. I could see, comparing my contracts with the ones Roscoe had made in years past, that I was already making a little bit more money than he had made. I kept the production companies and subsidiaries to a tighter budget, I squeezed balls in the negotiations, and everybody was happier.

Well, of course. I do admit that I was using Roscoe's advice, and I was modeling certain things after what he had taught me, and what I had learned from a couple of years of watching him do his magic.

But, let's also be honest, I was better at it than him.

And, somewhere in the hectic circus of running a world class production company, I found time to rent an office and decorate it, and hire an actor to play the psychiatrist, and make an appointment for Roscoe. 10:00 AM on the next day with Dr. Rudolph Shliesinger.

Rudolph was, of course, none other than DICK.

That's right, the gay DICK who Tina was bound and determined to convert.

He was a wanna be actor. Now he cleaned pools, had had a few parts, and had studied under a variety of different acting coaches.

Now he was on the way out. He was starting to get older, and knew that an actor's career, except for the few who managed to become representative of characters specializing in fatherly and even grandfatherly roles, was over.

So I told him that if he could pull this off I would restart his career. I would give him 5 roles over the course of 2 years. If he was unsuccessful, He got bupkis.

So he cut his golden locks, put a little grey in his hair, grew a small mustache, which he also colored grey, and got ready to kickstart his fading and almost non-existent career.

The next day I arranged to be late to work, and took Roscoe down to DICK's office. Oh, pardon me, 'Dr. Rudolph Schliesinger, MA MFT.' A fine doctor with a specialty in transgender counseling. Specifically, enabling people to make the transition from one sex to another.

We walked into his offices, which had been decorated by a production design company. We sat in uncomfortable, little fabric chairs, waited approximately 90 seconds, and looked up as the good doctor opened the door. "Mr. and Mrs. Tannenbaum, please come in."

We followed DICK down a short hallway and into a spacious but slightly dated counseling office. Nice desk, a few real flowers amongst the fake, degrees on the wall, and a wonderful couch for the patient to lie upon while he unburdened his deep seated neurosis.

Dr. Rudolph had us sit down and took his own place behind his desk, and, I swear, DICK really, really, REALLY looked the part. He was unexpressive to the point of interested boredom, wore a dated suit with, I couldn't believe it, leather elbow patches, and he had the lingo down. I

mean when he spoke he had all the terminology down, and he spoke without hesitation and with no stuttering or mispronunciation.

“What can I do for you today?”

“Well, uh...I...”

“My husband goes to sleep a man and wakes up a woman.”

DICK didn’t bat an eye. “I see. And how do you feel about this, Mr. Tannenbaum...may I call you Roscoe?”

Roscoe waved his hand in affirmation, call him what you want, and said, “Look. I don’t have any memory of getting up and dressing like a woman. But I wake up and I’m,” (he started to choke a bit here) “wearing clothes, underwear, and I even have...these! These!” He touched his boobies with one unsure hand.

“Ah,” nodded DICK sagely. “Can you show them to me?”

Oh, Roscoe could show. He near ripped his buttons off as he spread his jacket and opened his shirt. DICK leaned forward sightly, stared over the rims of his thin glasses, and said, “Hmmm. Yes.”

“What’s happening to me, Doc? What’s going on?”

“I really need more information before I can make a diagnosis.”

“Oh, yeah.”

“When you wake up, are you fresh and rested?”

“Mostly. Sometimes I’m a little tired, but I feel fine when I wake up.”

You feel fine and then, as the day goes on...do you feel guilt?”

“Well, no! I mean, I feel confused!”

“Shame? Embarrassment?”

“No. No. I don’t think so.”

“How about humiliation. Do you feel humiliated?”

“No.” Roscoe was starting to feel irritated. DICK changed tacks on him.

“Do you have any experiences as a cross dresser?”

“God, no.”

“Do you resent that question?”

“Yes.”

DICK nodded. He was perfect.

“So, let me be careful but succinct here, Roscoe. Do you feel resentment because I asked the question, or because of the nature of the question?”

“Well, I...” he hesitated, looked at me, then back to the doctor. “Look, I’m not a cross dresser.”

“Um, hm. I see.” He made a small note on a pad in front of him. Then he turned to me. “Mrs. Tannenbaum, may I call you Sandy?” I nodded. “Sandy, how do you feel about your husband’s cross dressing?”

“I said I’m not a cross dresser.”

DICK went in for the kill. Very kindly, he explained, “Roscoe, should you decide to pursue treatment, we will be talking about some very embarrassing things, things you might not want to

talk about. But it is imperative that you do talk, freely and openly. If you don't, the therapy doesn't work. Do you understand?"

Roscoe hemmed and hawed, but he agreed.

DICK: "Then we must approach the subject with honesty. You have found yourself to be accoutered as a woman in the AM. We can't lie. We can't say this isn't cross dressing. We must be honest and call it what it is. Only by being honest with yourself, and your condition, can you ever hope to be cured. Do you understand?"

"Yeah, yeah. I do." He was irritated, but he wasn't irritated with DICK. He was just irritated with everything.

"Now, Sandy, what do feel about all this activity your husband is undertaking?"

"I'm not happy about it."

Roscoe looked at me, an expression of misery on his face.

"I love my husband, but...but..."

"But you married a man."

Roscoe started to speak, started to object.

"Honesty, Roscoe. Your wife is being honest."

Roscoe subsided, but he looked like he was going to shit kittens.

"Are you embarrassed or ashamed when you see him dressed?"

"I...yes."

"Are you embarrassed for him? Or for yourself?"

I opened my mouth, and closed it. DICK and I had gone over the script before he set up shop, and I gave my best performance. I looked down in embarrassment. "Myself," I whispered.

"But why?" blurted Roscoe. "It's me it's happening to!"

DICK watched.

I looked up at Roscoe with anger flashing in my eyes, "What would my friends think? How can I tell people that my husband wants to...wants to 'transition?'"

"But I don't want to transition!"

"Sandy, I understand your anger," DICK chimed in. "But what your husband does won't hurt you."

"It'll reflect on me."

"But that doesn't define you. Only you define you."

"Tell that to him," I looked away and sulked, jerking my thumb in the direction of Roscoe.

"Oh, please, honey..." Roscoe pled.

And the session went on. Well, I guess it wasn't a session, not yet. More of an introduction, a 'get to know each other' meeting. But it did lead to further counseling for Roscoe. And, I have to laugh, DICK made it clear that he was interested in pursuing Roscoe's aversion to transitioning.

An hour later we were driving home. It was Friday, and I had decided to skip the afternoon. I wanted to keep an eye on Roscoe, and it was well I did.

We were talking about therapy, making the effort to be honest (at least he was) with each other, and when we pulled up in front of the house I was surprised by the presence of a Van with the Logo on the side, 'ACME Home Security,' with a picture of a Mad magazine spy looking

through a magnifying glass.

“What’s this?”

Roscoe got all smug. “You have your ways, and I have mine. I’m going to get to the bottom of these phantom changes. I’m having extra security installed, and cameras in our bedroom.”

“Cameras in our bedroom?” I parroted, showing slight irritation. What if I don’t want to be filmed in ‘our bedroom?’”

“Now, honey, I have to get to the bottom of this. Besides, the only one to have access to the security camera will be me.”

I thought about it, then: “Well, okay. I guess. I mean—“

“You do want to find out the truth, don’t you? I mean somebody has been breaking in and... and cross dressing me.”

“Still holding on to that, after all the doctor said.”

“I have to. I can’t believe that I am actually a cross dresser.”

“Well, honey,” I gave in. “If that’s what it takes, then that’s what it takes.”

“And we can start making love again.”

“Not until Doctor D...Doctor Schliesinger says you’ve made progress.”

“And if the security camera shows that I’m innocent.”

“Then I’ll fuck your brains out.”

He sat back in the passenger seat and smiled. And I knew he had a huge boner. Somewhere below his bra. Heh.

CHAPTER TEN

“Here’s the control box. Pretty simple. Each disk goes for 8 hours.” The ACME system installer explained the set up to Roscoe. I listened from inside my closet. I had expressed no interest in the security system, and it was up to Roscoe to change the disks and check them. Which was fine with me.

After a few minutes, the technician checking Roscoe’s understanding, the installer left.

“Got it all figured out?” I asked as I exited the walk in closet. I had opted for a summer dress that showed off my figure, especially my boobs. Roscoe was most definitely a boob man, and he would be drooling and dripping as I teased him mercilessly.

“Not a prob, woo!” he wolfed me, eyed me up and down, and the bulge began in his pants.

“The the nice, friendly cam man didn’t even blink at your boobies.”

He frowned. “No. Besides, you don’t fuck with people who pay you.”

That was true. I had learned that in the few short days I had been boss of Amazing Studios.

“So what now?”

He grabbed me and kissed me. He felt my breasts, and I felt his breasts, then I pushed him away with a look of disgust.

“Come on, honey, it’s me!”

“And I’m me. And I’m not partial to lesbians.”

So we went down to dinner, and spent a quiet night indoors, and went to bed, and the following morning Roscoe was up early. He opened the control box and took out the disk. He ran to his office and slid the disk into the computer.

“Ah ha!” Roscoe crowed 15 minutes later, coming back into the room with the disk. “Nothing. Guess I’ll be canceling those stupid psychiatrist appointments!”

“We’ll see,” I said. Then, making myself appear magnanimous, “I hope so.” “Pause. “Because my vagina is severely in need of a semen injection.”

Roscoe’s eyes got a funny look, and his pants bulged yet again. There was nothing for him, however. Not yet. So he reloaded the disk and went on about his business.

And I went on about mine.

A spinning class today, then a trip to Marsha and Charley, and then a busy day at the Studios.

That night I did nothing again. Roscoe’s next appointment with Dr. DICK was the middle of next week, and I had the feeling that I should wait. If he stopped cross dressing then he would probably cancel the appointment with DICK. But if he had an ‘episode’ a couple of days before he was due to see the doctor...he would be in a fine and accepting frame of mind for anything the good, doctor might tell him.

On Saturday night I was unusually amorous. Heck, I should be, I was horny. I plied Roscoe with a couple of drinks, chewed on his lips and gave him a blow job. Not to completion, of

course, but when I was done he would be hard the rest of the night.

Bedtime came and I yawned and stated how tired I was.

“Is tonight the night, babe?” he asked, leering at me. He was so horny his hand was actually in his pants and fondling his staff.

“Not unless you’ve lost the boobs.”

He hadn’t, but it looked like the glue was getting looser. In a couple of days they would probably fall off. New skin grows, old skin sloughs off, and so do large man boobies. All of which meant that I should hurry up my little scheme.

Roscoe grouched, but he wasn’t too unhappy. Yes, he was horny, but he also saw light at the end of the tunnel. Those boobs were going to leave him, and he would finally get laid.

So he said good night, and we cuddled, and then, last minute, he got up to take his sleeping pill. Lord knows he needed one. If he didn’t take his sleeping pill his boner would keep him up all night. What he didn’t know was that I had replaced the bottle of sleeping pills with my bottle of Rohypnol pills.

Five minutes after he took the pill he started to snore. Laying next to him, I shook him and said, “Roscoe.”

He opened his eyes.

“It’s time for you to get dressed.”

He got up, followed my directions, and began to dress himself. I, of course, lay on my side in bed, safe from the view of the camera.

“Put on your panties.” He did so.

“Put on a garter belt.” He did so.

Put on your nylons.” He did so.

And through the garments we went, until he was looking good. Then I had him do his make up.

“Be careful, Roscoe. Do a good job...Spread the mascara evenly...keep lipstick within the lines.”

It took a while. I had him move slowly. But finally everything was done to a T. He was good looking with his big boobs, his shiny legs, and high heels, and I had him dance around in the area at the foot of the bed.

The camera, of course, caught it all.

Finally, I had him get back into bed. Fully dressed up and made up.

I almost laughed aloud as he began to snore.

And, then, overcome by my power and cleverness, I reached down to my juncture. Oh, God! Was I wet! I quickly inserted a couple of fingers and pulled myself to a sharp, hard orgasm. Then, feeling satisfied, and even righteous, I went to sleep.

“Oh, fuck!” Roscoe sat in bed and inspected himself.

I rolled over, sat up, and opened my eyes wide.

Suddenly Roscoe jumped out of bed and ran for the control box. In mere seconds he was powering up his computer and shoving the disk in. I came in and stood behind him as he

inspected the video.

On the screen we kissed good night, climbed into bed, and then Roscoe got up to take his pill.

“Come on, come on,” muttered Roscoe feverishly.

I placed a hand on his shoulder and squeezed gently.

Five minutes into the video he suddenly got out of bed. We watched, him in horror, me in fake horror, as he put on panties, garter, nylons, and so on, and finally made up his face.

When the video reached the point where he got back into bed we watched in silence for a few minutes. When nothing was happening he began speeding up the video. I watched as we slumbered through the night. Finally, the disk ended, and so did Roscoe’s hopes.

He sat here, in front of his computer, his head down and tears dripping on his nylons.

“I don’t understand,” he whispered. “I don’t understand.”

“At least we know,” I consoled him.

“Yes. We know I’m a sissy. A pantywaist. A cross dresser.”

“Stop that,” I said. “We only know that you’re going through some tough times. We’ll figure it out.”

He ejected the disk and walked back to the control box. He started to put the disk in, then stopped, then, with one mighty swing, he pounded on the box with his fist and knocked it off the wall.

“It’s okay,” I rushed to him, hugged him. “It’s okay.”

He was openly crying now. “But I’m not! I’m not!”

“Yes, you are. Everything will be all right. I’m with you.”

I looked down at the smashed control box. Just as well. I didn’t want to work around that stupid thing.

“Roscoe,” I said softly. “I want you to promise me something.”

“What,” he asked miserably.

“I want you to promise to see the doctor again, and to follow his advice.”

“Follow his advice,” he repeated disconsolately. “Yeah. Follow his advice.” Then he looked up at me. “But what else can I do?”

I swear, at that moment I almost felt sorry for him. He was sobbing openly. His expression was pure misery. Hopelessness was in his eyes.

But, I decided not to. And here is the curious thing. A couple of months before I would have caved in. Stopped the joke. Told him the truth. But now, running Amazing Studios, feeling the daily rush of power, power so immense it made me so wet I thought I would leave splatter marks on the floor, I didn’t.

I admitted to myself. I was built for power. Power was the real rush, the real sex.

So Roscoe was doomed to suffer through to the end of my joke. And maybe even longer. We would see.

I went to work a couple of hours later, and it was a mark of how shattered Roscoe was that he didn’t even try to get rid of his make up. He attended breakfast in full drag. He didn’t even look up when Juanita gasped in surprise. He just ate a few bites of his favorite omelette, then pushed it

away. He nibbled at a slice of watermelon, then put it down. Then he just sat at the table, head down and lost in his own thoughts.

Juanita sent me a concerned stare, but I nodded my head. It was all right. It was part of the plan.

Though, to tell the truth, I didn't know I was going to dig this deep into Roscoe.

Later, in the kitchen, Roscoe upstairs and finally removing make up and changing his flimsy under things, I talked to Juanita.

"Are you sure hee is all right?"

"Perfectly, Juanita. He is going to be sad, and emotional. The pills will make him this way. but don't worry. He's a strong man, and he'll get through it.

Juanita nodded, and bit her lip.

"Did you know I will be giving the Christmas bonuses this year?"

"No."

"Yes. And if we pull this off, would \$10,000 be okay?"

Her eyes widened.

"Oh, Madre Dios!" she took my hand and actually kissed it. "My brother, I can finally get him out of jail!"

"Your brother is in jail? Where?"

"Apodaca prison. Eet is a terrible place! And hee is always such a good boy!"

So her brother was in prison. Excellent. I could use that to keep her on the plan, and maybe even see to getting him released through Mexican contacts Amazing Studios had.

That day Roscoe's tits fell off. One left at two in the afternoon, while he was in the pool, just floated away, and the other one left that night, during dinner. Right in the middle of dinner it fell into his soup. I almost laughed.

He laughed with glee. Finally! Rid of the mark of femininity! Of course he was still on video, but I could see it in his mind. 'Maybe getting rid of the boobs will help me get rid of the desire to cross dress.'

Nope.

I made excuses as to fucking that night, and managed to put him off. I promised him a super fuck the following morning, when I wasn't tired, and he bought it.

And that night I gave him commands, and I had him come up with another pair of fake boobs, and really slather the super glue on. Then, of course, underwear, including a corset I had just purchased, and make up. When I woke up in the morning it was to his sobs. He sat on the edge of the bed, his face in his hands.

"I don't understand! What is happening? What am I going to do?"

I sat next to him, took his head and held it to my breasts. I held him tight. "Shhh. It's gonna be okay. Just tell the doctor."

He nodded and sniffled some more.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

I went with him to the Doctor. He didn't want me to, he was embarrassed enough at having to talk about things like dressing up as a woman, transitioning, and how his dick seemed to be getting softer.

Of course it was getting softer. He was taking a ton of hormones. I thought his nipples might even be getting a little puffier. They were certainly standing up more.

We walked in to Dr. Schliesinger's office and he raised his eyebrows at me. "I hadn't planned on couple's therapy at this time."

"I'll leave, but first we have something to tell you."

"Oh?" He sat back and clasped his hands. Very professional. I swear, he reminded me of Sigmund Freud.

"Yes." To Roscoe: "You want to tell him?"

Roscoe was embarrassed. Hell, he was humiliated. He hung his head and mumbled, "Go ahead."

"First, before we begin, are you angry?" The good Doctor asked me.

"Well, uh..."

"Please be honest."

"I don't know angry. Maybe irritated."

"She's pissed off."

"Shut up," I snarled.

"Angry," DICK gave a wan smile.

I looked away for a moment, then back to him. "Okay. So I'm angry."

"Excellent. Now, tell me why you're angry."

"Because last night I woke up and Roscoe wasn't there. I know he sleepwalks and gets all dressed up, but I figured he stayed in our room, but he wasn't there. So I went looking for him. I was worried! Something might have happened. There might have even been intruders!"

I was acting perfectly irrational. Angry, not logical, trying to make it Roscoe's fault.

"And what happened?"

"I found him," I jerked a thumb at Roscoe, "In a room we keep for storage. We keep everything there, paintings, old scripts, whatever."

"And what did you find?" the good doctor prompted.

"His clothes. They were in a big box. Lots of clothes, underwear, shoes, everything. He's been buying women's clothes for months, and I caught him. And I took a picture. Here it is!"

I held up my iphone. There was Roscoe, half turned, dressed in lingerie, boobs on his chest, make up, and half bent over a box and lifting a garment, it looked like a dress, out of the box.

DICK stared at it, nodded, then sat back and said, "Hmm."

“Is that all you’ve got to say? Hmmm?”

He gave a very wan smile and said, “Do you remember when I told your husband that he was going to have to go through some very unwanted emotions? And that he must accept them, and go through them? That the only way through them was exactly that, to go through them?”

“Yes,” I pouted.

“I repeat the same to you. You are going to be going through unwanted emotions, and you are going to have to deal with them.”

“But I...I don’t think you understand...I...” He let me sputter for a while, then he simply held up a hand.

“Sandy. Mrs. Tannenbaum.” He spoke officiously, importantly, and he cut through to the heart of me. “I’m going to ask you a question. You are not going to like it. But before I ask it, I need your promise that you won’t walk out.”

“You’re going to make me angry?” I asked defiantly.

Roscoe watched the interchange between Dr. Schleisinger and I with wide eyes. He had seen me angry, but he had never seen me so vindictive and unreasoning. What he didn’t know was that it was all scripted. DICK and I had worked out the lines and this was the pay off. I had carefully built his horniness, and at the same time built more and more of my own anger, and made a show of repressing it, and now it was time for the money shot.

“I’m not going to walk out,” I snapped.

“Not good enough,” noted the doctor. “I need you to calm yourself way down. Right now. I need you to take deep breaths, and prepare yourself.”

I made a show of calming myself, but obviously without calming myself.

“More,” suggested DICK.

I took 15 minutes to relax. I watched DICK, who was watching Roscoe, for the cue that he was ready. Finally, Roscoe was ready.

And, I have to say, Roscoe was absolutely riveted. He was frozen in place. Hormones were starting to effect him emotionally, and he had lost that power player bravado that he was so famous for. Now he was just a fly on the wall, and an atom bomb was exploding right in front of him.

“Okay,” I finally said. “What’s your question?”

“What right do you have to be angry with Roscoe?”

Roscoe actually took in a gasp of breath. This was asking an insane person why he was insane. Or, to be more precise, since I had shown Roscoe sides of me that he had never suspected existed, it was like asking a serial killer why he was sharpening that ax.

I stood up. I took in breath to scream. I clamped my mouth shut. I actually turned purple.

DICK, God he was perfect, sat back and watched me.

I turned to Roscoe, and he actually backed up on the sofa.

I started for the door. I swatted a lamp off a table on the way. I put my hand on the knob and turned...and stopped. And I began to cry.

Roscoe started to get up, to speak. but DICK forestalled him. “Roscoe. Sit down. Let Sandy deal with it.”

I stood at that door and cried.

Now, I have to be honest, I have always thought it was easy to cry on screen. I had been on set and seen actors and actresses turn on the waterworks, and they made it look easy. Even going from the heights of rage to the depths of sobbing, those pros made it look easy.

And, it was easy. And it was the hardest thing I had ever done. You have to purge yourself of normal feelings, go into a bad place, and just...cry.

So I stood at the door for a long time, just crying, then I let go of the door knob and threw myself at Roscoe.

He backed up in startlement, but I wasn't going to let him go. I bear hugged him, and kept crying, and he suddenly realized I wasn't going to beat the shit out of him, that I was emotionally wrought, had gone through the wringer, and was finally making a break through.

He relaxed, and hugged me back.

Funny thing, with all the emotion in the room, I could feel his fake breasts pressed against me. And...I hate to admit it...they made me feel warm.

Now here was something I hadn't expected. Power made me slick between the thighs. So wet I was afraid I'd drip and slip and slide while I was walking. But this wasn't power. This was feeling breasts, as if on another woman. But it wasn't a woman, it was my husband. With breasts. Making me horny. WTF?

So I cried for a while, and hugged poor, shell shocked Roscoe, then I sat up, DICK handed me some tissues and I dried my eyes, and I gave a short bark of laughter. Then we all sat there.

I said. "Sorry."

"Sometimes it feels wrong to be honest, especially the first time."

"Jesus," I said. I looked at Roscoe. He looked at me, and there was something terribly puppy dog in his look. I realized that he loved me. Isn't that weird? We were...I was...putting him through the biggest practical joke of all time, and my tears were turning real, unwanted emotions were cropping up, and I was actually having profound realizations.

"So," I asked. "What now?"

"Now I have some homework for you to do."

"Homework," I laughed, almost bitterly.

"What kind of homework?" asked Roscoe.

I took his hand and held it. I looked at him, and I could see him melt. After being denied and hornicized for weeks, I was giving him the gold. And the best was yet to come. But he wasn't going to like it, even if he loved it.

"Well, one of the things we have noted, in psychiatry, is that people spend way too much time resisting. In fact, many authorities have noted that if one took away resistance to a problem, the problem collapses."

"That makes sense," said Roscoe, having no idea what was about to fall on his head.

"So the next time you wake up dressed as a woman, I want you to remain that way."

Roscoe sat up. "What?"

"You tell me you're not working much these days, just sitting around the house. So I want you to accept the experience you're causing yourself. I want you to accept being dressed as a

woman.

“And you, Sandy, can help him.”

“Me?”

“Yes. First, I want to tell you that you have done wonderful today. I really feel you’ve made a breakthrough. But what comes next is harder. I need you to put that breakthrough to work. When your husband wakes up dressed, I want you to help him. Make sure he is wearing his clothes properly, teach him what he needs to know to make his make up perfect, even work with him on developing female mannerisms. How to sit without showing too much leg. How to get in a car. You can even take long drives, stop and park and watch other women. Give Roscoe a real education, help him stop resisting.”

“And you think this will help Roscoe stop dressing like a woman?”

“I think this will help Roscoe come to grips with what is happening to him.”

We talked right over Roscoe, deliberately, letting him come to grips with his ‘assignment.’

“But what if I don’t want to do it?” he suddenly blurted.

“Then you don’t want to do it. Can you handle your aversion to this homework? Do you want to find a solution for what is happening to you?”

“Roscoe,” he looked at me, “he just asked me a question, and it worked. I have never felt so much emotion, and, now that’s it’s over, so much freedom. Maybe you should trust him on this.”

“But I...dress like a woman? On purpose?”

“But you already do,” I said. “And then you get upset about it. But after upset is...a peaceful feeling.”

He stared at me.

“Look, Roscoe, if this is what you need to do to get over whatever you’re going through. I’ll help.”

He looked at DICK, at me, he looked down. He was having a hard time.

“Juanita already sees you. I see you. We can handle this easily, only talk to people who we know will be understanding.”

“But, I don’t know.”

I knew this was going to be a sticking point with Roscoe, and I was prepared. Time to pull out the big gun. Time for DICK to do his magic.

He cleared his throat and we looked at him.

“While Roscoe is thinking this over, I want to stress something to you, Sandy.”

“What?” I furrowed my brow.

“I can tell...let me put this delicately...you have not been making love to your husband.”

Roscoe jerked his head up.

“How do you know that?” I asked.

Well, he knew it because I had told him. But he said, “I’m practiced in clinical observations.”

“Okay,” I said defiantly. “So we haven’t been doing the dirty. So what?”

“Have you ever considered that this is exacerbating Roscoe’s problem?”

“You’re going to blame his cross dressing on me?”

He shook his head. “Not at all. Roscoe is responsible for himself, but whatever he is going

through, withholding sex from him is not helping.”

“But...but he looks like a woman.”

DICK cocked his head in a ‘so what’ motion. “But you know who he is.”

“Yeah, but...”

And Dr. Schliesinger pulled a little extra something out of his hat. “Go on the net, watch some female on female porn if you need to, until you’re comfortable with it. Drink a little wine. Stop looking at him like a pervert. He’s just a guy with a problem. For better or worse, you need to help him through his problems.

“Jesus,” I said. I looked at Roscoe, and he looked at me. Oh, the delight hidden in his eyes. He had been teased and denied, and now he was finally seeing the light at the end of the tunnel... if he dressed like a woman.

He started to speak, “I—“

“Roscoe,” interrupted DICK. “This is one of those times you need to be silent, to let your wife come to grips with herself.”

Roscoe nodded. And he was horny. And he was going to get to squirt his brains out...if he accepted himself as a woman.

Heh. Heh. Heh.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Roscoe was a different man after our appointment with Dr. Schleisinger. He was happy, he was whistling, he was going to get laid.

Heck, I was looking forward to getting laid, too. I guess I was happy, too. Of course, I was happier because I felt so damned powerful, and sexy. And powerful.

We arrived in the garage and Roscoe hopped out and ran into the house. I honked the horn and he came back to the kitchen door and looked at me.

“Where are you going in such a hurry?”

“Well, uh, I thought we were going to...”

I gave him a rueful smile.

“We screw when I want to screw. And if I’m going to have to screw you as a woman, then I want you fully made up.”

Oh, he was a sight. The highs and lows. Happier than a virgin in a whore house, and now sadder than a nun in a whorehouse.

“But...we don’t have to wait...I mean...”

I got out of the car and closed the door. Now, I have told you that I am good looking, and I am. And, when I want to knock a few eyeballs out, I just turn up the wattage, strike a pose, walk the walk. And I did all that, striding right past poor Roscoe.

I passed him in the doorway, my skin brushing his, and I could smell the hard on in his pants. He turned and followed me like a puppy dog.

“But, I can...I can get all dressed up for you!”

Heh. I now had my husband offering to dress like a girl to please me. Men. Aren’t they silly? And easy?

“Oh, no. This is not just to get our jollies. This is you going to sleep and waking up all dolled up. When you do that, then I know we’re addressing your problem.”

Oh, the terrible irony of it all. The thing he wanted least, to wake up as a girl, he now had to do to be a man. Have I told you that, not only am I good looking...I’m devious?

So the day passed. I went to work, and Roscoe sat around, new boobies on his chest, and contemplated his hard on.

While I made million dollar deals, and got wet while powerful men worshiped at my feet, he looked at a clock and prayed for time to go faster.

While I drove the Bentley through traffic, the envy of girls driving Miatas, and the focus of studly young men with hard dicks, he roamed through the house, fingered his underwear and wished.

And, speaking of his underwear, now that cat was out of the box, he took all the things in his hidden box and arranged them in his closet.

I arrived home at 5:30. God. I was horny. I had the world at my feet, and it felt like everybody in the world was sucking my toes.

I entered the kitchen, took a frosty beer from frig, and walked into the pool.

Like a flash Roscoe was with me. I did laps, and he tried to stay with me, but, interesting thing, he couldn't keep up.

"That's funny," he said. "I must be out of shape."

"Better get a personal trainer, Lulu," I laughed.

"Lulu?" he queried me with worried brows.

"Fits you better."

He frowned, and blinked, and got out of the pool, and for a moment he just stood there. A man with a little more heft on his ass, with softer muscles, who couldn't keep up with his power wife.

I giggled. The hormones were working. And well. And fast.

"Roscoe," I said. "Go get a beer and get your butt over here."

He turned, and I was laughing. Poor man, so damned horny nothing was funny anymore. He hurried into the kitchen, returned with a frosty, and re-entered the pool.

We sat on the shallow end steps then, and enjoyed the light, warm, LA breeze. I mentioned that the Santa Anas were coming. He asked me how work was. And we chatted amiably. At least as amiably as a power woman and horny man can.

The mood being pleasant, I turned and kissed him.

Roscoe always was a good kisser, and he kissed me good, but there was something different about him now. Up close, feeling his face, our lips pressed together, I knew what it was. His face was different. The fat under his skin was readjusting, shifting, become more female.

And, again, I was assailed by a high degree of warmth and wet down there. Jesus. Maybe I really did like women?

And then I thought: I'm working as a man, pushing men around. I am the power exchange, the power dynamic, and being dominant, maybe I did want somebody submissive. Maybe that was all it was.

"Give me a body rub," I whispered.

"All the way?" asked Roscoe, as I laid down on one of the lounge chairs.

"Happy ending, baby."

He began rubbing me, softly, soft like a woman, not hard like a man. He brushed his fingertips over my flesh, he palmed my buns, he used his elbows up and down my back.

I was in heaven. I began breathing deep.

"Turn over," his voice was husky. A higher pitch, but still husky.

I did, and he began working on my front. He used his fingers and his palms and his thumbs. He gripped my flesh and soothed it, even as he heated it up. He worked on my breasts. He sculpted them with his hands. He stroked the nipples which were now standing up like good soldiers. Then he suckled. Oh, God, it felt good, to just lay there and be the victim of pleasure. He tongued those nips, pulled them out with his teeth, swirled them with his tongue.

"Ah, God," I whispered. I could feel the heat building in my groin. My whole body felt like it

had been spun dry, and he reached between my legs.

“If you want my tongue down there, spread.”

I didn't spread. He sighed. He equated spread legs, even for just the tongue, as an invitation to his dick.

He used his fingers and tickled my asshole, then he inserted them between my legs and felt my slit. He slid his fingers up and down, tickled the clitoris, moved the labs to the side and finally inserted.

“Unnn!” I grunted, and I wiggled my butt.

He began to work me then. In and out, hooking his fingers and searching for the G spot.

The G spot is an interesting thing. Some women find it, some women don't. Some women like it, some women actually don't. I was one of the ones that liked it.

When he first slithered his fingertip over that spot I lurched, and he knew he had hit the bull's-eye. He began to rub, lightly, back and forth. His other hand worked on my breasts. One tit, then the other. Circling, squeezing, holding, pulling the nipples.

His mouth attached to one nipple, and his hand worked the other. I arched my back and made a very primordial sound. He redoubled his efforts.

He rubbed, pulled, sucked, and worked it, and I felt the warmth assail me. I felt like I was being immersed in a warm ocean, and the waves were sloshing back and forth over me, and then one particular wave slapped me in the groin.

“AH!” I yelped.

Another spasm.

Another.

My body jerked up and down, and then it hit, full orgasm. I opened my eyes, and they rolled back in my head.

My groin burst into a forest fire.

I lost control and stayed in that suspended position, over the body, consumed by the body, reminded that I was immortal, that there was a God, and that sin was good.

Then it was over. I was breathless, and happy, and at peace with the world. I had been shown the meaning of life.

“Well,” I sighed, sitting up. “That was excellent.” In spite of the fact that I had just been given a tremendous and wonderful orgasm, I treated it like it was just another orgasm. I treated him like the servant who had done a good job and was complimented for it.

“Uh,” he said, as I stood up.

I looked down at him. He looked so pathetic, sitting there on the edge of the lounge chair, his dick standing up and begging to be noticed.

I leaned down and kissed him.

He kissed me back hungrily, actually gulping in the middle of the kiss. He was so horny that that kiss must have felt like somebody stuck a piece of dynamite up his ass.

I straightened up and smiled down at him, then I frowned. “Say, is your dick smaller?”

He looked down between his legs, panicky and emasculated. “What? What?” He actually took hold of his cock and held it out.

Funny thing, it did look smaller. Just barely, but, yes, smaller.

“Better use it before you lose it,” and I strutted away. I could feel his eyes on my ass, my hourglass shape, and when I turned into the house he lusted hungrily after my breasts.

“Toodles, dear,” and I blew him a kiss and went upstairs.

All that evening he followed me around. I would sit and watch TV, and he would come in and rub my back. I would go to the bathroom, and he would find something to do in his closet. I would read a book, and he would select a script and sit down near me.

His eyes followed me.

Hell, his dick followed me. It was like a pointer dog, and I was the prey. Except that I wasn't the prey, I was the hunter. He just didn't know it.

Then we went to bed. I slept the deep sleep. He took the pills and hoped he would wake up dressed like a woman.

I woke up, stretched, and prepared for my day. He woke up and groaned. One more day without being turned into a sissy crossdresser. Poor boy.

And I did the same thing, day after day. And it only got better. Every day he lingered over me, anticipated my wishes, and prayed that he would wake up changed.

How delicious: I thought. Why didn't I do this before? I was getting endless back rubs, gorgeous orgasms, and the attention that a truly beautiful and powerful woman deserved.

“I don't understand it,” he whined one night. “First I can't stop changing...now I can't start changing.”

“It's like the D...Doctor said,” I had almost said ‘the DICK said, “now that you're no longer resisting...”

He looked at me hopefully. “Does that mean I'm cured?”

“Oh, I doubt it.” He looked crushed. “Well, maybe,” he brightened up. “But why did you want to change into a woman in the first place?” He looked like he was about to sob.

Finally, however, all good things must come to an end. As much as I enjoyed being the Queen of the May, I knew I had to move to the next step in the plan, which meant I had to bring this step to a close. And it was going to close with a bang. But not with the Bang that Roscoe wanted.

I woke up and lay there for a moment. I knew the tsunami was about to hit. I had given Roscoe Rohypnol the night before. And he lay next to me, fully made up, sleeping in a flimsy and oh so sexy night gown. Any second he was going to wake up and lay waste to my beautiful body. And, I have to say it, I looked forward to it. I hadn't been laid in a couple of months. Roscoe's penis was looking a little wilted, and I wanted to take advantage of it before it did the final shrink.

I lay there and let the sun warm the room. I smiled. I moved a bit to jiggle the bed, and Roscoe woke up.

“Oh, my God!” he blurted. He stood up and looked at himself. He looked in the mirror. He was a woman! He had red lips, big tits, and was wearing a woman's clothes.

“Sandy!” he said excitedly, turning to me. “Sandy!”

I opened my eyes, then let them widen. “Oh, my God!” I played a careful game between

delighted and horrified.

“You know what that means?”

I gulped and nodded.

“Okay...okay!”

“Let’s take this easy,” I said nervously. “I haven’t had a good fucking in a while, and I might be dry.

Dry, hell. I was wetter than Moby Dick taking a bath in motor oil!

“Okay...okay.” He stuttered. I realized he was nervous. He was like a school kid about to lose his virginity.

“Okay,” I said. “Let me get back a little. I’ll spread my legs, and you...you...”

He nodded, overwhelmed by excitement. He crawled over me, and he tried to do a little foreplay, but failed miserably. He was just too excited, couldn't hold himself back. That was okay. I had just had a week of orgasms.

He crouched between my legs, a man made up like a woman, and I placed a hand on his chest and acted all weird.

“Oh, gosh.” I stared at him with frightened eyes.

“It’s okay,” he bumbled. His stiffie was right at the portal, aiming into heaven, and he began to push forward.

“Ooh,” he sighed, feeling the warmth of my pussy for the first time in months.

And then he squirted.

Oh, the look of mortification on his face. He was so mortified I was afraid I would laugh.

“I...I couldn’t help...”

“It’s okay,” I said, and I kissed him, and here is where it got weird.

I wanted a good fucking. I was horny. He wanted to give me a good fuck, but he was too horny. But, the odd thing, the fact that he had squirted too soon made me even hotter.

Jesus! I had made him squirt that fast! That was power! Sure, it was because I had prepped him. But still....

And the plan had been this: give him a big smasher of an O, and make him equate great sex with being a woman. But the plan had backfired on me. He got a little one, and I fell more and more in love with making love with a woman. I gotta tell you, he was hot! His big breasts, his softer flesh, even his lips felt plumper. And all made up, And, weird on weird, I actually had a little orgasm. Just a little humper, all by itself, and just from feeling my power over him, and seeing the woman I had made him.

I quickly disguised the orgasm.

“Are you all right?”

“Cramp,” I said.

“I’m sorry,” he cried, getting all emotional, like a woman with hormones should.

“It’s okay,” I hugged him and patted his back.

“But I really wanted to make it special.”

“I know, I know.”

So we laid there for a long five minutes, him sobbing, and me wanting to scratch my pussy

and get that little humper to turn into a big humper.

And I thought: it's okay. I'll pump him up again. I'll get him to orgasm big. It's going to work.

What I didn't know was that the drugs were changing him faster and faster. His dick wasn't going to grow, and his orgasms were going to remain quick and fast, and then....not at all.

My plans were working too well.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Summer summed and fall fell. Trees lost leaves, the temperature went down maybe 10 degrees, and life went on.

Through that fall Roscoe's dick shrunk. It was no longer the big, powerful manic machine. It was more of a polite, little washer lady. It was not as long, maybe six inches instead of eight, and it was not as large around, nor was it as hard. It was just sort of...squooshy.

And I tutored him on being a woman. We bought clothes, I showed him make up tricks, and he sashayed around the house, getting more and more comfortable in his new body.

And it was a new body.

His hips rounded and his waist shrunk. His face narrowed and his lips plumped. With corset and make up he began to look more and more like a sexy woman. He was walking with a sway, at home in high heels, and he was even giggling like a girl.

Giggling. No more the raucous laughter at the stupid practical joke. Now the subtle giggle as he noted the faux pas.

Oddly, I never thought he would change like this. I figured he would be a clunky guy in ugly dresses. A flat-chested bozo with a cigar in his mouth and a dick bulging in his dress.

God, was I wrong.

He was good looking.

And, I have to admit it, I was enjoying fucking him.

No, he didn't have much in the tool department, and he was getting softer and softer. In fact, he had been so soft a couple of times he couldn't do it.

But that was okay with me. I used his lips, and he learned how to lick me to quite thunderous big Os.

And I liked holding him, feeling his breasts, suckling his tits, now real tits, and playing with his little manhood. I felt like a Hollywood power player. I felt as powerful as any man. In fact, more powerful. I not only had a bitch down there sucking on me, I could destroy her vagina with my big penis any time I wanted.

That's right, our idea of what sex should be was changing. I had a penis. Of sorts.

I remember the first time it happened. The memory is imprinted in my mind and will be with me always.

It was Halloween. I had been trying to get Roscoe to go out, to walk through stores with me, but he was pretty resistant. Not even Dr. Shleisinger could get him out and about.

But during Halloween everybody is in costume. Perfect. And our costumes were nothing more than man and woman.

I wore his clothes, a svelte formal suite he used for the Oscars. He must have figured that he was never going to go to the Oscars again, so he told me to wear it.

He wore my wedding dress. That's right, he had slimmed down, and rounded out, and with a little extra pull on the corset he could fit in my wedding dress.

And, here is the bonus, his breasts had grown naturally enough so that we let the glue elapse and the fakes fall off. He not only wore my dress, but he made it look good with his own real and natural boobs.

As we dressed, the sky outside growing darker, we chit chatted happily. We talked about this and that, discussed how to wear our clothes, and even if we talked about studio stuff, Oscar was gentle and considerate. No longer the bluff bully pushing people around, now he was the considerate fellow who wanted to know what people thought before he put forth his own opinion.

We giggled as we left the house, him safe in the anonymity of darkness and 'costume.' There weren't many houses in our gated community, but there were a few kids, and all the parents came out, so we mingled and chatted and the night turned into a dream.

I was wearing high heels under long pants, and under my shirt I wore a gynecomastia shirt, which is a restrictive garment designed to hide breasts on men. My large breasts were restricted and well hidden inside his slightly large formal jacket. I had glued a mustache on, and I was taller and appeared slightly larger than Roscoe. He wore Mary Janes and his breasts showed and he held my hand and followed my lead.

We met with neighbors and talked about this and that, and, a bit of jealousy here, Roscoe was actually getting more compliments than me. Everybody gushed over how beautiful he was, and he just swelled with delight. Big, rough, tough Roscoe, a man's man, outdoing one of the most beautiful women on earth. Of course I was jealous.

But, I was also magnanimous. After all, I was both man and woman. the woman was jealous, and the man was proud of his beautiful squeeze. So I squired Roscoe around the neighborhood, and, in spite of jealousy, showed him...her, off.

The darkness grew and children were sent home. A couple of bottles made their appearance. We stood in a small group, maybe ten of us, and passed the bottles around. It was dark, it was intimate, and when Roscoe passed a bottle of champagne to me I wondered how much of his lipstick was on it. I giggled, very unmanly, it was like kissing him by remote. Kissing her.

Then, slightly gassed, we said our good bys and meandered on home.

"That was lovely," murmured Roscoe.

"You aint' seen nothing yet," I leered.

He looked at me.

"I've been saving a little present for you."

At first he didn't understand, then he turned to me. We were face to face, breathing each other's breath, and he felt between my legs.

"Oh," he gulped.

I was wearing a strap on.

"Do you think you are ready?"

He was slow in answering, but then he nodded.

"Say it," I said.

“I’m ready.”

“Say you’re ready for my big dick.”

“I’m ready for your big dick.”

But I knew his heart was racing.

We had talked about this in Dr. Schleisinger’s office. We had talked about the ultimate power exchange, and how Roscoe wouldn’t be complete until he had been taken, used like a woman, actually penetrated.

We walked silently up our drive. I held his hand and led him. It was obvious that I was the dominant one in our relationship.

I went up the stairs, and he followed me docilely, and I knew his mind was buzzing like a bee.

He was about to be deflowered. He was about to lose his virginity. No longer a simple finger or two up his rear, tickling his fancy, but a real live (almost) dick, powered by hungry hips, driven by a power hungry ego.

We entered the bedroom and began undressing. I hung up his formal suit neatly, made sure the creases were right. I left the compression shirt on. I wore boxers with the strap on straps hidden underneath, and my penis jutting out the fly.

He very carefully put my wedding dress away. I think he realized that, in a way, it was also his wedding dress. He was about to be consummated.

He sat on the edge of the bed.

“Go fix your make up,” I said.

He quickly went to the make up table and repaired himself.

“Do your lips well.”

“I will,” he answered breathlessly, then he picked up a tube of red and applied it thickly and correctly.

“Go sit on the bed.”

He did.

I went and stood in front of him. I looked down at him. He looked up at me.

I was stern. My hair greased back so it looked manly. I had no make up on. My chest was flat and hard.

But my pussy was dripping. It was wetter than Niagra Falls after a deluge.

I was going to take him, make him my bitch, turn him totally and irrevocably into a woman.

I was going to have the power. This was the final act, the consummation. After this I wouldn’t be his...he would be mine.

His eyes were frightened, yet...hungry. He wanted this. From a life of being a bully boy, of pushing people around and picking on them, he had learned the truth. It’s better to receive than to give. He was about to receive.

I looked at his crotch. His penis was upright, as hard as it could get, which wasn’t much. Yet, I could see a droplet forming on the end.

I pushed him back, and he fell back easily. He stared up at me, dewy, apprehensive eyes. Red lips, heaving bosom.

“On all fours,” I commanded, and there was a sternness in my voice I hadn’t heard before.

He scrambled to obey, and his ass presented. It was round, soft, and under his little, brown star his dingleberries hung. And his little peeny.

I had the penis now. And he had the vagina.

I took a jar of lubricant from the side table and slathered him thickly. I pushed gobs into his hole. I reamed his rectum with my fingers, and he kept lurching and lurching. He was breathing heavily. I wondered about the look on his face. But I didn’t really want to see it. The first time I was going to be gentle. I was going to pop his cherry smooth and easy, and cause lots of pleasure. Some other time, when he was broken in, I would pound him until he broke and cried. But right now I just wanted him to want it. I wanted him to love it. I wanted him to feel what it felt like to really be a woman.

“Oh, God,” he muttered, as I placed the tip of my peter squarely onto his asshole.

“God is a woman,” I said, and I began to shove into him.

Though I had prepared him, finger banged him, and then even got half my fist into him, he still resisted. The last bit of manhood, I suppose.

“Don’t resist. Accept it.”

Dutifully, he tried to relax. I held my position and gave him time. Finally, I could feel his rectum relaxing, accepting, and I pushed an inch into him.

He gasped. His legs trembled and his thighs were actually shivering.

“Okay,” he said. “Okay.”

Another inch.

He was crying now, but not out of pain. He was crying because he was giving the last piece of himself up to me, and he knew it was right.

Another inch.

And, finally, what I was waiting for, he pushed back. Pain gone, pleasure was here, he wanted more pleasure.

I began to gently saw in and out. My fake penis had veins, and I knew he could feel them rippling along the sensitive nerves of his bunghole.

He was sobbing now, not just crying, but gushing huge amounts of water. I pushed in and out, and measured my success by the amount of mascara that ran onto the pillow.

“Accept it, honey,” I spoke softly to him.

He nodded, and kept pushing, pulling, wringing out my penis. He even started to learn tricks to increase his pleasure, and mine. He tilted his hips so the lip of his asshole would pull on my dick. He rotated and corkscrewed, and the tears began to change into moans. He still cried, but it was less, and the moans were more. The pleasure was changing him. When I was done, when he was done, he would no longer hold onto any vestige of the old Roscoe.

All the way in now, feeling his little berries swinging back and forth. Out to the tip. Back in. Again and again.

“Oh, God!” he yelled.

He began to shiver, to shake, his back bucked. My penis was specially curved to press on the prostate. He was about to have a prostate orgasm.

“Let it go, baby,” I said. “Let it go.”

And he did. His back started to snap and ripple, his hips jerked. I grabbed his hips to steady them, I didn't want to fall out this close, and suddenly he gave a groan that came right from the soul. His body writhed and rippled, and I knew that the orgasm was gripping him, squeezing him, shattering him. I knew his mind had gone blank, unable to process pure pleasure, and that he was finally accepting.

No more man.

No more Roscoe.

He sagged forward, collapsed. He was no longer in charge of his body. He could no longer tell his muscles what to do. He was slack, used, wasted. And he belonged to me.

Slowly, gently, I withdrew my penis. His asshole was round, open, and it looked like a mouth that was still hungry for more.

I laid down next to Roscoe. I gently pushed him, and he rolled onto his side. He stared at me.

His make up was ruined. His mascara streaked his cheeks, and his lipstick was smeared, yet he was never more beautiful.

“I never knew...I never knew...” and then he was hugging me, holding me, and crying his first tears as a woman.

I held him, like a man, his arms on the inside and mine on the outside, like a man holds a woman. And I whispered to him. “It's okay. You're all mine now. I'll take care you.”

All he could do was whimper and nod, and I knew he had never been happier in his life.

EPILOGUE

Over the course of the next few months things happened.

DICK resigned as doctor and became an actor. I only had to give him two roles before he was accepted as a huge success.

Interestingly, when I finally had DICK over and introduced him, the real him, to Roscoe, Roscoe wasn't upset. He was pensive, and he had a lot to think about, but he knew a good joke when he saw one, and he accepted DICK, and even became a huge fan of his.

Juanita's brother was released from prison and we got him across the border and into a good job.

That Christmas Juanita got a MONSTER bonus. Largest bonus Roscoe ever gave, I think. And when he found out Juanita's part in the big joke he was quite insistent on giving her the bonus.

Marsha introduced Charley to Roscoe, and Roscoe totally lost it. On one hand he was ashamed, happy, despairing, delighted and generally embarrassed. And he ended up paying Marsha more than a lawyer could have gotten her. A lot more.

Marsha decided she wanted her own house, but she brings Charley over every week, and the proud father bounces the baby boy on her knee.

As for me and Roscoe....

By the end of fall the last of the movies were released for Oscar consideration. Amazing Studios had 6 contenders. Six, from one studio. And three of them had been last minute projects. My projects. Three were from earlier in the year. Oscar's projects. And one of them, 'He's the One,' was nominated for 8 Oscars. 'He's the One' had been one that Roscoe started and I completed, and our efforts had meshed perfectly. Many people in the industry were already calling it a classic.

Christmas came, and I showered Roscoe with gifts. Feminine gifts. Now that I was in charge he would never want for clothes. I knew how to treat a woman.

February, and the Oscars had arrived.

Inside the limo I gazed at Roscoe. He was beautiful.

His breasts were full size now, and they were big. Full Ds. His body had shaped into the perfect hourglass. His hair was rich and long. And, of course, he had long, red nails, perfect make up, and was wearing a classic evening dress.

I wore make up, I am a woman, after all, and a pretty darned handsome one, and an expensive tux. I didn't bind my breasts, and they were obvious. I hadn't worn a shirt, and my jacket just covered my sensitive nipples. And rubbed them and made me horny. But then, a beautiful power player should always be horny, right?

Interestingly, however, in spite of my obvious beauty, I have given up the mantle of being the most beautiful to Roscoe. Roscoe hungers for beauty, while I hunger for power.

The limo took its place in the long queue of cars, then turned onto Hollywood Boulevard. Ahead of us cars were stopped, doors were opening, and the beautiful people were stepping on to the red carpet.

“Are you ready?” I asked.

He gulped. “Ready as I’ll ever be.”

I nodded.

Our turn came. The door was opened and I stepped out, turned, and offered my arm to Roscoe.

Lights flashed, people oohed and awwed. A small cheer went up and there was a small thunder of handclaps.

I smiled and waved. Roscoe barely smiled. He was, after all, terrified. It was the first time he had ever been out in public in his new gender.

We walked across the red carpet. People yelled to us and pointed at us.

I was wearing heels, and he was in Mary Janes. A man should be taller than his wife.

I guided Roscoe past the newsies and the crowd and even past other Oscar contenders. He was too nervous to talk. I wanted to get him inside and calm him down.

We entered the building and found our way to our seats.

As the show was about to begin people went to their seats, and not many people had any chance to do more than greet us, shake a hand, and wish us luck.

An hour later the first of the Oscars was presented to Amazing Studios. Our actors and directors accepted their awards with dignity and humor, and thanks everybody. Then it was time for the Best Producer.

I sat, crossed fingers, but I needn’t have worried. ‘He’s the One,’ was a shoo in. We were deafened by the applause. Lights flashed in our eyes, and I stood up and gazed at the elite of hollywood, on their feet for me and Roscoe.

I looked down. Roscoe was frozen.

I reached down and gripped his hand, strong, and lifted him up.

More cheers. I don’t think anyone has ever heard such huge appreciation.

I dragged Roscoe down the aisle and we mounted the steps. Still, he looked down.

We stepped up to except our statuette, and I leaned forward to speak into the mike.

“We have many people to thank. Producers, directors, writers, lighting, sound...everybody. All those ‘small’ people who are really the giants and the moving force in our industry. But I want to thank one person in particular. My wife is a very brave woman. She has transitioned, and shown that talent doesn’t care what kind of a body it resides in.” I turned and lifted a hand to Roscoe. “My wife. Lulu Tannenbaum.”

The movie people raised the roof then. Everybody yelled their approval and encouragement. The LGBTQIA people in Hollywood are an especially strong group, and in the days to come they would speak glowingly of Lulu’s bravery, and point to what their community could do, once empowered.

At the moment, however, the blast of applause was too loud to speak over, and hard to even think through.

At this vast showing of approval Lulu finally started to look up. She was amazed. She was stunned. And she began to grow in confidence and happiness. She had been afraid, but now...but now....

I motioned to Lulu, and she just stood there. So I grabbed her hand and pulled her to the mike.

She stood there, hardly able to process what was happening.

The crowd slowly stopped cheering and waited for her to speak. When everything was silent, Lulu leaned forward and whispered, "Thank you."

Again, the cheers and applause deafened.

I took my wife's hand, kissed her gently, then we waved at the audience and descended the stairs.

Finally, we were back in our seats. Nearby audience members had patted our backs and congratulated us, and it was time for the next award. 'He's the One,' for Best Picture.

While we waited for the award to be presented Lulu leaned to me and asked, "Did I do all right?"

I smiled. "You were perfect."

"I didn't say much."

"That's okay. Women should be seen and not heard."

Then the audience exploded as the winner was announced, and we stood up to accept another Oscar for 'He's the One.'

END

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Grace Mansfield is from the Smokey Mountains of Tennessee. She was married and has a child. Her husband being a 'cheating bastard,' (her words) she took his truck, left her baby with her grandmother, and drove to Texas. Then Montana. Then several other states, before landing in Los Angeles.

She has worked as a stenographer, a court reporter for a small newspaper and a photographer for the LA Times.

Tired of all the lies involved in 'real' reporting, she tried her hand at escorting, and was a raving success. Except she didn't like it. But she did meet Alyce Thorndyke, with whom she fashioned a strong friendship, and was introduced to Joe Gropper.

Currently she is a gym addict, trying to fix years of abuse, and working on her novels.

A Note from the Author!

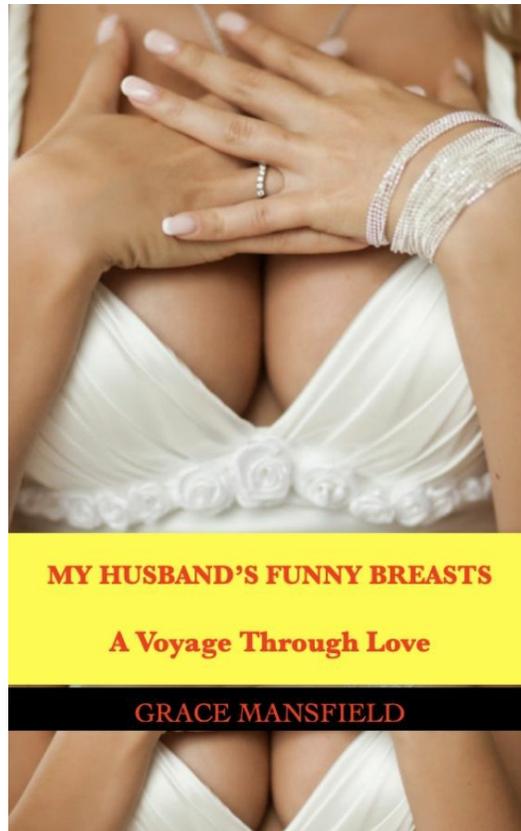
I hope you liked my little tale of Roscoe and Sandy.
And if you did, please take a moment to rate me five stars.

That helps support my writing,
and lets me know which direction I should take
for future books.

Thank you

Grace

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[My Husband's Funny Breasts](#) ~ A full length novel of fantastic female domination (35,000 words) from Grace Mansfield!

Tom Dickson was a happy camper. He lived a good life, had a beautiful wife, then he started to grow breasts, his hair grew long, and his body reshaped. Now Tom is on the way to being a woman, and he doesn't know why.

This book has forced feminization, cross dressing, hormones, gender transformation, pegging and breast growth.

All books are available on Kindle or paperback.

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[The Emasculation Project](#) ~ A full length novel of forced femme.(30,000 words) from Grace Mansfield!

Jameson is a manly man with a secret, he likes to cross dress a little. One day his Aunt catches him, and decides that the only cure is to give Jamie what he wants. Now Jamie is becoming a BIG cross dresser. Unfortunately, his wife isn't in agreement, and she and Aunt Charlotte are about to fight over Jamie.

This book has female domination, feminized submissive, hypnosis, forced transgender.

All books are available on Kindle or paperback.

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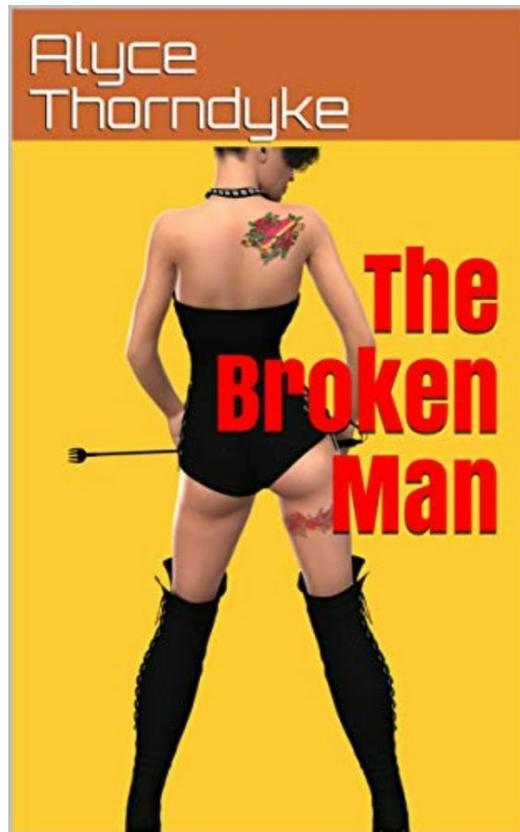
I Changed My Husband into a Woman ~ A full length novel of fantastic female domination! (30,000 words) from Grace Mansfield!

Roscoe was a power player in Hollywood. He was handsome, adored, and had one fault - he liked to play practical jokes. Now his wife is playing one on him, and it's going to be the grandest practical joke of all time.

This book has forced feminization, cross dressing, hormones, breast growth, pegging and erotic humiliation.

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Kyle Talon loves his wife, and he'll do anything for her, including getting into the trunk of a car driven by a beautiful woman. What Kyle doesn't know is that the beautiful woman is taking him to a ranch where men are subjected to unbelievable perversion...and they all love it. All except Kyle. Kyle still loves his wife. Silly man.

This book has bondage, female supremacy, male chastity training and erotic punishment.

This book is available on Kindle or paperback.

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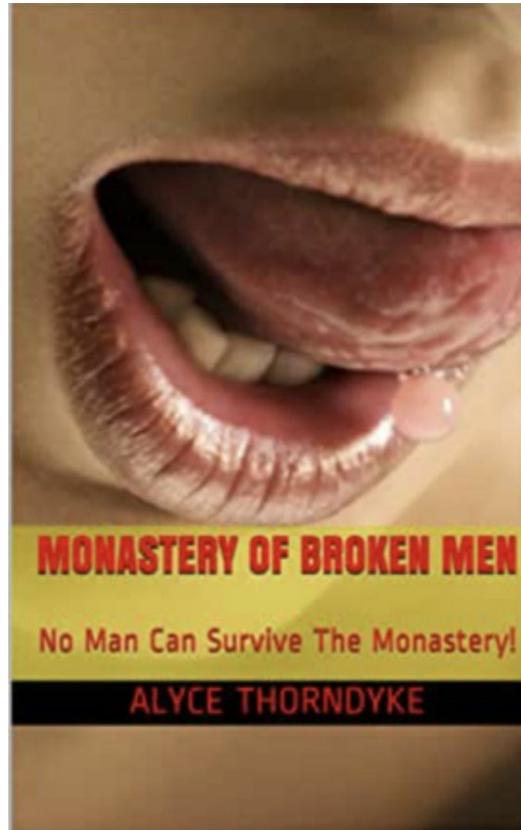
[Breaking Jack](#) ~ a full length novel of heart stopping female domination! (40,000 words) from Alyce Thorndyke!

Jack Windsor has been a bad boy...he cheated on his wife. April is not a forgiving lady, and she has enlisted all her friends on Facebook to help correct Jack's behavior. Things are about to get tough for Jack...but then, shouldn't they?

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[Monastery of Broken Men](#) ~ a full length novel of incredible female domination (35,000 words) from Alyce Thorndyke!

Three men, Judd, Ralph and Jerry, are kidnapped and taken to a remote monastery deep in the Amazon. They are chained, beaten, and...broken.

Three men, and a thousand, horny women. Three men and a singular realization driving all: God is a woman.

This book has gynarchy, female domination male submissive, bondage, erotic punishment, chastity and denial.

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The Amazons are back. They are smarter, more beautiful, and they have a plan. 100 men have been selected to be broken. 100 men, and it's just the start.

The men will be beaten, broken, and made to serve. And, in the end, they will love it.

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The Scarecrow: a pole up his ass.

Tin Man: a walking, talking dildo if ever there was one.

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What? What the heck does the Wizard need all those dicks for?

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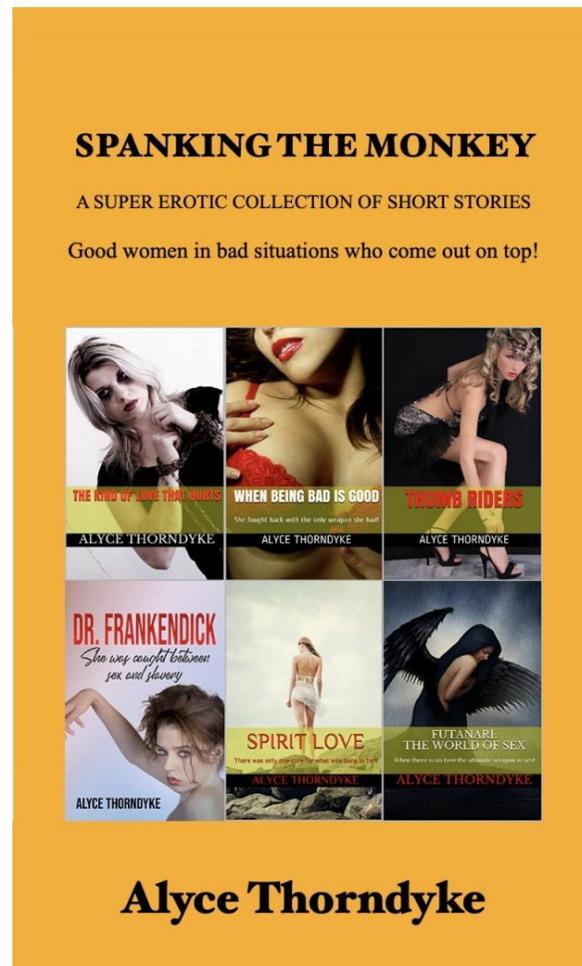
The Lusty Land of Oz picks up where The Horny Wizard of Oz left off, but with the introduction of Tip, a well endowed young man forced into the 'service' of Mombi, the meanest Witch in Oz. Off Tip goes, on a mad romp through a perverted land, picking up strangers with stranger appendages, a step ahead of Mombi, and always trying to figure out why he just...can't...uh...you know?

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Jane Monroe is betrayed by her boyfriend and kidnapped by a mad doctor, but the day is just starting.

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THUMB RIDERS

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Here is an excerpt...

He was a beautiful man. A good provider. He had worked his finger to the bone to get her through medical school. He was top notch in the technical writer field. He helped her clean the house and fix the meals...he bent over backwards to be a good husband.

But he was a soft person. Soft speaking. Soft laughing. Always concerned with other people. What could have happened to him?

She went to the kitchen and picked up a sponge and a paper towel. She returned to him and washed the lipstick off his face, dried his face. She started to take off the wig, then stopped.

He had kept talking about pain, and the specific pain was in his chest. She had noticed his nipples looked a bit swollen before she left, and she had even been a little concerned. Maybe she should look at them right now, while he was asleep.

Carefully, she undid his clothes. She reached behind him and managed to unclasp the bra. She pulled the bra off, and picked up the water balloon condoms, and she froze. Her eyes opened. Her mind stopped.

Her husband had very small boobs.

Boobs.

Tits.

Mammary glands.

Baby nursers.

Mounds that felt good but sometimes got in the way.

If you ran, and you had big boobs, you had to wear a special bra, or bind them in some way.

If you had really big boobs you might suffer back pains.

The nipples could be extra sensitive—and she thought about how he had complained they were so sensitive that they hurt. Well, of course. He hadn't had boobs last week, Not even two days ago. So he had gone through some kind of puberty, he had developed, was developing, breasts, and all within two days. It might take months for a young girl to properly develop, and nipples could be irritated, and your chest hurt, and...and he had gone through all that in two days. Several months compressed into two days. No wonder he complained of the pain.

For a long moment she stared at her husband's budding breasts. Her mind blank, trying to figure this out. Then she knew she needed help. She went to her purse and pulled out her cell phone. She hit a number and waited. It was answered.

"I need help. Right now. Please come to my house."

A startled response, then she hung up.

She stood in the middle of the living room, staring at her poor, addled, abused husband, wondering what she could do for him. Terribly concerned, and determined to get to the bottom of it all.

This has been an excerpt from
Her Husband's Funny Breasts
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