



SUMMARY: Disgusted with her boyfriend's attitude toward women, one gal get a magic camera from a collage roommate who knows Wicca, and proceeds to changer her former boyfriend bit by bit into the perfect bimbo.

PRETTY AS A PICTURE

Part One

by Valerie Hope

"YOU ARE SUCH A FUCKING pig," Emily accused, dropping the fat stack of glossy magazines onto the coffee table between us, splashing them so they fanned out in a long cascade of naked, airbrushed women in various evocative poses.

"First of all," I said irritably, looking up from my game of Mafia Wars I'd been engrossed in on the computer, "why am I a pig for liking to look at hot women? And second of all, what the hell were you doing in my closet?"

"I told you, I was getting together boxes for Goodwill, there's too much shit in here," she said impatiently, hands on her curvaceous hips. "Don't change the subject."

"What subject? I'm a guy, I like looking at women."

"These aren't women!" she shot back, hotly. "They're paintings – at *best*. Nobody dresses like this, nobody fucking acts like this, and no woman has a body like this. It's degrading, dammit."

"So what?" I replied, shrugging. "I don't care if it's real. It's *supposed* to be fantasy. All I know is that I like looking."

"You know what women go through, trying to look like that, just because they think that's the only way they'll ever be appreciated?" Emily pressed.

I picked up one of the magazines and flipped through it, caressing the flawlessly nude bodies on the glossy pages with my eyes hungrily, and pitched it back on the haphazard stack. "How is that *my* problem? I can't be held accountable if these women aren't emotionally or mentally strong enough to keep themselves out of that kind of trouble, or if they're so desperate for male approval that they hurt themselves. I didn't do that to them."

"You're part of the system that did it to them," she said, her lip curling with derision.

"You cannot blame all the world's bulimia and breast augmentation on *me*, Em," I said. "I'm sorry you find my porn so offensive. That's one of the reasons I kept it out of sight when you moved in here. But, y'know, I find your damn chick flicks offensive, but I don't blame you for women having unreasonable expectations from men."

"Unreasonable expectations?" she asked accusingly.

"I'm supposed to be a rich, handsome cardiologist who cooks and is a good listener who's willing to sacrifice his entire career just to settle down and have a house full of kids," I told her. "Either that, or I'm an asshole or a rapist."

"I'll grant you the asshole part," Emily shot.

"Whatever," I said, turning back to my computer. "I can see we've stumbled onto one of these pet topics that we probably shouldn't spend a whole lot of time on."

"My God," she growled at the ceiling, threading her fingers tightly into her short, reddish hair in frustration. "Sometimes I have no *fucking* idea why the hell I'm with you."

I stood up easily and threaded my arms around her slender waist. "The scratch marks on my shoulders might give you a clue," I murmured, kissing her neck. I loved seducing her when she was angry, it made for the *hottest* sex.

"Is that all you think I am?" she accused, pushing my arms away. "Some slut who you can blow off by fucking me? My opinion only lasts until you can get your dick in me?"

"Baby, I didn't mean it like that..."

"Don't you 'baby' me, you bastard," she hissed, backing away from me. "I don't even want to *look* at you right now."

She snatched up one of the magazines and threw it in my face. "Hope you and your *girls* have a good time tonight, because you sure as *shit* aren't touching *me*."

She stormed out the front door and slammed it behind her. I sat back in front of my computer and knuckled my back before returning to my game. She'd come around – she always did. One of the things he liked best about Emily was that she didn't stay mad. I'd give five-to-one that the two of us would be having steaming-hot make-up sex before the clock struck midnight.

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"I can't fucking believe that asshole," Emily sniffled, leaning against the piled pillows in the corner of the couch and dabbing at her tearful eyes with a Kleenex. "I can't believe I wasted all that fucking time on this relationship. He's never gonna change."

"That's not true," Serena Adams said, brushing long sandy-blonde hair out of her face with slender fingers. "He'll change if you *make* him change."

Emily pouted. "You've been saying that since we started going out," she said. "I've *tried*, Serena, I've *tried* to make him change. He won't. He's so fucking smug about it."

"I don't think we're talking about the same thing, sweetheart," Serena said. "You mean change his ways. I mean changing *him*."

"What's the difference?" Emily said, suddenly interested.

"Come with me," she replied, holding out her hand. "I'll show you."

Serena took the wineglass she'd been sipping in one elegant hand and Emily's hand in the other, leading the emotionally-distraught smaller woman through her large living room, the airy tiled kitchen and to a heavy door near the garage. She unlocked it with a key from around her neck and opened it to reveal a long, narrow stairway leading down, lit by periodic soft bulbs

and suffused with an earthy, incense smell. Emily followed her down trustingly – her best friend from college had always leaned towards weird affectations, for as long as she'd known her – and released her best friend's hand to negotiate the steep stairs.

A large, stone-walled chamber opened at the bottom of the stairs, inscribed with a huge pentagram with the distinctive glitter of diamond in the coarse-grained chalk used to draw it. Candles, arcane symbols and dusty books on wooden stands lined the circumference of the circle, and a rich scent of herbs flowed from little iron pots suspended from the ceiling on chains.

"What is this place, Serena?" Emily asked.

The tall, svelte woman spread her arms wide and turned in a slow circle, completely at home in the dark, Dungeons-and-Dragons environment she'd created. "You always thought I was making this up, I think," she said in a sonorous voice. "But I wasn't. I actually have been studying magic for as long as you've known me. And I've gotten pretty good at it."

"You did all this because of that Wicca stuff you did in college?" Emily asked.

"No, sweetheart," Serena said. "While you were out partying and pledging sororities, I was in studying. Wicca is my religion, honey. This is *sorcery*. The real stuff."

"Sorcery," Emily said flatly.

"You heard me," she said. "You think I'm still making it up?"

"I think *you* believe it's real," Emily said.

"Nice," Serena chuckled. "Baby, I've bargained with demons and devils, I've done shit down here that you can't even *dream* of. How do you think I got so rich?"

"You published a book," Emily said.

"A book I never wrote, honey," Serena said. "The same with how I get this body when I eat Oreos for breakfast and how I haven't seem to have aged a day since I was twenty-three. I'm telling you, it's magic. Real Harry Potter shit."

"So you're telling me you could make me look twenty-three again," Emily said.

"If you wanted," Serena replied. "Or I could make you rich, or famous, or anything."

"Could you make me a man who could go beat the shit out of my boyfriend?"

"In about an hour and a half," Serena boasted.

Emily started laughing. "You're so full of shit."

"You think so? Tell me, Em, what's the thing you've been wishing for ever since we were in college, the thing you made me swear I'd never tell?" Serena asked.

Emily blushed scarlet. "You're really gonna make me say it?"

"If you wouldn't mind."

"I always wished I could have bigger breasts," Emily muttered. "My first boyfriend in high school dumped me right before the winter formal for a girl who had bigger breasts, and I was always convinced it was because of her chest."

"Look down," Serena instructed.

Emily did as she was asked and nearly fell backwards in shock. Always painfully slender and petite, she'd never filled more than an A cup since she was thirteen years old. She'd come to terms with her lack of endowment – it pained her, to be sure, but she accepted it now – long ago, so the sight of full, firm C-cups adorning her small, narrow chest and pushing her sweater out so that gaps showed between the buttons caused her to nearly scream with shock.

"Like 'em?" Serena giggled. "I think they look *great*."

"How... how...." Emily gasped, staring at her new enhanced chest in disbelief and denial.

"I told you, sweetheart," Serena said, putting a soft arm around her shoulders. "Magic."

"I can't believe it," Emily breathed.

"You will," Serena told her. "Now, let's talk about this shithead boyfriend of yours, shall we?"

* * *

I didn't think much of Emily's absence – I knew she'd gone over to that bitch Serena's place to cry on her shoulder and they could talk about what an asshole I was. Just to spite them, I rubbed one out to my porno magazines and left them spread out and open all over the apartment – the apartment I fucking paid for, and could leave my damn porn out all over if I fucking well wanted to. I drank a few beers and fell asleep on the couch, and didn't wake until Emily ran her hands up my body, under my t-shirt, and kissed the back of my ear. Warm, firm breasts pressed against my arm.

"Hey," I whispered muzzily, not opening my eyes.

"Hi," she whispered back. "I missed you."

"I missed you, too," I murmured, threading one hand into her soft hair. "D'you forgive me?"

"Not even close," she said. "But I *do* feel like fucking you."

I rolled over and she went to work on the fastenings of my jeans, pushing them down to mid-thigh and using her warm, soft and *very* talented mouth to get me hard and throbbing in moments. This was my favorite kind of foreplay – just enough to get to the good stuff, nothing more. She rubbed her own pussy – a first for us – and straddled me reverse-cowgirl style, riding me hard and rough, the globes of her skinny little ass bouncing against my thighs.

"I didn't get a rubber, baby," I said, grunting. "Maybe we should put this on hold."

"Oh, hell no," she said. "You ain't going *anywhere*."

"I'm gonna cum..."

She didn't slow down at all – in fact, she sped up, grinding against me until I cried out and shot a huge, burning load all over the walls of her pussy, bucking up and down until everything seemed to drain out of me, leaving me limp and lifeless on the couch.

"I can't believe you did that," I grunted. "You could get knocked up that way."

"I know I can," she purred, looking over her shoulder at me. "As a matter of fact, Serena guarantees that I'm gonna get knocked up. That's the reason I stayed with you, dumb-ass, because I was always thinking about what beautiful babies you'd make. But I figure you're just gonna keep stringing me along, always promising but never delivering and never making the full commitment. I wanted your baby, so I fucking *took* your baby. Don't worry – I'm not going to make you raise it or anything. You're an awesome sperm donor, but you'd make a shitty father. I don't even want you to have the opportunity."

"Have you gone completely batshit?" I asked, pushing her off of me. She rolled onto her back, tucking her knees against her chest, locking in my cum to maximize her chances of conception. "What the fuck did Serena tell you?"

"She told me lots of things," Emily said. "Mostly, though, she told me you're never going to change unless I make you change, and I decided to go ahead with what she suggested."

"And this involves getting yourself pregnant?"

"No, that's just my way of saying goodbye," Emily said. "Changing you involves smiling for the camera, Harmon."

She picked up a little digital camera from the coffee table where she must have placed it, pointed it straight at my face and pressed the shutter. The flash went off right in my eyes, blinding me and knocking me backwards. The world seemed to – *shift*, somehow, and I got really dizzy for a second, rolling off of the couch and onto the floor.

"Get up," Emily said, her voice hard and bitter. "We have to get you ready for your close-up."

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"I don't know what the fuck you think you're doing, Em," I warned her as she walked in slow, back-and-forth semicircles around the couch where I seemed to be stuck, too tired and worn-out to even move beyond the quick heaving of my chest.

"I know *exactly* what I'm doing, Harmon, for the first time in a long time," she said, stroking her bare belly softly with a wistful smile. "I can actually feel it starting. It's incredible."

"What the hell did you mean, get you ready for my close-up?" I asked.

"Oh, that," she said. "Sorry, I forgot the rules of this relationship. I'm trying to deal with the most incredible feeling I've ever felt before in my entire life – my whole biological reason for being – and I'm supposed to pay complete attention to *you*."

She reached into the open purse laying on the table next to the sofa and brought out a little pink digital camera. She dangled it by its cord in front of me, and I couldn't seem to tear my eyes away from it, watching it swing to and fro through space in front of Emily's cruel, spiteful smile.

"Pretty, isn't it?" she asked me.

"Beautiful," I breathed.

"Glad you like it, Harmon, it's going to be the – pardon the pun – focus of your whole world from here on out." She flicked the "on" button with a finger and the little lens opened automatically, protruding on its telescope with a happy little whir.

"You seem to think that those women in the magazines you jerk off to are some kind of perfection, right?" she asked. "And haven't you always said that you wanted to achieve perfection in your life, that's why you played video games and worked out compulsively and spent so much time concentrating on your job?"

"It's true," I told her. "Perfection has always been my goal, in my professional life and my personal life. I never made any secret of that to you. I thought you understood."

"I did," she said. "Now, I'm going to let you chase another kind of perfection."

She brought the camera to her eye with one hand – the other stayed glued to her belly – and pointed the lens at my hand. With a bright flash and a digitized sound effect of a 35mm shutter closing, she snapped a photo of my left hand and laughed.

"Perfect," she said brightly.

"You're out of your fucking mind," I told her. "*What's* perfect?"

She pointed down and I followed her finger, looking at my left hand where it lay on the beige fabric of the sofa where I lay. Instead of the broad-knuckled appendage I'd seen at the end of my wrist since adulthood, with the single freckle on the back and the light dusting of russet hair, the close-trimmed nails and the scar I'd gotten cutting myself on an engine mount when I was sixteen, I saw instead a smooth, pale and delicate thing, with a narrow palm and smooth skin – no blemish of any kind, the scar and freckle were gone – and long, lissome fingers. The very look of the hand bespoke softness and gentleness as it curled into a graceful, elegant configuration, fingers splayed slightly and curled. With an itching, crawling tickle, the nails in the perfectly-sculpted cuticles sprang out, growing and thickening until they were nearly an inch-and-a-half long, a healthy glossed pink at the bases and the square-cut tips polished a brilliant glossy enameled white. I gaped at my hand in disbelief, holding it up in front of my face in open shock. The fingers flowed from gesture to gesture like water, elegant and feminine, responding to my mental commands in some strange, hyper-feminine interpretation of what I demanded that they do.

"Wow, that's an expensive manicure," Emily commented, still holding the camera in front of her eye and laughing. "You're going to be spending a lot of money on your nails if you want to keep them looking like that, I guarantee you."

"What the hell happened?" I demanded hotly, trying unsuccessfully to menace her.

"I told you," she said. "I'm helping you finally achieve perfection."

She aimed the camera at my belly and flooded the room with another blinding white flash. I jumped, trying to blur the picture or foul her aim, but it availed me nothing. When the pink and purple spots finished their little dance before my eyes, a trim, softly-muscled stomach stretched from my lowermost ribs to my pelvis, hairless and smooth-skinned, an adorable little rhinestone cherry dangling from a steel stud through the soft flesh above my navel.

"You have to be careful not to get that caught on anything," Emily cautioned me. "My friend Catherine has one, and she says she gets it hung up on her boyfriend's pants all the time and it hurts like hell. Then again, maybe you'll wind up being into pain like that and do it on purpose."

"Emily, why are you doing this?" I rasped, still unable to rise.

"If you haven't figured out the answer to that by now, sweetheart, then I *know* I'm doing the right thing," she said cryptically. "Now, what should we take a picture of next? Your face, or your other hand, maybe? How about your ass? Oh, wait. I know..."

She aimed and flashed the camera again, and I found myself staring down the length of my body, past the girlish flat stomach that hinted at hours of P90X and crunches and pilates, over the limp form of my cock and the thick, muscular legs I'd run miles to sculpt, at the little petite feet and toes that perched at the ends of them, high-arched and delicate with toes enameled a sparkling glittery bubblegum pink. I wiggled them in pure disbelief, and they waved back at me almost cheerily. They couldn't be more than nine inches long, I surmised. They'd never be large enough to support me if I tried to stand.

"Holy shit, how *adorable*," Emily gushed, clapping her hands a little. "You have the cutest little feet I've ever seen! They can't be more than a six 6 at best! You might even have to pay a little extra for grown-up shoes with feet like those – otherwise you'll have to shop in the girls' section to find small enough to fit!

'Serena didn't mention how much *fun* this was gonna be," she added.

"Em, *please*," I begged. "You have to stop this. You're gonna ruin me."

"You ruined yourself," she shot back. "You didn't have to be such a sexist, chauvinist bastard. You made yourself that way. Now I'm just fixing the damage you already caused."

She aimed the camera again and squeezed the shutter. Another click, another bright flash. But this time, the camera wasn't even aimed at me – instead, she shot the coffee table, where my wallet, my keys and the big stack of porno magazines had been left.

The keys were now on a gaudy, rhinestone-encrusted heart keyring thick with hanging picture frames, a tiny little pink teddy bear and a leather snap-pouch containing some kind of pepper spray. My old workhorse tri-fold wallet had become a pink-and-cream plaid canvas purse with leather seams and a brass chain strap, covered over in little "D&B" logos. I had no idea what was inside the purse, I just knew incontrovertibly that it – and everything in it – was 100% *mine*. The porno magazines had changed, too – instead of the lurid titles promising aroused, airbrushed women now my coffee table piled high with issues of *Cosmopolitan*, *Allure*, *Glamour*, *Shape*, *Vogue*, *Elle* and *InStyle*. Models and celebrities in runway poses, wearing high-fashion clothing with perfect hair and makeup smiled back at me from the glossy covers.

"At least you have plenty of reading material now," Emily giggled. "Not that I imagine you're going to be the kind of person that *reads*."

"Emily, you have to stop," I panted. "This can't go on."

"It can go on for as long as I want it to," she said. "And for now it's *way* too fun to stop."

She held the camera to her eye and snapped another picture as I squirmed. This time I felt my center of gravity physically shift as my hips widened to a rounded, womanly flair, appearing wider still by the narrow waist and flat belly I'd been given earlier.

"Nice," Emily commented. "I was afraid that one might get your cock – but I want that to be the very last thing you lose. Maybe I should just wander around your place some more. You stay *right* here, buttercup. I'll try to stay where you can see me, okay? I wouldn't want you to miss any of this."

She bounded into the kitchen, laughing, and threw open the door to my refrigerator and snapped a picture. She stepped aside so I could see the interior clearly – my t-bone steaks and cases of imported beer, cold leftover pasta and Chinese take-out disappeared, replaced now by bottled water, diet shakes, salads and green vegetables, white wine and a few bottles of champagne. The only thing remaining from its previous incarnation was the bottle of ketchup in the door, but even that bore the words "Fat Free" on the label. Nothing remained that seemed the least bit satisfying, everything geared around weight-loss and staying slender. And not a single piece of meat to be seen.

"Don't pout," Emily said. "Lots of people like you decide to be vegetarian. Keeps the weight down and is *oh* so trendy. You probably can't bear the thought of some little fuzzy animal dying so you can eat. Nope, it's nothing but carrot sticks and skim milk for you, now, sweetie. You'll find out how hard it is to keep that flat belly so flat."

She snapped another picture as she walked by, this time of my DVD cabinet. Sadly, I watched the action films and softcore porn I kept there blink away, with chick flicks and workout videos perched on the shelves in their places. I'd had several difficult-to-obtain classic kung fu films on that shelf, tracked down painstakingly on eBay and through other channels, now forever lost, replaced by Jillian Michaels' *20 Minute Abs*, *The Shimmy Belly-Dance Cardio Workout* and *Sleepless in Seattle*.

Another flash, and my dogeared Chilton manuals for my car and my long row of Tom Clancy novels gave way to the pink spines of several lurid romance novels, some makeup and hair how-to books and *The South Beach Diet*. Perched on the end was a biography of Princess Diana and another of Anna Nicole Smith, but I don't think the spines had been cracked.

"Perfect," Emily cackled, pointing the camera around happily, like a kid in a candy store, wondering what to rip away from me next. Seemingly unable to make up her mind, she walked back across the room to me, instead, and began tickling my squirming feet with little "walking" fingers up and down my insteps and soles.

"I'm afraid to change anything else on you, baby," she cooed, "because then it won't last as long. But I have decided to let you up off that couch. Because I *want* you to escape. I love the mental picture of you, trying to explain to the cops how you got those hips and those feet, trying to blame it all on some magic camera. They'll put your ass away, and I'll be your first visitor in the asylum. Me, and my trusty little camera, that is."

The weight and lethargy pressing me into the plush cushions of the couch let up so quickly and suddenly that I gasped, and sat up quickly. My tiny waist and abdomen couldn't bear the weight of my wide shoulders and deep chest, so I wobbled in a foolish windmilling of arms before slumping against the arm of the couch with a great outrush of breath.

"Poor little thing," she said, pointing the camera. "Let's help you out a little, shall we?"

A click and a flash, and now my thick, hairy muscled arms depended ridiculously from a set of narrow, smooth shoulders with prominent collarbones over shrunken pectorals that barely swelled the hairless skin that fairly glowed with health there. My tiny, dark male nipples contrasted harshly with the pale flesh of my chest now. But at least I could hold up my upper body. Prominent ribs massaged my underarms strangely as I tried to adjust to my new carriage. I found that if I arched my back a little and stood straight as I could, my balance improved to the point where I could at least stand on my tiny little doll feet and take slow, mincing steps away from the couch that had so recently been my prison.

"Good to see you up," Emily said from behind me, and I heard a click – my strangely-proportioned silhouette glared against the far wall as the flash burst behind me.

"Nice," Emily commented as I craned my neck to try and see what she'd done to me this time. "You're actually pretty damn lucky, Harmon – most people have to hit the gym mercilessly for months, years maybe, to get a back that cut. Your 'Christmas tree' is awesome. Can you believe I'm actually a little bit jealous?"

"Emily, what is it gonna take to get you to stop this?" I cried plaintively.

"More than you have ever had to offer," Emily shot back. "I gotta tell you, I'm really sick to death of hearing you whine. C'mere – I'm gonna fix it."

With rough fingers, she shoved my chin upwards and snapped another picture. My hands – one male and rough-skinned, another feminine and impossibly soft – flew upwards to grasp the long, slender neck I now had, without the faintest trace of an Adam's apple.

"Emily, you... oh my God," the breathy, squeaky soprano that came out of my mouth said before I stopped dead short. My fingers closed tightly – almost to the point of pain – around my new throat and my mouth opened and closed noiselessly like a fish out of water.

"Now, at least your whining is gonna sound right," Emily said. "Like it's a little girl doing it."

"You made me sound like a bimbo," I squeaked at her, my voice so shrill and high that my eyes closed and my shoulders shrugged in protest.

"I gave you a girl's neck," Emily said. "Sounding like a bimbo is just a happy side effect."

She walked to my computer desk and flipped open my checkbook idly. "Let's see where your money goes, now," she said, pointing the camera at my meticulous check register and snapping the photo. She picked it up again and perused it, then tossed it to me. I caught it with my male right hand, scratching it deeply with the long manicured nails of the left.

My usual months' checks – mortgage, car payment, cellular carrier, insurance, credit card and electric, my gym membership and my NBA Total pass from my cable company – were overwritten by many, many more expenditures: I saw payments to the mortgage, cellphone and insurance, as before, but now my car payment was much higher, payments to about six more credit cards like Nordstrom's and Neiman-Marcus and the like. I paid my gym, as before, but also a membership in a tanning salon and two substantial payments to a manicurist and a salon. I wrote checks to a masseuse, as well, and a personal trainer. I used my debit-card at the drugstore a great deal, as well, running high totals at the pharmacy.

The writing on the register took me well aback, as well – a nearly indecipherable scrawl of wide, circular bubbles scrawled in pink ink covered the small page, the *i*'s dotted with hearts and little smiley-faces drawn in the occasional o as well. I noted, bleakly, that I tended to misspell common words, misplace apostrophes, and if the math in the registry column was any indication, I neither added nor subtracted very well at all, either.

"I can't believe you're doing this," I whined shrilly. "I can't believe this is actually *happening*."

"Oh, what's wrong, sweetie? Are you gonna cry?" she asked. "You know, it's perfectly natural for you, now. You should feel free. There's a lot to be gained from a good cry."

"Fuck you," I hissed.

"Such language," she laughed. "Still, some guys will find that irresistible. Something about a girl who talks dirty, just drives 'em *wild*."

"I'm gonna find a way out of this," I promised hotly. "I'll find a way to undo this, Emily, and then I'm coming after you and Serena both."

She held up the camera. "Not as long as one of us is holding this," she said. "Don't you understand, yet, baby? This camera is the focal point of your whole existence. Whoever holds it, you do whatever they say."

"That's impossible," I said.

"Is it? Why don't you give me a big smile, baby, and do some of that bellydancing I saw on that DVD over there?" she asked, sitting smoothly on my recliner.

My jaws cracked and ached as my lips split into a wide grin, so wide I couldn't effectively speak, and my arms flowed like snakes around me as my new, wide female hips popped and snapped back and forth. I leaned forward and shook my chest at her invitingly, arms still swaying like water plants in a strong current, before launching into an undulating, enticing dance that I couldn't stop no matter how firmly I commanded myself not to. Hot, stinging tears gathered in the corners of my eyes and began to flow down my face.

"Stop crying," Emily commanded roughly, and the tears ceased to flow as if cut off by a faucet. I still smiled widely, though, and swayed and popped my hips while she clapped out a quick rhythm, then fell over laughing and waved her hands at me.

"Okay, okay, stop already," she said, tittering uncontrollably. "You can stop."

The dance ended smoothly, ending with me in a side-on pose to her, one hand above my head, elbow bent and palm towards the ceiling, the other male hand at my pelvis, palm down and fingers arched delicately.

"I think you actually *enjoyed* that," she accused. "And you're *really* fucking good at it."

"Leave me alone," I told her in a small voice. "You've done enough, Emily."

"Oh, *honey*," she teased, putting the camera back to her eye. "I'm just getting started good."

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I don't know what time we both passed out, I from the stress and shock of the evening and she from the churning hormones of her impending pregnancy and lack of sleep the previous

evening. But I woke up face down in a puddle of chilly drool, on my bed – made into a frilly pink satin nightmare, festooned with heart-shaped throw pillows and cuddly white teddy bears, frothy spills of lace edging the pillows and sheets and a thick, downy duvet bunched at the foot by another snapshot – while Emily snoozed in a chair, the hated camera dangling from her wrist.

I reached out to it, tentatively, thinking if I could get the dreaded machine away from her then perhaps I could end this horrible nightmare, but my fingers could not come near it. Some mystical prohibition from touching the camera prevented my fingers to come any nearer to the cold metal surface than about half an inch.

Foiled, I thought to sneak into the kitchen, maybe to grab some barbecue tongs or something that I could utilize to grab the camera and take it away. Even if I couldn't make myself touch it, getting it away from Emily and her crazed obsession with transforming me and stop it long enough to find someone who could help me. But my lack of balance and surefootedness betrayed me, making me bang and clatter against the wall and doorframe in my attempt at stealth, and I heard Emily stir sleepily behind me.

Frantic, I opened one of my drawers and dug through the piled socks and underwear until my fingers closed on the cold chrome steel of the 9mm Beretta I kept there for home defense. I slammed the magazine home and racked the slide, pointing it at Emily in shaking hands as her eyes fluttered open.

"Drop the fucking camera," I told her. "I mean it. Drop it on the floor and kick it over to me."

"Oh, how sweet," Emily said, not a trace of fear in her voice. She waved the camera. "Why don't you point that thing under your chin, baby?"

Eyes huge with fright, my trembling hand pulled the pistol away from her and jammed the cold circle of the muzzle into the soft flesh under my chin. My finger shook on the trigger.

"Should I let you end this, Harmon? Let you squeeze that trigger and bring it all to a crashing stop?" she teased.

"Please," I whispered, new high-pitched voice shaking.

"Well, baby, I intend to at least make you pay for all those times you left me hanging in bed while you went to sleep," she said. "For the first time in this relationship, this is all about *me*. Now hold the gun out where I can see it."

I held the pistol at arm's length, trying to will it to point back at Emily, but she pointed the camera and clicked it, the flash dizzying me momentarily. The hand that held it – my male right hand – was now an match for the left, with slender long fingers and long, square-cut manicured fingernails, and instead of a shining silver pistol I held a ten-inch long penis, shaped painstakingly out of translucent light pink jelly with veins and a bulbous head, which buzzed happily against my palm.

Emily guffawed and held her sides. "Priceless," she crowed. "It turned one penis substitute into another. Turn that thing off, or you'll wear the batteries down. You have no idea how many batteries the average girl can go through, Harmon. You'll thank me for it later."

I pressed a button on the multi-speed control with a perfectly sculpted tip of thumbnail and the little motor inside shuddered to a stop. I stared at it like a live cobra, dangling glossily in my hand.

"Aw, don't be afraid," Emily coaxed. "It's a girl's best friend. Give it a little kiss, honey, to say you're sorry. Don't be shy."

Fighting the urge to retch, I brought the plastic-smelling head of the *faux* cock up to my lips and gave it a tiny peck. Emily snorted derisive laughter.

"You can do better than that. Really kiss it."

I opened my lips and laved the head with my tongue, making it glisten even more, and rubbed it along the inner surfaces of my lips sensuously, the way I'd seen the women in my porno magazines doing. I drew it out, made a spectacle of it, performing as well as any veteran skin starlet in a fuck film as Emily pressed the telephoto button on the camera, winding out the little telescoping lens to its fullest extension, and snapped the picture.

I felt – and even saw, a little – my lips blossom and bloom around the head of the fake penis, becoming infinitely softer and pillowy, swelling up and out into a perfect pair of what I considered to be 'cocksucking' lips, still locked around the dildo. An amazing increase in sensitivity tingled the flesh, making the lascivious kiss I lavished on the dildo something more and more pleasurable for myself, instead of just feeding Emily's twisted revenge fantasy.

"Now those are some pretty lips," Emily commented. "They make me think about kissing them myself, now that I see them. You're gonna have to really put in the effort, though. To smile and stay pleasant, I mean. Because you've got the kind of lips that make you look like you're pouting all the time."

She pointed the camera playfully. "So, what do you want to do next, honey?" she asked brightly. "You want another new body part to play with, or maybe some new stuff in your apartment? We're gonna have such *fun* today..."

"Emily, I don't want to do any of this any more," I said. "I just want you to go away and leave me alone. You've had your revenge, now get out of here. You have what you wanted."

"And leave you stuck in between lives?" she asked. "I could never do something like that."

"What the hell did Serena do to you?" I asked. "You were never like this before."

"Like what?"

"Vengeful. Cruel. Heartless," I said.

"Harmon, you brought all of that out in me," she said. "Treating me the way you did for as long as you did. I didn't have a choice but to become cruel. And now that I'm there – y'know something? I think I kinda *like* it."

"I'm sorry, Emily, but you're full of shit," I said. "For one thing, if you didn't like the way I treated you, then why did you stay with me? Why did you only run crying to Serena instead of coming and talking to *me* about the problems we were having? And second, nothing I *ever* did to you could come *close* to what you're doing to me right now. There's no comparison."

"Aw, poor little *baby*," she teased. "You think I'm being unfair?"

"You're damn right I do," I shot back.

"So what do you think I *should* do, to pay you back for everything you put me through?"

"Change me back. Change me back, and let's sit down and try to work this out together," he pleaded. "Em, we're gonna have a *baby* together, that's gotta count for something. We should try to get our shit together as a couple, work things out, so we can give the baby a good home. Y'know, be a real-life mommy and daddy together."

"So, you're asking me to marry you?" Emily asked.

"If that's what you want, then yes. Let's get married," I said.

"Wow, what a moment," Emily said. "You string me along for two years and suddenly, when your ass is on the line, now you decide you want a relationship and commitment. You must really have *changed* in the last nine-and-a-half hours.

"Tell you what," she went on, pointing the camera. "You keep trying to lie to me like that, but I'm gonna fix it so that you can never tell an effective lie again. Watch the birdie, now..."

The flash this time nearly knocked me off my feet – I windmilled my arms, squawking in protest, and staggered back six or seven steps on my tiny little feet, crashing into the bookcase and knocking over a little table where I kept the charging base for my phone.

"Ow!" I cried out, leaning against the wall for support and blinking rapidly, trying to clear the flickering, dancing spots of color dancing there. Slowly, the world came into focus again – I was staring into a picture frame, and my reflection peeked back at me. My face, dominated by the biggest pair of guileless, innocent-looking blue eyes I'd ever encountered. They appeared huge, with long thick eyelashes ringing them, in a constant state of curious surprise. The irises were the color of aquamarine, and not the slightest spark of eloquence, intelligence or craftiness shone out of them.

"Now, try to lie to me with eyes like that," Emily said. "You can never play poker again."

"Emily, please," I begged.

"Will you just stop trying to talk me out of this? Hasn't it sunk into that thick skull yet that I am going to see this all the way through, no matter what you threaten or promise or invent? I intend to remake every shred of your life – the life you teased me with sharing for two long years – into something so foreign, so *alien* and so abhorrent to the person you used to be that you'll never be able to go a second without thinking about what you did."

"Then quit fucking around and *do* it, then," I hissed, patience snapping. "Get it over with."

"Not on your life," she told me. "I'm enjoying this way too much. In fact, I think we should get Serena in on the action, don't you? I'm sure she can be a lot more creative than I can."

She threw open the door to my closet and snapped the picture without even really looking through the camera. My eyes narrowed – making them approximately normal size, now – and peered past her, into the closet now stuffed to bursting with women's clothes, from floor-length formals to skimpy, barely-there club dresses, short-skirted business suits to a few latex and PVC bondage costumes and everything in between. Where before, only a pair of loafers, some athletic shoes, a pair of cowboy boots and some black dress wingtips resided on the floor, every make and color of shoe imaginable littered the floor, but none that seemed to have

anything shorter than a four-inch heel, except for the little pink and white Asics crosstrainers near the door.

"Get dressed," she told me roughly, giving me a shove towards the closet that made me totter and fight to stay upright on my tiny, dainty little feet. "You have twenty minutes. We're going over to Serena's to play, Harmon, and who knows where we'll go from there. Maybe I'll make you go pick up a guy – it's never too early to start that phase of your life, is it – even though you don't have a juicy little poontang to offer him, just yet. Or maybe I'll let Serena choose the activity for the evening."

I stomped into the closet, trying to salvage what was left of my pride, and started going through the rod, trying to find something – anything – unisex enough to not draw any kind of attention to me whatsoever. I had just selected a grey set of yoga pants and was looking at a long-sleeved heather-grey henley to go with it when I heard Emily clear her throat meaningfully.

"Oh, no, Harmon, you're not getting off that easily. I want it pink and girly, I want it tight and I want it slutty," she commanded. "Or else I'm going to change the size of your bladder right in the middle of a crowded restaurant and watch you piss your pants in front of everyone. Or worse, when I can think something up. Trust me, I'll be conjuring up ways to humiliate you in public the whole drive over to Serena's. Now get dressed *properly*, Harmon, and be quick about it."

She slammed the door on me, leaving me in the semi-darkness surrounded by all the women's clothes and shoes, and I finally let the tears I'd been holding in start to flow.

To Be Continued...



SUMMARY: Disgusted with her boyfriend's attitude toward women, one gal get a magic camera from a collage roommate who knows Wicca, and proceeds to changer her former boyfriend bit by bit into the perfect bimbo.

PRETTY AS A PICTURE

Part Two

by Valerie Hope

I TRIED, BUT IT WAS impossible not to look at what I wore leaving the walk-in closet. A little pink tube-top which displayed my sexy, flat belly and little rhinestone cherry jewelry that dangled from a navel piercing. A red glitter heart sparkled between the negligible amount of cleavage my narrow, smooth chest afforded me, but the big beefy male arms, corded with lean muscle and furred with russet hair ruined the look. A rhinestone choker with the word "Princess" picked out in the front girded my lissome, swan-like neck and the long chains dangled down between my shoulderblades, tickling me with every stray move. A pair of white denim "Daisy Duke" short-shorts with pink lace trim at the legs pulled tightly across my wide hips, bulged in front by my cock which took a brutal mashing by the fly seam with every move. The only comfortable way to wear them involved pushing my balls into my body cavity and tucking the soft tube of my cock straight back, which gave the appearance of a 'camel-toe' in the crotch but still unmistakably contained male genitalia. My relatively flat ass did nothing for my rear-view, I'd noticed in the full-length mirror on the back of the closet door, but the shorts did display the little tribal 'tramp-stamp' tattoo of hearts and butterflies Emily gave me when she'd transformed my back. A wide, pink leather belt studded with rhinestones and a Playboy Bunny head for a buckle cinched the waist tight. My large, well-muscled male legs, squeezed terribly by the small leg-holes of the shorts, led down to a pair of ridiculously dainty feet, wearing a pair of open-toed mules with strappy white uppers and a big pink glitter heart in the center of each instep, with a four-inch cork wedge that made me totter in constant fear of falling on my face.

I walked out and turned around slowly as Emily directed, holding the camera threateningly. "You look so cute, honey," she teased me, giggling. "I love the shoes."

"Can we just get going?" I asked in my high, 'bimbo' soprano which had come as a 'package deal' with the long and slender neck.

"And ruin our first day out? I don't think so. Come here," Emily commanded.

I crossed the room to where she directed – powerless against her so long as she held the cursed camera – and seated myself as smoothly as I could on the little stool she'd placed in front of my dresser. With a click and a flash, the dresser changed from my deep walnut chest-of-drawers which I'd had for years into a low white dressing-table, backed with an enormous mirror. Snapshots of people I'd never met – mostly sexy girls dressed to go out, all cleavage and flat stomachs – stuffed beneath the rim of the mirror peeked from behind the pink feather

boa and the handful of Mardi Gras beads which dangled around the edges. A cutesy pink checkered 'newsboy' cap hung on the corner.

Instead of the dress belts, cologne, the latest issue of Maxim and minimal jewelry I'd had on the top of my dresser, a formidable display of cosmetics, skincare products and tacky jewelry spread out in front of me. I didn't know what half of the tubes, pots and compacts were for, much less how to apply them, but Emily began tapping her foot impatiently.

"Well?" she demanded.

Knowing what might happen to me if I tried to make an excuse, I grabbed the former copy of Maxim to find it had become the latest Glamour, now, and flipped speedily through the pages until I came to an article about the latest looks in summer makeup. Sighing heavily, I sorted through the tubes and pots until I found something labeled 'crème foundation' and opened it, taking a little triangular sponge in between long nails and taking a long look at my face in the mirror. My huge, innocent blue eyes sparkled back at me from a tired, haggard face with a five o'clock shadow and dark circles, red-cheeked from the private crying I'd done in the closet, broken by the pouting, bee-stung 'cocksucking' lips Emily bestowed on me.

Hopelessly, I started applying the thick, perfumey foundation – under my eyes to hide the dark circles, the way the magazine suggested, and down onto my neck.

"Good girl," Emily chided. "Can't go outside without makeup. We must look our best."

Biting back a retort, I kept on with the application. I laid it on thickly, but there was no covering the thick two-day growth of stubble on my cheeks and jaw. Emily didn't seem to care that I hadn't shaved. She wanted me to look like a girlified freak in public, and there was nothing I could do about it.

It took the better part of an hour, struggling with the liquid eyeliner – I had to take it off with a remover cloth and reapply it several times to get it right – and mascara to get a look that didn't come off as 'circus clown.' Some pink blush on the cheeks and a copious application of frosted pink, glittery lip gloss on my massively full lips completed everything.

"Something's missing," Emily said. "Oh! I know..."

She zoomed the lens in tight and took a bright-flashing shot of my left ear, then scampered around me to take another shot of the right. In the mirror, I could easily see the neat row of four holes in each lobe. The cartilage piercings I now possessed sported jewelry already, thankfully, the unadorned rings and barbells of the piercing parlor in pink surgical steel. One of the lowermost had a little rhinestone set of cherries identical to my belly-button ring. Apparently, I had a trademark now – little dangling cherries were my signature.

"Fill 'em up, sweetheart," Emily instructed.

Digging through the boxes and trays of cheap jewelry, I found some rhinestone studs to fill most of the holes – they took forever to thread and cap with the long nails, but I persevered and got them in with a minimum of scratches and hisses of pain. I attempted to put a conservative set of dangling rings in the lowermost holes, but Emily slapped my hands – my new sensitive skin stung from the contact more than I expected – and directed me towards a pair of huge, 4" diameter silver hoops, thick and heavy, studded around the edge with little clusters of pink rhinestones.

It took me a while to figure out the claps, but eventually got them threaded through the holes in my ears. They dragged at my earlobes a little painfully and brushed ticklingly against the sides of my neck every time I moved. I sighed and stood as Emily clapped her hands delightedly and giggled like a happy little girl.

"You look so cute," she told me. "Oh, I can't wait to make you do this every morning."

"Glad you're happy," I grumbled.

"You should be," she cautioned. "I can always make this worse, you know."

"Are you ready to go?" I said, trying to change the subject.

"You're certainly in a hurry, honey," she chuckled. "Like Serena is going to be any nicer to you than I have. Still, I love the enthusiasm. Get your purse, baby, and we'll head out."

I slung the little pink-and-white bag over my shoulder on the way out the door, walking unsteadily on my heels down the short flight of steps to the parking lot outside my condo. My black, high-performance Audi sat sleek and gorgeous in the covered parking slip just a few feet from the door. I searched the cavernous interior of my purse for my keys, digging past hairbrushes and makeup compacts and Kleenex and – God help me – tampons when Emily brought me up short.

"Oh, that won't do at all," Emily said, clucking her tongue. "That car is too 'gearhead.' You definitely need something cuter, don't you think?"

Strangely, no change she'd wreaked on my body or my home compared to the anguish I felt as she focused her little pink camera on my car. I'd gone through hell to buy, keep and maintain that automobile, and a great deal of my masculine self-image tied into the glossy black metal and bright chrome that sat in the parking slip. But the click and the flash went off mercilessly the way they always did, and I tried not to cry as I looked forlornly at the pink convertible Volkswagen 'Beetle' which sat there now, crystal cherries dangling from the rearview mirror and vanity plates proudly displaying 'WyldGr! on the bumper.

"Oh my God, you're about to cry!" Emily said, looking at me with delighted shock. "You really did love that car as much as you love your dick. Serena's gonna pee when she hears this!"

I clicked the remote and the pink car honked merrily as the doors unlocked. At least it's a fucking turbo, I thought through the devastation in my mind as I opened the drivers' side door and slid into the seat behind the wheel.

Emily slid in next to me, buckling her seatbelt. "Let's get going, sweetheart," she told me as I started the engine. "We have a long day ahead of us."

* * *

Apparently, from the earsplitting beats thumping from my speakers that Emily refused to let me turn down, I'd departed from my lifelong love of Led Zeppelin and The Who in favor of bubblegum pop, my CD collection now dominated by Ke\$ha, Christina Aguilera and Britney Spears – anything you can shake that ass to, Emily had laughed – and Lady GaGa pounding my eardrums all the way from my upscale condo in Midtown to the rambling, sprawling quasi-mansion that Serena owned in the suburbs. The tall, pale bitch waited for us in the front

garden, sipping from her everpresent glass of red wine, and smiled delightedly when I tottered to the front door on my heels.

"Oh, Harmon, you look just like a little angel!" she cooed brightly, holding me by the shoulders at arms' length and looking me all over. "I love what Em has done with you!"

"Thanks," I mumbled.

"Such an attitude," she commented. "She's going to be quite the little diva when it's all over, Em. Is that intentional, or just a happy accident?"

"It was an accident at first," she said, accepting a glass of orange juice – she passed on the wine, rubbing her belly – and taking a long sip. No one offered me anything, I noticed.

"What brings you over here? I figured you'd be busy for days," Serena commented.

"Well, Harmon has decided to be a spoiled little brat about some of this," Emily said. She threaded the lanyard of the pink camera over Serena's wrist. "You've always been the creative one, I figured maybe you could come up with something interesting. Besides, this is all your doing anyway. I hate to have all the fun."

"You're such a sweetie," she said. "Harmon, is this true? Are you being a little brat?"

"Emily says so," I mumbled. "So I guess I am."

"I like you beaten like this," Serena commented, running a fingertip down the angle of my jaw. "A distinct improvement over what you used to be."

Keep talking, you skanky bitch, I thought bitterly. I'm not out of this yet. What goes around comes around – I'll find a way to make you pay for this.

"Let's see," Serena said, tapping her bottom lip with a forefinger as she considered. "What should we make you do? And more to the point, how can we make you love it?"

"She really didn't like the makeup and the clothes," Emily offered. "And she almost cried when I changed her car to suit her."

"Cried? Over a car?" Serena said, laughing. "That's hilarious."

"Thought you'd like that," Emily said.

"Still, the most fun is when you don't have to use the camera to make him do what you want," Serena commented. "You can always use it as backup, if you need, but it's more entertaining to break them down by hand."

"How do we do that?" Emily asked.

"Bring her inside," Serena said. "I'll show you."

* * *

Serena hustled me into a luxuriously-appointed home office and seated me in front of a high-end laptop. Before I could make myself comfortable in the expensive Aeron chair, however, she leaned me back and pointed the camera at my belly again, so close that the lens nearly brushed my quivering skin. She took a picture with the click and flash I'd come to dread.

"I already changed her belly," Emily said.

"I know," Serena said, "but you have to be very specific about what you have in mind when you take the picture. You changed his bone structure and musculature, Em, maybe rearranged a few internal organs and decreased his fat content. You didn't concentrate on changing what was inside like I just did."

"What did you do?" I half-begged.

She stroked my cheek. "Nothing you won't have to get used to eventually, darling," she cooed. "Notice anything different in your pants, sweetheart?"

The near-constant pain of having my genitals jammed against my body by the ultra-tight short-shorts had changed a little, I'd noticed. My mashed, abused balls felt fuller, perhaps, like they took up more room in the limited real estate left to them. They hurt the same amount, but in a slightly different way. I looked down, curiously.

"My balls..." I whispered.

"Not any more," Serena said. "Oh, they're still in the same place for now, honey, but you can't go around looking the way you do without a fantastic set of ovaries. Sure, they're still dangling between your legs for the moment, but us girls need hormones so we can have those mood swings and chocolate binges you hate us so much for."

Ovaries? I thought desperately. She gave me ovaries?

"But what good are ovaries without the rest of the equipment? If you sit still and concentrate, Harmon baby, you can feel it inside you. Something in your belly you never had before."

When she said it, I could sense some strange occupant in my lower abdomen I'd never really noticed before. A strange emptiness, like a hole, deep inside me.

"That's your new uterus, sweetheart," she chuckled. "Your little baby bed. And just so you get a proper introduction into girlhood, I made sure it's your first encounter with a menstruating uterus, as well."

The first of the cramps hit me like a hammer just as I was beginning to digest the idea of having a place inside me specifically geared to grow and nourish a baby. My guts squeezed and twisted painfully, new muscles inside me flexing and contracting in a way nothing could have prepared me for, and I groaned, grabbing my midsection.

"I know, honey, I know," Serena said, smoothing my hair. "Those cramps are a bitch."

"Jesus," I breathed.

"Luckily, honey, you're in the right place," Serena said. "Just so happens that I have a little witches' brew that makes them go away. Completely. I can let you have some, if you like."

"Please..." I groaned.

"Of course," Serena said. "Can't let a sister suffer, now, can I? I just need you to do something for me."

She tapped the touch-pad on the laptop and brought up a website showing a catalog of women's clothes. Little barely-there sundresses and club dresses clung to the luscious curves

of every model on the page. Serena clicked on the picture of a little floral pink sundress, shipped with a matching pink straw sun-hat with a floppy brim and a big pink flower, to enlarge the picture.

"Describe that to me, dear, and you'll get that potion," she said.

"It's a pink dress," I muttered, voice hiccupy with the indrawn breath the cramps seemed to force from me. "Says it's 100% cotton, machine washable..."

Serena slapped me, so hard I saw stars, and I accidentally bit my pillowy bottom lip. "That's not what I meant, whore," she hissed. "I told you to describe that dress to me."

"It's pink, and it has flowers!" I squawked shrilly. "What do you want me to say?"

"I want you to describe it!" she shot back, slapping me again. "Tell me about that dress!"

"It comes in plus sizes..." Slap.

"It's from the Ralph Lauren Blue collection..." Slap.

"It costs \$500..." Slap.

"What the hell do you want me to..." Slap.

"Describe it, you dumb bitch!" Serena shouted, raising her hand threateningly.

"OhmyGawd, it's sooOOooo cute!" I screamed through my tears. "It's totally adorable! Em would look so cute in it with her coloring, don't you think? And I'm in love with that hat! I have shoes that would be perfect with it!"

Serena stood up and favored me with a sweet, pleased smile. She folded her hands. "Now, was that so hard?" she asked innocently.

Another cramp wrung me and I groaned, clutching at my midsection. "The potion?" I asked.

"Oh, not just yet," Serena said, clicking to another picture. "You took a little long on that last one, I think you need another try. Describe that one."

It went on like that, even after she fetched the potion. She only allowed me tiny little sips, barely enough to wet my puffy lips, which made the cramps disappear – like magic, I hated myself for saying – for about three minutes, threatening me with more slaps across the face if I didn't gush like an idiot about every piece of clothing on that website, and two more after it. She and Emily laughed through the entire ordeal, wiping tears from their eyes as they made me search for a purse and shoes to match the perfect 'little black dress' I'd run across and make garish comments about how sexy and perfect the garment was. They even 'rewarded' me, at the end, by forcing me to dig through my purse and take out my Platinum MasterCard and buy some of the choicer outfits, to be delivered to my house sometime that week. I tried not to grit my teeth at the expenditure – nearly three grand worth of designer rags and shoes.

"You have to be more careful with your money, sweetheart," Emily cautioned, still laughing.

"Every girl loves a good shopping spree, but it's easy to get carried away. I know you think all us women are terrible with money – God knows you accused me of that enough when we were still together – but you can at least try not to blow every penny you have on pretty dresses and high heels."

"I'll try, Emliy," I said in a small voice. It hurt to talk past the darkening bruise on my cheek. I rubbed it surreptitiously when they weren't looking.

"Good girl," Emily said, patting my shoulder.

Serena came in from another room where she'd excused herself briefly, carrying a huge ring in one hand. A little silver setting which looked just perfect for my small, slender finger supported a pink crystal heart the size of a fifty-cent piece. Serena grabbed the index finger of my right hand unceremoniously and jammed the ring down on it hard.

"Here you go," Serena said. "A little something to remember our special day. It took a moment to make it look like this – I know how you like tacky, and I only had elegant stuff – but it should serve to keep you in line while you're alone with Emily."

"Keep him in line?" Emily said. "Wouldn't the camera do that?"

"That just makes him follow your commands," Serena explained. "But it can't change the way he thinks or acts. This can. You can charge it with five commands – only five, so think them through carefully before you add any – and it will force obedience."

"How does it do that?" Emily asked, peering past her friend's shoulder at the ring.

"Just place your palm over it, like this," Serena said, demonstrating. "Then say the command like so: 'I command you to speak and act like a happy, dimwitted girl from now on.'"

The ring glowed a cheerful pink and I felt a tingle spread up my arm. "What do you think of that command, Harmon? You like it?"

"No, I don't..." I bent in half in a sudden shock of burning, tearing pain like every nerve in my body had just received an infusion of pure fire. I couldn't choke back a scream as I writhed and thrashed in the chair at the computer desk.

A seeming eternity later, the pain subsided. "Want to try that again?" Serena offered. "Do you like the command I just gave you?"

I took a deep, steadying breath. "Um, like... no. I so don't like it," I half-sang, the nasal sneer of patrician distaste thick in my voice. She wanted me to sound like a girl, and I didn't have much experience of it – the only real 'girly' example I had to follow was the chicks of *The Girls Next Door*, which I'd watched over Emily's shoulder for entirely different reasons than she had, so I sounded like a strange amalgam of Bridget, Holly and Kendra which seemed to mollify the ring, at least.

Emily smiled brightly. "Oh, Serena," she breathed, "that's wonderful."

"Just be careful – it can only enforce five commands, and I've already given it one," Serena reiterated. "If you try to give it a sixth, it falls to ash and you lose everything."

"I'll be careful," she said, digging in her pocket for a little spiral-bound notebook. "I've started keeping notes."

Serena gave her a hug and me a derisive sneer. "I'd love to stay and play – believe me, how I'd love to, I haven't had this much fun in ages – but I have an incredibly busy afternoon," she explained. "So I better leave you two to your fun. Feel free to use the house, if you like, just

don't touch anything that's not left out in easy reach. There's lots of stuff in here that could be dangerous."

"I think we'll just scoot," Emily said. "There's still a lot more pictures to take at his old place."

"I hope you do something about those hairy arms and legs, soon," Serena told her. "They look awful. But it's your revenge, darling. You do whatever you like."

"Can I..." another blast of searing pain from the ring, which choked the breath in my throat before letting me start again. "Um, baby? So, like... can I run to the bathroom, like, real quick before we go? Please?"

Emily waved me away dismissively, threading the camera back around her wrist and engaging in a quick, whispered conversation with Serena. I turned to leave the room, hoping beyond hope that she'd give me no more commands...

"Be sure and sit down like a good girl, Harmon, and wipe," she called out.

I sighed. If that was everything she intended for me to do, then I got off lucky. I wended a way through one of the rooms off the dining room – the general direction of the bathroom, I'd been careful to choose – and opened the cabinets of dark wood I found, grabbing what mystical-looking pieces of jewelry and wood and little leather-bound books I could, stuffing them in my purse without looking for them. Serena had said this stuff could be dangerous. Hopefully it was dangerous enough to kill me – and end this torture – and hopefully take that scheming bitch Emily with me when it happened. If I was really lucky, I could make something unfortunate happen to Serena, too. Reason had long since fled me, I discovered as I sequestered myself in the bathroom just off the laundry room. I just wanted to end it by causing as much damage as I possibly could, like some bizarre parody of a suicide bomber.

I sat on the bowl, knees together, and let out the pressure in my bladder that I hadn't actually been lying about. I dabbed at the tip of my cruelly abused cock with a bit of toilet paper, launched into the five-minute fight against my shorts in order to get them pulled over my muscular legs and to mash my cock and balls – my ovaries, I corrected myself – back into the narrow confines. I paused to peer into the mirror and judged that my makeup didn't need repair – I was sure they'd punish me if anything was smudged or uneven – before tottering my way back through the rambling house to where Serena and Emily waited by the front door.

"Took you long enough," Emily grumped.

"Emily, please," Serena put in. "Girls are supposed to take forever in the bathroom, remember? Cut her some slack, won't you?"

"Oh, okay," Emily sighed. "Goodbye, Serena. Thank you so much for everything, baby."

She kissed Emily's cheek warmly and rubbed away the small smudge of lipstick she'd left there with a thumb. With a bright smile and an evil glint in her eyes, she patted me on the tight denim stretched across my still-male ass, saying, "You girls have fun, now."

Emily led me back to the car with mincing, unbalanced steps, mind already in overdrive about what degradations and tortures to subject me to next.

* * *

We returned to my condo around three in the afternoon, pulling into the parking spot under the little portico and some welcome shade. Emily amused herself the entire drive home making me drive the way I'd once reviled women for driving – changing lanes without signaling, cutting people off, wandering from lane to lane, getting lost and cutting across traffic, and applying mascara and lipstick at highway speeds. She forced the whole thing on me with the top down on my car, making me wink and blow flirtatious kisses at other drivers as we went, gaining me no end of strange and repulsed looks from fellow motorists. The menstrual cramps churned at my insides, still, making me compliant with her directions in a quest to get the little sips of the potion she'd brought in a sterling silver hip flask and not making her burn one of the four remaining commands that remained in the heart ring on my index finger. The pink crystal glittered in the sunlight as I drove, looking cheap and tacky as it drew attention to my every gesture.

I still gained sharp jolts of pain from the ring every time I attempted to speak, still unused to the bimbo, airhead tone of voice and turns of phrase that the ring found acceptable for my method of communication. But I managed, somehow, to answer the questions that Emily put to me in a suitable speech, even though my choked screams and squeals of pain seemed to preface every sentence I attempted.

Emily followed me up the stairs as I tried to keep from toppling off of my four-inch wedge heels. As I finally reached the top, I flinched as a bright flash of light appeared behind me, picking my malformed silhouette against my front door in sharp contrast.

"I got tired of looking at that flat ass," she said. "You needed a little junk in your trunk."

I craned my head, twisting my huge, gaudy earrings painfully in the crook of my neck, and saw the firm, rounded bubble of perfection that now bulged the too-short legs of my Daisy Duke shorts. The new expansion crushed my genitals even more as I found even less room in my britches, and I groaned and cried out, sagging against the doorframe.

"Inside," Emily instructed.

"I can't..." A yelp and a stab of pain. "So, like, I totally can't, baby," I tried again. "I so can't walk in these shorts, now – they're, like, crushing my junk 'n' stuff."

She giggled behind her hand. "Oh, that's right," she said. "I forgot about that. I should make you try to walk anyway, just for the comedy value, but I've had such a good day, I just can't." She aimed the camera at my crotch again and set the flash off brightly.

I looked down through the swimming spots painted across my vision and saw that I wore a flirty miniskirt of the same white denim and lace trim as the shorts had been, belted with the Bunny-head belt. Only a silky-feeling pair of panties held my cock and drastically bigger balls against my body now, letting me breathe for what seemed the first time in days. I did notice that the shorts I'd worn earlier were tucked neatly into my purse, sticking out the top.

"You'll be wearing those again, honey," Emily said. "They're just too cute to go to waste. Now, inside like you said. We have stuff to do."

I thrust my key into the deadbolt and opened the door back into my personal Hell.

* * *

"You know," Emily commented, munching on the light lunch of a grilled chicken salad she'd taken great delight in making me prepare for her, "everything today has been about you. I'm neglecting myself, I think."

I sighed, trying not to comment. The cramps tore me in half, but I schooled myself not to squirm and to keep the pleasant smile Emily ordered fixed on my face.

"Don't you think I should have a little fun for myself, honey?" she asked.

"Um, sure!" I piped, trying to sound happy. "Totally."

"Good, I'm glad you agree," she said. Standing, she unfastened the button on her fly and wiggled her jeans down around her ankles. With one hand, she pulled down her pink cotton panties, downing the rest of her white wine with the other hand. She sat back on the couch, legs spread, her jeans and panties dangling from one leg as she beckoned me with a finger.

Opening the hip flask one-handed, she poured a little trickle of the greenish potion onto the lips of her exposed pussy. "Get to work, honey," she instructed, pointing towards the heavy lips of her arousal teasingly. "You never wanted to do this when we were together. Now, I want to make sure you get really, really good at it. Lots of moaning, you know, and maybe even whisper me some nice dirty-talk while you're at it. You used to think that a good woman talked dirty during sex, so you probably better start practicing. I'll let you know if it's not good enough, I promise."

The camera still twisted on the end of its lanyard around her slender wrist, so I found myself moving forward towards her without really meaning to.

"Oh, no, honey," she teased. "I think you should get down on your hands and kness and crawl over, what do you think?"

I tried not to snifle. "I think that's, like, way sexier," I said. I dropped rather gracelessly to all fours and crawled to her, ending up staring directly at her glistening labia. More from wanting the cramps to stop than anything else, I stuck out my tongue and gave a gentle lick.

She jumped. "Easy!" she cried, swatting my forehead roughly. "You were never any damned good at this, even during the couple of times I actually browbeat you into trying it. Now, be gentle. Easy. Warm it up, first. You'll understand a little better once I give you one of your own, but for now treat it like it's fragile, you stupid bitch."

"Sorry," I mumbled, moving back in and trying a little harder to be gentle. From the way Emily moaned and settled her ass deeper into the cushions of the couch, she seemed to approve of the new approach.

"That's more like it," she breathed, resting one hand on the top of my head.

"You like that, baby?" I whispered, trying to adhere to her commands. "Is it good?"

"It's adequate," she said. "There are some things that are a little annoying, though. Come here. Look at me."

I raised my head up and found myself staring into the lens of the pink camera I'd come to hate so extravagantly. Emily used the hand resting on my head to turn it to one side, snap a picture, then turn it to the other and snap another.

Smooth, baby-soft skin now adorned both of my cheeks, I felt as she caressed them. "Much better than that scratchy beard you thought made you look so rugged," she chuckled. "Men don't know how much us girls appreciate a nice, close shave. Now, stick out your tongue."

I did as commanded, and she aimed the camera and took another picture, the flash nearly blinding me at such close range. My tongue – formerly small and compact – now stretched to a nearly freakish length, coming into my field of vision barely. Emily directed my gaze to the little mirror on the wall above the couch, and I beheld the long tongue that protruded from between my pouting lips. It looked strong and nimble, tapering to a tiny point with a deep furrow down its center-line, interrupted by a little heart-shaped silver stud pierced through the center, about a third of the way towards the tip. It glistened with saliva and moved a little like a snake. I wondered how it would all fit back into my mouth, it was so long.

"Much better," Emily judged, pushing my head back down.

I resumed my ministrations, concentrating on being gentle and whispering little dirty meaningless endearments between breaths, judging how well I was doing by the moans and gasps I heard from Emily. I very gingerly – mindful of the long nails – slid one, then two of my slender fingers into her, crooking them towards my chin in an attempt to find her g-spot – something I'd never actually managed to achieve, even though she'd bitched and whined my ear off about it after she read some damned book. She moaned even louder and arched her back, her fingers tangling in my hair, and I forsook the dirty-talk to redouble my efforts on her swollen clit. She didn't seem to mind.

My jaw began aching horribly and I struggled to breathe as she clamped her thighs around my head, gouging the sides of my neck and behind my ears with all the jewelry threaded through my earlobes. With a squealing arpeggio, Emily came, the thick juice flooding out of her to soak my chin and bathe my tongue, and I welcomed the respite as the legs locked around my head relaxed and I gasped for breath. I put my hands to either side of her and tried to push myself upright, but she wouldn't let me up.

"Did I say I was done?" she said simply.

She kept me there, fighting to catch occasional breaths, for four more orgasms, finally letting me up when my jaw ached so terribly that I could barely close my mouth and my tongue became numb. She smiled and caressed my cheek, tracing a path through the accumulated slime and juice on my chin with a fingertip before feeding it to me gently.

"Honey, you're a wreck," she told me. "Go fix your makeup and then run me a bath. Lots of bubbles. And get me another glass of wine while you're at it."

Nodding – it hurt too much to speak – I rose on wobbly, oxygen-deprived muscles and tottered my way back to the bedroom, sitting at the dressing table and opening the magazine back to the original 'how-to' page I'd used before. After about a half-hour, maybe forty-five minutes, I managed a passable 'smoky eye' look and applied some deep red 'fuck-me' lipstick with a thick coat of gloss. Thankfully I consumed enough of the potion from Emily's labia while I'd gone down on her to keep the cramps at bay the entire time. Waiting for my fresh coat of mascara to dry, I took the opportunity to empty the items I'd lifted from Serena's house into a drawer crammed with bottles of perfume and cold cream. I shoved them to the back – deeply enough that Emily wouldn't see unless she was looking for them specifically – and then minced into the bathroom to start the water, adding a generous application of the oily bubble

bath, and then hurried into the kitchen to pour another glass of wine. Emily waited on the edge of the tub, naked, by the time I got back.

"Get undressed," she told me as she slid luxuriantly into the lavender-scented foam, releasing a soft sigh of relaxation as she settled in. I did as she bade me, slipping out of my tight tube-top over my head and letting the short denim skirt flutter to the floor. My beefy arms and legs and bent, reddened cock looked very much at odds with the compact but lush curves of my body, the hairlessness of the feminized parts of me irritating quickly from the brush and scrape of the wiry, reddish-brown hair that covered the other parts.

"God, you look horrible," she said. She'd taken the camera off when she lowered herself into the water, so I had a measure of control of myself I'd not had for quite some time. "I'm going to have to do something about those arms and legs, I swear. You look like Frankenstein's monster, standing there like that."

"We can, like, totally stop this, Emmy," I told her in the chirpy little-girl voice the ring forced me to use to speak. "We, like, don't have to go on any more, baby girl. Don't'cha, like, think I've suffered enough 'n' stuff?"

"No," she said simply. "No, I don't."

She poked a long leg up through the bubbles, pointing her dainty toe at me. "Now, shave me. Be careful, now – one cut and you won't enjoy what I do next."

"Emmy, baby, can't we, like, talk about this?"

"You had two years to talk about it, Harmon," she said. "You blew it. Now shave. And don't think just because I left the camera in the bedroom, angel, that I'm unprotected. Serena guaranteed that much."

Grabbing the little pink razor I'd found beside the tub, I lathered her leg with the oily foam and started shaving the light stubble on her shins and calves, careful not to give her the slightest nick or scrape during my ministrations. I wanted her to think I was completely in her control, right up until the moment I used one of the magic knick-knacks purloined from Serena's house to blow us both to kingdom come. No reason to ruin the illusion now. I needed her relaxed, anyway – I had to try and get her to drop her guard, allow me more and more freedom away from her eyes. The dismissal, to go and reapply my makeup, lifted my spirits more than she could know – the time apart from her raised hopes I'd thought completely dashed. The more she left me alone, the sooner I could bring all of this torture to an end.

"You're doing a beautiful job, Harmon," Emily said. "If I'd known you could've been this giving, maybe I would have taken you up on that offer to work things out."

I decided not to comment. The ring only made me talk like a bimbo, not lie, and I couldn't come up with anything I could say that wouldn't just lead to more trouble.

She admired the job I'd just finished – her legs shone smoothly and wetly as she turned them in the light of the few candles she'd lit for mood lighting. She nudged me playfully with the toe. "Your turn," she said, gesturing with the razor. "Go ahead. Legs and pits, honey, and maybe make a try to shape up that bush. We'll get you waxed, later – no way am I letting you miss out on that little piece of womanhood – but for now, you probably better do a little bit of man-scaping down there or your pretty panties will never fit right."

Trying not to sneer – I was operating bereft of the little bit of protection that being under the control of the camera granted me – I took the razor back between long-nailed fingers and started on the thick, bushy hair on my legs. It took short strokes, and I still hissed in pain, but eventually I managed to get one leg denuded and smooth. I tossed that razor and selected a fresh one out of the little bag of disposables under the sink to start on the other. It seemed to take forever, with the tiny little strokes I was forced to use, but eventually my legs shone completely smooth and bare like Emily's, hairless and silken above the water. I couldn't resist the urge to stroke the soft flesh of my legs, and Emily giggled as she watched.

"It's a huge pain in the ass," she said, "but the end result feels so nice. You learn to put up with it, eventually, or get laser treatments. I figure you for being the latter kind of girl. Now, don't forget those pits and that bush, honey."

Nodding, not wanting to stop caressing the silky-smooth and soft skin, I raised my thick, heavily-muscle arms over my head and shaved off the bushy hair underneath, choking the multiple blades of the razor several times and having to shake them vigorously in the water to clean them out. The bushy pubic hair was another matter entirely – I had to be extremely careful to shave down there, around the folds and fleshy crevices near my scrotum, trimming it into a neat little strip pointing at my navel. The immersion in warm, oily water restored my cock to something approaching its former state of health, and it stirred against my touch a little, nuzzling the soft flesh of my palm as I lifted it out of the razor's path.

"Is your little clit getting all hard?" Emily teased. "Is this actually starting to turn you on?"

"Um, no," I said quickly – possibly too quickly – "it's just, like, the warm water 'n' stuff, and not being squeezed 'n' stuff in those tight pants from today. I'm not horny or nothin'."

"Well, that's no good," Emily said, and before I could jerk away she'd grabbed my hand between hers, palming the crystal heart on my finger and clamping down on it.

"I command you to feel and act horny for as long as you're awake, and to dream about sex when you're asleep," she said. The ring glowed as it received the command and a huge stab of pain wracked my body. I was already disobeying the command, so I desperately began trying to focus through the pain and conjure thoughts of fucking and sucking until my cock stiffened in earnest, making the pain cease.

"That's better, don't you think?" Emily asked.

I kept my mind focused on keeping the pain at bay, taking my cock gently in my soft palms – actually turning myself on a little with the feel of my long nails against the firm flesh – and starting some long, languorous strokes. I dared not let myself cum, fearing the ebb of my sexual arousal would bring the pain back. Instead I masturbated just enough to keep myself teased to erection, having to dedicate a portion of my thoughts to sex constantly just to keep my arousal up and keep the pain at bay.

"Come on, it's no more than you told me, after all, when we were together," she chided. "Men are different, you said, remember? Men have needs – they think about sex all the time, they can't just 'turn it off' like women do. Now, I just made that line of reasoning a reality. Wasn't that sweet of me, Harmon?"

She waited for a moment, then grabbed the head of my cock and gave it a harsh twist, making me cry out and grab the edges of the tub in pain and shock.

"I said, wasn't that sweet of me?"

"Totally sweet," I agreed, panting for breath. "Thank you so much, baby."

She smiled, letting go of my cock. "You're welcome, sweetheart," she said kindly. "It's the least I can do for how wonderful you were to me, all that time."

She got out, leaving me lounging in the cooling water and deflating bubbles, stroking my cock gently with one hand and barely teasing one of my nipples with the long, manicured nail of the other, lost in the shimmering sparkle of pink thrown from the ring on my finger.

"Get up and dry off," she commanded after a little while. She'd placed the camera back around her wrist, so I did as commanded without hesitation, my considerable hard-on bobbing softly between my thighs, pulsing softly to the rhythm of my heartbeat.

"We have to get you ready for bed," she said, "and get that makeup off. Nothing makes you break out worse than going to sleep in your makeup, sweetheart, and we have to keep that skin of yours in good condition."

I blotted my body with the towel, making the scent of the lavender rise from my skin, then went into the closet and selected a lacy white baby-doll nightie, stepping into it and settling the spaghetti straps on my narrow shoulders. The white, lacy cups struck me as disappointingly empty, and my cock made a strange throbbing tent in the sheer fabric of the front, smearing it a little with a film of my pre-cum. I shimmed my hips into the white lace g-string that went with the negligée, pressing my turgid dick against my lower belly as the back strap nestled a little uncomfortably in the crack of my generous, feminine bubble-butt. A pair of mules with marabou feathers on the uppers and a five-inch heel completed the look.

"Is it, um, time for bed 'n' stuff?" I asked hopefully, wondering how I was going to comply with the command of dreaming about sex. Maybe I could slip something naughty into the DVD player in the bedroom and fall asleep watching that to fuel my dreams.

"Not just yet, honey," Emily said from her place on the satin sheets of my girly, four-poster bed. She lay in front of a huge assortment of magazines, all opened to various advertisements for cosmetics. "Before you take that makeup off, I have one more little teeny-weeny task for you.

"Get over here and come pick out your new face," she commanded, gesturing to the magazines.

To Be Continued...



SUMMARY: Disgusted with her boyfriend's attitude toward women, one gal get a magic camera from a collage roommate who knows Wicca, and proceeds to changer her former boyfriend bit by bit into the perfect bimbo.

PRETTY AS A PICTURE

Part Three

by Valerie Hope

UNABLE TO RESIST DUE TO the camera's influence, I sat cross-legged on the bed across from Emily – the heels of my vampy mules dug into my inner thighs roughly – and gazed helplessly at the magazines. Perfectly made-up, flawless celebrities and models smiled back at me from the glossy pages. One of whose faces I would soon be wearing along with the bee-stung lips, wide surprised blue eyes and dainty, multiply-pierced ears I'd already been given. My heart sank. Once Emily did this, I would no longer even be recognizable. I wouldn't be able to get anyone to believe the story of what happened to me, approaching them with an outlandish tale like mine and a face that bore no resemblance to my former self. A door was slamming on my hopes to ever restore myself to normal, and I struggled not to cry. Even the thought of losing my cock paled beside the idea of losing my face.

"See one you like, baby?" Emily said lightly. "You always had a 'thing' for Drew Barrymore. Why not something like her face? That little pointy chin would look amazing with those big pouty lips I gave you."

"She's, like, way too recognizable, baby," I said, complying with the magical order to sound like a bimbo. "I think I better go for something, um, more, like... *generic* 'n' stuff."

"That's a good thought," Emily said. "I don't like it when you have good thoughts, Harmon. I expect a little more bimbo out of you. I expect you to *want* to look like a celebrity, not be thinking about long-term ramifications."

I flipped through the magazines distractedly, trying to buy time, desperately wracking my brain for a possible way to get myself out of this. But Emily's growing impatience – and the possibility of extreme punishment and having a face selected for me, or both – rushed the decision. I decided to hide behind the bimbo persona that Emily demanded.

"I, like, can't make up my mind," I whined, pouting. "I mean, Scarlett Johanssen is, like, sooOOoo pretty, and so is Kim Kardashian, but this picture of Kendra Wilkinson looks so sexy..."

Emily sighed. "Well, make up your mind," she urged. "I'm getting sleepy."

With a burning, hopeless ache deep in the pit of my stomach, I pointed at the picture of Heidi Klum on an advertisement for the latest season of *Project Runway*.

"I love how you tried to stall, baby," Emily laughed, pointing the camera at me. "It was really cute. Now, smile big for the camera. I may have this one framed."

The flash blinded me, making me jerk backwards and almost lose my balance. I could actually feel the bones in my face shifting and reshaping. I didn't dare touch it – I was afraid of what my fingertips would find if they explored the new, changed topography of my face.

"Let me be the first to say it," Emily said. "Has anyone ever told you, Harmon, you look *just like* Heidi Klum?"

I sighed. "Um, like... I get that a lot?"

Emily smiled. "You're catching on pretty quick for a dumb bitch," she said, patting my new, reconfigured cheek as she bent and stacked the magazines, one atop the other.

She handed me the stack and looked at me expectantly. I didn't know what she wanted, so I raised an eyebrow – a high, delicately arched eyebrow – in question.

"Well? What are you waiting for?" Emily asked shortly.

"I'm, like... not sure," I replied honestly.

"I'm sleepy, Harmon," she said. "I'm waiting for you to get the hell out of my room so I can go to bed."

Of all the indignities I'd suffered, getting kicked out of my own bedroom seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back. Mincing on my heels, cock bobbing painfully in my tight lacy panties, I fought tears as I made my way into the front room to go to sleep on the couch. I could dimly hear Emily chuckling behind me.

* * *

The pain of the ring's commands woke me several times during the night – apparently I hadn't been dreaming of sex – and what little sleep I did manage had been troubled at best. I felt groggy and grainy-eyed when Emily nudged me awake with her toe sometime around seven a.m., the morning light streaming through the blinds covering the sliding door to my little outdoor deck.

"You never tell me anything," Emily grumped, looking at my phone. "It says here that you planned to go meet 'the guys' for breakfast and nine holes at the golf course today. Why didn't you let me know?"

"I, um, figured that was, kinda *off 'n'* stuff," I said, stifling a yawn. "Considering."

"Oh, *hell* no," Emily laughed. "I wouldn't want you to miss out on your friends, Harmon. There's no fucking way I'm letting you miss this appointment. Now get up and get dressed. Something decent, though – your friends are every bit as chauvinist and sexist as you are, so you better 'slut up' to please them."

Not wanting any more of her singularly creative punishments, I rose quickly and scampered into the bathroom, shutting the door behind me. I tried not to sob loudly through the door – I didn't want to give Emily the satisfaction – as I brushed my teeth and smeared the lilac-scented deodorant (strong enough for a man, the label said, and that almost sent me into a fresh jag of crying) under my smooth-shaved armpits and the insides of my shaven thighs. The pendulous scrotum – hanging low with my new ovaries, bigger and thicker than my old balls had been – stuck to the inside of my leg last night, so I peeled them away and scratched them gingerly with my long manicured fingernails. At least Emily hadn't taken *that* characteristically

male pleasure away from me yet – the morning ball-scratch. It would only be a matter of time, I knew, before I'd never feel it again, so I determined to enjoy it as much as I could in the time I still had left.

I washed my face and ran a brush through my short dark hair, then hustled out to the dressing table to start on the day's makeup. I actually caught myself wishing that Emily would hurry up and transform my hairy, overmuscled arms. They weren't the slightest bit pretty, and the rest of me looked so cute. I knew it might be the hormones, surging out of my new low-slung ovaries, but it also might be a part of me starting to cave to the constant, torturous barrage of changes and humiliations that Emily threw at me. I remembered reading somewhere about Helsinki Syndrome, and some stuff about post-traumatic stress, and how easily the mind of someone under torture could rationalize just about anything.

Or worse, I was starting to like the way I looked.

Not that my new face disappointed. The makeup mirror was my first chance to really examine it, and it was flawless. Creamy, unblemished skin that didn't need makeup to appear airbrushed, a heart-shaped face with a delicate little chin and high cheekbones, high arched eyebrows that added to my look of constant surprise. The huge pouty lips and over-large blue eyes were the only departures keeping me from being a dead ringer for Heidi Klum, and the supermodel's fresh-faced, little-girl innocence adorned my face perfectly – I'd become the slutty-older-sister version of her.

Instead of foundation – which I really didn't need – I just used a bit of pressed powder and laid on heavy eyeliner and mascara, making my already noticeable eyes dominate my entire face. I lacquered my lips with a heavy coat of glossy pink and covered the color with more gloss, giving my lips a wet, kissable look. Just a hint of blush on my cheeks and a light dusting of powder, and I was good to go. Amazingly, the whole job took only twenty minutes, and looked more than good enough for a day out. I tried – unsuccessfully – to repress a stab of pride.

I regretted my decision to put on makeup first – I didn't think about how it would smudge on my clothes when I tried to put them on. Still, I did manage to shimmy into the little pink sundress – hating the way my masculine legs looked sticking out the bottom of the short, flirty hem – and settle the straps on my shoulders without doing too much damage to either the sheer fabric or my face. I struggled into a pair of nude pantyhose – try as I might, I couldn't get the crotch to go any higher than mid-thigh, with my chunky man legs – and slipped into a pair of pink stiletto pumps with brass, four-inch heels. I dangled some 'chandelier' earrings, suspended arcs of pink crystal, from my lobes and loaded my wrists with clattering pink and white plastic bangle bracelets. I even hung a little pink crystal heart pendant, that matched my hated ring, around my slim neck and got the clasp done despite the long manicured claws that inhibited my every motion.

I had repaired my makeup and tied a pink bandanna in my short, masculine haircut and was in the process of transferring my few possessions into a white leather purse with a long shoulder strap when Emily came in, holding a cup of coffee and nodding appreciatively.

"You look *adorable*, Harmon," she gushed.

I hated the swell of satisfaction that bloomed in my chest when she said so. I didn't want to look adorable. But, I found, what I wanted more than anything was to look better than *her*. It

seemed like the best revenge I could get at this stage – at least until I killed her and myself with one of my stolen magical 'grenades.'

"Thanks," I bubbled, trying not to take anything she said seriously. She wanted bimbo, she was going to *get* bimbo. I wasn't going to let her get to me. Period.

In fact, I decided to blow her mind a little, maybe get her to drop her guard a little bit more. I cleared my throat and tried to keep my voice from quivering, saying, "Um... Emmy? Can I, like, ask you something?"

"What?"

"Would you, like, change my arms 'n' stuff, please? They look sooOOoo ugly in this dress," I said, managing to spit it out without betraying any of my emotions on my face. She blinked in shock at my request, and didn't appear to guess at my motives. Besides, she was going to do it anyway, eventually. I wasn't going to be able to avoid it, so why not ask her and get her to relax around me, think me *her* creature now, entirely. Maybe avoid giving me another command in the ring, give me more time alone to plot her death. That formed the basis of my existence right now, and I thought of very little else. Concentrating on my endgame also assisted me dealing with the trauma and humiliation of it all, too. I needed something to focus on, it took a great deal of the sting out of what Emily was doing to me.

"You... *want* me to?" Emily asked.

I gave her a big-eyed, little-girl pout and whined, "Pleeeeeeeeeease?"

She leveled a considering look at me – clearly looking for my angle – and then broke into a small smile and nodded cheerfully. I clapped excitedly and stuck out my hairy, muscled arms in a faux "supermodel" pose for her as she put the pink camera to her eye and adjusted the focus. She snapped the picture in a bright flash and soft whirr, and then long, lissome arms completed my graceful lines, sprouting in taut, willowy perfection from my narrow shoulders and tapering perfectly to my delicate, long-nailed hands. I waved them around in a parody of my earlier dance, giggling in pure delight.

Since Em seemed to be buying it wholesale, I laid it on a bit thicker, bubbling, "Oh, thank you, sweetheart, they're soooOOOooo perfect! They look *amazing*! I love them sooOOOooo much!"

"I'm glad you like them," she said, scarcely believing that she felt that way, much less expressed it to me. "They do look nice."

I arranged my new arms and hands around my face in a strange "vogue" configuration and vamped for her sexily while she laughed, but I did notice the faint twist of jealousy in her eyes and the set of her mouth. The punishment she levied on me, seemingly so deserved, made me more and more into a creature far sexier and more beautiful than she'd ever been.

"Are you ready to go?" Emily asked me as I slung my purse over one of my new – and, I had to admit, *very* sexy – arms.

"Sure," I chirped, wiggling my toes into my shoes to settle them a little better. "Totally, unless you, um, wanna do my legs too before we go."

Emily shook her head and I pouted. "Not yet," she told me. "We have to leave some things for later, Harmon, no matter how excited you seem to be."

"Fuck 'seem to be," I told her, not releasing the pout. "I *am* excited."

With an effort, I managed to keep a part of my mind constantly revolving around sex and arousal to keep the effects of the punishment ring at bay, but it kept my 'motor' running at a low level and caused me to worry about the bounding, runaway hard-on pressed tight against me by the lacy designer panties I wore beneath my dress. The underwear destroyed the lines of the flirty, light dress, but a throbbing boner would have been worse, so I resigned myself to panty-lines and tried not to think about it as we walked to my new, girly car and buckled ourselves in for the ride. Emily amused herself my making me drive like a stereotypical girl again, applying mascara at 60 mph and getting lost.

I'd run down the checklist in my head a dozen times on the ride. Pure girl hovered devilishly close to me, like a haunting ghost just over my bare shoulder, and I knew only a few pictures remained between me and utter departure with my former life: legs, hair, breasts and then my genitals and Emily's revenge would be complete. I tried to concoct ways to rush the process along. The anticipation maddened me, for one thing, and I didn't want to destroy any part of the old me when I killed us both – I wanted to destroy Emily's masterpiece, completed, in the process as well. The three remaining commands left to the ring worried me immensely, though. They were the great unknowns in my plan, and could derail everything.

"So, um, how come you're, like, coming to this?" I asked her as we drove, tapping long nails on the steering wheel to the driving beat of Britney Spears' *Circus* on the speakers. "I thought you, like, totally hated all my friends 'n' stuff."

"I do," Emily admitted, riffling her hair in the blowing breeze. "For one, I want them to see you. I think that will be worth a big laugh. But then, who knows where it will end? I have a 4-gig memory card in this camera. I can take a *lot* of pictures, honey."

I mulled over the unspoken menace in her tone as I pulled into a parking slip at the exclusive country club where I'd once been a member. I hoped the staff didn't ask too many questions today when I walked in. I'd have a hard time explaining why I was in a dress with a face like Heidi Klum, carrying the ID and membership card of a six-foot-three male who bore little, if any, resemblance to me. Luckily, no one said a word as we wended our way through the morning golf crowd grabbing a quick breakfast in the landscaped outdoor café overlooking the first hole. My friends waited at a table near the kitchen, each sipping a bloody mary and sitting over plates stacked with omelets, sausage, bacon and eggs. The smell of the meat made my nose wrinkle in distaste, offending my new vegetarian sensibilities. Emily and I took chairs across from them wordlessly.

"Excuse me, those seats are... Emily?" Ken Crenshaw, one of my oldest friends and former college roommate, asked. His aviator glasses were pushed up into his slightly greasy-looking black Italian hair and he eyed the links covetously. He was by far the most avid golfer among us, and frequently took our money on our outings.

"Hi, Kenny," Emily said brightly. Of my friends, I think Emily hated Ken the most. "How the hell are you?"

"What's going on, Em?" asked Nate Billings, a business associate of mine who'd become a friend over long 'business meetings' spent in strip clubs and bars in the past five years. A complete horn-dog, Nate was the 'ladies man' in our group, having racked up three divorces and frequently stepping outside the limits of whatever shallow relationship he pursued that

week in quests for meaningless one-night stands. He adjusted his white golf cap on his bald-shaved head and tried to fix Emily in place with a piercing blue-eyed stare.

"Nothing," she said airily, picking at a piece of bread from the basket in the center of the table. "Just decided to come with Harmon to breakfast, is all. I haven't seen you boys in a while."

"You golf?" Steve McCoy asked, ever the dim bulb in our group. He made up for his lack of wits by being underwear-model gorgeous, and I always suspected that Emily would've dropped her panties for him if he'd pressed. But with the constant female attention he received routinely, he never looked twice at her, and the nagging suspicion that Emily's revenge on him would be rough.

"No, Steve, I don't play golf," Emily explained. "I just wanted to see you guys."

"Who's this?" Evan Sullivan asked, gesturing at me. Evan was the 'brains' of our operation, frequently the architect of the wild schemes we enjoyed so much, the weekends in Vegas and the crazy jaunts to Mexico and New Orleans for gambling, drinking and chasing tail that peppered our history as friends. His lightweight glasses crept down his crooked nose and he shoved them back with an impatient finger, his lank blonde hair falling across his eyes.

"Surely you remember your old friend Harmon," Emily said, gesturing to me with an elaborate, 'ta-daaa' flourish. I blushed crimson.

"That's not funny," Brandon Hill said, the last of our group. If Evan masterminded our schemes, then Brandon bankrolled our escapades, having made his fortune in the stock market ages ago. He was rich, he was bored and he was always chasing some new adventurous high, and had no compunctions whatsoever about dropping obscene wads of cash – which admittedly meant nothing to him – on our adventures together. He'd chartered a jet for us to South Beach for spring break one year, and put us up in four-star hotels and kept us in the very best booze and weed. His chiseled, patrician good looks fit right into place at the expensive blue-blood country club where they sat.

"What's not funny, Brandon?" Emily asked, all wide-eyed innocence.

"You pick up some hooker or something, give her Harmon's haircut and then try to tell us it's him? What kind of sick joke is this?" Evan asked. "Are you trying to be clever or something? Where's Harmon?"

Emily smiled sweetly. "I don't know what you're talking about, honestly," she said. "Harmon is sitting right here. A decided improvement, I think."

"Guys, it's true. It's me," I tried in my bubbly, happy soprano.

"Horseshit," Evan said.

"Whatever she's paying you, sweetheart, I'll double it if you tell me what's going on," Brandon offered.

"She's not paying me anything," I attempted.

"Dammit, Emily, what is this?" Ken demanded.

"Okay, okay, you got me," Emily laughed. "Harmon said this wouldn't work."

I started to ask what her game was, but she shut me down with a gentle but insistent hand on my slender wrist. I subsided into a frustrated pout.

"Harmon set this up?" Nate asked, still mildly suspicious.

"It's some fucked-up game he came up with," she explained. "He said you'd love it."

"Okay, so what are we supposed to do?" Steve asked, brightening.

Emily pointed at me. "Harmon gave her all this information, stuff that only you and he would know," she said. "You're supposed to quiz her, see if you can stump her. For every question she gets right, you guys have to buy him a lap dance. If you can stump her, then he buys all the dances and all the drinks tonight."

Evan cracked his knuckles. "This is gonna be easy," he said.

"Rules are, each of you gets one question and we go around the table," Emily said. "Nobody can ask a question from before all of you were friends, I'm the final judge. There's a thirty second time limit and no Mulligans."

"How many times do you we go around?" Nate asked.

"As many as you want," Emily said. "We start with Ken, so Ken says 'when.'"

"That rhymed," I giggled, keeping the ring at bay.

"Okay, then," Ken said, his competitive streak coming to the fore. He leaned across the table with a hungry glint in his eye. "What was the name of the bar where Nate threw up on the cop in New Orleans, the first time we ever did a road trip?"

I cleared my throat and shot my eyes over at Emily, who betrayed nothing. I didn't know whether or not I'd be punished more severely for answering honestly and keeping her little game rolling along, or by acting the ditz and messing up. I sided with Emily's fun. I knew in my bones that she had something nasty planned for an ending, here, and if past actions indicated anything, Emily liked to draw it out.

"Um, the place was called McInerney's," I said, smiling brightly. "But he puked, 'cause, he slammed, like, four hurricanes he bought on the street 'n' stuff."

"Wow," Ken said, chuckling. "She's *good*."

"Harmon really went all out," Nate said. "Okay, what was the name of that stripper who gave us all handjobs in New York, the night we all went out to surprise Evan on that business trip?"

"Jesus, Nate," Brandon spat. "Emily's sitting *right there*."

"What?" Nate said. "It was before he was with Emily, remember?"

"I don't mind," Emily said. "It's all part of the game."

"I don't know what her real name was," I said. "But her stage name was Amber."

"Wow," Nate said. "I can't believe he told you that."

"This is fun," Steve said, chuckling.

"And it could go on all morning," Emily said, laughing. "You guys had a *lot* of secrets."

* * *

As uncomfortable as it was for me to air all my dirty laundry out in front of Emily, the guys took to the game and it did take all morning. We sat there for hours, tee time forgotten, while my friends went around the table over and over again, asking questions that got more and more racy and private as they pounded back bloody marys and eventually switched to the harder stuff once noon rolled around. Emily relented and let me get a vegetable plate and a bottle of designer water, which I picked at over the course of the demented game show Emily had concocted. The glint in Emily's eyes hardened over the course of the exercise, taking on a more evil cast as more and more 'dirty little secrets' came to light.

Finally, shortly after one in the afternoon, Ken called a halt to the festivities. My friends laughed and joked their way through the whole humiliating exercise, enjoying themselves thoroughly. They'd never stumped me – Brandon had even gone so far as to jokingly say "Maybe she is Harmon" at one point – and had racked up nearly three grand in lap dances for me, which would have been great if I thought for a moment that Emily would actually allow me to collect. Then again, maybe she would – dress me up like a stripper and let the girls dance in my lap, feeling my hard cock pressing against their bare thighs, leaving me turned on and humiliated, trying to explain myself to the girls and feeling like a freak. That seemed like something Emily would truly and deeply enjoy.

'That was awesome,' Steve said for probably the fiftieth time.

"I enjoyed it," Emily said. "Harmon really knows a lot about you guys."

"We've been friends a long time," Brandon said. "Still, Emily, it was really cool of you to play along like this. I have to say, I didn't expect it of you."

"Lots of things have changed for me lately," she confessed cryptically. "It's safe to say, I'm a completely different person now. Neither is Harmon, when it comes right down to it."

She stood up, the evil glint in her eye sparkling ominously. "We should take a picture."

The men at the table crowded together, arms around one another, smiling and toasting the camera with their drinks as Emily directed them carefully, motioning for them to scoot closer and smile. The flash from the camera nearly blinded me with its intensity. Time seemed to drag out, slowing like some bizarre syrup running across my eyes and senses. It resolved tantalizingly slowly, the blurriness and the dancing spots fading away to the spread tableau of my new friends.

The stunning brunette next to me sipped delicately at a glass of champagne that had recently been an 18-year-old single-malt scotch, the champagne flute held in fingers tipped with inch-long nails polished and shined with a high-dollar French manicure. Elaborately styled hair piled above a slender, oval face and cascaded down her slender neck, framing a lush-lipped model's face with long eyelashes surrounding sensual, heavy-lidded hazel eyes. Try as I might, I couldn't force myself to remember her as anything other than female, my best friend since college. Kim Crenshaw and I had met during rush week when we pledged the Tri-Delts together and had been BFF's ever since, partying and screwing our way through three years of a four-year program at State before having to drop out over academic probation. I had distinct memories of being her maid of honor when she married both her ex-husbands, the resulting settlements and alimony financing the diamonds in her ears and the designer label on her

shapely body, not to mention the luscious fake boobs pressed together under her blouse into a gorgeous expanse of smooth, flawless cleavage.

Next to her sat Natalee Billings, the svelte redhead who used to be a business associate and now worked for me as a publicist and agent, my new memories affirmed. I didn't exactly remember why I *needed* an agent or a publicist, but my memories painted her distinctly as one of the best in the biz and also as a close friend. She stayed a golfer, I noticed, wearing curve-hugging khaki shorts and a sleeveless pink polo, and a wide-brimmed pink straw hat with a maroon ribbon sat on the table next to her purse. She sipped at a mimosa in a champagne flute like Kim's, and her own French manicure looked every bit as high-dollar as hers did, too, if a little shorter. Tight, kinky curls of coppery red hair spilled over her shoulders in a bushy ponytail, twisting playfully around the frames of her Dolce & Gabbana sunglasses nestled in her bangs, and cream-white skin with a light dusting of freckles across her pert nose fairly shone in the dappled sunshine. Dazzling white veneered teeth peeked from between pouty lips in a delicate rosebud mouth and huge green eyes blinked shrewdly at me from their place in her painfully slender, delicate-boned face.

Steve and Evan hadn't changed genders, I noted, but everything about them screamed difference. Steve's open-collared, romance-novel cover look vanished in place of a more tailored, polished look – a pinstriped dress shirt and maroon sweater-vest, dark slacks and Italian loafers. His manicure easily cost as much as the women beside him and his immaculate hair must have taken at least an hour in front of the mirror. He sipped coffee from a tiny demitasse and spoke animatedly, gesturing grandly with both hands. Evan wore tight-ass blue jeans and a billowy white shirt, trendy cowboy boots and a pair of designer Liz Claiborne eyeglasses with dark horn-rimmed frames, and his hair shot skyward in moussed spikes which obviously took forever to coif properly. I knew them now as my decorator and my stylist – the certainty of that knowledge denied argument. It made a cruel, bizarre kind of sense to me. Every girl needed some little gay friends, and Steve and Evan now filled that bill for me. Memories of catty gossip, man-watching and shopping with them flooded my mind.

The *ooh-la-la* bombshell brunette next to me pinched a piece of chocolate cake between long nails – much longer than mine or any of my new girlfriends' – and popped it into her open mouth with a girlish giggle. Her sultry, heart-shaped face nestled in a lush fall of wavy, raven-black hair which shone in the sunlight with health and softness, setting off her pale, peaches-and-cream complexion beautifully. She wore fire-engine red lipstick on her bee-stung lips and very little other makeup except mascara on her impossibly long lashes, and her bountiful silicone breasts poked out of the cups of a lace-trimmed pink corset in a valley of mouth-watering cleavage. She wore a short white leather skirt and white silk stockings as well, and the straps of her garters peeked from beneath the abbreviated hem of her skirt as she uncrossed and recrossed her legs. She began digging on her half-empty plate and selected a strawberry which she sucked on teasingly as she followed the conversation. I knew her now as Brandee Hill, a friend and co-worker. My memories of her blurred in my mind, however, as if not fully formed. I just knew that we hung out a lot and were close friends, and we partied together often. Other than that, I couldn't recall much about her.

Emily smiled widely, chuckling in her chest as she looked around at my new friends. She sat back down, poured herself a glass of orange juice – no one batted an eye at her declination of alcohol, as though her pregnancy were common knowledge.

"Emmy, honey, you're *glowing*," Steve gushed. "I can't get over how *gorgeous* you look."

"If we could bottle that..." Evan put in.

"Oh, leave her alone," Natalee giggled, waving a dismissive gesture that glittered with diamonds and glossy nails. "You know she hears that shit a hundred times a day. Just let the poor girl eat."

"So, um... what're we doin' tonight?" Brandee asked, still sucking suggestively on her strawberry.

"Wanna hit the clubs again?" Kim put in.

"We've been clubbing, like every weekend this month," Natalee said. "Let's do something else. It's just the same old music and the same old lines and the same old guys hitting on us. There's bound to be something else we can do."

Emily turned to me, wide-eyed with very pointed suggestion. "Where do you think we should go tonight, honey?" she asked me poignantly.

My mind reeled, trying to find something satisfying for Emily's lust for revenge, finally coming up with, "How about, like, La Bare's?" I chirped happily, mentioning the all-male strip club on the outside of town. "Does that sound like fun?"

The people at the table clapped and bounced, chattering enthusiastic approval at my suggestion, and Emily gave me a fractional nod of approval. I stifled a weary sigh, trying not to think about what Emily would do to me if my answer hadn't satisfied. Add to that the utter and complete distaste I felt at stuffing bills down the g-string of a man, and a sense of true dread sank into my chest at the thought of this evening's 'festivities.'

"Awesome, baby," Brandee giggled happily. "I'll come by your place, okay, 'cause my car's in the shop 'n' shit. We can ride over together, 'kay?"

"Sure," I said, only half-listening.

"We should go," Emily told me, patting my arm. "We have so much to do today, we're never gonna get finished if we just stay here."

Natalee stood up and tossed her napkin down on the table. "Breakfast is on me, girls," she said briskly. "I'm going to go play nine holes, does anybody want to come with?"

"I have a client in an hour," Steve said.

"Wrong shoes," Brandee said.

"You *know* I don't play golf," Evan said – once one of the most avid of us.

"I guess I can," Kim said, "but I need to go get changed."

We said our goodbyes – complete with fake quasi-European 'air kisses' on both cheeks – all around, and Emily almost dragged me by one elbow towards the car. I struggled to keep up on my tall heels, forced to take tiny little hopping steps that jarred my ankles horribly.

"So what's your game, Harmon?" she asked. "You're a little too into this, I can tell you're up to something."

"Em, sweetie, I'm not *trying* anything," I defended desperately. "I don't want you mad at me, 'kay? You, like, hurt me and fuck with me whenever I make you mad 'n' stuff, and I figured you'd stop if I, like, I dunno – played along or something."

"Harmon, I know you're a big wuss, but I didn't think you'd break *this* easily," she said. "But believe me, if you're trying to play me, I *will* find out. And when I do, I'll command the ring to make you give head in alleys for crack rocks, you understand me? You *do not fuck with me*, under any circumstances, understand?"

"Baby, I know that," I said as seriously as the bimbo personality would let me. "I promise I won't fuck up. I'm not messin' with you, swear."

"That's good to know," Emily said. "Now we should head home. I wasn't lying when I said you and I had a lot to do today, and I want to be finished by the time you get your wish."

"My wish?" I asked.

"You were after me for years, remember, to go with you to a strip club and get a lap dance? Well, you're about to watch me get several," she said with a mirthless smile, ushering me into the car roughly and shutting the door almost before I could swing my legs under the wheel.

* * *

The drive home passed by in silence – I did as I was told, singing along with the chintzy bubblegum pop music Emily forced on me and changing lanes without signaling while Emily tapped her lower lip in concerned thought. She did take a quick picture of my cellphone, transforming the sleek silver Droid phone into a pink-and-white zebra striped iPhone, decorated with stick-on rhinestones and a dangling rhinestone heart, packed full of my new friends' numbers, online shopping applications, a few brainless fashion-related games for time-wasting and a calendar filled with appointments for bikini waxes and tanning sessions. I watched sadly as it auto-updated itself with the latest from Christian Louboutin's spring line where it used to download sports scores and stock projections.

We pulled back into the slip at the condo and walked inside quickly, as the formerly-clear sky now threatened rain. Emily looked me up and down critically, her loathing for me almost palpable, and bid me to come over to her without preamble.

"Give me your hand," she said, taking the ring between her palms and closing her eyes. "Since you decided how tonight would be spent, I command you to be the girl who can't say 'no' from now on. You're too dumb to know when you're being played, and you fall for any pick-up line. Your number goes out to whoever asks for it, and as soon as you hear a line from a guy that you would have used when you were still recognizably male, you'll go along with it."

The ring flashed a vivid pink and I felt the command settle into the web of mystical iron that formed the almost visible cage surrounding me. I fought the urge to groan – it would only make it worse. Now she'd made me a slut to go along with everything else.

"Now, let's make sure you get the attention you deserve out there," Emily said. "Let's see that chest, honey."

Like a woman in a horrible dream, time stretched out again like syrup as I slid my feminine arms out of the spaghetti straps and let the dress fall to my waist, exposing my narrow chest to her. She aimed the camera carefully, framing it up just so, and snapped the picture with what

great delight. The flash felt like the light that the dying saw at the end of the dark tunnel, except I dreaded what lay beyond.

I took a tottering step forward, leaning, as a massive weight settled on my chest and dragged me off-balance. I put out my hands to steady myself, grabbing a bookshelf and one of Emily's shoulders, and opened my eyes reluctantly and looked down. My breasts hung in utter defiance of gravity, testimony to their surgical enhancement, and obscured everything beneath them. Crowned with enormous pink nipples which stiffened prominently beneath the air conditioning, they bobbed and swayed on my narrow chest, easily larger than my head and far too big for my frame. I doubted I could comfortably get my arms around them, so massive they seemed. My eyes widened in shock as I continued to fight for balance on my high heels.

"Nice," Emily commented. "More boobs than brains. Just like you like 'em, right, Harmon?"

"They're *huge*," I whispered, earning myself a cruel shock from the ring from my lack of bimbo attitude towards my new, pendulous attachments.

"They probably seem bigger from your perspective," Emily explained airily, "but yes. They're pretty gigantic. 40F cups, and as fake as money can buy. You're lucky – I'd originally thought to make you freakish and put some H-cup basketballs on your chest, but I decided to go a little easier on you. At least all the boys will want to know your name, now. You always used to crave attention, before. Now you'll get all you can handle."

She giggled suddenly. "Go find a bra, Harmon, before you throw your back out. The way you're slinging those melons around, honey, you're going to smash something with them."

I made it all the way into the closet and pulled the door shut before I started crying, hot stinging tears washing down my face in long streaks of mascara as I hugged my knees, unable to ignore the huge, soft obstacles that kept me from ever going truly fetal as they flattened against my upper thighs. The stubble on my legs irritated the nipples and started to hurt after about five minutes, so I lay flat on my stomach, pinching the new boobs uncomfortably, and buried my face in my arms. I still didn't want Emily knowing she'd gotten to me, but this was too much. I'd known they were coming – in the back of my mind, I'd always known once this mad nightmare started – but no matter how prepared I'd thought I'd been, I was wrong. Several burning shocks from the ring added to my misery as my mind wandered away from thoughts of sex and arousal.

"You *bitch*," I hissed below my breath, cursing Emily for all I was worth while simultaneously trying to think sexy thoughts to end the ring's torment. Now a very uncomfortable hard-on pressed into the carpet of the closet floor, along with the massive soft pillows permanently bonded to my chest. "I *hate* you."

Finally, anger overcame self-pity and a hard knot of burning resolved formed in my new, drastically-expanded chest. I slipped out of my shoes and walked back into the living room where Emily relaxed on the couch, flipping channels.

"Emmy, honey, I, um... I kinda lost it for a second," I confessed, swallowing more pride than I thought my shrunken stomach could contain, letting her see my tears.

"Yeah, you did," she chuckled. "You're a wreck."

"Yeah, so, um... if it's okay with you, baby, I was gonna, like, take a bath and get fixed up," I said. "If you don't mind or anything, y'know."

"Sure," she said. "I'm fairly confident you won't drown."

I ignored her hateful laugh. "I promise I'll keep it girly," I said. "I'll light candles 'n' put on sexy music 'n' everything, 'kay?"

"Be sure that you do," Emily said, waving me away. Now that she thought my spirit broken, she didn't show much interest in me. Hopefully she'd drift into a nap – between her busy few days and the pregnancy she carried dark circles beneath her eyes and yawned through the days, and the beautiful sunny afternoon drove her into a lazy torpor – and I'd have enough time to myself to formulate some kind of plan. Creeping on tiptoe into the bedroom, I put on Tony Bennett – thankfully, something I liked for a change – and opened the drawer containing the items I'd stolen from Serena's house. I ghosted into the bedroom, tits bouncing painfully, and started the water, lighting a couple of the scented candles no amount of feminization could make me view with anything more than scorn and settling into the hot water, the hated breasts bobbing and floating on the surface of the water.

I set the items on the rim of the tub, ready to be swept beneath a towel at a second's notice if Emily decided to walk in, and examined them one by one. A brass ring set off-center with a large green stone, too dull for an emerald and too bright for jade, sat beside a carved wooden medallion in the shape of a serpent eating its own tail surrounding a stylized woman's face. Beside that lay a five-inch tall figurine of two women holding hands, their ivory nudity covered by the sheetlike curtains of hair, twined with tiny flowers impossibly detailed in their carving, which trailed onto the ground behind them to form the base, around which crawled tiny runes and indecipherable writing. I picked up the item next to the figurine, a flower-carved oaken wand set with glittering red stones and wrapped in brass wire. I'd also purloined a small, leather-bound book which I opened carefully, not wanting to get any water on the pages and risk running the ink of some important passage.

The book contained notes in Serena's elegant, flowing hand, and many very detailed and talented illustrations. I leafed through it quickly, finding very little of value, until I came to an illustrated page bearing the image of the ivory figurine of two women.

The Idol of Geal gCuagh, the notes described. Used in healing and midwifery. Application of two drops of blood, one from each supplicant, binds them together so that each shares the others' pain, the others' feelings and the others' desires. The binding lasts for as long as the governing cycle lasts – if bound beneath the sun, the binding dissolves at sunset. If the moon, the binding dissolves at dawn.

I set the figurine aside, considering, and leafed further into the journal until I found Serena's entry for the medallion, which stated: *The Amulet of Isis Ascending. Used in the healing of wounds. When immersed in a boiling infusion of sage and powdered alum and tied with a silk cord, then placed on the supplicant's forehead, the medallion speeds the healing of wounds and stops bleeding. Some evidence exists that the wounds this artifact affects do not necessarily have to be physical – more experimentation is necessary, but supplicants so healed have described profound feelings of inner peace, self-satisfaction and calm.*

The medallion joined the figurine beneath my towel as I forwarded through quickly, stopping when I saw the description of the wand. *The Baton of Feye, it read, used to calm agitation, pain*

and panic in afflicted supplicants. Tap the supplicant over the heart while holding the wand in your right hand, and the supplicant cannot be angry, agitated or fearful for a period lasting around one hour. Evidence gained through experimentation shows that supplicants so affected by the wand do suffer from a stage of extreme suggestibility during this period, so contact between the supplicant and anyone other than the caster is not recommended.

My smile spread as I finished that description and moved on to the entry regarding the ring, stowing the wand beneath the towel with the other items. *Occhlam's Ring*, it described beneath the illustration, *is an item of considerable power and should only be used by experienced spellcrafters. The ring can, when appropriate spiritual power is focused through the stone, can regenerate tissue in a supplicant afflicted with a wasting disease such as cancer, gangrene or leprosy. The flesh so regrown retains youthful and resilient properties consistent with that of a prepubescent child and appears to be highly resistant to disease, infection and physical damage. The ring is very difficult to control, however, particularly when it comes to ending the magical effect. It is unknown what will occur if the ring's energy is allowed to completely consume an individual. Use this item only in extreme cases and under strict controls.*

I couldn't repress the glowing smile across my supermodel face as I tucked the ring and the volume under the towel and sat back to enjoy the rest of my warm bath. Nothing I'd stolen had much of a chance of killing Emily or myself – but I had guns and knives for that. But now I had a way to repay her – and that bitch Serena – in kind a little for what they'd put me through before I ended this nightmare permanently.

For the first time since this humiliating ordeal began, Emily no longer held all the cards. I had a little power of my own, I had a plan, and I intended to *use* it.

What goes around comes around, bitch, I thought darkly as I sighed luxuriously and settled beneath the bubbles, running hands over my silky skin and trying to stave off the ring's effects by indulging in a little happy fantasy.

To Be Continued...



SUMMARY: Disgusted with her boyfriend's attitude toward women, one gal get a magic camera from a collage roommate who knows Wicca, and proceeds to changer her former boyfriend bit by bit into the perfect bimbo.

PRETTY AS A PICTURE

Part Four

by Valerie Hope

UNFORTUNATELY, THE LITTLE FANTASY I'D allowed myself to indulge turned into something a bit bigger, and the uncontrollably carnal part of my mind which I never could fully control gained more and more of a voice in me, demanding to satisfy its curiosity about the massive, bobbing globes perched on my chest just beneath the surface of the bubbly bathwater.

My petite, long-nailed hands fell far short of actually hoping to contain the huge spheres which adorned my chest now, but they did engage in a spirited and very thorough exploration of the twin globes of undeniable femininity that I could not hope to conceal. The exquisitely sensitive nipples, the size of the last joint of my smallest finger, stood at rapt attention beneath my fingertips, sending shuddering little frissons of pure pleasure shooting up and down my body, making my aching cock bob and dance beneath the water, insistently demanding touch. Hesitatingly, I wrapped the slender fingers of one hand around it, near the root, and tugged gently. The rich bath oil made it a slippery experience, bringing me quickly to the edge of release, but the rich pink glow from the innermost depths of the heart-shaped crystal on my index finger reminded me of the agony that would result if I actually let myself cum and underwent the resultant limp, lethargic haze that would settle over me afterwards.

I concentrated on my new breasts instead, teasing the nipples gently with swirling fingertips, gentle pinches and rolls, and light little tickling scratches with my long, sculpted fingernails. The pleasure that wracked me, from toenails to follicles, threatened to drive me over the edge even without my hand on my aching cock. I moaned and thrashed in the tub, toes curling, as I massaged and teased my breasts, slowly feeling the loathing and hatred I'd felt for the twin globes melt away into a mixture of delight, sense-pleasure, joy and – heaven help me – *pride*. I loved their size and heft, the way they moved independent of the rest of my body, the proud pink nipples and their firm, taut perfection. Slowly, the belief began to settle in me that they *suit*ed me. I never expected to feel anything like that.

"What's all this splashing?" Emily said roughly, poking her head through the door and spying me feeling myself up, moaning and biting my bottom lip in ecstasy.

"Oh," she said. "Looks like you're having fun." She sounded more than a little bit disappointed. I think she wanted me to hate them longer, to despise the shape of my new body and walk around humiliated and ashamed.

"Oh, God," I breathed, panting, "I need to cum. *Please*, baby, *please*... I'll do anything. Just let me cum, I feel like I'm *dying*..."

She chuckled deep in her throat. "Of course, sweetheart," she said tonelessly. "Nothing's stopping you."

"The ring," I gasped, pinching my nipples. "The ring will hurt me if I cum. I can't stay turned on afterwards."

"Oh, I see," she mused. "That's an unexpected bonus."

"Please, Emmy, honey, isn't there some way?" I whined.

"Oh, the ring will zap your ass if you don't stay aroused, *honey*," Emily said. "I have no idea how to change that. But if you managed to turn yourself on afterwards, then you'd have a way to keep the ring from burning you."

"How?"

She grinned evilly. "You always thought making me feel dirty was a turn-on," she suggested blithely. "Why don't you try your own advice? Act like a filthy, uninhibited little slut the way you always expected *me* to do."

"What do you mean, baby?" I groaned.

"Something you always tried to pressure me into," she said in a hard voice. "Eat it. Swallow every little drop, you nasty little whore. Just like you always wanted me to do for you, remember?"

"You want me to eat my own *cum*?" I said, almost shocked enough to lose my boner. My hands tightened on my breasts hard enough to make my breath catch in my throat.

"You seemed to think it was good enough for me," she argued.

I struggled to get control of myself, but the ache in my cock made me squirm, and my breasts demanded the attention they'd gotten so recently.

"Besides – and let's see if I get this right – 'how are you going to know if you hate it if you don't at least *try* it?'" she added, using the exact wording of the argument I'd pushed on her the last time we'd had this conversation.

"I'll leave it up to you," she said, giving me a wink as she ducked back through the door and closed it behind her.

The pain and pressure in my balls – if they could even be called that, now that they'd been magically transformed into ovaries which swung in the overfilled scrotum beneath my cock – rose unbearably. Somehow, I knew they'd still make cum even though they created my eggs instead of my sperm now, but I decided firmly that if eating the sticky leftovers of my arousal could get me through the agony of the ring's torment, then it was far from the worst humiliation I'd suffered at Emily's hands so far. I remembered, once, trying my own in a fit of adolescent sexual curiosity, and it hadn't been *that* bad that I could recall. Gripping the shaft with my petite, manicured hand – my cock felt huge in that new, smaller appendage, and hot against my sensitive skin – I stroked myself long and deep, breathing deeply, while my other hand sought out my nipples and twirled them softly between index finger and thumb, eliciting low moans of utter physical satisfaction from my throat.

I knew that the actual physical act of swallowing my own semen would never be enough to satisfy Emily's twisted appetite for my debasement – she'd said it clearly, that

my *mindset* would be what kept the pain at bay, that I would have to think, act and feel like a total wild porno slut, gobbling up the cum like it was my first meal in weeks and letting the nasty, whorish feeling suffuse me and somehow, let it turn me on. I decided that use of the mirror would be best – I'd always been visually stimulated, and if I could manage to pay attention to something other than my cock I could pretend I watched the whole tableau in a porn movie.

Dripping and coming close to sloshing the bathwater onto the tiles, I stood awkwardly, still very unused to the increased weight and movement of my huge, expanded chest. I pinched the nipples more roughly as my arousal built and stroked my cock faster and harder, yearning inside for the sweet release I knew would come once the muscles clenched and I let go. But it seemed to be taking a little longer than normal – usually I could rub one out in minutes without much effort. Still, the frantic visions in my mind of huge-breasted nymphets swallowing cum while they masturbated themselves, saying all manner of filthy and degrading things as they did it, seemed to do the trick and pushed me closer and closer to the edge of climax.

With an all-too-feminine groan of pleasure, I exploded, leaning back against the tile wall of the bath heavily. I barely managed to get my other hand away from my breast and down to catch the first heavy, hot jet of cum, which then began to run down my fingers like champagne from a freshly-uncorked bottle.

"Give it to me," I whispered huskily to some phantom lover in my mind. "I want it."

I brought my hands to my mouth and extended my tongue. The sharp, acrid taste hit hard, making me splutter a little, but I forced my tongue out and lapped at the hot, sticky fluid until the initial shock wore off and I began to taste some of the more subtle flavors beyond just salt and heat. A slightly fishy taste predominated, overlaying hints of sweet and sour. The farther back on my tongue it slid the better I liked it, so I stuffed my fingers deep into my mouth to try and smear it back there. I heard myself slurping and gasping, sucking it down greedily, and the ring had not shocked me once. As a matter of fact, my cock was still partially hard – something that hadn't happened to me since I was a teenager – and bobbed heavily between my smooth legs as I gobbled down my own juices. I'd just finished licking my fingers clean when it struck me, hard as a sledgehammer between my eyes:

I like the taste of cum.

Scratch that. *I really like the taste of cum.*

And then the worst thought I believe I'd ever had in my life followed:

I want more.

I sat in the cooling bathwater and cried like a baby, earning myself two shocks from the ring that I barely cared about, so lost in grief and humiliation as I was.

* * *

"Aw, poor little baby," Emily teased when she walked into the bathroom unannounced and saw me, hugging my knees as best I could around my gigantic breasts. "Rough day?"

I decided to say nothing. The evil glint in my ex-girlfriend's eye warned of rougher punishments to come if I said the wrong thing, so I chose the better part of valor.

"Get up, crybaby," she said sternly. "Dry yourself off. We've got to get ready for our little night out, and I want you looking your best."

She pulled the door closed but didn't latch it so she could keep an ear on me as I dabbed my super-sensitive skin dry with a cotton towel and wrapped it around myself. My thick, masculine legs poked from the bottom of the towel and looked incongruous with the rest of my *va-va-voom* bombshell body, particularly the huge silicone breasts bobbing on my chest. Cautiously, I scooped up the magical implements I'd stolen, covered by a towel, and set them carefully in the cabinet under the sink, on the pretense of fishing out my body lotion.

I opened the door into the bedroom where Emily sat on the bed, pointing the camera at me. "Did you know this thing takes video?" she asked brightly as she pushed the shutter.

No flash blinded me this time, but time seemed to slow and stretch into a painful infinity as my formerly determined, resilient stomping stride morphed into a sexy catwalk slink, breasts pushed out proudly and hands swaying. Emily clapped her hands and giggled in delight as I sashayed across the room, one petite foot in front of the other, ass tracing a delicious figure-eight in the air behind me. I suppressed a sigh as I turned towards the closet.

"Oh, *no*, honey," she teased. "I laid out your clothes. Tonight's special, and you have to look your best, so I can't take the chance that you're going to pick the wrong thing. Come here."

Meekly, I walked back to the bed and stood there, eyes downcast. Emily pointed the camera again and the flash blinded me, nearly knocking me back. Smooth, supple legs with no hint of muscle definition now descended from the hem of the towel, sexy and hairless and tapering perfectly to my tiny, petite feet. A tiny little tattoo of a lipstick kiss adorned the outside of my left ankle.

"I put you in a short skirt," Emily explained, "and those big tree-trunk legs would've spoiled the look. Now that I see them, though, I think I'm going to have to put you in silk stockings for the night. With garters. Those legs are just too yummy for pantyhose."

She dug in a drawer as I sat on the edge of the bed, lifting the filmy hot-pink thong panties she'd set out for me. I doubted they could restrain my cock – especially if I had to keep myself aroused all night – but I didn't dare argue. Emily held all the cards right now.

She presented me with a pair of black silk stockings and a hot-pink garter to match the panties and watched me carefully as I unrolled them, careful not to snag them with my long manicured nails, up my smooth, girlish legs. I wrapped the garter around my midsection and took altogether too long to adjust and fasten the straps – a difficult proposition with nails as long as mine – but finally got them straight. I pulled the barely-there panties up over them in a long, shimmying motion, settling the slender strap of the thong between the firm bubbles of my cheeks and tucked my cock backwards, pushing my ovary-balls roughly into my body cavity in an attempt to make my midsection look flat.

"Good girl," Emily said happily. "You're getting the hang of this."

Next came the hot-pink underwire bra, magically re-sized to fit my huge breasts. At least the transformation granted me female flexibility, allowing me to worm my hands between my shoulderblades and fasten the clasp – something I *never* could have done as a male – on the sixth try, and the pendulous weight and heft of my silicone breasts alleviated a little as the shoulder straps of the brassiere took some of the load. The bra did push them together into a

luscious valley of cleavage, though, and the push-up pads made them impossible to ignore from a place much closer to my chin than before.

"You need to step it up," Emily cautioned. "I mean, I know girls like you try real hard to be fashionably late, but I'm excited to see you in your new element."

I shimmied and shook again, pulling up the pink-and-black plaid micro-mini "schoolgirl" skirt over my hips. I couldn't pull it up high enough to cover the strap of my thong without it gapping around my narrow, flat waist, so I had to let it ride down low on my hips and let the waistband of my sexy underwear peek out sluttishly. A pair of narrow pink suspenders dangled from the waistband, but I had to pull on the skin-tight white blouse first, tailored in such a way as to accentuate my enormous breasts. It took me a while to get used to having the buttons on the wrong side of the seam. I slid the suspenders over my shoulders – bringing still more attention to my breasts – and then knotted a pink-and-black striped tie around my neck, leaving it loose as Emily instructed, and the top button of my collar undone. A short black blazer went over it and I glanced into the mirror to see a giant-chested sex-bomb dressed as a Lolita. I pulled a pair of translucent white knee-socks over the black silk stockings. No amount of pulling or jerking could get the barely-there skirt to cover the pink elastic garters or the lacy tops of the stockings displayed beneath the hem. I slid my small feet into a pair of black patent-leather Mary Janes with silver buckles, a 2" platform and an ankle-stressing 7" clunky heel. I tottered on them for a moment, fighting for balance, until Emily took another quick video with the camera and the ability to sashay around the room effortlessly, my ass wiggling behind me, settled into my bones as if born there.

"Now do your makeup and let's get going," she told me briskly, hustling me to the stool in front of the dressing table and standing behind me with a hairbrush. "I'll take care of your hair. Remember – I want you slutty tonight. I expect to see you go a little bit overboard."

Trying not to sigh, I picked up the little compact of concealer and foundation and dabbed my sponge, beginning to even out a complexion that didn't particularly need it while Emily knelt smoothly and rummaged in the lowermost drawer of the vanity, standing with a bubblegum-pink shoulder-length party wig on a styrofoam head. She pulled my short, masculine cut underneath a nylon skull-cap roughly and yanked the wig onto my head, seating it with a series of sharp tugs until the bangs lay level with my arched eyebrows.

"It's really cute," she giggled as I tried to hide my humiliation. "You're gonna get a *lot* of attention tonight. You look completely adorable."

I ignored her and went to work on my eyes, heavy black liquid liner on upper and lower lids, applied as though I'd been doing it for years. I even glued on a pair of fake eyelashes – only slightly longer and fuller than my natural lashes, I noticed – to enhance the effect, and used one of my combination shadow pens to get a metallic-looking, pink and purple 'smoky' eye. I brushed glittery white just below my brows, like I'd read in *Glamour*, to make them 'pop' when I noticed Emily looking at me with distinct approval.

"Wow," she commented, still plying her hairbrush. "You're really taking to this."

"Thanks," I muttered.

"No, really," she said. "You're putting on makeup like a professional. Maybe a part of you, down deep, always wanted this, you think?"

I hid a grimace. "Maybe so," I responded with a girlish giggle which sounded far short of sincere. Emily decided to let it go, however, going back to work with the hairbrush as I applied pink blush to my high cheekbones and started lining my full lips.

"Better use stain," she said conspirationally, "because you won't want it to wear off if you happen to get lucky tonight. Who knows what might end up in that sassy little mouth of yours, and the last thing you want is lipstick smeared all over your face."

Oh, God, I thought desolately, she's actually gonna make me do it. There's no way I'm getting out of ending up on my knees in front of some strange guy tonight.

"Don't look so shocked, baby," she chided. "After all, girls who did what you're gonna do used to be so *interesting* to you. Looking at it from the other side will be a *real* learning experience."

I selected a long-last lip stain in the sluttiest frosted bubblegum pink I could find and slathered it on thickly. Once it set, I covered it in several coats of glitter gloss to give myself the sexy, slutty 'wet' look in so many of the magazines, and tucked the lip gloss into my little black leather clutch next to my wallet, keys and phone.

"Oh, wait a second," Emily said lightly, grabbing the camera and pointing it into my purse. "That's so not what a little party bitch like you would have in there. Let's fix that, shall we?"

A bright flash and the purse was now stuffed. The wallet, keys, lip gloss, compact and phone stayed put, but around them nestled tampons, condoms, a travel bottle of lubricant, breath mints, gum and a pack of girly Capri menthol cigarettes and a disposable lighter.

"I smoke, now?" I asked, trying to sound like a bimbo but failing and earning a shock from the ring that made me hiss.

"Don't all you party girls smoke when you drink?" Emily asked airily, making a dismissive gesture with one hand. "There's even some more inventive party methods in there, too."

I looked again and saw prescription pill bottles for Xanax, Valium and Vicodin tucked in the bottom and a little baggie of white powder peeking out of the lining. I gasped audibly.

"Is that cocaine?" I blurted.

"Look at you," she told me. "All shocked and dismayed. It's adorable. You always told me how much more fun I was when I was fucked up, after all. Far be it from me to deprive you of being the life of the party, no matter how many chemicals you have to cram into your body to get that way. Don't be a hypocrite, darling. If you like girls who are fucked up, then you're gonna *be* a girl who's fucked up."

"I can, like, get arrested for this," I complained.

"So don't get caught," she laughed.

She put down the hairbrush and examined what she'd done. The synthetic hot-pink hair stood out in two poufy, curly pigtales above each of my ears, tied with pink ribbon. She directed me to thread huge, 4" white gold hoops through my earlobes and bind my long, slender neck with a rhinestone choker with the word "Princess" picked out in pink across my throat. Hot-pink fishnet fingerless gloves adorned both hands along with a clattering array of pink and white plastic bangle bracelets on each wrist.

I looked cheap and tacky.

I *loved* it.

It made me want to cry, but I knew any damage to my thickly-applied, overdone slut makeup would be met with harsh reprisal by Emily. But the overweening feeling of *wanting* to go out like this, *wanting* to be seen like this and desired looking the way I looked would not go away. It buzzed in the back of my overtaxed brain like a mosquito, making me subconsciously adjust my clothes and touch up my synthetic hair when I didn't *make* myself stop. I only hoped Emily didn't notice my preening and primping. She'd never let me hear the end of it, and a huge likelihood existed that she would make the behavior permanent somehow.

I sat patiently, legs crossed demurely at the knee (the feeling of silk on silk on my smooth legs felt *unbelievable*) and waited while Emily spiked her hair with gel, applied dramatic evening makeup and slipped into a slinky 'little black dress' with a gold choker and some strappy heels for the evening out. She wasn't far enough along in her pregnancy to show, and her tight body and firm, magically enhanced breasts looked amazing in the slinky little cocktail dress. She'd never dressed that way for me, no matter how I'd begged or cajoled, and seemed to be taking an inordinate amount of pleasure in doing it now.

"Ready?" she asked me happily. "Good. Let's motor, bitch."

I suppressed the little happy sexual thrill that shot the length of my spine at hearing myself called *bitch* and opened the door for her – I shuddered to think of that as *gentlemanly* in my current state – and locked it behind her. The new slinky strut Emily had magically bestowed on me could not be ignored as I minced my way in the skyscraper heels down the breezeway to the parking lot. I slid into the drivers' seat of my Volkswagen convertible, careful to keep my knees together to keep my restrained cock from being overtly visible to passersby, and adjusted the seat and mirrors to accommodate my super-high heels for driving. Waiting until Emily situated herself and got belted in, I started the engine to a blast of Little Boots and put it into gear, heading for the freeway and the male strip show where I'd reluctantly agreed to meet my altered 'friends.'

* * *

By the time Emily and I arrived at La Bare's, the all-male strip club and cabaret on the outskirts of town, and paid the steep cover out of my own funds, the thick and rowdy crowd of bachelorettes and recent divorcées downing overpriced drinks and howling at the dancers strained the limits of the fire-code posted by the entrance. Much better-lit and airier than the strip clubs I'd frequented as a man, I goggled at the amount of money changing hands at every table I saw. I thought that men threw money away on strippers like they could print it themselves, but evidently they didn't have the market cornered.

A wild scream and wilder waving of long-nailed hands announced Brandee, who signaled us across the crowd towards the table they'd already established near the edge of the stage. Brandee wore a skin-tight tube dress in black-and-white polka dots and keyhole cutouts showing her pierced bellybutton and the inside slopes of her luscious breasts and black thigh-high patent leather platform boots with a 3" platform and 8" heels. Her coal-black hair poufed out in a high-volume, '80's big hair' style that made her look like a modernized version of a Gibson Girl gone slutty. Kim and Natalee sat next to one another, sipping margaritas with salted rims, each dressed well to the nines in scandalously expensive designer cocktail

dresses, Kim's in lustrous black silk and Natalee in sunshine yellow with a merry orange floral print. Both dresses hugged delicious, gym-sculpted curves and showed off silicone cleavage to excellent effect, and both women positively dripped with diamonds. Beside them, Steve wore a tailored business suit with a polka-dot bowtie and horn-rimmed glasses and Evan in his trademark tight blue jeans and a black-and-green print silk shirt.

We threaded through the noisy crowd and took the two seats they offered after offering 'air kisses' to one another's cheeks all around. I signaled the passing waiter and almost ordered myself a beer before I realized what Emily would do to me for it, then changed the order to a strawberry margarita like Brandee's. At least they seemed to be generous with the tequila here, from what I saw at the bar. A desperate need to be drunk blossomed in my chest behind my gigantic *faux* breasts. I did, however, remember to order an orange juice for Emily, which earned me a satisfied nod of approval.

"Girl, that outfit is so fuckin' hot," Brandee gushed, batting playfully at my pigtails. "I could eat you up."

"Thanks, honey," I giggled in response. "I fuckin' love your outfit, too."

She leaned in close to me, her enormous breast flattening a little against mine in a way that sent little frissons of pleasure dancing across my skin. "Hey bitch, you holding?" she whispered. "I could use a little something."

I patted her arm. "What do you need?" I whispered back, narrowing my eyes a little at Emily. She'd obviously engineered this, as well.

"Wanna duck in the bathroom and have a little nose party?" she asked.

I sighed. "Sure," I said, knowing what would happen if I demurred. "Lead the way."

Brandee bounced up quickly and took me by the hand. "We gotta hit the ladies' room," she announced brightly. "Be right back. Don't let anything cool happen while we're gone."

She scampered through the crowd, intentionally rubbing up against several of the better-built waiters on the way to the huge women's restroom. Even with its size, we still had to wait a little bit before there was enough room to go in. We ducked surreptitiously into a stall on the end and I fished in my little purse for the cocaine that Emily conjured while Brandee rolled up a twenty-dollar bill and opened a large compact mirror.

Not having the slightest idea how to do this, I just handed the fat little baggie over to my friend and watched her tap it out and separate it into long, skinny lines on the mirror's surface with the edge of a credit card. Effortlessly, she put the end of the twenty into her nostril and pinched the other one shut with a forefinger and three of the six lines disappeared up her nose in the space of seconds. She snorted loudly and kicked her head back, then offered me the twenty with an expectant look.

Oh, God, I thought, taking the bill. Emily would expect this, and I would be punished if I didn't. Even if I tried to act high upon returning to the table, Emily would somehow get it out of Brandee – who was not the sharpest tool in the shed – that I hadn't gotten high with her and I would probably wind up snorting a pound of the white powder as punishment anyway. So I put the bill in my nose and pinched my other nostril shut the way she had and inhaled sharply, watching the powder disappear as I ran the tightly-rolled tube along the mirror.

My nose burned briefly and then went numb, and I kicked my head back the way I'd seen Brandee do. A horrible taste began to slide down the back of my throat and I almost gagged, fighting the urge to retch. And then it hit. My fingers and toes began to tingle and an overwhelming sense of happy energy settled into me as the tingle spread pleasantly throughout my whole body. I felt *wonderful*. Like I could accomplish anything, like I was indestructible and superhuman. My nipples stiffened deliciously and I tweaked them lightly through the taut fabric of my blouse and bra.

"I know," Brandee giggled. "It makes me horny as fuck too when it hits."

The buzz leached into my brain, making me giggly and effervescent without my having to try. I honestly couldn't figure out what all the negative press was about, now – this stuff was *incredible*. I found myself wanting everyone to feel as good as I did.

"We should get back out there," I told her, giving her a tight hug and indulging in her offer to rub some of the residue from the mirror across my front teeth, careful not to smudge my lip gloss. "I'm ready to see the show."

She grinned. "Oh, *hells* yeah," she affirmed.

We pushed our way back to the table and I ignored the knowing, self-satisfied grin Emily shot me. I could tell that I was bouncing and turbo-talking, but I didn't care – I just felt so damned *good* all over, I didn't care what anybody thought. The house lights dimmed and the spots came up on stage shortly after I sat down, took a generous swig of my fruity margarita and rummaged in my purse for the cigarettes Emily gave me – for some reason, I *really* wanted one right now, even though I'd smoked for a while in college and hadn't picked up another since I'd quit nearly twelve years ago, never even felt the urge. The girly cigarettes were super-skinny, narrower than the cocktail straws served with our drinks, and the mentholated smoke burned its way into my lungs and made me cough a little bit until I got used to them once again. Brandee elbowed me at one point and I offered her the pack, but our eyes stayed riveted to the stage as the emcee announced the next act.

"Ladies, direct your attention to the main stage – prepare to have your fires put out by LaBare's resident firefighters, Lars and Michael! Put your hands together!"

Telling which was which posed no difficulty even for my cocaine-addled brain – Lars was a tall blonde with blue eyes and a chiseled jaw while Michael was a chocolate-skinned bald man with a mildly slack-jawed expression that oozed sex appeal. They started a synchronized dance to some hard-thumping dance mix – even my newfound knowledge of pop music and electronica couldn't identify it successfully, all I knew was that the rhythm and beat seemed to pulse in my groin, making it swell with need – and I heard myself give a sharp intake of breath. In unison, the two men grabbed their bunker coats and pulled, revealing oiled physiques that would not have been out of place on marble statues in the Greek Acropolis, accompanied by a shriek of excited lust from the gathered women and a wild waving of dollar bills at the stage's edge.

Another choreographed move, and their velcro'ed pants flew in opposite directions, leaving the two sublimely-muscled giants clad only in tiny little red g-strings that strained over their massive cocks and fire helmets. They broke apart from their choreographed, synchronized movements and moved into separate dances for tips. I found Lars working his way towards our

table, and I had a fistful of singles in my long-nailed hands before I fully comprehended what I was doing.

His eyes snapped to me and caressed me, the swollen lines of my huge breasts and the flat stomach, the unnatural pink pigtails and the lustful, smoky look in my eyes. I licked my lips as he danced his way over to me.

"Hi, there," he said huskily in a thick Scandanavian accent.

"Hi," I said back, giggling. "Come see me when you get off stage, okay?"

He offered me a sultry smile. "Of course," he said, accepting the wad of money I stuffed into the strap of his g-string and moving on to the next screaming woman in line.

"Good eye," Brandee complimented me.

"Yummy," I said without realizing it. Even through the cocaine buzz and the growing fog of alcohol, it dawned on me that I was *attracted* to him. Attracted to another man! Which reminded me that it had been nearly an hour since I'd even considered myself to be a man. I plopped gracelessly back into my chair and chugged a huge portion of my remaining drink, shocked and completely flabbergasted by the realization. I dimly heard Emily laugh bitterly beside me, but I was too overwhelmed by everything to even react.

Her voice whispered hatefully in my ear. "Now you're getting it, aren't you, Harmon?"

I stared at her, still wide-eyed with shock. "What did you *do* to me?"

"You know exactly what I did to you," Emily shot back, eyes glinting with hatred and contempt for me. "And now I have the ultimate threat to hold over you."

I swallowed hard and signaled the waiter for another drink – one I was convinced I would never need. "The ultimate threat?"

"Be a good girl," she told me, "or I'll *never* give you a pussy to fuck him with, no matter how prettily you beg me. And you *will* beg, Harmon. You know you will."

My stomach sank and a wave of nausea built in me – in a million years, I never would have imagined that threat would frighten me so much, down to the roots of my soul.

* * *

Kim bankrolled my fun – one look at the unadulterated lust in my wide eyes at the portrait of Nordic perfection who walked to the table and introduced himself in broken English, and she passed him a thick roll of bills and instructed him to make me happy and keep me happy for as long as I desired. He tucked the money away happily and slid onto the arm of my chair, gently massaging the back of my neck and stroking my upper arm in a way that stiffened my nipples and made my cock *intensely* uncomfortable to sit on. His large, thick cock – positioned artfully right at my eye level – seemed to beckon me, drawing my eyes and threatening to draw my hands and hungry lips, as well. I'd consumed several more margaritas and had made two more trips to the bathroom to 'powder my nose' with Brandee, my bloodstream now a toxic sludge of mood-altering chemicals, and very little remained of my already eroded self-control.

"So, darling," Lars purred in his thick accent, his lips near my ear, "would you like to go to VIP room where we can get more better acquainted?"

I could only nod and let him lead me away by the hand to the catcalls and rude comments of my friends at the table. Emily's evil smile followed me, haunting me deeply, as he took me through a beaded curtain and into a series of dark, luridly-lit cubicles beyond. He selected one at random and seated me on a low leather couch, nudged my knees apart gently with one of his tree-trunk legs and leaned close.

"I dance for you now," he told me, and began to gyrate his hips.

I watched hungrily for long seconds, licking my lips and panting with desire. He looked down at me and chuckled deep in his throat.

"Is okay you touch, baby," he growled.

I explored the hard, toned muscles of his thighs and abdomen with splayed fingers, tracing the all-too-familiar musculature as he swiveled and swayed to the music in front of me. In my heart, I already knew how this had to end, so I decided to just go for broke. I leaned forward slowly and planted a slow, tonguing kiss on his bellybutton as my hands snaked around and grabbed his chiseled ass hard.

"Mmmm," he said. "Nice."

"You like that, baby?" I panted.

"Yeah," he said.

One of my hands snaked up the inside of his well-defined thigh and began to massage his balls through the stretched spandex of his posing strap. "Then you're gonna *love* this," I told him, squeezing his rock-hard ass again and starting to kiss the growing outline of his cock through the scanty underwear while I caressed his balls. I could almost imagine I heard the cum inside them, boiling and bubbling, waiting to shoot out of him and into me, and it alarmed me how much I wanted that to happen.

"I wanna suck your cock, baby. Right here," I whispered.

"I'm not..." he began.

"I'll give you two hundred dollars," I amended.

He considered a moment, then reached down and pushed down the hem of the g-string, revealing a very large and rapidly hardening uncircumcised cock. I took the shaft in my small, manicured hands – taking a moment to love the look of my French-manicured fingernails gripping that hard, veined manly length. I gave it a few short strokes, finishing its erection, before tipping it downwards to my open, waiting lips and giving the hooded head a gentle, wet kiss, running my tongue gently along the underside. Lars moaned deliciously, putting his hands on my shoulders gently.

"Is that good, baby?" I asked him.

"Mmmm, *ja*," he murmured. "So good. You are wonderful cocksucker."

I had never been called that term before in endearment, and it gave me a warm, self-satisfied feeling all over in addition to the distinct slutty shock that thrilled me along the length of my spine. As I massaged the underside of his throbbing dick with my soft lips and tongue, I ran the

term over and over in my drug-addled mind, milking it for every drop of bliss it contained. *Cocksucker. I'm a cocksucker, because I suck cock. That makes me a cocksucker.*

But I'm not supposed to like this.

Heaven help me, I love this.

I never want to be anything but a cocksucker for the rest of my life.

Above me, Lars grunted and groaned and thrust himself deep into my throat, making me splutter and gag, but as soon as I felt the first of the hot, sticky jets of his cum hit the back of my tongue I moaned deeply and swallowed, trying to keep up with the thick flow he pumped into me. A little bit of it escaped the corner of my mouth, and I scraped it up greedily with a long-nailed finger and licked it clean in between tender kisses and little sips of the last bits of cum which dribbled from his wilting cock. My own cock writhed in my panties, throbbing painfully in its contorted prison, but I tried desperately to ignore it. Emily had me trapped into an all-girl's night, and having to deal with the demands of a cock right now would make things very difficult. I lounged back on the couch, breathlessly licking my glossy lips, and favored the male dancer with smoky, half-lidded 'bedroom' eyes and a lascivious smile.

"Thank you, baby," I said, running a fingertip along the corner of my mouth to sop up the last traces of his delicious cum. "That was so, like, *just* what I wanted."

He opened his eyes, still screwed shut from his orgasm, and gave me a shy smile. Wordlessly, so as not to embarrass either of us, I slipped the promised two hundred-dollar bills into his g-string and patted his firm ass once more. He slipped out – victim of the common post-sex embarrassment so many men suffered – and I took a few minutes to repair my makeup and do another tiny little bump of cocaine off my fingernail before rejoining my friends at the table. Most of them – only Emily abstained – had a dancer sitting on the arm of their chair. I slid in next to Emily and sipped my drink.

"You'll be, like, totally happy," I whispered to her. "I'm, like, officially a cocksucker now."

Emily gave me a mirthless smile. "Your makeup looks too good," she commented, "so you must have swallowed every drop."

"Mmm-hmm," I said, and was surprised to hear I was nearly bragging. "Every drop."

"Slut," she sneered.

I tried not to giggle where she could hear me, burying my face back in my drink. I knew I was supposed to be ashamed and humiliated, not proud and satisfied. Things were obviously not working out the way Emily had planned.

And that suits me just fine, I thought as I screamed and waved another handful of dollars at the dancer on stage.

* * *

We closed the place, partying and hollering until 2 a.m. when the bouncers finally chased us out. I felt pretty ragged out – I'd snorted up the entire eight-ball of coke with Brandee and lost count of the margaritas, smoked a pack of cigarettes and blown two more dancers in the VIP before we finally left for the night. I flopped on the couch – thank goodness Emily drove me

home, I was way too fucked up to drive – and hovered near the verge of passing out completely when Emily sat on the arm of the couch next to me.

"You should take your makeup off," she cautioned, "or you may break out."

"I'll do it tomorrow, baby," I half-groaned.

"You really are a shameless slut," she told me.

"I know," I giggled muzzily. "You were right, though."

"Right about what?"

"Wanting a pussy. That last guy I was with, the tall black guy. I wanted to fuck him, like, so bad."

She dangled the camera in front of my bleary eyes. "You haven't been a good enough girl."

"Mmm," I moaned from my throat. "*Girl*. I like that."

"You're not supposed to like it," she told me.

"I know, and I know it makes you mad," I slurred, "but I just can't seem to, like, *help* it."

She pulled on the wig and it slid from the little nylon skull cap, making me shiver a little from the air conditioning on the back of my bare neck. My eyes were closed, but I sensed the bright flash of the camera and soon my face and upper back were covered in ticklish, silken softness.

"There," Emily said. "Now there's only two major things left to do."

"Can we, um, do 'em in the morning 'n' stuff, baby?" I pleaded.

"Of course we can," Emily said. "I just have to find a way to make them fun. For me."

I barely began pondering her last when unconsciousness took me.

* * *

I woke the next morning to a pounding headache and a mouth full of the shiniest, silkiest, most lustrous head of thick platinum blonde hair I'd ever seen. It looked like a Pantene commercial, fairly glowing in the morning sunlight, and tumbled over my narrow shoulders and down my back in a rabbit-fur soft cascade. I held a strand of it up to my wide eyes in utter disbelief.

"Bimbo blonde hair for a bimbo blonde bitch," Emily chided, sipping tea nearby.

I decided not to give her the satisfaction – it was my best weapon.

"OhmyGAWD, Emmy, baby, I fucking *LOVE* it! It's sooOOOooo beautiful! I totally can't believe it's mine!" I gushed, clapping my hands. "Thank you thank you thank you! You are sooOOOooo sweet!"

Emily's disappointment poured from her wooden expression. "You like it?"

"It's *perfect*!" I squealed, tousling it in my long, slender fingers. I wasn't entirely lying, either – it was so thick and soft, and felt so good to run my fingers through it. Hair I would've loved on any girl I'd wanted as a guy. My insistent cock thumped against me, still trapped painfully in the tight thong panties from last night.

"You have to take good care of it," Emily cautioned. "It takes a lot of work to keep it that healthy and shiny. A big part of your day will be spent caring for that hair."

"I don't care," I said happily. "*Totally* worth it."

Emily sighed, obviously upset with me for loving the new locks. "So go in the bedroom and get it styled to go out. You have a lot to do today – I have to start you on your new schedule, the one you'll be living by for the rest of your life."

"What're we gonna do?" I asked happily, genuinely curious.

"First, the gym. You're one of those girls who can't *stand* the idea of getting fat, so you're about to get really friendly with the Stairmaster," Emily said, sipping tea. "Then nails – I expect you to get a manicure at least once a week, so today's as good a day to start as any, and then a spray tan. Pretty much the average morning for a self-absorbed, shallow little bimbo like you."

"Sounds great," I said, sitting up with a cat-like stretch that stuck my giant, enhanced boobs out deliciously. "Is that all?"

Emily's eyes narrowed a little. "Well, I'm a little bit out of ideas," she confessed. "You seem to be enjoying this a little bit too much, if you ask me. But even though I'm tapped out for ideas, I'm sure that Serena can come up with something. Maybe we'll drop by her house around lunch and see what she can come up with."

A hard knot of resolve tightened in my chest, but I hid it admirably behind a vapid smile and wide – albeit bloodshot – empty blue eyes.

"Sounds like fun," I said happily. "I haven't seen Serena in, like, *forever*."

"I'm sure she'll be happy to see you," Emily said coolly.

Not when I'm done with her, I thought darkly, my smile never slipping.

To Be Continued...



SUMMARY: Disgusted with her boyfriend's attitude toward women, one gal get a magic camera from a collage roommate who knows Wicca, and proceeds to changer her former boyfriend bit by bit into the perfect bimbo.

PRETTY AS A PICTURE

Part Five

by Valerie Hope

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG AT all for me to be ready for the morning out – since the only demands on me for the morning included a workout and a tan, I dressed to work out in pink sweats, Reebok crosstrainers, a skin-tight yellow tank with spaghetti straps that strained to contain the huge, silicone breasts that bobbed on my chest, and put my hair in a long blonde ponytail with a 'scrunchie' to restrain it, a pair of wraparound sunglasses nestled in my soft vanilla-blonde bangs, minimal makeup and a gym bag that contained my tiny little competition bikini and a pair of flip-flops. Emily assured me we'd swing back by the apartment before going to Serena's, so I could change and get made up – wouldn't want to look anything less than my best for when I nuked that bitch – but I did slip the series of magical implements I'd stolen from Emily's sorceress friend on my last visit into my gym bag while I showered, so I'd have them with me. 'Go Time' was upon me, and I didn't want to risk getting sidetracked.

I shook off the last vestiges of hangover – thankfully, my revamped metabolism made that easier for me than when I'd been a man – with a cup of strong coffee, four aspirin and another cigarette on my balcony. By the time Emily came out of the bathroom, pale and thin-lipped, I slipped my tan leather Michael Kors purse over one arm and pulled my sunglasses down from my hair and onto my nose. I offered her a bright, cheerful smile in the face of her morning sickness (served the horrible bitch right, I thought grimly behind my smile and giggle) and asked if she was ready to motor in an entirely too-perky and cheerful voice.

In response, she angrily snatched the purse from off of my shoulder and dumped it unceremoniously onto the table. Searching through roughly, she found my wallet and opened it, laying out all my charge cards, my gym membership and tanning membership, my proof of insurance and my drivers' license out alongside all my mail in a neat little pattern. Giving me a sneering look, she aimed the camera dangling around her wrist at them and snapped the shutter, filling my apartment with a flashing blast.

"There," she said smugly, handing me the drivers' license. "Now at least you won't get weird looks for passing your ID at the gym, or if you get pulled over for being such a shitty driver."

I looked at the license and saw that the picture had been replaced with a much-better looking portrait of a devilishly pretty face, perfectly made up, under a cascading mountain of white-blonde hair and giving a chalk-white, toothy smile with wide, innocent eyes. *My* picture, now, and beside it displayed my name in bold letters.

Not Harmon Michael Stark, the name I'd answered to for every year of my life. The name given on the license displayed Harmonee Michelle Starr, sex female, height five foot eight, hair

blonde and eyes blue, age twenty-four. My new name. I sadly realized, deep in my marrow, that I would never again answer to any other name. It sat etched in my bones now: *my name*. *Harmonee*. *Harmonee is my name*.

I forced the happy smile as I gathered up my identification and the spilled contents of my purse and stuffed them back into the capacious bag. Inside, though, a part of me felt crushed and flattened irrevocably, and a dead weight settled across my abused heart. Of all the things Emily had done to me, taking my very *name* seemed to be the most invasive, the most cruel and the heaviest blow to my self-image. Even the little digital copy of my signature at the bottom of the drivers' license had been altered, now a squat conglomeration of bubbly circles that looked adorably cute but could never have been mistaken for my abrupt, angular script of my former life. The "i" in *Michelle* sported a little heart for a dot. I couldn't even sign papers in my old name, not and have them be taken seriously. The very last nail in the coffin of my old life, the last vestige of my identity gone, more so even than the alterations to my body. Emily had effectively killed me, and it stung me worse than all the previous deprivations combined.

Oh, God, my name. The bitch took my name, I thought desolately, wanting to screech and cry and tear at my luxurious, shiny blonde mane. But I forced the vapid smile. I was *not* going to let Emily see she'd finally gotten to me. I thought again of the items in the gym bag, tucked into my pink fluffy Egyptian cotton towel. The brass ring, the oak wand, the ivory statuette and the wooden medallion. I'd cobbled together a workable plan from Serena's handwritten notes, and found a few interesting spells copied into the margins of the leather book that might make things interesting. But much of my plan involved continuing the masquerade, convincing Emily and Serena both that they'd reduced me to nothing more than a vapid, shallow, self-absorbed empty-headed blonde bimbo. So I played it up, removing any lingering doubts that I could in Emily's mind that there wasn't a thought in my pretty little head. The systematic erosion of her doubts and suspicions exhausted me, but it was crucial to my plan. Everything hinged on it.

Which meant that being Harmonee the big-breasted bimbette occupied most of my available concentration for the time being, until it was time to strike.

So Harmonee I would be.

For now.

* * *

I found a welcome release at the gym, sublimating my despair and impotent rage into a ridiculously intense workout, covering my supple body with a glistening sheen and making my new, flexible and resilient muscles sore and achy with the effort. I welcomed the pain and exhaustion, though, working out a lot of my internal turmoil on the various machines, an iPod thumping house music into my ears and my head down, ignoring the myriad attempts by various faceless males in for their own workouts to hit on me and get my number. Emily watched me curiously from her perch on this machine or that, never letting me out of her sight, examining me under whatever microscope she conceptualized for cracks in my facade of bubbly, effervescent bimbo happiness. I offered her no opportunity to be suspicious, even though I trembled inside at the thought of going into the showers afterwards, with the bobbing semi-erect cock dangling between my legs, impossible to hide.

Thankfully the showers at the upscale gym were stalls and not communal – the relief nearly flooded out of me in a prolonged hysterical laugh – and I kept some measure of privacy as I

showered quickly and scrubbed the sweat from my silken skin and out of my new, lustrous blonde locks. I left the hair wet – I'd drop the top on my Volkswagen Beetle and let it air-dry, if I had to, or would just re-wet it and blow-dry it once I was home.

The tanning salon at least afforded me a little more chance to be alone, changing into my tiny competition bikini – which barely restrained my bouncing breasts, much less my cock – in a small tiled room just outside the automated spray-tanning booth. I tucked my huge volume of hair beneath a plastic cap and spread some kind of protective cream on my nails before stepping in, assuming an awkward, 'you're-under-arrest' type pose inside so the tanning solution would cover me evenly. The automated jets chilled me and made me jump a little, but I stood stock-still for the five passes which would supposedly give me a deep, amber tan except for the tiny patches of white over my nipples and crotch. I succumbed to my urge for a good cry while I was inside, the noise of the machinery covering my sobs, and got myself under control in good time so that Emily would never know. I patted myself dry with a rough towel and applied setting lotion to the tan, hoping my tears hadn't streaked the solution, and then went into the dressing room to cover my bikini with loose sweats and a t-shirt and wiggled my painted toes into white platform flip-flops. The card on the wall of the dressing room warned not to shower, wear tight clothing or apply makeup for at least two hours, so I perched my sunglasses carefully on my nose and met Emily in the lobby.

She didn't look up from the conversation she was having on her cellphone, just gesturing to me dismissively with a raised finger when I attempted to tell her I was ready to leave.

"No, Serena, that's a wonderful idea," she said. "I never would have thought of that. No, I know just where they are, I remember putting them in there. We're going straight there and then we'll be by your place afterward, okay? Like, three or four hours ought to do it."

She smiled a smile that I'd learned to fear. "Great, Serena, thank you so much. This is going to be hilarious. We'll see you this afternoon."

She tapped the "end" icon on her touch-screen and regarded me levelly. "We were gonna go home and have some lunch," she told me, "but Serena suggested we take a little detour."

She took my by the arm, much like the way she had when I'd been a man and we'd been out on dates, pressing her soft breasts into my arm sensually and hugging my arm with both hands. "Drop by your storage locker, honey. There's a box we need to pick up."

* * *

She never told me, even though I empty-headedly tried to cajole it from her, what was in the heavy box she made me carry from one of the dusty shelves in the storage garage into the trunk of the Volkswagen. It had been labeled so many times in so many different ways that I couldn't tell, but Emily knew it by sight and nodded in satisfaction as I brought it out. The short drive home passed in silence, and she even held the door for me as I groaned under the weight of the heavy box – even though I didn't remember anything being heavy when I'd moved them to storage two years ago. My decreased physical strength just reminded me again what had happened to me, and how low I had to carry the dusty cardboard cube to accommodate my enormous breasts. I placed it carefully on the kitchen table and stepped back from it as Emily rubbed her hands together in anticipation.

She dug in, tossing aside some papers and the like until she drew out two of my old high school yearbooks, a photo album, my college transcript and diploma and some old report

cards from high school, a few old baseball trophies and my old baseball helmet from when I'd played second base in high-school. She arranged them all carefully on the table and told me to sit down in one of the ladder-backed chairs roughly before opening the yearbook to my picture and aiming the dangling pink camera at the page.

Snap and flash. Once the spots cleared from my eyes, I peered carefully at the space where my senior picture had once been. The handsome young man in the photograph, dressed in a tuxedo, was replaced by a skinny blonde girl with a mouth full of braces and a plunging neckline of tacky marabou feathers in my school colors. The caption beside my photo had once read "Harmon Stark, voted Most Likeable, Baseball JV 1, 2; Baseball Varsity 3, 4; Soccer JV 1, 2; Academic Decathlon; Debate Club; Class Secretary 4; Future Problem Solving 2, 3, 4" and now displayed "Harmonee Starr, voted Miss Congeniality, Cheer JV 1, 2; Cheer Varsity 3, 4; Cheer Captain 4; Dance Line 1, 2, 3, 4; Dance Line Captain 3, 4; Gymnastics 1, 2, 3, 4; Volleyball 1,2; Homecoming Princess 3; Homecoming Queen 4; Prom Queen 4." The book itself even reflected Class of '04 instead of the old Class of '93 to suit the new age she'd assigned to me.

Oh, God, I thought desperately, again fighting tears. She's taking my past.

Emily examined my face carefully and apparently liked what she saw. "This is good," she announced with an evil smile. "This is hurting you."

"Please," I pleaded in a very small voice. "Don't take my past, Emily. Not that."

She aimed the camera. Snap and flash. My undergraduate degree in economics from a prestigious private university, framed in walnut, became a dog-eared copy of a certificate of completion from Sunset Valley Cosmetology College, badly spray-mounted to a piece of pink cardboard. My MBA, framed in identical walnut, simply vanished.

She aimed the camera at my transcript and snapped another photograph. My 3.9 GPA from a private university now translated to seventy-some-odd hours from a state school and several letters of academic probation over a 1.8 GPA. I noticed grimly that the nursing major was uncompleted and no degree conferred. With a click of the button, Emily made me from a *cum laude* business major into a college dropout. My Phi Sigma Delta paddle became a pink-painted, 'bedazzled' sorority paddle from Omega Chi. Emily giggled uncontrollably, hiding her mouth with her hand, and since she knew how much this hurt me, I decided to let go and just give in to the tears, which rolled over my long lashes and down my cheeks in hot streaks. My shoulders heaved with sobs that set my giant boobs jiggling, making what Emily did to me impossible to ignore.

Emily snapped away, no bothering to hide her sadistic glee, as my entire past changed in front of my tear-filled eyes. My baseball glove transformed into a pair of well-worn pink ballet slippers, my report cards filled with C's and D's instead of the A's I'd worked so hard to obtain, my valedictorian's medal from high school and my National Honor Society hood became court papers detailing my probation for DUI and drug possession. The MVP trophy for baseball became a gaudy spirit stick. The photo album opened to reveal pictures of me, with a mouth full of braces and a flat chest, posing extravagantly in a cheerleading uniform or kick-line costume with similar quasi-glamorous high school Lolitas and random 'cute' boyfriends, of which I seemed to have a great deal.

"Much better," Emily announced as she transformed my baseball helmet into a pair of purple and gold pom-poms. "That's much more in line with the girl I think you should be. What do you think, Harmonee? You think all this suits you?"

"You bitch," I hissed, sobbing. "You fucking *bitch*."

"That's better," Emily said. "I was afraid this wasn't doing the trick any more. Good to know there were still a few things left in your selfish little heart that mattered. Still a few things I could take away from you. Now, baby, there's a shelf in the bedroom that only has a few things on it. I think you should arrange all this stuff in there, where you can see it. These are the kinds of memories a girl would want on display. I've changed a few picture frames in there to something cute that you'd like. Go get busy. I have work to do. Be sure and make it look cute, honey, or I'll make you do it all again."

Trying to fight down my sobs, I gathered all the memorabilia into the dusty box and carried them into the bedroom. The sterling silver frames Emily had changed while I was in the bathroom became white wood, covered with paint-pen slogans like "Friends 4 Ever" and "BFFs" and the few books I'd kept there lost their places to a pink teddy bear clutching a stuffed heart and some tacky little knick-knacks based around a theme of high-heeled shoes. I started emptying the box, finally getting my tears under control, and arranging the shelf as Emily had instructed me. Once I had everything displayed prominently around a framed picture of my teenage cheerleader self hugging and vamping with a similarly flat-chested and overly made-up teenage version of Brandee, I sashayed into the bathroom to repair my makeup and blow my nose.

The new, revised history of my life sat heavily in my brain – my memories edited themselves, apparently, to suit the mementos and documentation of the past Emily had given me. I could not recall, no matter how I tried, playing second base in the state baseball championship, even though absolute certainty that it had happened remained in my heart. But I had perfect recollection of the state cheer finals in Daytona, of staying in a hotel room on the beach with Brandee and getting fucked up on vodka, of seducing a pair of college boys and giving blowjobs poolside before getting caught by Ms. Hoover, our chaperone. I recalled the taste of the boy's cock, the naughty sluttish thrill of giving head four feet from Brandee doing the same, and how long it had taken to get all the curly pubic hairs out of my braces afterwards.

The hard knot of resolve in my belly tightened even further, now surrounded with a hard shell of rage, as I reapplied several coats of lash-lengthening mascara in the bathroom mirror. But the nature of my anger changed somehow. I no longer felt as though it was enough to just kill Serena and Emily. That solution was too quick, too merciful. I wanted both of them to suffer the way I suffered, to have everything they held dear taken away from them as they watched, helpless. A new plan bloomed in my head, and by the time I covered my full, kissable lips with a fresh coat of perfumed gloss, an evil smile of my own spread over my perfect, supermodel face, baring my chalk-white teeth.

Emily surveyed my new shelf, nodding in satisfaction, as I came out into the bedroom. "Very nice," she told me. "I think you did a lovely job, Harmonee. You have a knack for this girly stuff, I have to say. Now, why don't you go relax in the living room for a little while while I get ready and lay out your clothes for you. Read *Cosmo*. There's an article on fifty ways to please your man that I think might interest you."

Hiding my contempt, I did as she instructed, closing the door behind her. I stepped back out onto the balcony, lounging in a plastic chair in the warm sunshine, opening the magazine and lighting a cigarette to pass the time. I suppose the speed with which I'd taken up smoking should have alarmed me, but the sketchy bad-girl past Emily concocted for me reflected that I'd smoked cigarettes since I was thirteen, sneaking them from my mother's purse with Brandee and some other girls to smoke behind our house and pretend we were 'grown up.'

I actually got into the articles in the *Cosmo* and lost track of time, stubbing out three cigarettes in the little red plastic ashtray on the balcony by the time Emily came out of the bedroom wearing a low-cut teal ribbed t-shirt and a pair of loose, thrift-store jeans with a torn knee that I knew were her favorites. She led me wordlessly into the bedroom and gestured to the bed where my day's clothes waited.

Evidently Emily had judged my tan to be dry, since the clothes she'd chosen for me were tight enough to restrict my movements. A lavender satin corset which pushed my breasts up and together, the cups barely covering my pink nipples, under layered tops of wide fishnet mesh in white, teal and lavender. White satin 'arm-warmer' fingerless gloves with tacky plastic bauble bracelets clanking on my wrists and big cheap-looking rings on my fingers and thumbs. A short black lycra skirt that stretched tight across my ass and barely covered me, covered by layered belts of huge silver chain links and white and lavender leather with rhinestone studs. I wore white fishnet hose – which set off my new tan *incredibly*, I had to admit – and knee-high white leather boots with a 5" stiletto heel that made my ankles ache. A little white fedora hat perched on my volumized blonde hair, a pair of purple sunglasses and a white leather Fendi hobo bag completed the look.

I looked incredibly hot and unbelievably slutty, just fashion-plate enough to keep from getting too many condescending looks in public from 'normal' girls but still appropriately slutty to grab and hold every male eye in my vicinity. I hated the feeling of thrilled, egotistical power that zipped up and down my spine that had just last night made me feel wonderful about myself. I popped a huge piece of bubblegum into my mouth – I tried to tell myself it would alleviate the cigarette cravings that appeared more and more often, but blowing bubbles with my glossy pink lips completed the slutty look admirably and would get me even more attention from guys and possibly even the occasional girl.

Emily waited impatiently for me in the living room, surfing channels distractedly. Evidently, my dressing took too long to suit her, so she hustled me out the door, slinging her purse over one shoulder and locking the door behind us. I hesitated to speak, smacking my gum loudly instead, and had climbed behind the drivers' seat – checking to see that my pink Adidas gym bag sat undisturbed in the back seat – before I gathered the guts to ask her.

"Where are we, um, like, going?" I bubbled.

"We're meeting Serena at Bellissima's," she said. "It's on Broadmeade and Sixteenth. Get going, we're running behind. You took too long getting ready."

"I, like, thought I was s'posed to be, um, fashionably late 'n' stuff," I complained.

"Not when it's Serena," Emily said. "We *never* make Serena wait."

"Oh," I said, turning my attention – such as it was – to my driving. I had to take off my cute little fedora as I drove, since the wind tried to take it away from me three or four times and I didn't want to lose it because – Heaven help me – it went so well with my outfit. I drove the way Emily

commanded me, cutting people off, not using my signal and reapplying makeup and text messaging at fifty-five miles per hour, but managed to find my way through midtown traffic and even managed to find a parking space near the little bar.

Serena waited for us near the door, reclined in a chair at a table for three and busily engrossed in something on her Blackberry. Emily got her attention with a nervous wave and Serena gestured us over.

"Emily, I have to congratulate you. She looks *fantastic*. Like a perfect little bimbo. I love the tits," Serena said. She made a peremptory 'round-and-round' gesture with a finger to me. "Turn around, bitch, so I can get a look at you."

I did a quick little catwalk turn for her edification and then slid into the only unoccupied chair, ordering a vodka-cranberry from a passing waiter. Giggling, I stuck my gum under the table and fished in my purse for my cigarettes, surveying the crowd to see who was looking at me and trying to stay completely outside of Serena's notice – without success.

"Have you taken her out yet?" she asked Emily as the drinks arrived. I fought the urge to down mine at a swallow and order another, instead keeping my eyes on the hipster crowd starting to file in and fill the place as I sucked on my cigarette.

"We had a great time at La Bare's last night," Emily said. "With the girls, y'know. Rumor has it that Harmonee got busy several times in the VIP room. The dried cum on her chin when she got home seemed to indicate she had a *very* good time back there, when she wasn't in the bathroom doing coke with her BFF. Harmonee's turning out to be one hell of a party girl."

"How many dancers did you blow, honey?" Serena prompted.

I let out a lungful of smoke but kept my eyes on the crowd. "Three," I told her distractedly, not wanting to shift focus away from a decent-looking guy at the bar playing back-and-forth flirting with me. "But I, um, did one guy twice. Does that, like, count?"

"Did you give it up, though?" Serena asked.

That got my attention and turned me around. "Give it up? Give, like, *what* up?"

Serena laughed. "You shouldn't even need to ask," she said.

"Um, hel-lo, I don't have one of those yet," I said.

"Don't need one to give it up," Serena corrected, overlooking my smug tone. "You have another hole down there, sweetie, in case you haven't noticed. I meant give up the chocolate starfish. The rusty sheriff's badge. Whatever stupid name you used to call it when you were a boy."

"You mean let somebody fuck me in the ass?" I gasped, barely audible.

"Let them?" Emily said, laughing. "Bitch, I mean for you to suggest it. Now either go up to that pretty-boy you've been making goo goo eyes at and drag him into a back room, or I'll put it in the ring and *make* you do it. Then come right back here and spill all the details. A bitch like you better learn how to dish, it's one of your most important skills."

"You have two hours," Serena said, checking her diamond-studded Bulgari. "Any later, and we'll have to come up with something creative to keep you on a schedule."

"Hustle that cute ass, Harmonee," Emily said. "The clock is ticking."

* * *

I set my drink down beside his on the bar and slid into the stool, making sure to rub my breasts against his back as I did. I was using *far* too much of the dating and seduction advice I'd read in *Cosmo* that morning for my own comfort, and was scared to death that it was going to work. I didn't doubt my ability to get him to follow me back into a more private venue – a thought which surprised me terribly once it appeared in my head – but I was very afraid that he would beat the shit out of me once he discovered that I had a cock. Trannies didn't get very good treatment, even in an upscale establishment like this one, and I'd heard horror stories about he-she's and drag queens getting stalked and killed by otherwise 'normal,' everyday white-collar guys who'd done nothing more than hook up with them at the local bars and clubs. Serena had put my life and safety in very real danger, but the thought of that 'something creative' she'd threatened scared me even more. I had to go ahead with this, no matter what my reservations were.

I ran a long manicured nail around the rim of his glass and offered him a sultry smile. "So, um... hi. I'm Harmonee. And you are?"

"Doug," he said, looking me over hungrily.

"So, Doug," I said as I lifted the cherry out of his Manhattan and set it sexily on my extended tongue, sucking it lasciviously before snapping off the stem and offering him a little smile, "do you make a habit of flirting with strange people in bars, or am I just that attractive?"

His downcast, 'shy' eyes seemed a little rehearsed, but I did find them a little bit charming. He ran a hand through his thick chestnut hair and laughed deep in his throat. "A little bit of both," he said. "You're definitely eye-catching, Harmonee."

"I'm so glad you approve," I said, chewing my straw. "So, like – I just got here with my friends, right? But Emily's pregnant 'n' that's *all* they want to talk about. And I'm, like, *really* over sonograms and breast pumps 'n' shit, so I looked around and, like, there you were."

"Here I was," Doug agreed.

"And I thought right away, like, Harmonee... that guy looks way more interesting than hearing about, like, cervical effacement 'n' shit," I said. I took his arm in my hands in faux supplication. "Please be more interesting than cervical effacement."

"What is cervical effacement?" Doug asked.

I snorted laughter. "I have no fucking idea."

I sipped from my drink, down to the ice, and Doug signaled the bartender wordlessly for another round. Sucking again on my straw, *à la* Mary-Louise Parker in *Weeds*, I traced a soft figure-eight on the back of his hand with my fingernail and looked him dead in the eyes.

"So, are you gonna, like, fuck me or what?" I asked.

He tried – unsuccessfully – not to choke on his drink and covered it with an abashed smile. "You certainly are direct," he commented breathlessly, still spluttering a little.

"I do it for shock value, baby, it *totally* breaks the ice," I said. "And besides – life's too short, y'know? You're into me, I'm so into you, why waste a lot of fuckin' time playing games 'n' shit? So? You, like, wanna go somewhere?"

He took a second – probably thinking he was getting set up somehow, or maybe that I was a pro – before nodding. I took his hand and sucked one fingertip softly.

"I'm totally glad you said yes," I told him. "But there's one thing I should probably tell you, baby. I hope it won't be a dealbreaker or nothin'."

"What is it?"

"I have a cock," I whispered in his ear.

His eyes got very wide, then he laughed. "Bullshit."

"No, seriously, baby, I do."

"You're a dude?"

I turned a little circle for him. "Do I really look like a dude? I'm not, sweetie, I'm all girl. I just have a cock, is all. I didn't want you to find out the hard way, and, like, freak out or nothin'. And there's so much fun we can have together."

"I'm, uh... not into that kind of thing..."

"You don't even have to see it, baby," I told him, caressing his chest and stepping closer until my tits rested against his arm. "No way would I ask you to touch it or nothin'. I know you're not into guys or anything like that. It's me that wants *your* cock, so I'll do all the touching. All you gotta do is slip that big package in my mouth and up my tight little ass and just do your thing, I'll do *all* the rest."

I'd been leaning closer and closer in throughout the whole previous monologue, until our lips were only millimeters apart and we breathed one another's breaths. I finished with, "Sound like a good deal to you, baby boy?"

I placed his warm hand on my breast and licked his neck teasingly. "Don't leave me hanging," I purred, running my nails teasingly up his forearm. I felt him shudder under my touch and saw the front of his slacks shift as his cock hardened at the thought of me.

"Think this place's supply room has a lock?" he asked, taking my hand and standing up.

* * *

Doug excelled at the kind of sweaty, groping animal passion that I craved in this form. We were barely in the door of the little walk-in supply closet before he'd shut the door and wedged it with a doorstop, then shoved me roughly against the wall and pushed me down to my knees as my long-nailed fingers worked frantically at the buckle of his belt and his fly. I tipped his hot, hard dick into my open mouth without even looking at it, just inhaling the musk of him as I pushed my head down roughly until I could tickle my nose with his bushy pubes. I coughed and gagged a little, which excited him and also lubricated him with my slick spit, giving him enough slipperiness to push my head against the wall to pillow into my soft blonde mane and fuck my face with abandon, bringing strangled moans and squeals out of my overstuffed mouth. I grabbed his ass with one hand and his balls with the other, working him as he grunted and groaned and humped my mouth like it was a pussy. I pushed him away, finally, just to clear

my throat enough to gasp a few desperate breaths and wipe the mascara-blackened choking tears from my cheeks before he plunged his cock back into my throat and fucked some more.

I pushed him away again as he began to fuck me a bit more frantically, trying to forestall his orgasm. I didn't want to have to get him hard all over again back here, so I stood and wormed myself around to my back pressed into him, lifting up my stretchy skirt and pushing my panties down to my slender ankles. I'd left my purse – and the lube I carried in it – at the table with Serena and Emily, so I looked around the little supply room frantically for something to use before finding an open case of vegetable oil for the kitchen. I poured some on my hand and slathered it on Doug's throbbing cock, still not looking at it – if I couldn't see how big it was, I couldn't freak out about it, and *Cosmo* said the trick to anal sex was to relax. I also lubed up my asshole as best I could with my long nails and then grabbed him, guiding the blunt tip of his member towards my virgin opening.

It hurt – I knew it would – but not as badly as I'd believed. Once I got used to the length and breadth of him, however, and unclenched my muscles a bit, I stretched wide to accommodate him and it began to feel good. Then it began to feel *really* good. He set a slow but deep passionate rhythm, his balls thumping against my own, and I started to grunt and groan in pleasure. Something rose inside me, some feeling of all-over ecstasy, that I could only assume was an orgasm, but not the sensory overload, nothing-in-the-universe-exists-except-my-cock orgasms I'd only ever known. No, this one took over my whole body, it seemed, starting from deep within me someplace and building.

I stroked my own rigid cock with my oiled hand as he pumped into me, gaining more and more depth and force with his thrusts as I loosened up and began to get into the sex. If I'd have known anal sex felt anything like this, before, I wouldn't have been so quick to judge the homosexual members of my former gender. Hell, if I'd've known it felt like this, I might have done a bit of experimentation myself. And the feeling of being penetrated, of being invaded, of being *taken* – it *did* something to me, inside, in a deep place. For the first time since this wild, magical ordeal had started, I well and truly felt like a *woman*. I had a man inside me, I surrounded him and my delicate inner tissues yielded softly to his demands, stretching and compressing and gliding deliciously around his rigid length and girth and giving me a tremendous sense of togetherness and closeness. I never wanted him out of me, I wished he could plunge into me even deeper.

"Oh, *God*," I cried.

"You like it?" Doug panted.

"Don't stop. Don't... I think I'm gonna cum..."

The orgasm had nothing to do with my cock. In fact, I didn't even ejaculate. Instead I just bit my lip and squeezed my eyes shut and moaned for all I was worth, shuddering and shaking and grabbing his hips to guide him deeper into me as I bucked like a wild thing against him. My abandon apparently took Doug over the edge as well, since he began to rabbit-hump me and threw his head back, moaning. I only just managed to pull him out of me, turn around and drop to my knees to fasten my lips around the swollen head and suck down the frothy, hot jets that spurted against the back of my throat. I successfully ignored the greasy taste of the vegetable oil and the dank, earthy taste of my own ass, putting aside any consideration of how nasty it was to take a cock out of my asshole and put it straight into my mouth like that and just letting it make me feel slutty and wild instead of making me nauseous. He threaded his fingers into

my hair roughly, bucking the last little hot drops into my mouth. I popped him out and gave him a tender lick on the deflating head and a sultry, pleased smile.

"Holy shit, baby," I breathed, "that was fuckin' *awesome*."

"Yeah," he gasped. "Incredible."

I stood up and wiped my hands on a reasonably clean rag, then wiped Doug's cock for him and tried to sponge up some of the residual oil from my ass crack before slipping back into my thong. It took a few moments to tuck my outrageously hard cock into the panties in such a way that my boner wouldn't show through my tight lycra dress

I gave him a slow, tender kiss and caressed his cheek and hair once I managed to wriggle around to face him again. He'd been almost brutal in the way he'd fucked me, taking me like I was his property, and once again I'd found that I loved it. He'd ravished me and left me panting, used and wanting more, even though the ache and tingle in my abused asshole probably would have had me screaming in pain.

"I'm really glad you decided not to let me scare you off," I told him.

"Yeah," he breathed. "Me, too."

"So, um... I guess I better get back to my friends 'n' stuff, baby. After I go try to fix myself up in the bathroom," I told him.

"You look great," he assured me.

I giggled. "Maybe so, but I might as well have, like, a sign around my neck saying 'I just gave crazy head to a guy in the supply room' if I come out looking like this."

He chuckled. "I guess so. Hey, do you want to trade phone numbers or something? I think I might actually like to see you again sometime."

I nodded and blushed girlishly as I typed his name and digits into my phone and called him quickly so he'd have my number in his caller ID. With another kiss, we parted and went our separate ways, satisfied and thoroughly happy. Once I'd repaired my completely wrecked makeup – I'd had to wash my face and start from scratch – I returned to my table and started to 'dish' to Serena and Emily the way they'd commanded, leaving out no gory detail no matter how insignificant it seemed, but I kept making eye contact with Doug across the room and sharing seductive, knowing looks with him and smiling behind the rim of my glass.

"So he made you his bitch back there," Serena said when I'd finished my story. "And the way you're blushing and making eyes at him, I think I can suppose you liked it."

"I guess so, yeah," I agreed.

"Then Emily, honey, I think your work is finished," Serena said. "I know it might seem a little disappointing, but you just made him go into a closet with a strange guy and assfuck him like a little animal, and out he comes glowing from it. I don't think there's anything more you can do to him, honestly. He's pretty much broken."

Emily almost pouted. "You think?"

"There's, um... like, one more picture you have to take," I reminded her.

"And I won't be taking it," Emily said. "No, I want you to always have that reminder of what you used to be, you nasty little cunt. You're going to be a freaky little he-she for the rest of your life."

Tears started to well up in my eyes. "You can't mean that."

"Of course I do, bitch," Emily hissed. "Don't you understand? I don't *want* you to be happy. I don't *want* you to be satisfied in any way. I want you to be a freak, to always wonder what it might be like if you were whole in either gender. I didn't start this to teach you a lesson, you stupid little slut, I started this to *punish* you. And you're not punished enough, you understand?"

"Emily, *please*..."

"Beg all you want, you skanky little bitch," Emily shot back. "It will never be enough."

"You really hate me that much?"

"Of course I do! For one thing, it took a magic fucking spell to get a child out of you, something I all but *begged* you for while we were together, and then once I started changing you, you started fucking *liking* it! You're a whore! You took my revenge and *got off on it*, for Chrissakes! You weren't supposed to *like* this, to want *more* of it! You weren't supposed to..."

"...turn out prettier than you ever were?" I hissed back at her, and Emily's rant stopped in mid-syllable. Her eyes widened with shocked indignation.

"You *cunt*!" she hissed. "I swear to God I'll kill you."

"There's nothing more you can do to me," I shot back. "You said so yourself."

"There may not be anything Emily can do to you," Serena cautioned, raising a finger in warning, "but there's still plenty I can manage. Watch your tone, Harmonee."

"Go fuck yourself, you skinny bitch," I spat.

"Oh, honey," Serena whispered, "you have no *idea* how much you're going to regret saying that." She raised her hands in a complicated gesture, ready to cast some horrible magic my way, but her words died in her throat as I raised my hands from my purse and she found herself staring into the offset green stone of the Ring of Occhlam, on my finger and aimed at her like a pistol.

"Where did you get..." was all she managed before I concentrated all my pent-up anger and helplessness, all my fury and all my outrage through the strange jewelry and it started to glow with an eerie, otherworldly light which flowed across the little bistro table towards the forms of Emily and Serena both, enveloping them as it rooted them in place.

"Please..." Serena managed to squeak as the light crawled up her arms and chest, towards her face. Somehow, magically, no one in the restaurant seemed to notice what was happening.

"Sorry," I hissed. "If you're looking for sympathy, you picked the wrong skanky little bitch."

Emily's face was a mask of terror and panic, Serena's a bit more knowing but just as afraid, as the light finally swallowed them, covering their whole bodies and blurring them slightly, as if they no longer occupied the same reality as the rest of us. My soft laughter accompanied them into the unknown.

* * *

The book had said that no one knew for certain what would happen if the energy from the strange ring was allowed to completely consume the body of the person one used it on, but in my wildest fantasies it hadn't been what resulted. Firstly, the brass ring with the dull green stone in it was now a burnt, twisted piece of wreckage, unrecognizable even as jewelry. But even though I was caught flat-footed by the results, I maintained the presence of mind to act fast, and tapped the flower-carved wand called the Baton of Feye over each of their hearts, calming their anger and agitation, and then I spoke softly to them both for about an hour, taking full advantage of the suggestive state of mind the wand created in them. They nodded emphatically to my every comment or recommendation, wide-eyed and accepting of my every suggestion as utter Gospel. The wand would come very much in handy in later days, so I tucked it safely into my purse before I laid the silk-wrapped wooden Amulet of Isis ascending, boiled in alum and sage that morning as I took my bath, over each of their hearts to heal their wounds – the emotional and mental ones, not physical, which would leave both of them happy and healthy inside and out with no reason to ever torture or control another human being again. By the time I'd done that, it was no problem to talk them into submitting to placing a small drop of blood from a finger onto the base of the ivory statuette of two naked women holding hands which would bind them together. I added a drop of my own, as well, which was expressly against the rules and caused the Idol of Geal gCuagh to sputter, spark and melt into a nacreous puddle on the tabletop. It didn't matter to me, I could feel the silken caress of the other women's emotions inside me just as I knew they could feel my own.

Serena and Emily were now mirror images, unable to be told apart in any detail except that I'd known who was sitting where before I released the ring's magic. The two figures before me were only vaguely feminine but more genderless, just smooth-skinned pink androgynes that looked around their new environment in wonder and awe. Wordlessly, I slipped the little pink camera out of Emily's purse and aimed it at them, pushing the silver button and filling the restaurant with a bright flash.

The two thirteen-year-old identical twin girls sitting across from me smiled brightly and gazed at me with utter adoration. Their sandy-blond hair spilled over narrow shoulders, done up in high ponytails decorated with multicolored ribbons in their school colors, and they showed the distinct promise of filling out their matching cheerleading uniforms lustily in a year or so. They giggled and held hands and whispered secrets in one another's ears, mouths full of braces, and they wore their makeup garish and thick, with poor color combinations and a heavy head reflective of their lack of experience with appearing as adult women. They were in the middle of telling me a story about something funny that had happened to a girl they knew at school, which I could only pretend to follow since I was hearing the end of a conversation that had technically never started. Serena's chic leather laptop case was now a pink backpack with schoolbooks in it, and I could see school IDs and lunchroom meal cards in their open purses – designer, of course – and also the little white peek of a pack of cigarettes buried deep in Emily's.

"So, Bridget is all, like, your aunt is so cool 'cause she lets you stay out on weekends 'n' drink," the girl who was once Emily was saying brightly, leaning towards me with an intent look in her bright green eyes.

"And we're, like, yeah she's way cool, you totally don't even know what she does," the girl who was once Serena added.

"And you told her?" I asked.

"Mmm-hmm," used-to-be-Emily said. "And she was, like, ohmyGawd, no way! Your aunt does porn? And we were, like, yeah, there's, like, posters of her movies 'n' stuff all over her house."

"And she makes, like, *cra-zy* bank, too," once-Serena chimed. "We were, like, we're so gonna do it too once we turn eighteen."

"Yeah, *total* family affair," Emily giggled.

I looked from one to the other and back again, and listened to the conversation with minimal concentration while I sought out the memories that popped into my brain with the last picture. My sister had died in a car accident several years ago, leaving me to raise the two girls whose names were Brittani and Bethani. I took them in and the wild little teens took to my partying porn lifestyle immediately, becoming quick friends with my co-stars and going for mani-pedi's with Brandee and Natalee or shopping with Evan on the weekends. They were good girls, I knew, staying out of trouble for the most part but were very curious about their own sexuality and not the slightest bit ashamed of expressing it. And they thought that I was easily the coolest human being on the planet.

I looked at the pink camera in my hands and saw that the LCD screen was flashing "one picture remaining" over and over. With Serena gone and all her power with her, I knew that it would just be an ordinary camera after one more exposure. One full-length mirror and I could change myself back with one shot, regain everything I'd lost and maybe gain some things I'd never had before – having a twelve-inch cock sprang to mind, and the physique of a Calvin Klein underwear model. But something Emily had said before I transformed her still stuck in my mind, replaying over and over again.

You weren't supposed to like this, to want more of it...

I took a deep breath, then sprang into action before I could have the chance to second-guess myself, stuffing my hands underneath the hem of my skirt and pushing the button, lighting the underside of the table with a dazzling flash as, suddenly, my clothes seemed to fit a lot better and I felt a wonderful sense of freedom, of *completion* that I'd never felt before. I couldn't stifle a delighted giggle as I stood and turned a quick pirouette of happiness.

I stuffed the camera back in Emily's – Brittani's, now – open purse and kissed each of their cheeks. "You girls order whatever you like, and don't get the waiter in trouble flirting with him. You bitches are still jailbait, remember? I'll be right back, there's just something I gotta take care of real quick, 'kay?"

Without waiting for a reply, I lit a cigarette and puffed it sexily as I pushed through the thickening crowd until I was back at the bar. I reached out and touched Doug's arm and he turned to me with a sultry smile.

I kissed his cheek and whispered in his ear, "Think our closet is still unoccupied? 'Cause, there's, like, something I'm sooOOOooo dying to show you..."