

T.G. COOPER



RIDE HARD

Ride Hard
A You Choose the Changes Adventure
T.G. Cooper

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Introduction

Sons of Blood is a You Choose The Change Adventure where you decide what changes to make in the main character. You will have choice throughout to make changes to his body turning him more feminine. Enjoy!

Legal Stuff

This isn't real. None of the characters are real. I swear.

The Beginning

Black leather, heavy metal thunder, the Sons of Blood roared into the parking lot of Viking Salvage, dust kicking up all around their Harley motorbikes. Cherry unwrapped her arms from around Rommel, then slipped off the back of his bike. Rommel pulled off his helmet, dismounted, looked over the other bikers. He felt tense, but ready for the showdown. He started toward the clubhouse.

Cherry stepped in front of him. “Babe,” she said, putting her hand on his chest. “I’m worried.”

“Cut out the ‘babe’ shit,” Rommel said, pushing her hand away. “You need to remember you’re not my old lady. You’re just sweet ass.”

The phrase stung. Sweet ass. It was what the bikers called the girls they kept around to fuck. They didn’t belong to anyone and had to service any one of the guys who asked for it. She knew that was what she was, what she’d been, but she’d fallen for Rommel, she wanted more. “I want to be more,” she said, pushing her hands into the pockets of her cut off shorts so Rommel wouldn’t see they were trembling. “I want to be more, I want...”

“That ain’t happenin’ “ Rommel said, letting his eyes wander over her. She was a fine piece of ass, but he didn’t want to be tied down. Not now. Not when he was on the verge of his big move. He turned walked away without looking back.

Cherry felt like he’d punched her in the gut, but stared at him as he walked away, his golden mane shining in the sunlight. With his long blonde hair and massive beard, the tattoos on his muscled arms, he looked like a Viking warrior who’d somehow stepped out of the past, and she ached for him. She’d fallen for him, bad, and it seemed the worse he treated her the more she loved him.

Inside the clubhouse, the guys had gotten drinks, lit up. The girls who’d been hanging around, had gotten up, were flirting, making the guys feel good. More sweet ass. Rommel eyed a hot little brunette— nice tits, fat ass. He thought maybe he’d get a blowjob from her after the meeting, make Cherry watch. Put her in her place before she became a problem.

Wolf Daggit, the President of the Sons of Blood, walked by, patting Rommel on the shoulder. "Rom."

"Prez," Rommel said, meeting the old man's eyes. They stared into each other's eyes for a minute, each man tensing. Neither looked away. Work kept his hand on Rommel's shoulder, squeezed.

"You wanna get your hand off me?" Rommel said, squaring up.

Wolf smiled. Gave Rommel's shoulder another squeeze. Like Rommel he had long hair, huge beard, but he'd gone all silver with just a few streaks of black running through his hair and beard. "I'm still the president of this MC."

The club house had gone quiet. Everyone watching.

"You sure you wanna do this now, old man?" Rommel said, smiling, showing his teeth.

"We settle this at the table," Jimmy Jazz, club Vice President, said, putting down his beer, stepping over to the two men.

"Stay out of it," Rommel said.

"Just remember, you asked for what's coming," Wolf said.

Jimmy pushed between the two men. "At the table," he said, facing Rommel.

Rommel pushed against Jimmy, reached over him and pointed a finger at Wolf.

Morgan Daggit, Wolf's old lady, who'd been watching from her usual stool at the end of the bar, called out. "Rommel? A word?" She got up and took Rommel's elbow, led him away, to the storage room, beer kegs, liquor bottles. Rommel stared at Wolf as he followed her, aching to beat the old man down. Women had no say in MC business, but as wife of the Prez and Queen Bee of all the women, Morgan had some sway.

Morgan closed the door. "You're making a mistake," she said, brushing her long red hair back.

"I'm doing what's best for the club."

"Bullshit. This is just a pissing contest."

"Maybe so. But it's time your old man stepped aside."

"He's got a year or two. He knows it. Be patient. Your time will come."

"I've been patient. He's been about to step aside for ten years!"

“Rommel,” Morgan said, softening her tone, stepping up to him. “You know I care about you. I’ve been looking out for you since you first came to the club, a skinny little run away looking for a family.”

“I know,” Rommel said. “I do. But I’m not that kid anymore.”

Morgan brushed off the shoulders of his leather jacket. “No. You’re a man now. And that’s the problem. There isn’t room in the club for two alphas.”

“Talk to Wolf,” Rommel said. “Let him see it would be better for him to step aside, leave with some dignity.”

“I’ll talk to him,” Morgan said, running her hands through Rommel’s hair. “You’ll always be a valuable part of this club, Rom.”

“All right,” Rom said. “Thanks. I gotta go meet with the guys.”

“You know I always have your back,” Morgan said, watching him walk out the door. As soon as he left, she opened her palm and smiled at the single strand of golden hair that lay there.

Chapter Two

The guys gathered around the big, oaken table, closed the door to the meeting room, shutting out all the women and pledges. Only made members of the club were allowed in the meetings. "Let's get down to business," Wolf said. "Rommel wants to go after the Incans. Wipe 'em out. Take their territory. I say it's a bad idea."

"Half their guys are out of commission after that drug bust," Rommel said. "They are weak. We take them out, take their territory, double our profits. Low risk. High reward."

The other guys chimed in. Rommel sat back. He knew he had the votes. Wolf called for a show of hands. Rommel smirked as the guys voted 8-7 to take the Incans out.

"The club has spoken," Wolf said, banging his gavel. "Jimmy, start putting a plan together."

"I should do that," Rommel said.

"Jimmy is still Master of War," Wolf said. "And I am still president. Neither of those things is up for a vote, unless you want to call a blood challenge?"

Rommel did. He knew he could beat Wolf in a fight. But he had other plans, like maybe a stray bullet would catch Wolf in the back of the head during the raid on the Incans. "Nah," he said. "You're the boss."

"Yes, I am."

The meeting ended. Rommel grabbed Cherry and they left together. Wolf caught Morgan's eye. She nodded. They both smiled.

Rommel took Cherry back his house, a little bungalow in a cup de sac off Canyon Drive. The other houses in the cut de sac all belonged to MC members. The lawn and bushes were all neatly trimmed, the house sharp— in good repair. Rommel prided himself on being a man who took care of his property. Right now, jacked on his victory, he had only one thing on his mind. He led Cherry into the house.

"How did the meeting go?" She asked. She wanted to be part of his life, to share in his success.

“Don’t worry about it,” Rommel said, pushing her onto the couch, shoving his hand down the front of her shorts. He didn’t talk about business with bitches. Rommel planted his other hand on her breast, squeezed so hard she yelped.

“You’re so horny,” Cherry said. “Things must have gone well.”

Rommel kissed her, started to undo his pants. “Why don’t you use that mouth for something other than talking?” He said.

Cherry licked her lips. Climbed off the couch and got on her knees.

1 Make Him Shave His Body

2 Make Him Cross Dress

1 Shave His Body

Rommel woke. His head felt cloudy. His body ached. Cotton mouth. "Shit." He couldn't what had happened the night before. He remembered unbuttoning his jeans and then? They had obviously fucked. Ended up in bed. Cherry lay on her side, her back to him, still asleep, the covers pushed down around her knees. He looked at her smooth, golden skin, her little shoulder blades. He reached out and ran his fingers down her spine. Her skin felt so soft and smooth. He had never noticed how her skin glowed, and he suddenly felt jealous.

Climbing out of bed, he went to the bathroom, lifted the toilet seat and took a pee. Going to the sink, he splashed some water in his face and looked at himself. His eyes went right to the thick mat of curly hair on his chest, the long, wild beard. "Gross," he thought, staring at himself. The sight of all that hair made him feel dirty. That beard was probably full of germs.

It had to go.

He grabbed his electric beard trimmer, clicked it on, felt it vibrate in his hand. *What the hell am I thinking?* He turned the clicker off, trying to drive the weird feelings out of his head, but when he turned back to the bedroom, he saw Cherry sleeping there, now facing toward him, and he saw her smooth face, her bare, smooth chest. Damn. She looked so good.

He turned back around, grabbed the clippers. He blinked and found himself looking down at a sink full of shorn hair. Looking in the mirror, he saw he'd cut his beard off, leaving just a shadow of stubble. It looked stupid, and he grabbed a can of shaving cream, lathered up his face. His eyes fell to all the disgusting, wiry hairs on his chest, and he lathered that up, too, then grabbed a razor, dragged it across the bulging muscle of his chest, revealing a strip of clean, smooth skin. *Oh, yeah*, he thought. *That does look good.*

He needed to be smooth. He shaved his chest, his face, his eyes fell to the thick bush of dirty hair under his armpits. No way, he thought. Dudes don't shave their pits, but even as he processed that thought, struggling to stop himself, he lathered up his armpits, shaved them bare. He noticed the hair on his arms, shaved it clean, and then

without any thought or resistance he sat on the edge of the tub and started to rub shaving cream along the length of his calves, his thighs. Standing, he propped one leg on the toilet seat, drew the razor along his calf, his body tingling with excitement. What difference would it make? He told himself. He wore jeans. They guys at the MC would never know.

Cherry woke, mussed her hair. Looked over to see Rommel shaving his legs. Weird, she thought, but then she felt a thrill run through her whole body. It was actually pretty sexy. She watched, smiling, feeling warm as Rommel shaved one leg, then the other. She saw him run his hands along his smooth calf. Smile. Cherry curled her toes. He looked so cute, and she wanted to touch his smooth skin.

Climbing out of bed, she pulled on an over-sized t-shirt and walked to the bathroom.

Rommel looked up, mouth dropping open in shock and embarrassment. He took his hands from his leg.

“Babe,” Cherry said, looking him over in wonder, her eyes drawn to his smooth face. She’d never seen him without a beard. He looked younger. Sweeter. “You look great.”

“Really?” Rommel said, feeling insecure.

Cherry put her hands on Rommel’s smooth cheeks, then ran them along his bare, smooth chest. “I love it,” she said, surprised. She thought she liked men, real men, hairy, wild men. But no. This was so... adorable. She knew better than to say that. “You’re such a stud.”

Rommel ran his hands over his shoulders. Put them on her hips. “You know it,” he said, staring down into her eyes, kissing her.

“You have incredible skin,” Cherry said.

The compliment sent a jolt through Rommel. He picked her up and carried her back to bed. They started kissing. Caressing. Rommel loved the feeling of his smooth skin gliding across hers, their silky calves rubbing against each other. His whole body tingled. He knew he would never go back.

3 Make Him Cross Dress

4 Make him borrow her jewelry

3 Cross Dress (smooth skin)

After the made love, Rommel showered, luxuriating in the feeling of the soap sluicing off his skin, the water. He toweled off and headed back into the bedroom. Cherry had gone to the kitchen. He smelt the bacon cooking, and his stomach rumbled. Going to the dresser, he pulled open a drawer and stared down at Cherry's panties. He'd accidentally pulled open the wrong drawer, and he started to push it shut, but he found himself staring at the lacy little things, all in soft, feminine colors. He'd pushed her to dress sexy, including her underwear, and he reached into the drawer and ran his fingers over a lime green pair, feeling the stiff lace, then the silken waist band, the little bow at the back.

He thought about how sexy Cherry looked in her panties, how they hugged her firm ass. He picked up the panties and turned them inside out, rubbed them against his cheek. They were so soft, and he wondered what it would feel like to wear them.

Get ahold of yourself, he thought. *This is fucking weird. If the guys ever found out...*

The guys. He thought about going to the clubhouse, secretly wearing Cherry's underwear, and he smiled. It would actually be pretty fun to do that, he thought. They'd never know. It would be his secret. But, no. He couldn't. *What's wrong with me?* He thought. The shaving. Now panties? There was no way. He needed to be tough with all this shit between he and Wolf, with the Incans thing. He needed to be a man.

He stepped into the panties, pulled them up his legs, snapped the waist band, felt the panties hugging his ass, tight against his skin, the leg holes much higher on his hips than his usual jockeys. His heart fluttered, and he felt a surge of confidence stifling the urge to giggle. Reaching back, he put his hands on his ass, feeling the lace of his panties over his cheeks. He squeezed, arching his back, shaking his head.

He didn't want Cherry to see him wearing panties, so he decided to dress fast, pulling on a pair of jeans. On impulse, he grabbed one of Cherry's tank tops— it had slender little spaghetti shoulder straps, a racer back and a butterfly across the chest. He pulled it on, then one of his own black, sleeveless t-shirts over it. Cherry's shirt was tight, and he liked how it hugged his body underneath the black t-shirt, the feeling of the

straps over his shoulders. He looked in the mirror and smiled. No one could tell he was wearing panties and a girl's tank top.

Rommel went into the kitchen and ate— bacon and eggs. Cherry nibbled on some cottage cheese, watching him, hoping for a compliment on her cooking, but when Rommel finished, he just pushed the plate away and belched. Rommel's cell rang. It was Ginger, who ran their strip club, The Casbah."

"Yeah?" He said, answering.

"We got trouble," Ginger said. "Asshole trucker giving the girls some shit."

"On my way." Rommel said. "I gotta go take care of some business."

"I was thinking I might go into town and—"

"No. Stay here. Clean this place up. It's a mess."

"Okay," Cherry said.

Rommel got up. Cherry looked up, hoping for a kiss, a hug, but Rommel just put on his sunglasses and walked out without a word or a glance. She felt cold. Alone. Why couldn't he be more affectionate?

5 Give him longer, more feminine hair

6. Give him a pixie cut

5 Longer Hair

Rommel got on his bike, gunned the engine and took off down Canyon Road, toward The Casbah. The last thing he needed was this shit. He had shoulder length hair, but as he drove it grew and lengthen, became wavy, pouring out from under his helmet and trailing behind him in the wind. He didn't notice until he got to the strip joint. He saw a big rig parked out front. It was early in the morning, so the parking lot was otherwise empty. Rommel pulled off his helmet, and hair flopped across his eyes even as he felt it, thick and heavy, pouring down over his shoulders. "What the hell?" He brushed the hair from his eyes, looked back to see golden waves halfway down his back. He felt like he had a hood of hair on, stray strands tickling his cheeks. The wind blew, tossing the golden locks around his face, like a super model on a runway.

I need a haircut, he said, getting off his bike, digging his hands into the thick golden waves, pulling them back. How did I let it get so long?

"Bitch!" He heard someone inside the club yell, and then the sound of smashing glass.

Hell. Forgetting about his hair for a minute, Rommel shoved through the door and into the dark, cool of the Casbah. A big, fat slob of a trucker had a broken bottle in his hand. Gina, one of the girls, was crying, cowering. He had a fist full of her hair. "I'm gonna cut your face up, you bitch!" The trucker yelled.

Rommel pulled the pistol from his belt, jacked a bullet into the chamber. His blood boiled at the sight of this asshole terrifying Gina. She was a nice girl. "Hey, shit head," he said, moving into the bar. "Let the girl go or I'll put a bullet in your head." Rommel was aware of the feeling of his panties, his tight little tank.

The trucker looked at Rommel with glassy, whiskey glazed eyes. He let go of Gina's hair. She scurried away with a whimper.

"Get the fuck out here," Rommel said.

"Yeah. You're a real big man with that gun in your hand," the trucker said, speech slurred.

Rommel put the gun down. "You just earned yourself an ass kicking."

The trucker raised his fists.

“Don’t,” Ginger said, but Rommel had already closed on the guy. The trucker threw a haymaker, but he was drunk, slow. Rommel ducked under it and delivered two punches —hard— to the man’s face, the force shaking Rommel’s forearm even as he heard the crunching of the man’s nose.

The trucker went down. Hard. Pushed himself up on all fours. Rommel kicked him in the gut. “Crawl out of here, motherfucker!”

The trucker, broken and bleeding, crawled out the door.

“Oh my God,” Gina said, throwing her arms around Rommel. “Thank you!”

Rommel pulled her to him, kissed her on the head. “It’s okay. You’re safe now.”

Gina buried her head against his chest.

Ginger handed him a glass of Kentucky Bourbon. “Asshole won’t show his face here again.”

“If he does, next time I’ll blow his dick off,” Rommel said, giving his long hair an arrogant toss.

‘If you can even find it under all that fat.’

Rommel slammed the booze back. Kicking that dirt bag’s ass, having Gina in his arms, it made him horny. “One of your girls free?” He said to Gina. ‘I need to work off the tension.’ His bangs were hanging over his eyes.

“I’ll do it,” Gina said.

“You sure? After what just happened?”

“I am. I want to thank you,” she said, plucking at his long, golden hair, hooking it behind his ear, touching his smooth cheek.

Rommel shrugged. Took her back to one of the private dancing rooms.

“Your hair is so pretty,” Gina said, playing with it some more.

“You think so?” Rommel said, flushing with pleasure at the compliment.

“God, yes. I’m jealous.”

Rommel kissed her, then looked at her face. She was very pretty with big eyes and plump lips.

7 Give him a sexy mouth

8. Give him big, pretty eyes

7 Mouth

Rommel rubbed his thumb against her lower lip. She had a pretty mouth. Thick, soft and inviting. The kind of mouth that made a man instantly long for a blow job. Rommel wondered what it would be like to have lips like that, a mouth so pretty, so inviting. “Your lips...” he said, his voice hoarse. “So sexy.” He leaned down and kissed her, feeling his lips tingle and swell.

Gina looked up at him, his blonde hair all in his face, and she smiled. She had never noticed what a sexy mouth he had. She’d thought he’d had thin lips, but they were plump, bee-stung lips— almost like a woman. She started to rub her thumb against Rommel’s lower lip. She wondered what it would be like to have that pretty mouth of his between her legs. “Your lips are sexy, too,” she said, confused and excited by what she was feeling. She slipped her thumb between Rommel’s lips, into his mouth.

Rommel started to suck on her thumb, lick it with his tongue. He felt himself tremble, his mind swimming with confusion. What am I doing? He wondered. Why does it feel so good? He sucked harder, licked her thumb, feeling the ridge of her thumbnail against his tongue, tasting the salt of her flesh.

Gina reached down and unbuttoned his jeans while he sucked, then pulled her thumb free, trailing saliva, and dropped to her knees.

Rommel smiled, got ready to be served, but then Gina said, “no. You do me. I want those hot lips on me.”

“No,” Rommel said, struggling with a burning need he’d never felt before and didn’t understand. He needed to please her- with his mouth. It was all wrong, but, “Lay back,” he said, pushing her onto the couch. Gina did. Rommel dropped to his knees, positioning himself between her legs. He licked his lips, smiled as he pulled her panties down, and then plunged his face between her legs.

Gina buried her hands in his long blonde hair, moaning with pleasure as Rommel ate her out, bringing her to a trembling, gasping climax as she screamed out with pleasure.

Rommel, thrilled that he’d pleased her, climbed up her body, meaning to kiss her, but she pushed him away. “Don’t try to kiss me with me all over your mouth,” she said. “God. Wash up.”

Rommel felt hurt, annoyed. Confused. He got up, pulling his hair back. "I just wanted a kiss," he said.

"You've got me all over your face," Gina said, pulling up her panties, flipping down her little skirt. "It's disgusting."

He wiped his mouth with the back of his forearm. "My turn," he said, looking down at his hard member.

"I have to get to work, babe," Gina said, getting up, giving him a pat on the ass and walking out.

Rommel stared after her, feeling tense and sexually frustrated, thinking, *what just happened?* He never went down on a girl. He considered it an act of submission. But now? And where did she get off being such a bitch? Now, he was hard and needed relief, but his phone buzzed. It was Morgan. He needed to get to the clubhouse.

9 Give Him feminine legs

10 Give him feminine arms

9 legs

As Rommel approached the door to the clubhouse, he pictured himself wearing only his panties and tank top with the spaghetti straps over his tan shoulders. The image made him shiver with pleasure, and he smiled thinking about how he was about to walk into the clubhouse wearing panties, and no one would know. Pushing open the door, he swaggered into the clubhouse, tilting his head to one side and tossing his long hair over one shoulder.

It was the usual scene. Some of the guys shooting pool. Others at the bar. Some on the couches, cuddling with the sweet ass. “Boys,” Rommel said, making eye contact, nodding. He checked out their skin— none of them had skin anywhere near as bright and healthy as his, so he checked out the girls— his real competition— and felt himself swell with pride as he realized he had better skin than any of them.

“Bro,” Jimmy Jazz said, staring at Rommel. He had hair like a woman— not just that it was long and thick, but the waves, the curls, the bangs. It looked like it had been done at a beauty parlor.

“What?” Rommel said.

“You shaved off your beard.”

“Yeah,” Rommel said, rubbing his smooth chin. “Just felt like it was time for a change.”

The guys stared. Exchanged glances. What was going on?

“You look so young!” Morgan said, strolling up to Rommel, putting her hands on his smooth cheeks.

“Thanks,” Rommel said, realizing it was really important to him to look young.

“Let’s talk.”

“Yeah.” As Rommel turned to follow Morgan back to the storage room, Candy walked by. She had the best legs of any girl in the MC— they were long and lean, rounded. Her legs were so long they accounted for 2/3 of her height, giving her a stork-like quality. Rommel let his eyes wander from her ass along those soft thighs to her slender calves and tiny ankles. God damn, he thought. They were the best legs he’d ever seen, and he could only dream of having such gorgeous legs himself.

He turned away, not even feeling it as his legs grew longer, prettier, until they matched Candy's and he had the same stork-like leggy proportions. His jeans hung loose around his newly slender legs, and with his longer legs, they were now floods, showing off his tiny ankles. His walk shifted slightly in answer to his new length.

"What's up?" He said.

Morgan closed the door. "I think there's a rat in the MC."

"A rat? Who?"

"Inky."

"No way," Rommel said. Inky had gotten his nickname because he was a tattoo artist. He'd been a member of the club for 20 years and was one of the founders.

"I know it's hard to believe," Morgan said, "but one of the girls heard him on the phone. She said he was warning someone about the Incans."

"Shit." Rommel thought about it, twisting his hair around his fingers. "Maybe it's just some kind of misunderstanding. I'll go talk to him. Don't say anything to anyone until I check things out."

"My lips are sealed." Morgan couldn't help herself. She reached out and touched his golden mane. It was silky and soft. "Your hair is gorgeous."

Rommel buried his hands in his long hair, fluffing it out and then tossing it back. "Thanks," he said. "I didn't realize it had gotten so long."

"It looks great, babe."

Rommel looked at Morgan's face, saw the crow's feet around her eyes, wrinkles around her mouth. She'd kept her body in good shape for a woman her age, but her skin looked flat, lifeless, and her hair was thinning, turning brittle. He felt sorry for her, even as comparing himself to her made him feel even prettier. "Hang tight. I'll let you know as soon as I find something out."

He left. Morgan looked down at his ankles and smirked. Then, she pulled out her cellphone and made a call.

11 Make Him Get a Tramp Stamp

11 Tramp Stamp

The bell hanging over the door clanged as Rommel walked into Inky's tattoo parlor. Inky was sitting in his easy chair, smoking a cigar. Morgan had warned him, but he still hid his surprise at the sight of his smooth face, pouty lips and super model hair.

"Rommel," he said. "Good to see you, brother. Beer?"

"Sure," Rommel said, looking around the parlor, all the sample tats on the walls.

Inky got up, grabbed a beer from his mini-fridge, handed it to Rommel. "Business or pleasure?"

Rommel cracked open the beer, took a sip. He found himself staring in fascination at a design: Angel wings. It was the same tattoo Cherry had on the small of her back. He thought about her soft skin, the way her ass rose up beneath that sexy tramp stamp. He felt himself getting hard just thinking about how sexy she was, how hot she looked with that tattoo. He forgot why he'd even come, and looking back over his shoulder he said, "I want a tattoo. This one."

Inky looked at his plump lips and shook his head, trying not to think about what it would feel like to have those sweet lips wrapped around his junk. "Let's do it."

Rommel found himself shirtless, on his belly, listening to the rattle of the ink gun as Inky worked on the small of his back. He and Inky were chit-chatting about something, but he was thinking about how excited he was to show Cherry his matching tattoo. He was sure she'd love it.

Inky bandaged over the tattoo. "You know the drill," he said, feeling bad for the kid, knowing what was happening to him where this all was headed. It wasn't the first time Morgan had pulled this trick.

Rommel sat up. "How'd it turn out?"

"Perfect," Inky said. "Sexy as hell."

"Thanks, bro," Rommel said, giving him a fist bump.

"Yeah," Inky said. "You got it."

13 give him D cup breasts

14 Give him B cup breasts

13 D cup breasts

Rommel climbed onto his bike, shifting around, trying to get comfortable. He didn't realize his new, long legs were making it feel wrong. Gunning the motor, he tore off down the street, loving the way the wind felt in his long hair. As he pulled up to his house, he saw Cherry on the riding lawnmower, cutting the lawn. *What the hell?* He thought, taking off his helmet, shaking out his hair. Cherry saw him, waved. It was hot, and her shoulders shone with sweat, while her tank top clung to her breasts. "I'll be done in a jiff," Cherry called. "Go on inside."

Rommel swallowed, staring at her breasts in that wet t-shirt. He could see her nipples through the damp fabric. She had incredible tits. He'd always known that, but staring at them now he couldn't help but appreciate their perfect shape, how firm and — bouncy they were. He felt his own chest tingle, and he wondered what it felt like to have breasts like that.

Rommel went into the house, the image of those perfect breasts dancing in his head. His mouth was dry. He needed a drink. He opened the fridge and grabbed a beer, taking a gulp, thinking about Cherry, how great she must feel when she looked in the mirror and saw those proud breasts filling out her tank top. He gulped down the beer, and then another. He heard the front door open and slam shut. Burning with desire, he strode into the living room, walked right up to Cherry and planted a hand on one of those perfect breasts, squeezing as he kissed her.

"Your hair," Cherry said, running her hand through his golden locks.

"Yeah," Rommel said. "I know." He grabbed the bottom of Cherry's shirt and pulled it over her head. Her breasts bounced free, dappled with glittering beads of sweat. Rommel kissed one, then the other, lifts and squeezed, kissed them some more as he guided Cherry to the couch.

"What's it like?" He asked as he stared in wonder at the smooth, tan swellings. "To have such perfect breasts?"

Cherry giggled. "What's gotten into you?"

Rommel licked her hard teat, teased it with his tongue. "What does that feel like?" He said.

“Good,” Cherry said.

“How?”

“Like a kiss from an angel,” she said.

Rommel gasped. He needed to know that feeling. Rommel ran his fingertips against the skin of her breasts, under, around the sides. “I’m so jealous,” he said.

Cherry rolled them over, putting Rommel on his back, smiling down at him.

“Jealous?” She said.

“You’re so lucky,” he said, reaching up, palming her breasts that now swayed freely from her chest.

“Do you want tits?” Cherry said. “Like me?”

“Yes,” Rommel said, surprised as the word came out of his mouth.

Cherry giggled. She helped Rommel out of his shirt, saw he was wearing one of her tank tops under it. Biting her lip, she pulled the tank top off, threw it to the side.

Rommel stared up at her, his face framed by his blonde hair.

She put her hands on Rommel’s smooth chest. Rommel arched his back, moaned. Cherry began to squeeze and fondle him, the hard, flat muscle softening, rounding. She lifted her hands and looked down to see Rommel now had firm little breasts, like a teen girl.

“Don’t stop,” Rommel said, aching for her touch, to feel her strong hands on his budding breasts. Cherry cupped the soft, new flesh, leaned down and started kissing Rommel on his tits. With each kiss, they swelled and grew larger, and larger...pillowy and soft. She kissed and kissed, Rommel moaning softly, writhing in pleasure, and when he had the full, proud breasts of a woman, she took his hard nipple in her mouth and sucked.

Rommel cried out, the pleasure unbearable, and then his world went dark. Cherry looked down at him, saw he now had big, fat tits like a stripper, and she giggled.

15 Give Him Booty

15 booty

Rommel dreamt he was strutting on the stage of The Casbah, his stilettos clicking, his breasts, barely contained in a tiny, jeweled bra, swaying arrogantly side to side. Crowded around the bar were all the guys from the Sons of Blood, hooting and hollering. Rommel buried his hands in his hair and shook his breasts, blowing kisses at the guys, who howled with appreciation, all of them horny as hell, wanting Rommel so bad, wanting this hot body. Paper money flew in the air, raining down on the stage. Rommel popped open his bra, letting his breasts sway free, and the men lost it, climbing onto the stage, desperate to touch his perfect skin...

Rommel woke. What a weird dream, he thought, disturbed that he'd dreamt of being a stripper, and that in his dream he had loved it. He had hair in his mouth and used his tongue to flick it out as he tried to remember last night, what had happened. He was on the living room couch, lying on his side, hugging a pillow to his chest— it was so soft and warm, he didn't want to move. He squeezed the pillow, and- it felt funny. He could feel his nipples pressed against his arms, like they were somehow floating inches above his chest. He slipped one hand over a nipple, curious, and his mind reeled— his nipple was big, fat, and his chest jiggled, shifting, soft and yielding.

“What the hell?” He sat up, pulling his long hair back, feeling his chest shift, bounce, and he looked down to see— “tits?” They were there, undeniable, big and round, with fat, pink nipples, swaying on his chest, heavy, and—

The guys down at the club. This would finish him. He couldn't have tits like some bitch, jutting out from his chest. He lifted his hands and cupped the breasts, squeezed, felt himself feeling himself. They were real. Shit. Shit. Shit.

Fragmented memories of the day before came back to him. Seeing Cherry in her wet t-shirt, feeling turned on but also jealous, wondering what it was like to have such perfect breasts, wishing he did, too—

No. No. He didn't want tits. He'd never wanted tits.

On his back, moaning, biting his lip while she kneaded his flesh, drawing these breasts out of him, playing with his nipples, making him feel— like a woman.

Cherry. She was the one doing this to him. She'd given him tits— fucking tits! And the rest? Shaving, making his skin smooth, his tattoo, his hair. He plucked at a strand. She must have done this to him while he was asleep— a wig or something. Used hypnosis or some shit to make him want to shave his legs. He rubbed his hands over his soft, smooth thighs. He had to look past his breasts, lean forward to try and see himself. He realized he'd kicked off his pants at some point last night but still wore the lacy little lime green panties. The realization gave him a jolt of pleasure.

“Cherry!”

What had been done could be undone. He stood and felt his breasts bounce, groaning in annoyance. “Cherry!” He yelled. “Cherry!” No answer. Some of his golden locks had fallen over his shoulders, curling at the top of his swollen bust. The hair tickled his now sensitive chest, and he felt his nipples tighten. He pulled the hair back and tossed it back over his shoulders, feeling his breasts rise, sway. They moved when he moved, and the sensations were driving him insane. He cupped his tits, trying to keep them from jiggling so much and marched to the bedroom to—

He froze. Cherry lay on her stomach, her ass in the air, that sweet tattoo on the small of her back, a ray of sunlight cut through the bedroom curtains, bright against her golden skin.

She had a perfect ass— fat but firm, rounded and lifted. A dancer's ass. His mouth went dry. He walked to the bed, letting his eyes play over that sweet, inviting swelling, the twin crescents. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he ran his fingertips over her soft skin, up to that sexy tattoo, the one he now shared with her. She was so perfect. He leaned over and kissed her sweet cheek, right at the crescent— goddamn, he wished he had such a perfect

“No!”

But it was too late. Even as he stood, jumping back like he'd been bitten by a viper, he felt his panties growing tighter as his hips flared outward, his butt swelled. No, no no... he reached back and grabbed his newly banging booty, feeling the lace of his panties, the firm swell of his..

He rushed to the bathroom, turned sideways and looked in the mirror— his ass swelled out from the small of his back, big and firm, just like Cherry's— his big, gravity

defying breasts jutted proudly from his chest, his long, blonde hair tumbled down over his shoulders, framed his face.... He felt a warmth, pride, as he looked at his gorgeous figure.

He looked like a woman, a voluptuous woman, the kind of woman he'd like to—fuck— sweet ass... the kind of women he wanted—to be— no. He covered his face with his hands, sank onto the toilet and sat, knees together. He felt like he was sitting on a pillow. This had to stop.

“Cherry!”

She stirred. Rolled onto her side, looked over to see Rommel sitting on the toilet. Her eyes dropped to his tits and she smiled. “Wow,” she said. “Your rack is fucking amazing.”

Rommel felt himself flush at the compliment, a feeling immediately followed by a rush of shame and humiliation. He wrapped his arms over his breasts, feeling them so soft and firm, wrapped under his arms. “You did this,” he said. “You bitch.”

Cherry shook her head. “What?”

“You did this. All of it!” Rommel said.

Cherry looked at him there, his blonde hair had fallen across his eyes, which burned with rage. He looked cute when he was angry. She giggled.

“Don’t fucking laugh at me!” Rommel said, standing, keeping his arms wrapped over his bashful breasts.

“Sorry. Sorry, babe,” Cherry said, sitting up, drinking in the image of Rommel standing there in his panties, his arms wrapped over his chest, perched on those long, coltish legs. She hadn’t noticed his legs before. They went all the way from his ass to the ground.

“Sorry? I don’t give a fuck if you’re sorry. Turn me back!”

“I didn’t do this. I can’t. I don’t know what’s happening to you.”

“Bullshit!”

“Don’t yell at me!”

“Fix this! Do you know what’s going to happen to me if I show up at the club? Looking like this?” Rommel’s voice caught in his throat, he felt his eyes burning. “Just stop fucking... just fix me. Please!” He felt hot tears rolling down his cheeks, and the

shame of crying made him go weak in the knees. He sank to the bathroom floor, covered his face in shame, taking shelter under the safety of his curtain of hair. "Fix me," he cried. "Please."

Seeing Rommel cry, Cherry felt something in her respond, some surge of strength, and she got up and hurried to Rommel, wrapping her arms around his shoulders, kissing him on the head. "Babe," she said. "Babe, it's going to be okay."

She let Rommel cry himself out, then took his hand and led him to the bed, sat him down. "You really didn't do this?" He asked, eyes downcast.

Cherry took his chin in her hand, turned him to face her, gently brushed his hair away from his eyes, cupped his cheek. "I didn't. I wouldn't even know how. I'm just... just... sweet ass, remember?"

Sweet ass. That was what she was, and what he was afraid he was becoming. He stared into her eyes. "Then, who? How?"

Cherry leaned closer, staring back. His lips were so sweet, so plump. She kissed him, a soft, gentle kiss. Rommel moaned, kissed her back. He felt her hand cup his breast, lift and squeeze. It felt so good, so right...

He pulled away, once more throwing his arms defensively over his new assets. "Don't," he said, getting up, turning away. The bandage had come off his new tattoo, and Cherry smiled to see his tramp stamp, right there above the rise of his gorgeous ass. She didn't understand it, but she liked him like his, loved him in fact. She just wanted him to be... more.

He was becoming so emotional, so vulnerable. She felt a primal compulsion to protect him, to love him— this version of him. "Morgan," she said, making herself look away.

"Morgan?"

"Maybe. I mean, the girls are always talking about how she's a witch, or something. And I remember seeing her once.... I don't know."

"What?"

"I came into her office— I forgot to know— and she had this devil stuff on her desk. Like, witchy things."

“Of course,” Rommel said. It all made sense. He was making his move, she’d warned him. This was their way or taking him out of the picture. “That makes perfect sense.”

“What are you going to do?”

“Talk to her,” Rommel said. “Make this right. Where my cell?”

“Babe?” Cherry said, her eyes once more playing across his perfect breasts.

“Could you do something for me first?”

“What?”

“Cover up? Those puppies are really distracting.”

Rommel looked down, flushed, then looked at Cherry’s bare breasts. “Yeah. Okay,” he said. “You, too.”

“Sure thing, hon.” Cherry got up, grabbed a bra and slipped it on. Rommel watched, fascinated, wondering what it would be like to wear a bra, to feel the cups lifting his breasts.

“You wanna borrow one of my bras?” Cherry said, catching the look in his eyes as he watched her.

“No,” Rommel lied, getting on of his t-shirt, tugging it over his chest, the material straining against his bust as he pulled his hair through the neck hole. His breasts were so sensitive, and he felt awkward, feeling them swaying against the fabric.

Cherry drank it in, loving the way he looked, braless, in that tight little t-shirt. Rommel grabbed a pair of his jeans, and Cherry watched him struggling, trying to get them over his wide hips and buoyant booty. It was hopeless, but she decided to let him struggle. It was pretty cute.

He sat on the bed, tugging, then lay on his back, wiggling, trying to get the jeans on. Finally, he faced the truth. “Cherry?”

“I have a pair I think will fit.”

“Nothing too girly,” Rommel said, secretly excited about the idea of wearing Cherry’s clothes.

Most of Cherry’s jeans had dancing stitching on the pockets, shiny decorations, but she found a pair of ripped jeans without any fancy girl stuff and handed them to Rommel. They were leggings, made of a stretchy material that hugged the body, and

when Rommel got them on and stood up, he turned this way and that, trying to see. “How do they look?”

They looked great, celebrating his new curves, but Cherry knew better than to tell him. She nodded. “Good,” she said. “Fine.”

Rommel found his phone. Called Morgan.

“What’s up?” Morgan answered, a hint of amusement in her voice.

“I think you know,” Rommel said.

“Cut the shit,” Rommel said. “I want to settle this, okay? You’ve won, and I—“

“I’m not going to talk about this over the phone,” she said.

“Yes, you are—“

“Come see me at the club, sweetie,” Morgan said, and the line went dead.

“Bitch!” Rommel said.

“What did she say?”

“She wants me to come to the club.”

“Then I guess you better.”

“Like this?” Rommel said, gesturing down at his impressive bust.

“We’ll hide them,” Cherry said. “Though it’s a shame.”

As big as Rommel’s tits were, even wrapped in an ace bandage, it was obvious he had a little more up top than he was supposed to, but with two t-shirts and then his leather gang jacket, he thought maybe no one would notice. He kept the shirts untucked, so they helped to hide his slender waist and the tops of his rounded hips. The jeans hugged his shapely legs, but there was nothing to be done about that. He just had to hope no one would notice.

He’d opted to wear a pair of seashell pink panties. It just made him feel more confident. Finally, he sat as Cherry gathered his hair back and tied it into a ponytail. “I need you to come with me,” Rommel finally said, “I can’t do this alone.”

“Of course,” Cherry said, idly playing with his ponytail. “I got your back.”

They headed out. Rommel noticed that his arms kept banging against his hips, so he adjusted, either holding them above his hips or farther out from his body. Cherry, walking behind him, saw, and marveled at how exactly he looked like a woman now— from the rear, at least.

16 Give Him a Sexy Voice

17 Make Him Have His Period

16 Sexy Voice

They pulled into the clubhouse. Climbed off the bike. Rommel felt his heart race as they approached the clubhouse, reached out and took Cherry's hand. "It's going to be okay," Cherry said, pushing open the door.

Rommel let go of her hand. He couldn't let the guys see how afraid he was. As usual, they were scattered around the room, drinking, fondling girls. Seeing Jimmy with his hand inside one of the girl's blouses, Rommel felt his own breasts tingle, and he suddenly felt naked, like all the guys could see right through his clothes. He nodded, bumped fists, looking around for Morgan. Cherry melted into the room, saying hi to the other girls, but looked back at Rommel regularly, giving him confidence.

All around the room the guys and the girls were checking out Rommel's ass— so perfect in those tight jeans. He sensed their eyes on him, on his backside, and he felt himself flushing with pride and pleasure, but also shame. He felt his breathing quickening, getting shallow, his head felt light.

Wolf stepped out of the meeting room, gave Rommel a once over, smiled.

Rommel felt his skin crawl. Shit. He didn't want to deal with Wolf right now, but Wolf walked right toward him, so Rommel threw his shoulders back, glanced at Cherry, who nodded her support. "You seen Morgan?"

Wolf shook his head, stepped close to Rommel. "Nah." Then he leaned in so close Rommel could feel the other man's breath on his cheek and whispered, "You look really hot in those jeans."

Rommel felt a chill— the tone of voice, the comment. It made his skin crawl. "Knock it off," Rommel said. "I want to make this right."

"I can think of a few ways." Wolf's eyes dropped to Rommel's chest, and Rommel felt the other man mentally undressing him. He felt vulnerable, scared, like the other man was looking right at his bare, bouncy breasts. He resisted the urge to cross his arms, to step away.

"Where's Morgan?"

“In her office,” Wolf said, still whispering. “Waiting for you, doll.” He reached up, meaning to run his hand along Rommel’s cheek, but Rommel batted the other man’s hand away, spun and headed toward Morgan’s office, his ponytail swaying.

Wolf looked down and drank in the sight of Rommel’s glorious ass. He would very much like to tap that, he thought. And maybe he would once Rommel was finished changing and was just another sweet ass at the MC.

“Rommy,” Morgan said as he walked into her office. She wore a pair of glasses, was idly looking over an invoice.

“Don’t call me that,” Rommel said, sitting, crossing his long legs at the knee, tossing his ponytail.

“So, between us girls, you are really blossoming into a gorgeous young lady.”

“Okay,” Rommel said. “Fine. Look, you win. I drop everything. I get in line. I stop fighting with Wolf for the leadership of the club. That’s what you want, right?”

“I did warn you,” Morgan said.

“And I should have listened,” Rommel said.

“Okay,” Morgan said.

“Okay?”

“You fall in line, learn your place, then it’s settled.”

“You’ll turn me back?”

“Sure. I think you’ve learned your lesson. Only, are you sure that’s what you want? I mean, I think you’d make a really sweet girl.”

Sweet girl. Sweet ass. Rommel’s heart fluttered. Maybe it would be better. No more violence. No more macho bullshit. He could just.... “No, thanks,” he said.

“Okay, then.”

“So that’s it? Just that simple?”

“Just that simple. The changes will take a few days, though, so in the meantime enjoy those fun bags.”

“Thanks,” Rommel said, getting up. It pissed him off, the whole thing. He hated that they’d had the fucking audacity to pull this shit, and he hated losing. But he wasn’t losing. Once he was back to normal, he would kill them both. He smiled. “Be seeing you.”

“Bye.”

Rommel left the office, holding in his rage. As soon as he stepped out the door, though, Jimmy called. “Meeting,” he said. “Now.”

Shit. Rommel wondered what Wolf was up to, didn’t feel like dealing with him, but he had no choice. He walked back to the meeting room, took his seat at the table, shifting uncomfortable against that feeling that he was sitting on a pillow. He felt like all the guys were looking at him, but indirectly, out of the corner of their eyes. Did everyone know?

Wolf came in, closed the door. “Jimmy has put together an attack plan on the Incans,” Wolf said. “Jimmy?”

Jimmy outlined the plan.

“Rommel, this was your ideas. Any thoughts?”

Rommel nodded. “I like the overall concept but...”. On the word but his voice cracked. He cleared his throat. “But I...”. The words came out as a high-pitched chirp, like a little— girl? “I think...”. Once more, Rommel heard himself sound like a girl. He put his hand to his throat, stomach turning, heart racing.

Wolf laughed. The other guys laughed. “You need some water or something?” Wolf said.

“You sound like a bitch,” Harvey said, chuckling.

Rommel looked at Wolf, furious. “What the fuck is this?” He squeaked.

“You tell me,” Wolf said, laughing.

The guys laughed, pounded the desk.

Morgan! Rommel thought, standing, meaning to charge off and confront her. Just as he stood, he felt the ace bandage around his chest pop, and his breasts spilled out, swelling out the front of his shirt, pushing open his jacket.

“Woah, Nelly!” Wolf said. “Those are some impressive knockers you got there.”

The guys laughed. Rommel wrapped his arms over his breasts, ran from the room, hips swaying, chased by the laughter of the men. He charged into Morgan’s office.

“What the hell?” He shrieked in his sexy little voice. “We had a deal!”

“Oh,” Morgan said, covering her smirk. “Dear.” She, like all the rest, found her eyes drawn to Rommel’s tits, straining against his t-shirt, swaying with his every move. “I told you it would take time for the spell to reverse, sweetie.”

“Bullshit! You set me up!”

People were gathering outside the office doors, the guys, the girls, everyone chattering, laughing as Rommel shrieked. He turned, shocked, and realized everyone was seeing this, hearing him like— this.

“Come on,” Cherry said, pushing through the crowd, grabbing Rommel’s arm. “Let’s go.”

Rommel let her lead him from the room, bowing his head in shame, arms crossed over his chest. Cherry climbed onto the bike, and Rommel climbed on behind her, wrapping his arms around her waist, holding tight as she took him home.

18 He submits to Cherry

On the way back to their house, arms wrapped around Cherry's waist, Rommel's shame turned to rage. He wouldn't let them get away with this! As soon as Cherry stopped the bike, he hopped off and charged into the house. "Rommel!" Cherry shouted, putting down the kick stand, following.

Inside, she saw that Rommel had gone right to his closet and was pulling out his guns, tossing them onto the bed—Glocks, assault rifles... the guns tumbled through the air, cold steel death flashing in the light, bouncing softly against the mattress. "What are you going to do?" She asked.

Rommel turned to face her, clutching a Ruger 38 special. "I'm going to kill that mother fucker, Wolf, and then I am going to put a gun to Morgan's head and force her to change me back." His bangs had fallen across one eye, and Cherry found him very cute. Only, she wanted to be the one with the gun.

"Let me help you," she said, going to the bed, picking up one of the pistols, feeling its weight in her hand. She'd never held a gun before, but it felt right, good, and she instinctively knew how to use it.

Seeing Cherry with a gun in her hand, Rommel felt excited, turned on. She looked like such a badass. "I wouldn't do it without you." He walked over to her, his hips swaying. He licked his lips.

Cherry smiled, gathered him into her arms, pulled him in for a kiss. Rommel felt his full breasts press into hers, the feeling of his soft body against hers filling him with need, desire. "Let's go. Now." He remembered them all laughing when his voice had changed, his breasts had popped out. He wanted to see fear in their eyes when he kicked open the door and started spitting bullets from the long, hard barrel of his ...

"No," Cherry said, kissing him again. "Too many people there. We go tonight, when Wolf and Morgan will be alone."

"Whatever you say," Rommel said, feeling a small thrill as Cherry took command, made the decisions.

“We have a few hours,” Cherry said, a wicked smile spreading on her face. She slipped her hands down to Rommel’s plump ass, squeezed. Rommel sighed. “Go take a shower.”

“And then?”

“I’ll tell you what to do.”

Rommel smiled. He turned and headed toward the shower.

“Wait,” Cherry said.

“What?”

“I want you to use my body wash. And make yourself smooth for me.”

Rommel giggled and headed toward the shower. Of course, he would make himself smooth for her— for both of them. He showered, using her body wash, stepping out of the steaming shower smelling like flowers and honey. He didn’t need to shave his face anymore, but there was some stubble on his legs, in his armpits. He lovingly lathered up, skin tingling as he cleaned away the gross hairs. Running his hands along his legs, he loved how soft they felt, and then he looked down— his bush looked gross, and he got a funny idea. Moments later, he had a pretty little landing strip. It was— he felt a little odd about it, but he knew Cherry would love it, and he wanted to please her.

Turning, he looked at his back— the Songs of Blood tattoo that had once covered his whole upper back was gone, revealing glowing tan skin. His eyes fell to his tramp stamp. It looked so cute. He couldn’t wait for Cherry to see it. He wrapped himself in a towel. It would be sexier if he came out covered, and then let Cherry take it off him. He opened the bathroom door, tingling with anticipation and, “Oh!”

Cherry sat on the bed. She wore his clothes— jeans, black t-shirt, his leather biker jacket, heavy steel toed boots. She’d pulled her hair back, so it looked like she had short hair, like a boy. She looked hot as hell, and Rommel froze, standing there with his hip thrust to one side, while she looked him up and down.

“You are one hot ass little bitch,” Cherry said in a husky voice.

Rommel smiled, dropping his eyes.

“Get dressed,” Cherry said.

Rommel started toward his dresser. “No,” Cherry said. “These,” she nodded toward clothes she’d laid out on the bed: a bra, panties, cut off jean shorts, a tank top.

Rommel's eyes played over the clothes, Cherry's clothes. He wanted to wear them, to please her, but the feeling scared him. "I'm not—"

"Get. Dressed," Cherry commanded.

Rommel went to the bed. He touched the bra with the tips of his fingers, the stiff lace, pure white. It was so pretty. His hand trembled.

"Go ahead," Cherry said.

Rommel let the towel drop, pooling around his feet. He picked up the bra, slipping the straps up his arms, over his shoulders, felt the soft inside of the cups brush against his nipples. Reaching back, he hooked the bra on, feeling it pull tight against his chest, lifting his breasts, pressing them together. He adjusted his breasts, fitting them more fully into the cups.

Cherry watched, her eyes glassy.

Rommel smiled, stepped into the white, lace panties. He wiggled into the shorts. They seemed a size too small, but he tugged them on, feeling them tight against his rear, his hips, so short they left his long legs almost completely bare. Finally, he struggled into the wife beater, the neckline plunging down, celebrating his cleavage, leaving the top of his bra exposed. He felt sexy, scared, so much of his new body on display. He turned to Cherry, wanting, needing her approval.

"Turn around," Cherry said.

Rommel pivoted, giving her a look at his backside, glancing back over his shoulder.

"Nice," Cherry said.

It wasn't much, but it was enough to send a tremble of pleasure through Rommel's whole body.

"Turn back around. Let your hair down."

Rommel turned, reached up, lifting his breasts, found the hair tie and worked it free, shaking his long golden hair out, letting it fall in silken waves over his shoulders. It felt so good to have her take control.

Cherry looked him over. Smiled. Nodded. "You are a hot little piece of ass."

Rommel giggled. "I feel—"

"Don't talk," Cherry said, getting up. "Go. Sit down." She nodded toward her make-up table.

Rommel sat, knees together. His sparkling eyes looked over the mysterious tubes and jars, the brushes. Cherry came over, pulled up a chair, and said, "let me make you even prettier."

Rommel nodded. Cherry smiled. "Let's start with those bushy eyebrows." She threaded and plucked, then took an eyebrow pencil, loving going to work. When she finished, Rommel tried to look in the mirror, but she took his face in her hand and said, "not yet."

Cherry covered his face in foundation, dusted blush onto his cheeks. As she worked, the masculinity seemed to melt away from Rommel's face, each brush stroke softening his face, even as his chin narrowed, his nose turned petite, upturned. Cherry's foot tapped, she felt the excitement building as she took total control, remaking Rommel in her image. Eyeliner. Mascara that gave him long, thick, curly lashes. A little eyeshadow, and then she painted those sweet lips of his with creamy pink lipstick.

When she finished, she was looking at herself, Rommel's face now a gorgeous, glowing woman's face, a face to match his body. She fluffed out his hair. "Look," she said.

Rommel turned to look at himself, and gasped. "Oh, my God," he said, his sexy little voice now matching his pretty face. He couldn't believe that was him in the mirror, that gorgeous face.

Cherry couldn't contain herself anymore. She stood behind Rommel, wrapping her arms around his breasts, squeezing, kissing him on the neck, sucking, kissing his smooth, round shoulder. Rommel turned his head, needing to feel her kiss on his lips, and she found his wet, soft mouth. Rommel stood, turning, throwing himself into her arms, pressing his soft breasts against her body.

They found themselves on the bed, kissing, caressing, both of them getting hot, their bodies aching with need. "Get on your hands and knees," Cherry grumbled. Rommel did. Cherry roughly grabbed his shorts, yanking them down, then his panties. Rommel's heart raced. He knew what she was planning, and he needed it, feared it, felt like if he let her, he would never be the same.

He heard something buzzing, and then he felt Cherry thrust it into him. Rommel gasped, his breasts swaying as Cherry found her rhythm, and he arched his back, lifting

his rear. He started making high-pitched little squeaking sounds as his body lit up to the new pleasure. Cherry put her hand on the small of Rommel's back, working faster, harder. "You're a nasty little girl," Cherry barked. "Slut!" Sliding her hand up Rommel's back, she grabbed a handful of his long hair and yanked, hard.

It all short circuited Rommel's brain— nasty... slut... it made him so hot, and then when she'd pulled his hair? He felt like a ball of fire had formed in his belly, then burst, sending waves of pleasure to every inch of his, his fingers to his toes, and he collapsed, his whole body going limp as he orgasmed. He rolled onto his back, skin glistening with sweat, panting.

Cherry climbed on top, brushing his hair away from his face, smiling down at him.

19 Make him Cherry's Old Lady

20 Make him sweet ass

19 Old Lady

Rommel woke, his mind muddy, confused. Images of their love making came back to him, the pleasure flickering back along with— confusion, shame, humiliation. He remembered being on his hands and knees, breasts bouncing as Cherry hammered him, the sight of his pretty face in the mirror... He plucked at a strand of his long blonde hair, staring at it there in his slender little hand. *Who am I?* He wondered. *What have I become?*

His existential musings gave way to a far more physical concern. He needed to pee. He sat up, idly wondering where Cherry had gone. He was still wearing his bra and tank tops and he adjusted his bra straps, repositioned his breasts, tossed his hair. He didn't know what had become of his shorts, his panties. He stood and hurried to the bathroom, lifted the lid and reached down past his breasts to grab his—

“What? Oh, shit.” His fingers brushed against— nothing. He felt the stiff bristles of his landing strip, and then, searching around... he felt a mound, and then his finger brushed against a soft lip.... He yanked his hand away, terrified. He had a... he was....

Fuck, fuck, fuck.. He tried to lean down, to see, to confirm with his eyes, but his boobs were in the way, his hair fell in his face, he couldn't see anything... He went to the bathroom mirror, but it was too high... he grabbed the trash can from the corner of the room, flipped it, climbed up on it and looked, immediately covering his face with his hands, hoping off the trash can.

“No.... No... no....!”

He refused to believe it, and now reached down with both hands, thrusting them between his legs... but it only confirmed what he refused to believe, he no longer had a dick. His hands found only the soft folds of a woman.

“Babe?” He heard a man say.

Rommel yelped and spun to see... himself. His old self. Bearded, tall. “You okay?”

Rommel instinctively covered his new sex with one hand, threw the other defensively over his chest. “Who are you?” He said, backing away, frightened, confused.

“It's me,” the man said, scratch his beard. “Cherry.”

Rommel shook his head. “It can't be.”

“I turned into you last night, after we fucked.” Her eyes fell to Rommel’s little hand, the one covering his vagina.

“Don’t look at me!” Rommel shrieked, slamming the bathroom door.

“Come on,” Cherry said through the door. “It’s not so bad.”

“Not so—?” Rommel couldn’t help himself. Hot tears poured down his cheeks, and he sank to the toilet seat, hugging himself. “I’m dead. Destroyed....”

“Oh, don’t be so dramatic...”

“Go away!” Rommel screamed. “Leave me alone!”

Cherry sighed. Bitches. She decided it was best just to let him cry it out.

“Whatever,” she said.

Rommel wept. He didn’t know how long, but eventually the tears stopped, the sobbing. He still needed to pee. More than ever. He didn’t want to do it— not like this— but he was struggling to hold it, and he didn’t want to pee himself.

He lifted the toilet lid, sat down, squirming uncomfortably at the feeling of the cold seat against his rear. How am I even supposed to do this now? He wondered, but it came naturally, as he heard the gentle sound of tinkling, felt the fluid sluice from his new lips. It felt gross and wrong, but he just closed his eyes and let it happen, trying to pretend that none of this was happening. That he hadn’t been turned into a woman.

By the time he finished, his mind had turned back to vengeance. They had destroyed him. Humiliated him. They would die for this. And then, he would shoot himself. He looked in the mirror, at his pretty face, the swell of his chest. No. He couldn’t live like this. He would kill them and then himself. There was no way he would go through life as a woman.

He dressed. Cherry’s clothes. Bra. Panties. A pair of jeans. A t-shirt. Everything felt too small, too tight. He found her hiking boots in the closet and pulled them on, laced them up, smiling, briefly, as he remembered how they used to go hiking in the woods together, find a spot, picnic. The guns he’d thrown on the bed had bounced off during their love making, and looking at the bed he blushed again as he remembered getting ... taken...by Cherry.

His hands were smaller now, and none of the pistols felt right— they weren’t sized for a woman, but he finally found one that he thought he could handle and shoved it in

the waist band of his jeans. Trying his best to ignore the bounce and shape of his new body, he headed to the living room, dreading the thought of facing Cherry, now that she was the man.

Cherry was sitting on the couch, legs spread, a beer in her hands, watching television. She didn't even look at him as he entered the room, stood there for a moment, looking at her— looking at himself. "I'm going," he said, hating the sound of his little voice. "I'm going to kill them."

Cherry looked up, gave him a once over. Smirked. "I called Wolf. We're going to work it out."

"There's nothing to work out," Rommel said. "They need to pay— for this." He glanced down at his body.

Cherry sighed. "Babe," she said, getting up, chugging her beer. "You're not thinking straight."

"I—"

"Shhsssh," she said, putting her finger to Rommel's lips. "Listen. You're upset, hormonal. You need to let me handle this."

Hormonal? Rommel thought, feeling his rage building, but he couldn't seem to find words, to speak. Cherry gathered him in her arms, hugged him tight, and when she stepped away he felt her pull the gun from his waist band. She shoved into her own. "You just sit pretty, and I'll go talk to Wolf."

"No," Rommel said. "I— he needs to pay for this. They both do."

"I got this," Cherry said.

"I'm coming," Rommel said.

"Babe," Cherry said. "Think about it. You can't. Your just sweet ass now. If you show up at the club now and someone wants a piece of you?"

"I am NOT sweet ass! I'm not a woman. I'm not— you!"

Cherry could see she needed to make a point. "You're not a woman?" She said. "You sure about that?" She looked Rommel over, undressing him with her eyes. Rommel resisted the urge to cringe, to cover himself, but her manly stare made him feel even inch the woman.

“You’re a sweet piece of ass,” Cherry said, continuing to look him over, to drink in his gorgeous body. “A hot little bitch.”

“Bitch?” Rommel swung. Cherry caught his wrist, yanked him into her arms, lifted him off his feet and tossed him onto the couch, pouncing on him, covering his writhing little body with her own.

“Get off me!” Rommel shrieked, struggling, but Cherry was too big, too strong, and she laughed as he slapped weakly at her head, squealing. Rommel felt her hand pawing at the button to his jeans, felt her shove it down his pants, felt her fingers plunging into his soft new sex. He screamed.

“You sure feel like a woman,” she said, putting her arm across his chest, pinning him while she worked her fingers inside him.

Rommel squirmed, struggled. He’d never felt so helpless, so scared, so violated. “Stop. Stop.”

“Admit you’re a woman,” Cherry said. “Say it.”

“No!”

Cherry kept working her fingers, found his clit. “Say it.”

Rommel’s brain screamed out in revolt against what he was feeling, things he shouldn’t feel, that no man could ever feel. He needed it to stop. “I am,” he gasped. “I am a woman.”

“There,” Cherry said, pulling her hand out of Rommel. She showed him her hand, glistening with his juices, then smelled her fingers, licked. “Was that so hard?”

“Asshole,” Rommel said. “Get off!” He tried to shove her off again, but only confirmed how weak he was now, how helpless.

Cherry stayed on top of him, holding him down. “What do you think is going to happen if you show up at the MC looking like this? If one of the guys decides he wants a taste? What if Wolf wants a taste?”

“Oh, shit,” Rommel said, thinking it through, afraid, knowing Cherry was right. If one of the guys wanted him, they would take him.

Cherry climbed off, leaving Rommel there, laying on his back, his blonde hair in his face, letting the realization sink in. Letting him realize what he was now. “You wanna beer?” She said.

“Go to hell,” Rommel said, throwing an arm over his eyes.

Cherry got herself a beer, twisted off the cap and took a swig. “You really want to come to the club with me?”

“I can’t,” Rommel said, voice cracking with frustration, his whole body tense with the indignity of it all. “You’re right.”

“You can come,” Cherry said. “Let me make you my old lady. Then, you’ll be protected.”

“You’re old lady?”

“Yeah. I’ll tell them all when we get there. No one can touch you, then, babe. I’ll protect you.”

He would be *her* old lady? Rommel laughed. He couldn’t help it. It was all so—impossible. So insane. But it would get him in the club, and then, if it came down to it, he could make them pay. “Sure,” he said. “Sure. I’ll be your old lady.”

“Good,” Cherry said. “Good.”

Rommel sat up, tossed his hair back. “Can we go now, then? Get this over with?”

“Not until you change,” Cherry said. “I’m not going to be seen in public with my old lady looking like that.”

“Are you fucking kidding me?”

“Do I look like I’m kidding?” Cherry said, sipping her beer.

“Fine,” Rommel said. “Whatever.”

Cherry picked out his clothes. Leather pants. A crop top that left his belly bare, showed off his tramp stamp. “Fix your face,” she said after he’d dressed. Rommel didn’t argue. He sat down at his make-up table, the knowledge now in him somehow, and touched up his make-up, still struggling to believe the pretty face her saw in the mirror belonged to him. Cherry watched, loving the sight of him touching up his lipstick, making himself pretty.

When he finished, she handed him a pair of knee high, stiletto boots. “Come on,” Rommel said.

“Put them on.”

Rommel rolled his eyes, but pulled the boots on, zipped them up, stood and took a few tentative steps. It felt odd to be perched up like that, forced to walk on the balls of

his feet, but it felt— right. Like he'd been wearing heels all his life. "Satisfied?" He said, one hand planted on his soft hip.

"Very," Cherry said, smiling. "You look hot as hell, girl."

"Thanks," Rommel said, his voice filled with bitter resentment. "You're going to work this out with Wolf?"

"Trust me," Cherry said. "Come on now." She grabbed Rommel's Sons of Blood jacket and pulled it on, shoved a pistol into the back of her jeans. "You better not arm yourself," she said. "You don't have anywhere to hide it, anyway."

"But what if I need it?"

"I got this," Cherry said.

"Fine." There were plenty of guns at the club. Rommel would just find one if he needed it.

Crickets chirped as they arrived at the MC, but the parking lot was crowded with bikes and a few cars and trucks. Music thumped from inside. "I thought they were going to be here alone?" Rommel said, taking his helmet off, mussing his hair.

"Guess not," Cherry said, putting her hand on the small of Rommel's back, guiding him toward the door. The parking lot was cracked, full of potholes, and Rommel had to walk carefully in his heels, taking dainty little steps, the night air cool against his bare belly. He felt— feminine, nervous.

As soon as they walked through the door, all eyes fell to Rommel. The men looked over him with undisguised lust. The women sized him up, and most of them immediately felt jealous of the new competition. He was gorgeous. Morgan sat at her usual stool. Grinned. Wolf stood next to the door to the meeting room. He let his eyes roam over Rommel, making the other man drop his eyes in shame.

Cherry led him through the crowd to the door. "You ready to meet?" She said to Wolf.

"Yes, I am," Wolf said, never taking his eyes off Rommel.

"One thing," Cherry said, taking Rommel's hand, turning to face the room. "Everybody!" She shouted in a deep, baritone. "Just so you all know, Rommel is my old lady now. So, hands off!"

There were murmurs of disappointment from all the men. Amused tittering from the women.

Hearing himself claimed as Cherry's woman made Rommel feel ashamed and proud at the same time. His emotions were so confused. He wondered if he was hormonal. Rommel blushed. Smiled. He'd never blushed so much in all his life. They turned and started to enter the meeting room. Wolf blocked the door. "Sorry," he said to Rommel. "Men only."

"But—"

"It's okay, babe," Cherry said. "I got this." She went into the office. Wolf smirked. Cherry patted Rommel on the ass. "You go and hang out with the girls."

Before Rommel could even react, Wolf closed the door in his face. Rommel stood, staring at the door, feeling the force of what he'd lost.

He felt a soft hand on his elbow and turned to see Kasey, a busty brunette he'd been with more than a few times as a man. "Come on," Kasey said. "Have a drink." There was no sexual tension between them now. Rommel was just another girl.

He allowed himself to be led over to a couch, where a couple other girls were gathered. Is this my world now? He wondered. Am I just one of the girls?

"You're so pretty," Kasey said, playing with his hair.

Kim put her hand on his arm. "You really are," she said. "I wish I had a rack like that."

"I know, right?" Jane said.

"And those boots are so sexy!"

"You make a perfect girl!"

"Thanks, I guess?" Rommel said, staring at the door to the meeting room. He'd fucked all these girls, gotten blow jobs from them. And now? All he could do was sit here and take it while they fawned over the fact that he was a girl now, too.

Please, he thought. Please, Cherry. Save me.

21 He stays a woman

22 He turns back into a guy

21. Stays a woman

The doors to the meeting room burst open, and the guys came swaggering out, talking loud, now with rifles thrown over their shoulders, wearing black hoodies over their leather club jackets. Rommel got to his feet, hurried over to the Cherry, but she just pushed past him. "Not now, babe." The men headed out, got on their bikes, fired them up and roared off down the road. Rommel stood in the doorway, watching, his fingertips to his lips. He felt an ache, a loss. He should be out there with them.

And at the same time, he was so worried about Cherry. The rifles? The covers for their jackets? It meant violence. What if she were hurt?

"Your ass looks great in those pants," Morgan said, sidling up next to Rommel.

"Fuck you," Rommel said. "Where are they going?"

"You know the men never tell us their plans," Morgan said.

Rommel turned on his heels. The breeze from outside tossed his hair. "I'm a man inside," he said. "You know that."

"You have a vagina," Morgan said. "And that's all that matters here."

Rommel shuddered. He'd never been comfortable with the V word, and even less so hearing it applied to him. He looked away, thinking once more about getting his hands on a gun, settling the score. He felt the bra straps digging into his shoulders, the weight of his pendulous breasts.

"Come on," Morgan said. "Let's have a drink."

They got a couple beers, went into Morgan's office. "You said you would reverse this," Rommel said, self-conscious as he sipped his beer, the bottle suddenly seeming very phallic as he wrapped his lips around it.

"Well, hon, I lied," Morgan said. "But, that isn't to say we won't reverse the spell."

"What do you want?"

"We did this to you because you didn't know your place. You went against Wolf. You need to show us you know your place now."

"And what's my place?"

"You're Cherry's old lady. You need to be that. Be her woman. Show us you can do whatever you're asked to do, and you can earn your balls back."

“I can’t do that,” Rommel said, tugging at an earring. “I don’t think I can do that.”

“Then you better get used to sitting down to pee, hon.”

“Or maybe I should kill you,” Rommel said, slitting his eyes, the rage spilling out of him.

“You can try,” Morgan said. “I almost expect you to. But think it through. I’m the only one who can give you back your balls. Kill me, and you’ll be a bitch for the rest of your life.”

Morgan sat back, let Rommel think about it.

“Fuck,” Rommel said, surrendering to her argument, accepting defeat. “You are one stone cold woman.”

“Yes, I am,” Morgan, slamming down the rest of her beer. “Let’s go hang with the other girls,” she said, getting up. “You need to learn how to be one of the girls now. Might as well get some practice.”

Rommel followed her. He didn’t feel like he had much choice. He found himself sitting with the other women, listening to them talk, not saying much. After a while, someone suggested they watch *The Bachelorette*. Rommel groaned, and Morgan shot him a look, so he reluctantly joined them all in front of one of the flat screens. It was a treat for the women to watch something like this in the clubhouse— the men never allowed it when they were around. For Rommel, it just seemed like another form of hell, but he sat and got drunk with the girls, thinking, *this is my life now*.

The men didn’t return until late that evening. Rommel and the girls had all fallen asleep, draped over each other on the couches, so when the doors burst open and the guys barreled into the room, shouting and yelling, he made a small shriek of fright, not remembering where or what he was until his body reminded him.

Immediately, his eyes roamed the room looking for Cherry, who, bearded and handsome, was belying up to the bar. Rommel scurried over, slapping next to Cherry. “You’re okay!” He said. “I was so worried.”

“Babe,” Cherry said, grabbing him, kissing him, her bristly beard coarse against his soft skin. Once the kiss ended, she whispered into his ear, “I am going to fuck the hell out of you tonight.”

Rommel felt chills.

“Foxy,” Wolf said to Rommel, clapping Cherry on the shoulder. “Not only is your man okay, but he got his first kill tonight!”

“Hell, yes, he did!” Inky shouted, and the men all roared.

“To Cherry’s first kill!” Wolf shouted, raising his glass. Everyone drank and shouted. “He popped his cherry!”

The guys all drank, slammed their glasses down on the bar. Cherry turned and faced the men, smiling, proud, while Rommel stood meekly beside her, trying to process it all. “I’m going to pop someone else’s cherry a little later!” Cherry shouted to more roars from the men.

Rommel blushed and looked over at Morgan, who just nodded and smiled.

Once they finished with all their bro bonding, the guys all started to pair off with the women, flirting, hugging, kissing. Rommel found himself pushed into a corner, Cherry’s hands all over his soft body, shoved under his shirt, down his pants. He didn’t like it, not in front of everyone, but what choice did he have? He let her do what she wanted, his mind frazzled by the reactions of his new shape, the hot, wet need growing between his legs.

Some of the guys were doing it, humping their girls right there in front of everyone—on the pool table, the couch, the floor. Rommel couldn’t help but look past Cherry, seeing the women on their backs, pantie around their ankles, a newfound feminine empathy for the females as the guys thrust into them, and he found himself wondering what it was like for them, what it would be like for him. He dreaded the thought that Cherry would take him here, in front of everyone—make him her woman. He could feel her hard rod pressing against his soft thigh, and it scared him.

Cherry pushed his pants down, his panties, and grabbed his ass and lifted him, keeping his back pushed up against the wall. “I’m gonna fuck you,” Cherry said.

“Not here,” Rommel said, heart fluttering with terror. “Please. At home.”

If Cherry heard, she ignored him. Keeping one arm under his ass, she reached down and pulled out her junk. He felt it now against his bare thigh, his body seemed to clench in anticipation. What choice did he have? Closing his eyes, Rommel wrapped his arms around her shoulders, pressed his breasts against her face, his long hair cascading over both of them while Cherry positioned him and then pushed her rod

between the lips of his hot, wet slit. Rommel gasped, biting his lip, curling his toes, revolted at the feeling of having a man violate him, inside him, even as his body thrilled at the sensation. Cherry thrust and thrust, banging Rommel's back against the wall, slamming him hard again and again.

Rommel clung to her, just wanting it to be over, but she seemed to be taking forever, rutting him like a stag. It hurt. He didn't like it, and he gasped with relief when she finally shot her load into him.

Cherry immediately dropped him to his feet. He wobbled unsteadily on his heels, knees together, reaching back with both hands to brace himself against the wall, his blonde hair all in his eyes.

Cherry stumbled over to the bar and grabbed a bottle of Jack, took a swig and wiped her mouth with the back of her thick, hairy arm.

Rommel pulled the hair from his face, and immediately met Wolf's eyes. Wolf was sitting across the room, glassy eyes, and he grinned, then let his eyes drop from Rommel's face down, down, down to the space between his legs.

Rommel, his pants and panties pushed down to his knees, dropped a slender hand to cover his landing strip, his vagina, and he looked away, still weak in the knees, back against the wall.

When Rommel finally managed to gather himself, he turned so his back was to the room, pulled up his panties, wiggled back into his leather pants. He made a beeline to the girl's room, mostly just wanting privacy, and as soon as he closed the door, he leaned on the sink, feeling confused, sick, embarrassed. He could smell Cherry all over him, the salty smell of her jizz.

The door opened and he glanced in the mirror to see Morgan slipping into the bathroom. "Leave me alone," he said.

"I just wanted to check on you," Morgan said. "Make sure you're okay. The first time can be a hard one, especially for a girl."

"I'm not—" Rommel started, but stopped himself. He couldn't claim he wasn't a girl anymore, not after what had just happened.

Morgan put a hand on his shoulder. "How was it?" She asked.

"Terrible," Rommel said.

“A lot of times it is,” Morgan said. “But you did good out there.”

“Good?” Rommel almost choked on the word. “He humped me like a dog.”

“The first rule of being an old lady,” Morgan said, “is keep your man happy. You did that.” She touched his cheek. “You should be proud of yourself.”

Rommel got himself together, went back out to the clubhouse. Cherry was talking to a couple of the guys, so he sat down, crossed his legs and waited. He knew they wouldn't leave until she was ready.

Back at the house, Cherry took him again, this time doggy style. Rommel endured it, and when Cherry finished, she collapsed onto the bed. Thinking of what Morgan had said, Rommel planned to tell her how good she was— a blatant lie— but before he even could, she'd started snoring, leaving him to lay on his back, feeling used, dirty and unfulfilled.

It took him hours to get to sleep, and it seemed he'd just dozed off when he felt Cherry nudge him awake. “What?” He asked.

“How about some breakfast?”

Breakfast? The nerve! But he thought about all that Morgan had told him about showing he knew his place, could toe the line, be an old lady if he wanted to be a man. He rolled off the bed, found one of Cherry's little robes and slipped it on.

Cherry watched him, enjoying the sight of his long legs, bronze skin, golden hair. He was a good little woman, and she liked him like this. Wolf had told them about the plan, and she was secretly amused watching her sexy little boyfriend go off to make her breakfast. He would too deep into his womanhood by the time he realized that he was never turning back to do anything about it. One day, when she was ready, she'd put a baby in him, but for now she just wanted to have fun, banging the sweet little piece of ass they'd made of him.

Afterword

2. Cross-Dress

Rommel woke. His head felt cloudy. His body ached. Cotton mouth. "Shit." He couldn't what had happened the night before. He remembered unbuttoning his jeans and then? They had obviously fucked. Ended up in bed. Cherry lay on her side, her back to him, still asleep, the covers pushed down around her knees. Rommel got up, showered. He wrapped the towel around his body, from under his armpits to down around his hips, and then wandered back into the bedroom, thinking about the day ahead as he fished a pair of lacy little panties out of the dresser and stepped into them before absent-mindedly slipping the shoulder straps of a bra up his arms, reaching back and hooking it on, putting his hands to the small of his back and stretching.

Next, he grabbed a pair of ripped, cut off shorts, tiny little short shorts, and stepped into them, wiggling, struggling to get them on and then sucking in his belly, straining to get them buttoned. They were so tight, but so cute it was worth it, he thought, adjusting his bra straps, then slipping some bangles onto his wrist.

Cherry giggled.

"What?" Rommel said as he slipped a delicate gold chain around his neck, reaching back to fix the clasp.

"Um...?" Cherry said, groggy, eyes glassy, looking him up and down. "What?"

"What?" Rimmel said, sitting down as he slipped a toe ring over one of his toes, slipped a sparkly ankle chain around his ankle, pausing to turn it this way and that, admiring the way it glittered.

"Is this some kind of joke?" Cherry said, giggling some more as she looked at her man there wearing one of her bras, her tiny little shorts, the top of his panties sticking out above the waist band, his butt cheeks swelling bare beneath the high cut bottoms.

"What are you talking about?" Rommel said as he slipped a large hoop earring into one of his pierced ears.

"You're wearing my clothes," Cherry said, shaking her head, convinced this was some kind of gag as Rommel stood there with Cherry's hoop earring dangling in the morning light.

“What are you--?” Rommel looked down at himself, and he suddenly realized it was true. He was wearing her clothes! At the same time, he felt a sudden sense of shame, he also felt a warm thrill come over him. He crossed his arms over his bra, his knees coming together.

Cherry, meanwhile, seeing the shock on his face, suddenly felt herself getting a little hot as well. Seeing him standing there in her clothes—he looked kind of cute, and she suddenly wondered what it would be like to switch roles in bed.

“I’m just- I was just screwing around,” Rommel said, wanting to flee, grabbing some of his own clothes, retreating to the bathroom. “I must look pretty ridiculous!”

“You look kind of cute,” Cherry said.

Rommel shot her a dirty look and slammed the door. He took a quick glance in the mirror, saw the hot pink bra straps over his shoulders, the cups against his muscular chest, the hoop earring flashing. “What the hell is wrong with me?” He muttered, plucking the earring out, slipping out of the bra, throwing it on the floor. As soon as he was rid of it he felt—exposed, bare. Like he needed it.

Ridiculous, he thought, slipping out of the Daisy Dukes, kicking them across the floor as well. He slipped his thumbs under the waist to the panties he’d put on, and even slid them slight down over his hips, but then he stopped. He didn’t understand it, but he needed to wear them. It would be funny, he decided, to go to the club wearing panties—and a bra!—and no one would know. It would be his little joke.

Giggling, he pulled the panties back up. Yes. There was something about them, the way they fit, that just him feel more confident. Ditto, he realized when he once more felt the bra secure around his chest, the delicate straps across his shoulders, the bra. He just—liked it, the way it felt.

He put on two t-shirts, sure that the outline of the bra was not visible through the fabric, pulled on his jeans. He didn’t bother to take off the toe ring of the anklet—neither was visible once he had his jeans and boots on, and it would just be that much more fun to go to the clubhouse pulling all this off.

Once dressed, he thought—*this is crazy. I shouldn’t do this. I’m not one of those guys. If anyone in the club finds out I’m dead.* He took a deep breath, felt the cups of

his bra tighten against his chest, and tossed his head. To hell with them. He headed out, feeling *pretty* confident.

Cherry had gotten up and threw on some clothes, started making breakfast. She glanced at Rommel as he bounded into the kitchen, a little smile playing across her lips. Rommel sat at the kitchen table, a similar amused smile on his lips. *She has no idea*, he thought.

Cherry did have an idea. She was 100% sure Rommel was still wearing her underwear. It was something about the look on his face, her intuition, she wasn't sure how, but she knew. When she'd finished frying the bacon, she slid it onto a plate, brought it over to Rommel and, standing behind him, she reached over and put the plate on the table, kissing him on the cheek. Then, she put her hand on his back, found the ridge of the bra that wrapped around his torso, and grabbing the material she pulled it back and then—"snap"ed it.

"Ow!" Rommel said, arching his back, raising his arms, just like a thousand thousand girls had done when some guy snapped their bra. "Hey!"

Cherry laughed, but patted him on the shoulder, letting him know she was just teasing. "Just playing," she said, taking a seat.

Rommel blushed, wrapping his arms around his chest. "Don't-- I mean-- I can explain—"

"Hush," Cherry said, covering his hand with her own. "I think it's sexy."

"Wha—really?" Rommel said, eyeing her, not sure if he should trust her.

"Oh, yeah," Cherry said, her eyes glassy, voice getting a little hoarse, leaving no doubt.

Rommel felt his heart melt, his own body getting aroused. "You're incredible, babe, you know that?" He said.

"I know," Cherry said, climbing onto the table, meeting Rommel's bacon grease smeared lips. "Oh, god."

Rommel kissed her back, got up, picked her up and carried her back to the bedroom. He climbed on top, and they kissed, and then Rommel pulled off his t-shirts, but when he reached back to unhook his bra Cherry said, "No. Leave it on."

Rommel did. He felt a little self-conscious, a little—feminine, but he also felt horny as hell. They kissed some more, and Cherry eventually rolled on top. When he reached down and undid the buttons on Rommel’s jeans and then saw the lacy pink of his panties, her body nearly ignited. “Oh, fuck me,” she said, kissing him on the belly. “Those panties look so damn sexy on you.”

Rommel closed his eyes and bit his lip, letting Cherry kiss him on his belly, even as she squeezed his chest, her hand on top of his bra. He’d never felt like this before, never felt so thrilled into passivity—and he liked it.

23 Give Him a Pixie Cut

Cherry woke Rommel, gently shaking him on the shoulder. Sitting up, he slipped a thumb under one of his bra straps and pulled it back up onto his shoulder. “You were... amazing,” he said, kissing Cherry. She looked at him, ran her hands through his hair. “We need to do something about this,” she said. “It doesn’t suit you anymore.”

“Really?” Rommel said, suddenly consumed with insecurity. He wanted to please Cherry, to look good for her. “What’s wrong?”

Cherry took his hand and led him to the kitchen. “It’s just too... too Nordic murderer.”

“I thought you liked it?”

“Used to. Just sit and let me fix it.”

Rommel had let his grow wild and free, exactly like a Viking raider, and he’d always liked it. Part of him wanted to just get up and walk out, tell Cherry to stop being such a dumb broad, but now that he knew she didn’t like his haircut? He sat, pulling out his phone, checking his messages, then surfing the net. Cherry fitted a barber’s bib around his neck and went to work. She always trimmed his hair and beard, just a little so it had the perfect “wild” look without trending into homeless guy.

Once he’d checked his messages, he felt board and downloaded Instagram and Snapchat, then checked up on what the Kardashians were up to, Beyonce. He really didn’t have anything else to do while Cherry clipped and nipped, poured some smelly chemicals into his hair, washed it, clipped some more. She worked as a hairdresser sometimes when they needed money and did the hair of a lot of the girls down at the MC.

Finally, she pulled clips and pins from his hair. Immediately, bang fell across Rommel’s forehead, just seeming to get into his vision. “Take a look,” Cherry said, holding up a mirror.

Rommel’s mouth dropped open. His hair was now a different shade of blonde—almost white with dark streaks, and he had bangs that brushed across his forehead in a feminine way that he found deeply disturbing, especially given that his now chin length hair had a round shape, softening his features—it looked like the kind of hair Tinkerbell

would have, or some teen girl. Further, Cherry had trimmed and died his beard the same light blonde before braiding it, tying the braid off with a leather loop. "What the hell have you done to me?" He said, shaking his head.

"It's cute," Cherry said, brushing his bangs back. "Sexy." She took his braided beard into her hand and tugged. "Cool."

"It looks—isn't this a girl's haircut?" Rommel said, even as her words seemed to wash over him--- Cute.... Sexy.... Cool....

"No," Cherry said. "Of course not. I mean, when you think about it, a lot of people think long hair is for girls, and now yours is short."

"True," he said, touching his hair with his fingertips. Most guys did have short hair.

Cherry grabbed the leather loop she'd tied onto the end of Rommel's beard and tugged him to his feet. "Trust me," she said. "You look perfect."

"Well, if you say so," Rommel said.

Cherry brushed his hair back from his cheek, ran her hands along his shoulders, thrilling at the feel of the shoulder straps. "I do," she said.

Rommel's cell phone chimed. It was Ginger, who ran their strip club, The Casbah.

"Yeah?" He said, answering.

"We got trouble," Ginger said. "Asshole trucker giving the girls some shit."

"On my way." Rommel said. "I gotta go take care of some business."

"I was thinking I might go into town and—"

"No. Stay here. Clean this place up. It's a mess."

"Okay," Cherry said.

Rommel got up. Cherry looked up, hoping for a kiss, a hug, but Rommel just put on his sunglasses and walked out without a word or a glance. She felt cold. Alone. Why couldn't he be more affectionate?

Rommel got on his bike, gunned the engine and took off down Canyon Road, toward The Casbah. The last thing he needed was this shit. It was strange having short hair now. His neck was bare, and he could feel the cool wind against his skin. When he got to the strip joint, he saw a big 18-wheeler parked out front. It was early in the morning, so the parking lot was otherwise empty. Rommel pulled off his helmet, and

bangs flopped across his eyes. The wind blew, tossing the golden locks around his face, like a super model on a runway.

“This hair is ridiculous,” he said, getting off his bike. Why did I let her do this to me?

“Bitch!” He heard someone inside the club yell, and then the sound of smashing glass.

Hell. Forgetting about his hair for a minute, Rommel shoved through the door and into the dark, cool of the Casbah. A big, fat slob of a trucker had a broken bottle in his hand. Gina, one of the girls, was crying, cowering. He had a fist full of her hair. “I’m gonna cut your face up, you bitch!” The trucker yelled.

Rommel pulled the pistol from his belt, jacked a bullet into the chamber. His blood boiled at the sight of this asshole terrifying Gina. She was a nice girl. “Hey, shit head,” he said, moving into the bar. “Let the girl go or I’ll put a bullet in your head.” Rommel was aware of the feeling of his panties, his bra.

The trucker looked at Rommel with glassy, whiskey glazed eyes. He let go of Gina’s hair. She scurried away with a whimper.

“Get the fuck out here,” Rommel said.

“Yeah. You’re a real big man with that gun in your hand,” the trucker said, speech slurred.

Rommel put the gun down. “You just earned yourself an ass kicking.”

The trucker raised his fists.

“Don’t,” Ginger said, but Rommel had already closed on the guy. The trucker threw a haymaker, but he was drunk, slow. Rommel ducked under it and delivered two punches—hard—to the man’s face, the force shaking Rommel’s forearm even as he heard the crunching of the man’s nose.

The trucker went down. Hard. Pushed himself up on all fours. Rommel kicked him in the gut. “Crawl out of here, motherfucker!”

The trucker, broken and bleeding, crawled out the door.

“Oh my God,” Gina said, throwing her arms around Rommel. “Thank you!”

Rommel pulled her to him, kissed her on the head. “It’s okay. You’re safe now.”

Gina buried her head against his chest, feeling something strange—stiff lace, like he was—was he wearing a bra?

Ginger handed him a glass of Kentucky Bourbon. "Asshole won't show his face here again."

"If he does, next time I'll blow his dick off," Rommel said, tossing his hair.

"If you can even find it under all that fat." Gina had her hand on his chest. Yes. He was definitely wearing a bra. For some reason, it got her excited. "You changed your hair," she said, running her fingers through the short pixie cut.

"Yeah," Rommel said. "Cherry's idea." That feeling of insecurity filled him again. He needed assurances. "Do you like it? it's not too... um..."

"It's sexy," Gina said.

Rommel slammed the booze back. Kicking that dirt bag's ass, having Gina in his arms, it made him horny. "One of your girls free?" He said to Gina. "I need to work off the tension." His bangs were hanging over his eyes.

"I'm free," Gina said.

"You sure? After what just happened?"

"I am. I want to thank you," she said, plucking at his golden hair, hooking it behind his ear, touching his cheek.

Rommel shrugged and took her back to one of the private dancing rooms.

"Your hair is so pretty," Gina said, playing with it some more.

"You think so?" Rommel said, flushing with pleasure at the compliment.

"God, yes. I'm jealous."

Rommel kissed her, then looked at her face. She was very pretty with big eyes and plump lips.

7 Give him a sexy mouth

7 Mouth b

Rommel rubbed his thumb against her lower lip. She had a pretty mouth. Thick, soft and inviting. The kind of mouth that made a man instantly long for a blow job. Rommel wondered what it would be like to have lips like that, a mouth so pretty, so inviting. “Your lips...” he said, his voice hoarse. “So sexy.” He leaned down and kissed her, feeling his lips tingle and swell.

Gina looked up at him, his blonde bangs all in his eyes, and she smiled. She had never noticed what a sexy mouth he had. She’d thought he’d had thin lips, but they were plump, bee-stung lips— almost like a woman’s. She started to rub her thumb against Rommel’s lower lip. She wondered what it would be like to have that pretty mouth of his between her legs. “Your lips are sexy, too,” she said, confused and excited by what she was feeling. She slipped her thumb between Rommel’s lips, into his mouth.

Rommel started to suck on her thumb, lick it with his tongue. He felt himself tremble, his mind swimming with confusion. *What am I doing?* He wondered. *Why does it feel so good?* He sucked harder, licked her thumb, feeling the ridge of her thumbnail against his tongue, tasting the salt of her flesh.

Gina reached down and unbuttoned his jeans while he sucked, then pulled her thumb free, trailing saliva, and dropped to her knees.

Rommel smiled, got ready to be served, but then Gina said, “No. You do me. I want those hot lips on me.”

“Are you kidding?” Rommel said, struggling with a burning need he’d never felt before and didn’t understand. He needed to please her- with his mouth. It was all wrong, but, “Lay back,” he said, pushing her onto the couch. Gina did. Rommel dropped to his knees, positioning himself between her legs. He licked his lips, smiled as he pulled her panties down, and then plunged his face between her legs.

Gina buried her hands in his long blonde hair, moaning with pleasure as Rommel ate her out, bringing her to a trembling, gasping climax as she screamed out with pleasure.

Rommel, thrilled that he'd pleased her, climbed up her body, meaning to kiss her, but she pushed him away. "Don't try to kiss me with me all over your mouth," she said. "God. Wash up."

Rommel felt hurt, annoyed. Confused. He got up, pulling his hair back. "I just wanted a kiss," he said.

"You've got me all over your face," Gina said, pulling up her panties, flipping down her little skirt. "It's disgusting."

He wiped his mouth with the back of his forearm. "Okay. Well, my turn," he said, looking down at his hard member. "Give me a BJ."

"I have to get to work, babe," Gina said, getting up, giving him a pat on the ass and walking out.

Rommel stared after her, feeling tense and sexually frustrated, thinking, *what just happened?* He never went down on a girl. He considered it an act of submission. But now? And where did she get off being such a bitch? Now, he was hard and needed relief, but his phone buzzed. It was Morgan. "You need to get to the clubhouse. Now."

9 Give Him feminine legs

10 Give him feminine arms

4 Jewelry

“Hey,” Rommel said, going over to the dresser and seeing Cherry’s jewelry scattered all over the place. “Can I borrow this?” He held a slender little bracelet with little charms dangling from it.

“Sure?” Cherry said, raising an eyebrow. What was happening to Rommel? She wondered, seeing him with his freshly smooth skin, now asking if he could borrow a bracelet that she never even wore anymore because she thought it was too girly.

“Cool,” Rommel said, slipping the bracelet on. Without asking, he added a few more of her bracelets to the same wrist—leather cuffs, string, bangles. Then, he put on one of her necklaces, then another, an anklet and then a couple toe-rings. He sat for a moment wiggling his toes, admiring how the rings sparkled. It was pretty.

Cherry watched, bemused. Rommel then got dressed in his regular clothes, as if he wore that jewelry every single day.

3 Make Him Cross Dress (smooth)

8 big, pretty eyes

Rommel rubbed his thumb against her lower lip. She had a pretty mouth. Thick, soft and inviting. The kind of mouth that made a man instantly long for a blow job. Rommel wondered what it would be like to have lips like that, a mouth so pretty, so inviting. Then he looked into her eyes. She had big eyes—wide and innocent, ringed with thick, curvy lashes. They were a smoldering green color, with flecks of brown, and he found himself getting lost in those eyes, staring into them. They were so pretty.

Her eyes dilated, the irises growing big and dark, and he felt his do the same, though he could tell they had now changed to match her in every way—the sexy green color, the pretty lashes.

Gina looked up at him, his blonde hair all in his face, and she smiled. She'd never noticed how pretty his eyes were—sexy even, but so feminine. "Your eyes," she whispered. "They're so sexy!" She said, confused and excited by what she was feeling. She slipped her thumb between Rommel's lips, into his mouth.

Rommel started to suck on her thumb, lick it with his tongue. He felt himself tremble, his mind swimming with confusion. What am I doing? He wondered. Why does it feel so good? He sucked harder, licked her thumb, feeling the ridge of her thumbnail against his tongue, tasting the salt of her flesh.

Gina reached down and unbuttoned his jeans while he sucked, then pulled her thumb free, trailing saliva, and dropped to her knees.

Rommel smiled, got ready to be served, but then Gina shook her head, looked confused for a moment, and then said, "No. You do me. I want those hot lips on me."

"I don't go down on women," Rommel said, struggling with a burning need to go down on her. It was something he'd never done and had sworn he would never do, but now he *needed* to please her- with his mouth. It was all wrong, but he batted his long lashes and said, "Lay back," pushing her onto the couch. Gina did. Rommel dropped to his knees, positioning himself between her legs. He licked his lips, smiled as he pulled her panties down, and then plunged his face between her legs.

Gina buried her hands in his long blonde hair, moaning with pleasure as Rommel ate her out, bringing her to a trembling, gasping climax as she screamed out with pleasure.

Rommel, thrilled that he'd pleased her, climbed up her body, meaning to kiss her, but she pushed him away. "Don't try to kiss me with me all over your mouth," she said. "God. Wash up."

Rommel felt hurt, annoyed. Confused. He got up, pulling his hair back. "I just wanted a kiss," he said.

"You've got me all over your face," Gina said, pulling up her panties, flipping down her little skirt. "It's disgusting."

He wiped his mouth with the back of his forearm. "My turn," he said, looking down at his hard member.

"I have to get to work, babe," Gina said, getting up, giving him a pat on the ass and walking out.

Rommel stared after her, feeling tense and sexually frustrated, thinking, *what just happened?* He never went down on a girl. He considered it an act of submission. But now? And where did she get off being such a bitch? Now, he was hard and needed relief and it was like she didn't even care about his needs! His phone buzzed. It was Morgan. He needed to get to the clubhouse.

9 Give Him feminine legs

10 Give him feminine arms

10 Feminine arms (long hair)

As Rommel approached the door to the clubhouse, he pictured himself wearing only his panties and tank top with the spaghetti straps over his tan shoulders. The image made him shiver with pleasure, and he smiled thinking about how he was about to walk into the clubhouse wearing panties, and no one would know. It was his secret! Pushing open the door, he swaggered into the clubhouse, tilting his head to one side and tossing his long hair over one shoulder.

It was the usual scene. Some of the guys shooting pool. Others at the bar. Some on the couches, cuddling with the sweet ass. “Boys,” Rommel said, making eye contact, nodding. He checked out their skin— none of them had skin anywhere near as bright and healthy as his, so he checked out the girls— his real competition— and felt himself swell with pride as he realized he had better skin than any of them. Bitches!

“Bro,” Jimmy Jazz said, staring at Rommel. He had hair like a woman— not just that it was long and thick, but the waves, the curls, the bangs. It looked like it had been done at a beauty parlor.

“What?” Rommel said.

“You shaved off your beard.”

“Yeah,” Rommel said, rubbing his smooth chin. “Just felt like it was time for a change.”

The guys stared. Exchanged glances. What was going on?

“You look so young!” Morgan said, strolling up to Rommel, putting her hands on his smooth cheeks.

“Thanks,” Rommel said, realizing it was really important to him to look young.

“Let’s talk.”

“Yeah.” As Rommel turned to follow Morgan back to the storage room, Candy walked by. She was a hot little thing, but today his eyes were drawn to her rounded little shoulders and those thin, feminine arms that seemed to celebrate her vulnerability. She looked like maybe she did some yoga or light weights, because her arms were tone, but they were so slender and dainty. He’d always found that hot, but today his mind blazed with desire—to have arms just like hers. Crazy, he thought, picturing

himself wearing a tank top, showing off those puny little things. Even as he stared, he felt his arms growing more slender, smaller, his shoulders more narrow. Morgan smiled as she watched him, then said, "Come in."

"What's up?" He said.

Morgan closed the door. "I think there's a rat in the MC."

"A rat? Who?"

"Inky."

"No way," Rommel said. Inky had gotten his nickname because he was a tattoo artist. He'd been a member of the club for 20 years and was one of the founders.

"I know it's hard to believe," Morgan said, "but one of the girls heard him on the phone. She said he was warning someone about the Incans."

"Shit." Rommel thought about it, twisting his hair around his fingers. "Maybe it's just some kind of misunderstanding. I'll go talk to him. Don't say anything to anyone until I check things out."

"My lips are sealed." Morgan couldn't help herself. She reached out and touched his golden mane. It was silky and soft. "Your hair is gorgeous."

Rommel buried his hands in his long hair, fluffing it out and then tossing it back. "Thanks," he said. "I didn't realize it had gotten so long."

"It looks great, babe."

Rommel looked at Morgan's face, saw the crow's feet around her eyes, wrinkles around her mouth. She'd kept her body in good shape for a woman her age, but her skin looked flat, lifeless, and her hair was thinning, turning brittle. He felt sorry for her, even as comparing himself to her made him feel even prettier. "Hang tight. I'll let you know as soon as I find something out."

He left. Morgan pulled out her cellphone and made a call.

11 make him get a tramp stamp

22 He Turns Back Into A Guy

The doors to the meeting room burst open, and the guys came swaggering out, talking loud, now with rifles thrown over their shoulders, wearing black hoodies over their leather club jackets. Rommel got to his feet, hurried over to the Cherry, but she just pushed past him. “Not now, babe.” The men headed out, got on their bikes, fired them up and roared off down the road. Rommel stood in the doorway, watching, his fingertips to his lips. He felt an ache, a loss. He should be out there with them.

And at the same time, he was so worried about Cherry. The rifles? The covers for their jackets? It meant violence. What if she were hurt?

“Your ass looks great in those pants,” Morgan said, sidling up next to Rommel.

“Fuck you,” Rommel said. “Where are they going?”

“You know the men never tell us their plans,” Morgan said.

Rommel turned on his heels. The breeze from outside tossed his hair. “I’m a man inside,” he said. “You know that.”

“You have a vagina,” Morgan said. “And that’s all that matters here.”

Rommel shuddered. He’d never been comfortable with the V word, and even less so hearing it applied to him. He looked away, thinking once more about getting his hands on a gun, settling the score. He felt the bra straps digging into his shoulders, the weight of his pendulous breasts.

“Come on,” Morgan said. “Let’s have a drink.”

They got a couple beers, went into Morgan’s office. “You said you would reverse this,” Rommel said, self-conscious as he sipped his beer, the bottle suddenly seeming very phallic as he wrapped his lips around it.

“Well, hon, I lied,” Morgan said. “But, that isn’t to say we won’t reverse the spell.”

“What do you want?”

“We did this to you because you didn’t know your place. You went against Wolf. You need to show us you know your place now.”

“And what’s my place?”

“You’re Cherry’s old lady. You need to be that. Be her woman. Show us you can do whatever you’re asked to do, and you can earn your balls back.”

“I can’t do that,” Rommel said, tugging at an earring. “I don’t think I can do that.”

“Then you better get used to sitting down to pee, hon.”

“Or maybe I should kill you,” Rommel said, slitting his eyes, the rage spilling out of him.

“You can try,” Morgan said. “I almost expect you to. But think it through. I’m the only one who can give you back your balls. Kill me, and you’ll be a bitch for the rest of your life.”

Morgan sat back, let Rommel think about it.

“Fuck,” Rommel said, surrendering to her argument, accepting defeat. “You are one stone cold woman.”

“Yes, I am,” Morgan, slamming down the rest of her beer. “Let’s go hang with the other girls,” she said, getting up. “You need to learn how to be one of the girls now. Might as well get some practice.” Morgan led him over to one of the couches. The girls looked him over, snickering. “Ladies, show Rommel how to be one of the girls,” Morgan said.

Tina padded the couch seat next to hers. “Come on girl!” She said. “And make sure you keep your knees together.”

Rommel followed her. Rommel found himself sitting with the other women, listening to them talk. He felt ashamed at the sound of his voice now, and besides he didn’t have much to offer their silly conversation anyway. After a while, someone suggested they watch *The Bachelorette*. Rommel groaned, and Morgan shot him a look, so he reluctantly joined them all in front of one of the flat screens. It was a treat for the women to watch something like this in the clubhouse— the men never allowed it when they were around. For Rommel, it just seemed like another form of hell, but he sat and got drunk with the girls, thinking, *this is my life now*

Later, as he sipped the Cosmo someone had made for him, wincing at the girly tastes of the thing, he felt his breasts tingle, grow hot. What the hell? He thought, looking down to see them swell, even as they seemed to feel *tight*. Rommel wiggled, tugged at his bra, thinking, *what the hell?*

“Hey, sister,” Morgan said. Rommel looked up to see Morgan had come out from the nursery—they’d set up a nursery and playroom for all the girl’s kids during the lockdown—and Morgan had a baby on her hip, the tiny little thing staring at Rommel with big, blue eyes, even while he sucked his thumb.

“Hey,” Rommel said.

“I need you to breastfeed this little guy,” Morgan said, holding the baby out toward Rommel.

Rommel looked at the little baby with horror. “Breastfeed?” He said. “But I can’t... I mean... can I?”

“You can,” Morgan said. “I filled your puppies up for you.” She held the baby out, raised an eyebrow. “The girls will be happy to show you the ropes. Won’t you girls?”

The girls sitting around Rommel giggled. “Of course,” Tina said. “It’ll be fun to see such a big, strong man nursing a baby!”

Rommel put his hands under the baby’s little armpits, ruefully put the baby in his lap. Breastfeed? How could Morgan dump this latest humiliation on him?

“So,” Tina said, “you need to get a tit out,”

Rommel pulled off his t-shirt, feeling his newly even bigger breasts bounce. He then reached back and unhooked his bra, carefully slipping it over his shoulders and down his arms, keeping it over at least one of his breasts. The other hung out there from his chest, jiggling slightly with every move. He heard the girls giggle.

“Now,” Tina said, “just lift the baby up and put him to your juicy teat.”

“Lucky little man,” Jasmine said. “Going to get a mouthful of gorgeous tit.”

Rommel, eyes averted, lifted the baby, cradling him in his arms, and brought the baby’s mouth to his nipple. The baby immediately latched on, wrapping his wet mouth around Rommel’s nipple and sucking, even while he put one little hand on Rommel’s breast. As the milk started flowing from his breast, Rommel winced at the slight pain, but then he felt a sense of calm and ease come over him, and as he stared down at the nursing baby a sense of—fulfillment.

“Aren’t you adorable,” Tina said, patting Rommel on the arm.

“Knock it off,” Rommel said, not wanting the girls to realize he was actually enjoying the experience. “I’m just doing what...”

“--nature intended,” Jasmine interrupted. “You’re a natural, Rommy. You’ll make such a good mommy someday.” Once more the girls laughed.

“Shut up,” Rommel said, but they all noticed that when he looked down at the baby on his breast, he smiled.

When the baby had finished feeding, Morgan had Rommel take him back to the nursery. “Stay here and watch the little ones,” Morgan said. “I need a break.”

Rommel felt his innards writhe in horror as he looked at the room teeming with children of all ages. He never liked kids, and the implications of having him watch them now unmanned him as much as nursing his first baby. He shook his head. “I don’t know how to do... kids,” he said.

“Kayla will help,” Morgan said, nodding toward Kayla, a thirteen-year-old girl who was busy helping a couple toddlers with some blocks. Kayla looked up. “Sure,” she said.

“Make sure Rommel learns how to change a diaper,” Morgan said.

Rommel knew Kayla. In fact, he’d known her since she was a baby. Now, the girl bounded over, grinning, clapping. “You’re a girl now, too!” She said. “You have to tell me *everything!*”

Rommel rolled his eyes, cursing whatever gods had doomed him to this life. Soon, he found himself playing with dolls, brushing hair, changing diapers, all while Kayla chatted away, telling him all the great things about being a girl as well as gushing endlessly on how pretty he was now. Hours passed, and he was once more nursing a baby when he heard the outer doors burst open and the guys shouting and yelling. Rommel wanted to see Cherry, and he started to pull the baby from his breast, but the baby’s face scrunched up and he started to cry.

Damn! Rommel lifted the hungry baby back to his breast, then just decided—the hell with it. He walked out into the clubhouse looking for Cherry amid all the men shouting and hollering. When he spotted her, she was across the room, and their eyes met. She took in the sight of him standing there, clutching a baby to his soft breast, and she nodded, smiled, and crossed the room. She wrapped her arms around both Rommel and the baby, kissing him. “Who’s this little guy?”

“I didn’t have a choice,” Rommel said, blushing. “Morgan—”

“Seeing you nursing this little guy gave me a fucking boner like you wouldn’t believe, babe,” Cherry said. “It’s hot as hell.”

“Really?” Rommel said.

“Really.” She kissed him again. “Listen. I have to hang around for a little while, you know, but let’s get out of here as soon as we can. I want to make you glad you’re a woman now.”

“I’d... like that....?” Rommel said.

“That’s my girl,” Cherry said, pinching him on the hip.

The party went on for a time. Rommel put the baby down, wiped a droplet of milk from his nipple, slipped his bra back on, his shirt. As he looked down at the sleeping baby, he felt all sorts of conflicted feelings... he almost thought he wanted to have a baby now.... One of his own... but no. He was just confused, or maybe it was the spell. The thought of getting all fat, and then having a baby crawl out of his vagina? Too gross.

Cherry got away as soon as she could, and they drove back to their house, Rommel clinging to Cherry’s back as she drove. She picked him up and carried him, laughing and kicking, feeling so light and pretty, back into their bedroom, then she tossed him on the bed and attacked. She was like a wild animal, tearing his clothes off, planting hot, wet kisses up and down his body, getting him so hot and wet he actually wept as he begged her to take him, to do it... and then she did, rutting him like a stag, but this time there was more there, something emotional and deep, so when she finished, rolling off of Rommel, he stared at the ceiling, smiling, seeing stars and he thought, ‘Omigod, I’m in love.’”

He rolled onto his side, threw an arm across Cherry’s wiry chest, and just looked at her rugged face, watching as she breathed.... And he felt... he knew he felt just like a woman, just like any woman who had found her soul mate. Morgan. Ha! She thought she’d defeated him, but she’d actually made him happy, maybe the happiest girl in the whole world.

Rommel got up early, did his make-up, slipped into a pair of fishnet stockings, cut offs, a hot pink bra and a see through shirt. He brushed his hair, did his make-up, and the made his way to the kitchen, dancing as he grabbed out the frying pain and started

to sizzle up some bacon. He checked his face in the mirror on the fridge every two minutes. He wanted to look perfect for his man.

Finally, Cherry came out, scratching her belly. "Morning!" Rommel called out in a sing-song voice, giving her a kiss on the cheek.

Cherry grunted and sat down.

Rommel felt a little cold at how distant she seemed. Well, she was a guy now, he reasoned. He put breakfast out, sat down, tried several times to start a conversation, but Cherry met him with a wall of surly grunts and grumbles. Rommel couldn't believe it. He thought about her kisses, her caresses, the way she'd looked at him. He'd never felt more pretty, more loved, and now it was like he didn't even exist.

"What?" He finally said, slamming his coffee cup down on the table.

Cherry sat back. "What?"

"Why are you being such a dick to me?"

Cherry looked away, shook her head.

"Tell me what's going on," Rommel said, covering her hand with his own. "I'm your old lady now."

"See? That! That!"

"I don't understand?"

"You're... you've become a woman, Rommel. And I don't just mean that body. The way you act now, and when I saw you nursing that baby? The way you fuck? You're a girl now. And.. I don't know."

"I thought that's what you would want? I just want to please you."

"Well, you aren't."

"What can I do?"

"I want to be the girl," Cherry said, pounding her fist on the table. "I thought this was cool at first, but it sucks. I shot someone last night. I watched him die, and it made me feel sick. I hated it, but the guys were all like-- yeah, you're a man now--- and it was gross and stupid. Then, I come back and find you nursing a baby? I want to be a mommy one day! I want to be the one on the bottom, getting ploughed. I want to be the girl!"

Rommel sat back. "I didn't know," he said.

“But now, you like it so much, and you’re so good at it, and so hot, what can we do?”

“Morgan said she’d change us back. She told me I just needed to prove I could know my place, do what I had to do. So, we only have to do this for awhile.”

Cherry started to cry. “For how long?”

“I don’t know, but I just need you to be my strong man. Can you do that?”

“Push!” Cherry said, holding Rommel’s hand. “Push!”

“You did this to me!” Rommel screamed as he felt seeing pain all through his lower body. “I fucking hate you!”

“Push!”

“You’re crowning,” the nurse said. “Just a little bit longer.”

Rommel screamed in pain. “I hate men!” He screamed. “I hate men!” He felt the baby between his legs now, sliding out of him. He gasped with relief, and then he heard the baby cry—it’s first, soft little cry. Tears poured down his cheeks, and he smiled through the pain while Cherry continued to hold his hand, kissing him on the forehead. “He’s so beautiful,” Rommel whispered as exhaustion overtook him. “I’m a mommy?”

“Yes, you are,” Cherry said.

Later that night, Rommel sat up in his bed, his beautiful baby boy to his breasts, while Cherry sat at his bedside. “Can’t we maybe just stay like this a little longer?” Rommel said, looking adoringly at his baby, feeling such a loving connection as his son suckled.

“We agreed,” Cherry said. “I get to be the girl again now that you’ve had your baby.”

“But, I just want to be a mommy now.”

“Well, men have to make sacrifices for their families,” Cherry said.

There was a knock on the door. “Come in?”

The door opened, and Morgan and Wolf came in with balloons. “Congratulations!” Wolf shouted, patting Rommel on the head.

“He’s so handsome!” Morgan said, touching the baby’s soft skin. “He’ll drive all the girls wild!”

“Just like his mom,” Cherry said.

“Speaking of which,” Morgan said. “You two sure you want to go through with this?”

“No,” Rommel said.

“Yes,” Cherry said.

“Is it that you both want to be the guy or the girl?” Wolf said.

“Girl,” they agreed.

All four laughed. “Well, it’s your choice now,” Morgan said, handing a vile filled with a purple liquid to Cherry. “Drink this, and everything reverts back.”

Morgan and Wolf left. “One more week?” Rommel said.

“I can’t be a dude anymore,” Cherry said. “I want to be a mommy.”

The nurse came to take the baby. When she left, Cherry pulled the stopped from the potion. “Ready?”

“No,” Rommel pouted.

Cherry drank. The world spun, and Rommel found himself sitting next to the bed, looking at the woman he’d been for the past year. She was beautiful. He was going to miss that. He sat back, put his hands to his cheeks, felt the bristly wires of his beard, pulled his hands away. “Gross.”

“You’ll get used to it again,” Cherry said, reaching out to pat him on the arm.

Rommel stood, wiggled. It felt weird to have such a flat, empty chest. “I miss my boobs,” he said.

Cherry put her hands on her breasts. ‘I’d forgotten what it was like to have these puppies.’

“And my ass is so flat,” he reached back and felt his bony ass, crinkling his nose. “I feel *incomplete*. “Where is the rest of me?”

“Well, I’m pretty sure I have your ovaries,” Cherry said. “So, no more periods for you. That’s something, right?”

“Yeah. Can’t say I’ll miss the curse,” Rommel said sitting, crossing his legs feminine style and then wincing as he crushed his junk. “Plus, I’ll save a bundle on feminine hygiene products.”

“You going to be okay?” Cherry said.

“Yeah, I think so,” Rommel said. And he was. It was hard for him watching Cherry be the mother of the child he’d given birth too, and sometimes he felt jealous of how the

mother-son bond they had, but he worked hard, earned, too care of them. He played the man, and he played it well, though not a day went by he didn't wish he was still a woman.

Afterword

6 Pixie Cut A

Why couldn't he be more affectionate? His insensitivity made her angry. He started toward the door, and she said, "We need to do something about your hair. It doesn't suit you anymore."

"Really?" Rommel said, suddenly consumed with insecurity. He wanted to please Cherry, to look good for her. "What's wrong?"

Cherry took his hand and led him to the kitchen. "It's just too... too Nordic murderer."

"I thought you liked it?"

"Used to. Just sit and let me fix it."

Rommel had let his grow wild and free, exactly like a Viking raider, and he'd always liked it. Part of him wanted to just get up and walk out, tell Cherry to stop being such a dumb broad, but now that he knew she didn't like his haircut? He sat, pulling out his phone, checking his messages, then surfing the net. Cherry fitted a barber's bib around his neck and went to work. She always trimmed his hair and beard, just a little so it had the perfect "wild" look without trending into homeless guy.

Once he'd checked his messages, he felt bored and downloaded Instagram and Snapchat, then checked up on what the Kardashians were up to, Beyonce. He really didn't have anything else to do while Cherry clipped and nipped, poured some smelly chemicals into his hair, washed it, clipped some more. She worked as a hairdresser sometimes when they needed money and did the hair of a lot of the girls down at the MC.

Finally, she pulled clips and pins from his hair. Immediately, bang fell across Rommel's forehead, just seeming to get into his vision. "Take a look," Cherry said, holding up a mirror.

Rommel's mouth dropped open. His hair was now a different shade of blonde—almost white with dark streaks, and he had bangs that brushed across his forehead in a feminine way that he found deeply disturbing, especially given that his now chin length hair had a round shape, softening his features—it looked like the kind of hair Tinkerbell would have, or some teen Asian girl. Further, Cherry had trimmed and died his beard

the same light blonde before braiding it, tying the braid off with a leather loop. “What the hell have you done to me?” He said, shaking his head.

“It’s cute,” Cherry said, brushing his bangs back. “Sexy.” She took his braided beard into her hand and tugged. “Cool.”

“It looks—isn’t this a girl’s haircut?” Rommel said, even as her words seemed to wash over him--- Cute.... Sexy.... Cool....

“No,” Cherry said. “Of course not. I mean, when you think about it, a lot of people think long hair is for girls, and now yours is short.”

“True,” he said, touching his hair with his fingertips. Most guys did have short hair.

Cherry grabbed the leather loop she’d tied onto the end of Rommel’s beard and tugged him to his feet. “Trust me,” she said. “You look perfect.”

“Well, if you say so,” Rommel said.

Cherry brushed his hair back from his cheek, ran her hands along his shoulders, thrilling at the feel of the shoulder straps. “I do,” she said.

Rommel’s cell phone chimed. It was Ginger, who ran their strip club, The Casbah.

“Yeah?” He said, answering.

“We got trouble,” Ginger said. “Asshole trucker giving the girls some shit.”

“On my way.” Rommel said. “I gotta go take care of some business.”

“I was thinking I might go into town and—“

“No. Stay here. Clean this place up. It’s a mess.”

“Okay,” Cherry said.

Rommel got up. Cherry looked up, hoping for a kiss, a hug, but Rommel just put on his sunglasses and walked out without a word or a glance. She felt cold. Alone. Why couldn’t he be more affectionate?

Rommel got on his bike, gunned the engine and took off down Canyon Road, toward The Casbah. The last thing he needed was this shit. It was strange having short hair now. His neck was bare, and he could feel the cool wind against his skin. When he got to the strip joint, he saw a big 18- wheeler parked out front. It was early in the morning, so the parking lot was otherwise empty. Rommel pulled off his helmet, and bangs flopped across his eyes. The wind blew, tossing the golden locks around his face, like a super model on a runway.

“This hair is ridiculous,” he said, getting off his bike. Why did I let her do this to me?

“Bitch!” He heard someone inside the club yell, and then the sound of smashing glass.

Hell. Forgetting about his hair for a minute, Rommel shoved through the door and into the dark, cool of the Casbah. A big, fat slob of a trucker had a broken bottle in his hand. Gina, one of the girls, was crying, cowering. He had a fist full of her hair. “I’m gonna cut your face up, you bitch!” The trucker yelled.

Rommel pulled the pistol from his belt, jacked a bullet into the chamber. His blood boiled at the sight of this asshole terrifying Gina. She was a nice girl. “Hey, shit head,” he said, moving into the bar. “Let the girl go or I’ll put a bullet in your head.” Rommel was aware of the feeling of his panties, his bra.

The trucker looked at Rommel with glassy, whiskey glazed eyes. He let go of Gina’s hair. She scurried away with a whimper.

“Get the fuck out here,” Rommel said.

“Yeah. You’re a real big man with that gun in your hand,” the trucker said, speech slurred.

Rommel put the gun down. “You just earned yourself an ass kicking.”

The trucker raised his fists.

“Don’t,” Ginger said, but Rommel had already closed on the guy. The trucker threw a haymaker, but he was drunk, slow. Rommel ducked under it and delivered two punches—hard—to the man’s face, the force shaking Rommel’s forearm even as he heard the crunching of the man’s nose.

The trucker went down. Hard. Pushed himself up on all fours. Rommel kicked him in the gut. “Crawl out of here, motherfucker!”

The trucker, broken and bleeding, crawled out the door.

“Oh my God,” Gina said, throwing her arms around Rommel. “Thank you!”

Rommel pulled her to him, kissed her on the head. “It’s okay. You’re safe now.”

Gina buried her head against his chest, feeling something strange—stiff lace, like he was—was he wearing a bra?

Ginger handed him a glass of Kentucky Bourbon. “Asshole won’t show his face here again.”

“If he does, next time I’ll blow his dick off,” Rommel said, tossing his hair.

“If you can even find it under all that fat.” Gina had her hand on his chest. Yes. He was definitely wearing a bra. For some reason, it got her excited. “You changed your hair,” she said, running her fingers through the short pixie cut.

“Yeah,” Rommel said. “Cherry’s idea.” That feeling of insecurity filled him again. He needed assurances. “Do you like it? it’s not too... um...”

“It’s sexy,” Gina said.

Rommel slammed the booze back. Kicking that dirt bag’s ass, having Gina in his arms, it made him horny. “One of your girls free?” He said to Gina. “I need to work off the tension.” His bangs were hanging over his eyes.

“I’m free,” Gina said.

“You sure? After what just happened?”

“I am. I want to thank you,” she said, plucking at his golden hair, hooking it behind his ear, touching his cheek.

Rommel shrugged and took her back to one of the private dancing rooms.

“Your hair is so pretty,” Gina said, playing with it some more.

“You think so?” Rommel said, flushing with pleasure at the compliment.

“God, yes. I’m jealous.”

Rommel kissed her, then looked at her face. She was very pretty with big eyes and plump lips.

7 Give him a sexy mouth

8. Give him big, pretty eyes

14 B cup breasts

Rommel climbed onto his bike, shifting around, trying to get comfortable. He didn't realize his new, long legs were making it feel wrong. Gunning the motor, he tore off down the street, loving the way the wind felt in his long hair. As he pulled up to his house, he saw Cherry on the riding lawnmower, cutting the lawn. *What the hell?* He thought, taking off his helmet, shaking out his hair. Cherry saw him, waved. It was hot, and her shoulders shone with sweat, while her tank top clung to her breasts. "I'll be done in a jiff," Cherry called. "Go on inside."

Rommel swallowed, staring at her breasts in that wet t-shirt. He could see her nipples through the damp fabric. She had incredible tits. He'd always known that, but staring at them now he couldn't help but appreciate their perfect shape, how firm and — bouncy they were. He felt his own chest tingle, and he wondered what it felt like to have breasts like that. Breasts of his own.

Rommel went into the house, the image of those perfect breasts dancing in his head. His mouth was dry. He needed a drink. He opened the fridge and grabbed a beer, taking a gulp, thinking about Cherry, how great she must feel when she looked in the mirror and saw those proud breasts filling out her tank top. He gulped down the beer, and then another. He heard the front door open and slam shut. Burning with desire, he strode into the living room, walked right up to Cherry and planted a hand on one of those perfect breasts, squeezing as he kissed her.

"Your hair," Cherry said, running her hand through his golden locks.

"Yeah," Rommel said. "I know." He grabbed the bottom of Cherry's shirt and pulled it over her head. Her breasts bounced free, dappled with glittering beads of sweat. Rommel kissed one, then the other, lifts and squeezed, kissed them some more as he guided Cherry to the couch.

"What's it like?" He asked as he stared in wonder at the smooth, tan swellings. "To have such perfect breasts?"

Cherry giggled. "What's gotten into you?"

Rommel licked her hard teat, teased it with his tongue. "What does that feel like?" He said.

“Good,” Cherry said.

“How?”

“Like a kiss from an angel,” she said.

Rommel gasped. He needed to know that feeling. Rommel ran his fingertips against the skin of her breasts, under, around the sides. “I’m so jealous,” he said.

Cherry rolled them over, putting Rommel on his back, smiling down at him.

“Jealous?” She said.

“You’re so lucky,” he said, reaching up, palming her breasts that now swayed freely from her chest.

“Do you want tits?” Cherry said. “Like me?”

“Yes,” Rommel said, surprised as the word came out of his mouth.

Cherry giggled. She helped Rommel out of his shirt, saw he was wearing one of her tank tops under it. Biting her lip, she pulled the tank top off, threw it to the side.

Rommel stared up at her, his face framed by his blonde hair.

She put her hands on Rommel’s smooth chest. Rommel arched his back, moaned. Cherry began to squeeze and fondle him, the hard, flat muscle softening, rounding. She lifted her hands and looked down to see Rommel now had firm little breasts, like a teen girl.

“Don’t stop,” Rommel said, aching for her touch, to feel her strong hands on his budding breasts. Cherry cupped the soft, new flesh, leaned down and started kissing Rommel on his tits. “Make them bigger,” Rommel whispered. “I want them. I need them.”

Cherry pulled back, looking down at his perky little breasts. No, she decided. She liked the idea of leaving him with teen breasts, leaving him feeling inadequate, immature. Maybe he would even get a boob job one day, she thought, smirking.

Rommel grabbed her wrists and tried to pull her hands back to his new puppies. “Please,” he said. “Don’t stop.”

“I don’t think so,” Cherry said. “You look cute with those bouncy little boobs. Like my little sister.”

Rommel looked down at his chest, cupped his new breasts. “They’re too small,” he said. “The other girls will make fun of me.” Even as he said the words, he heard how

absurd they sounded. ‘I mean... I don’t know. But, you need to finish. I want breasts like yours. Like Kate Upton. I want...’

“I don’t care what you want,” Cherry said. She grabbed one of his nipples and pinched it hard, then twisted. Rommel yelped in pain and his world went black.

15 Give him booty

17 Period

They pulled into the clubhouse. Climbed off the bike. Rommel felt his heart race as they approached the clubhouse, reached out and took Cherry's hand. "It's going to be okay," Cherry said, pushing open the door.

Rommel let go of her hand. He couldn't let the guys see how afraid he was. As usual, they were scattered around the room, drinking, fondling girls. Seeing Jimmy with his hand inside one of the girl's blouses, Rommel felt his own breasts tingle, and he suddenly felt naked, like all the guys could see right through his clothes. He nodded, bumped fists, looking around for Morgan. Cherry melted into the room, saying hi to the other girls, but looked back at Rommel regularly, giving him confidence.

All around the room the guys and the girls were checking out Rommel's ass— so perfect in those tight jeans. He sensed their eyes on him, on his backside, and he felt himself flushing with pride and pleasure, but also shame. He felt his breathing quickening, getting shallow, his head felt light. More, he felt a cramp in his belly, and – bloated, like his stomach was full of fluid. *Weird*, he thought.

Wolf stepped out of the meeting room, gave Rommel a once over, smiled.

Rommel felt his skin crawl. Shit. He didn't want to deal with Wolf right now, but Wolf walked right toward him, so Rommel threw his shoulders back, glanced at Cherry, who nodded her support. "You seen Morgan?"

Wolf shook his head, stepped close to Rommel. "Nah." Then he leaned in so close Rommel could feel the other man's breath on his cheek and whispered, "You look really hot in those jeans."

Rommel felt a chill— the tone of voice, the comment. It made his skin crawl. "Knock it off," Rommel said. "I want to make this right."

"I can think of a few ways." Wolf's eyes dropped to Rommel's chest, and Rommel felt the other man mentally undressing him. He felt vulnerable, scared, like the other man was looking right at his bare, bouncy breasts. He resisted the urge to cross his arms, to step away.

"Where's Morgan?"

“In her office,” Wolf said, still whispering. “Waiting for you, doll.” He reached up, meaning to run his hand along Rommel’s cheek, but he batted the other man’s hand away, spun and headed toward Morgan’s office, his ponytail swaying.

Wolf looked down and drank in the sight of Rommel’s glorious ass. He would very much like to tap that, he thought. And maybe he would once Rommel was finished changing and just another sweet ass at the MC.

“Rommy,” Morgan said as he walked into her office. She wore a pair of glasses, was idly looking over an invoice.

“Don’t call me that,” Rommel said, sitting, crossing his long legs at the knee, tossing his ponytail.

“So, between us girls, you are really blossoming into a gorgeous young lady.”

“Okay,” Rommel said. “Fine. Look, you win. I drop everything. I get in line. I stop fighting with Wolf for the leadership of the club. That’s what you want, right?”

“I did warn you,” Morgan said.

“And I should have listened,” Rommel said.

“Okay,” Morgan said.

“Okay?”

“You fall in line, learn your place, then it’s settled.”

“You’ll turn me back?”

“Sure. I think you’ve learned your lesson. Only, are you sure that’s what you want? I mean, I think you’d make a really sweet girl.”

Sweet girl. Sweet ass. Rommel’s heart fluttered. Maybe it would be better. No more violence. No more macho bullshit. He could just.... “No, thanks,” he said.

“Okay, then.”

“So that’s it? Just that simple?”

“Just that simple. The changes will take a few days, though, so in the meantime enjoy those fun bags.”

“Thanks,” Rommel said, getting up. It pissed him off, the whole thing. He hated that they’d had the fucking audacity to pull this shit, and he hated losing. But he wasn’t losing. Once he was back to normal, he would kill them both. He smiled. “Be seeing you.”

“Bye.”

Rommel left the office, holding in his rage. As soon as he stepped out the door, though, Jimmy called. “Meeting,” he said. “Now.”

Shit. Rommel wondered what Wolf was up to, didn’t feel like dealing with him, but he had no choice. He walked back to the meeting room, took his seat at the table, shifting uncomfortable against that feeling that he was sitting on a pillow. He felt like all the guys were looking at him, but indirectly, out of the corner of their eyes. Did everyone know?

Wolf came in, closed the door. “Jimmy has put together an attack plan on the Incans,” Wolf said. “Jimmy?”

Jimmy outlined the plan.

“Rommel, this was your ideas. Any thoughts?”

Rommel nodded. “I like the overall concept but...” He suddenly felt an agonizing pain in his abdomen, like something was scrapping the inside of his stomach. Rommel couldn’t help but double-over, putting a hand gingerly to his belly.

“You okay, there, sport?” Wolf said, grinning. “You need a drink? Maybe some cranberry juice?”

Rommel didn’t get the reference. “No, I’m...” hoping to stretch out the cramp, he stood, wincing. “I say we...” and then he felt it. Hot fluid seeping down his leg. “What?” He couldn’t stop the flow, it just oozed out of him, hot and sticky. “Oh, shit,” he mumbled, thinking he was peeing himself, but it felt thick, sticky, and why did the room suddenly smell like copper?

The men all laughed. Wolf clapped. “Well, looks like Rommel just had his first period! Congrats!” He started clapping and the others joined in.

“Period?” Rommel said, the reality sinking in, a wave of shame coming over him as he looked down and saw the stain of his menstrual flow on his pants.

Morgan! Rommel shouted, meaning to charge off and confront her. But just as he started to charge off, he felt the ace bandage around his chest pop, and his breasts spilled out, swelling out the front of his shirt, pushing open his jacket.

“Woah, Nelly!” Wolf said. “Those are some impressive knockers you got there.”

The guys laughed. Rommel wrapped his arms over his breasts, ran from the room, hips swaying, chased by the laughter of the men. He charged into Morgan's office.

"What the hell? We had a deal!"

"Oh," Morgan said, covering her smirk. "Dear." She, like all the rest, found her eyes drawn to Rommel's tits, straining against his t-shirt, swaying with his every move, then to the stain on his crotch. "I told you it would take time for the spell to reverse, sweetie."

"*Bullshit!*" One the word shit, Rommel's voice cracked and slid into a higher register. "You set me up!" He chirped, his hand flying to his throat as he heard himself sounding like tween girl.

"Sweetie, let me get you some fresh panties and a maxi-pad," Morgan said. "Then, I'll tell you all about what you're going through."

"Turn me back into a man!" Rommel screamed, even as another brutal cramp hit, and he wobbled, had to lean on Morgan's desk to keep from falling down.

People were gathering outside the office doors, the guys, the girls, everyone chattering, laughing as Rommel shrieked. He turned, shocked, and realized everyone was seeing this, hearing him like— this. He put a hand over the stain on his groin, threw an arm across his breasts.

"Come on," Cherry said, pushing through the crowd, grabbing Rommel's arm. "Let's go."

Rommel let her lead him from the room, bowing his head in shame, arms crossed over his chest. Cherry climbed onto the bike, and Rommel climbed on behind her, wrapping his arms around her waist, holding tight as she took him home.

18 He Submits to Cherry

Sweet Ass

Rommel woke, his mind muddy, confused. Images of their love making came back to him, the pleasure flickering back along with— confusion, shame, humiliation. He remembered being on his hands and knees, breasts bouncing as Cherry hammered him, the sight of his pretty face in the mirror... He plucked at a strand of his long blonde hair, staring at it there in his slender little hand. *Who am I?* He wondered. *What have I become?*

His existential musings gave way to a far more physical concern. He needed to pee. He sat up, idly wondering where Cherry had gone. He was still wearing his bra and tank tops and he adjusted his bra straps, repositioned his breasts, tossed his hair. He didn't know what had become of his shorts, his panties. He stood and hurried to the bathroom, lifted the lid and reached down past his breasts to grab his—

“What? Oh, shit.” His fingers brushed against— nothing. He felt the stiff bristles of his landing strip, and then, searching around... he felt a mound, and then his finger brushed against a soft lip.... He yanked his hand away, terrified. He had a... he was....

Fuck, fuck, fuck.. He tried to lean down, to see, to confirm with his eyes, but his boobs were in the way, his hair fell in his face, he couldn't see anything... He went to the bathroom mirror, but it was too high... he grabbed the trash can from the corner of the room, flipped it, climbed up on it and looked, immediately covering his face with his hands, hoping off the trash can.

“No.... No... no....!”

He refused to believe it, and now reached down with both hands, thrusting them between his legs... but it only confirmed what he refused to believe, he no longer had a dick. His hands found only the soft folds of a woman.

“Babe?” He heard a man say.

Rommel yelped and spun to see... himself. His old self. Bearded, tall. “You okay?”

Rommel instinctively covered his new sex with one hand, threw the other defensively over his chest. “Who are you?” He said, backing away, frightened, confused.

“It's me,” the man said, scratch his beard. “Cherry.”

Rommel shook his head. “It can't be.”

“I turned into you last night, after we fucked.” Her eyes fell to Rommel’s little hand, the one covering his vagina.

“Don’t look at me!” Rommel shrieked, slamming the bathroom door.

“Come on,” Cherry said through the door. “It’s not so bad.”

“Not so—?” Rommel couldn’t help himself. Hot tears poured down his cheeks, and he sank to the toilet seat, hugging himself. “I’m dead. Destroyed....”

“Oh, don’t be so dramatic...”

“Go away!” Rommel screamed. “Leave me alone!”

Cherry sighed. Bitches. She decided it was best just to let him cry it out.

“Whatever,” she said.

Rommel wept. He didn’t know how long, but eventually the tears stopped, the sobbing. He still needed to pee. More than ever. He didn’t want to do it— not like this— but he was struggling to hold it, and he didn’t want to pee himself.

He lifted the toilet lid, sat down, squirming uncomfortably at the feeling of the cold seat against his rear. How am I even supposed to do this now? He wondered, but it came naturally, as he heard the gentle sound of tinkling, felt the fluid sluice from his new lips. It felt gross and wrong, but he just closed his eyes and let it happen, trying to pretend that none of this was happening. That he hadn’t been turned into a woman.

By the time he finished, his mind had turned back to vengeance. They had destroyed him. Humiliated him. They would die for this. And then, he would shoot himself. He looked in the mirror, at his pretty face, the swell of his chest. No. He couldn’t live like this. He would kill them and then himself. There was no way he would go through life as a woman.

He dressed. Cherry’s clothes. Bra. Panties. A pair of jeans. A t-shirt. Everything felt too small, too tight. He found her hiking boots in the closet and pulled them on, laced them up, smiling, briefly, as he remembered how they used to go hiking in the woods together, find a spot, picnic. The guns he’d thrown on the bed had been bounced off during their love making and looking at the bed he blushed again as he remembered getting ... taken...by Cherry.

His hands were smaller now, and none of the pistols felt right— they weren’t sized for a woman, but he finally found one that he thought he could handle and shoved it in

the waist band of his jeans. Trying his best to ignore the bounce and shape of his new body, he headed to the living room, dreading the thought of facing Cherry, now that she was the man.

Cherry was sitting on the couch, legs spread, a beer in her hands, watching television. She didn't even look at him as he entered the room, stood there for a moment, looking at her— looking at himself. "I'm going," he said, hating the sound of his little voice. "I'm going to kill them."

Cherry looked up, gave him a once over. Smirked. "I called Wolf. We're going to work it out."

"There's nothing to work out," Rommel said. "They need to pay— for this." He glanced down at his body.

Cherry sighed. "Babe," she said, getting up, chugging her beer. "You're not thinking straight."

"I—"

"Shhsssh," she said, putting her finger to Romme's lips. "Listen. You're upset, hormonal. You need to let me handle this."

Hormonal? Rommel thought, feeling his rage building, but he couldn't seem to find words, to speak. Cherry gathered him in her arms, hugged him tight, and when she stepped away, he felt her pull the gun from his waist band. She shoved into her own. "You just sit pretty, and I'll go talk to Wolf."

"No," Rommel said. "I— he needs to pay for this. They both do."

"I got this," Cherry said.

"I'm coming," Rommel said.

"Babe," Cherry said. "Think about it. You can't. Your just sweet ass now. If you show up at the club now and someone wants a piece of you?"

"I am NOT sweet ass! I'm not a woman. I'm not— you!"

Cherry could see she needed to make a point. "You're not a woman?" She said. "You sure about that?" She looked Rommel over, undressing him with her eyes. Rommel resisted the urge to cringe, to cover himself, but her manly stare made him feel even inch the woman.

“You’re a sweet piece of ass,” Cherry said, continuing to look him over, to drink in his gorgeous body. “A hot little bitch.”

“Bitch?” Rommel swung. Cherry caught his wrist, yanked him into her arms, lifted him off his feet and tossed him onto the couch, pouncing on him, covering his writhing little body with her own.

“Get off me!” Rommel shrieked, struggling, but Cherry was too big, too strong, and she laughed as he slapped weakly at her head, squealing. Rommel felt her hand pawing at the button to his jeans, felt her shove it down his pants, felt her fingers plunging into his soft new sex. He screamed.

“You sure feel like a woman,” she said, putting her arm across his chest, pinning him while she worked her fingers inside him.

Rommel squirmed, struggled. He’d never felt so helpless, so scared, so violated. “Stop. Stop.”

“Admit you’re a woman,” Cherry said. “Say it.”

“No!”

Cherry kept working her fingers, found his clit. “Say it.”

Rommel’s brain screamed out in revolt against what he was feeling, things he shouldn’t feel, that no man could ever feel. He needed it to stop. “I am,” he gasped. “I am a woman.”

“There,” Cherry said, pulling her hand out of Rommel. She showed him her hand, glistening with his juices, then smelled her fingers, licked. “Was that so hard?”

“Asshole,” Rommel said. “Get off!” He tried to shove her off again, but only confirmed how weak he was now, how helpless. But defiant. “I’m still more of a man than you are.”

Cherry stayed on top of him, holding him down. “What do you think is going to happen if you show up at the MC looking like this? If one of the guys decides he wants a taste? What if Wolf wants a taste?”

“Oh, shit,” Rommel said, thinking it through, afraid, knowing Cherry was right. If one of the guys wanted him, they would take him. Well, he would just have to make sure they didn’t want him.

Cherry climbed off, leaving Rommel there, laying on his back, his blonde hair in his face, letting the realization sink in. Letting him realize what he was now. “You wanna beer?” She said.

“Go to hell,” Rommel said, throwing an arm over his eyes.

Cherry got herself a beer, twisted off the cap and took a swig. “You really want to come to the club with me? You know I can’t protect you.”

“I can handle myself,” Rommel said, trying to sound like he believed it. “I need to show them I’m still me, even in this... body.”

Cherry chugged her beer. “Don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

Rommel sat up, tossed his hair back. “Can we go now, then? Get this over with?”

“Not until you change,” Cherry said. “I’m not going to be seen in public with you looking like that.”

“Are you fucking kidding me?”

“Do I look like I’m kidding?” Cherry said, sipping her beer.

“I don’t want to send the wrong message.”

“Then stay here like a good little girl.”

“Fine,” Rommel said. “Whatever.”

Cherry picked out his clothes. Leather pants. A crop top that left his belly bare, showed off his tramp stamp. “Fix your face,” she said after he’d dressed. Rommel didn’t argue. He sat down at his make-up table, the knowledge now in him somehow, and touched up his make-up, still struggling to believe the pretty face her saw in the mirror belonged to him. Cherry watched, loving the sight of him touching up his lipstick, making himself pretty.

When he finished, she handed him a pair of knee high, stiletto boots. “Come on,” Rommel said.

“Put them on.”

Rommel rolled his eyes, but pulled the boots on, zipped them up, stood and took a few tentative steps. It felt odd to be perched up like that, forced to walk on the balls of his feet, but it felt— right. Like he’d been wearing heels all his life. “Satisfied?” He said, one hand planted on his soft hip.

“Very,” Cherry said, smiling. “You look hot as hell, girl.”

“Thanks,” Rommel said, his voice filled with bitter resentment. ‘I’ll just have to let them know with my attitude that I am hands off. You’re going to work this out with Wolf?”

“Trust me,” Cherry said. “Come on now.” She grabbed Rommel’s Sons of Blood jacket and pulled it on, shoved a pistol into the back of her jeans. “You better not arm yourself,” she said. “You don’t have anywhere to hide it, anyway.”

“But what if I need it?”

“I got this,” Cherry said.

“Fine.” There were plenty of guns at the club. Rommel would just find one if he needed it.

Crickets chirped as they arrived at the MC, but the parking lot was crowded with bikes and a few cars and trucks. Music thumped from inside. “I thought they were going to be here alone?” Rommel said, taking his helmet off, mussing his hair.

“Guess not,” Cherry said, putting her hand on the small of Rommel’s back, guiding him toward the door. The parking lot was cracked, full of potholes, and Rommel had to walk carefully in his heels, taking dainty little steps, the night air cool against his bare belly. He felt— feminine, nervous.

As soon as they walked through the door, all eyes fell to Rommel. The men looked him over with undisguised lust. The women sized him up, and most of them immediately felt jealous of the new competition. He was gorgeous. Morgan sat at her usual stool. Grinned. Wolf stood next to the door to the meeting room. He let his eyes roam over Rommel, making the other man drop his eyes in shame as Wolf drank in his soft curves.

Cherry led him through the crowd to the door. “You ready to meet?” She said to Wolf.

“Yeah, I am.”

Rommel felt a hand cup his ass, squeeze. “Hands off,” he said, batting the man’s hand away.

“Feisty,” the man said. “I like it LIKE that.”

He grabbed Rommel, kissed him hard on the mouth, shoving his fat, slobbering tongue down Rommel's throat. Rommel pushed helplessly against the man, gagging on his tongue, then the man shoved Rommel, sending him staggering across the room, tottering on his heels only to fall right into the arms of another biker—this one fat with a beard all the way down to his belly. He planted a kiss on Rommel as well, grabbing his ass with both hands, squeezing hard and Rommel writhed helplessly. "Yeah!" The men howled, and the girls laughed as well. On it went, the bikers throwing Rommel from one to another, groping him, kissing him. His eyes searched frantically for Cherry, but she'd gone into the office with Wolf, they'd closed the door, and he couldn't do anything as the men tossed him around like a sex doll.

Somehow it ended with Rommel on the couch, his pants pulled down to his knees, his shirt torn open to reveal his bra and the guys all gathered around him spraying him with champagne as he sat there, stunned and destroyed. "Welcome to the club, sweet ass," Inky said as the party broke up and the guys wandered off to find other girls to play with. Rommel sat there, eyes blank, champagne dripping from his hair, his lips, beading on his breasts.

"Come on, honey," Morgan said. "Let's clean you up."

Rommel followed her into a back room where there was a shower. Barely aware of his actions, he showered, washed his hair. He couldn't believe what had happened, that he was sweet ass now. Couldn't believe the way his brothers had treated him—like he was just some bitch. When he stepped out of the shower, Morgan had him blow dry his hair, then helped him get dressed—the outfit was different. All tropical colors, a kerchief in his hair, bangles and hoop earrings. She instructed him as he did his make-up, and when he was done, he thought his look reminded him of the Latina hookers he saw down on the east side.

"Just sit here, and I'll come get you when it's time," Morgan said.

"Time for what?"

"You'll see."

Rommel just smiled and sat down, knees together, hands folded primly in his lap. He didn't have the strength to care anymore, much less argue. Time passed. He didn't

know how long. He was vaguely aware of the sound of some bikes pulling into the parking lot. Then, Morgan poked her head in the door and said, 'It's time.'

Rommel got up and followed her back into the clubhouse, his pumps clicking on the tile, breasts swaying, hoop earrings brushing against his cheeks. When he walked into the clubhouse, he saw Wolf and Cherry standing next to the meeting room door along with Jesus Delgado—the President of the Incans biker gang.

Jesus eyes went to Rommel, and he licked his lips. "You weren't kidding," he said. "She is very fuckable."

Rommel's hand went to the delicate chain he wore around his slender neck. "Me?"

"Hell, yeah, you," Jesus said, looking Rommel up and down. "Wolf, thanks."

"Just a little peace offering to make it all up to you," Wolf said.

"No," Rommel said, taking a few tiny steps backward. He felt arms on his back, pushing him forward. "Wolf. Please?"

"Don't be nervous, girl," Jesus said. "I'm going to break you in real gentle." He walked up and slipped a possessive arm around Rommel's waist. Started toward the front door, leading Rommel.

Rommel minced along, heels clicking. He looked back over his shoulder, eyes wide with terror, and found Cherry. She shrugged and said, "Be good, babe."

The door opened, and blinding sunlit poured in. Rommel shielded his eyes with one slender hand, then looked up at Jesus. He was pretty good looking. The president of the club. I guess, Rommel thought, it could be worse. Jesus hand slipped to Rommel plump ass, squeezed.

"You're so fucking hot," Jesus said. "I am going to have a lot of fun with you."

"I just want to make you happy," Rommel said. And he meant it. He knew what he was, and he would just have to live with it. *Maybe*, he thought, *Jesus will make me his old lady one day. If I earn it.*

Afterword

Feminine arms (short hair)

As Rommel approached the door to the clubhouse, he pictured himself wearing only his panties, spaghetti straps over his tan shoulders. The image made him shiver with pleasure, and he smiled thinking about how he was about to walk into the clubhouse wearing panties, and no one would know. It was his secret! Pushing open the door, he swaggered into the clubhouse, tilting his head to one side and hooking his pixie cut behind one ear.

It was the usual scene. Some of the guys shooting pool. Others at the bar. Some on the couches, cuddling with the sweet ass. “Boys,” Rommel said, making eye contact, nodding. He checked out their skin— none of them had skin anywhere near as bright and healthy as his, so he checked out the girls— his real competition— and felt himself swell with pride as he realized he had better skin than any of them. Dumb Bitches! But, then his eyes swept up their smooth, hairless legs and right up to their smooth, hairless chins. They looked so pretty, and you could really appreciate how their skin glowed. He scratched his beard and looked down at his hairy arm. Gross!

“Bro,” Jimmy Jazz said, staring at Rommel. He had hair like a girl.

“What?” Rommel said.

“Nice haircut. And, you braided your beard?”

“Thanks,” Rommel said, touching his hair. “Cherry wanted me to do it, so I figured, what the hell? Gotta keep our girlfriends happy, right?”

The guys stared. Exchanged glances. What was going on?

“You look so cute!” Morgan said, strolling up to Rommel, running her fingers through his hair.

“Thanks,” Rommel said. He suddenly realized it was really important for him to look cute, and he glanced at the girls around the room, assessing their cuteness, noticing the things they did with their hair, clothes, jewelry, to enhance their cuteness.

“Let’s talk.”

“Yeah.” As Rommel turned to follow Morgan back to the storage room, Candy walked by. She was a hot little thing, but today his eyes were drawn to her rounded little shoulders and those thin, feminine arms that seemed to celebrate her vulnerability.

She looked like maybe she did some yoga or light weights, because her arms were tone, but they were so slender and dainty. He'd always found that hot, but today his mind blazed with desire—to have arms just like hers. Crazy, he thought, picturing himself wearing a tank top, showing off those puny little things. Even as he stared, he felt his arms growing more slender, smaller, his shoulders more narrow. Morgan smiled as she watched him, then said, "Come in."

"What's up?" He said.

Morgan closed the door. "I think there's a rat in the MC."

"A rat? Who?"

"Inky."

"No way," Rommel said. Inky had gotten his nickname because he was a tattoo artist. He'd been a member of the club for 20 years and was one of the founders.

"I know it's hard to believe," Morgan said, "but one of the girls heard him on the phone. She said he was warning someone about the Incans."

"Shit." Rommel thought about it, twisting his hair around his fingers. "Maybe it's just some kind of misunderstanding. I'll go talk to him. Don't say anything to anyone until I check things out."

"My lips are sealed." Morgan couldn't help herself. She reached out and touched his golden mane. It was silky and soft. "Your hair is gorgeous."

Rommel arrogantly gave his head a toss. "Cherry thought it would look good—cute? I'm not sure."

"It looks great, babe."

Rommel looked at Morgan's face, saw the crow's feet around her eyes, wrinkles around her mouth. She'd kept her body in good shape for a woman her age, but her skin looked flat, lifeless, and her hair was thinning, turning brittle. He felt sorry for her, even as comparing himself to her made him feel even prettier. "Hang tight. I'll let you know as soon as I find something out." He got up, hooking his hair behind his ear, and sashayed out of the room.

He left. Morgan pulled out her cellphone and made a call.

11 make him get a tramp stamp

Feminine legs (short hair)

As Rommel approached the door to the clubhouse, he pictured himself wearing only his panties, spaghetti straps over his tan shoulders. The image made him shiver with pleasure, and he smiled thinking about how he was about to walk into the clubhouse wearing panties, and no one would know. It was his secret! Pushing open the door, he swaggered into the clubhouse, tilting his head to one side and hooking his pixie cut behind one ear.

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“Let’s talk.”

“Yeah.” As Rommel turned to follow Morgan back to the storage room, Candy walked by. She had the best legs of any girl in the MC— they were long and lean, rounded. Her legs were so long they accounted for 2/3 of her height, giving her a stork-

like quality. Rommel let his eyes wander from her ass along those soft thighs to her slender calves and tiny ankles. God damn, he thought. They were the best legs he'd ever seen, and he could only dream of having such gorgeous legs himself.

He turned away, not even feeling it as his legs grew longer, prettier, until they matched Candy's, and he had the same stork-like leggy proportions. His jeans hung loose around his newly slender legs, and with his longer legs, they were now floods, showing off his tiny ankles. His walk shifted slightly in answer to his new length.

"What's up?" He said.

Morgan closed the door. "I think there's a rat in the MC."

"A rat? Who?"

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"No way," Rommel said. Inky had gotten his nickname because he was a tattoo artist. He'd been a member of the club for 20 years and was one of the founders.

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"Shit." Rommel thought about it, twisting his hair around his fingers. "Maybe it's just some kind of misunderstanding. I'll go talk to him. Don't say anything to anyone until I check things out."

"My lips are sealed." Morgan couldn't help herself. She reached out and touched his golden mane. It was silky and soft. "Your hair is gorgeous."

Rommel arrogantly gave his head a toss, his hair shimmering, bouncing back to the shape Cherry had given it. "Cherry thought it would look good—cute? I'm not sure."

"It looks great, babe."

"It looks great, babe."

Rommel looked at Morgan's face, saw the crow's feet around her eyes, wrinkles around her mouth. She'd kept her body in good shape for a woman her age, but her skin looked flat, lifeless, and her hair was thinning, turning brittle. He felt sorry for her, even as comparing himself to her made him feel even prettier. "Hang tight. I'll let you know as soon as I find something out."

He left. Morgan looked down at his ankles and smirked. Then, she pulled out her cellphone and made a call.

11 Make him get a tramp stamp

11 Tramp Stamp (short hair)

The bell hanging over the door clanged as Rommel walked into Inky's tattoo parlor. Inky was sitting in his easy chair, smoking a cigar. Morgan had warned Inky that Rommel had changed, but he still struggled to hide his surprise at the sight of Rommel's changed body and cute haircut. "Rommel," he said. "Good to see you, brother. Beer?"

"Sure," Rommel said, looking around the parlor, all the sample tats on the walls.

Inky got up, grabbed a beer from his mini-fridge, handed it to Rommel. "Business or pleasure?"

Rommel cracked open the beer, took a sip. He found himself staring in fascination at a design: Angel wings. It was the same tattoo Cherry had on the small of her back. He thought about her soft skin, the way her ass rose up beneath that sexy tramp stamp. He felt himself getting hard just thinking about how sexy she was, how hot she looked with that tattoo. He forgot why he'd even come, and looking back over his shoulder he said, "I want a tattoo. This one."

Inky nodded. "Let's do it."

Rommel pulled off his shirt, looking down to see the disgusting hairs all over his chest. It made him feel like a --- he almost thought man, but that made no sense, so he changed it to "ape." He lay on the tattoo table, and said, "Can you shave my back?"

"I have to," Inky said. "To do the tat."

"I mean my whole back? While you're at it?"

"Sure," Inky said, raising an eyebrow. He got his shaving cream, sprayed it across Rommel's back, rubbed it across the skin. Rommel felt himself getting hard at the thought he was about to get shaved, that he would soon have smooth, clear, pretty skin the whole world could see. As he felt the cold steel of the razor against his shoulder, he almost moaned, but bit his tongue, his whole body tingling as the blade slid across his skin, wiping away the disgusting hairs that made him look gross.

After, Rommel found himself lost in bliss, listening to the rattle of the ink gun as Inky worked on the small of his back. He and Inky were chit-chatting about something, but he was thinking about how excited he was to show Cherry his matching tattoo, and his smooth back. He was sure she'd love it.

Inky bandaged over the tattoo. "You know the drill," he said, feeling bad for the kid, knowing what was happening to him where this all was headed. It wasn't the first time Morgan had pulled this trick.

Rommel sat up. "How'd it turn out?"

"Perfect," Inky said. "Sexy as hell."

"Thanks, bro," Rommel said, giving him a fist bump.

"Yeah," Inky said. "You got it."

30 Cherry makes him shave his whole body

Shave his whole body

When Rommel got home, he found Cherry sitting on the couch watching some old movie. “Just like that, I went from the pitcher to the catcher!” A woman said. Rommel grabbed the remote and turned it off.

“Hey!” Cherry said.

“I got something to show you,” Rommel said, pulling his shirt off, then his women’s underthings. He turned and showed Cherry his back.

Cherry looked at the bandage along the small of Rommel’s back. “Um, you got a tattoo? Down there?”

“Yeah. Look.” He pulled the bandage off. “It’s just like yours! You know, I admire you so much, and you’re so sexy, and—well? Do you like it?”

Cherry’s mouth dropped open as she saw the Angel wings sketched against the red, wounded skin. A tramp stamp? Rommel? And yet—it was cute. And it gave her—ideas. “It’s great,” she said.

“Notice anything else?” Rommel said, looking back over his shoulder.

Cherry shrugged.

“I got my back shaved. It’s all smooth now. Like yours.”

Now, Cherry did notice. Standing, she took the bandage from Rommel and put it back over his tattoo. Then, she ran her fingertips along his soft, smooth shoulder blades, down the length of his spine. His skin was so soft. Like a girl’s. Cherry kissed it and said, “I love it.”

Rommel turned and looked down at her. “I thought you would.”

Cherry looked down at his hairy chest. Crinkled her nose. “I want you to shave yourself smooth. Like a girl.”

The words shave yourself had triggered Rommel, making him instantly feel hot and thirsty, but when Cherry said “like a girl” he stepped back. “Lots of guys go smooth now,” Rommel said. “It’s not a girl thing.”

“I want you smooth like a girl,” Cherry repeated, taking his hand, leading him to the bathroom. “Sit.”

Rommel sat. She handed him her shaving cream, one of her Lady Bic razors. "Make yourself smooth like a girl."

"I don't—"

"NOW!"

Rommel nodded. He wanted to be smooth anyway. He sprayed the flowery shaving lotion onto his palm. It was a pink gel with sparkly little crystals in it. He worked it in his hands, the thick, frosting like fluid foaming, and then turning into a fizzing white liquid, which he rubbed across his chest, then worked into the wiry hairs. He looked at Cherry. She stared at him, her eyes glassy with desire, watching intently as he lifted the blade and dragged it across his hard, flat chest, revealing a strip of smooth, bright skin. Cherry moaned.

Rommel ran the razor under the tap, washing free the hairy cream, then went back to shaving, feeling himself getting harder with each pass of the razor, which each soft moan from Cherry. He shaved his armpits. His arms. His legs. "Good?" He said as he ran a towel along his calf muscle, wiping away the last of the white froth.

"No," Cherry said. "The beard."

"My beard?" Rommel said. He thought about the girls at the clubhouse. Their smooth chins, their glowing skin. He would look cute smooth shaven, he thought. Super cute with his haircut. But, all the guys in the club had at least some kind of scruff, and he'd always been known for his full beard. It made him feel dominant. "Maybe I can keep that for now," he said.

Cherry went to the cabinet, removed a pair of steel sheers that flashed in the bathroom light. "I want you smooth. Like a girl," she repeated. She took Rommel's braided beard in her hand, slipped the scissors over the top, as close to the chin as she could get. "No more beards," she said, and Rommel heard the scissors snip.

She held up Rommel's severed beard and showed it to him, her eyes still hard and hot. "Now, finish shaving."

Rommel rubbed the lotion onto his face. Shaved away the stubbled remains of his beard. When he wiped his chin clean, Cherry stood behind him, smiling. He looked back at her, his bangs in his eyes. "What do you think?"

"I want to kiss every inch of your little body."

Give Him D Cups

Give Him B cups

B cups Short Hair

Rommel kissed her, felt her soft breasts press against his newly smooth skin. He looked down, staring at her breasts. She had incredible tits. He'd always known that, sure, but staring at them now he couldn't help but appreciate their perfect shape, how firm and — bouncy they were. He felt his own chest tingle, and he wondered what it felt like to have breasts like that. Breasts of his own.

He thought about Cherry, how great she must feel when she looked in the mirror and saw those proud breasts filling out her tank top. Leaning down, he planted a kiss on one of her perfect breasts.

He grabbed the bottom of Cherry's shirt and pulled it over her head. Her breasts bounced free, dappled with glittering beads of sweat. Rommel kissed one, then the other, lifted, squeezed, kissed them some more as he guided Cherry to the couch.

"What's it like?" He asked as he stared in wonder at the smooth, tan swellings. "To have such perfect breasts?"

Cherry giggled. "What's gotten into you?"

Rommel licked her hard teat, teased it with his tongue. "What does that feel like when I kiss you there?" He said.

"Good," Cherry said.

"How?"

"Like a kiss from an angel," she said.

Rommel gasped. He needed to know that feeling, to know what it felt like to have someone kiss his breasts, suck on his nipple. Rommel ran his fingertips across the skin of Cherry's breasts, under, around the sides. "I'm so jealous," he said.

Cherry rolled them over, putting Rommel on his back, smiling down at him. "Jealous?" She said.

"You're so lucky," he said, reaching up, palming her breasts that now swayed freely from her chest.

"Do you want tits?" Cherry said. "Like me?"

"Yes," Rommel said, surprised as the word came out of his mouth.

Cherry giggled.

She put her hands on Rommel's smooth chest. Rommel arched his back, moaned. Cherry began to squeeze and fondle him, the hard, flat muscle softening, rounding. She lifted her hands and looked down to see Rommel now had firm little breasts, like a teen girl.

"Don't stop," Rommel said, aching for her touch, to feel her strong hands on his budding breasts. Cherry cupped the soft, new flesh, leaned down and started kissing Rommel on his tits. "Make them bigger," Rommel whispered. "I want them. I need them."

Cherry pulled back, looking down at his perky little breasts. No, she decided. She liked the idea of leaving him with teen breasts, leaving him feeling inadequate, immature. Maybe he would even feel the need to get a boob job one day, she thought, smirking.

Rommel grabbed her wrists and tried to pull her hands back to his new puppies. "Please," he said. "Don't stop."

"I don't think so," Cherry said. "You look cute with those bouncy little boobs. Like my little sister."

Rommel looked down at his chest, cupped his new breasts. "They're too small," he said. "The other girls will make fun of me." Even as he said the words, he heard how absurd they sounded. "I mean... I don't know. But, you need to finish. I want breasts like yours. Like Kate Upton. I want..."

"I don't care what you want," Cherry said. She grabbed one of his nipples and pinched it hard, then twisted. Rommel yelped in pain and his world went black. Cherry looked down at him sleeping with his perky little teen-wonder titties. She giggled. She did like his cute hair, but she had the most perfect golden wig in the closet, and she wanted to see what he'd look like with long hair now that he had tits.

13 D cup breasts short hair

Rommel kissed her, felt her soft breasts press against his newly smooth skin. He looked down, staring at her breasts. She had incredible tits. He'd always known that, sure, but staring at them now he couldn't help but appreciate their perfect shape, how firm and — bouncy they were. He felt his own chest tingle, and he wondered what it felt like to have breasts like that. Breasts of his own.

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"Do you want tits?" Cherry said. "Like me?"

"Yes," Rommel said, surprised as the word came out of his mouth.

Cherry giggled. She helped Rommel out of his shirt, saw he was wearing one of her tank tops under it. Biting her lip, she pulled the tank top off, threw it to the side. Rommel stared up at her, his face framed by his blonde hair.

She put her hands on Rommel's smooth chest. Rommel arched his back, moaned. Cherry began to squeeze and fondle him, the hard, flat muscle softening, rounding. She lifted her hands and looked down to see Rommel now had firm little breasts, like a teen girl.

"Don't stop," Rommel said, aching for her touch, to feel her strong hands on his budding breasts. Cherry cupped the soft, new flesh, leaned down and started kissing Rommel on his tits. With each kiss, they swelled and grew larger, and larger...pillowy and soft. She kissed and kissed, Rommel moaning softly, writhing in pleasure, and when he had the full, proud breasts of a woman, she took his hard nipple in her mouth and sucked.

Rommel cried out, the pleasure unbearable, and then his world went dark. Cherry looked down at him, saw he now had big, fat tits like a stripper, and she giggled. She did like his cute hair, but she had the most perfect golden wig in the closet, and she wanted to see what he'd look like with long hair now that he had tits.

15 Give him booty

Afterword

If you are here, you have reached one of the three possible endings to this You Choose The Changes Adventure. If you would like to go back and try another path, [click here](#).

I hope you enjoyed yourself and thanks for reading!