

# Working Woman (Trust Fund Brat to Working Class Gal TG)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Commission for AI

*Kyle is an arrogant and wealthy trust-fund baby living a luxurious life he never appreciates, and often using his privilege to score chicks. When he runs afoul of a powerful sorceress, Kyle is shocked to find himself karmically transformed into an attractive working class girl. Now living as Kaylee, the new woman must learn the value of hard work and real relationships if she ever wants to turn back.*

## Working Woman

Kyle Montague laughed when he saw the news. Another looming economic crisis; it was all over CNN, and the talking heads were discussing the rising inflation and struggles families were experiencing. The young man ran his hands through his brown hair in excitement and quickly grabbed his mobile phone, flicking through his investments. Every stock was up. Just about every. Single. One.

“Fuck yeah!” he said, still grinning as he rose to his feet. He stepped over to the window of his penthouse suite and looked out over the city below. It felt like it belonged to him, like his plaything. Kyle quickly glanced at the news again.

*“Of course, many are saying that these companies are engaging not in reasonable responses to inflation, but rather in opportunistic price gouging. Single mother Erin Cartail says-”*

“Shouldn’t have been a single mother then, you dumb cow,” he said to the woman onscreen. “Maybe you wouldn’t be struggling if you actually pulled yourself up by your bootstraps. Looks like someone’s been eating too many McDonalds.”

He checked his phone one last time. His financial advisory had been right: you couldn’t lose in a coming recession, not if you played your cards right.

*Sure, he thought. Some bozos get the short straw, but that’s only because they’ve put themselves in that position with their deadend jobs, or they’re too busy whining for handouts and free medicare to actually pull themselves up by their bootstraps.*

With a giddiness in his step, he moved towards his large walk-in closet and rifled through his numerous, far-too-many party shirts. He was in a good mood, and he wanted to be in an even better mood when he brought back some blonde bimbo and fucked her on the Persian rug later tonight.

*I think I’ll take the Porsche. These club chicks go fucking wet for the Porsche.*

He began to change, still grinning at the news on the television. It was just like his father had taught him: when things go bad for America, it's good for the cheque book. The woman was still complaining in a heated discussion with a business owner on the screen. Something about how the 'one percent' just don't understand how 'the rest of us live.' Kyle just rolled his eyes and scoffed.

"And thank Christ for that," he said to himself. "Why the hell would I ever want to live like *that*?"

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Kyle made waves at the club, as usual. It was easy to be the centre of attention when you had exclusive access to the most prestige platinum areas of the club and still had excess amounts of money to throw around. It didn't hurt that the twenty seven year old man was very handsome, with a tall and fit figure and charming grin. He had often been described as 'tall, dark, and handsome' by others, and he was more than happy to play with that reputation.

But it was the wealth and success that truly put him over the edge. Kyle always made a show of how rich he was, often name dropping his father Richard Montague. Yes, *that* Montague. The uber wealthy hedge fund manager worth almost thirty billion dollars. The man who was also head of the Traditionalist Society, which lobbied Congress to the tune of millions of dollars each year to, essentially, let the business community do whatever the hell they wanted to make the dime they wanted.

And Kyle was the heir to the family fortune. The only son. The man who had been raised with not just a silver spoon in his mouth, but a golden one encrusted with jewellery. Not that he ever recognised it: Kyle lived a life of immense extravagance, constantly partying and buying new things, or getting a new car as soon as the old one was wrecked. His trust fund was comparable to the GDP of a small country, so why should he care about living like the idiots living like wage slaves? If they were smart, they'd work their way to the top like him . . . not that he really worked at all. His father didn't push him, and his mother was just his father's trophy wife, there to hang off his arm at dinners and meetings, with little actual love between them. He was the product of success, not an example of it, and the same could even be said of his own father, whose own scion was a multimillionaire investor.

But that didn't matter to Kyle. All that mattered was the luxurious life of wealth he possessed, and the doors it easily opened for him, as it did so now. He had gotten the most exclusive booth at the club, dismissing his personal guard so he could spent time with the lovely ladies who could smell money like a feline was drawn to catnip, or a moth to a flame.

“Yeah, that’s me alright,” he said. “I had thirty million last year, but that was just because I went overboard on the investing. I’m worth much, much more now. I actually couldn’t even tell you how much money I have.”

“That’s soooooo interesting,” said the girl half already on his lap. She looked like she was only nineteen or something, not that he minded. She was wearing a crop top that showed off her big tits and her hair was bright blonde, just how he liked them. And she wasn’t very smart; also how he liked them.

“Of course it is, babe,” he said, placing a hand on her luscious thigh. “I’ve got a sweet pad in town, actually. Got to pick it out myself; it was a tiring job I can tell you that. Had to find the best spot in the city to overlook everything. It’s got an outdoor and indoor pool, a spa, a gym, a bed . . . a very comfy rug, if you know what I’m saying. Room service around the clock.”

“Wow, that must be super expensive.”

He just chuckled. “A few million, sure, but who cares about that, right? It’s only money.”

The woman on the other side of him scoffed. She had red hair - still sexy even if it didn’t give the blonde bimbo look he was a fan of.

“Something to say there, Sharon?” he said casually.

She folded her arms and scowled. “It’s Sheila. It’s easy to say you don’t care about money when you’re practically drowning in it.”

“There’s money everywhere if you know where to look, honey.”

Sheila rolled her eyes. “You mustn’t be watching the news. We’re headed for a big recession crisis. A lot of people are struggling right now and it’s only going to get worse. If you’re working class in this country then money is a big deal. A very big deal. And it can buy you happiness, because blue collar families would be very relieved to not be scared of their next mortgage repayment, their next rent due, their next medical bill.”

*Oh great, she’s one of those people, Kyle thought. Probably tied up in woke Marxist nonsense right out of college. This is why I don’t like them when they’re twenty five or older, and this chick looks about that.*

“That’s, like, totally unfair,” the blonde woman said, clutching his arm. He’d forgotten her name already but enjoyed the support.

Kyle just adopted his cool, charismatic personality. “Hey, Sheila, let me tell you something secret: people are only doing it hard because they’re wasting money and depending on handouts. If they actually committed to lifting themselves up, then they’d figure it out. I mean, look at me, I’m-”

“A trust fund baby,” she said.

Kyle stopped dead midway through his often-rehearsed speech. He turned his head slowly to fully take in this woman. Sheila was strikingly beautiful, there was no way to deny it, but she also had a blazing intelligence in her fierce green eyes. The young man certainly didn't appreciate that in a woman.

"What did you just say?"

"I called you a trust fund baby. A nepo kid. You're just another rich party boy who relies on Daddy's money to get everything, and don't know the meaning of hard work or the lived experience of ordinary people. People are suffering and you're here mocking them for getting help? Like that makes them dependent? You've been dependent your whole life! What have you done to earn any of the money and power you've been bragging about the past twenty minutes?"

*The fucking nerve, Kyle thought. No one talks to me like that.*

This was the one thing that could truly unsettle Kyle Montague. He had been insulted more than once for many reasons, but the only comment that truly stung was the one that implied he hadn't earned his status, that he was just clinging to Daddy's money. The truth of it sat in his stomach like poison. For a moment, he had to collect himself and steady his trembling hand.

"Listen, *doll*," he said in the most patronising tone he could muster. "I don't give two shits what you think of me. The fact of the matter is I *do* work really hard. I *invest*. I keep on top of the market. I make big gambles."

"Easy to make big gambles when you were born with enough money not to worry about the risk," she said easily. "I grew up doing it hard, you know, and people like you never understand."

"You're here now, aren't you?"

"Because I earned it, but also because I got *damn* lucky. A circumstance of birth, just like you. It gave me my own kind of special privilege, one even you can't understand or appreciate the power of, but I have my mother's line to thank for that, and you can be damn sure I have done my best every day to be worthy of it, because I got *lucky*. A lot of people don't have my luck and especially not yours, Kyle."

*Jesus. This one went to college.*

Kyle realised he was biting his lip a bit too hard, revolted at her words. He made a show of putting an arm around the blonde chick with the big tits and laughing. It was a technique his father taught him; laugh at your enemies, even if they make a good point. People only remember the mockery.

"Oh, I see, you're one of *those* girls," he said.

"Those girls?"

“Trust me, I see them all the time. You’re not actually special, you know. So you’ve gone to college after getting a scholarship ride and suddenly you think you know the ins and outs of the world, about how totally *unfair* it is and everything. How if we all just sat down and sang kumbaya together and taxed the rich and gave free medicare to all the people demanding handouts everything would just be hunky dory. Well, it’s a fantasy land, Sheila. And to be honest, it’s a total waste of a hot body like yours to be going around turning off people with those ideas. I’m almost considering not inviting you back to my sweet pad. I know Lily here wants to go-”

“Um, my name is Lauren.”

“Whatever. She’s all dressed up for the occasion, and you don’t hear her going on about Marxist nonsense. She’s hot, she’s young, she’s a sexy blonde bombshell ready to have some fun and recognise the richest guy in the room. So tell me, what’s it gonna take for you to shut up with the inequality thing and come back to my place? Trust me, if you think you’re ‘lucky’ now, you’ve got no idea how lucky you’ll get if you just shut your brain off and act like the kind of woman a guy like me enjoys having around.”

*That got her*, he thought, drinking in the absolutely furious expression on Sheila’s face. Slowly, the woman stood, glancing between Lauren and Kyle with a look of disdain.

“So that’s how it is, huh? You’re only willing to be in the company of a woman if she’s some busty blonde hanging off your arm and desperate to fuck you?”

“Um, that hurts?” Lauren said.

Sheila’s face softened, for just a moment. “You can do better, girl.”

Kyle shrugged. “Don’t pretend you’re not here for the same reason, lady.”

She put her hands on her hips. “I came here for fun, and maybe to enjoy a one-night stand. Nothing wrong with that. That doesn’t mean I should be in the company of some lazy rich kid who didn’t earn a cent in his life and treats women like objects he owns. That’s pathetic. *I can do better.*”

“Well, so can I,” Kyle said. “Off you go back to your poor Mom or whatever you think your ‘lucky life’ is. In the meantime, me and Lauren are going to party it up in way you’ll never be able to. Enjoy going back to whatever lame ass job you’ve got, Sheila.”

At this, the woman’s expression changed. She laughed. She cackled, in fact. And when she settled her gaze back upon Kyle he actually felt quite unnerved by it. She was grinning as if she knew something he didn’t.

“You know, I really don’t do this often, I really don’t, but you’re a special case of privilege and women’s issues, Kyle Montague, and frankly your ‘Daddy’ has done way too much of a number on you. So I think it’s time you appreciated what it’s really like to be a member of the working class. A working woman, in fact.”

*The fuck is she going on about?* Kyle thought, but before he could give air to those comments, Sheila waved her hand in the air and quickly spoke some strange words in a funky language he'd never heard of.

"There, it's done. The changes will probably finish sometime tomorrow. Wouldn't want to spoil your eve with Lauren. I hope you have fun and find someone better." She directed that last comment to the blonde, and then walked away.

"Yeah, and take your Wicca New Age feminist bullshit with you!" Kyle exclaimed, before settling back down into the booth. It took him a moment to regain his cool. Lauren was clearly uncomfortable, and so was he. He pulled at his collar, still furious at how he'd been spoken to.

*I did earn all of this. I damn well earned it. She was just some jealous bitch, that's all.*

"Wow, that, like, sure was something, huh?" Lauren said with a giggle. She adjusted her top to show off more cleave, clearly trying to get things back on track. "So, did you, like, still want to go to that sweet pad and stuff?"

Kyle managed to regain his smile. Yes, that was just a momentary hiccup. The chick probably wasn't even that well-off. It was definitely just jealousy. Besides, who wants to fuck a woman who didn't appreciate a high-status male like him?

"Absolutely, babe," he had, squeezing Lauren's ass playfully as they both stood up. "Let's forget that bitch and get out of here. I want to have some fun."

Lauren giggled and clung to him. It was just how he liked things to be.

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The sex should have been goddamned fantastic. Lauren wasn't the hottest chick he'd ever landed, but she was damn fine, especially in her tits. And she was damn horny after seeing his apartment and having another drink from the personal bar. But the weirdest thing happened as they began to make out and undress. He lowered the blonde to the thick rug and began to play with her big boobs, making her wet.

But his own member struggled to get hard, and he had to really, really focus to keep himself erect despite how damn aroused he was. It had never happened before, and it led to the sex being drawn out and frankly embarrassing; he even had to let her stroke him back to hardness when he lost it the first time while inside her. His blush was a furious red, and even as she got him erect once more, he mind reeled with the sting of the insults earlier in the club.

*"You're not really worth this."*

*"You're just some trust fund baby. A nepo kid."*

*“Your Daddy is the one that pays for everything, but you treat others less fortunate than you like trash.”*

The words echoed in his head even as he finally slipped inside Lauren a second time and began to thrust. She moaned, giggling a little in excitement, trying to paste over the existing awkwardness, and yet it was so damn hard to focus upon the act of fucking this hot babe. Sheila’s words continued to echo in his brain, and he could almost see her in his mind’s eye delivering them.

*“You treat women like trash, and working women worst of all. I can see your thoughts now, Kyle. How you saw that poor working mother was disgusting.”*

He cringed, still pumping into Lauren, hearing her gasp out loud and ramble on about how lucky she was or something. Still the words came, and they felt *real* somehow in a way that didn’t make sense.

*“Lucky, that’s what Lauren thinks she is. She doesn’t have your luck though, Kyle. Born into a life of extravagant wealth and privilege, yet all you use it for is yourself.”*

“What?” he said, stopping his thrusts for a moment. It was so damn hard to *stay* hard.

*Those were new words. So was the other bit. Am I just thinking this up?*

“Keep going!” Lauren cried. “Don’t stop!”

He bit his lip and kept on thrusting, trying to tune it all out. But then Sheila’s voice rose from the passion once more to interrupt it.

*“Well, I’m lucky too, Kyle. My great grandmother was a sorceress, and I inherited her gift. I have powers that have aided me, and I worked to develop them. But I don’t take them for granted and judge others. Well, except for you. Right now I’m judging you, Kyle. And that spell I put on you? You’re already feeling its effect right now.”*

Lauren moaned. “I’m s-so close! So close!”

But Kyle’s penis went soft again, his arousal still present but his member failing him. He collapsed against her.

“I can’t . . . I have to stop.”

“Aww, but I’m so . . . wait, have you gone soft? Um, are you having trouble down there?”

He pulled himself off her, positively fuming. “Shut the fuck up, okay? This happens! It’s ordinary. Just . . . just get dressed and fucking get out.”

“I could get you hard agai-”

“JUST GET OUT, YOU DUMB BIMBO!”

Lauren gasped, then quickly stood and moved to get her things. Kyle watched her change, still unbelieving how unmanned he had just been, how humiliated.

*“Enjoy your new life, Kaylee,”* echoed Sheila’s voice.

And then the presence in his mind was gone, and Lauren was too.

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For just a few moments after waking, everything in the world seems normal to Kyle. The bed was less comfortable than he remembered it, and the air a touch more stale - perhaps the staff had forgotten to replace the scent machine - but on the whole he had slept *magnificently*. He had dreamed of a very cute, very busty blonde wearing ripped jeans and a cheap t-shirt. Judging from her makeup and cheaper clothing, she was probably some cheap thing living in a poor flat and working nine to five for a living. For reasons that made sense in the dream, that really turned Kyle on. The thought of taking this hot, low-class gal for a spin had really revved his engine, leaving him aroused as he woke.

*I wish I could have had longer in the dream, he mused privately. Though it was weird. At times it was almost like I was that chick. Nice pair of tits though.*

He stirred, lowering his right hand down to tease his cock. Even a rich kid with everything he wanted like him still needed to pump his own iron from time to time. But when his hand touched his member, he frowned.

*Goddamn it, I'm still soft? Jesus, I feel tiny down there.*

He huffed, opening his eyes to gaze forlornly at the ceiling, the details of the previous night coming to him slowly. But they arrived in a sudden rush as soon as he took in the sight above him.

"What the . . . ?"

It wasn't his ceiling, not even close. It wasn't the high modern ceiling of his penthouse sweet, or the classical vaulting construction of his family's estate, nor the white, seamless dome of his summer house down the coast. No, this ceiling was an off-white creamy colour, some sections more faded than others, and sections of plaster that had clearly crumbled or cracked and just had rudimentary repair jobs, one in an ugly grey. There were further spiderwebs of cracks in the corners, and those corners were far, far too close for Kyle's liking. The modern set of in-built lights had been replaced with just a single old-fashioned light bulb, cheap and easily replaced.

"The fuck? This isn't my pad!"

Kyle sat up, clutching his mouth, fingers moving to his throat. His voice didn't sound like him. It was an octave or so higher.

"Testing, testing, Kyle's normal voice should be back soon, thank you very much!"

It didn't return at all, still sounding higher and softer. These were just the first changes he began to notice, though. The surroundings of the room were not remotely his. In fact, judging by the various printed photos placed in cheap frames upon the walls, this room

definitely belonged to a woman. There was even a cute pink elephant plushie on the bed he hadn't noticed before.

*Did I do ecstasy again? I must have gone out again and slept with a hot chick, right? This would be her home. It's the only thing that makes sense.*

He stood, rubbing his sore chest, which felt kind of flabby. His hair was itchy too, and when he scratched at it, the young man was reminded that he definitely needed to get it cut soon. But the soreness and achiness and itchiness was all over him, especially in his thighs and rear, in his stomach and chest, and along his biceps. He massaged the last, stretching his arms out and yawning.

*God, I feel so much weaker this morning.*

He grabbed a photograph off of what was clearly a girl's dresser table, one that must have been either in the family for ages or bought cheap to judge from all the scratches and grooves on it. The woman in the photo looked to be around twenty years old or so, and was indeed damn hot, *exactly* the kind of chick Kyle went for, almost supernaturally accurate to his desires, in fact. She had blonde hair that fell to just below her shoulders, and it had a wavy quality to it, golden in colour. Her lips were thick, the kind he always liked to imagine wrapped around his cock, though not so much that they looked fake or plastic or anything. Her eyes were ocean blue and large, matching the button cute nose upon her face, which was heart-shaped and perfect, with just a little bit of babyfat still upon them. It gave her the impression of being naive, and that only fit into his love of blonde bimbo types, because her body was a bombshell. This particular photo had her at the beach in a blue bikini. She had a nice hourglass with fertile-looking hips, and her limbs were thin and weak, all the better to emphasise his strength against. But the real standouts were her big boobs. He estimated them to be D-cups or maybe even Double-D's. They stood proudly on her chest, drooping just a little lower than a smaller cup size, but her bikini top was doing wonders to emphasise a delectable line of cleavage. Her beaming smile felt familiar to him.

"The lady I dreamed about," he said aloud. He smacked his forehead. "Of course, I must have gone out and fucked her last night, and this is how I ended up here."

Kyle cleared his throat a few more times, trying to eject whatever was causing him to sound so . . . feminine. He coughed again, only to let out squeak, as if it had had the opposite effect and made his voice somehow higher.

"Fuckin' A," he said. "Need to get the personal doctor onto this one. I must have taken something hardcore last night."

For just a moment, there was a flash of Sheila in his mind, the redhead's smile alert, fierce, and amused. He pushed it away.

"Hello? Anyone here? Where am I?"

He entered the living space of what was clearly a rental flat, if it could even be called a living space: it was tiny by his own ultra-wealthy standards, to the point where it felt claustrophobic.

*Where the fuck is my phone? Where is my wallet? And what the hell am I wearing?*

It was the first time he'd noticed he was wearing a set of pyjamas, not his expensive silky ones, but a working class set that could have come from Smartmart. Hell, judging from the inferiority of the fabric and the gaudy stripes on them, they probably *did* come from Smartmart. And why were they pink!?

"Hello? Who changed me? This isn't fucking funny. I'm a member of the goddamn Montague family if you didn't know. I'll sue your ass if you don't give me my phone back, and I don't care how hot your ass is, I can always find another!"

But no one answered. He moved to the window, only to discover he must have been further out in the suburbs. No, that wasn't quite right, he could see what looked like some industrial districts in the distance, and some other warehouses. The road just in front of the flat was ridiculously wide, almost as if-

*WHOOOOOMMMM!!*

Kyle actually startled, not expecting a giant eighteen wheeler truck to rocket past at an implacable speed, kicking up puddles from recent rains all over the front yard . . . which explained why it wasn't exactly elegant in its current state.

"Where the hell am I?"

*This is like some damn below-the-poverty-line levels of locale. I'm half expecting a gang to walk past brandishing guns.*

He shifted away from the window, searching for a phone of some variety to use, when he suddenly caught himself in the mirror. Kyle paused, and after a second of obliviousness, his jaw fell. He had thought he'd seen someone else in the apartment with him, but instead the blonde individual he had spied in the reflection was *him*.

It made no sense, but his hair was now entirely blonde, and longer as well. His face was almost unrecognisable; his perpetual five o'clock shadow was gone, leaving his skin baby smooth. His well-defined cheeks now had some baby fat on them, and his chin seemed more rounded. And his eyes . . .

"Blue!? My eyes are fucking blue!?"

He checked them, and this was indeed the case; they weren't contacts, which ruled out this just being some kind of prank.

*This can't be possible. This just . . . can't be possible. I - are those my nipples!?*

He patted his pyjamas, then pulled the collar down further and to one side, then the other. To the young man's horror, his chest was now looking decidedly . . . womanly. The nipples were swollen and had wide pink areolas around them, and there was more flesh

behind them too, making them look like the kind of itty bitty titties he used to make fun of girls at the clubs for.

*This is a dream. Some terrible nightmare. There's no way that - ahh!*

There was a jab in his side, and then in the other. He pulled up his top this time, only to catch a new development; his waist was actually contracting! Right before his eyes it pulled in on one side, then the other, then the first again, jackhammering between the two like an invisible set of workers were sculpting him in from both sides.

"Fuck! FUCK!"

He jumped backwards, his big blue eyes staring back in the mirror. Had they gotten bigger, suddenly? And where the hell was his chest hair? And why was his ass starting to-

*"Enjoying your new home, Kyle?"*

He startled: there was Sheila in the mirror, her hair bright red, her amusement clear.

"Change me back!" he screamed. "You're behind this!"

*"I don't think so. I told you that I was going to make you understand a working class life, especially one as a woman, and as you can see the process has already started. This is just a little courtesy call through the mirror - your new mental 'programming' will ensure you can't get rid of it. That way we can stay in touch. For now though, I'm just going to watch."*

"You bitch!"

*"Takes one to know one. You liked 'em busty, right?"*

"I - oh God, no!"

There was a brief laugh, and then the mirror warbled and shifted, revealing nothing more than Kyle's reflection. He groaned as a pressure began to manifest in his chest, the swelling already starting. It was unwelcomingly pleasurable, and he nearly rubbed his nipples and cupped his chest out of frustration until he saw the item on the dresser he'd been looking for: a cell phone!

"Thank God!" he cried, grabbing it. It was a model at least two generations out of date, barely better than a burner phone. It was clearly used a lot too, judging from the scratches. He winced as the passcode came up.

*One two zero nine, the same as my birthday. The ninth of December.*

He put the code in, only to panic immediately once it worked.

"That's not my goddamn birthday."

But it was. Somehow, he knew it was. Twenty years ago he'd been born from that date . . . despite the fact that he was meant to be *twenty seven*.

*Something's happening to my brain. It must be a stroke. It's, like, some kind of injury, it's the only explanation!*

"Can't think about that now," he said aloud. "Get Dad on the line. Get Dad on the line."

The phone was his . . . and it wasn't. The background on the unlocked screen was of a busty blonde girl grinning and taking a selfie with a female friend of some description.

*That's Monica, obviously, your roommate. Can't afford to live here without her, obviously. Wait . . . what!?*

He pushed past these alien memories that shouldn't have been his own, and went to dial his father's number. Only he couldn't remember it. It was completely gone from his memories entirely, despite him calling his father often when he needed a top up of funds for his ostentatious lifestyle, or when he'd wrecked yet another luxury yacht. Tears formed in Kyle's eyes, his body thrumming with new emotion. The hairs on his arms were retracting, and the hairs on his head were sliding further down. He panted, rubbing his chest with one hand and feeling the increasing growth of what could only be breast tissue there.

"No, no, no. I'll call his work. I'll get in touch through there."

It didn't take much searching online to find the Greenleaf Hedge Fund. It was a greenwashed business, providing a nice environment-friendly sounding title despite all its enormous investments in oil production and rainforest harvesting. Not that Kyle had ever cared.

"C'mon, c'mon, pick up! This is a public number, damn it!"

He had to listen to the robotic reply of an automated message bank as he tried to get in touch, the very same he'd actually advised his Dad on using in order to cut down on cost and remove unnecessary employees. He was regretting that choice now, because his member was starting to feel . . . strange. He placed a hand in the centre of his crotch, whining in response to its withdrawal. There was no denying it, it was getting smaller. This was no damn stroke, he knew that. That damned Sheila woman really *was* some kind of sorceress, and she was making him a totally feminine-looking guy!

"Fucking answer already!" he cried, his voice cracking. "I'm Kyle Montague! You can't do this to-"

*"Hello, this is Chloe speaking. How may I help you?"*

Chloe; he knew her! She was pretty hot, and he'd actually slept with her once. No doubt she'd also done it to keep her position and stop from being fired, but that was fine by Kyle. Besides, he'd enjoyed having her suck his cock after hours at work for how fucking alpha it made him feel.

"Chloe, like, thank God!" he said, voice cracking up another tone again. "It's me, Kaylee!"

*"Kaylee who, sorry? Are you a client with us here at Greenleaf?"*

"No, sorry, I misspoke. I'm Kaylee. I mean, my name is Kaylee Weatherfield. Fuck, I mean I'm the daughter of Robert Weatherfield. Shit! Please, I need to speak to Richard Montague. I have no relation to him and nothing to do with him!"

There was a pause on the other end of the line.

*"I'm sorry, Mr Montague doesn't answer phone calls. I can take a message and we here at Greenleaf will determine if it's relevant to his role as the head of our company. Unfortunately, this line is reserved for business calls and-"*

"Bi-bi-bye then!" Kyle said cheerfully before ending the phone call. He hadn't meant to say that at all. In fact, his real intention had been to call her a total bitch.

*Why did I say my name is Kaylee Weatherfield. I'm goddamn Kaylee Weatherefield, damn it!*

He stopped, even as his hair grew longer and his nails manicured themselves into perfection upon increasingly slender hands.

"No, no way. Oh God!"

The changing man clutched his head, feeling his neurons rewiring. He was Kaylee Weatherfield, despite knowing this not to be true it was somehow his name. But another nefarious alteration was also occurring, because when another shudder of transformation came over Kaylee, he no longer felt like a man.

*He felt like a she.*

It was as if a lever had been pulled or a switch flicked, and it had changed his gender identity on a dime. The proud masculine playboy and partyboy was now a woman named Kaylee Weatherfield, just twenty years of age.

"The woman in the photos," he said, Adam's apple shrinking away. "She wouldn't. She couldn't! Sheila, you've got to, like, stop this!"

But there was no answer, not even when she ran to the mirror and saw her face looking increasingly cute, just like the girl in the bikini picture. Not even when Kaylee groaned, clutching the dresser and sticking her ass out, feeling her chest grow its two mounds even as her own rear mounds grew to become impressively peachy.

"Nghhhh," she managed. "Ohhhh, m-make it stop! I don't d-deserve this! This isn't m-meeeeee!"

A spike of pleasure as her manhood withdrew yet further. Everything was changing and resculpting itself, and she was losing height with each passing second.

"Gotta get out of here!"

She began to run, wobbling a little as her feet and legs shrank, muscle replaced by subcutaneous fat that emphasised her hips. Her pelvis rotated slightly differently now, her centre of gravity lowered, and this caused Kaylee to stumble as she reached the front door and ran out.

"Help me!" she cried. "I need, like, help! I'm not supposed to be here! PLEASE!"

The skyline was unrecognisable. When she looked down the road, the skyscrapers in the far distance were all wrong. This wasn't the city of New York, that was for sure. It didn't even look like the *state* of New York, or New Jersey for that matter.

"Where the hell am I!?" she screeched. A gust of wind picked up, causing her hair to blow in the wind and cover her face. It was the same golden blonde as in the pictures, and it was still getting longer, nearly reaching her shoulders. She pulled the strands aside and cupped her chest, feeling it grew further, the pressure terrific and terrible all at once.

"Ohhhhh, what's happening!"

"You okay there, Kay?" someone shouted.

She instantly let go of her breasts. A wide set middle-aged woman with a walker was out on her deck one house over and across the street. She had curly grey hair already and a thick woollen sweater. She was exactly the kind of woman that Kyle would have spent little time on.

Somehow, she knew the woman's name. "I'm f-fine, Deidre!" Kaylee called out. "I'm just . . . I'm having a panic."

"Do you need me to call someone? Is Monica with you?"

"N-no, she's working right now! I just - I'm being overwhelmed right now!"

The woman advanced a little, relying on her walker. "Would you like a cup of tea, you poor thing?"

"I don't want - I can't - I'm sorry, I just need to get back to New York!"

"New York? I thought you were from out in the sticks?"

"I - I am, but . . . oh God, I'm sorry!"

Kyle had never apologised for a thing in his life; it had been one of his father's earliest lessons to never do so, as it showed weakness. But as Kaylee, the still-changing man ran back inside offering apologies to any of the neighbours who might have heard her early morning outburst. She clutched her breasts as she went, still feeling them fill out. They were jiggling in her top, her large and sensitive nipples rubbing against her pyjama top and making her whimper a little.

*Why are they so sensitive? This is all her doing!*

She tried to push them back into her chest, but it was all futile. The changes were still continuing, her boobs growing large and round and full on her chest, jiggling as they pushed the material out and let the lower part of her pyjama top sort of hang out. Her midriff was a little further displayed by this, and it was a petite, rather gorgeous stomach. The soon-to-be woman slammed the door shut, trying to keep track of all of her changes, but it was all overwhelming.

“Nghh! You can’t t-take my cock!” she screamed into the mirror, her face now a total match for Kaylee’s photographs around the room. “I’m not becoming, like, some dumb working class bim-OHHHHH!!”

And then it happened, whether she wanted it or not, whether she was ready or not. Kaylee shuddered, hit by an unwanted orgasm that coincided with the full retreat of her dick and testicles. They merged into the skin, her penishead’s opening enlarging and growing until her once-impressive protuberance was now internalised fully into her body, a feminine tunnel forming where once once pure masculinity.

“Oh G-God! Ahhhhh! Ohhhhhh, n-no! MHHM!!”

She gripped her breasts, fondling them as they expanded out to full Double-D cups, bouncy and pert on her chest. Her shoulders shrank one last time, her rib cage as well, and her ass inflated to one last peachy proportion. As she thrashed, her hair covered her face, leaving her to sweep it back, whereupon it spilled to her shoulders, surprisingly weighty.

The new woman panted heavily, her mind aflame. Everything felt alien and wrong; even her centre of gravity had changed to become lower, just like a woman, though her upper half had a pair of weights that pulled her shoulders forward as well. Her voice sounded like so many women she had bedded over the years in those lovely post-coital moments, and it caused her to go a deep shade of red on her lovely cheeks to realise it was now *her* making those sweet sounds.

“Sheila,” she said almost breathlessly. “Sheila! I’m sorry, okay? I’m sorry! Now change me back!”

The mirror of her dresser rippled as if a stone had been thrown into a pond. The face of the sorceress appeared, smiling widely.

*“I must say, I’ve done some of my best work here. Nice boobs, Kaylee. Nice everything, in fact. Do you like your new body?”*

“Of course I don’t!” She huffed, trying to cover her breasts with her arms but only folding them beneath her ample assets, emphasising them all the more.

*“A pity. I thought you liked women like this. Or is this life too low class for you?”*

“Of course it fucking is! This apartment is tiny! I have to live with some bitch named Monica. I’m in a goddamn cheap suburb and some old b-b-bitty across the street is probably living off handouts. It’s the goddamn wild west out here, so put me back! I’ll make it more than worth your while.”

*“Oh, honey, it’s cute that you think your new life has enough money to bribe me, or that I’d take a bribe at all. I was seriously just looking for a nice time last night, but your attitude really rubbed me the wrong way. People like you used to put down me and my Mom all the time, and it was handouts that helped save us until we both got back on our feet. It*

*sounds like you need more than a change of body to appreciate that; let's give you a chance of mind instead."*

Another set of magic words, and Kaylee couldn't block them out. The change was instantaneous this time. Memories were flooding in, not actual lived experiences but factual knowledge of this new life. She was Kaylee Weatherfield, and she had grown up in a rural area of Wisconsin to two working class parents: her father Robert who worked as a handyman carpenter, and her mother who had been a hairdresser. She had moved out when she was young and travelled to Milwaukee to find work since it was drying up in her hometown. But just living in the city was damn expensive, and now she worked not just one job, but *two* of them. The first was at a local Smartmart, the other was at a damn bar restaurant where she had to serve as a waitress, and guys constantly hit on her.

*It's not even a bar I own, what the fuck? Why would I work at either of these places!?*

She said as much to Sheila, whose magical mirror expression simply rolled its eyes.

*"Good lord, you're in need of more help than I thought; you really just think that someone like Kaylee can just lift herself out of the muck and get rich, right?"*

"I did!"

"Your Daddy did. Well, *his* Daddy did, and who knows what helping hands he got. I tell you what, I think you need to spend some time in this life, Kaylee. You need to learn what a real working class life is, how the blue-collar folk you'll be serving manage their day, and the ordinary struggles of being a lady while you're at it. Especially an attractive one, which I've thrown in for good measure since you clearly have no respect for anything else, so perhaps it's time to learn the downsides of looking like you do, especially when you're not powerful in any other way."

Kaylee gaped. "I said I'm sorry! You can't leave me like this!"

*"I'll be back in a few months. Don't worry, as far as the rest of the world is concerned, Kyle Montague never existed; Richard has no son! And your new life is entirely created wholecloth. You can see that I've put hard work into being a sorceress, now you can put hard work into being a girl in her struggling twenties. In the meantime, try not to go anywhere. Oh, who am I kidding? You'll be just trying to keep your head above water. Tata for now!"*

The mirror returned to normal. Kaylee screamed, her voice a female roar, and she moved to smash her reflection in anger. Her fists stopped just an inch from the glass, unable to hurt it or even move it.

*Goddamn magic! She can't leave me like this! I don't deserve this!*

Not for the first time or the last, Kaylee looked down at herself. Her cleavage was impressive, especially with the v-neck of her pyjama top, and her boobs were big enough that they obscured any sight of her feet while standing still. It made her chest look enormous

from her vantage point, and they felt enormous too. It all felt wrong. Wrong and weak and without any power.

“What the fuck do I do?” she groaned.

The front door opened, and another woman came into the living room adjacent to Kaylee’s new bedroom. She had dark skin and tight curls and looked a little chubby and a little tired.

“God, another overnight. I can’t believe I’m still working the midnight to eight at that petrol station. You here, Kaylee?”

Kaylee emerged, trembling with nervousness.

“I’m here,” she murmured.

“Oh hey there! Lucky you, sleeping in again.”

This, she knew, was Monica, her roommate. They’d been rooming together for nearly a year now, and had become friends. Monica was trying to get into college after missing out for several years while she helped take care of her disabled brother and her own sick mom. Things had improved, but it had left a toll on her in many ways.

*How the hell do I know all of that? Kaylee thought. I haven’t even talked to this lady yet!*

“Are you O-Kay?” Monica asked, grinning at the pun that Kaylee knew in an instant was a recurring line from her friend. “We didn’t get the power bill reminder yet, did we? Last time we got a whole extra week before they threatened us.”

Kaylee just shook her head. She was faint. Damn faint, and barely holding together.

“I’m not okay,” she stammered. “I, like, woke up all wrong.”

Monica frowned, then her eyes bulged.

*Does she realise? Please tell me she knows and can help me!*

“Oh. My God. Shit, you have a shift at Smartmart right now, don’t you? C’mon, I’ll make you breakfast before I hit the hay. You shower and get dressed. You can’t miss another shift!”

Before she could even take in what was being said, Monica was sweeping her along. Kaylee’s new life had started, and appropriate to the punishment Sheila had seen fit to give her, it was starting with some *work*.

\*\*\*

Smartmart. Dirty, disgusting, loud, cheap, infested *Smartmart*.

Bad enough that Kaylee had been turned into a woman. Bad enough that she now had the looks of one of the blonde bimbos she used to invite back to her sweet pad. Bad

enough that she no longer had said sweet pad, or her name, or her wealth and influence and ability to do whatever she wanted, when she wanted to.

No, her new life had to give her a job at fucking *Smartmart*.

Kaylee wasn't sure how many more assaults upon her dignity she could take. The cranky, noisy aisles of the superstore were as far from her usual shopping haunts as she could possibly imagine, and the cheap, tawdry nature of its endlessly stacked shelves was likewise an indictment, in her mind, of the working class who frequented.

Except here she was, serving at the counter and helping stack shelves as one of its employees, clad in a uniform that was tighter around the bust than she would have liked, and occasionally hearing comments from crude older men shopping for fishing equipment.

*"Check out the young chick in the fruit aisle. I'd like to have a taste of those melons, i you know what I meant."*

*"I do, yeah! I was too busy staring at her ass in those denim jeans. I could fuck an ass like that all day and never quit."*

*"You and me both, brother."*

It was dehumanising, not that Kaylee was developing any empathy for other women on that basis: this was just another thing that she *specifically* did not deserve. She was already having to try and not touch her boobs, as if they were two very, very large mosquito bites that had raised into unwelcome bumps.

"Kaylee! Stock up faster, alright?" her manager Ian barked, passing by. "We need someone to replace Rachel on the counter, and if you keep working so slow I'm seriously going to have to talk to upper management."

"Yes, sir," she said, working twice as hard to restock the fruit aisle.

Kaylee fumed, but she was unable to chew him out; literally unable. It had been the same with Monica; she'd been unable to tell her new roommate about who she really was, or even to freak out on her. Instead, she'd actually thanked her for helping her get changed so quickly and giving her a damn bowl of cheap oats in milk for breakfast!

*I had to shower as a girl, she thought to herself. I had to clean my new tits. And . . . down there. Ugh! The only good thing was that I somehow know how to do my hair.*

And makeup, too. That, she wasn't so appreciative of, because without even thinking she had donned some lipstick and applied some light foundation, as well as indulging in a little eyeliner. It didn't make her look more fashionable and trendy. In fact, Kaylee rather thought it only made her look more like a working gal following some basic ass trend instead of what the wealthy party girls were up to date with.

Which only gave insult to injury, of course.

*I look like a cheap hooker and I work at fucking Smartmart. And I've got to work as a waitress tomorrow. This shit sucks!*

Not that she could express it. There was a sort of . . . compulsion that the sorceress' magic had pressed upon her. For all that Kaylee already hated her new job, life, and especially body, she felt the need to act kindly and not rock the boat. You didn't rock the boat if you were struggling to get by, after all; that would mean she couldn't pay her much-needed rent or afford the endlessly rising costs of groceries! The fear of losing her income had never once existed before, but it was thick in her throat now, and that meant she needed to fall in line with management's expectations and not rock the boat.

"Excuse me honey," came a voice, pulling Kaylee from her dark thoughts. It was an older man with a balding head and chubby stomach. "I'm looking for one of them soap sud containers. My dog only likes bubblebaths, got it? So I need the right sud stuff. Where is it?"

His town was expectant and growly, his fat jowls quivering. As Kyle, she would have laughed in his face and told him to scram. No, that wasn't right; he never would have interacted with a low-class asshole like this in the first place, with his dirty white singlet and haggard face. But as Kaylee, there was that push to be *nice*. To be *courteous*. The intimidation this man presented was already making the new woman nervous.

"Um, sorry sir, but this is the fruit aisle. I think you'll find what you're looking for in aisle twelve, right by-"

"I already looked in aisle twelve!" he barked, with a little spit flying from his mouth. "It wasn't there! You didn't have the right kind!"

"If we don't have it there, sir, we might have the right brand for you. What was the brand?"

"Talcum! I need you to find it."

"I don't think we sell Talcum items. Are you sure you've bought it from here before?"

"It doesn't matter if I did, that's what I want! Hurry up and get me the soap suds already, girl! My dog needs them!"

Kaylee withered, her fury nestled deep. The way he had called her *girl* was positively patronising, and his hostility had come out of fucking nowhere. How could any employee put up with this?

"I'll . . . I'll go see what I can do," she muttered, standing.

"See that you do," he replied. He muttered under his breath as she walked away. "Goddamn lazy blonde."

All she could do was ball her fists and think on all the things she'd do to ruin his life if she ever saw him again as Kyle.

*I will be Kyle again. I will. Even if I'm Kaylee Weatherfield. I'm not staying like this. It's just three months. I can do three months.*

That assumption was sorely tested when the bubblebath solution he wanted - not suds, of course - ended up not being available. The man spat at her, quite literally, and

stomped away. Minutes later, Ian was around to remind her to not shoo away customers and also to stop being so lazy.

“That fruit aisle won’t take care of itself, Kaylee! You need to learn the value of hard work.”

“So I’m told,” she said when he was gone.

*Goddamn it, I really need to pee and my break’s not for another half-hour. How do people do this!?*

Of course, as she learned over the next five hours, they did it because they had to. The man with the strange dog wasn’t the last rude customer that day, or even the worst.

\*\*\*

Kaylee had to do something to get home that she’d never done before in her life; take *public transport*. Monica had dropped her off to work in a shitty, barely workable Honda that had paint flaking off it in real time, but even *that* was luxury compared to having to wait at a freakin’ bus station and then pile on with numerous other randoms. Kaylee wasn’t even dressed up nice or anything - just a cheap green logo shirt and denim jeans from work - and she was still getting stares from the men.

“Ignore them,” an older woman said. “Boys have no respect for a woman these days. You look lovely, by the way.”

It was the one little moment of sunshine in the day; Kaylee couldn’t help but grin, though she caught herself quickly and bit her lip.

*I don’t look lovely, I look like a fucking fat-titted blonde sex toy.*

The bus started and stopped, started and stopped. Everytime it pulled over to let people off and on she became more frustrated. She needed to get back ‘home’ and explore her body properly, not from a place of arousal but simply because it was all too foreign. She was embarrassed just to be in public like this at all, let alone being seen as some hot Smartmart chick. Someone was chewing gum behind her, and a young tradesman was barking and swearing on the phone about some recent job gone wrong that needed fixing. It was cramped, the bus looked like it hadn’t been fixed in years, and someone had even brought their dog on with them.

*What is it with all the dogs today? Ugh, this sucks!*

And as usual, she simply had to smile and take it, her compulsions ensuring that she didn’t rock the boat. When an old couple came onto the bus she was the first one out of her seat and offering it to them.

“Here you go,” she announced. “You need it more than me.”

“What a beautiful and kind woman you are,” the old man said, helping his wife in.

It made her feel all warm and gooey inside. She *hated* feeling warm and gooey over this.

Finally, she arrived to her 'home', only she actually had to walk for ten minutes to get there, since there was no bus stop immediately by her flat. She stomped her way as quickly as she could, only to slow down when a car moved past and a young asshole that reminded her far too much of her old self called out.

"Hey sexy, shake that money maker! Keep those tits wobbling like we like to see!"

They revved off, but she didn't have the aggressive instinct to scream at them either. What if they did something to her? She was weaker now, and Kaylee had never taken self-defence classes before.

"Screw you," she muttered under her breath, only putting up her middle finger when they were further down the street and already turning. "Assholes."

*Can I do nothing without being reminded that I'm now a chick? Even my damn hips won't stop swaying.*

Her movements came naturally to her now, and it took real effort *not* to walk in such a way that her hips sashayed and her breasts bobbed. Her bra, which was definitely a DD-cup, didn't do the best job of supporting her bosom. The bands were too tight in some places, and the cups were the wrong shape for her figure. But she couldn't afford better yet, she knew; she'd already checked her new bank account and nearly cried to see she had less than a thousand dollars in savings.

At last, she arrived back at the flat that was her home for the time being. She was grateful that Monica was *still* asleep, her room door shut, because the new woman simply didn't want to grapple with having a female roommate and BFF right now. Instead, she went to her bedroom, grimaced at spiderwebs in the corners and cracks in the ceiling, and then began to peel her clothing off. She removed every article until she was completely naked.

*Why am I doing this here instead of the bathroom? Oh, that's right. You.*

She was cupping and deliberately wobbling her big boobs right in front of the dresser of the mirror, right in Sheila's eyesight - if she were watching right now, which she might not be.

*I hope not.*

Still, she couldn't care less at this point. It wasn't like Sheila didn't know what was under the hood, but it was altogether strange for Kaylee. New sensations greeted her: the cathartic relief of removing an ill-fitting bra at the end of a busy work day. The tiredness of a weaker female body that had been ordered to stack boxes to shelves she could barely reach on her tippy toes. The feeling of long blonde hair upon her naked shoulders. The complete absence between her thighs, where once a very important sign of manhood had hung.

She gazed at herself in the mirror.

“I’m so fucking hot,” she said. It was more of a cold, hard fact than anything arousing. This was the kind of gal she would have fucked the brains out of and not given a second thought to anything else about her. Now, there was no attraction at all, just the underlying current of female pride that continually nibbled at her wounded male ego.

*Why did I have to be so fucking poor as well? If this girl was rich, she’d look like a ten out of ten. Instead, I look like a ten out of ten who works at the fucking tomato canning factory.*

The lines around her eyes were tired, and small bags were there from lack of proper sleep. The product in her hair that morning was starting to fade, taking her hair from polished to sweaty. And she was definitely noticing the two small holes in her t-shirt on her right side. That was not a stylistic choice. This was just the wear and tear of someone who couldn’t burn cash on new clothing, and yet never had enough money for clothing that lasted.

“This sucks,” she said for the umpteenth time that day. She flopped onto the bed, immediately regretting that act as her heavy boobs wobbled again. The former male stared at the cracks in the ceiling. It was only a little past five pm, and three months seemed an eternity away.

*Maybe . . . maybe I can at least enjoy one thing . . .*

Slowly, and with a slight shiver of anticipation running through her sensitively smooth skin, Kaylee began to fondle her own breasts. They were still heavy on her chest - heavier now that she was on her back - but compressed a little by gravity. Squeezing them revealed just how impressive they were though, and rubbing her thumbs and forefingers over her nipples made her start to curl her toes in delight.

“Mhmm, ahhh, that’s not too bad. Ohhhh . . .”

The former man groped her breasts again, squeezing just that little bit harder. Their plumper size had been such a source of humiliation, but now there was the temptation of actually *having* a pair of boobs to play with . . . whenever she wanted. That particular notion enticed her further, and soon she was becoming even more aggressive in her own exploration. Kaylee pressed her mounds together, staring at the delectable cleavage she was able to produce. She held them in her forearm, stroking her right nipple even as she snaked her left hand down to her venus mound, her dainty fingers playing with her throbbing clitoris.

*Fuck me, that’s s-so much more s-sensitive. Ohhhhh, it’s, like, s-something else, alright! These t-tits alone! Mhmmm!*

It was already a shockingly divine feeling, but it took off even more when she slipped her fingers inside her. The wetness in her tunnel allowed her to rub her fingers against her most pleasurable parts, inducing sensations she couldn’t even have imagined. Kaylee

closed her eyes, attending to her breasts and womanhood, rubbing herself faster and faster, inserting her fingers deeper and deeper until she was simulating a thrusting motion.

*Yes. Oh, that's, like, the best! Yeah, keep going, keep going. Fuck me! Thrust deep into me! Cum into me! I want you to cum inside me!*

She could imagine it in her mind's eye, a masculine figure upon her, holding her, his member deep inside her passage. The very image of it was enough to send her over the edge. It built and built, and her final ministrations bloomed her very first female orgasm.

"Ohhhhhh! YESSSS! MHMMM!!!"

She seized up, shivering and shaking and shuddering and squirming from the sheer sensation of it all. It was like . . . roaring thunder. Or a crashing wave. No, none of those were appropriate. Those were all too *male* in their description. This was like . . . a flower opening at last with a coming spring, or the sun rising upon a perfect meadow; slow to arrive and yet brilliant to experience, dominating one's entire being. It was a far cry from her usual alpha male perspective; a need to dominate. This was the ultimate submission, well, shy of actually making love to a man, and the worst part was that it felt so desperately sweet.

Mhmm . . . ahhhh," she moaned, spreading her limbs out as if about to try and make a snow angel upon her own little bed. "That was . . . something."

It was a number of minutes before the epiphany hit her in full.

*That damn sorceress. Of course she made me fantasise about having sex with guys. This nightmare just never ends.*

It was an attempt to foul her own mood, but after all the bliss she had just gone through, it only half-worked.

\*\*\*

Two jobs. That was the thing about suddenly being poor, female Kaylee; having two jobs. She didn't understand it; why the *hell* would someone need two jobs when they could simply move up to a better paying one? But soon that question changed; *how* could someone work two jobs, without going utterly stark raving mad?

If working at freaking *Smartmart* was enough of an indignity, then serving as a waitress and bartender at a local bar was, if not more degrading, then certainly more illustrative of the differences in life her sex change had provided to her. Kaylee had already experienced sexual harassment at Smartmart several times, but while tending bar she had more men approaching her - even much older men - than she could damn well shake a stick at. It wasn't like she was even wearing anything particularly revealing: her white professional blouse and dark pants were not too different from what many women in her position wore. But because of her damn compulsions, she still ended up looking amazing, and very little

could hide her rather busty appearance. She felt like her boobs were going to ping off a button at times.

“Sorry, I’m not interested,” was something she had to say many more times than once on her first shift, and it seemed to be the wrong thing to say. All her life, Kaylee had believed that women like her were just playing hard to get, and that persistence could break through any barrier, especially if you were loaded. Now that the shoe was on the other foot - or heel, as it was now - she was starting to realise just how wrong that was.

“C’mon, take a chance on me,” one playboy-looking type said. “I’m well off. I’m doing okay, do you feel me? You should see my car. I bet you’d love a ride in it. I tell you what, you tell me when you finish up, and I’ll drop you home. How about that?”

She had to avoid openly shivering from the creep factor; it made her skin crawl to hear it, and all the more because it was the kind of thing her old self would have said without a second thought.

“Um, I’m sorry. It’s just that I really . . .”

She tried to remember how girls had let her down occasionally, and what excuse had worked best to assuage her male ego. The bitter pill was right there to swallow.

“. . . have a boyfriend. He’s super duper cute, and I’m totally into him. Sorry!”

The man still persisted, but something deflated in the conversation that followed, like he was now in competition with another. He demanded a photo, but her phone was conveniently flat, and besides, her boyfriend had big muscles.

“He’s, like, big into the gym and stuff. I just find that really hot, you know? A big tall guy with huge biceps. That’s what I like.”

The intruder left not long after and she finally had some peace . . . until the next one arrived, and the whole dance started all over again.

*Can’t they see I’m working here? I’m not doing this because I want to, I’m doing this because if I don’t I won’t be able to pay the fucking bills! There’s no way Sheila will change me back if I fail at this shit and end up freaking homeless or something!*

But the only message that landed loud and clear was the one that said ‘I’ve got a boyfriend,’ as if only by having a man already in her life could she possibly want to be away from male attention.

*Just a couple more hours, then I go . . . not home, but to that shitty little apartment for sleep, and then another shift at fucking Smartmart, then here again, then sleep, then Smartmart again . . . it never ends.*

She tried to push the never ending cycle of exhaustion out of her mind. Monica had tried to catch up with her that morning, but Kaylee wasn’t interested in connection, just on pushing through and getting to the end of the three months and becoming a rich man again. And so she rested upon the guiding compulsions of her new life; she giggled at patron’s

jokes, she served drinks as if she'd been doing it her whole life, and she suffered the humiliation of constant cleaning and serving at a place she wouldn't have stepped in as a man even if her life had depended upon it. It was easier this way, even if her compelled personality was far too bubbly for her liking. Too sweet and optimistic; all those things she had been fighting against. When a sad figure in the form of a young, exhausted looking man slumped against the counter and ordered a drink in a muttering voice, she couldn't help but try to draw conversation out of him.

"Hard day, mister?"

"Very hard."

"Well, you're in the right place to be drowning some sorrows, if you don't mind me saying. What's your poison?"

"Tonight? Bourbon on the rocks. That third shelf up there; yeah, that's the stuff. I'll have it in a glass on the rocks, and prepare to keep it coming."

She smiled warmly, not releasing the glass into his grip just yet.

"I'll keep 'em coming so long as you need, mister, and I'll keep my ears open in case you, like, want to talk. How about that?"

The man nodded, seeming to accept this proposal, and began to drink.

*I don't really care about you. This is just me leaning into the role so I can make it all go faster. That's all this is.*

And yet . . . she found herself intrigued by this man at the bar. He had olive skin and handsome curly dark hair, and it was clear he was impressively tall. He wasn't rich, that was for sure. Despite his white collar shirt and business slacks, someone as formerly wealthy as Kaylee had been could recognise cheap office attire when she saw it. He had bags under his eyes, and drank in silence, only occasionally looking up at her.

"It's me Mom," he finally said, his accent thick with the blood of a blue-collar worker. "Her health insurance won't pay for her treatments. Been denied four times, no matter how much we bring forward. She needs chemo, and I keep telling her that we'll find a way to deal with it . . . but she keeps saying she doesn't need it. 'It's her time' and all that. She's just saying that because she's already dealing with mortgage repayments and she knows I'll be saddled helping with her medical debt if she goes through with it."

Kaylee took this in.

*He must have done something wrong with the insurance forms, then. That makes sense; too uneducated or something to, like, figure it out.*

"I'm sorry to hear that," she said, breaking her father's first rule of no apologising. "Um, maybe you just need to update your paperwork on it?"

He gave a wan smile, tapping his glass for a refill. She obliged, and he swilled down more of his drink. "You think I haven't searched for every loophole? You think I haven't rung

the hospital me own self a number of times? Ain't worth the damn effort; the bastards knock us back at every turn, the damn leeches. They don't give a shit about us little people. It's me Mom's life, and they want to sell her down the river in a coffin so they can make their shareholders happy."

"M-maybe they're just doing their job, and don't know that your case is, um, pretty unusual? I mean, something must have gone wrong, right? This kind of thing doesn't happen so long as you're smart enough to, like, get insurance."

The man lifted his head and looked Kaylee right in the eyes. It was a surprisingly intimidating gaze; not sexual, not even interested, just one filled with a mix of sorrow and admonition.

"It's not uncommon at all," he said in a flat, monotone voice. "It happens everyday. It was just Mom's turn. Now pour me another drink and don't tell me that my situation is unusual or rare or exceptional or any of that bullshit. This shit happens every day to people like me. I wore my best damn suit - my only damn suit - to try and appease those fuckers in person today. And you know what? They didn't have the time of day to talk to me except with fake smiles and excuses, excuses, damn excuses."

He scoffed, taking another drink of the bourbon she poured for him.

"Um, I have to tell you as a bartender that I will definitely have to cut you off if you keep drinking this super quickly."

The man wheezed a little. "Yeah, whatever. I don't give a shit. I've been cut off a lot recently. Seems that's all the treatment working stiff's like me get these days. Here, keep the change. You're a working stiff too."

He threw up some notes on the table and walked away, leaving Kaylee utterly confused.

*I mean . . . maybe he just purchased the wrong private health insurance. Dad always said that you get what you pay for, and you gotta pay for your health.*

But something about the conversation had rattled the new working class woman. When another male patron sat in the seat the despondent young fellow had just left, she was actually glad to have someone flirting with her again.

*Better than having to hear that sad sack drive!*, she told herself.

She mused on it for a long time anyway.

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It had been less than two weeks, and Kaylee felt like she was going to crack already. She had been working as a Smartmart employee and a bartender and waitress on and off and on again without enough of a pause to catch her breath. Sleep was so vital to functioning as a

regular human being, but when you were constantly ricocheting between two jobs it barely felt like sleep at all, really. Sleep to Kyle had been a luxuriating bubble of utter rest and tranquility, perforated only when he *chose* to end that state of calm. Either that, or because he lustfully desired the voluptuous woman he had taken back to his apartment with him the previous night, and was eager for round two. Or three. Or four, or whatever it was. Either way, it was just another form of relaxation, and it was very rare for his sleep to be conditional.

Kaylee, on the other hand, had it interrupted all the time. The blaring of her cheap alarm woke her each morning, and she collapsed into sleep after exhausting night shifts so often that even the comfort of the sheets could not be appreciated by her. And then she would get up the next morning, still dead tired, and go make simple cereal or bread with butter on it. It was all that was in her and Monica's kitchen, and it wasn't like she could afford regular bouts of bacon. Even *that* was expensive! There was also the annoying compulsion to watch her weight in the mix, yet another tiring factor of being a woman.

*It's like I'm working hard to afford a bed I don't have time to sleep in because of all the work, so I can save up and own a house I can never pay off, all in the hopes of running a business I can never afford because I'm too busy paying off the bed I never get to sleep in!*

Kaylee had always considered the poor to be uneducated, indolent, and simply demanding handouts. And while she was struggling to hold onto her old privileged view, even she couldn't deny that she'd worked harder than she ever had in the last two weeks, more than any other period in her entire life.

All while wearing a damn bra that didn't fit her big boobs right, because fucking *bras* were expensive!

She had taken a single day off during that time . . . only for Ian to call her up and practically *demand* that she take a shift that her coworker Hannah couldn't make it to. The bastard had heavily implied that her shifts would become quite 'irregular' if she couldn't show 'a little company loyalty.' Just hearing those words had infuriated her to her core: *she* had said those words more than once in reference to employees who wanted better working conditions in the news, and now hearing them returned back to her was like being hoist upon her own petard.

*I had no idea it was this damn bad*, she thought to herself after finishing that 'surprise' morning shift on her only day off. She had stopped by the nearest bakery to grab a coffee just to power on through the rest of the day's relaxation - an utter oxymoron that she couldn't believe she needed - only to nearly choke upon seeing the prices.

"Twelve dollars for a coffee and a hash brown!? Like, that's highway robbery!"

The man behind the counter just shrugged. "Blame corporate, lady. They hiked the prices last week. Again. I can sell you just the coffee."

Her stomach rumbled. She hadn't been eating enough lately; groceries were already a concern while she was waiting for the next payday.

"I . . . yes please."

He poured her a little love heart with the foam. She wasn't sure how to take that, but smiled sweetly anyway.

*Stupid gooey personality. Stupid 'be nice' attitude. Maybe if I could act more like a shark, I could swallow up some of these risk-averse minnows and climb my way back to the top.*

But such fantasies were just that; fantasies. In the meantime, she tried to relax before yet more days of work. Work, work, work. It was endless and demeaning, especially since she'd been turned into a buxom blonde. It was something she started complaining about to Monica as soon as she got home.

"I swear, it's like all they see are the big boobs and the blonde hair and the fact that I, like, say 'like' a lot for some stupid reason! You'd think I didn't finish college!"

Monica raised an eyebrow and smirked. "Uh, you *didn't* finish college, remember? You had to pull out because the fees were too high."

The memories flooded in. Like before, they weren't true memories, per se, so much as a series of facts and cold hard fragments of knowledge about Kaylee's new life. She had truly wanted to go to college and pursue a degree in business. People thought she was just some dumb blonde because of her attractive looks, but she had wanted to make a difference and had dreamed of being a business owner all her life. Her mother was a hairdresser, but she wanted to own her own salon and run it *well*.

*But don't they all get handouts? Dad told me we're always giving shit like that out to the poor. They're drowning in dependency. I . . . I mustn't have taken advantage of things enough. This body is just a dumb blonde or, like, whatever.*

She wasn't though, she knew that.

"Kay? You okay there?"

"I . . . oh. Yeah. I guess I was just, like, angry about all of this, Mon. How do they stand it, you know, all the poor people trying to make do? It's not like this all the time, right?"

"What do you mean?"

Kaylee began to pace. She hadn't been interacting much with her roommate lately, despite knowing in her changed mind that they were supposed to be 'friends' in this deranged new life. Monica had asked if they wanted to binge some shows together during their scant free time, and again if they wanted to go to town together, or even go for a drive and check out houses they knew they could never afford; a fun time according to her, instead of pathetic as Kaylee assumed it would be. But Kaylee had spurned her at every

step, just wanting to keep her pretty new head above water. Now, however, she was starting to feel like she was drowning. A free day was gone, and an early shift loomed tomorrow.

“Kaylee? What do you mean, it’s not like this all the time?”

“I mean all of . . . this! The constant working, the dealing with assholes and dickheads and boys who just want to grab your tits because you’re a hot girl tending the bar! The managers who treat you like, like, like you’re nothing, I guess! Just a cog in some kind of machine or whatever, and everyone keeps telling you to just behave and make money, behave and make money, and in the end it will be alright. Pull yourself up by your bootstraps and you’ll be a millionaire one day. I thought I would be! I thought - I thought I would be starting getting a business degree soon, already raising funds and looking at loans to start my dream. Instead of being the person I’m meant to be I’m stuck working two shit jobs and still not making enough to eat more than rice and fucking lentils for the fifth time this week! God, it makes me want to puke. It’s all been, like, a fucking lie!”

Not all the words were quite what she wanted to express, but they were filtered through Kaylee’s own compulsions. They were honest enough, though. Tears had formed in her eyes by this point, and they were flowing freely down her face and dripping from her chin. Her new female emotions were rushing through her body, and there was something cathartic in that.

*Was I lied to my whole fucking life about how most people live? Why!? So we could look down on them and feel good? Because this certainly doesn’t feel good!*

“I just wish I had any idea of what is going on with my life,” she said, trying to wipe the tears away.

Monica did something Kaylee certainly didn’t expect; she strode forward and gripped her in a tight hug. The darker skin girl was taller than Kaylee, and it felt very strange to be tiny compared to a man, let alone another woman. But the embrace was comforting, and even more the words that followed.

“Oh, honey, I should have noticed the signs. You let it out, baby. You let it all out.”

Kaylee *sobbed*. Full on sobs, nothing held back.

“It’s just not . . . *fair!*”

“Of course it ain’t fair. We got the bad hand, Kay. It’s just the way it is.”

“But surely it has to get easier! This can’t be all that it is! I thought - I thought I could get some kind of handout!”

There was a sad chuckle. “We don’t quite qualify, Kay, you know that. Too poor to get by, not poor enough for suits to help us. We’re just chugging along, girlfriend.”

“What do we do?”

Monica parted from her and smiled. “We do the best we can. And maybe blow up Congress.”

*That* made Kay laugh. “Oh, just blow up Congress? That’s it, huh.”

“Only when we get a day off, honey.”

“So, never then?”

“I have no doubt we’ll have a day off to blow up Congress in the next five to ten years. Either that or start a communist revolution. You read much Marx when you went to college that brief semester?”

Kay shook her head. *Marx . . . that’s that communist drivel, right? Holy shit, am I rooming with a red!?*

Monica chuckled. “Ah, a shame, comrade. Still, workers of the world unite and all that.”

“Are you a communist, Mon?”

The girl laughed. “Well, more of a socialist. Can’t say I actually agree with the whole ‘violent vanguard revolution’ thing, even if it’s a fun fantasy to hold onto from time to time. Look, I just think a government should be mandated to care for its people, rather than sucking at the tit of the ruling class. All these tech bros and vulture capitalists and corporate boogeymen have our leaders by the balls. They get big tax cuts and lobby rights while we get told we’re ‘beggars’ just for wanting some crumbs left on the table. They tell us to work harder to accomplish our dreams, while they set up their own kids with Ivy League educations and internships with the other rich and powerful. The whole game is rigged against us, but until there’s enough people that recognise it, we just have to keep chugging along.”

Kaylee didn’t know what to say. Her father had mocked ‘commie types’ all his life, and she’d always assumed they were violent morons. But Monique wasn’t violent at all - she didn’t even eat meat - and even if Kaylee didn’t agree with her political views, she couldn’t deny the criticism she gave of how things were. How many times had she been able to pass her finances off to a whiz accountant who simply stored everything offshore, tax free. How many times had she simply not thought about what that meant for the people who *did* have to pay their taxes?

“Um, I think that’s a bit political for me,” she said anyway.

“It’s all good, girl. You know me, I just like to give my big angry pep talks from time to time. You’ll get through this, Kay. You’re smart.”

“I’m really not,” she replied. “I had no idea about loads of things until, like, really recently.”

“That’s just called learning, sister.”

“I don’t think I’m big into learning. Especially now. Everyone just thinks I’m a dumb, bubbly bimbo.”

Monica put a comforting arm around her shoulder and grinned. “Kay, I know you. You are certainly blonde, and certainly bubbly - though not as much lately, I’m sad to see. But you’re not dumb, and you’re not a bimbo. I kinda wish you were a bit more of that last one; maybe you just really need to get laid again. You used to pick up guys way more often when you were stressed. What changed?”

Kaylee gulped. “Um, I guess me. I changed.”

“Well, change on back if you need to. But you’re not dumb, just bubbly, as you say. I say bring back the bubble. Can I make that a protest when I’m not working? Hashtag Bring Back Bubbly Kaylee?”

The new woman giggled a little, leaning her head into the crook of Monica’s shoulder.

“Maybe that’s not a bad idea. I should try and, like, have a bit more fun. You know, when I’ve got the time.”

“Exactly! Us working class girls have to stick together and have fun when we can. And you know what that means, right!?”

Kaylee’s eyes widened. *Oh. Oh no. She can’t mean . . .*

“Love Island season three is debuting tonight, and I am roping you into my trashy TV show, right now!”

The former man sighed. “I can’t escape this, can I?”

“Wait, isn’t Love Island like, all super promotional and stuff? You just said you hate all that stuff!”

But Monica was already grabbing her hand and pulling her towards the old, slightly-torn couch. “That’s why they call it a *guilty* pleasure, Kay! C’mon!”

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Kaylee sighed in relief. A new bra really *could* make a difference.

It was the first time she had been out shopping for clothes as a woman, and the experience was . . . odd, to say the least. She expected it to be a lot more embarrassing. She still didn’t like acknowledging her voluptuous body except when she was masturbating, which to be fair was quite often. But after wincing all day while she stacked shelves the decision had to be made; she needed a new bra for her Double-D’s, one that actually damn well *fit*. She had been saving up money in the hopes of showing Sheila that the sorceress was wrong, and that an ordinary person *could* work their way up through sheer hard work. But this was yet another in a long line of necessary but frustrating payments: she’d already had to get some faulty lights replaced, and then split the power bill with Monica, and then there was the matter of the internet charge for her phone and their flat. It just kept on adding up, all the little costs of life.

*And that means I'm here paying for a completely ordinary thing - an article of clothing that actually, like, fits - and I feel fucking guilty about it. Guilty! How wrong is that!?*

She couldn't even afford to go to a nice place like Coquette's, but instead scrounged through the aisles of the local *Barney's*, which was not exactly renowned for its quality items.

*I'm going to be paying less, but how long will it even last? Isn't that just paying more in the long run? But damn, if this isn't comfy . . . mhm . . . my boobs actually feel like they're being hugged, it's totally glorious!*

It was also seventy damn dollars.

"It looks fantastic on you!" a store woman named Rachel said, who had been aiding her in finding the perfect bra. Compulsions and factoid memory implants could only take you so far.

"It feels, like, sooooo right," Kaylee said, sighing as she posed with the white cups holding up her breasts. "And supportive. God, I had no idea how bad my old one was."

"Well, it was made for a woman with a more petite figure, and it looked like it was for regular D's; you're a little larger than that. Would you like me to get you one in black as well? A woman should always have at least two bras to rotate."

Kaylee bit her lip. That was so much of her remaining saved money. There would be no nest egg for her; hell, there wouldn't even be a nest! But it was either that or have her big boobs constantly being cut into by the wires and cup edges, and guys enjoying the sight of a too-tight bra at the same time.

"Y-yes, I'd love that," she said. And with the decision made, she actually began to beam, particularly once she purchased them and left the store.

In fact, for the first time since becoming a woman, she actually felt quite bubbly. She didn't even mind so much that a couple of guys in the mall were clearly checking her out and commenting on her butt. They weren't too bad looking themselves.

That night, she didn't even care when she pleased herself to the thought of them. Just this once, she wanted to embrace her new feelings and stop feeling ashamed of them. God knew that the world wanted her to be ashamed for everything else right now, so why give them this?

*I hope you're enjoying the sight, Kaylee, because I'm going to pretend that dresser mirror just doesn't exist. I've got a new bra and my boobs are finally free, so give me a break!*

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Kaylee was at the bar again, feeling more confident in herself this time. Ever since that discussion with Monica and her own clothing purchases, she had begun to slip into her

working woman mind set a little bit. She still frowned at the mirror when she got up in the morning, keenly aware that the sorceress could be watching her progress.

“Don’t even, like, say a thing,” she had said that morning. “I’ve got two jobs tonight, and I don’t want you rubbing it in.”

The Smartmart one had been as miserable as usual. Why was there always someone giving the most outrageous coughs in the place? Not to mention someone on a mobility scooter was always trying to run over her feet! Still, she got through it, her brain turning off even Ian’s sexist treatment of her, the asshole. But it was here, now, at the bar that she had started to come alive a bit more. It wasn’t a well paying job, and it was heavily reliant on tips. But because it was attached as part of a proper restaurant, she found that she was getting quite good at fishing for tips. Shameful as it was, she had noticed that leaning over the counter a little more gave a good impression to male customers, and even more when had a button or two on her top undone, to give just a hint of her delectable cleavage. She smiled as much as she could, and tried to infuse a slightly breathy quality into her voice, all the better to string men along into paying their dues. It was exactly the kind of play that she would have fallen for time and again as Kyle, though being quite rich back then he’d succeeded in pulling a few hot bartenders back to his or her apartment.

Kaylee certainly didn’t want *that*. Sure, she occasionally (read: very often) masturbated privately late at night to the thought of being thrust into, but in her mind that was just another embarrassing compulsion that Sheila had foisted upon her. Even if a handsome man flirted back and forth with her at the bar, it was all to get a little bit of extra money.

*Oh my God, I just realised I’m doing ‘tits for tips,’ all to pay for the fucking bra for my tits. It’s a vicious tit-based cycle.*

Still, the thought of it made her giggle, and there was a strange feeling of success when she batted her eyelashes in just the right way or leaned over a table when it was her turn to serve the food out, all to get the attention of some rowdy boys who clearly liked their hot blonde waitress. Even the comments weren’t *too* bad, provided they weren’t catcalling. If nothing else, she knew her attitude sold it, rather than her father’s money.

*“Fuck, if that isn’t the hottest blonde I’ve ever seen. Those tits and that smile!”*

*“That’s the thing; a hot chick is a dime a dozen, but she’s got the attitude too.”*

*“I love them dumb blonde types.”*

The last comment made her roll her eyes as she left. There was always one who thought she was stupid because of her accent and her ‘likes.’ The wealthier patrons usually said shit like that the most.

*God, even I admit this is a little bit karmic. I used to say shit like that about the servers all the time. I had no idea I was being so, like, classist.*

Still, she kept an upbeat attitude. Monica had been right about that; leaning into the new natural bubblyness of her changed personality was a lot better than fighting it, and it was true what they say: a smile goes a long way. She found it easier to lean into her feminine mannerisms and movements when she stopped trying to fight against them. Her hips swayed, her chest bounced a little, and she stopped trying to hunch forward to disguise that last one. She didn't lower the register of her voice, and she giggled at even the lame jokes some customers said, though she tried not to giggle too much if they had a wife or girlfriend a few too many had given her *the look*. But then she'd just employ her secret weapon.

"You're so lucky, you two! My boyfriend never takes me out to places like this. You look so gorgeous, honey!"

And that would usually get things back on track; nothing like a little female solidarity.

"Keep those tips coming in," Sasha said when she returned. "I think you're single-handedly giving us a raise, Kaylee. I wish I had your game."

Kaylee blushed. Sasha didn't have her looks, but she often put herself down.

"Oh please, Sasha, you're always helping float our boat."

"Not like you. No offence, but I really wish I had your figure."

"Trust me, it's not all it's, um, cracked up to be. How's the night going here?"

Sasha grimaced. "Not a good night, I'm afraid. I wish I had the restaurant gig tonight, because check out this bar right now; it's all sad sacks and lonely men. Not loving it."

It was then that Kaylee spotted something curious, or rather *someone* curious; a tall man with olive skin and dark, curly hair. He was seated at the bar drinking what looked to be a bourbon on the rocks. He wasn't in a cheap suit anymore.

"Tell you what, let's switch," Kaylee said.

"Are you sure? I mean, I don't think we're allowed-"

"I'll say I broke a heel. It's, like, ridiculous we need to wear heels while carrying trays anyway. You get out there and work your stuff. There's a cute single guy on table nine."

"I don't know . . ."

"He's got red hair, Sasha."

Sasha squeaked. Everyone knew she had a thing for red-headed guys.

"And freckles?"

Kaylee grinned, leaning into her own new excitedness. "A whole smattering of them."

"Okay, okay, let's trade then! You're the best, Kay. I owe you big time!"

She moved through to the main restaurant area, leaving Kaylee to take up the bar station. She couldn't quite say why she had done the swap, but something about the man intrigued her after their last conversation.

"Hey there," she said to him as she took up her spot behind the counter. "I think I remember you. You were here a couple of weeks ago, right?"

The man looked up, and to her surprise he actually smiled.

“Good memory,” he said in a smooth tone that made her feel a little warm. “Do you remember my order? I’m thinking I need a refill.”

“Bourbon on the rocks, right? This third one on the shelf?”

“Very good memory!”

She poured him out, keeping her eyes trained on his expression. He really was quite handsome.

“I’m Kaylee,” she said.

“I know. It’s on your name tag.”

She looked down and chuckled.

“Oh, right, ha!”

*Wait, was he looking at my chest for that reason or was he checking out my boobs? I mean, I don’t really mind . . . wait, what the hell am I thinking?*

“I’m Elijah,” he said. “Everyone calls me Eli, though.”

“Well, it’s nice to meet you Eli . . . again.”

“It’s nice to have a bourbon from you, Kaylee . . . again. Though it’ll probably be the last time.”

A flash of disappointment.

“Oh?”

He chuckled. “Can’t exactly afford it. I do contract work.” He gestured to his work outfit. “Landscaping. Helps the bills and opens pathways but not exactly high paying at the moment.”

Sheila breathed a sigh of relief. “Oh, I totally know what you mean. This is, like, my second job. I work at friggin’ Smartmart.”

“Jesus, I came here to complain. You take the cake.”

“Yeah, it’s no fun. As you say, pays the bills. Hell, I might have to apply soon: foundry is starting to downsize in this economy.”

For a moment, his mood turned dark. He recovered quickly though.

“Look, we don’t have to talk about it and stuff, I mean, you’re a customer and I’m just the bartender gal, but I remember last time you talked about your Mom?”

He nodded slowly before holding up his drink. “It’s why I’m drinking this. I’m celebrating and drowning my sorrows at the same time, I guess.”

“She’s getting the treatment then?”

“Chemo, yeah. But, you know . . .”

“It’ll cost a bitch.”

He actually laughed at that. “You have a way with words, Kaylee. Yeah, it’ll cost a bitch. Fuck this country sometimes, man. Sorry, shouldn’t use that language.”

"I don't give a shit," she said, giggling.

"Eh, me old man taught me different before he passed. Swore like a sailor but never a word of it in front of Ma. Eh, I'm dumping all this on you."

She just shrugged. "That's what us bartenders are for though, right? We're sort of, like, therapists, right? Only more fun."

He smiled at that, holding up a glass. "I'll drink to that. To poor working stiffs like us, huh?"

She clinked an empty glass against his. "Hear, hear."

He finished his drink, but held up a hand when she went to grab the bottle again.

"Nah, I'm being sensible this time. Look, I got a little drunk last time after I left, but I remember being pretty fuckin' rude to you. So, you know, I'm sorry about that and all."

"Don't worry about it. I've been pretty fuckin' rude to people lately myself. Especially my roommate. Lots of stress over money and whatever. Had to get new bras."

"Is that a big deal?" he asked, clearly ignorant. "Do they cost much?"

This time it was her turn to laugh. "Trust me, way bigger a deal and cost than you can totally imagine. I can't believe how much better I look and feel now, at least. I was seriously dying before . . . oh shit, no offence. I didn't mean—"

He just put up a hand. "It's all good, I know. Well, you look . . . nice, if you don't mind me saying. I know I'm not meant to be flirting with the bartender lady and all that, but I just had to say it. You look real nice. If that's me being an asshole just blame the bourbon, okay? You served it up, after all."

*He's pretty sharp for someone down on his luck, Kaylee thought. And not all bad at flattery either.*

Without quite as much intentionality this time, the buxom blonde leaned forward against the counter, letting the man catch a taste of her impressive cleavage with a peak down her top.

"Okay, I'll blame the bourbon, then," she said. "So . . . what else might the bourbon be blamed for making you, like, say about me?"

Elijah's grin grew slowly but surely. "Well, it might me say - and remember, this is just the bourbon speaking—"

"Of course."

"-that apart from just being pretty damn nice on the eyes, you're also pretty easy to chat too. Pretty smart from what I can tell too; quick on the wit."

Her own smile grew. "It's funny, most people don't exactly have that impression of me. They think I'm, you know, some kind of dumb blonde bimbo or whatever."

"That's okay. Lots of folk just think I'm some low-level ironworker, so I guess we both should show them."

“Is that the bourbon still speaking?”

He tapped the counter several times, like he was working up the nerve for something.

“I don’t think it is,” he said. “Look, I’m gonna go out on a risky limb here and just ask, which I know is something ya ain’t meant to ask the bartender lady anyway, no matter how cute you think she is. But what have I got to lose, right? So . . . you wouldn’t happen to have a number, would you, Kaylee?”

Something in the transformed woman seized up, and it was like she had short-circuited while trying to process the words he had just spoken. It shouldn’t have been like this; she’d had lots of guys flirt with her, and she couldn’t even blame them given how pretty she was. But usually she was damn tired and over it, her makeup starting to rub and her patience at its end. Elijah’s approach was somehow different, though. She was finding it hard not to stare at his broad shoulders of his impressive arms.

*Shit. That stupid sorceress magic is making me, like, super into this guy! Ugh!*

“I think,” she said, trying to navigate her way out of this. “I think I could handle one call.”

*Goddamn it, what am I doing? Was that the compulsion? Shit, was that me!?*

It was impossible to tell who was in the driver’s seat, if it was Kyle, Kaylee, the compulsions, some other magic, or simply a strange cocktail mix of all these factors blending together. Perhaps it was simply her more submissive nature, driven by a need not to rock the boat. Perhaps it was also being a woman, finding the man before her undeniably appealing. Perhaps she was simply giving in, and would find a way to renege on whatever this insanity was later.

Whatever it was, it didn’t matter much at the moment, because Kaylee wrote her number down upon the other side of a coaster and pushed it over to Elijah, who took it carefully and with some clear disbelief. When he looked back up at her, he managed to give a smoulder that set *her* smouldering.

*Holy fuck, he’s, like, really hot.*

“You know, a cooler man would play it cool,” he said. “But I’m sitting here unable to believe that actually worked.”

“Ball’s in your court now,” Kaylee said, barely suppressing her own wide smile. “Maybe you should, like, start thinking up dates to impress me.”

“Damn, I really will!”

She giggled, but soon other customers arrived, and the hustle bustle of the bar area finally returned, ending their little back-and-forth. Kaylee was pleased. At least, she wanted to be pleased. In truth, a big part of her wanted the exchange to go on even longer.

*Just remember, Kaylee, you've only got a couple of months and a couple of weeks left of this stupid new existence. Then you'll totally be a man again, and you can have your mind back.*

Still, Monica's advice lingered, as did her own recent actions. In truth, Kaylee wanted to have some *fun*. Surely even a working class schmo-ette like herself deserved that?

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A date. A *date*. It could scarcely be imagined for Kaylee, though no doubt many men and more than a few women had easily done so with her in mind.

"We've got to get you dolled up for this mysterious hunk," Monica said, elbowing her roommate while they ate cheap takeaway on the couch.

"Can't yet. We're still trying to organise a time when we're both free. I . . . I shouldn't be doing this."

"You totally can, and you totally should, babe. Unless you found some rich yuppie to seduce, in which case I must consider you a traitor to your class, and you are hereby banished from any future union membership."

Kaylee rolled her eyes at her friend's silliness. "Are you, like, seriously getting a union started up in your workplace?"

"I'm trying."

"But aren't they, like, actually super bad for the business in the long run? I don't think they actually help people . . . right?"

Monica looked at her like she'd grown three heads. "Kaylee, I love you, but you baffle the right hell out of me sometimes, *comrade*. You would have to know that we're getting fucked over all the time as workers. The bosses just want to squeeze us for every damn dollar; I mean, you work minimum wage at Smartmart, one of the biggest union-crushing companies there is! And that's not even getting into the fact that your job as a bartender and a waitress is pretty much entirely reliant on tips to keep going. You would literally be poorer if you weren't a blonde bombshell, if you don't mind me saying, because less attractive gals like me just don't get the same attention from customers. I'm starting a union so my coworkers and I can work collectively to bargain from a position of strength against these leeches, against folk like Ian at your workplace."

*Ugh. Fucking Ian. He's such a money-grubbing scumbag.*

"I know, I get that. But a union? Wouldn't it be easier to just band together as workers and instead . . . oh."

Monica snorted. "And the lightbulb goes ding."

Kaylee gave a sheepish smile. "I really stepped in that, I guess. I had no idea . . ."

“Well, think about it a little further, and you might realise they exist for a reason. But this is all you trying to throw me off course. I’m a dog in this race, honey, and I’ve got your scent. Tell us about this dreamy mcdreamy face you’re going out with.”

With more than a little embarrassment, Kaylee told her friend. She was very much aware that the door to her bedroom was wide open, and that her dresser faced through that gap, which meant that Sheila the sorceress would be able to hear everything she was saying, not to mention see her expressions. Still, it was impossible not to smile and bite her lip when discussing Elijah, how he was a quick-witted and seemingly empathetic tradesman who was caring for his mother. And, of course, how he’d easily gotten a number from her.

“Still, he was rude to you the first time.”

Kaylee pushed some strands of hair behind her ear. “He said sorry when he saw me again. Besides, you’re the one who said I should meet someone.”

“I actually said you should get laid.”

*I am not getting laid, Kaylee thought. No matter how weirdly fucking hot that totally sounds right now.*

“I wanna take it slow. And besides, we haven’t even found a time yet. How do people even meet when you need to work all the time to keep a roof on your head?”

“I don’t know, sister, but when you find the answer, beat it into the heads of every rich asshole running this country for me, would ya?”

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Kaylee tried not to feel too embarrassed as she got dressed in front of her mirror. For just a flash she could see the semblance of Sheila grinning, but she tried to tell herself it was just the trick of a light. It was now three and a half weeks into her transformation, and it was scary how much she had adjusted. Even the jiggle of her breasts and the sway of her hips was normal. Peeing while sitting down was regular, if a little emasculating, and being the subject of a constant male gaze was fairly typical too. Finding other guys attractive was still novel and strange, as was rubbing her womanly parts while imagining them penetrating her, but some parts of being a horny buxom blonde were just not worth fighting. Quite pleasurable not to, in fact. Of course, she’d just come out the other end of her very first period, and that had been rather *unfun*, in fact. Cramping while lying on bed was not exactly how she wanted to spend her time off work, but even worse was the fact that she was still expected to go to work and ‘deal with it.’

*I’ll never make fun of a woman on her period again, she thought as she tried on another outfit. How can they put up with that and still go to work? It was awful!*

She looked in the dresser mirror again and frowned. If her life was a Hollywood movie, she would be wearing a sexy red dress that hugged her curves magnificently. As it was, she had on some ripped jeans that at least showed off her legs well, and her nicest blouse that had a small but annoying ketchup near the hem that just wouldn't go out. After her bras and other bills, buying new clothes just for a date seemed ridiculous.

*How did I always buy new clothes all the time? Oh, that's right, I had people do it for me. What a life of privilege I led.*

The mirror swirled, and Sheila's face manifested.

*"My, you're looking all dolled up dear, or at least as dolled up as you can expect to be."*

"Like, shut up," she responded.

*"And you're sounding more like Kaylee all the time. I love the 'likes.' Oh, and the makeup, while a bit standard, looks good on you. I noticed you paid for it with money you earned. Could you finally be coming to appreciate not only the life of a woman, but hard work in general?"*

"I'm doing the best I can."

*"That's the working class experience, yes. Two more months, Kaylee."*

"I'm really, super well aware."

*"But if you wish to extend it-"*

"It's just one date because of these compulsions, okay! This is your fault!"

The hot redhead in the mirror smiled. *"I don't remember putting compulsions on this. Even if I did, you can always fight them. Have a good time, Kaylee."*

The mirror effect ended, leaving just her reflection. Monica returned from her quick shower, a toothbrush in her mouth.

"Who arr youth tathin' too?"

Kaylee frowned. "Nobody."

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"Okay, you watch this," Elijah said, readying his aim. "This is what I invited you here for. To witness this."

He took a steady breath, advanced forward, and sent the ball careening down the lane. Its spin caused it to go off-centre and, with the slow dreadful awareness of the inevitable following it, careened straight into the gutter, whereupon it made an unceremonious exit from the embarrassing proceedings.

"Ooooh, gutter ball!" Kayelee teased, bouncing a little on her feet with excitement and causing her bosom to bounce in her tight top.

“Seems I’m a might bit more rusty than I remember,” he said. “Let’s see if I can make this the world’s worst spare.”

He only got eight on the next, causing Kaylee to cheer once more and him to laugh sheepishly.

“Just be thankful it’s not football. Used to play all the time.”

“Well, if you’re, like, as ‘good’ at football as you are at bowling, I shouldn’t have a problem. Now watch this!”

She launched her own bowling ball forward, and to Elijah’s astonishment it shot right down the centre and collided with the pins, gaining her a strike.

“Holy crap!” he exclaimed.

“I told you I’m totally good at this,” she said, beaming from ear to ear. “I used to play all the time, though these muscles take a bit getting used to. Or the lack of.”

“You used to be a jacked girl, did you?”

She blushed. “I used to work out more, when I had, you know, the time and stuff. Now it’s two jobs and by the time I’m done I just want fast food and sleep.”

Elijah grabbed his bowling ball as it came back up. “I know what you mean. Foundry work is brutal. I might get me wish a bit too early though; I think they’re definitely downsizing. A lot of this work is shipping off overseas these days. It’s bullshit.”

A sudden impulse took her, and Kaylee reached out and touched his bare forearm, letting her fingers remain there against his skin.

“Hey, let’s not get all mopey tonight, huh? This is meant to be fun, isn’t it?”

He managed to recover his grin. “You’re right, it’s meant to be fun. Sorry, I can be a bit of a downtrodden lug sometimes.”

“Well, at least you’re, like, a tall, dark, and handsome lug, right?”

“You think I’m pretty handsome, huh?”

She twirled some of her blonde hair with her finger, her belly full of warmth. “Well, you think I’m pretty . . . *pretty*, right? So turnaround is fair game. Now hurry up and start bowling, mister, or I might lose that attraction.”

*And it is attraction, damn his shoulders look good! And that ass . . . I can tell that damn foundry works him hard because that man must squat. Need to just focus on having some fun without going waaaaaay too far here. But damn if it isn’t so tempting!*

Once she had opened the gateway to bubbiness, it was hard to force it all the way back in. The truth was that she was having a great date already, simple as it was. Bowling had been his idea, but she was bringing her A-game and enjoying the way he had to share his fries with her every time she bested him.

And when the game was finished just fifteen minutes later, she had a score thirty points higher than him. Giving herself over to the bubbly joy of it, she did an incredibly lame

dance to the music, uncaring how much her chest visibly jostled, nor how she ran her hands down her delightful hips. Elijah just watched, clearly not too sad about winning.

“Looks like I get some fries again!” she said cheekily, grabbing some of them. His hand went for one at the same time, and their fingers touched.

“That’s a good sign, right?” Elijah said. “Very *Lady and the Tramp*, right?”

“Isn’t that, like, when they share food and end up kissing though?”

With a smirk, he placed a long fry in his mouth and pointed it towards her face. Kaylee would have been disgusted by this moment once, but after a month of being a woman there was the draw, the appeal of this cute little moment. Slowly she placed her mouth on the other end of the fry, and the two nibbled it together until their lips touched.

“Mhmm,” she cooed, closing her eyes as he felt his mouth on hers.

But then Elijah pulled back and feigned a coughing fit. “Sorry, it’s just . . . you taste like fries.”

“Oh my God, I can’t even!” she declared, slapping him playfully again and again on his chest. “You are the worst!”

They locked lips again, and this time it was more genuine. His tongue went into her mouth, and hers into his. It was a wondrous feeling.

*Oh my God . . . this is incredible. Wait. Shit. I’m kissing a guy. I’m still kissing a guy. I’m kissing a freakin’ guy and I’m liking it. I can feel his chest against my boobs and it’s making me - oh God!*

She pulled back, biting her lip so as to at least diminish the enormous smile that wanted to invade across her face. Somewhere in the mix she’d put her arms around his neck in a rather feminine manner. Elijah smiled, his gaze going downward to stare at her cleavage.

“Hey, my eyes are, like, up here!”

“Sorry, I, uh, just had to check and see if everything was alright there.”

Kaylee giggled. “C’mon, let’s get out of here. Did you have something planned next?”

Elijah put out his arm for her to slip her hand through. “Actually, I did.”

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The place was called *Baker’s Life*, and it was filled with some of the most sumptuous treats, deserts, cakes, pies, and other pastries sweet and savoury (but mostly sweet) that Kaylee could imagine. It was a homey little place, the kind where the owners lived upstairs. Manning the counter was a cute dark-haired woman whose belly showed her to be clearly pregnant, though not too far along. She had short-hair, which made Kaylee briefly jealous of the more boyish cut, until she caught Elijah looking at her with interest again.

"This place is amazing," she said. "How did I not know about this?"

"You should have!" the woman beamed. "We make the best pastry desserts in the business, isn't that right, honey?"

A voice from the kitchen called out. "Sure do, Amy!"

"I'm Amy Baker," she replied. "Technically Amy Rossi now, but I keep the original last name because, well, it works better with the business. How can I help you two today?"

"I'll, um, just browse for a bit, if that's okay?" Kaylee asked.

Amy nodded happily, and set to work chatting to her husband in the kitchen. Kaylee's eyes wandered across the amazing cakes and lemon tarts and especially the danishes, which were her absolute favourites.

*I guess I never knew nooks like this existed because what the fuck was the point of going outside the city, huh? Shows what a total moron I totally was. This is, like, so worth seeing.*

But there was a hesitation, one she was continually having to pay heed to in this new life.

"Um, this is wonderful and all, Eli, but I can't really afford much of this stuff in my budget right now. I mean, I'm super grateful you paid for the bowling, but I can't ask-"

He placed a comforting hand around her waist. The memory of that kiss returned, leaving her cheeks in a blush as she looked at him.,

"Hey, just pick something, okay? And not something small."

Smiling, she did; the lovely looking raspberry mudcake that had thick, rich-looking slices. "And two danishes too, please," she said.

Amy Baker was more than happy to serve her up. "Enjoy the dessert, and I'll make sure to correct the lighting for you while you're the only customers here. Need to make it a bit more romantic."

Indeed, the lights dimmed moments later, and the husband of the woman could be heard giving a sigh in the background.

"Again, Amy?"

"What? I believe in love! Now shhh, let it play out."

Kaylee and Elijah chuckled to each other as they overheard this, before finding their seats. The former man couldn't help but moan almost sensuously as she ate her slice of cake, licking her lips from the delicious taste.

"This is, like, incredible."

"Yeah, it's a pretty good date."

She snorted. "That was waaay too quick. You've definitely been wanting to drop that one."

He shrugged in a nonchalant way, and once more she had to admire the width and breadth of his manly shoulders.

“I figure I’m on a good streak.”

“I guess you are. Now gimme that danish.”

“I want to find a woman who looks at me like you look at danishes.”

They continued to eat and chat, enjoying one another’s company and giggling at one another’s lame, semi-nervous jokes. It was strange, but Kaylee really got the sense that Eli, as she was starting to shorten his name in her mind, was trying his hardest to appear cool to her. It was actually pretty cute and endearing. Occasionally she had to rub her thighs together or take a big breath; her body was starting to respond to the strength of this attraction.

*Shouldn’t have had beer while bowling. Damn, I really like beer now. Way better than super expensive fancy-schmancy wines. But it’s, like, totally making me act without inhibition.*

“So you want to start a hairdressing business?” he asked.

“Yeah. I know that sounds dumb.”

“Doesn’t sound dumb to me. I just want to make foundry manager, you know, if I get kept on at all.”

“I didn’t always want to do hairdressing. I mean, I always had someone else do it for me. But it’s, well, like something *changed* in my life recently. And now I care a lot more about my hair.”

“But you said you always wanted this business?”

*Always, and literally just as of a month ago.*

“It comes and goes. I think I’d be pretty good at it.”

“But you don’t do hairdressing right now. Why not?”

Kaylee sighed. “A lot of changes make things hard to take. I don’t want to take the step just yet; I can’t. Not within a couple of months, let alone years, probably.”

“I know what you mean. Mom and me have always been together, but it’s been a struggle with her leukemia, you know? I’m trying to keep us going, but she can’t work anymore, and things aren’t looking . . . you know.”

Kaylee found herself moved, not just by his sudden sorrow, but at the compassion that was clearly in the man.

“Does she need you back soon?” she asked.

“Maybe in a couple of hours,” he replied.

*I can’t believe I’m doing this I can’t believe I’m doing this I can’t believe I’m doing this.*

“Then maybe you can come back to my place, and I can do something to cheer you up.”

His smile made the insane proposal she'd just made all worth it.

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Monica hadn't said a word, just grinned, gave a thumbs up, mouthed *'he's hot, well done!'* and then retreated to her room. And played rather loud music to drown out any of the following happenings. It was, Kaylee felt, a loss of any excuse not to proceed with what her buxom, very horny body really, really wanted. Elijah was already in her room by that point, pointing out some of the photos and asking about them, particularly her life out in the country. It was clear that even he wasn't quite sure how to proceed.

*We don't have to have sex. Sheila will know. God, that's, like, so embarrassing that she'll know!*

The mirror showed no sign of awareness or magic, just two attractive young people absolutely smitten with one another. Eli put an arm around Kaylee's middle, but out of nervousness she slipped out and moved to the doorway.

"Sorry, we don't have to-"

She closed the door, leaving them in total privacy. She was aware of this man's eyes on every part of her body, and she wasn't even unclothed yet.

*Yet? Don't tell me I'm thinking of doing this!?*

But just the very thought of it left her chest heaving, rising and falling and almost straining at her top. A now-familiar wetness emerged between her thighs, her moist passage desiring the obvious firmness in Eli's lap. He was sitting upon her bed, but it was obvious what his slightly-hunched posture was concealing.

"A couple of hours, right?" she asked.

Eli nodded. "A lot of time to get to know one another, you know."

Her heart skipped a beat, and her breath caught. She was on a precipice, the type of which she could never have anticipated. Just a month ago she had been a successful trust-fund baby, king of the world and full of pride. Now, she was a working class blonde trying to make a living.

*And for the first time, I feel like I'm experiencing something genuine.*

"More than enough, if we get started," she said, giggling as she approached him. She crawled up onto her lap, facing him as he wrapped his hands around her waist. He almost had to kiss her teeth she was smiling so much as they came together, but soon the joy of lust came over her, and they were making out in full mere moments later. Her hands roamed over him, and she moaned as she felt his muscles. He had the body of a true blue collar man. Not the sharp, chiselled features of some gym-going yuppie, but the bear-like physique of someone who's muscles were developed from hard work instead of protein shakes and

obsessions with 'leg' day. It also meant that there was a softness to him, and - as she helped remove his shirt - an enticing hairiness to him as well. She ran her fingers through *that*, and it made her nipples stiffen all the more.

"Mhmm, I like this," she said.

"Really?" he said, chuckling. "My last girlfriend said I looked like a gorilla with all this hair. It's the Greek in me. Mother's side."

"Well, *this* girlfriend likes it. And I think you'll like two things I've got, if you'll help me get this shirt off."

She'd never before seen someone so eager for sex. Hell, Eli could have beaten out Kyle with ease when it came to enthusiasm. She helped him undo the buttons on her blouse and the pair of them cast it aside with ease, probably to the top of the shelf she couldn't even reach. Her breasts were full and pert upon her chest, rising and falling right before Eli's gaze, almost pressed right up against his face, her new black bra the only thing keeping them contained.

"Wow," he said.

"Yeah," she replied, giggling. She could feel his hardness against her crotch, and she began to rub against it, as if she'd known how to do this for a long time and had simply been waiting for the right moment for it to finally happen. "Help me get this off. I want you to feel them."

*I know he wants to. Just second base. I can stop at second base!*

But as soon as Eli had unclasped her breasts, she knew she couldn't. He stared in awe at her bountiful chests, only to immediately begin caressing her mammaries, running his fingers over her delicate nipples and eliciting whimpers of pleasure from her.

"You've got a great pair of tits," he said, right before licking her left nipple.

Kaylee curled her toes in response, smiling. "Well, now you've got to show me a great something. Let's, like, get rid of these pants that are in the way."

With even greater excitement, the pair pulled their clothes off, tossing them to the side as well. Kaylee pulled her underwear off so fast, in fact, that she almost thought she'd ripped it in two. There was a brief pause in the proceedings as she took in the sight of his member.

*Oh my God, he is huge. Am I really gonna, like, put out on the first date? I'm not a total bimbo!*

But she wanted to be a total slut, at least for this night. She'd had to work so damn hard for a month already; this was what she needed and deserved.

"I want you," she breathed, climbing on top of him so that his back was against the headboard of the bed. "I want you inside me."

She pressed herself against him, licking his neck and sliding her tongue into his mouth, running her fingers over his chest as he in turn did the same to hers. She rubbed her venus mound against his long, hard pole, to the point where she could feel her juices dripping down her thighs. It was an alien sensation, yet all too welcome at the same time.

“Ahhhh,” she moaned. “Stop t-teasing me. I want you in my p-pussy.”

“I fucking want that too, Kaylee. God, you’re fucking hot.”

She raised herself up, gripping his cock. Instinct guided her, and so she slipped him inside of her passage. There was a brief resistance, but her tunnel was so moist that it lasted almost without notice. Her lips parted with his entrance, and then he slid fully inside her, inch by wonderful inch, pushing apart her walls and pressing up against her most sensitive nerves.

“Ohhhhhhh,” she moaned, closing her eyes and focusing on her breathing. “Y-you’re s-so big. You’re inside m-me. You’re actually f-fucking me with your c-cock. It’s, like, soooo g-good. Ahhhh!!”

She played with her tits as he gripped her hips. She was pleased to feel his fingers reach around to squeeze her bountiful ass.

“You’re so perfect,” he said.

It was the sexiest collection of words she’d ever experienced. Already, she’d gone further than she had intended. Now she knew she wanted to go all the way.

“F-fuck me,” she whimpered, though it was her riding his lap. She pushed her tits right into his face, suffocating him in her lovely amplex and relishing the way he licked and sucked her perfect nipples. Kaylee then gripped his broad shoulders and used them to leverage her hips, rising up and down on his cock, almost letting it completely about before taking all of his girth in once again.

*I can't believe I'm - ahhh - doing this. It's, like, sooooo hoooot! Ohhhh, I don't want this f-feeling to ever end! This is way better than sex as a m-man! Mmmhm!*

Or perhaps it was just the company she chose to have sex with this time. There was a connection there, and she didn’t care how briefly they’d known one another. Three meetings and some texts and calls were enough to make this moment.

“I want you to c-cum in m-me,” she moaned.

“Wait, I need to get my condom on.”

She frowned, lost in the ecstasy of massaging his hardness.

“It’ll be fine. It’s just one - ahhh - time, right?”

Eli swallowed. “Okay. Fuck, I really want this, huh?”

“Keep licking my tits. It makes me so fucking hot. I’m nearly there, babe.”

She got back to her motions, going up and down on his cock, milking it for all that it was worth. The ecstasy was unbelievable, to the point where even her own sweet-voiced

moans were making her aroused. Her blonde hair bounced about, and her breasts likewise bounced, and this just put on even more of a show for Elijah. He gripped her thighs harder, bucking hips to match her own motions. They were close, they were both so close.

“I’m going to c-cum, Kaylee!” he grunted.

“Do it! Don’t w-wait! I want to feel your cum inside me! It’s, like, such a fucking turn on!”

She kissed him, tonguing him, and in that exact moment he moaned into her mouth as he ejaculated deep inside of her. It was enough to send her over the edge as well, and her orgasm hit her like the weight of an entire season coming into bloom.

“AAIIIEEEE!!!”

It was a scream that even Monica in her secluded room with her music turned way up would still hear. It was a scream of purest delight.

The two panted, she collapsed against him, her breasts squashed upon his chest so wonderfully. There was a fine sheen of sweat upon them both, and it lended a further area of raw sexuality to the proceedings.

*I just fucked a man. I just let him fuck me. And I totally LOVED it.*

Kaylee turned her head to the mirror. For just a moment, she thought she might have caught Sheila’s victorious smile, but perhaps it was just a trick of the light.

*Lap it up already, lap it up . . . I don’t regret a thing.*

She pressed her forehead against Eli’s, savouring every part of him. Skin close wasn’t enough; she wanted to *breathe* him in. It was like nothing she had felt before; after sex as her previous selfish male self, she had just maybe spooned the woman or rolled onto her back, satisfied. Even now, she couldn’t stop feeling Elijah.

“That was amazing,” she purred, meaning every word.

“Goddamn, that was the best sex I ever had. You truly are one of a kind, K-”

His phone buzzed. For a second, Kaylee thought that he might let it ring out or just turn it off, but instead he’d placed it on her bedside table without her noticing before. He grabbed it, and his eyes went wide. Without a word he lifted her off his lap and placed her on the bed.

“Is everything okay?”

“It’s from the hospital,” he said, standing up and pacing. “Hey, Elijah Kolis here. Yeah. Yeah I already know that. She had the scans. No, we were told it wouldn’t . . . okay. Sure. What does that mean for her? No! Our insurance should cover the room at least. Bullshit. You can’t just tell me that it’s like that, it was never like that. The bill makes no sense; she should have her own fucking room because that’s what we’re taking out a second fucking loan for. What!? I wanna talk to someone else! Then call me again tomorrow when I’m not so fucking angry about this; me Mom’s got fucking leukemia and she can’t even get a proper

spot to herself? This is fucked! I'm calling again tomorrow but she is *not* losing that room tonight. Yes, we're continuing the bloody treatment. Ugh!"

He terminated the call, and there was a fury on his face that Kaylee had never seen.

"Is everything okay?"

He glared at her. "Does everything look fucking okay?" He took a deep breath and pinched his nose. "Sorry, it's just . . . they're moving Mom in the hospital. We're already neck deep in the red with her chemo costs, and now they're telling us she'll have to be vacated from her room and placed in one of the row wards. She won't be able to sleep with all the asshole rednecks that come on in through there. I've been there with a broken leg once, there are some real shithheads. Fuck! And the move will cost us too."

Keylee got up off the bed and embraced him from the side, trying her best to calm him. Just his words alone were making her emotional; tears were already forming in her eyes.

"Is there anything I can do?" she asked.

He gave a wan smile. "You've already made me happier than I have been in ages. I'm sorry, this is only a first date. Shit, I've ruined it all."

"You haven't! This whole situation is just unfair on you, that's all! And they shouldn't have called, like, late like this."

He sighed. "Sometimes I wish I'd been born as one of those rich trust fund assholes, and then this would never be a problem. Mom could get the best treatment that way."

*But you wouldn't be you,* she thought.

She held his arm tight, and repeated the thought out loud. "And you also wouldn't be, you know, the kind of guy I wanted to go out with."

At that, he kissed her again, just a light peck. "I want to see you again," he said. "When we've both got the time and I'm not dealing with this bullshit."

Kaylee smiled. "I want that too."

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Monica cheered, of course. 'Her' Kaylee was back, and seemed to be finally operating on all sex-loving cylinders. For the new woman, it was the night that had changed everything, and in the weeks that followed, it came to define her entirely. The warmth of a man's touch, the sensation of a hard-working, caring man against her, all rough edges but a soft, loving middle, was beyond anything she had experienced as a man. It gave her something to look forward to when working away in her shitty Smartmart job, or when a particularly drunken patron tried to hit on her way too much while she was at the bar.

And with that excitement came other excitements too. Kaylee continued to watch more silly shows with Monica, and the two began to go shopping together when they had the time and money to do so, though window shopping and ‘oohing’ and ‘ahhing’ at the items they would never be able to afford had its own element of fun too. Kaylee was getting far better at managing her finances as well: she visited op shops for new clothing rather than going to standard dress stores, and in doing so she started to find the itch for a great bargain. When she found a lovely blue summer dress that actually fit her bust she was practically ecstatic, and it sent Monica into giggles.

“The bargain bin blonde has risen again!” she cried.

It didn’t mean saving up money was easy, though. All of Kaylee’s assumptions about class mobility had been shattered, but now even the shattered remnants had been shattered again. The apartment needed repairs, but the goddamn landlord was doing everything in his power to foist it off to the tenants. Monica had started practically waving the red flag from the rooftops in defiance of this, making a series of angry calls and letters, but it seemed only a half-measure was possible. Unless they could ‘prove’ they weren’t responsible for the gutter issues and the leaky hole that had formed in the roof, then they had to either move or put a repair payment down. It was very clear that the landlord was colluding with his rental agency to eventually change their apartment to an Air BnB, and this was just him turning the screws.

“Fucker,” Monica said. “Absolute motherfucker. We’re not leaving just yet, not to give him the satisfaction, the damn leech.”

“We should, like, start looking for new places, though,” Kaylee said. “I don’t want to end up homeless, God. I literally don’t know how to deal with that, Monica.”

“Trust me, it’s no fun. I was homeless for just three months, and I don’t know how others do it, honey. We’ll find a place. Well, I will. I always land on my feet.”

Kaylee frowned. “But not me?”

“Oh, you do that too, babe. But there’s a certain someone you might end up moving in with . . . am I right?”

Kaylee blushed. “It’s, like, way too early to be talking about stuff like that.”

Monica just nudged her friend on the shoulder as she passed. “Well, things seem to be quite . . . vocal between you two. In a joyous way, of course. Let’s just say I’ve had to invest in new headphones to block out all that . . . joy.”

Kaylee managed to somehow blush even redder. “Um, he’s just . . . he’s a really nice guy.”

“*Really* nice in a number of ways, apparently, satisfying a woman being one of them.”

Now she was just a human tomato when it came to redness.

*God, he really is soooooo good at satisfying me though, that’s no lie!*

It made her giggle, and Monica grinned in turn, clearly pleased at the return of her friend's bubblyness.

"We've finally got another date lined up," she said.

"Please, you've been together for weeks now and been fucking like animals every day you can meet up. It's safe to say it's not really 'dating' anymore, Kaylee. You guys are a couple. A quick-moving couple, but a couple nonetheless. This man is your boyfriend."

*He is, he really is. Wow. Holy shit. I've got a super sexy boyfriend.*

It made her almost shiver with excitement at the sheer thought of it. She knew it was true, of course, but hearing someone outside the relationship call it such was something else. After that first night of pleasure and its saddening interruption, Kaylee had worried that perhaps the romance had been severed, despite Eli's words. Instead, he had texted her the very next morning:

*'Sorry about last night. Sorted Mom for now but nearly had security remove me - whoops. Hate having to push back against hospital and insurance for every little goddamn thing. But until the call that was the best date I've ever had. When u next free - if still intersted?'*

She had taken a big, calming sigh, and immediately texted back with a love emoji first. That wasn't even a compulsion, it just felt . . . giddy, in a way that matched the new her.

*'Of course im still interested, dummy!!! I love that you care for your mom, its very kind and sweet and i hope everythinng goes well for her. Can help brighten your day anytime too . . . and beat you at bowlign.'*

She sent the text off uncaring about its grammar. Her thumbs were typing with the beat of her frenzied female heart. The reply had come quickly.

*'Thanks Kaylee. Ur the best. Also fucking hot so I betta not screw it up!'*

She snorted and sent the tongue-sticking-out-emoji.

*'Damn right, you hunk!'*

Several days later, they had their second date, this time at the park going on a walk together in the nice spring breeze. Kaylee wore her cute new blue dress, but made sure the neckline was a little lower than intended to tease her man. When a brisk wind came through, he removed his own jacket without a second thought and put it on her shoulders, then put an arm around her waist for further warmth.

"You know, for such a blue collar guy, you're totally a gentleman," she said.

"Hey, I'm all class," he quipped back. "Thanks again for being okay with the other night."

"I'm, like, way more than okay. I wouldn't want to date you again if you didn't, like, take care of your Mom. How is she doing, can I ask?"

He shook his head a little, as if uncertain. “Hard to tell. Docs tell me she’s responding to chemo, which is great. But it’s, well, it’s fucking leukemia, man. That shit is no joke. And Mom keeps talking about stopping treatment so she doesn’t impact my future. How fucked up is that?”

“She cares about you.”

“I don’t mean that. Me Mom raised me. She made me. I love her to bits. No, what’s fucked up is that we’re so freaking modern but can’t find a way to help ordinary Joes and Janes like me and Mom to get the treatment they need. Other countries do it, why can’t we? And I have to fight these insurance fuckers at every turn. And . . . there’s the other thing.”

“The other thing?”

His shoulders sagged, and it tugged at her heartstrings again. “I’m not losing my job at the foundry-”

“That’s great!”

“But my hours are being reduced. The new laws allow it. It’s fucked. So . . . I’m gonna have to find a second job until I can find a fulltime one.”

Kaylee held him closer. “I’m so sorry, Eli.”

“One thing after the next, right?”

“One foot forward, that’s what my roommate Monica tells me. We keep marching forward because we have to.”

He shrugged again. “Maybe. I guess she’s right. Hey, I don’t suppose Smartmart has any positions open? I could spend a bit more time with a lovely lady whose schedules are hard to make time for?”

Despite the sad necessity of it, *that* still made her smile.

She also made him smile a lot more later too, when he took her back to his place and they made love upon his bed. It was bigger than her own small one, and so there was plenty of room for fun. This time she spread her legs wide as she lay on her back, moaning in orgasmic pleasure as he pumped into her. She even grabbed his lovely hard butt and squeezed it, pulling it against her to make the thrusts all the more powerful.

“I - never - want - this - to - end! OHHHH!!!!”

And in a way, it didn’t. Even as Kaylee faced difficulties as a woman and a member of the working class, and Eli struggled with his job search and his mother’s care, the pair continually found excuses to vent their frustrations and embrace their passions with one another. Whatever male shame Kaylee had endured after having been penetrated by a male lover was now little more than a mild and amusing embarrassment. Her body was addicted to sex with Elijah, and he was clearly addicted to her. Almost every date together ended in the bedroom, or, in one naughty case, on Elijah’s living room floor with its plush long hair rug, right before the fireplace. It had been hot as hell to have Elijah spoon her from behind,

sucking on her neck and groping her tits all while he thrustured into her, her leg lifted high. Even her high cries of pleasure were no longer humiliating; she loved the way they clearly turned her on, and the sensation of his seed gushing into her pussy made her orgasm so many damn times. They tried to be careful; he wore a condom most times and she tried to take the pill, but sometimes their passion got ahead of them and they simply risked it, even if it was stupid to do so.

Which was not to say they didn't have their actual dates. Eli had to defend his honour at bowling, only to come up short once again. They went to the movies together, and at Kaylee's insistence saw a new action flick rather than a sweet romantic comedy: she may have been a new woman, but some of her old male self still remained in terms of taste. She did get to eat half of his popcorn, however, but he seemed to find it endearing. When the movie was over, they walked out of the cinema holding hands, and she found herself leaning against this man for comfort, enjoying him.

"You're like my big strong bear," she said once.

"Bear, huh? I'm not, like, flabby, am I?"

She just giggled. "No, nothing like that! But you're big and powerful and a total protector. And guys hit on me way less when I'm around you."

In fact, when they actually decided to spend just a little money going out to a club together, one man in particular had kept trying to dance up against her. It wasn't like her dance moves were even good; there was just a lot of jiggle that clearly brought male attention.

"Hey, can you, like, move back!" she yelled over the music.

"Don't act like you don't like it!" she man responded, moving closer.

"I've got a boyfriend. Fuck off!"

But he just danced closer, clearly inebriated and entitled. When he gripped her hips she yelled and tried to bat him away, but he reached out again.

Only to meet Eli's fist. One punch was all it took to knock the man flat on his back.

"My hero," she told him later, putting some ice on his knuckles. "I think I totally want to reward you for that. But your hand is way too hurt to have regular sex with me."

He smirked, sitting on her bed. "Please, I can totally go for - oh."

It was then that he realised what she was doing. In many ways, it was her most daring female act yet: she went down on her knees before him, unzipping his pants and beginning to stroke his cock, all while never breaking eye contact with him. It didn't take long for his impressive girth to become quite hard indeed, or for her to raise her lips oh-so-very close to his penishead.

"Like I said, you're waaaaay too injured. Let me take care of you."

Just her breathy voice alone had been enough to make that the sexiest line he'd ever hear, she knew. And then she placed her lips upon his cock and gave him the best damn blowjob of his life. She knew what made for a good one after all, and she used her hands to rub his stem all while drawing him closer to a climax. Soon he was grabbing her hair, pushing just lightly upon her head and making her take him in all the more. Just the feeling of it was making her wet. Sheila could see her in the mirror, she knew she could. But she didn't even care about what the sorceress thought at that moment; all that mattered was making this man happy. *Her* man happy.

"K-Kaylee, you're so f-fucking amazing," he managed. "I'm about to cum."

She moaned deliberately, looking up at him like a submissive beauty as she sucked upon his cock. It shuddered, he gripped her hair more tightly, and then he erupted into her. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head, her moan no longer deliberate but pure passion. His substance was warm and sticky and salty, and she swallowed it all down in a fit of spontaneity, drinking his essence and loving it. She even licked him clean before removing her mouth.

"Mhmmm," she murmured. "I, like, really enjoyed doing that."

"Well," he said, after a few more breathy moments. "Maybe I should return the favour."

He did, and having his tongue bring her to repeated orgasms was enough to make them add it to their increasingly varied and passionate love life.

*And now we're girlfriend and boyfriend. I'm actually dating someone, not just fucking lots of girls. Or boys, I guess, or whatever. God, it even makes the endless work worth it, being with him. I've never felt like this before . . . and I've only got, like, a month left of it.*

It was the thing that kept playing in her mind, even as Monica celebrated their relationship, even as Elijah brought her comfort, even as his mom seemed to be responding to the treatment and things were starting to look up.

Even amongst all of that was the realisation that the value of hard work and the real working class experience, things both her new best friend and her boyfriend had both taught her, would soon slip away. In a month Sheila would turn her back, she could be a rich trust fund kid again, attracted to hot women and able to have anything she wanted. She could unlearn it all, if she wanted, and put it all behind her.

*But do I really want to change back?*

That was the question. It was one she had voiced wordlessly to the mirror everyday now. It would be so much easier if Sheila would reply with a taunt, or a promise, or simply a comment.

Instead, there was just Kaylee and her anxious, excited, bubbly thoughts, full of hope for a different life and fears of what that might mean.

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"I'd like us all to welcome the newest member of our team, Elijah Kolis."

There was the standard series of claps across the meeting room where the Smartmart employees were gathered for the morning, but the loudest came from Kaylee, who was grinning from ear to ear as she took in her boyfriend in his new Smartmart uniform.

*"You look hot,"* she mouthed from across the room.

He gave an embarrassed smile. She knew this was a last resort for him, but she wanted to lift him up all the same, the way he had lifted her up.

"Thanks, everyone," Eli said. "Thanks Ian."

"That's Manager Ian, sir, thank you," the haughty man responded.

Ian just levelled a gaze at him, entirely silent. There was almost a collective gasp from the group as Ian actually backed down.

"But - but we can talk about that later! Kaylee has volunteered to help Eli adjust, so make sure you treat hiim well, Kaylee."

She giggled inwardly. "Oh, I'll do so, sir!"

*Very much so.*

They got to work, and the customers flooded in not too long after. It was a long weeked coming up, so it was quite the rush of people heading off for a break, grabbing supplies and fishing gear and the like. Kaylee was glad to have her boyfriend with her; not only did it make working a lot more fun to have him and his flirtatiousness around, but he could actually reach shelves she could nowhere near get to, without having to hear Ian's grumblings over the constant borrowing of the stepping stools and ladders.

"So, this place is shit," Eli remarked after a couple of hours.

"Ugh, you're telling me."

"I'm not used to dealing with customers. Dickhead managers, yeah, but the foundry isn't exactly a customer service place. I also nearly got run over by a mobility scooter."

Kaylee chuckled. "That's Glenys. She's a total headcase. Don't try to help her, just apologise if she's unhappy. Trust me, it's not worth it."

"I'll take your word for it. Hey, you look pretty weirdly hot in that uniform, by the way."

"Two's company, mister. You look pretty nice yourself. The shoulders especially."

"God, if I ever lose my shoulders, I might lose you."

"Too much talking!" Ian barked as he moved past.

Kaylee stuck out her tongue as soon as he had left. "I swear, that guy has such a bee up his butt about everything."

"I know his type. Gets a tiny bit of power and it goes to his head. Had a guy like that at the foundry for a spell."

"What happened to him?"

"Same thing as everyone else. His job got sent overseas and he got made 'redundant,' like I will."

Kaylee paused her work. "You don't think that's gonna happen, right?"

He shrugged. "It's the way the world's turning. I just don't want to be Smartmart full time. It's not enough to keep on top of all the bills, let alone Mom's."

"She's getting better, though?"

"Yeah. It's looking good so far. But bills hover long after. I don't want to lose the house. Or . . . or you."

She embraced him, daring to give him a kiss while on shift.

"You won't," she said.

*Not for three weeks, at least. Oh God, it's going too quickly! Way too quickly!*

"You'll find other work," she said, continuing to caress his cheek. "I know you will. Tell you what, let's go to that *Baker's Life* place later tonight. That Amy lady is so sweet, and they make the best desserts."

"I don't know, money is-"

"Let me pay this time. Please."

His smile slowly crawled across his face. "So long as you let me make it up to you later."

She looked left and right. "We're on break in ten, and I know part of the back storage area that's always empty. Why wait?"

That was at least one perk of having your boyfriend work with you; having sex in the backroom was fucking *hot*. It was also so risky that they decided never to do it again.

*But I'm sooooo glad we did it once. Especially with me up against the wall!*

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Things were looking up, even as time was running out. Working with Eli wasn't always what it was cracked up to be - the pair had to hide their affection more than they could show it, and were rarely on shift at the same time anyway - but it was comforting to have him near regardless. Besides, it was very amusing to pass him by in an aisle and quickly squeeze his butt, or to hear him say "nice ass" as he strode by her. He was still looking for other work in the steel and metals industry, but it was a tight time right now, especially with all the talk about tariffs on the horizon making the various companies conservative in their hiring practices.

"I'll find something, don't worry," he said, rubbing her back as they hung out together in the aftermath of a shared shift. "I may not intend to stick around at Smartmart, but I'll be stickin' around with you, if you'll have me, I mean."

Kaylee just leaned against him, feeling his warmth. "Of course I'll have you, you big dummy. I want my big, warm bear."

*I do. I really want him. Is that, like, so crazy?*

It did seem so, and yet all too natural at the same time. He had been her comfort so often, even more than Monica, and his devotion to taking care of his mother was admirable. She hadn't yet met the woman, but she was hopeful to do so soon.

*Before I change back. Only a week or so left.*

Tick tock, tick tock. She was now constantly aware of the timer running out on her new life. Luxury and parties and fine wine and gorgeous girls awaited her back in that other life . . . but it would mean saying goodbye to all she had learned in this one. Not just the humility, but the love too.

*Love. Is it . . . is it love?*

She leaned against her boyfriend more comfortably.

*It's too soon to think about love, she said. I've only known him for two months. It's just . . . it feels, like, so right!*

Right enough that becoming a man again almost seemed to make her wince. As much unwelcome attention as her buxom blonde body received, she had come to really enjoy her big boobs, especially when her boyfriend was all over them. To be pretty and feminine was validating in an odd way, and her wavy blonde hair was pretty incredible! Plus women's fashion was far more interesting, even if she could only afford some of it, it was still fun to look into different possibilities and go window shopping with Monica.

In fact, apart from money troubles - which were not insignificant but slowly, ever so slowly getting better - and the coming deadline of femininity, things really seemed to be going up for Kaylee. She was more confident in her body than ever before, and Monica was teaching her some dance moves for her next night out with Eli, who had three left feet. She no longer even relied on compulsions to do her hair and makeup, and the hair especially had become a major focus for her. Every couple of days she tried a new hairstyle, and when she could afford it she purchased new products to experiment with. This new life's dream of becoming a hairdresser and even the owner of a hairdressing salon was increasingly a genuine desire.

*It would actually still be me as a business owner. I was going to, like, take over Dad's hedge fund business and screw it up because I didn't earn it. If I ever got far enough with my saving, and studied extra hard and earned a loan . . . I could truly earn this.*

“You can totally do it,” Monica said to her. “I believe in you. Just don’t turn into one of those exploiter business owners who turn around and give less than minimum wage to their employees the second you get successful.”

Kaylee just rolled her eyes. “You know me better than that, Mon!” she said.

“Yeah, you’re right. You’re way too sweet, honey.”

*I am, aren’t I?* she thought as she headed for the shower. She looked into the dresser mirror. Sheila hadn’t made an appearance lately, almost as if the sorceress had either grown bored of her, or satisfied with her progress, no longer needing to comment.

“I have changed!” the woman declared happily. “I’m not even worried about getting a third period!”

Hell, it was even quite late, though she could feel the symptoms coming on. She had been feeling more tired as of late, likely due to work, and her hunger was increasing. With the soreness in her boobs, she had little doubt her flow was starting; her stomach had cramped not longer ago, but nothing since.

*It’s just late, that’s all. Maybe I can miss it entirely . . . not that I want . . .*

She cast the thoughts aside and got into the shower, enjoying the warmth of the water on her body. It was wonderful, and she spent the time cleaning her body, cupping her breasts and feeling her curves, admiring them as if it might be the last time.

*Less than a week. Oh God, denial can only get me so far.*

To hell with the water bill, she decided to take a very long shower and enjoy it, then spent more time perfecting her makeup when she got out. It was calming for her, and she

She stepped out of the shower and into her room, trying not to smile too obviously in front of the dresser mirror. She had a towel around her body and her hair, and she sat down to see that there was a missed message from Elijah.

*My big bear,* she thought, unable to hide her smile any longer.

But then her blood ran cold. He hadn’t sent one message, but many of them. And he had also tried to call her over seven times. Something was wrong. She grabbed the phone quickly, her heart beating rapidly. Numerous text messages had been urgently sent over the last hour and a half.

*‘Mom is in OR. Heading now.’*

*‘Mom is looking really bad, can’t make it to our date.’*

*‘Kay, can you answer pls.’*

*‘Im sorry to keep msging but I dont no who else to call.’*

*‘PLEASE PICK UP THE PHONE’*

*‘PICK UP’*

*‘KAY, IT’S MY MOM!’*

By this point her heart was beating like a jackhammer. She'd been luxuriating in her body and enjoying her makeup and all the time her phone was on fucking *silent*.

It rang again, and this time she picked it up immediately.

"Kay, thank God, it's-"

"I know, I'll be right there."

\*\*\*

It was not the first meeting with Eli's mother that Kay had pictured in her mind. Lately, the image had been far more . . . romantic. Sweet. The bubbly blonde coming into a house cured of sickness and increasing the already-existing joy and making a good impression of herself.

Instead it was here, holding Eli's tense hand, staring at a frail-looking woman asleep in her bed. She had stabilised for now, but the worst case scenario had occurred: the cancer had spread into her blood and bones, and there was very little that could be done at this point.

"It doesn't make any sense," Eli said, gritting his teeth and holding back tears. "One moment she was getting better, and the next they don't even know if she'll wake up."

Kaylee put an arm around his back. "I'm so sorry, Eli. I should have gotten here sooner."

"It wouldn't have made any difference. I was just . . . panicking. I didn't know who else to reach out to. And . . . I've been wanting to introduce you to her. She's been all smiles as of late, me Mom. She kept sayings stuff like; "finally a new girl! I told you I want grandchildren, so this better be the one!"

Kaylee chuckled sadly. "That might be a bit fast, even for me."

"I know. She wasn't serious . . . well, sorta. But I did . . . I did tell her that you were someone very special to me, and that . . ."

He couldn't finish the sentence, but Kaylee knew what was in his heart. She felt it herself, even if admitting it out loud would be the ruination of her male ego. Instead she laced her fingers through this.

"I know. I feel the same way."

The pair leaned against one another, hearing the regular *beep . . . beep . . . beep* of his mother's heartbeat. The woman looked very motherly, even in her comatose serenity and her gaunt features. There was just something about her that made Kaylee want to meet her properly.

"Surely they can do something," she said.

He gave little more than a light shake of the head, almost imperceptible. "No. It's just hospice care now. It's me Mom and they can't do a thing for her. Me own Mom, Kay."

The tears came freely this time, and all she could do was hold him and hope that her own heart didn't break either. Her tears flowed and intermingled with his, the two doing their best to comfort one another. Kaylee stayed with him for hours; she had the next day off and he'd organised some time off as well - though it had required almost a screaming match with HR at Smartmart to justify it.

"I'll be back tomorrow," she said.

Eli nodded. As she left he gripped her hand warmly, though his gaze was still upon his mother.

"Thank you, for being you," he said.

"Anytime," she replied.

*I'm a better me as Kaylee than I ever was as Kyle.*

She made her way through the hospital, heading for the exit.

*God I feel, like, so tired. Not just all this tragedy, but also nauseous too. Ugh, the hospital food is so junk here.*

She cast the thoughts aside; how could she even think about such things when Eli was struggling so? But then, as she passed a nurse's station, she suddenly began to feel *really* nauseous. The former male staggered on her feet, clutching a bench.

"Are you okay, miss?"

"I'm . . . ohhhh, I feel ill."

"Where is your room?"

"I'm not a - I'm a visitor, I'm - oh God!"

She ran to the bathroom and barely made it to the toilet in time. Her lunch came up, and she coughed it out, moaning from the horrible sensation. Immediately after, the nausea ended. Embarrassed, Kaylee did her best to clean herself up. She looked a bit haggard in the mirror, and her tiredness was obvious. Making sure no one was looking she cupped her breasts and felt the strange soreness in them.

*How the hell am I, like, soooo hungry again already?*

She stepped out of the bathroom, only to notice that a kind-faced nurse was waiting just outside, looking at her with concern.

"Are you okay, darling?" she asked.

"Y-yeah. I should go though, I totally threw up just then. I shouldn't be, like, here at all maybe. I've been getting sick a lot in the morning and feeling sore and tired and hungry and everything. Maybe I need to see a doctor, right?"

She let loose a giggle, but the nurse just frowned, looking to another nurse who provided a 'you tell her, not me!' sort of expression. The first nurse came closer to Kaylee and placed a hand gently on her shoulder.

"Honey, I hate to be the one to ask this, but have you been sexually active recently?"

"Um, yeah."

*A lot actually. A hell of a lot.*

"And have you been using protection?"

Kaylee gulped, not liking where this was going. "I . . . not as much as we, you know, should."

The nurse gave a calming smile. "Maybe we can get you a test done, while you're here."

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Kaylee stared at the little double line on the pregnancy test. It was the same as the other one she had been given by the kind nurse - her name was Martha - for clarity's sake. She had to keep pinching her skin to see if it was a dream, just like when she had first changed from male to female, from ultra-wealthy to working class.

*And now here's another huge change. God, why does this feel even bigger than all the others? There's a cute little life growing in here!*

It was insane to think about. She had accepted being a woman, even come to love it. She had adjusted to all the struggles of actual real work, but also the feelings of validation that came with actually earning one's keep. But this . . . this was *making life*. She had a baby, *Eli's baby*, growing within her.

*I'm just like all those girls I used to make fun of; getting knocked up because they weren't careful.*

The irony was palpable. How could she not have seen it coming? They definitely hadn't been careful enough. She knew that Eli wanted a family one day, and that had been strangely attractive to her, but it wasn't like she was thinking of getting bred while fucking him. It had just been . . . pure passion. And now here was the product of passion.

*And you won't even get to exist as more than a little . . . whatever you are at this stage. I'm, like, turning back so soon.*

Her blood ran cold. She was turning back soon. Back to her original male self. And what would she be leaving behind?

A loving boyfriend without his girlfriend, and soon without his mother.

A roommate struggling to afford her keep, now missing half the rent needed to do so.

And now a baby with so much promise and future, snuffed out before it could even know what life was.

*Don't tell me I'm getting excited about this. I can't get excited about this! I'm not even meant to be a woman, let alone a Mommy!*

But already, perhaps as a result of the hormones flooding through her, there was a growing maternal instinct. Kaylee's once-proud alpha male mind now stirred with images of herself, round with pregnancy at various stages, enveloped in Eli's arms. She could imagine the battle of childbirth, the joy of embracing her baby for the first time, of even putting her big boobs to some use and breastfeeding the life she had nurtured for so long. And she could imagine that child with a crown of golden hair just like her own.

*He or she would be beautiful. And they might have Eli's eyes . . .*

She rubbed her still-flat stomach softly, marvelling at this bizarre new turn of events. It was like a small miracle amongst the greater sadness and struggle.

*It's like . . . like a message.*

In fact, it was like a switch had been flipped. Perhaps this was just what Kaylee had needed all along; a simple push, one extra thing to make her realise all the reasons she wanted and *had* to stay. Or perhaps the fruit of her and Eli's union within her just made her realise how much she had already changed, and wanted to keep on changing.

Whatever it was, the decision formed immediately, and was taken immediately. She stood up and exited the bathroom, and saw that Martha the nurse was still waiting outside, using up her precious break time for Kaylee's benefit.

*To think I used to believe these people go paid too much.*

"I hope you got the answer you wanted," Martha said.

Kaylee grinned. "I did."

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Kaylee got home and marched through the door. Monica was already sleeping, but she shut her own and chucked a towel under the gap just to make sure her own bedroom was soundproofed. She marched towards the dresser, her sore (pregnancy) boobs bouncing.

*They're definitely bigger than normal. There were so many obvious signs!*

But then she sat down at her dresser and narrowed her eyes, summoning her best game face from her previous life, not to mention arguments with overly entitled patrons at work.

"Sheila. Sheila! I know that you can totally hear me. We need to talk. Now."

Nothing. For nearly thirty seconds, nothing. Kaylee jabbed a finger at her own reflection, ignoring how pretty yet tired she looked, even her cheap makeup running a bit.

“I said we need to talk, like, *now*. This is fucking urgent, okay!?”

The sorceress seemed to get the message this time, because the reflection warbled and shifted, and in moments she was looking straight into Sheila’s eyes, the attractive young redhead smirking slightly.

*“Couldn’t hack the working class life, Kyle? But you’re so near! And you’re so . . . passionate, to see how you and that handsome Eli are. It seems you’ve learned your lesson though, given how everything has been and how you’ve adapted, so I suppose I can finally-”*

“Shut up!”

The sorceress’s eyes widened. “Did you jus-”

“Just shut up and listen, this isn’t about me, okay? This is about Eli! Look, he knocked me up.”

Sheila’s eyes widened. “Well, that complicates things. I thought you would have been smart enough to use protection, but I guess rich yuppies are-”

“I’m not a rich trust fund baby anymore, okay? I’m not even calling you to turn me back. I don’t, like, give a shit about that anymore. I’ve decided to stay, if you can let me. But I need your help, please. Eli’s Mom, she’s sick! Really bad. Her cancer has spread, and she doesn’t have long. Look, I know I was a total chauvinist asshole and I was, like, such an upper class twerp and all that. I know now how wrong my Dad’s views are on the working class and I’ve come to learn the value of it and everything. I get it, I’m paying for my sins, and I’ll keep paying for them if you *please just help his Mom.*”

The normally in-control sorceress seemed to go totally blank at this, her face one of simply surprise.

*“This isn’t some kind of joke, is it? You’re actually pregnant, and you’re actually asking to stay.”*

“Yes!” she declared, and it was like her heart was finally free. “Because I love him. I really do.”

*“Wow. Okay, this was not on my bingo card. I was actually going to change you back, you know? I still can-”*

“Please, what about Eli’s mother? She’s dying.”

The sorceress sighed. *“I’ve never tried anything that big before. I think I know a spell . . . it would knock me down for a bit, though. You can’t do that sort of thing everyday. And, just in case you might have second thoughts, it would mean leaving you as Kaylee for life. Magic is complicated, but you can only concentrate on one thing at a time. I can change you back first and-”*

Kaylee shook her head. Instinctively, she placed her hand on her flat belly at the same time. “No. I want - I *have* to stay. This is my life now. I know it’s been only three months, but it’s me.”

Sheila nodded. *"Wow. I can't believe you changed this much. I mean, I wanted to make an impression upon you, but I didn't expect a whole painting. You realise that, even if I succeed and you stay a woman, life will still be hard? There's almost zero chance you ever become wealthy again."*

"I know. I . . . I'll deal with it. With Eli. And our baby."

*Our baby. I'm already thinking of it as our baby. Because it is.*

The sorceress gave another chuckle, as if barely able to believe what she was hearing. Kaylee herself could barely believe it, but she believed *in it*, that was for sure.

"No more rich pools, beautiful women, expensive clubs and easy room service."

"But I'll know I earn everything I *do* have. And I'll do it with a man I love and a best friend who actually, like, cares for me."

The mirror brightened. Kaylee jolted from her seat, stepping back as it glowed more powerfully by the second.

*"Okay, Kyle-turned-Kaylee. I guess this is really it, then. Who would have known the man who had been a ruling class snob and misogynist would find true happiness as a young working class mother-to-be? Maybe this was how the cards of fate were always meant to go. I'll do my best with this spell. No promises. And Kaylee?"*

"Yes?" the blonde woman asked, her entire room now vibrating with magic.

*"Best of luck in your new life. I hope it works out well for you and Elijah both. You've certainly got enough passion to make a show of it."*

Kaylee's cheeks blushed, and then the room seemed to *explode* with light. It faded just as quickly, leaving her in silence, the last flecks of light bouncing about before dissipating. The former man stood there for a minute or so, praying whatever Sheila was doing would work, Monica burst through the door in her pyjamas.

"Kaylee!? Are you okay? What the hell was that?"

She tried to think of an answer. "Um, the Fourth of July?"

Thankfully, her phone's ringtone saved her from any further elaboration upon this ridiculous answer. She picked it up immediately, knowing who was calling even without checking the ID.

*"Kay, it's me! Can you make your way back to the hospital? Mom's awake again. I don't know if we have much time, but she claims she had a dream about you, and she really wants to see you."*

She could barely contain her grin.

"I'll be right there."

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It was unexplainable. It was magical. It made no damn sense at all, not to any of the doctors and technicians, except that perhaps the scans and tests had all been wrong. Whatever it had been, the truth of the present matter was right before their eyes.

Chloe Kolis was now free of cancer.

It was a goddamn *miracle*.

Kaylee sat by the woman's bed, conversing with her happily, feeling as bubbly and *her* as she could possibly be, all while Elijah sat next to her, clutching her hand and trying not to cry yet again.

"Oh, you are such a pretty thing," Chloe said. "I know I keep on saying it, but you must realise how lucky you are, Eli. You take care of her if you want to keep her."

"Yes, Mom," he said, trying not to laugh. "I promise you I will."

Kaylee laced her fingers through his again, as she had earlier that night when things were far more desperate. "He will, he already does. He, well, he inspires me to be the person I want to be, Miss Kolis."

"Please, call me Chloe. I can already see a connection between the pair of you. Young battlers like yourself will always last when it comes to relationships, far better than those who have the means to just walk away the second the tough gets going."

"I'm definitely learning that, Chloe," she said, squeezing her lover's hand. "Your son isn't one to walk away from a fight, I know that. He's been fighting for you."

The woman smiled warmly. "That's my boy. Though I can't believe all these costs. It's highway robbery."

"We'll figure it out later, Mom. You should rest for now."

The woman closed her eyes. "So long as I wake up still cancer free and this wasn't all a dream. I've got a good feeling about you two, you know. I did had a strange dream where I felt like, somehow, you had helped heal me, Kaylee. Yes, you. I can't explain it, but neither can the doctors. I guess someone just wanted me to meet you. Maybe I'm just getting a life extension so one day I can meet my future grandkids."

*Oh, you have no idea how soon a grandkid is on the way, lady.*

"Mom!"

"Okay, okay, I'll rest."

This time she closed her eyes and seemingly went to sleep for good. With a smile, Eli followed Kaylee out into the corridor.

"I still can't believe it," he said. "It's like my prayers were answers. She thinks you did this. I mean, that's crazy, right?"

*So much more crazy than you can imagine, you amazing hunk.*

She just pressed herself against him. "I don't care. She's better, and that's all that matters."

“I can’t remember being this happy. I have Mom, and I have you. And now, maybe, my life can go back to normal for a bit.”

Kaylee bit her lip, her hand descending to her stomach for a bit.

“Um, actually, there’s one last piece of news you should probably know, before you go and, like, say things like that . . .”

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It was a perfect summer’s day, and for once the kids weren’t jumping off the walls or putting dents in them. Kaylee strode down the street, holding her swollen belly. Her little baby boy was kicking within, her little Kyle. Some would say the baby’s name was too close to her own, but it was important to her that her only boy be a Kyle; she wanted a Kyle raised *right*. Not that anyone else but her would know the true story. Her oldest, Elena, walked with one hand in Dad’s, and the other rode upon his shoulders. That was Grace, who was anything but graceful and already screaming at the top of her lungs as they approached the bakery.

“Yesss! SWEETS! DESSERTS!”

“Calm down, little one!” Elijah said, laughing. “You’ll scare out the store.”

“That’ll make it, like, way faster for us to eat,” Elena said. She had picked up her mother’s habitual use of the word ‘like’ and run with it.

“It’s not about eating fast,” Kaylee reminded her daughter. “We’re meeting Gran here, remember? It’s a time of big celebration.”

“Oh no, are we having another baby again!”

“YES!” Grace screamed, before being hushed. “Can it be another girl? Is it a girl! Please, please, please make it a girl!”

Kaylee laughed before catching herself. “Honey, I’m already pregnant with your baby brother. A woman can’t have another baby while carrying one.”

Grace seemed to add this to her List of Facts to Share With Everyone. No doubt it would come out at an embarrassing time, like when the next person commented on how big Kaylee was getting.

“But you can have another after this, right!? Right!?”

Kaylee patted her daughter’s head. “Three is more than enough, little ones. Where would we put another baby anyway? We’re almost out of room as it is!”

“Make Grace live in the closet,” Elena suggested. Her sister just poked out her tongue.

“At least this little one can’t cry yet,” Elijah remarked, caressing her pregnant womb for a moment.

“Not yet,” she grumbled. “Just wait until the three am wakeups start again.”

"It's worth it," he said. "I'll be up as often as I can, what with work and all. Want to be there for my boy."

Kaylee knew her husband loved his girls, but having a boy was special to Elijah. He'd been raised by a woman and only had a few memories of his father, and so wanted to put great effort into being a father of his own to a boy.

"The baby stage will be easy. Just wait till he's older, and then he'll be a handful," Kaylee reminded him.

*And don't I know it. It's been long enough years, but not so many I don't remember being a total ass, that's for sure! But that's why we'll never spoil our kids to end up like I did. Well, maybe we'll spoil them a little, when we can afford it.*

With that, they entered *Baker's Life*. Amy greeted them with a cheer and a hug.

"Oh, you have no idea how happy I was to get your booking!" she exclaimed, hugging Elijah as well. "I believe we already have your mother here, Elijah. That's her at the table, right? She sort of just sat down there."

"She does that," he said. "Yeah, that's her."

"Oh my God, you're absolutely glowing, Kaylee! He's growing so fast in there! How long until the special moment arrives?"

"One more month," Kay said, grimacing a little as another kick hit her ribs. "Maybe sooner, if he has his way."

Are you having another? Tell me you're having another!"

The couple laughed together. "Three is more than enough!" they declared together.

"Besides, we can't afford it," Elijah added.

"I thought you were getting regular work again?"

He shrugged. "I am, and Kaylee here is doing amazing work as a hairdresser. But . . . three kids."

Amy chuckled. "Well, in that case, what a wonderful trio you've got. Sit down and I'll get you all a danish, on the house."

They thanked her again, and Kaylee was once more reminded of how fortunate she was to have good friends in her life. They sat down at the table with Chloe, who embraced her daughter-in-law and son.

"Oh, it's so good to you both again!"

"Mom, we live in the same house as you."

*We do, mused Kaylee, smirking at her husband, and it means between you and the kids, we need to get in allllll the sex we can when both aren't around.*

"But I've been out and about all morning, and at the doctor's, and I've barely seen you today."

“We’ll, it’s a good occasion for it then,” Kaylee asked. “Everything good at the doctor?”

Chloe shrugged. “Remission is still good, but chance of a flare up. Don’t worry, we’ll deal with it. That’s not what this is about, Elijah. I can see that dour expression.”

“Just worried, Mom. I’d hoped it was gone for good.”

“It’s never come back in strength dear, and I’m proactive, now. I wouldn’t miss my first grandson for the world. Besides, it’s time we focus on the good news.

The door to *Baker’s Life* opened, and a young dark-skinned woman entered; Kaylee’s own former roommate and still-best friend.

“Monica!” she shouted.

“Honey!” the other woman exclaimed. They embraced, and Grace practically *leapt* into Monica’s arms, which then proceeded to twirl her about.

“I hope you don’t mind, Chloe, but I invited my total bestie as well,” Kaylee said. “Plus, she’s, like, an honorary aunt and stuff.”

Chloe just put up a hand, gesturing that she was more than okay with this. “The more the merrier, dear. Besides, I owe Monica for helping me figure out all those ridiculous insurance rejection letters.”

“Leeches, the lot of them!” Monica proclaimed, thrusting a spoon into the air. “Taking the cream away from the people who made it. Mhm, speaking of cream, who’s ready to make some orders?”

Kaylee certainly was. This third pregnancy had really developed her sweet tooth, so she was happy to attack her favourite danishes and raspberry-chocolate mudcake. Despite earning her own wage part-time as a hairdresser, she had just finished up her work and didn’t know when she would be back. As such, her wonderful husband insisted on paying anyway. Steel work still had its fluctuations, but his newest company treated the workers better. They were financially stable, at least. Not flourishing, but fear of losing everything was no longer in the cards.

*And I’ll still dream of owning my own salon one day,* Kaylee mused to herself as the drinks and desserts came forth. *And if I don’t, well, I can’t say I didn’t work for it. It’s just part of this life.*

She thanked her friend Amy - they’d entered one another’s social circles ages ago now - and got ready to dive in, before correcting herself.

“Wait! Can we, like, hold on for a moment?”

The other’s paused. Even Kyle seemed to still in her womb, as if waiting for an announcement, but Elena was cross as always, keen to dig in. Grace was just as antsy and bouncy upon Monica’s lap.

“I think we should all, like, have a toast for the reason we’re celebrating,” Kaylee said.

“Agreed,” replied her husband.

Kaylee held up her hot chocolate mug and beamed in the bubbly way she had long since come to embrace. “To being, at least for a time, totally debt free again!”

There was a resounding “*HEAR HEAR!*” from the working class table, and the mugs and glasses came together in numerous clinks.

*And a toast to me, too,* Kaylee thought to herself, still grinning as her baby back to squirm within. *For being free too, in my own way.*

It was no grand, wealthy existence of endless pursuits, but looking around at the people she loved, she knew her working class life was far richer anyway.

**The End**