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CHAPTER 1



He's so hot. I know. My boss, the one-time alpha male playboy who slept with a different woman every night, was always sexy, but now he's sexy in all the most ironic ways. He's perched on a stool with his hands in his lap and his knees together while Famke Nils, his make-up artist, applies lip liner to his plump, kissable lips. The slender bra straps, bright white against his slender, tan little shoulders, strain against the weight of his D-cups, and I know at the end of the day he will gasp with relief when he finally gets to slip out of his bra, and

there will be welts on his skin from the pressure of those straps, welts that will remind him that he is so much a woman now.

He's wearing panties, so his long, coltish legs are exposed, and as Famke finishes his lips, Jenny Tam fluffs and fusses with his hair and an assistant hurries to him holding his little dress. He steps into it and stands, breasts out, shoulders back, as the girls zip him into a tight little black dress that hugs his curves and offers an enticing view of his deep, soft cleavage.

Next, it's into his pumps, pausing to lift one leg and adjust the shoe on his tiny foot, and then he runs a hand through his hair, tossing it back over his shoulder while pausing to examine his long, wine-red nails. "Perfect," "perfect," "perfect" the women who pamper my poor sexy little boss say, making final checks. He has an army of women to keep him pretty and stylish: shoppers, stylists, make-up artists, hair and jewelry consultants. It was part of my dream for him to be totally pampered and prepped and primped, and as he puts a hand on a hip and walks toward me--his walk perfectly feminine thanks to his decorum coach-- I feel a thrill because I know that inside that gorgeous little package is the same a-hole who thought he was god's gift to women; knowing that he hates everything about his life now. It's so much sweeter that I am the one who turned him into this feminine creature, and he has no idea.

"Ready for the meeting Miss Goldenrod?" I love calling him miss. I know he hates it, but he'd had no choice but to agree to the change in title--or at least, that's what I'd made him believe.

He hides his annoyance behind a bright smile, just as he'd been trained to do. "Absolutely," he says in that little girl voice I'd stuck him with. It still took all my willpower not to laugh every time I heard him squeak.

"You look gorgeous," I said.

"Thanks," he said. Ever since I'd tricked him into living as a woman, he'd bought into the idea that as a female executive he always had to be the prettiest girl in the room, and it was among my proudest achievements that he now worried more about his skin and figure, his hair and make-up than any other girl in the office.

I walk along with him to the meeting, our heels clicking in unison. His breasts bounce a little with each step, and I glance down, amused, to see him jiggling. He is walking into my latest little trap, and I can't wait to see him pushed into his newest role, one that will force him even deeper into the life of a sexy rich girl, and one that in no way feeds his need to be the alpha male. It's one of the funniest things--seeing him wanting so hard to be the man he used to be, but still struggling to accept that with that sweet, angel's face, those epic breasts and his sweet, little girl voice, he couldn't be the alpha in a room full of 12-year-old boys, let alone adult men who take one look at him now and only wonder what it would be like to bang him.

As we enter the office, the girls all dutifully shower Miss Goldenrod with compliments--"I love your shoes." "Your hair looks so cute." "You look prettier every day." They've been well trained, and each of them shares my delight in our boss's transformation. I know Karen in particular loves checking out his plump, heart-shaped ass. He was always pestering her about doing it doggy style, and she loves seeing him walk around now with a firm, inviting behind that he can't help but wiggle as he minces around in his heels.

We get to the conference room. I hold the door open for him and a bright, pretty smile spreads on his face as he struts in, tossing his hair. Everyone stands, and Miss Goldenrod makes her way to the front of the room. "Sit," she squeaks, putting a hand on her round hip, thrusting it out to the side. "Sit. Let's get started."

I share an amused glance with our CFO, Mary Helen. It's hard to believe we've won, that we've turned this a-hole into such a perfect little female.

And now, we are ready for our next devastating blow.

Miss Jenni Goldenrod, meanwhile, kept the smile plastered on his face. It all seemed impossible to him as he looked around the room at the women-he'd slept with most of them over the years, had planned to sleep with all of them. But now, somehow, impossibly, he stood before them in a tight little black dress, propped on a pair of heels, his cleavage spilling out the top of his plunging neckline. He could feel the make-up on his face, the sticky, tacky lipstick on his lips. Where once he swaggered into this room like a boss rooster, flirting with the women he'd surrounded himself with, thinking about which ones he wanted to bang, now he only looked about to make sure he was the prettiest. It was so important now, and yet it was all wrong, all upside down.

His eyes met Melissa Connor's. She smiled and mouthed- "you look great." He kept the plastic smile on his face, but he was remembering her on her hands and knees while he took her from behind, yanking a fistful of her hair while he slapped her on the ass. It was the night when everything had started to fall apart, and as the business meeting started, he sank gracefully into his chair, smoothing his skirt. While the minutes were read from the previous meeting, his mind drifted back to his old life as a man, and how it had all come to an end.

CHAPTER 2



The Past

Melissa screamed as I popped off and then pulled out, giving her butt one last slap before getting up and walking over to the bar to pour myself a drink.

"That was incredible," Melissa said, rolling onto her side, pulling the covers over her long, lean

white body.

"Yeah. You're a good fuck," I said, slamming back a shot of whiskey, then pouring a couple fingers into a rocks glass.

"You're so romantic, Jack."

I just snorted, walking over to the bed, taking another swallow of my drink, loving the way it rose in my throat while pooling hot in my stomach, mixing with the endorphin rush of sex, the smell of the whiskey blending with the smell of woman and sex. I ran my hand over her hip, then brushed the hair from her face. She looked at me without speaking, putting one hand on my leg. I thought she was about to say something. I saw something in her eyes--almost a kind of sadness, but then The Phone rang.

The Phone is a secure line I have which only one person has access to: Georgia Night, the Vice President of my company, Goldenrod Industries; the person I trusted more than anyone else in the world. If that phone rang, it was something very important. "I need to take that," I said.

"Oh, don't," Melissa said in a pouty voice. "Stay."

"I have to," I said getting up and closing myself in my office to take the call.

"What?" I said.

"Hostile takeover," Georgia said.

"What?"

"They're trying to force you out, and they've gone dirty."

"How?"

"They are using your, um, lifestyle. Sleeping with employees. They leaked some stuff to MSNBC, the New York Times."

I took a drink, shrugged. People were always coming after me. It was just part of being The Man. Everybody wants to be King. "Thanks for the call," I said. "We'll meet first thing in the morning and strategize."

"Goodnight," she said, knowing that when I was done talking, I was done.

I let myself out of my office to find Melissa wearing my shirt--she looked so sexy, my shirt hanging down to the tops of her thighs, but the top open to reveal some of the swell of her firm breasts. She stood at the bar, mixing a drink, and as I came out of the office, she hooked her hair behind her ear and said, "something wrong?"

"Nah," I said, slipping my arm around her waist and giving her a kiss.

She handed me the glass in her hand. "Maker's Mark. Neat."

"You know me so well," I said, accepting the glass and taking a drink. I swished the whiskey in my mouth, feeling it burn and made a face as I swallowed. "You say this was neat? It tastes a little--off."

"You're probably tasting my lipstick," she said. "I snuck a sip."

"I bet you did," I said, taking another drink.

"Drink up," she said, burying her fingers in the thick, curly black hair on my chest. "And then I'll show you something I learned to do with my mouth at summer camp."

I pulled her to me. Women. I loved them--their soft, yielding bodies, their voices, their emotional natures. I loved conquering them, hearing them cry out in passion as I devastated them. Flaunting the conventions of modern society, all the PC laws and stupid sexual harassment nonsense just added to the thrill, and I swallowed down my booze and picked Melissa up off her feet, carrying her back to my

bed eager for her to pleasure me the way a woman was meant to
pleasure a man.

CHAPTER 3

The next day, I had the worst hangover I'd ever had. My head pounded, and I felt sick at the thought of eating anything. Georgia showed up, waking me and hustling Melissa out the door, telling one of her assistants to sneak her out the back.

"Sneak her out the back? What the hell?"

"There are paparazzi out front. We can't have a picture of one of your subordinates doing the walk of shame right now."

"Melissa," I said. "Go out the front door. This is consensual. They have nothing."

Melissa looked back and forth between Georgia and me.

"Jack, would you please allow me to handle this situation?" Georgia said. "I think when you hear the details you will understand my caution."

Normally, I would not tolerate one of my girls contradicting me, but I felt so sick I just said, "Fine."

Georgia cleared the room. "Jack," she said. "This time it's very serious." "I've heard that before," I said. "Can this wait? I feel terrible."

"There is a hostile takeover bid, and they are trying to force you out on grounds that you are opening the company up to potentially damaging lawsuits. It's the same way they forced out the founder of Uber and American Apparel. People call it the Bro-hack."

"Yeah? So, line up the lawyers, right?"

"Jack, the takeover is being led by Tiresian Capital."

"Tiresian? Cal Overman is behind this?"

"Yes. I don't have to tell you he has a lot of money, and we now know, a lot of shares."

"So, this could be real?"

"It is real."

"So, what's your advice?"

"Curtail the playboy lifestyle for a little while. Do some charity stuff."

I rolled my eyes. "So lame. I'm a 21st century entrepreneur, George. I can't be boring. It's not my brand."

"Well, my advice is to be boring for a little while, unless you want to lose your company to Cal."

Lose my company? No way. One thing about me--I win. If that meant I had to be boring for a little while, so be it. I would just make up for it later. "Fine," I said, and my stomach rolled. I hurried to the bathroom, just making it to the toilet in time to drop to my knees and puke my guts out. Georgia followed me in, running her fingers through my hair as I retched a second and third time, finally wiping my mouth.

"Get some sleep," she said when I was finally done, sweating, shaking. "I'll see you at the office."

What happened next? I don't know. I tossed and turned. I woke up tangled in my sweat-soaked sheets, shivering, my throat parched. I remember stumbling, crawling to the kitchen to get water, guzzling it, waking up in the floor curled into a ball... more vomiting, my ribs and abs aching... then, someone, a woman, wearing a surgical mask, dabbing my forehead with a cloth, bathing me with warm, soapy water... Georgia standing back, wearing a surgical mask as well, talking in sibilant tones with a group of people all wearing hospital clothes--- doctor? Nurses? Both?

Bright lights, flashing, pulsing, and I couldn't seem to close my eyes, to look away, and then fever dreams, flashing images--- a mother nursing her baby.... A woman putting on mascara... rose buds opening, blossoming... a woman shaving her legs, running her fingers over the smooth, silky skin... a mother duckling waddling along followed by her chicks...

It went on and on, and then I finally opened my eyes, and found myself staring at the ceiling in my bedroom, my covers tucked in tightly around me. Struggling to get free of the covers, I pushed them down, wincing in pain as my stiff, sore muscles screamed, and then I pushed myself into a sitting position, rubbing the sleep from my eyes and looking around for my phone. I didn't see it anywhere, so I swung my legs over the side of the bed, putting my bare feet down

on the cold floor. My head swam, so I sat there for a moment, knees together, holding my head in my hands, taking some deep breaths.

What had happened? Had the whole thing been a dream? Had I been sick?

Looking around my bedroom, I couldn't see any evidence of change at all--everything looked exactly the same as I remembered. Finally, I felt well enough to stand, and then I gingerly walked to the bathroom where I remembered puking so often--my abs did ache, and my ribs--and then I looked in the mirror and gasped.

I looked... emaciated. My cheeks had sunk in, and a deep hollow surrounded my eyes. You could almost see the skull beneath my thin skin, and my once thick head of hair now consisted of only a few sad strands of gray hair combed across my gleaming skull. I looked like death, and then I noticed how my silk pajamas seemed to hang off my body. I started unbuttoning the buttons, struggling, finding it hard to control my bony, shaking fingers, and as the last button came undone, I saw my whole body looked like a skeleton as well--I could count every rib in my chest and rib cage, and my belly caved in looking like it nearly clung to my spine. My hip bones jutted out above stick bug legs.

I had always prided myself on being a fit man, proud of the muscle corded frame I'd forged by spending hours in the gym. "No," I mumbled looking at myself now, literally all skin and bones. "Hell, no."

I washed my face, feeling my bony, skeletal fingers against my papery skin. Then, gathering my strength, I went back out and looked around, finally finding my phone in the kitchen, plugged into an outlet next to my espresso machine. I never put it here, I thought.

I punched in my code with a trembling thumb, and as soon as the screen came on, I did a double take.

September 21st? But, that would mean I'd missed--two weeks?

Georgia answered on the second ring. "Jackie. You're awake?"

"Yes," I answered, wincing in pain as a scratchy voice emerged from my aching vocal cords. "What the hell happened to me?"

I heard a knock on my door. "I'm here right now. I'll fill you in."

"You're here? That was fast."

"I was just coming to check on you."

I let Georgie in, and she told me everything. How I'd contracted a rare virus that had caused me to waste away, how they'd all been afraid I was going to die, how she had brought medical people into my office, worried about word getting out and fueling the take-over bid.

"You're amazing," I said, touching my throat.

"Try not to talk too much. All that puking hurt your vocal cords."

"I need to make an appearance," I said. "People must be wondering."

"You can't." Georgia said. "You're too weak, and you don't want people to see you like this." She gestured at my skeletal body, drowning in my pajamas.

"Well, then, I need to get myself on a recovery program. Quick."

Georgia smiled. "Way ahead of you, boss. Brandy has put together a great nutrition program for you. And Rachel has a workout regimen planned."

"You're the best, Georgia. I don't know what I would do without you."

"Glad to do my part, boss," Georgia said. She gave me a hug before she left, touching me on the cheek and saying, "See you later, Sweetie."

Brandy had stocked my fridge with protein shakes. Given my shrunken stomach and weakened state, she'd decided I should be on a liquid diet. I drank one of them, finding it hard to get even that much down, and I did start feeling better immediately. Within an hour, I felt I had enough energy to maybe do a little workout; plus, I am pretty strong willed, and was determined to get myself back in shape.

I looked over Rachel's program. It was all body weight stuff--planks, squats. She left a note saying I needed to start slowly, and I didn't pay her a small fortune because she was wrong, so I found myself planking, doing glute bridges, squatting and doing single leg deadlifts. My people are amazing, and I found my body filling in fast. In fact, after only a week I stood looking at myself in the bathroom mirror, and the weird skeleton I'd seen before was gone.

But I didn't look right, either.



My skin had taken on a golden glow, but it had a softness about it--all over, and my legs had taken on a rounded shape, while my arms remained slender and lithe. Though I'd gotten stronger, my upper body remained very lean, and my rounded little shoulders were narrower than my widening hips.

My face had changed as well, taking on a soft, brightness, and I could swear my lips had grown puffy, while my eyes looked wider.

Okay. Let me be blunt. When I looked at myself in the mirror, I thought I looked like--well, a girl. Not a woman, because I didn't have any of the real jiggly stuff, but the lithe, long-limbed lanky body of a girl just before puberty.

It's just a phase, I decided. I'll start putting on muscle soon.

My stylist, Donna, had come by to take my measurements and some new clothes had been delivered that morning. I went back and dressed in my usual uniform-- like Steve Jobs, I'd decided to wear the same thing every week, and that was a pair of fitted, skinny legged gray dress pants, a gray, button-down dress shirt, and a fitted gray sports coat. I slipped my gold watch on, but my wrist had gotten so small it dangled like a bracelet. I looked in the mirror, frowning. Seeing myself in my old clothes only reinforced the feeling that something wasn't right with me now--the pants emphasized my long,

feminine, coltish legs, and my coat not doing much to hide the rounding of my hips. I looked like a high-school girl, but for the strands of gray covering my bald head.

Shit. My stomach did flips. I was the alpha dog in an office full of women. I couldn't let them see me like this. I shook my head, looking at myself in dismay.

Just then, Georgia knocked and then let herself in. She was carrying a box. She took one look at me and said, "You can't let anyone see you like this."

"What do you mean?" I said, irritated at her reaction.

"Come on, Jackie. You must see it? Your body? You look like, how can I say this?"

"A high-school girl?"

"Well, yeah."

"I see it," I said looking at myself in the mirror again.

"You don't have to try and prove your courage to me or anyone."

"What do you mean-- courage?"

"Well, I know you must be scared to show yourself looking-- like this."

"Don't ever question my courage," I said, infuriated. "How many times have I said there are no problems? Only--"

"Opportunities to triumph?"

"Yes." I said, feeling my old confidence coming back. "I am going in, and I am going to crush it!"

"But, Jackie, you--"

"I am still me. You should know to never doubt me."

"Okay," Georgia said, smiling. "You're such an inspiration."

"What's in the box?"

"Oh, I don't think you'll want--"

I grabbed the box and opened it to find a short black wig. "I was just thinking, maybe, you would want to, um, but now I see--"

I slipped the wig off the blockhead, holding it in my hands. I saw flashing lights, heard voices, shook my head, blinking, then nodded. "You are a genius," I said to Georgia. "This is the missing piece. Just what I needed. Help me put it on."

Georgia smiled. "Thanks, Sweetie. I'm so happy."

I returned her smile and sat while she fitted the wig to my head. I really love making Georgia happy. When I looked in the mirror and saw the wig--it had a kind of bowl-shaped look, glossy black bangs sweeping across my forehead--and I thought, No. It only added to the sense that I was looking at some kind of late blooming teen-age girl, but then Georgia said--

"No. No way. Sorry. Bad idea."

Again, it annoyed me that she was making decisions for me, and when she reached to take the wig off, I grabbed her wrist. "It's fine," I said. "Let's go. I need to let everyone see I'm fine."

CHAPTER 4

The Present

Melissa made her presentation on our new Jenni! line of products aimed at affluent millennial women. Goldenrod Industries owned and ran a lot of businesses, but they'd all been bro-centric in keeping with Jenni's former identity. As he became a woman, we convinced him there were amazing growth opportunities for us in serving women--make-up, jewelry, clothes, shoes, hair care. His own experiences living as a woman had opened his eyes to how expensive it was to be female. When Melissa finished, everyone applauded, and Jenni got up and gave her a hug.

When Jenni went to sit back down, Melissa grabbed his hand and said, "Would you mind staying up here for a minute? Pretty please? I have one more big announcement."

"Sure," Jenni said. "Gladly."

"As you all know, our strategy in rolling out our new product lines centers on finding an IT girl, someone with a high profile and high likability, a young woman other young women admire and seek to emulate."

An image of Kylie Jenner came on the screen. Everyone clapped.

"It will not be Kylie Jenner," Melissa said with a dramatic wave of her hand. "She has her own lines and is tied to too many products already. In fact, we looked at many young women who fit our profile." Faces flashed across the screen. "Taylor Swift. Katy Perry. Beyonce. Kate Upton. With each and every candidate, we ran into the same problem. They either had their own lines, or they were locked into deals with others."

"Can we buy someone out?" Jenni said, throwing her hand on her hip and teasing her long hair with the other, as she tended to do now when thinking. I hid my smile.

"We considered that, but our market research suggests our target audience will not trust a girl who spent years pushing one brand suddenly deciding to push another. They would see it as the kind of cynical money first mentality they associate with older generations."

"So, someone unknown, then."

"Exactly where we went, Miss Goldenrod. You trained us well. So, we looked at that. We started looking for fresh faces, someone we could make a superstar, but then our own rising young super star, Francis, started looking at the data and found a sexy, popular girl with higher positives among our demographic than any of the models we'd already looked at--a girl who women everywhere admire and want to emulate. That girl was the perfect girl with the perfect face to be the Jenni! girl we all need."

She clicked the controller and an image of Jenni herself, strolling down the street in knee high stiletto boots, jeans, and an angora sweater stretched across her massive breasts appeared. In the background two young women could be seen taking pictures with their phones. The room erupted, all the executives clapping and cheering, rising to their feet and giving Jenni a standing ovation. I

watched her straining to keep her happy girl, pretty girl smile on her face. When the applause died down, she paused, thinking of the right words.

But then Melissa took his hand, dropped to a knee and said, "Will you please be our Jenni girl?"

I saw Jenni blink three times, shake her head, and then bite her lip and nod. "I will." He was clearly embarrassed, but he kept nodding, looking out at all the women in the boardroom. "It makes sense for the company."

I smiled. We'd been programming it into him for months that he would melt in the face of anything resembling a marriage proposal. And with that, Jenni Goldenrod took his first dainty steps into his new role as supermodel. I shivered with delight. The first campaign was for our new "Devastated" line of lingerie, and I couldn't wait to see my formerly all-bro boss posing in his panties.

CHAPTER 5

The Past

Georgia and I took the elevator up to my helipad. Ivan, my copter guy, has already fired up my Blackhawk 450, and he handed Georgia and I our helmets, which we put on, running under the whirling blades. We both climbed into the chopper, which I usually flew to work both because I hated sitting in traffic and because it was pretty much a thing for stud entrepreneurs like me to fly myself around. But when I sat back behind the controls, I felt dizzy for a second, and when I looked back at all the instruments, I felt a strange sense of revulsion.

It actually took an act of focus and willpower for me to flip the switches and then grab the yoke to control the bird, and as we lifted off I felt my heart race, a sense of panic sweeping over me along with a bunch of alien thoughts--I can't do this. What if I crash into something? What if the engine breaks, or we run out of gas?

I glanced at Georgia, but she didn't seem to be aware of my breakdown. I gave her a thumbs up, and she returned it. "Always great to fly with you, boss."

As the chopper lifted off the tarmac, we tilted too far forward, the nose scraping against the concrete surface of the roof, sending a shower of sparks flying into the windshield, which made me screech, and I yanked back hard, and the chopper popped up into the air. We hovered there, and I scanned the horizon looking at what suddenly

seemed an array of unfamiliar buildings. I didn't see a single landmark I recognized.

"Everything okay?" Georgia's voice crackled through my helmet.

"I'm feeling queasy," I said, which was true. "Maybe we'd better take the car today?"

"You're the boss," Georgia said.

Focusing all my attention, I lowered us back to the ground, giving a full body sigh of relief as we touched down. "Thank God," I said.

Georgia just said, "You did great, Jackie."

I shut down the chopper, and we climbed out. Ivan came up to me, looking concerned. "Something wrong with Betsy?"

"No," I said, feeling suddenly emasculated before this old army mechanic. "I guess I'm feeling a little sick today." I handed him my helmet, but as I walked away I was pretty sure I would not be getting behind the controls of a helicopter again anytime soon. It was, like, too much pressure - or something?

Georgia ordered a car, and we rode in the back, going over some things, then made our way to the office. I felt super nervous, and Georgia lent me her compact so I could check my wig in the mirror. Part of me wanted to take it off, to face the world with my sad comb-over, but the wig actually did look pretty good on me. Besides, I had already insisted I didn't want to change my mind. I never let anyone see me waffle. Alpha dudes don't do that. So, I brushed back my bangs, handed Georgia her compact and said, "Let's do this."

And guess what? It was pretty much just another day. A bunch of the girls actually complimented me on my new hairstyle, and no one at all seemed to notice the changes in my body and how oddly my suit fit. Toward the end of the day, I looked at myself in the mirror, turning to



the side to examine my long, slender profile, then facing front and looking at those slightly curvy hips above my tiny waist, and I

decided I'd overreacted. Maybe I didn't look like a teen-age girl at all, but like a twenty-something guy who'd survived a near death experience. My face? I just looked younger and not like a girl. I lifted and flexed my tiny little arm. There was certainly a lot for me to change. I needed to hit the weights and get some muscle back.

Yeah. It was all fine, I decided. I'd be back in no time. As I left the restroom, I saw Karen bending over to put some folders in the bottom drawer of a file cabinet. I walked up and grabbed that sweet, round ass of hers and said, "You are hot as hell."

She kind of jerked upright with a yelp, but then she turned to me and brushed the bangs back from my forehead. "Aren't you a doll for saying so?"

"When are you and I going to get together for some ass play?" I said. Part of my whole thing was being overtly sexual with all my employees. They loved it, and I had always felt my workplace proved how full of shit all those PC losers were with their sensitivity bullshit. Girls loved it when a strong, successful man came on to them.

"I can most certainly see ass play in our future," Karen said, which pleased me because I had been working on breaking down her uptight persona for some time. Then, she surprised me. "You look really cute today," she said, and then quickly reached around and pinched me on **my** ass.

It was my turn to jump in surprise, but I found this new aggressiveness turned me on, so I just smiled and said, "You're bad."

And then Karen winked and said, "See you later, Jackie, darling."

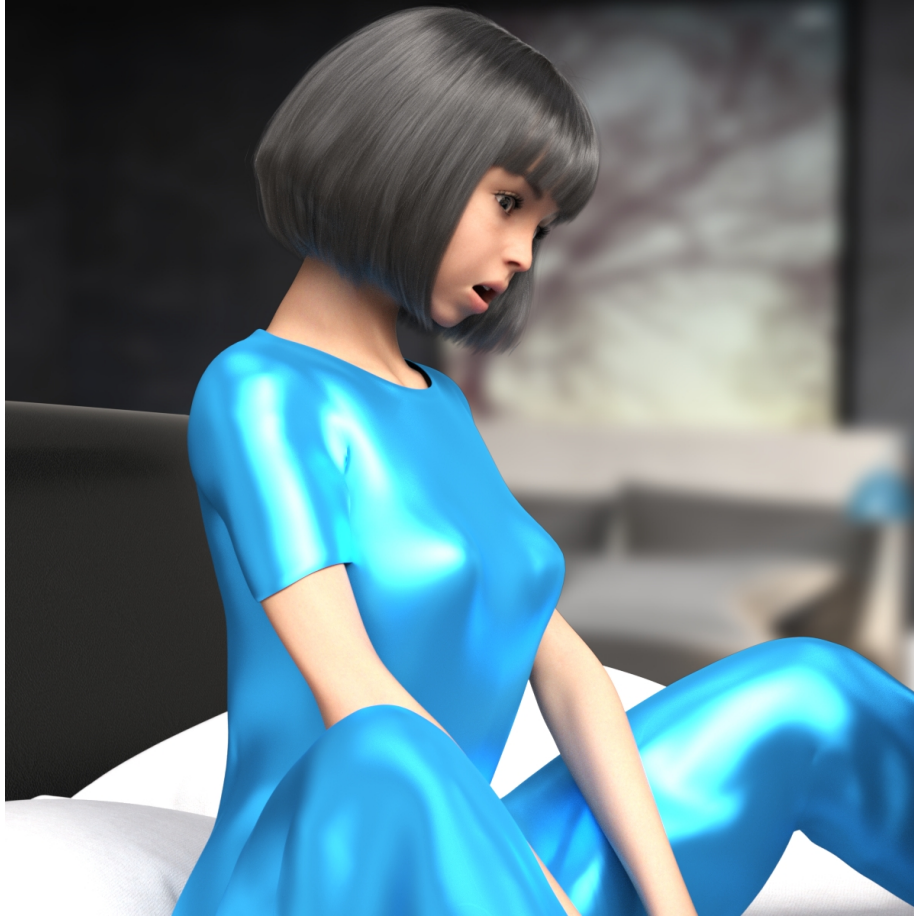
As she walked away, something struck me as wrong about the whole interaction, but then someone came up to me with some questions about our new forerunner designs, and I forgot all about it--for the time.

I told my trainer to put some weight training into my program, and she did. I felt sick to my stomach when I went to do curls and found I couldn't work with more than tiny little five-pound weights. It seemed impossible I'd lost so much strength, and even more impossible I could ever get it back, but I worked until my clothes were slick with sweat, doing the whole program twice, leaving my body aching from head to toe. But I felt good as I sipped my protein shake after, dabbing my forehead with my towel. I had always had an iron will, and I knew I would win, and see my body once more rippling with muscle.





Instead, as the days passed, I found my butt getting bigger. I could feel it jiggling as I walked. My hips seemed to continue spreading, too, and my thighs got softer and fatter, especially at the top. Meanwhile, my tiny little arms stayed tiny, and I made no progress with them, continuing to struggle with those tiny weights, thanking God I had a private gym, and no one could see me working out with these little girl weights. It was almost enough to send me screaming to my doctor, but my trainer and dietitian just told me to be patient, and so that's what I was.



Right up until the day I woke up with tits.

I remember coming slowly to consciousness on a Saturday morning, and as I rolled onto my back I felt my nipples rubbing against my silk pajama top, and a shiver of pleasure passed through my body. It felt wrong, right away, and I sat up, feeling my chest jiggle and becoming aware that my nipples seemed to be floating above my chest. I looked down and saw two firm little boobs on my chest--they looked like cones, Hershey's kisses, and I said, "Fuck" as I looked at my tits--the impossibility of it, and yet the reality of it so impossible to deny.

I rolled out of bed and raced to the mirror, annoyed by the feeling of these little boobies bouncing with every step, even as I felt my butt

jiggling as well, and the soft fatty insides of my thighs. I wore my silk pajama bottoms, and walked up to the mirror, looking at all of me-- my wide, round hips, my scrawny little arms, my narrow, rounded shoulder and now firm, perky little breasts.

I looked like a woman. A girl, really, and I couldn't deny it anymore. It must be some kind of hormonal imbalance, I decided, staring at myself in horror. That would explain everything. I turned to the side and looked at my profile-the little breasts, the sway of my back flaring out to a round, plump ass-- a woman's profile. No, I reminded myself. Not even that. A girl's profile.

How had I ignored this?

Well, I was done with all that. I got Georgia on the phone. "Set up an appointment with Doctor Carpenter," I said.

"Is something wrong?" Georgia asked, the concern in her voice touching me.

"No," I lied, not wanting to talk to anyone about my swelling breasts and curves. "I just want to do a follow up."

"Okay. I'll get right back to you with an appointment."

"It needs to be today," I said. "Whatever it costs."

"You sure there's nothing wrong?"

I cupped my breast and squeezed, shocked at how sensitive it was. "Everything's fine," I said. "Get it done."

An hour later, I found myself sitting on the examination table in a paper gown, my breasts tenting out the front. Paula, a nurse who worked for the doctor, was checking my blood pressure, and I saw her glancing down constantly at my boobs.

"Why don't you take a picture?" I said, annoyed.

"Sorry," Paula said. "I just--well, I'm sorry."

I had known Paula for a few years, and previously I had always flirted with her, but now I just felt humiliated and ashamed of my body. "Hopefully, the doctor can fix this," I said.

Once Paula was done, she left me there to wait, and eventually Doctor Carpenter came in. She looked at me, maintaining a very clinical detachment. "Remove the gown," she said.

I pulled the gown over my head, feeling embarrassed as I felt my breasts rise with the lifting of my arms, and then jiggle as I set it aside. I saw Carpenter taking in my narrow waist and hips. "Take a seat."

I sat. "Is it some kind of hormone imbalance?" I said.

"This may be a little uncomfortable," Carpenter said, ignoring my question. "But I need to perform a breast exam."

"Why?" I said, defensively crossing my arms over my boobs.

"Sometimes when a male experiences rapid breast development, there can be cancer."

"Oh. Okay," I said, lowering my arms. Carpenter was an attractive woman. Not pretty or cute, but a thoroughbred. She'd played volleyball in college and had that kind of tall, athletic body. Looking at her arms, I reflected that she was probably stronger than me right now. She put her hands on my soft breasts, and I hissed as I felt a surge of alien pleasure.

"Do they hurt?" she asked.

"No," I said, as she squeezed and kneaded my boobs. "it's more that they're, um, well...." I didn't want to say the word "sensitive" but then doc said it for me.

"Sensitive?" she said. "That's normal." Now, she was rubbing her thumb over my hard little pink nipples, and I squirmed, squeezing my legs together. "Wow. My twelve-year-old daughter is about the same place as you right now in terms of your breasts."

"Can you not compare me to a twelve-- oh!" I kind of squealed as she actually pinched one of my nipples while pressing my breasts together. "Stop!"

"Just completing my exam," she said, taking her hands off my boobs. I sighed with relief.

"So? What's the cure?"

Carpenter made some notes on my chart, and then sat down. "Well, clearly you are experiencing physical changes consistent with those normally experienced by a female going through puberty. "It does look very much like a hormone imbalance, but I'll need to wait until I get your blood tests back before I know for sure."

"How long will that take?"

"About a week."

"A week? Look at me. Can't you do something now? Give me some testosterone or something?"

"Hmmmnnnn," Carpenter said, writing on my report. "Subject is experiencing emotional outbursts and behavioral patterns consistent with a teen female."

"I am not." I shrieked. "I just want some answers."

"And you will get them, but any treatment we were to enter into now without full knowledge could make your condition worse, or even have fatal consequences. I am not prepared to undertake any course of treatment until I have full information."

"But what if, I mean, what about in the meantime? What am I supposed to do?"

"There's not much you can do, Jackie. Just try and stay calm and know that I see no evidence your conditioning is life threatening. So, once we know what's happening, we can start looking at a treatment."

"But what about-- I am wondering? Are my, is my body going to, um?"

"Do you want to know if your breasts are going to keep getting bigger?"

I nodded, not wanting to even speak it.

Carpenter patted me on the back. "Probably. You may want to consider getting a bra at some point."

"Why would I want to do that?" I said.

"Because if you don't, you'll probably end up with stretch marks all over your chest, but it's really up to you. You can get dressed. And I promise I will let you know the moment I get your results, okay, sweetie?"

"Okay," I said, wondering if I should really be okay with everyone calling me sweetie all of a sudden. "Thanks, doc."

"And Jackie?"

"Yeah?"

And then she surprised me by running the back of her hand along my cheek and saying, "Your skin looks amazing."

I had one dominant feeling when I left that office--rage. Rage at my body for betraying me, rage at the doctor for being unable to stop this NOW, and rage against her and everyone else for this sudden condescension and their treatment of me--sweetie? Honey?

As soon as I got home I threw on my gym clothes--a tank top and shorts--and took out my rage on my punching bag. "Sweetie?" I cursed, smashing my fists into the bag. "Honey?" I pounded it again and again, ignoring the way my little breasts bounced and jiggled with each blow. I imagined Cal, the prick who wanted to steal my

company, and I delivered round house kicks to the bag, then punch kick combos. I slammed it and slammed it until my clothes were soaked with sweat, my tank top clinging to my breasts and my hard little nipples. I ignored it all, attacking and attacking. "I'm a fucking man!" I shouted. "I am a fucking man!"

Finally, my arms and legs aching, I stripped off my shirt, throwing it aside. I didn't care what this body looked like: the shape, my hips or my butt or my breasts. I was still a stud, a badass, and I was about to prove it. This thing about keeping a low profile? Hell no. I stood in front of a mirror looking at my soft, sweat slicked body. I planted my tiny little arms on my round hips, looked at my smooth belly, my firm little breasts glistening with sweat, and I smiled. Even looking like this, I was more of a stud than ninety percent of the flabby, fantasy football playing couch potato men on the planet, and I was going to go out tonight, get a girl and prove it.

Now, I'm no fool. It's not like I thought I could put on a wife beater, my tits hanging out all over the place and still hook up with the hotties. Instead, I tied one of my old t-shirts over my boobs, flattening them, and got dressed, all in my top-of-the-line designer clothes from Tilden's Closet. Nothing fit quite right. I struggled to pull my 350-dollar jeans over my plump butt, and my 275-dollar black shirt fit tight across my chest and baggy on my skinny arms, but when I looked at myself I knew women would see money, and that would light up those dumb whores better than the hardest abs in the world. Just to make sure, I put my 5000 dollar watch on, and then draped a pair of gold chains worth 10,000 dollars over my long, slender neck. My hair had grown back to look like a fashionable cut, and as I looked in the mirror I smiled, showing off my big, bright white teeth. "Hello, ladies," I said. "Want to fuck?"

I swaggered out to my Porsche, sitting down, hesitating. For a moment, my head swam as I looked at the dashboard, and when I reached to turn over the ignition my hands trembled. I felt so scared I

was going to wreck the car, or maybe hit a pretty deer, I almost climbed out of the car and called an Uber, but then I bit my lip and focused my will, starting the car and driving myself to The 100 Club, both hands on the wheel and always just below the speed limit.

I pulled up in front of the club, and the old thrill came over me. I saw all the ordinary people standing in line, waiting to get in.

I bounded out of the car, tossing my keys to the valet, and strode up to the double brass doors, Lawrence, the door man and aspiring rapper, smiled and opened the door. "Love the new style," he said. "You gettin' younger, Holmes?"



"Thanks man," I said. "When's the new album drop?"

"Soon, man. Soon."

I plunged into the cool, dark of The 100. It smelled like booze and sex, and the walls shook as the DJ shouted, "It's all about love and the beats." A couple of girls in tiny little dresses stood talking in the

hallway, and I slipped between them, feeling their breasts brush against me, and I could feel my nipples get hard and poke against the t-shirt I'd tied around them as we made eye contact, and they smiled. I smiled back. I wasn't used to getting horny from the tits down, and it freaked me out a little, but at the same time I had my goal, which was to get laid. So, I ignored my tits and kept playing the game.

"Ladies," I said, glancing back to check out their long legs, propped in stiletto heels, which turned me on so much-- I loved seeing women make themselves helpless, tottering on those heels, barely able to walk--all to lure in the men who wanted their bodies.

Those girls were eights and I was here to bang a ten.

I hit the floor, now occasionally catching a whiff of weed as people around the club got high. I ordered a martini and worked the floor, looking for girls to invite to my private booth, but tonight for some reason I really wanted to dance, and found myself on the crowded floor, bodies pressing up against me, grinding my big, bouncy but into anyone who came along.

Then, I felt someone grab my butt with both hands, squeezing, digging her long fingernails into my soft, bouncy behind. Once more I felt my tits flush with pleasure, my nipples throb and now my ass got into the game, lighting up in a way I'd never felt before. I turned around, thinking to back this chick off, but then my jaw fell open, my eyes went wide, and I looked up into the most gorgeous face I had ever seen-- wait. "Mirabelle?"



"Omigod!" she said, those big brown eyes going wide. "Mister Goldenrod. I am so sorry."

Mirabelle was a college intern with my company--a perfect ten with the body of a woman but still some lingering qualities of girlhood, a kind of fawn-like surprise and delight in the world that really got my rocks off. She'd played college volleyball and stood six feet tall, two inches taller than me. I'd thought about banging her since the day

she'd walked in the door and remembering Georgia's little warning that I needed to keep a low profile only made me all the more excited at the idea of proving my manhood by doing her.

She started to turn away, but I grabbed her arm, and said, "No. Stay. Dance."

"Are you sure?" she said, looking a little nervous, which made my breasts throb.

"I insist." I kept a hold of her wrist, showing my dominance, and she smiled and then melted into me, pressing herself against me as we ground ourselves against each other. The night became a blur. Drinks. Laughter. Dancing. Talking. Kissing. At some point, we stumbled from the club, arms around each other, supporting each other, and when the valet brought the car around I handed the keys to Mirabelle and said, "You drive."

"Okay, sweetie."

She opened my door for me, and I climbed in, and then we drove back to my place. Another drink, more kissing, holding, caressing each other, and then Mirabelle on her back, looking up at me, smiling. I kept my shirt on, though she'd been pawing at it all night. And as I fondled her breasts mine seemed to swell, and it was all I could do to keep from ripping off the t-shirt I had used to hide them. I desperately wanted to feel her hands on my soft little breasts, to feel her palms over my nipples, squeezing mine the way I was squeezing hers. Soft little pants escaped me as I imagined kissing her, pressing my bare breasts into hers, so sweet and soft, and then she grabbed my wrists and rolled us over so she was on top, and she lowered herself onto me, and I bit my lip. She pinned my arms above my head, leaning down to kiss me, and I had never felt so helpless--or

excited, as she started to ride me, the bed springs squeaking and the whole bed shaking as she took me like a wild animal.

The next thing I remember, I heard pounding, and then the front door to my apartment opening. "Jackie? Jackie?" Georgia called. "We need to talk."

I groaned. "In the bedroom," I called, rubbing my aching head. I figured Mirabelle had told someone about our night together, and now Georgia was no doubt here to scold me for being a bad boy. I chuckled, then thought--- where is Mirabelle? Then, as images of our lovemaking floating through my mind, I felt embarrassed. Shocked. I had some blurry recollection of her painting my lips. Then- the way Mirabelle had pinned my arms, the way she'd--- dominated me? Why had I allowed that? Why had I loved it?

As Georgia stormed into my room I sat up, suddenly becoming aware of the feeling of a slender strap over my shoulder, a cup holding one of my breasts. I looked down to see I wore a red lace bra--sort of. It covered one of my tits, but was pushed down under the other, and that second bra strap dangled sexily from my slender little shoulder. I crossed my arms over my breasts. "Georgia. Get out!" I said, humiliated to have her see my tits, to see me wearing a bra.

"So, you have your own tits now," Georgia said. "I know. Pretty much the whole world knows, or at least they will."

"What?" I said, feeling sick, becoming aware that my lips seemed tacky, like they were sticking together-- just slightly.

Georgia held out her phone. It was open to Instagram, and I saw a picture of me? Yes, that was me. I was asleep, wearing that red bra just as it was now, pulled down under one boob, one little hand

covering the nipple, while my other, slender little feminine arm was belecthind my head. The caption read "Transition Much?" And I felt like vomiting as I saw it already had 465K views, and 380K reposts. The comment underneath identified me: Jackie Goldenrod.



"Am I wearing make-up?" I said, taking the phone, staring at myself. My mouth was wet and red, my cheeks pink, I looked like I had eyeshadow on and mascara, the lashes on my eyes wet and thick.

"Yeah," Georgia said. "You are." She grabbed the camera, put it on camera function and looked at myself, seeing my already pretty face now looking completely female, totally woman, not a scrap of masculinity left: my plump lips wet and red, inviting kisses, my eyes sparking, sexy with smoky eyeshadow that said, "fuck me."

"That bitch," I said, instinctively pulling my bra strap up, lifting my tit and fitting it into the cup. "Mirabelle."

"I think she may have been working for Cal the whole time," Georgia said.

"But how could he have known?"

"He didn't. He just wanted more evidence of how reckless you were, how you were opening the company up to lawsuits."

"Shit," I said, feeling like an idiot. "Shit." I couldn't believe I'd been so dumb, let her play me like that. "I am so dumb!"

"Why didn't you tell me?" Georgia said. "Have you seen a - oh. That's why you wanted to--"

"See the doctor. Yes. Um, there's more."

"What?"

I felt like I needed her to know, to show her. I needed her, I needed a friend, and I suddenly knew I couldn't handle this by myself anymore. I pushed the covers aside, swinging my long, coltish legs over the side of the bed and standing, realizing Mirabelle had somehow

managed to slip a pair of little thong panties onto me as well, the string slipping up between my butt cheeks as I stood and watched while Georgia took in my slender, curvy body. I stood there in my bra and panties, biting my lip - feeling weird, like I was offering myself up for her inspection, for some reason? - looking up at her before raising my little arms and shrugging. "Um, so, this is me?"

"Oh my God," Georgia said, taking me in her arms, hugging me. "You poor little thing. This must be so hard for you."

It felt so good to tell her, to let go of my secret, to let Georgia take care of me.



"Okay, sweetie," she said. "Now, I need you to be brave. We're going to take care of all this, okay?"

"Yes," I said. "Thank you."

"We have an emergency meeting to strategize. This has shaken the confidence of the board, and as of this morning Cal has the votes to force you out."

"No," I said. "We can't let that happen."

"We won't. Now, scurry. Put on some boy clothes and let's get to the office." She patted me on the butt. Smiling over my shoulder, I hurried to the shower, reaching back to undo my bra clasps and slipping out of my bra as I stepped into the bathroom, then wiggling out of my panties. As I felt my breasts jiggle free I thought of Mirabelle, and I could taste my hate for her. I would have revenge. That was sure. I would destroy her.

Oh yes, I thought, as I rubbed soapy hands over my breasts and my smooth, soft skin. She'd messed with the wrong man, and I would be coming after her like Taylor Swift in that Bad Blood video. She was going to find out just what a mean bitch I could be.

But right now? I needed to figure out how to save my company. I wrapped the towel around my body and marched back into my room, where Georgia waited, having picked out some clothes for me. I threw a hand on my hip and said, "Let's go to war."

Georgia covered her mouth, stifling a giggle. "Okay, but sweetie? First you might want to clean off that make-up."

"What? Oh." I had just assumed it had all come off in the shower, but when I went back into the bathroom to clean it off using some make-off removing wipes Georgia gave me, I saw eyeliner, mascara and traces of lipstick still remained, smudged and running on my face. "Dude," I thought as I cleaned off my mascara. "Get it together."

I felt pretty nervous as we rode the elevator up to the office. I'd slept with half the women up there, and now they'd all seen the pictures of me- my tits, wearing a bra, make-up. I couldn't deny the reality that I'd been knocked down in the world. A man with tits? Hard to see myself as an alpha now, especially since I'd been suckered and

humiliated by some nobody college girl. And yet, throughout my life I'd been a fighter, a survivor, and I knew I had to keep my head high and face this thing like a man.

We walked in. I could see all the girls eyeing me, trying to look nonchalant, but there was something in their eyes--was it pity? I wasn't sure, but I didn't like it. Georgia and I strode past them and into our war room, where my inner circle had already gathered--the brightest women who worked for me, plus Maxine Wharton, one of my strongest allies on the board--an old money blue blood whose ancestors had come over on the Mayflower, literally.

"Ladies," I said as I strode into the room. "I am sure you have all seen the pictures. As you all know, I recently suffered a severe, life-threatening illness. As some sort of side-effect of that disease, my body has developed in unexpected ways--as you saw in the pictures. We don't know why, yet. I have taken tests, and we are seeking a solution, but it does not seem to be life threatening."

I saw a lot of nods on the grim, serious faces.

"So, let's come up with some ideas on how to handle this."

We spent hours kicking ideas around, everything from just coming out and telling the truth to total denial. We talked about denying everything, attacking Mirabelle, destroying her credibility. Max Wharton worked her phone, constantly checking with the other board members, but none of the ideas got us enough votes to stop Cal's takeover bid. "They keep saying it's the poor judgment you showed in sleeping with an intern," Max said. "But I think at least some of it, excuse me for saying, is that they aren't sure you're still a man."

Whereas I trusted and preferred working with women, the board of my company, like most boards, consisted mostly of men, something I had little control over. Like most corporate types they liked to think they were all aggressive tough guys, but they were typical pussies who sat around drinking scotch and smoking cigars and went out shooting pheasants once a year thinking that made them men when in fact most of them couldn't last one round with a real man. "We can't let Cal beat us," I said, pounding my fist on the table. "Let's keep working."

We ordered food and kept brainstorming, but we were going in circles. The sun set, the office went dark. Outside our window we could see the lights of the other buildings and hear the distant traffic. I slumped in my chair, rubbing my eyes. Maxine had stepped out to canvas the board, and when she ended the call, she looked up, her eyes full of pain, shaking her head. She opened the glass door and stepped in, saying, "I'm sorry. They've just lost faith in you. Those pictures. You're just not the man they believed in anymore."

"Sexism," I said. "Unbelievable." I thought about those pictures. My firm little breasts, my tiny little arms. Even those board room pussies would see me as something less now. I looked at the women around me. They'd done their best. It seemed like we were beaten. "I guess that's it," I said. "I appreciate all you've done, and we have worked very hard on this, but I don't see a way out of this one."

"What's going to happen?" Karen said.

"With Cut Costs Cal?" Maxine said. "Layoffs."

"He'll strip the company and sell the husk," Georgia said. "Get those resumes out there, ladies. None of us is going to have a job for long."

"I'm sorry," I said, as the full weight of my failure weighed down on me. "I did something very selfish and stupid. I would do anything to undo this damage, to save this company. My company. Your jobs."

No one said anything. I think we all felt sick, defeated.

But then Melissa said, "I wonder if--no. Never mind."

We all sat up. "What?"

"It's crazy," Melissa said.

"Maybe we need some crazy."

"Well, I thought, and I'm just throwing it out there, but you've talked about, you know how you say, *The obstacle is the way?*"

"Great book," I said. "But what do you mean? Details." I felt myself getting excited. I felt a strange certainty that Melissa was onto something.

"Well, this whole time we've been thinking about your condition and this social media event as a problem to be solved. But what if the problem is actually the solution?"

"Get to it," I said standing, feeling my blood pumping. "Put your cards on the table."

"We make this a civil rights issue. You announce you are a woman trapped in a man's body. The first transgender CEO of a Fortune 50

company."

"Absolutely not," Georgia said. "Jack is not going to live as a woman."

The room was quiet. I could hear the humming of the air conditioner, the sound of a helicopter approaching our building. I blinked as the lights seemed to flash, then I shook my head. All eyes were on me, and without even thinking, like it came from some place deep within me, I spoke.

"I think I should do it," I heard myself say, surprised to hear the words come from my mouth. "I think it's brilliant, and I think it will work."

"Jack, do you know what you're saying? This is not who you are."

"I need to save this company," I said, feeling like a hero and loving it. "I need to save your jobs."

"But you'll have to live as a woman, Jackie, honey. Are you really up to that?" Georgia said. "It's not easy being a girl."

"If you can do it, I can do it. Max? What do you think?"

"I don't think you can pull it off," she said. "You're too much of a bro."

"Thanks, I think? I meant-- will this turn the board?"

She nodded. "But Cal won't go away. And you'll have to keep up the act

24/7 for, who knows how long?"

"Don't do this," Georgia said. "You have no idea what you're committing to."

"Unless you have another idea to save the company," I said, "I don't feel like I have a choice."

"Okay, Miss Goldenrod," she said. I made a sour face, and she smirked. "You're going to have to get used to being called Miss if you're going to be a woman."

"Fine," I said. With all those people looking at me I didn't feel I could turn back now. I'd already made my big, heroic gesture. "Whatever it takes."

"You always preach that the only way to do something is all the way. Can you commit to going all the way?"

"It's the only way I know how to do it."

"All right, then. Ladies, let's put together a plan for Miss Goldenrod."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you have any idea how to be a woman, sweetie?"

"No," I admitted.

"So, you're going to need help. A lot of help."

"Stylists," Melissa said. "Make-up artists."

"Hairdressers," Karen said. "Walking lessons."

"A feminine comportment coach," Janet said. "Someone to help you hon your female persona."

"Wait? Do I really need all that?"

"If you're going to claim to be a woman, you'll need to learn to play the part," Georgia said. "Cal will be watching for any evidence that you are committing fraud. Remember, you are not going to be living as a man in drag. You are going to claim to be a woman, and you'll need to learn to present as one."

I had not thought about all this stuff they were talking about, and now I felt overwhelmed and actually a little sick at the thought of really going all in and dressing as a woman, wearing make-up and heels.

"If you want to back out, no one would blame you," Georgia said. "I wouldn't blame you."

I looked around the room at all those hopeful, pretty faces. These girls depended on me to make the tough choices, to protect them. I had to do this, as crazy as it was, maybe because it was so crazy. It wouldn't be for long. I would find a way out before too long. This would just be for a little while. "I'll do whatever it takes."

The girls cheered. I was their hero, and I would save their jobs and my company, and if that meant I had to wear a skirt for a few days, so be it.

CHAPTER 6

The Present

He is such a sexy bitch, I can't even. Of course, I have to be here at his first modeling job, and I have loved watching him sitting passive and prettily feminine as his team primped and painted and sexied him up. Now, he's finally ready, and I watch as he slides off his dressing chair and minces in his stiletto heels over to the full-length mirror, running his long fingernails through his wavy hair, examining his make-up, then turning to the side, examining his profile, with his tits out and his ass thrust back. Satisfied, he snaps some selfies, sending them to Jeanette Holly, his social media girl. She'll pick and filter and then post. Jenni has over 4 million followers, and he loves the fact that she's right up there with the Kardashians as one of the world's IT girls.

I walk up behind him and give his ass a little pinch, saying, "Damn. You are sexy."

"Alpha girls are sexy girls," he says, a bright smile spreading across his face.

"You're such a queen bee," I say, and he giggles, shrugging.

He's wearing a tiny little bra of some kind of semi-transparent material, his D cups straining against the thin material, the delicate

bra straps tight against his tan, slender shoulders. I can see his big, puffy nipples through the material, and I love that his nipples are so big now; I love that even more than those heavy, swaying tits we stuck him with. "God, your rack is so fucking amazing."

"Oh, stop." He giggles, but I can tell he's starting to take pride in those perky tits of his.

"Jenni to set," an assistant wearing a head set calls. He swivels, tossing his hair, and starts sashaying away, hips swaying. Then he glances back over his little shoulder and says, "Wish me luck."

"You don't need luck, sweetie."

For the shoot, they have him lay back on a disheveled bed, his head propped up on silk covered pillows. The photographer, Florio, comes up and pulls his bra straps down off his shoulders, cooing praise. "You are such a sexy little girl," he says. "The camera loves you."

Jenni smiles and winks, and she is the sexy, rich young woman, proud of her bombshell figure, her beauty, her sex appeal.

"You are devastated," Florio says. "Your clothes are devastated. You have been getting fucked all night, the best fucking of your life, and now you want more."

Jenni's eyes go smoky. She stared at the camera and licked her lips, and I could see she was right there--a sex-hungry girl staring at the man she wanted, needed, to pound her good and hard, and I cover my mouth, stifling the laugh while Florio snaps away, kneeling down, the camera looking right up the length of Jenni's leg, past the mound of her womanhood, past those glorious breasts to her hot, sex-hungry eyes. He stands and pulls some of Jenni's hair over her face,

and she arches her back and puckers up at the camera, and then Florio is shooting, shooting, shooting. I don't think Jenni realizes or remembers, but the pictures all recall her first shame, the initial pics that sent her down the road to womanhood.

Later they move her to a glass door, lit to look like morning sun shining through the curtains, and she puts one hand to the glass and looks back over her shoulder, tilting her hips back, her eyes inviting, begging--'take me from behind'. Florio says, "Yes. Yes. Yes!" Getting her from mid-range, one foot slipping out of her heels, then closer, celebrating that gorgeous booty, sculpted for hours in the barre studio, and she knows what she's doing to all the men in the room as she smiles and says, aloud this time, "Come on. Fuck me."

"You are so gorgeous," Florio says. "Like a goddess."

Jenni hooks one thumb over the waist band of her panties and pulls it down a little, throwing her hips back even further. "You like that?" she purrs in a husky, hungry voice.

"The camera loves it," Florio says. "I love it. The world loves it."

A wardrobe change, a ginger wig, and now Jenni sits in an office chair in a miniskirt, her long legs crossed sexily, wearing a pair of glasses and pretending to read a report. She's in a tiny little blouse with a plunging neckline revealing a pretty white bra and her magnificent breasts, the sexy young corporate girl, and then she's standing next to her desk, and then bending over, and she's posing with a cute little purse, reaching back to adjust her heels. It's her new image--corporate sexpot, female CEO who's a tigress in the boardroom and a kitten in the bedroom. I love it so much, and I love the fact that she is lost in the role now, just as determined to be an alpha girl as she was once determined to be an alpha male, only

now it's all about being pretty and sexy and celebrating all her curves.



At one point as they pause in the shooting to adjust the lighting, I see him put his hands to the small of his back and arch, grimacing. It's a look any busty woman knows well--his big boobs give him back aches, and I love seeing him enduring something so feminine. A small army of women swarm him, primping his hair, checking his makeup, tugging and smoothing his clothes.

As soon as Florio comes along with his camera, the girls scatter, and the pretty smile comes back to Jenni's face. Her eyes sparkle and she loves being the center of attention, just like any pretty girl.

When the day ends everyone applauds. Florio hugs Jenni and kisses her on the cheek.

"How do you feel?" I ask as she heads back to the dressing area so they can transform her from lingerie model to hot girl, which requires just as much makeup and primping time.

"Pretty good," she says. "That was a lot of work."

"You crushed it," I said. "Just like you crush everything."

She's looking at her phone, and she squeals, holding it toward me. "Four million views!"

It's a picture of her in her bra from earlier in the day, with the caption, "First modeling job. So excited!!!"

"You're such a popular girl," I say.

"I know, right?" she says, tucking her hair behind her ear. "I'm devastating."

"Yes, you are," I say, pleased. He's become such a woman, such a perfect woman, and I am not sure he even realizes how little of the man he was, still remains in his sexy, curvaceous little body anymore.

CHAPTER 7

The Past

I couldn't sleep that night. As soon as I left the office and had my driver take me home, I started getting cold feet. At home, I took off my suit and tie, my boob bandage, and my breasts bounced free. I cupped them, lifting and squeezing, and looked in the mirror at my curvy figure. I didn't want the world to see me like this. I didn't want to be a woman or pretend to be a woman.

I thought about just leaving. Chartering a plane somewhere and vanishing, but then I thought about all my workers, my company. I couldn't betray them, could I? I tossed and turned all night, and I was ninety percent decided on calling it off when Georgia and her team showed up. Before I knew it, I was lying on a table in a pair of underwear--men's for what would be the last time anytime in the near future, while a girl applied hot wax to my legs. I would need to be smooth from now on--silky smooth, as she said.

Momentum took over. I got waxed and hair extensions were added so my hair came down to my shoulders now. Then, someone slipped a bra onto me- padded cups and lots of lift, making my little boobs stick out and look bigger. "What's the deal?" I said, not wanting to show my tits at all let alone enhance my boobage.

"Jenni is proud of her figure," said Francine Polite, the woman who'd been hired to sculpt and refine my feminine persona. "She's been

hiding it, and now she gets to show the whole world her body. Like most young women she wishes she had larger breasts, not smaller."

"I'm not sure about this," I said, tugging on my bra straps, trying to get comfortable, though my discomfort came mostly from the fact I was now standing in front of a room full of women wearing a push up, padded bra, letting them all see my soft little breasts.

"All in," Georgia said. "Trust your experts."

"Okay," I said, nodding, as a girl took my hand and led me to a dressing stool, where I sat, knees together, while the women did my make-up, gave me a manicure including press on nails, pierced my ears and then added delicate bracelets and necklaces, anklets and shiny rings. I felt like a Christmas tree, draped in glittering decorations. Someone wrapped a waist trainer around my midriff and then pulled it tight, giving me an even more petite waist, but making it hard for me to breathe. Someone had me step into a little red dress which they pulled up over my rounded hips and I stood while someone zipped me up. Finally, I lifted my feet as pumps were slipped on, and suddenly I found myself standing on my toes in a tight little dress while Georgia handed me a purse.

"Really?" I said.

"It's part of being a woman, honey."

I slipped the purse over my shoulder, took a deep breath.

"Come," Georgia said, slipping her hand. "You look gorgeous."

"So pretty. Really cute," the girls all around me agreed, smiling and nodding.

I cringed. Never in my life had I wanted a bunch of women to call me pretty and cute, certainly not as I minced along in a tight little dress, my heels clicking across the floor. I stepped in front of the mirror, feeling sick to my stomach. I look like one of them, now--a woman. I looked--feminine, and inferior. I shook my head. "I don't know about this," I admitted, holding up my hands, seeing the long nails, the delicate bracelets sparkling on my slender wrist. "I'm supposed to be the--boss. The leader. What I see in the mirror is--- I don't know."

"An alpha girl," Francine said. "A queen bee. A Tigress."

"Are you sure?" I said, appalled at the young woman I saw in the mirror, and thinking about the guys I knew, the other entrepreneurs, the jocks and all the women I'd ever had... what would they think when they saw me like this?

"Alpha girls are sexy girls," Francine said, circling me, nodding. "Beyonce."

Kim Kardashian. Kylie Jenner. Taylor Swift. These are the women Americans worship, follow, adore. They are all sexy and powerful, fashionable and free."

"But, what about... um...." I tried to think of a counter example but couldn't come up with anything. The women whose names came to mind were all women I had always mocked, women like Hilary Clinton in her pantsuits. I'd always thought the top women were Victoria's Secret Models, and sexy girls like Katy Perry. "I guess you're right," I said, swallowing. "I can't believe I let this happen."

"Jenni doesn't let things happen. She makes things happen. You made this happen, and you've never felt more proud of yourself, honey," Francine said. "Keep those ideas in mind. Nothing is sexier than confidence."

I nodded. I had chosen this path, and now I just had to go... balls to the wall.... And crush it. "Let's go," I said.

We'd arranged a press conference at our corporate offices, and Georgia and I took a car, sitting in the back and strategizing. When we pulled in front of our building, Georgia came around to help me out, and I struggled to stand, keeping my knees together in "feminine" modesty as Georgia took my arm and cameras crowded in, capturing the first images of me in my new persona.

Upstairs as I entered the office the girls all cheered and shouted encouragement, and I found myself strutting to the front of a mass of media people from all over the world, more lights and cameras. I clutched my purse to my side, and tugging nervously on one of my earrings, I smiled and said, "So, this is me now."



Georgia, who was set to introduce me, rolled her eyes and said, "Well, one thing that hasn't changed is that she still has no patience." The reporters laughed. "Without any ado, I give you Miss Jennifer Goldenrod!"

Jennifer? We had never talked about a new name. What was wrong with Jackie? But, this wasn't the time, and so, with shoulders back and breasts out, I smiled my most confident smile and started to read the statement my team had written for me. "I was born a girl, and I have always been a girl," I said. "Today, finally and for the first time, I am proud to stand before you as a proud woman, a proud female, as the girl I was always meant to be."

I felt moved by the words as I said them, feeling suddenly emotional, and it came through in my voice. I struggled to get through the rest of the statement, barely even sure what I was reading, until I came

to the part where I thanked Georgia and all my girls, as well as the board for their support. As I finished, the reporters pressed forward, shouting questions, but as planned I said, "I won't be taking questions today. I'm afraid I have a business to run."

I then picked up my purse and marched out of the room, leaving Georgia to handle the media circus. I went to my private office, expecting the calm and comfort of the familiar, but it had been completely changed overnight, and instead of my man cave motif, it was now bright and airy, with pastel paintings and plants. A woman's office. I adjusted my bra strap, awkwardly fell into the chair at my desk, unsure how to sit with the dress constricting my legs. I looked over the reports and proposals that had been posted to my computer, then tried getting used to tapping at the keyboard with my long nails.

My personal assistant, Gina, came in after a little while with a bouquet of flowers. "From Mark Cuban," she said, placing them on a side table. "Congratulating you."

It curdled, getting flowers from another man, but I smiled and said, "Cool."

"Um, Miss Goldenrod? I hope it's not inappropriate, but I did want to say--I think you are so brave."

"Thanks, Ginny," I said, not realizing that for the next week just about every woman I knew would be calling me "brave," to the point I would get sick of it.

The flowers kept coming all day, as all the dudes and bros in the world congratulated me on my sex change. I had expected it but had not been in any way prepared for it. It was another mark that I was

no longer seen as a man, but one of them--the females, the soft pretty things you sent flowers to because--whatever the hell that was about. The day couldn't have ended fast enough for me, and that night when I slipped into my silk pajamas-women's, of course, my calves aching from the heels, my shoulders burning where my bra straps had indented deep, red welts into my soft skin, I started crying, thinking about all I had lost.

In the morning my new routine continued, as my team dressed me and did my make-up. I found myself at work in a dress and heels, my face made-up.

I felt a strange turn, a total lack of any sexual tension between myself and my girls. They no longer related to me as a man at all, let alone the stud I'd been. I was now another female, and their boss, but not a man they dreamed of sleeping with. In fact, they spent a lot of time complimenting me on my figure, my shoes. It galled me, but I had to play along, even as more aspects of my new life as a woman were made clear to me.



Francine insisted that a girl like Jenni would want to exercise in group classes with other girls, so I found myself wearing a leotard and leg warmers, doing barre classes four times a week, working on my legs and butt. It was so surreal seeing myself in the mirror while stretching at the barre—it seemed like only yesterday I was at a man's gym, shirtless, sparring with professional MMA fighters, and now here I was in my leotard and leg warmers, a ballet girl with a smooth, pretty face.



On my off days from barre class, I squeezed into sports bras and leggings for yoga and Pilates. My clothes were always tight, but especially the work out clothes. A girl with a figure like mine needs a lot of support, so I got used to feeling like a sausage all the time, my soft, bouncy body forever feeling like it had been forced into clothes three sizes too small for me.

Of course, as a rising IT girl, my workout routine also entailed photos and fake selfies of me in my "cute little outfits" smiling as I bent my body into sexually suggestive yoga poses or stood

on my toes with my arms above my head like a ballerina.

I complained about the workouts and begged to lift some weights, only to find myself in a sports bra doing curls with pink, five-pound weights while a photographer snapped pictures, calling me "adorable." My little puppies had blossomed a bit, and I now had firm, womanly c cups, and the images of me lifting my little girl weights made me seem even more helpless and feminine than my barre classes. I couldn't help but remember how ashamed I'd felt when the changes had just begun, and I'd been forced to lift such little weights in secret. Now, here I was showing off my "feminine arms" to the whole world, giggling while I demonstrated my adorable weakness to the whole world.

I went to the hairdresser once a week, got my nails done twice a week, spent hours in spas getting facials and mud baths, ensuring I would always have radiant, glowing skin. I was fully embedded into

girl life, and as much as I hated it, I had also focused my good old-fashioned will to win on my situation and I took some pride in knowing I was an Alpha Girl.

Days passed, weeks and months, and it all became normal. Without even noticing I found myself hauling around a pair of D cups, suffering constant back aches, living my whole life in stiletto heels and skirts and dresses, displaying my curvy shape to the world, constantly focused on being the prettiest girl in the room. I developed a love-hate relationship with my huge melons. Francine told me and my research confirmed that in female culture, having large breasts was a source of power, so I needed them to be the alpha girl I had to be, but the lingering man in me hated them and all the challenges being a girl with a big bust presented most especially being ogled by men all day. Of course, the women who were less blessed never want to hear it, but it really is hard to be a member of the double-D club.

So, that's where I found myself. A busty, sexy rich girl with her own company and tons of money—completely and totally bored with my glamorous, IT girl life. I mentioned it to Georgia.

"I don't feel like I have anything to strive for anymore," I said with a dramatic sigh, nibbling on my salad, doing my best not to smear my lipstick.

"I don't have a quest."

"Well, I can think of something," Georgia said.

"What?"

"How about getting to number one instead of settling for eleven?"

"What do you mean?"

She showed me my ranking as a social media influencer. I was number eleven. I perked up, brushing my hand through my wavy hair. "How is it possible that I'm not #1?"

"You should be."

I tapped my long nails on my glass desk, smiling. "I need to be number one. I have to be number one. The world needs me to be number one. Get my social media team in here. NOW!"



Which is how I found myself spray tanned and at Kylie Jenner's pool party wearing a tiny little bikini that barely covered anything. I strutted in on stiletto heels, my breasts bouncing, my golden skin glowing, a pair of over-sized sunglasses in my hair. I felt the eyes of all the guys caressing my soft, smooth body, and I grinned knowing the girls would sense how much they wanted me, and how that

would elevate me in everyone's eyes. Kylie greeted me with a hug and air kisses. We both had perfect make-up, perfect skin, perfect white teeth, but I could feel the friendly tension between us-- we were both young and gorgeous, and it was only natural we would feel competitive.

"Is that really you?" Kylie said, stepping back to take in my bouncy new shape. "You're stunning. I can't believe you used to be a dude."

"I was always a girl," I said, smiling my brightest smile, repeating the line I'd said so many times that I had almost come to believe it. "And--omigod--you get more gorgeous every day. You're a goddess."

"You even talk like a girl now. It's too much." She took my hand and said, "Let me introduce you to everyone. They can't wait to meet the sexy new IT girl."

"Thanks!" I said, as we clicked along in our heels, both of us conscious of the eyes of the men looking us over, appraising our bodies, rating our fuckability. I'd gotten used to it by this point--being a sexy young woman getting rated by men, having them ogle my body? That was just everyday life for me now, but I still hated it a little, hated that I wasn't one of those guys sitting there all arrogant and entitled. If they only knew how much work we girls put into looking good.

But I wasn't here for that, and as people snapped pictures with me and of me, I just made sure to be as cute and sexy as possible, just a cute young woman who loved being a girl. That's Jenni!



CHAPTER 8

The Present

Jenni fought us a little when we announced she'd been invited to walk in the Victoria's Secret fashion show. "Shouldn't I be promoting my own line?" she said, touching up her lipstick. "I mean, how does it make sense to promote our rivals?"

"Victoria's Secret has world-wide brand awareness, and being invited to model with the angels will take Jenni to a whole new level."

Jenni looked up. "You mean?"

"Number One."

Jenni smiled and shrugged her little shoulders. "I'm in."

It was huge. Huge. One of Jack's biggest bragging points had been bagging Victoria's Secret models. He'd slept with three. Now, he was about to become one, an honorary angel, and this was, I felt sure, the final blow to whatever was left of his male ego, his old identity. He had become his own fantasy girl, and the whole world now saw him as a giggling, gorgeous image of femininity. He'd even agreed to change the name of our company from Goldenrod Industries to Jenni! And if he had any legacy at all, it was now as a young woman

who'd embraced girl power positivity and was a model of inspiration to girls everywhere who wanted it all.

"You'll be the sexiest girl in the show," I said, brushing a strand of long hair away from his pretty face.

"I know," he said in his sweet, feminine voice. "I always am. Alpha girls are sexy girls."

"Yes, they are," I said. "Oh! You'd better hurry. You don't want to miss your barre class."

"Never," he said, standing and smoothing his skirt over that perfect, heart shaped butt of his. "A girl doesn't get this pretty without putting in her hours."

"Have fun, sweetie."

"I will," she said. "I always do. Barre is the best."

They put him in a tiny little black, balconette bra that served like a shelf, lifting and presenting his glorious breasts to the world. They swayed and jiggled as he vamped down the runway, one hand planted on his round hip, his long hair flowing behind him, his heels clicking with every sexy little step. He turned expertly at the end of the runway, a fluid turn, then strutted back, showing the audience that glorious butt he'd worked so hard to perfect. The whole time he had a happy smile on his face, and his big, pretty eyes sparkled. Margot Robbie, sitting next to me, leaned over to Jennifer Lawrence and said, "Can you believe she was named most eligible bachelor, like, two years ago?"

"And now she just makes me want to wear a sack," Jennifer said.
"God, look at that ass."

"I slept with her," Robbie said. "When she was a dude."

"What was that like?"

"Hot. He really knew how to make a girl happy."

"Because he was one. Did he try and borrow your panties?"



They giggled, and I smiled, looking at the gorgeous thing he'd become as he left the stage, all bouncy, soft and female. The most eligible bachelor had now been named the world's sexiest woman, and she was everything I had wanted her to be. She was my creation, and I think she had only now begun to really realize she would never be a man again.

After the show, Miranda Kerr, Adriana Lima and Elsa Hosk hugged him and congratulated him. He'd slept with all of them back before, and I loved seeing him there in his bra and heels, chatting with them now, just another girl in the world.

"I can't even believe it's you in there," Miranda Kerr said, running her hand along Jenni's soft hip. "You were such a stud, and now? What a girlie girl!" "Right? She makes me feel like a dude," Elsa said. "God, you are the prettiest."

Jenni tossed his hair and adjusted one of his bra straps. "Stop it! Omigod! Let's take a selfie."

CHAPTER 9

So, I made it. Using my same old drive and determination to win, I became the whole world's IT girl. I had more followers for my Instagram and Snapchat accounts than any other girl on the planet, and I could make any book, record or crafty thing an instant best seller just by posting it to my social media. My fashion line sold like bananas, and I made a few movies, turned down a reality show--like, why, right? I couldn't leave the house without a half dozen people filming and photographing me, and that isn't even the people I hired to do it. I couldn't leave the house without make-up because I was always ON, and I have to admit I looooved all the attention.

And then the same old boredom hit. I needed a new challenge, and I even kind of toyed with the idea of trying to become a man again, just to see if I could. But then, well, you know how life takes unexpected turns, and you find yourself doing something you never, ever expected?

Florio asked me to marry him. We'd spent a lot of time together, and I'd gotten to trust him, like him and then much to my surprise, love him. When he dropped to one knee and held out that fabulous diamond ring, I'd started crying before the words even left his mouth, but when he did finally say, "Will you make me the happiest man in the world? Will you marry me?" I only cried, and nodded, and said, "Yes! Oh, my God, yes!"

We were at a restaurant located in a hilltop monastery in Tuscany, and the audience applauded as we hugged and kissed, my leg kicking up prettily, and of course it was all over social media before

we even got back to the hotel room and he took my maidenhead-- it was really special to me that he was my first and would, as my husband, be my only man. I'd been a "modern guy" with a different woman in my bed every night. How funny that in the end I turned out to be an old-fashioned girl, lovestruck and obsessed with romance. I just wanted one man to love and take care of.

Florio was an old-fashioned guy, and I knew without him even telling me I would have to give up my job as CEO, and my fashion modeling career. That was fine. I had done all that, conquered those worlds, and I was ready to move on now, become a wife and mother. I didn't want anything else, and we had plenty of money.

I lay in bed the morning of my first day as a claimed woman, smiling, looking at the ring sparkling on my finger. My bra straps were down off my shoulders, and I had one slender little arm behind my head. My make-up was smeared, and my hair was a sexy mess. It was so much like the way this all started, I couldn't help but smile. It had seemed so terrible at the time and yet look how it had ended - with me being the happiest girl in the world, with a handsome fiancé and a life right out of a romance novel.

I just wondered if Georgia and the girls would ever know how much they had done to make this possible. Would they ever realize that without their help I would never have become the woman I was today?

Probably not, I decided. But I would know. Florio came back into the room, carrying two steaming cups of coffee and a plate of Danishes. "You are so amazing," I said, sitting up, my left breast spilling free of my bra, swaying free, and I felt both my nipples getting hard.

"I would do anything for my girl," he says, handing me the cup of dark, smoky Italian coffee.

His girl. I **am** his girl. I will soon take his name, and then Jack Goldenrod will truly and forever be gone from this world. Will I miss him? I don't know. sip my coffee, wondering.

But then Florio slips his hand up the inside of my thigh, and I squeal as he reminds me, I am all woman now, and I just can't help how much I love it.

No, I decide. I do not miss being a man, and I never will.

The End



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