

Bombshell Blonde



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by T.G. Cooper

Lance Pearsol unlocked the door to his condo, put his hand on the small of... whatever her name's back, and guided her into the living room. She made a small gasping noise as she took in the view beyond the floor to ceiling windows-- the elegant canyon of Park Avenue stretching into the distance, the red taillights of cars and green traffic signals lighting it all up like Christmas night.

"What an incredible view," she said, nuzzling against Lance.

"And this is just my weekend place," Lance said.

"You must be rich."

"You have no idea."

Lance slipped his arm around her waist, turned her and kissed her, then again, lead her to the sofa in front of the big windows and eased her down, off her feet, and then onto her back, her long blonde hair pooling around her pale, elegantly feminine face. He kissed her again, putting a hand on her breast and squeezing, and she kissed back but then pushed him away. "People will see us!"

"Mirrored glass," Lance answered, kissing her again.

"Oh," she answered, then smiled. "I'm actually a little disappointed."

"You are a bad girl. Get comfortable. I'll get us some drinks."

Lance went to the bar. Splashed some scotch into a glass for him, some vodka for her. By the time he got back to the couch, she slipped off her shoes and her blouse and was sitting there in just that little black skirt and a bra that hugged her big, perfect white breasts. She was hot as hell, hotter than his wife. Another sleek trophy for him to brag about with his buddies. Another dumb bitch he could hump and dump.

"Jesus," Lance said, letting his eyes drift up and down her body. "You are beautiful."

The woman smiled and said, "So I've been told" as he handed her the drink.

Lance sat down, close, their legs touching, and he started to run the inside of her thigh with his free hand while he sipped his drink, staring directly into her eyes. She stared back over the top of his glass as she took a drink of her own. She had wide, emerald eyes, ringed with damp, curly wet lashes, and they were dancing with mischief, possibility.

"Tell me about yourself," Lance said as his hand crept further up the soft inside of her thigh.

She shook her head, gulping down the rest of her drink and then tossing the rocks glass to the side, letting it crash across the floor. "Let's just fuck," she said, putting her hands on Lance's shoulders, pushing him back, straddling him even as he kissed him, pushing his head back deep into the throw pillows at the end of the couch.

Lance let the drink fall from his hand as she tore open his shirt with her hands, and then even before he could reach back to slip her bra off, she had slipped it off herself and tossed it into his face, then pressed her soft but firm breasts against his chest while she continued her insistent, animalistic kissing, attacking so aggressively that Lance couldn't catch his breath and now she was at his belt, unclasping it and pushing his pants down over his hips and to his thighs.

Lance had enough, broke off from the kissing, turned his head to the side and grabbed her arm meaning to reverse their positions, push her on her back and take control, but instead she slapped him viciously across the face.

"Hey!" Lance said.

She slapped him again, so hard he saw stars, but at the same time she grabbed his stiff, throbbing member and squeezed, and he collapsed backward overcome with a surge of pleasure, and she started working him with her hand, sliding it up and down, up and down, and he felt himself tensing, the pressure building, his whole body focused now on that one hard, eager ...

She climbed off, walked a few steps away, tossed her hair and stood with her back to him, letting him take in her long legs and firm, round ass.

"What the hell?" He said.

She turned and looked him up and down, her eyes wet and hot, and she said, "You're so pretty."

The words barely registered. He was about to explode, but he wanted to do it in her, not all over himself like some desperate teenager. "Baby, I'm struggling here."

"Just hold onto that," she said. "It'll be worth it. I promise. First, one more drink."

"I don't know if I can," he said, but she was already walking away, leaving him there, throbbing and desperate.

"Think about baseball."

He managed a laugh, lay back and closed his eyes, breathing, breathing. Lance was not used to waiting for things. He went after what he wanted and took it, like a tiger, but he focused his attention on how he would pay her back for this, put her in her place. He'd have her on her hands and knees, and he'd take her from behind, hammer her until she walked funny for a week, make sure she wouldn't be telling her girlfriends how she'd gotten the best of him. *I am a warrior*, Lance thought, making fists. *She'll find out not to fuck with me before we're done here tonight.*

"Sit up," she said, handing him a glass.

"You like giving orders," he said, taking the glass, his eyes locked on hers.

"You don't like taking them."

"No."

She smiled, and she was so beautiful he found himself just wanting to do whatever she asked, to play this little game, to do whatever it took to relieve this agonizing need he had for release. Once he got off, though, he would make her pay, put her in her place. Remind her she was just a little female, and he had all the power.

As he was thinking those thoughts, she covered his hand with hers and guided the glass to his lips, tipping it backward. He let her, opened his mouth, tasted the vodka as it filled his mouth and burned down his throat, hot and cool at the same time. He grimaced. "It tastes bitter," he said, realizing even as he said it that the room was starting to spin.

"That's just the drugs I put in it, Angel," the woman said as she caught the glass that had dropped from his hand.

"Drugs?"

"Monica sends her regards," the woman said as she rolled Lance over.

"Monica?" Lance tried to move, but his muscles wouldn't respond to him. His whole body was tingling, and still felt a desperate need to get off, in fact it seemed to be growing in intensity.

The woman moved Lance's body, and his limbs responded to her positioning, as if he had become her puppet. He found himself with his chest against the armrest of the couch, staring at the floor, his knees under him, his ass in the air. "Whatever you're planning, don't," Lance said. "I'll pay you whatever you want."

No answer.

"What's your name?" Lance finally asked. "I can't seem to remember."

Nothing.

She was out of his sight, moving around the room, and when she walked past, he saw her carrying a bag of some kind. "What's in the bag?"

"Surprises."

"Look, I am not into this kind of kinky shit at all. So, just stop now, I'll get you a cab, no harm, no foul." Lance waited. She didn't answer. "Do you know how fucking rich I am? What was your name, again?"

The woman came around where Lance could see her, only now she wore a huge strap on. "This is for you, Angel."

"No," Lance said, unable to move, to look away or close his eyes as the woman squirted some lube onto her hands and began to rub it onto the shaft.

"For your pleasure," she said, smiling that smile, giving Lance a pat on the cheek and then circling around behind him.

"Please," Lance said. "There's 100 grand in the safe."

"I don't want your money, Angel. I want your sweet ass."

"You crazy bitch. What the fuck? I don't want this."

He felt her slide the shaft between his thighs, just beneath his bare cleft, and then she put her hand on the small of his back and whispered, "Beg me not to do it." She started to slide the shaft back and forth between his legs.

Lance made a small mewling sound, wanted desperately to get away from that shaft between his legs, to get off his knees, get away from the crazy broad, but he was paralyzed. Helpless. "Get the fuck off me," he yelled. "Goddamn it."

"Beg me," the woman said, slapping Lance on the ass while still sliding the dildo back and forth between his thighs.

"Fuck you."

He felt her hands on his ass cheeks, her thumbs pressing hard against the soft flesh of his cheeks, spreading them. "I'll fucking destroy you," Lance said. "I know people. Cops."

"Beg me," the woman repeated in a calm, husky voice, and now she began to work the tip of her instrument up, up between his thighs, now letting it prod against his balls. "Beg me not to fuck you right now, Angel."

Lance had never felt so afraid, so powerless. He sighed and mumbled. "Don't do it."

"Don't do what?!"

"Don't fuck me!"

"Again!"

"Don't! Fuck! Me! I'm rich! I can..."

"Louder!"

"Don't fuck me!"

"Louder!"

Don't fuck me!"

"Please."

"Please don't fuck me!"

"Call me master!"

"You bitch! I'll..."

And then he felt it as she jammed the strap on into him, hard and deeper than he ever thought possible, and Lance screamed, and she slapped him hard on the ass as she pounded him and Lance felt his blood boil with rage

and humiliation and he pictured Monica's sneering face, and he focused all his rage and pain and humiliation on that face and he screamed, "Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!"

The woman laughed, and kept pounding him for what seemed like forever, and when she finally stopped Lance sighed with relief, but then she pushed him to the side, sent him crashing to the floor, and his head flopped to the side, and he looked over to see the video camera. "No," he said, looking at the red light, watching as the lens automatically adjusted to focus closer on his face.

"All captured in glorious HD, and ready for editing and uploading to the Internet, sweetie pie."

"No. Fuck no," Lance said, drowning in shame. "I'll pay."

The woman climbed on top of him, straddling him with her thighs, and then caressed his cheek and said, "Wait till the guys at the office see this. Am I right? Angel's gonna be a star!"

"Please" he said, unable to look away from the camera. "You'll destroy me."

"Yes. That's pretty much the plan." Then she put her hands on his hard, flat chest and smiled. "Just wait until you get your tits."

"What?"

Then he felt something sharp jab into his hip, and he sank into blackness.

Sensations of movement around him. Being lifted, placed onto some sort of bed, voices though he could only make out a word here and there... "vitals stable"...."blood pressure good." Other comments that made little sense. "Glucocorotid satisfactorily high. The word glococorotids meant nothing to him, but he didn't like it, didn't like anyone messing with his body." Another phrase he heard also angered him. "Muscle mass down 7%."

Were they talking about him? Was he losing that much muscle?

After the initial feeling of being lifted into some sort of bed and a jab in the arm, he no longer felt his body, and any efforts he had to move any part of his body just seemed like signals on a dead line. Was he paralyzed? Had they severed his spine? He found himself experiencing constant states of anxiety and panic, all in his head, talking to himself, yelling, babbling, signing and laughing, but not making any sound he could physically hear.

And he kept seeing it over and over again: the scene with that bitch, but as if he were watching it happen to him. He saw himself on his knees, getting taken by her, that woman, whatever her name was... again and again, the scene kept playing over and over... and he would relive that feeling, the feeling of that thing being pushed into his backside, pushing into him, a ripping, bleeding pain and the humiliation.

The scene always ended with her laughing and repeating that same line, "Wait till the guys at the office see this! Am I right? Angel's gonna be a star!"

And a terrible panic would come over him as he pictured Mitch and Mack, Jamaal and Isaac.... All the guys gathered around a laptop, laughing as they watching him getting banged by that chick, and no... no... this is all so fucked! Goddamnit!!!!

Monica. His girlfriend on the side up until a few weeks ago when he'd dumped via a terse text message. That bitch. He pictured her laughing and laughing and laughing. And he was here... helpless, his life destroyed or being destroyed. How long had it been? Hours? Days? Was anyone looking for him? Wouldn't the police be searching for him? I am a kidnap victim. Where the hell is the law?

And then the image would start again, and he was forced to relive it again, and again, and again.

Then, the haze seemed to lift, the constantly scattered nature of his thoughts. His mind seemed to calm. He became more aware of his surroundings, even thought he could feel his back against the bed. Maybe. Constant beeping. An antiseptic smell. A hospital of some kind. Voices. Women's voices. Nurses. Talking about vital signs. Then, they made their first mistake, because one of the nurses greeted the other by name. "Good morning, Angel. You are getting so slender!"

Angel, he thought. Yes. I have my first clue, and even that may be enough for me to track you all down and sue your asses for what you did to me.

"He's looking good. Muscle mass is now down 50%."

"He's weak as a kitten."

Kitten? Weak? What the hell? He tried to move but couldn't. Still.

"It's time for phase two. Let's give his body a dose of estrogen and hermaphrophage."

Estrogen? He knew that was a female hormone, and he felt himself start to panic, his mind to race with anxiety.

He felt... hot-- all of a sudden, feverish and sweaty, and as soon as he had that hot feeling the memory returned, the memory of that night he couldn't stop remembering or block from his mind. There he was, on his knees, his ass in the air, and she was behind him, and she said, "Beg me," and he responded, "Fuck me!" And she said, "Beg me," and he screamed, "Fuck me."

No, Lance thought. No. That's not what happened. I begged... I mean I fucking told her to stop. But it kept playing in his mind, and then she thrust into him and he screamed, and she was pounding him and pounding him and then suddenly he saw a close-up of his face and he whispered, "destroy me" and then he saw her slap his ass, and then he rolled off the couch and fell to the floor, and his memory cut to her, like a cut in a movie, it cut to her tossing her hair and smiling triumphantly, then shifted to his face, on the floor, and he saw himself repeat, "destroy me..." and when the camera cut back to that woman, that goddamned woman, she was smiling again, running her hands through her hair now, and she said, "you were a good fuck, Angel," and he heard himself say, "thank you."

What the hell, Lance thought. This is bullshit. Why am I remembering it like this?

But before he could think it started again, and he saw himself begging for it, and though he didn't realize it tears were coming from his physical body's eyes, and his body was twitching slightly as he shook with terror and disgust and in his mind he screamed Help me! Someone, please! Get me out of here! Where was his wife, Kate? Why hadn't she called the police?"

The memory played and played and played. Dozens of times. Hundreds of times. Thousands of times. He felt like he drifted in and out of different gradations of awareness, sometimes hyper-alert, the images almost painful sharp, the noises head-splitting, and then it would seem to darken and blur, and he would realize that though the images and sounds washed over him, he wasn't really paying attention so much and merely allowing them to pass through him, and then he would feel like he had even checked out for a time, been oblivious, though some part of him felt that the memory had never stopped running even when he had lost consciousness. The images and sounds blurred together and seemed to overlap, and his brain ached with exhaustion and wanted to turn, to run, he wanted to close his eyes, look away, but he couldn't, he just kept seeing it and hearing it again and again and again, and at the same time a thousand voices were screaming in his head, voices of fear and shame and disgust, a thousand voices screaming and him begging for it and her saying "You're going to be a star," and somewhere behind it all the constant sound of the guys from the office laughing.

Then, finally, it stopped.

Lance felt sudden shock at the realization that it had stopped. He felt his mind start searching around, frantically, lost and uncertain where to focus now that he wasn't trapped in that memory.

The vision, dream, stopped. Suddenly. He heard the beeping sounds of the machines, those hospital sounds, and nothing else. He still couldn't move. Couldn't feel. Silence--or something so near to silence, it was just as good after all those endless hours of the vision. Silence. He felt... alert, though. Not tired. And he found himself reaching out mentally, trying to make more sense of the room where he found himself. On the left, intermittent chirping sounds that came in pairs. And a second, distinct bell-like sound that came on what seemed like random times, at least in relation to the chirps. On the right, a kind of mechanical humming--low and steady, barely audible, but once he noticed it, he found it impossible to stop thinking about it.

At one point he thought he heard distant voices, or maybe they were muffled, as if coming from outside the door, and he felt excited and strained to move--some part, any part of his body, to cry out, to call for help.

The beeping became tedious. He felt lonely. Sad.

Then, the sound of a door opening, and a familiar, pretty voiced called, "Good morning, Angel."

He mentally flinched, remembering HER, the woman who had fucked him. She had called him Angel when she had... done what she did. Was it HER?

"Time for your bath," the woman said, and Lance felt relief because she sounded nothing like her, was not her, and in fact here was something warm and kind in her voice.

"Your figure is filling in so nicely," she said. "You're getting soooo pretty, I could almost scream."

"And your skin is soft as a baby's! I can't stop touching it!"

Lance frowned. Figure. Filling in. Pretty. Soft.

The words began to connect, to make sense, and he thought, "no."

He remembered some mention of his "estrogen" and what had the other thing been? Hermaphrobitis? Hermentholcytis? It sounded like

hermaphrodite, and he knew that was someone who was both male and female. He seen some in Thailand once, and as he considered all the evidence, he was forced to ask the question: are they turning me into a she-male?

Impossible. He refused to believe it. Wouldn't believe it. Monica wouldn't do that, couldn't do that. Where would she get that kind of money? And all he had done was what, really? Dump her? Maybe a crazy chick smashes up your car, or rips all your clothes, but have you turned into a she-male? Impossible. Crazy.

"Wow," a second female voice said, breaking him out of his reverie. "The progress is truly amazing."

"Yes," the first woman answered. "I can't even believe he's the same man."

"I love those cute little breasts of his."

The words were slaps in the face.

Cute. Little. Breasts.

He had breasts now? Or maybe they were talking about someone else? He had assumed he was alone in the room.

"Help me turn him over," the first woman said.

"Yes."

Some sounds of rustling, sheets. A sigh. "He has a prettier ass than I do."

"I know. Like a ballerina, right?"

"Prima ballerina. I'm jealous!"

Ass like a ballerina? The image flashed through his mind, himself but now wearing a leotard, standing on his toes, glancing back over his shoulder at a firm, round, dancer's ass, and sporting cute little breasts. No. No. They must be fucking with me. Talking about someone else. But the image was there, rotating.

"Time for your estrogen, Angel," the first woman said, sweetly. "Let's help your little boobies blossom!"

Estrogen. His estrogen. No. Stop this. I am an important man. You can't do this to me! The anxiety came flooding back, the panic and the fear. He desperately needed to run, to hide, to get away, but he couldn't move, couldn't see, couldn't even feel, and so that desperate need to run and hide melded once again with a second, all-consuming thought, "Someone save me! Kate!"

And then he saw himself on the couch, his ass in the air, and he yelled "Fuck Me," and Lance once again was lost in those terrible memories.

The next time the visions stopped, it seemed like the woman had been there already, waiting. "Angel, your breasts are getting huge!"

Lance didn't react much, still stunned from looping memory, but also because it no longer surprised him. Breasts. Hot ass. Yeah. I know.

"It's almost time honey. Almost. Your surgery is coming up."

The word surgery caught his attention. If he already had huge tits, it could probably only be one thing, he reasoned, one last terrible thing. Was he going to walk out of this hell, whatever it was, with a vagina? Were they actually going all the way and giving him a sex-change? He would be stuck then. Stuck. Because no matter how much money he had, once they cut that off, he was pretty sure there would be no putting it back.

His manhood. Gone.

His body started to cry, and the woman said, "Oh, sweetie. Don't cry. Don't cry. I know you can't feel it, but I am hugging you right now, and giving you a kiss on the forehead. You're going to be fine, pretty Angel. I just know you are."

Lance wished he could feel the hug, because he needed one now. Badly. And her voice was so warm and kind and gentle, and she had taken such good care of him. He knew this wasn't her fault. None of it.

Maybe it's not real, he thought again, desperately. Maybe nothing has changed. It's all some kind of drug-induced delusion. Some simulation Melissa had created to teach me a lesson. It's not possible. I can't have tits. I won't ever have a vagina. This cannot be real! It can't!

The images started to play in his mind again, he heard himself begging for it, saw himself getting it, felt sick. Stop! Please! Someone save me! Someone get me out of here.

Then, one day, he felt a hand on his cheek, and he opened his eyes to see a gorgeous woman smiling down at him. His first thought was the old, habitual, "She's fuckable."

"Angel," she said, "you're awake."

Lance tried to say, "help me," but only managed to make a squeaking sound, like a gerbil.

"Sssshhhhh," the woman said. "Don't try and talk. Your throat hasn't healed."

Lance tried to sit, to move his arms, but found he was still restrained. He could feel his body now, could feel a band across his forehead, holding his head down, could feel straps around his wrists and ankles, He struggled, making furious squeaking noises, trying to say let me go, get me out of here, I have to get away.

The woman patted him on the hand, kept the other on his cheek. "No, baby, no. Stop. You can't go free yet."

Lance felt himself breathing heavily, his head swimming just from his sudden burst of effort, and he stopped struggling, sagging limply back against the mattress. But as his chest heaved, he could feel the weight of breasts bouncing gently on his chest and large, sensitive nipples rubbing against cotton, nipples that now seemed to float six inches above his ribs.

He looked at the woman who was calming him. He looked right into her wide, brown eyes, looked down at his body, back at her, down at his body. He said, "Squeak. Squeak," having given up on speaking any words but determined to try and get through to this woman.

"You want to see?" The woman said. Lance nodded. "Are you sure?" She repeated. Lance nodded. "I'm not supposed to."

Lance pled with his eyes, said, "Squeak?"

"Let me get a mirror."

Lance sighed with relief as she disappeared from view. He could hear her rummaging around, and a moment later she reappeared next to Lance, holding a hand mirror, but turned away from him. "Promise me you won't freak out, okay?"

"Squeak."

She rotated the mirror, and Lance found himself looking at the face of an angel-- pink skin, an upturned, button nose, full, pink lips, big, innocent green eyes, and all framed by glossy golden waves of thick, beautiful hair. He looked into his big, pretty eyes, at those plush lips, and his face, that stunningly beautiful, angelic woman's face, and thought, "She fuckable and then some" even as he struggled to accept that the blinking beauty with the stunned look on her pretty face was actually him. And then, he started to cry, and the woman took the mirror away.

Lance squeaked. He wanted to keep looking, to stare into his new face, but the woman stood and moved out of his line of sight, leaving him to stare at

the ceiling. "It's time for some physical rehab, Angel. This may be a little uncomfortable, a little disconcerting. He felt her lifting the bedclothes from his legs, then lifting up the hem of his hospital gown, goose bumps rising on his legs as the cool air swirled around them.

She came back into view, and he saw that she was holding a long, white, plastic dildo in her hands. His eyes went wide. He shook his head. She moved back to the end of the bed.

"This is necessary, dear, it really is, to keep your vagina from closing up on you." Lance heard the sound of something being squirted, then the snapping sound of plastic gloves. He could feel her now between his thighs, and she was reaching in, and she said, "Don't forget to keep breathing."

"Oh no," Lance thought. God no.

He felt something hard and cold press against the space between his legs, felt a stabbing pain, and then he felt it slide into him, into the slit he now had, the hole into his body, and he squirmed and tried to pull away as she pushed the cold, plastic tube deeper inside him. It hurt. A lot. But it also thrilled him, filled him with some strange new pleasure and excitement, and the feeling of being penetrated disgusted the man he'd been, and the pleasure the woman he'd become took in having her vagina filled sickened and disgusted him, and as the mysterious woman worked the sex toy in and out of Lance's vagina, he started to squeak, and squeak, and squeak, louder and louder, arching his back, curling his toes and then crying out as something strange and terrible and totally feminine rolled through his body.

As his first female orgasm passed, Lance collapsed back onto his bed, panting, breasts heaving; his smooth body slick with sweat. He felt humiliated at what had just happened, at the fact that this woman had

penetrated him, brought him to climax, had seen him orgasm, all of it, and he closed his eyes and wept in disgust even as the waves of orgasmic pleasure continued to ripple through his body.

"Good girl," the woman said from somewhere outside his vision, and then she felt her give him a little pinch on the side of his soft, round hip.

Lance replayed the feeling of that... thing... being shoved into him, into a space he shouldn't have in his body.

I have a vagina, he thought. I'm not a man anymore.

And yet it still didn't seem possible. Couldn't be possible.

While Lance was still panting, sweating, his mind a storm of conflicting emotions, she leaned in and kissed him on the lips, put a hand against his soft cheek and looking him right in the eyes said, "You're so pretty, I could just stare at you all day, but I have to go now, Angel. Be good."

Lance reached after her, feeling a deep need to be with her, held, cuddled but as she disappeared from his eyesight, and he heard the door close, there was a fuzziness to his vision that usually came right before his dream visions, and he tensed up, scared and anxious, but his time as the hospital room melted away, his world went dark, and tensed up, waiting for the nightmare to begin, but instead he heard intense, driving music, and the faces of young women began to appear, young women staring at him, turning away, suddenly the image of a pair of glossy lips being painted, a girl closing her eyes revealed the words "liar, liar" written on her eye lids. Then, finally, in fancy, cursive letter, the words *Pretty Little Liars*.

As much as Lance wanted to think about what had happened to him, what was happening to him, to think about how he could escape, get revenge, face the world, he couldn't concentrate or think about any of that.

Lance's brain buzzed and bubbled with relief, excitement and pleasure. He felt his skin tingle with delight as he began to see, in his head, what was clearly some kind of television show playing out. A young woman at a funeral, three friends, a flask: Lance was hooked. He had to know what happened.

"Good morning, Angel."

Lance opened his eyes and looked up at the ceiling. He then said, "good morning" and felt shocked both that the words had actually come out of his mouth, as well as the high-pitched, breathy voice with which he had spoken. "My voice," he said, as much to hear it as anything else, and to himself he thought he sounded like an airhead.

The nurse appeared above him, smiling with excitement, and she took his hand, which was still strapped down. "You can talk!"

"I guess," Lance said, "but...?"

"I know. I know. It's all part of your transformation. A pretty voice for a pretty Angel." "My name is Lance."

The nurse looked around, leaned in and said, "If I call you by any name but Angel I will get in big trouble. Big trouble. So, please, don't make a big deal out of it."

Lance saw the fear in her eyes, terror, really, and his heart went out to her, so he nodded and whispered, "Okay." Besides, he wanted to make her into an ally, use her, if he could, to get out of this place.

The nurse smiled with relief.

"What's your name?" Lance said.

"Naomi," she answered, busying herself with checking Lance's vitals, looking at the various fluids being fed into his body.

"Thank you for taking such good care of me."

"Of course," Naomi said. "Do you feel ready to eat some solid food, sweetie?"

"Yes," Lance said, still unnerved by the girlish sound of his voice.

Naomi pulled up a chair and sat next to Lance with a small bowl. "This is a mixture of yogurt and various supplements," she explained to Lance. "Very healthy." Using the control pad, she raised the bed so Lance was in a sitting position, and for the first time Lance experienced the feeling as his full breasts shifted and settled down against his chest, and his long, golden hair flopped into his eyes.

Naomi brushed his hair back with her hand, and Lance stared down at the swelling under his hospital robe. "These boobs seem huge," he said.

"They are," Naomi answered. "I'm jealous."

"Don't be," Lance said, looking away.

"Ready to eat?"

"Can I feed myself?"

"Not yet," Naomi answered, scooping out a spoonful of yogurt and bringing it to Lance's lips. "Open wide."

Lance opened his mouth, let her put the spoon in, sucked the yogurt off and swallowed. It was the first solid food he'd eaten since the night of his abduction, and he felt an excited and unexpected jolt of pleasure. "It tastes so good," he said.

"I thought you would like it."

Lance didn't like being fed like a child, but once he had eaten the first bite he found himself ravenous and eagerly gobbled down spoonful after spoonful. When he was done, Naomi wiped his chin and said, "Good girl."

It annoyed him. The phrase. And the tone. But he tamped down his desire to attack and instead said, "When will I be able to feed myself?"

"When Monica thinks you have earned it."

"And how do I earn it?"

"By being a good girl."

"I hate this," Lance said softly, almost to himself.

Naomi took his hand and looked at him, silently mouthing, "me, too." But then she said, "It's best for both of us if you just accept it."

Lance winked and then said, "Okay."

Naomi turned and opened a cabinet, removed the dildo, and as soon as he saw it Lance felt his nipples start to get hard as a wave of excitement passed through him. The sight of the dildo and the thought of getting fucked already made him excited, and Lance felt terrified at what was happening to him, how much like a woman he already seemed to be thinking. Naomi lifted the sheet, as she had done before, and when she saw Lance's nipples getting hard, poking at the sheet, she gave him a little wink. "I see someone is excited."

Lance squeezed his knees together, desperate to fight against these new needs and feelings. "No," he said in his soft voice. "Please. I'm losing.... myself."

"Angel!" Naomi said coming around to the front of the bed, the dildo still in one hand. She brushed Lance's bangs from his forehead and said, "Please be a good girl. I will get in so much trouble!"

"But... I'm a man," Lance said, his eyes glued to the thick wand in Naomi's hand.

"Not anymore," Naomi said, brushing her fingertips against Lance's cheek. "I'm sorry, sweetie, but you're a pretty girl now, and don't even deny that you want it."

"I don't want to want it," Lance said. "Please."

Naomi shook her head, took the tube of lube and squirted some on the tip of the dildo. The sight of the thick, white fluid dripping from the end of the dildo made Lance bite his lip to fight back a moan of ecstasy. Naomi began to work the shaft with her hand, and Lance's eyes grew wet and hot as his whole body began to ache with the need to have it inside him.

Naomi had an impish grin on her face as she headed to the end of the bed.

Lance kept his knees together, straining against his restraints, shaking his head, whispering, "Please... please... please..."

Naomi let the dildo slide against his thigh, and Lance arched his back, gasping with pleasure, spreading his legs and closing his eyes, bracing himself for another storm of female pleasure that would shatter what little was left of his masculinity.

But nothing happened. He opened his eyes. Naomi was standing at the end of the bed with the dildo in his hand. "You know, I don't want to make you do anything you don't want to, so..."

"Noooooo," Lance shrieked, now overcome with need. "No! Do it! Please do it!"

"Do what, Angel?"

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Please fuck me!"

"That's a good girl," Naomi said, pushing the dildo between Lance's legs and slowly letting it slide inside the lips of his vagina. Lance gasped with relief, and then felt the rising thrill as Naomi went to work and took him to the shattering experience of a triple orgasm that left him sweating and panting, his long, sweaty hair sticking to his face, his sweat drenched hospital gown clinging to his full breasts. "Thank you," he whispered. "Thank you."

Naomi pinched his fleshy hip, came around and kissed him on the lips again, and in a confused haze of estrogen Lance looked into her pretty eyes and said, "I love you."

Naomi kissed him again and said, "You're such a sweetie."

Once again, Lance sunk into the world of images, now Gilmore Girls, Gossip Girl, random scenes from what seemed like Girls Gone Wild, giggling young women showing him their tits, scenes of models strutting down catwalks, Charmed, The Bachelorette. Music videos with Rhianna, Beyonce, Taylor Swift and Katy Perry. It was a world of females and female concerns and wishes and dreams and fears, and Lance felt a euphoria and a nearly unbearable state of intense pleasure the whole indefinable time.

When Naomi returned, she humming a tune, and Lance immediately recognized it and sang the words along in his soft, pretty voice. "The haters gonna hate, hate, hate, hate. Shake it off. Shake it off! I love that song!" Lance couldn't remember where he'd heard it before, but he had always loved Taylor Swift anyway, so he probably had it on his iPod.

"Me, too," Naomi said, matching his smile.

"I have some exciting news, Angel."

"What?"

"I talked to Monica, and she has agreed that I can remove your restraints."

"Yes!" Lance squealed. "Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!"

"You have to agree to be a good girl, though, or else I'll get in trouble. Can you do that."

"Of course."

"Say it."

"I promise to be a good girl," Lance said, smiling brightly.

Naomi raised the bed so Lance was in a more upright sitting position. "So, part of the deal is that you have to get dressed in an outfit Monica picked out for you. These are girl clothes, Angel."

Lance kept the smile plastered on his face, but his eyes narrowed. "Girl clothes?"

"Monica wants to make sure you don't try and escape."

"What kind of girl clothes?"

"Well, they are, I mean, you might? The thing is...?"

"Can you show me?"

Naomi reached into a pink and white Victoria's secret bag and pulled out a tiny little piece of lacy pink fabric. When she held it up, Lance saw it was a pair of panties with a little silk bow. And as he looked at them, he felt his brain split in two and started arguing with itself. *No way. No fucking way. Monica. That bitch.* But another part said, *"Omigod. They are soooooo cute."*

Naomi watched as Lance's eyes went wide. He started shaking his head side to side, no, no, even while his mouth curved into an excited smile. "Monica just wants to humiliate me," Lance said, staring at the panties. So far, everything that had been done to him, everything that had happened, had been against his will, without his permission. Now, he realized, Monica wanted him to take an active part in this nightmare she'd created. She wanted him to agree to wear the panties. "She wants me to accept what she has done to me. To dress like the girl she wants me to be."

"Yes," Naomi said. "But maybe if you do what she wants now, you'll be able to get what you want later?"

"And what more does she want," Lance said, looking down at his breasts, "that she hasn't already taken?"

"I don't know," Naomi said. "But if you want the restraints off, you're going to have to wear these panties."

Lance stared at the ceiling. "Can you just kill me now?"

"Don't talk like that."

"Why not?"

"Look at me, Angel. Look at me." Lance turned and looked at Naomi, still standing there holding the little pink panties, a soft little symbol of everything feminine. "You are strong, Angel," Naomi said, and then she mouthed the word, "Revenge."

Lance frowned.

"You've been through so much, but you are a fighter." Again, she mouthed revenge. "It doesn't matter what your body says, or what you wear. You will always be the kind of person who comes out on top."

"Yes," Lance said, growing excited. "Yes."

"Putting on these panties won't change who you are, Angel. But they will get you what you want."

"The video?" Lance asked. "The one I have been seeing in my head? The night I was... taken?"

"Yes?"

"Did it? I mean, the girl who was there last night said she was going to show it to people, the people I work with. Did she?"

"Yes," Naomi said. "And then it went viral."

Lance nodded, feeling the anger grow. Revenge. He had to do whatever it took to get out of here, to get back at Monica for what she had done to him. Then, and only then, could he kill himself without shame. "Give me the panties," Lance said. "I'm ready."

Naomi undid Lance's restraints and helped him swing his long, slender legs over the side of the bed. Then, she helped him slip out of the hospital gown, and he stood up for the first time in his new body, feeling tentative and uncertain as his breasts swayed and he pulled back the long golden curls that had tumbled down over his shoulders. In a move that felt instinctive, he put one small hand over his vagina, while one arm crossed defensively over his breasts, hiding his nipples.

Naomi blushed and handed him his panties. He felt them in his soft hands-- a tiny little scrap of fabric, and he stepped daintily into them, pulling them up over his wide, soft hips and feeling them pull tight against his vagina in what was a strange and uncomfortable feeling as he became hyper-aware of his lost manhood.

Next came a matching bra. Naomi stepped behind and lifted his hair, then hooked the strap across his back, and Lance felt his full, heavy breasts lift as the straps pulled tight against his shoulders. He stood there feeling awkward in his bra and panties, cold and exposed and feminine. He felt embarrassed to have a woman see him like this, dressed like one of them, standing before her nearly naked and all soft curves and flashing golden hair.

"I'm cold," Lance said, wrapping his arms under his breasts and hugging himself.

Naomi handed him a transparent pink negligee and said, "Maybe this will help?"

"You're kidding, right?" Lance said, but slipped it on over his bra and panties anyway, hoping for some warmth.

"One more thing," Naomi said, pulling a pair of sparkling pink, stiletto heels from the bag.

Lance raised an eyebrow. "Really?"

Naomi laughed. "So you can't run very fast."

"It's too small for me," he said, looking at what looked to him like a child's shoe.

"Not anymore."

"Fine."

"Sit."

Lance sat back on the bed and held out one dainty foot, while Naomi got down on one knee and slipped the shoe onto Lance's petite foot. "You are Cinderella!"

"Don't make this worse for me than it has to be."

Naomi then put the second shoe on, and both were then locked in place. Naomi helped Lance to his feet. "I don't know if I can walk in these."

"Try."

Lance took a tentative step forward, wobbled, lost his balance and started to fall, but Naomi caught him and then he clung to her weakly, giving her arm a squeeze. "Thanks."

"It'll get easier with practice. But for now, just lean on me and we can walk around the room a little."

"Okay," Lance said, clinging to Naomi's arm and walking with dainty, uncertain steps as they made their way around the room, and then started a second loop. "Everything feels.... wrong."

"What do you mean?"

"I feel like my whole body is... jiggling and joggling with every step. And my butt is sticking out too far, isn't it?"

"You tell me," Naomi said, stopping in front of the closet. "There's a full-length mirror in there," she said. "I think you should look at yourself."

"Okay," Lance said.

"Just stand there and don't move while I open the door," Naomi said, stepping away and learning Lance to balance uncertainly on his high heels. She opened the door, and when the mirror faced him Lance gasped.

Looking back at Lance was a vision of female perfection, a centerfold, a stripper, a model. He now had the body of his own dream girl. An angel's body to go with that sweet, young, feminine face he'd seen in the mirror: full, white breasts, perfectly displayed in his tight little pink bra, a rich and inviting abundance of shadowy cleavage, leading down to a taught, but soft stomach, wide, soft hips and long, tone legs. Her tiny little panties emphasized the promise of the sex between her legs, and he left his eyes drift back up to take in his perfect breasts again, and then his smooth, round little shoulders and impossibly slender arms. Of course, he had masses of golden curls, and still those full, pink lips and wide, fawn-like eyes. Pivoting slightly on his heels, wobbling, but regaining his balance, he took in his high, firm round ass, and then reaching up with on small, delicate hand he brushed his blonde bangs from his eyes and said, "Other guys are going to want to fuck me."

"You are so pretty," Naomi said.

"I don't want to be pretty," Lance said, his breath starting to quicken. "I don't know if I know how to be... this."

"You'll learn."

"I'm just a piece of ass now." He shifted again, looking at his profile more fully, the full breasts jutting out from his chest, the high round invitation of his ass. More quick, shallow breaths. Putting a hand tentatively under one large breast, lifting it, feeling it so soft and firm and heavy. "I'm the kind of girl I hump and dump."

"No," Naomi said. "Don't say that."

Lance started to hyperventilate. He ran his hands through his hair, feeling his breasts lift in his bra as he did so, the hair swirling across his bare back, tickling. "I can't be this... I can't... even walk in these heels, and my boobs feel like two watermelons..."

"Hush," Naomi said, coming over and taking Lance in her arms, kissing him. "Hush. Everything will be fine, sweetie. You will be fine."

Lance immediately felt himself calming, feeling safe and protected in Naomi's strong arms. Closing his eyes, he found her mouth and the two kissed, their tongues meeting and entwining as Naomi's hand slid up Lance's ribcage and then cupped his breast. Lance sighed and they kissed more, Lance lifting one leg and wrapping it around Naomi as he balanced on one heel, running his hands along her strong back as she let one of hers drop to his full, round behind and gave him a pinch on the ass.

Lance wanted her. Needed her, and he whispered, "Make love to me."

Naomi slipped her hand down the front of Lance's panties and let her fingers find his wet slit. Lance's knees went weak as he gasped with pleasure, and he clung to Naomi, who then put her fingers to his lips, and Lance began to suck on them, looking up into her eyes. Naomi led Lance back to the bed, then pushed him backwards, sending him falling back, his blonde hair like a pool of gold around his pretty face as he threw his tiny little white arms over his head, lifting his breasts toward her and spreading his legs, giggling and laughing as Naomi climbed on top, grabbed his breasts through his bra and pinched his hard, throbbing nipples. Lance sang out in a high pitched voice, so high and soft and desperate for release it sounded like he was doing a soprano aria, and Naomi started to work him with one hand down below while still pulling one bra cup down and then putting her hot, wet mouth on his nipple and sucking at the same time she found Lance's clit, and he shrieked with pleasure as she brought him to a climax and he felt it explode inside him in a rushing geyser of pleasure that left him shaken and desperate for the finish he now needed, and he dug his nails into Naomi's back and gasped, "Fuck me. Fuck me. I need it."

"Hold that thought," Naomi said, climbing off and leaving Lance there feeling suddenly vulnerable and desperate and horny and afraid, his body slick as he slipped his hands down between his thighs and rubbed his fingers over his vagina, not wanting for this intense feeling to end before Naomi could give him what he wanted and needed.

"Is that what my little Angel wants so badly?" Naomi said, climbing back on top of Lance and letting him see the dildo in her hands.

"Yes, please" Lance said, feeling that now familiar thrill at the sight of it, the promise of pleasure and release. "Now. Do it now."

Naomi took the dildo and ran it down between Lance's breasts, causing him to arch his back, then along the center of his belly and finally down between his legs, and then she savagely rammed it into him, harder and

deeper than she ever had before. "Yes!" Lance screamed. "Yes! Omigod! Yes!"

When Naomi finished, Lance lay on his back, panting, sweating, and glowing. One cup of his bra was pulled under one of his breasts, one strap off a shoulder, his panties down around his knees, his long blonde hair in his face. "You're amazing," he whispered, plucking at a strand of his golden hair.

"I gotta go, babe," Naomi said, giving Lance her customary pinch on the hip and then a kiss. "Remember. You promised to be a good girl, now."

"Stay," Lance said softly. "Hold me."

"I wish I could," Naomi said, letting her eyes roam over Lance's sweat-slicked body. "Maybe next time."

And then she walked out and left Lance there on his back in his bra and panties, curling a strand of his hair between his fingers and wondering, wondering, what he was becoming and whether he could or even wanted to fight it. He felt a sense of emptiness now that Naomi had left, of loss and loneliness. He felt cold and afraid, and he a little angry that she had just walked out like that after making love to him.

And he felt both euphoric and terribly, terribly ashamed of himself for letting himself get fucked like that, for begging for it, for loving the feeling of being dominated, controlled, or having Naomi stick that dildo inside him and how badly he wanted and needed and loved it when she did. Was I always like this and just didn't know it? He wondered. He reached down and pulled his panties back on, then adjusted his bra, fitting it back snugly over his breasts.

It all felt wrong. So wrong.

No. He hadn't been like this, but it was the changes to his body, the hormones and those damn videos.

Suddenly, Lance realized that for the first time since he'd been imprisoned in this place, he had free time, a free mind. Nothing was blasting into his brain. It was the first chance he'd had to just... think... and he sat up, stretched, slipped off the bed and onto his feet, wanting to look at himself again, to see what Monica had made of him. Pensively, he took tiny little steps, feeling like he was walking on his tip toes, and he made his way over to the closet and looked at himself again, now free to really drink in the sight of the blonde bombshell in her bra and panties and pink heels, her blonde hair now a tangled mass of confused curls surrounding a fallen Angel's face, her eyes wide with a look of loss and confusion.

He reached back and undid his bra, letting it drop to the floor, and looked at his big, round breasts and the wide, pink nipples-- huge nipples, and he reached up and lifted them and then pinched those full nipples between his thumb and index finger, again squirming against the thrill of pleasure. Revenge, Naomi had whispered. Revenge.

Yes, he thought again. Yes.

All's fair in love and war, the saying went, but Monica had gone way past the point of anything fair or reasonable. She had killed him, for all practical purposes, killed the man he'd been, and turned him into a wet dream, given him not only a woman's shape, but somehow made him want the things woman wanted, and she'd broadcast a video to the world that had destroyed his reputation and life in ways he couldn't even fully imagine as he stood there in his panties and his pink stiletto heels and felt his huge

breasts with his small, soft hands. The thing is, was, he'd been an asshole. He knew it. A womanizer and a turd in a lot of ways, and all the guys he surrounded himself with were the same way; basically, a bunch of overgrown frat boys who used and abused people for sport.

He knew they had laughed their asses off watching that video, and he knew that in there world he was now and forever a loser, a joke, and if they saw him now? If he walked into a business meeting looking like this? All he'd hear from them were ten thousand blow job jokes. Was it really just punishment for him having been a little bit of a dick when he broke up with Monica?

Well, a total dick, he admitted, mincing back to his bed, his breasts swaying freely. A total asshole. But still. It was insane, and Monica was a psycho do pull all this crap. But he still couldn't figure out where she got the money. That bitch. Why couldn't she have just been a normal psycho and sent a text to his wife?

Lance lay back, pulling the hospital sheets and blanket over himself. Kate. His wife. My God. How could he ever face her like this? In this body? Jesus. She would laugh her ass off, wouldn't she? Lance Pearsol, the walking hedge fund cliché, studly dude with a trophy wife and a couple of mistresses on the side, and now he had bigger tits than any of them. At one point, he'd fantasized about her saving him, but now he couldn't think of anything he wanted less than that.

No. He knew what he would do. Escape somehow. Get out. Find Monica and pay her ass back for what she'd done to him, and then he'd kill himself. No one would ever know what had been done to him. No one.

In the meantime, he just had to be a good girl, keep working Naomi, earn himself more and more freedom, and then he would be able to get free and

get even. Lance yawned and started to drift off to sleep, thinking, that's the plan. Be a good girl, Lance. Be a good girl. Be a good girl. Be a good girl.

Each day for the next several days, Monica brought new clothes and requests from Monica. She wanted him to get used to wearing all different kinds of bras, so on the second day Naomi showed up with a little green wonder bra, a brush and a bag full of hair ties and barrettes and other things she explained Lance would need to manage his pretty hair. Lance sat down at the little mirror in his bra and panties and carefully brushed out his hair while Naomi watched, and then she showed him how to put it into different styles before they finally just tied it back into a ponytail with a big, pink bow. Then, they made love again, kissed and this time Naomi stayed for a while and held Lance in her arms.

When she left, Lance spent a few hours practicing in his heels, gradually taking larger steps, getting more comfortable and mobile.

The next day, he was not surprised at all when Naomi arrived all giggly and excited with a make-up kit and all sorts of powders and brushes. Lance had broken, his lingering masculine pride was largely in hiding, so he sighed and said, "More girly fun for me, eh?"

"It can be fun if you want it to be."

"I'm just doing this to be a good girl, so you won't get in trouble," Lance said, sitting down. "So, where do I start?"

"First, we need to put your hair up, so it isn't in the way."

Lance followed along, listened as Naomi schooled him in the arts of mascara and eyeliner, blush and lipstick. When she finished and he saw himself made up for the first time, his eyes popping beneath the soft pink eye shadow, long lashes seeming even longer and dewy with mascara, his full lips wet and pink and inviting, he actually felt a very unexpected thrill of power. "Goddamn I am hot as hell," he said.

"Yes, you are," Naomi said, taking the big, soft camel hair brush and dusting his cheeks. "How does it feel?"

"I... you know?" Lance shook his head. "I actually can't explain this, but I feel... powerful?"

Naomi smiled. "Good girl."

"It's programming," Lance said, turning and looking at himself out of the corner of his eye, raising one small shoulder. "Those videos."

"Yes," Naomi said. "It is. But keep being a good girl, and I've been told you will be able to go outside soon!"

"Really? Outside?"

Naomi nodded and mouthed, "revenge."

Lance giggled and said, "I am a good girl!"

Naomi left him some jazzercise tapes, and Lance started to fill some of his free time dancing along to them, pleased and proud that he was getting so

good in his heels that he could now even exercise in them. Finally, the big trip outside came, and Lance found himself squeezing into a tiny little polka dot bikini and a matching pair of polka dot platform sandals. Naomi handed him a pair of big, movie starlet sunglasses and a bag, which he put girlishly over his forearm, and then she led him through the halls of the facility. Lance felt the eyes of the men scan over him, could feel the masculine heat coming off them, and he felt his skin tingle and his nipples get hard even as he inwardly cringed to be the object of male desire. He tried to ignore it all, focusing instead on looking for ways he might escape, and finally feeling stunned as he stepped through the doors of the facility and into intense, blazing sun, a deck and infinity pool stretching out in front of him, and beyond that a white, sand beach and the rolling waves of what had to be the ocean beyond.

And more people. Men and women stretched out on beach chairs around the pool, some in it, some sitting under umbrellas and chatting. Lance felt exposed and ashamed as the eyes turned to him in his little bikini, as they evaluated the perfect hourglass figure that he now wore in the world. He put his hands over his glasses and started to turn, to run back into the facility, but Naomi took him by the elbow and steered him out into the sun. "I don't want to," Lance said. "It's too bright."

"It's okay, Angel. You need some sun. This will be good for you."

Lance let her push him along, until he finally found himself stretched out on one of the beach chairs, rubbing suntan lotion on his belly, and then his long, coltish legs. "I feel like everyone is checking me out," Lance whispered to Naomi, who was getting comfortable on the chair next to him.

"They are," Naomi said. "And you better get used to it."

"Ugh!"

"You can go topless here if you want," Naomi said.

"Um, I don't think so," Lance said, already feeling self-conscious about how much of his perfect rack was exposed to the world. "Why didn't you tell me there would be... people here?"

"Because you wouldn't have come!"

"Oh god. That pool boy's walking over here!" Lance hissed.

"Just be calm. As far as he's concerned you're just a super hot woman in a tiny little bikini looking to get some sun."

"That was not as helpful as you think."

"Good afternoon, ladies," the boy said, flashing a bright smile even as he brazenly set his eyes on Lance's breasts. "Can I get either of you a drink?"

"No," Lance said, embarrassed to have a man checking out his breasts, embarrassed to have such a high-pitched, little girl voice, embarrassed that he had nothing between his legs now but a slit and that this man was still a man and Lance wasn't. It had all been almost like a dream, so safe and secure in his little room with only Naomi to interact with, but now he was suddenly feeling what life was going to be like as a female.

"Yes," Naomi said. "I'll have a margarita, and my girlfriend will have sex on the beach."

"I bet she will," the boy said, now checking out Lance's whole body. Lance's knees went together, and he nervously crossed his arms over his breasts, and the boy kind of chuckled as he swaggered away.

"I'm the one who's supposed to be undressing the women with my eyes," Lance huffed. "This is awful, and you aren't helping."

"I'm just teasing you a little, honey. I'm sorry. But, trust me, you'll get used to being on this side after a while, and maybe it won't be so bad."

Lance pulled his sunglasses down and let Naomi see his eyes. Then, he said "I will never get used to this. Never. I am only doing it so I can get..." and then he mouthed 'revenge.'

Naomi nodded and lay back, enjoying the sun. Big words, she thought, from a guy who has already learned to beg for a good fucking. She smiled and said, "Be a good girl now, Angel, and when the boy brings us our drinks, tell him you think he's cute."

"As if," Lance said, adjusting the straps of his bikini.

A few moments later, the boy was back placing their sweaty drink on the table between them. "Two sweet drinks for two sweet ladies," and his eyes went right back to Lance's perfect breasts.

Lance wanted to kill the little twerp, but reached out and gently touched him on the arm. "Thanks," he said sweetly, and then added, "You're a cutie, you know that?"

The boy gave Lance a sharkish smile and said, "Thanks, baby doll."

Once he left, Naomi giggled and said, "What happened to, 'as if?"

"I don't know," Lance answered, wrapping his plump lips around the straw and sipping his drink. He felt a little surprised at what he'd done, but then he just shrugged and said, "I guess I just wanted to be a good girl?"

"Or a bad one."

Lance lay back, the alcohol rushing to his brain, and let the sun wash over his body. Why had he said that? It worried him. Had there been more to his conditioning than he had realized? But the worries soon grew murky and fizzled as images from Baywatch began to buzz in his brain and that familiar sense of total euphoria once again took over.

He woke at one point as Naomi shook him gently, and for a second he was seeing both the real world and Pamela Anderson and her bathing suit, running along the beach, her breasts bouncing.

"Better turn over," Naomi said.

Lance rolled over onto his belly, his breasts smooshing uncomfortably against his chest and rib cage. "My boobs hurt," he said.

"They're so big, but you don't want to get tan only on one side."

"I have boobs like Pamela Anderson," Lance said, wiggling a little, closing his eyes and drifting back into the world of the videos.

"Yes, you do," Naomi said.

"I used to whack off to pictures of her."

"I bet you did, little Angel."

Girls Gone Wild: Spring Break started to run intermittently with random images of women lined up in rows smiling, topless in the sun, both spliced into an episode of Baywatch. Lance giggled to himself as he watched the girls lift their tops or slip out of their bikinis and flash their breasts to the camera, each time their eyes bright with mischief and then bursting into laughter; it looked like so much fun!

When he woke, he turned on his side and picked up his drink, sipping the rest down. Naomi turned and looked at him, smiling with a cat that got the canary look about her.

"What?" Lance said.

"You're going to have bikini lines."

Lance lifted the edge of his bikini top and saw the stark white line. "I guess so."

"Or you could take your top off."

"Yes," Lance said. "It would be fun, right?"

"So fun!"

Lance started to reach back, even had the strings in his fingers, but then he glanced back over his shoulder and saw the pool boy watching, nudging a friend, and he felt all tingly and weird, and shook his head. "No," he said. "I'm good."

Naomi looked surprised but just smiled. "Well, we better head in then before you get burned to a crisp!"

"Okay," Lance said, getting to his feet.

"How did you like tanning, Angel?"

"I loved it!" Lance gushed. "I used to always wonder what girls saw in laying in the sun doing nothing, but it feels soooooooo good!"

"I'm glad you had fun," Naomi said. "You've earned it, and maybe a little bonus in the bedroom!"

Lance giggled, and Naomi slipped her arm around his slender waist. They walked back to the facility together. Belatedly, Lance remembered that he had planned on looking for ways to escape, and he looked back hoping to get some sense at least of where in the world he was being kept, but when he looked back he caught the pool boy staring at his ass, and when Lance met his eyes the boy nodded and gave Lance a thumbs up.

"Oh!" Lance said, looking away, his cheeks flushed.

"What is it, honey?"

"The pool boy was checking out my... booty!"

"You do have a hot ass, babe," Naomi said, giving it a little pinch.

"You're impossible," Lance said.

A day later as Lance sat at the dressing table plucking his eyebrows, Naomi opened the door and danced into the room with a little pink dress on a hanger. Lance saw the dress and his mouth dropped open as he got excitedly to his feet, clapping his little hands.

"For me?"

"Yes! Finally, you get to wear some clothes!"

Lance was so relieved that he would finally be able to wear something besides just a bra and panties that the extreme femininity of the dress barely registered; all he saw was something that would keep him a little more warm and offer at least a tiny amount of modesty. Naomi held the dress out to him, and Lance touched the shiny pink fabric. "It's slick, like silk!"

"It's sexy," Naomi said.

"Can I put it on now?" Lance said.

"Of course!"

Lance took the dress and carefully lay it out on the bed. "I never thought I would be so excited to put on a dress," he said, half to himself.

Naomi didn't answer. She just watched as Lance stood there, one finger to his lips, the other on a hip, his head cocked to the side. Then, he tilted his head to the other side, tossed his hair, looked over at Naomi and said, "help?"

"Putting your dress on?"

"Yeah. Um, for one thing it looks too small?"

"It's perfect. But let me help you squeeze into it."

Naomi unzipped the dress, then had Lance step into it. She then pulled it up, Lance wiggling his wide round hips to get it up and then they both pulled and tugged to get it up over his huge breasts, before Naomi helped to put the slender straps in place and then zip it up the back, making sure not to get Lance's long blonde hair caught in the zipper.

Lance turned to face her and nervously said, "How do I look?" He was biting his lower lip, his knees together, arms out to his sides, palms flat to the ground.

Naomi tilted her head, made harrumphing sounds. "Hmnmnmn."

"Naomi!"

"You look kinda like a dude in drag," Naomi said, gave it a second to see Lance's eyes go wide with horror, and then she started to laugh.

"You!" Lance said, pivoting on his pumps and strutting to the mirror, looking at himself in his skintight pink dress and feeling shocked all over again at how much of a woman he'd become.

"You're stunning, Angel. Perfectly stunning."

Lance was fluffing out his hair, tugging at the hemline of his dress. "It does seem a little tight."

"Get used to that feeling, honey. Monica was very clear that anything she buys for you will be tight and sexy."

"Monica," Lance hissed. "The fact that bitch bought this is the only thing that ruins it for me. A little."

"Well, then get ready for it to be ruined a little bit more, sweetie. Because she sent something else."

"What?"

Naomi turned Lance around, lifted his hand and slipped a slender, gold bangle-style bracelet over his hand and onto his wrist. Lance's eyes went wide as he saw how the bracelet sparkled, and he impulsively kissed Naomi, even though it meant he would have to fix his lipstick.

Naomi put her arms around Lance's waist and hugged his full breasts against her. "I take that means you like it?"

"I love it," Lance said. "And I love you."

Naomi smiled and said, "Thanks." Then, she turned and headed toward the door. "I have to do my rounds, girly. I'll be back around later if I get the chance."

Lance stood, frozen, forced a smile and then waved. "Bye," he said, fighting back the hurt.

"Be a good girl now."

As soon as Naomi left, Lance started to put his face in his hands, but he fought back the tears and refused to touch his face, because it would ruin his make-up. Instead, he took a deep breath and sat down at his dressing table, looked at his pretty face in the mirror and said out loud, "She doesn't have to say it, Angel. You know she loves you, too."

"I know," he answered, picking up his eyebrow pencil and continuing where he left off. "I would just like to hear it."

"When she's ready, she'll tell you. Now let's be good girls and finish putting our face on, and then we can take some selfies in our pretty new dress!"

"That will be fun, Lance."

"I know, Angel! I can't wait!"

Later that day, Naomi stopped by with a new dress for Lance to wear the next day as well as some more pieces of jewelry. Lance went out of his way to be extra affectionate, extra frisky, but Naomi was distracted and distant, and her kisses were cold and loveless, as if she were kissing a distant relative she didn't really like all that much. They didn't have sex, and Lance realized it had been a week since they had really gotten down and dirty, and all those things together filled him with insecurity and dread like he had never felt before.

In the morning, he woke determined to be as pretty as ever for Naomi. "I'll remind her why she fell in love with me in the first place!" Lance said while putting blush on his cheeks. "Yes, you will," he answered.

He knew Naomi loved his breasts, so he'd put on his best push up bra, lifting his epic breasts up and creating even more cleavage, and then he'd wiggled into the little black dress she'd left for him-- a hot little number that celebrated every inch of his perfect body-- spaghetti straps that let the world see his little, round shoulders, a plunging neckline that framed his now golden, tanned breasts, and it was tight around the hips but then flared out in a very feminine way that not only made his delicate waist seem even smaller but also made his long, tone legs seem even longer, an effect enhanced by his stiletto heels. Four bracelets now flashed on his tiny little left wrist, and diamond earrings flashed in his seashell ears.

Finally, he'd gone all out with his make-up and hair, going for sultry night looks, smokey eye shadow that begged for a fucking, and when Lance stood in front of the mirror, the superfluous but fun little clutch Naomi had given him along with his new dress held daintily in one hand, while he had the other hand buried in his thick blonde hair and a hip thrust jauntily to the side, he smiled, his wet red lips exposing perfect white teeth, and said, "Angel, you are getting laid tonight!"

Just then, he heard shouts in the hall. A muffled sound like an explosion. The lights flickered and went out. A pop. Pop. Pop. Like gunfire. "Oh my!" Lance whispered, backing away from the door, too panicked to think of hiding in the closet, he just backed against the wall and then sank down into a crouching position, trying hard not to scream as the noises got closer.

"This is the room," he heard someone say, was it Naomi?

The handle on the door turned. Lance's eyes went wide, and his heart raced. The door swung open, and a burly man in black, combat gear stood there, a rifle in his hands, his face hidden behind a black shield. Lance put his hands to his cheeks and screamed!

The man stepped inside the room, and behind him stood... Kate. Lance's wife. She was wearing black combat gear like the man, and had a rifle in her hands, but not helmet. "Kate?" Lance said, still cowering.

Kate strode confidently into the room and stopped a few feet from Lance. She looked him over and said, "My god. Is that really you?"

Lance was struggling to stand back up in his heels, so Kate reached out and took his hand, helped him stand, his breasts bouncing as he got back upright.

"Are you... Lance?" Kate said.

"Yes," Lance said in his pretty little girl's voice, nodding, tears flooding down his cheeks, ruining his mascara. "Kate. It's me. I...." He couldn't talk as he stood there in his little black dress, perched on stiletto heels, his breasts out, and he felt it all again, the shame of what had been done to

him, because standing there in front of Kate now, his wife, he felt every inch the woman he'd become, and far more woman than she'd ever been. "I'm sorry..."

"Sweetie," Kate said, tightening her grip on Lance's hand. "We don't have time for this. Come on!"

She practically yanked Lance off his feet, and he found himself scurrying behind her in his heels and little dress, his hips swaying and breasts bouncing wildly as he struggled to keep up. "We have to get out of here," Kate said as she led Lance through the halls.

"Okay!" Lance squeaked, struggling to keep up, but eventually he took a misstep, turned and ankle and tumbled to the ground.

"Carry her," he heard Kate yell as he struggled to pull his long blonde hair from his face, and before Lance even knew what had happened, he found himself cradled in a big man's arms, instinctively reaching up and throwing his slender arms around the man's thick, powerful neck. The next few minutes were all a blur for Lance as they made their way through the seemingly deserted hallways before bursting out the back door, running past the pool and then he was tossed into a helicopter along with Kate and they were both rising into the air. As the helicopter tilted to the side and accelerated toward the ocean, Kate shouted, "LOOK!"

Lance pulled his hair back from his face, glanced out the window and saw a fireball rising from the beach below them. He put his fingertips to his lips and looked back at Kate, his eyes wide with gratitude. "Thank you so much for saving me!"

Kate shook her head and said, "I can't hear you!" She made a talking gesture with her hand and then pointed to the ground.

Lance nodded, sat back, knees together, and looked away as he felt Kate checking him out. He could feel her looking at him, and he crossed his arms under his breasts, wishing he was dressed a little less-- sexy. He waited as long as he could, then looked up at Kate from under his curtain of blonde. He raised his eyebrows and shrugged.

Kate made an hourglass shape with her fingers, shook her head and mouthed, "I'm sorry."

It was not what Lance wanted to hear.

As soon as the helicopter landed, Kate jumped out, and a man grabbed Lance around the waist and lifted him to the ground. Kate then grabbed his hand and dragged him across the tarmac to a stretch limo, the driver-- Calvin Woods-- waiting by the door. He was well-trained and did not ogle Lance, but Lance felt self-conscious anyway as Calvin had been a discreet presence at more than a few of Lance's backseat indiscretions. Now Lance looked like one of his own sluts, and he did not feel good about it.

Lance slipped into the limo, immediately crossed his legs at the knee and tugging down the hem of his skirt. Kate slipped in across from him, and as Lance ran his fingers through his hair, pulling it back and tossing it over his shoulders, he saw that they'd been joined by Alice Rivkin, their lawyer. Lance swallowed and said, "Alice."

Alice shook her head. Looked at Kate. "This must be some mistake."

"No. That is Lance, Alice."

Alice looked back at Lance. "But this girl is gorgeous, and at least 10 years younger than..."

"That's Lance, Alice. I can hardly believe it, either. But we checked the records, and she knew your name."

"Well, maybe she saw me on the news..."

"Um, I'm right here?" Lance said.

The two women looked at the stunning blonde, and they both shook their heads. "My God," Kate said. "We saw the videos, but seeing you now, in person, if that is really you, you poor, poor man." She gave Lance a pat on the knee.

"Proof," Alice said. "Something only Lance would know."

The limo hit a pothole and Lance felt his breasts jiggle. Part of him was tempted to tell them he wasn't Lance. To say it was all a mistake. To have them drop him off and let him just walk away. It was so humiliating to sit here in front of his wife, castrated, in heels, and have her talk to him like he was a lost little girl. But he wanted revenge on Monica for what she'd done, and he also felt he owed it to his wife, so he gestured to Alice for her to lean forward, and when she did Lance whispered in her ear a secret only he would know. Then, he did the same for Kate.

"They turned you into a stunning woman," Alice said, marveling at the vision of female beauty that now sat before her.

"I know," Lance said. "I was there."

"You still have your sense of humor, I see," Kate said. "But that voice?"

"Tell me about it."

"We only have a few minutes to prep her. Him?" Alice said. "Better get started."

"Prep me?"

"There is a board meeting of the Lance Fund today. They are planning on voting you out as CEO and managing partner."

"What? But I founded the company."

"You've been missing for over six months."

"Six months? I was trapped in there for six months? Who's trying to get rid of me?"

"Brawne Beverly made the motion."

"That prick," Lance said, old juices flowing for the first time in many months.

"There is a codicil in the by-laws that allows for your complete and total removal in the event you disappear," Alice said.

"We have to get you to that meeting. The fact that you are no longer missing will put a stop to the vote."

"If they believe she's him," Alice said.

"Which... no one will."

Lance stomped a stilettoed little foot to the floor of the limo. "Maybe Brawne is the one that did this to me! Maybe it was all a plan to steal my company!" His breathing quickened as he started to hyperventilate. "That.... jerk! We can't let this happen!"

"We have to brazen it out. March her right in there and have her tell them that she's Lance," Alice said.

"It's our only hope."

Lance looked down at his breasts, pushed up and together by his bra, at his long legs. "Do I have time to change?"

"No," Alice said. "The meeting is already starting."

"But they'll never believe me. They won't even let me in the room!"

"She's right," Alice said.

"Stop calling me a she!"

"Calm down," Kate said.

"Don't tell me to calm down," Lance shrieked. "They're going to get away with it! Steal everything I worked for and built and leave me like.... this." He gestured down at his bombshell body. "Just a stupid slut!"

Kate took Lance's hand and said, "You're not a stupid slut, honey."

"I know that! I'm just being..." he threw a hand out to the side. "...dramatic!"

"Kate will get a payout. Around 20 million. "

"I'll share it with you, sweetie. You'll be okay."

"Twenty million?" Lance shook his head, struggling to control his breath, the threat of tears, his breasts heaving. "A 12-billion-dollar company and 20 million? It just... it isn't fair."

"Let's charge in," Kate said. "You go right into that meeting and tell them who you are. The videos have been out there. Everyone knows you were given a sex-change."

"Videos? What?"

Kate and Alice exchanged glances. "You didn't know?" Kate said.

"I knew about the one... the first one..." Lance looked away in shame, remembering. "There are more?"

Kate nodded. "Showing some of your transition. You were asleep in most of them. You getting breasts. Your waist narrowing. Hips."

"So, you charge in and demand to be seen. Convince them you are Lance!"

"Everyone knows about this? Did they... what about my face? This face?"

"Never."

Lance felt lost and confused and uncertain. But he knew the plan was futile. "It won't work. They'll refuse entrance. Claim I am just a crazy woman. They'll have the vote. I'll be removed."

"And then we fight it in court," Alice said.

"And it's tied up for years, and in the meantime, I become a media circus, the butt of jokes on every late night comedy show, Internet videos. Everyone laughing at the guy who got turned into a blonde bombshell with a voice like a teakettle. And I lose anyway because I lose all my dignity and respect."

"You can't give up," Kate said.

"I'm not giving up," Lance said, twisting a strand of his long golden hair in his fingers. "I just have a better plan."

Kate and Alice leaned in. Lance licked his plush lips. "I make Kate my proxy. She goes to the meeting, asserts that I am alive and that I have signed over my shares and my position to her."

"Me?" Kate said, sitting back. "But I..."

"Know the company better than anyone except me. Know the people. You were my administrative assistant before we married. You know where all the bodies are buried."

"Lance, I can't..."

"You have to," Lance said. "I need you."

"I am pulling up the documents right now," Alice said, grabbing her laptop.

"Let me have your phone," Lance said. "I'm going to text some allies. Kate?"

"Yes?"

"You do the same. Remind them of the value of loyalty."

"Do you really think this will work?"

"I know it will," Lance said, adjusting one of his bra straps.

By the time the limo arrived at the headquarters of the Lance Fund, Lance Pearsol had signed over the company, and the three of them working together had aligned enough allies to secure Kate's position as the new CEO. All three were giddy with excitement. As Kate got ready to get out of the limo, Lance took her hand and said, "Kate. Thank you so much for rescuing me. The whole time I was in there, I kept thinking of you, and I knew you would save me, and then you did!"

Kate leaned in and gave Lance a kiss on the cheek. "I guess I'm your knight in shining armor, sweetie."

"Yes," Lance said. "Yes, you are. Do you want me to walk in with you, at least to the lobby."

"You just wait here and be good, honey. I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Okay, dear. Whatever you think is best."

The doors to the limo closed. Lance smoothed his skirt, reached over to the bar and fixed himself a martini, pausing to appreciate his perfect French manicure. They thought they could pull one over on me, he thought. Steal my company? This is one girl who has friends. They're going to find out not to mess with Kate! And in the meantime, no one knew what he looked like. No one. He would be able to walk in the world without anyone knowing he was the woman who had once been Lance Pearsol.

Outside, Kate and Alice walked toward the entrance to the Lance Fund.
"Jesus, what a bimbo."

"She turned out even better than I had ever hoped," Kate said, laughing. Her phone buzzed, and she answered. "Brawne, darling. Everything is set. The stupid little bitch signed everything over. Yeah. She thinks it's her idea."

Kate glanced over at Alice. "He says he owes you one."

"More than one," Alice said.

"Oh, yeah. No. He's super-hot. Super-hot. Huge tits. Incredible ass. You won't even believe that she used to be a man. Yes. It is too perfect. No. He has no idea. He thanked me for saving him and called me his shining knight! I'll tell you more when we get upstairs!"

Epilogue

Lance adjusted the straps of his neon pink bikini, turned and checked out his profile in the mirror, smiled and then grabbed a towel and a bag, sashaying out the glass doors and onto the wooden deck. "Hey, sexy," a tall, muscular man with the body and the face of a model said. He was sitting at their little table, sipping coffee, wearing nothing but a pair of boxers.

"Hey, Ken" Lance said, leaning down to give his boyfriend a kiss.

"Coffee?"

"I'll just have some of yours," Lance said, taking a sip of his boyfriend's coffee, then crinkling his cute little nose. "It's so strong!"

Ken grabbed Lance around the waist and pulled him giggling and kicking down into his lap, reaching up and giving Lance's breasts a squeeze. "You are so fucking hot!" He said, kissing Lance on the neck.

"Stud," Lance said, running his hands over Ken's rock-hard chest. Lance nuzzled against Ken's shoulder, enjoying the feeling of being so small and pretty and protected in the arms of his big, muscular boyfriend. The waves were crashing in the distance, small white caps, and the air smelled salty and clean. A hawk passed over head, making a high-pitched cry as it spotted some prey.

"I love Malibu," Lance said. "You were so right about moving out here."

"It's perfect for a little beach bunny like you."

"And a beach bunny's stud!"

They kissed again, and then Ken lifted Lance off and set him on his feet. "Go get some sun, Angel. I'm going to check in on my portfolio." He gave Lance a playful slap on the ass and sent him off toward the waves, his hips swaying prettily as he glanced back over his smooth little shoulder and blew Ken a kiss. Out on the sand, Lance spread his towel, then slipped off his bikini top and stretched out, enjoying the feeling of the sun on his smooth, soft rounded body.

Monica, he thought. That skank! The look on her face when she found out that Lance had stolen her boyfriend, Ken. Sweet revenge because he had

used every inch of the perfect body she had given him, every trick of his new sex and all the programming they had done. Monica was cute, but she was nowhere near his league, and now Lance had her man, still had money, and his own beach house in Malibu, plus the cutest pink Jeep the world had ever seen!

Ken went inside and opened up his Skype account. "Good morning, Kate," he said. "How's business?"

"Never been better. How's life with the Barbie doll?"

"Perfect. You couldn't have built a more perfect sex toy."

"Actually, we can, and we will, but for now I am satisfied with the work we did on my ex-husband. Did he like the pink Jeep?"

"Giddy is how I would describe the reaction, but she pretty much likes anything pink. You could give her a pink turd and she would do cartwheels."

"Just the way we made her. Keep up the good work, Jesus. Or, should I call you Ken?"

"Keep the paychecks coming and you can call me whatever you want."

Back out on the beach, a couple guys jogged past Lance and murmured in near religious ecstasy for his tits. Lance smiled. He loved being a bombshell blonde. Loved it more than anything.

"Haha," he said out loud. "Looks like Monica had an epic fail after all because I am the hottest girly girl in Malibu, and I like it!"