

# WHISPERS

You're going to want to sit down for this.

## THREE POINT SHOCK!



*ZEKE ARTHUR LEAPS ON HIS WAY TO A SLAM DUNK DURING THE NCAA TOURNAMENT.*

"That's him," Desiree Grant says pointing at the gorgeous young woman who has just walked into DawnStars Cafe. "That's Zeke Arthur. I want the whole world to know he's turned into a bitch."

Is it possible? This girl? Zeke Arthur? She's got serious curves and she's not hiding them, but her walk? It's muddled. She walks the way a man would walk if he suddenly found himself with those hips. "That little thing is Zeke?" I ask.

"You don't believe me?" Desiree Grant says. "You don't believe she's The Sniper?"

Zeke Grant, aka The Sniper was a rising hoops superstar. He led his team to the Sweet 16 as a true Freshmen, then seemed to disappear from the face of the Earth after being benched in game 6 of his sophomore season and breaking down in tears.

"Desiree, I want to believe you. I do. Tell me your story."

"I'll show you," she says, and she does, showing me a series of photos of Zeke as his angles give way to curves, bulging biceps to small, lithe, feminine arms. His hard, flat chest rounds to perky tween A cups, then to the full swell of a woman's breasts. His face grows prettier in every picture.

"He wanted to get stronger,,," Desiree says. "He bought some black market steroids. I was his girlfriend at the time. I told him not to. He didn't listen." She raises an eyebrow.. "The steroids promised they would give him a new body."

As we talk, a guy comes in, sees Zeke and walks right up. "Bro," he says, "looking fine." The two high five.

I look at Desiree. "Oh, everyone on campus knows. We all watched him change, so when "Misty Ann" suddenly appeared pretending to be a new girl, we all knew the little cheerleader was none other than the great Zeke Arthur. Everyone has been hiding it from the media. She's popular."

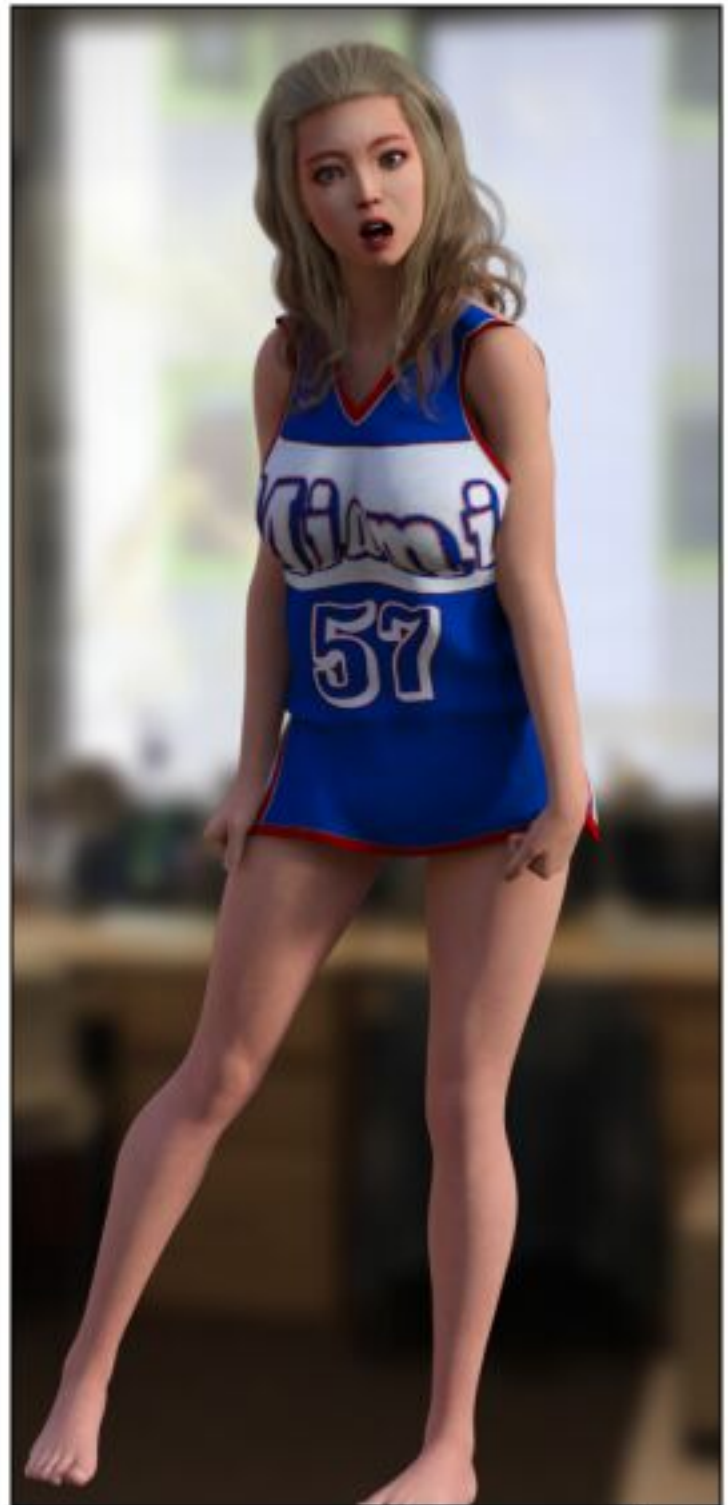
"I bet," I say, admiring his long legs. He's wearing Daisy Dukes and a tank top, his pink bra straps bright across his tan little shoulders.

Zeke seems to hear us. He glances in my direction, then throws his nose in the air and walks out of the shop. A handsome young man says, "hey, gorgeous," and holds the door for him. Zeke pauses and gives me one last look, his eyes slitted in feminine fury.

"So, then, what'd he do to you?" I ask. "That you want to out him?"

"He started cheating on me- with men," Desiree says. "He's a little slut. Make sure to get that in the story."

I send Zeke a summary of Desiree's interview and ask if he would like to comment. To my surprise, he does.



*A PHOTO FROM A FORMER GIRLFRIEND'S COLLECTION. DURING HIS TRANSFORMATION, ZEKE WENT FROM 6' 5" TO 5' 6". HE NOW SAYS HE LOVES BEING PETITE.*



We meet at the same coffee shop. He slings his purse over the back of the chair and sits.

Seeing him this close, I am struck by just how beautiful he is, as well as an air of easy confidence I wasn't expecting. When he speaks, his voice is high and soft, exactly the voice you would expect from a perky little cheerleader.

"I knew this day would come," he says. "I only agreed to meet you because I want to set the record straight."

"You're not a slut?"

"Omigod," he says. "I'm a huge slut. Please. I want to make something else clear." He leans forward and smiles. "When I took those pills, I expected them to change my life, and they did. At first, I hated it, but the story has a happy ending."

He smiles and tugs on one of his earrings. "It turns out, I love being a girl."

