

TORO



The following material is rated



Mature Readers

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You thrust into Milana, your girlfriend, and her vagina grabs your rock hard penis like a velvet glove. You settle into a steady rhythm, and she closes her eyes and bites her lip, her teeth bright and white against her wet, red lips, her arms above her head, hands buried deeply in her jet-black hair. You watch her face during love making, her full lips and smooth cheeks, those high cheek bones. Her cheeks flush. It pleases you to see her lost in ecstasy, the kind of ecstasy only you can give her.

You hold back your desire, rocking and rocking, and she makes soft noises, like a bird, and you hold and rock and then finally she opens those big, green eyes of hers and looks right at you and whispers, "please," and you let yourself explode into her then, and she screams and claws at your back, and you grunt and pound and pound and pound into her until neither of you can take it anymore, and you pull out of her and roll onto your back next to her, reaching over to lay a hand on her belly and gently rub.

After, you hold her, and she is soft and warm in your arms. You stare into each other's eyes. You don't need to speak. She doesn't need to speak. You breath in unison and lose yourselves in each other. Finally, glancing at the clock, you nod, and she nods. You pinch the soft flesh of her hip and say, "it's time."

"Do we have to?" She asks in a soft, cottony voice.

"Yes," you say.

And she smiles and says, "okay." She sits up and stretches her long slender arms above her head, her full breasts rocking pendulously above her flat tummy, and you feel a surge of pride in having won the love of such a perfect female.

Neither of you suspects that soon you will be the one with the breasts, the hips, the slit between your legs. No. For now, you are the man, and you are all man, and she is the woman, and she's all woman, and that's as it should be.

II

You rise into the air, a 10-ton stone you pulled from the bottom of the ocean in your hands, the salt water pouring down over your face and body, and

you rise higher and higher in the air above the glowing blue shield that surrounds the island fortress of Diabola.

One mile, two, the air grows cold, so cold even the salt water begins to freeze on your body and yet you rise higher before finally pausing, holding that giant stone above your head, and then reversing positions, the stone beneath you as you hurtle back toward the earth, faster and faster, and you hear the sonic boom explode over the ocean and then your whole body shakes as the rock slams against the barrier and seems to splinter and crack and break into pieces and your body slams into the barrier and you bounce off and splash into the ocean, temporarily stunned by the force of the impact. You let yourself drift down in the water, watching the light of the sun dwindle above you as you sink, enjoying the feeling of calm and peace that comes over you, but then you can't afford much time like this, and you need to see if your attack made a dent in Diabola's wall.

You fly upward, emerging from the ocean with your arms raised, and you see Magica standing in front of the shield with her hands on her hips, shaking her head.

"Nothing?" You say.

"Nothing."

You land next to Milana, now in her superhero costume as Magica, and she nestles in your arms, one small hand on your chest. "I'm pretty sure I can get inside," she says. "I have a spell. Maybe I could sneak in and find a way to turn the shield off?"

"It's too dangerous for you to go alone," you say.

Magic steps away from you then and struts toward the shield, glancing back at you with her wicked little sideways smile. "Don't ever tell me something is too dangerous."

She is a beautiful woman—a true thoroughbred. Perfect for you in so many ways. She has the body of a supermodel, standing 5' 10" with legs a mile long and a perfect face. And she has the mind of Einstein, only she dedicated herself to studying the physics of magic, and sometimes she scares you with her ability to alter the reality of the world around her. She walks with an intentional wiggle, showing off that perfect ass of hers as she

raises her hands and begins chanting, and sure enough she walks right through the barrier and turns back and sticks out her tongue. She is a different woman in costume. Stronger. More assertive. You love it, and you love it when she takes it off, and she softens and surrenders to your will.

“Be careful,” you say.

Magica reaches into the pouch at her waist and tosses some dust in the air above her thick black hair, and she vanishes from sight. You’ve seen her invisibility trick before, and yet it still surprises and amazes you each time. You asked her once how she did it, why she needed the powder, but she put her finger over your lips and said, “A Girl has to have her secrets, Toro.”

Then, you see them—a flock of Razorites, the glittering robotic attack drones Diabola seemed able to release by the millions and which even he could almost be overwhelmed by due to their sheer numbers. “Run,” he called out, not sure where she even was now, but knowing that she would be torn to pieces by the Death Flock. “Run!”

The Flock circled and dove, seeming to sense Magica’s presence, and Toro found himself pounding on the shield with all of his strength yelling, “Come after me! Here I am!”

But the flock had zeroed in on something inside the dome, and he watched in horror as they converged in a spot. He was almost sure he was Magica flicker into existence her face filled with a look of shock and surprise as she stared into the hollow eyes of death, and the Flock shrieked and fell into a chattering, metallic frenzy, and he could see a fine spray of flood rise up from the mass of metal.

“A very convincing illusion, no?”

He turned. Magica stood behind him, one hand jauntily on her out thrust hip, that devilish grin on her face.

“You witch!” He said, too relieved to really be angry.

She kissed him, and he gratefully took her tall, lean body into his arms and hugged her hard enough for her to know how much he loved her.

She lingered in his arms when the kiss ended, staring into his eyes. “What now?” She said.

“We set up a rotating guard on the island, so at least Diabola is trapped here, and think of a plan B.”

“I was hoping you were going to say, we make love.”

“That, too.”

Physically, Magica was a normal woman. Taller and more athletic than most, certainly, and while she was as strong and fit as a woman could be, she was in no way super powered from a physical standpoint. So, Toro had to be careful when making love to her. Given he could easily take an iron bar and tie it into knots like it was made of rubber, he couldn't let himself lose control and risk Magica's life.

Yet, Magica liked it rough, and it had been one of the trickier negotiations they'd had early in their relationship. The ultimate solution has been that on certain nights, she would cast a series of strength and protection spells on herself that allowed Toro to get wild without fear of seriously hurting her, and this has been one of those nights as they had wrestled and slapped and pulled hair—he'd picked her up and slammed her against the wall and taken her like the raging bull for which he was named, and her eyes had been hot and wet and filled with the thrill of being taken the way she liked it.

After, they'd lain together in bed and stared into each other's eyes. Magica traced her finger along his rock hard chest, and he had his hand against her soft, round hip.

“That was amazing,” Magica said in a hoarse voice. She was clearly exhausted. It took everything out of her to make love like that.

“Yeah,” he answered, his own head fuzzy.

Magica pushed herself up on one elbow and said, “There is a way, you know.”

“A way to what?”

“Get inside the dome and capture Diabola.”

“Hmmmnnn?”

“We could switch bodies.”

“What?”

Magica smiled and ran her finger along the outside of his ear. “We could switch bodies. I could enter the dome in your body and use your strength to defeat The Flock.”

He let his eyes drop to her soft shoulders, her full breasts, those slender, woman’s arms. “No,” he said.

“It would only be for a little while.”

“Nah,” he rolled onto his back and stared at the ceiling.

Magica trailed her fingers along his chest. “It would be very brave of you,” she said. “I know it would take a lot of courage.”

He took her hand and gave it a squeeze. “I won’t be a woman,” he said. “We have to find another way.”

“Okay,” she said, letting it drop. Latin men and their machismo.

The next day they did their shift watching the island. Meanwhile, Le Brain worked tirelessly on the project, but could not find a way to breach the barrier.

“She will have to come out eventually,” Toro said when Le Brain’s latest attempt fizzled. “We just wait.”

But then Diabola showed that she could strike without leaving her island. The day before a major Olympic qualifying match, the Mexican football team awoke to find they had all been transformed into pre-teen girls. The news was filled with images of the former men, their hair pulled back into ponytails, crying as they discussed the shock of waking to their new bodies. Mexico was forced to forfeit and drop out of Olympic Competition, become the butt of jokes throughout the Latin world.

The President of Mexico summoned Toro and Magica to the Presidential Palace. He made it clear that the situation needed to be handled PRONTO!

Back at their base, Magica smiled and raised an eyebrow. “Would it really be so terrible to be woman?”

“Yes,” Toro admitted. “I would sooner die.”

“But we can’t just do nothing while Diabolo continues her acts of terrorism! For you, this will only be temporary, and secret. No one will know. But think of all those poor men who are now little girls! And what of the next ones! You can’t just turn away and do nothing. Some of those guys were your friends! Will you attend their quinceaneras now as they become young women?”

“And it won’t be any better if I turn into a woman, too!”

“Maybe I should remove my protection spell from you?” Magica said. “Let Diabola turn you into a little girl!”

“You wouldn’t.”

“No, but maybe I should since you are acting like a frightened little girl anyway!”

“I will not be a woman,” Toro said. “Enough!”

“They you are a coward,” Magica said, and she tossed her powder in the air and vanished.

Toro smashed a hole in the wall and launching himself into the sky. He battered and bashed the shield, but it made no difference. Exhausted, he slept alone.

Toro spent some time in his secret identity working as a personal trainer. As always, the kittens at the gym flirted and fawned over him, but he had no interest. He could only think of Magica. Checking her website and Twitter feed constantly throughout the day, he saw that she’d gone to California and done a photo shoot. She’s made an appearance on Telemundo. The world only knew his love as a supermodel for Victoria’s Secret, Milana.

He started to call her. Hung up. Flew up into the sky, higher and higher until ice formed on his body, and then he allowed himself to drop to the earth and crash steaming into the Gulf of Mexico.

I am the most powerful man in the world, he thought, and I am nothing without her.

Their next shift watching the island, Magica did not arrive. Instead, he found El Trickster waiting for him. "Magica asked me to fill in for her," the other man said, watching the island through a pair of high-tech binoculars.

Toro grunted. He had only a minimal, begrudging respect for El Trickster, a brainiac scientist of some sort who had enhanced himself with all sorts of fancy implants and devices, some of which he carried and others of which he had implanted into his own body. Certainly, there was something to be said for a man using his brain, but Toro believed that real men relied on their strength, and as such he considered El Trickster half a woman.

They passed the night largely in silence. Real men did not, Toro believed, engage in chit-chat.

And Diabola struck again.

"You simply must do something to stop her," the president said. He was wearing a white dress and had a red ribbon in his fine black hair. Pearl earrings decorated his tiny little ears. A silver necklace with a cross hung from around his long, slender neck. He stood maybe 4 and a half feet tall now, and unless he was changed back Toro thought he would grow up to be a very beautiful woman. "Diabola has warned that within the next 48 hours she will turn every police officer and soldier in the country into a little girl, and chaos will reign."

"The drug cartels are out of control already," his wife added, standing next to him protectively. "Can you imagine what will happen when all of the authorities in the state are helpless little girls?"

Toro saw the look of pained embarrassment on the president's pretty young face at the phrase "helpless little girls."

"I will do whatever it takes," Toro said reaching down to shake the former man's tiny little hand.

"Thank you," the president said, fighting back tears. "And now I must speak to the nation and try to convince them I can still serve as their president even though I look like a 10-year-old girl."

"You'll do fine," his wife said, smoothing his hair and straightening his bow. "Just make sure to smile!"

“Yes, dear,” he said, taking his wife’s hand and following her from the room.

“I’ll be there the whole time, so if you get scared, just look over to me.”

“Yes,” he said, “of course. Thank you.”

III

“Just do it,” Toro said. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

“It doesn’t work that way,” Magica explained. “I will use a special idol, and it only works if we both participate and both agree to the change.”

Toro groaned. “I do not like this at all.”

“You are very brave,” Magica said. “And I want you to know I respect you as a man now more than ever.”

“I don’t understand how,” he said.

“It’s okay. It’s true, and isn’t that enough?”

He couldn’t help but glance at her perfect, womanly body as she led him to the chamber where she kept her magic treasures. At the wide hips and high, firm ass perched on top of that tiny little waist. They would all be his soon. She’d worn jeans and a jersey, tennis shoes. Tied her hair back in a ponytail. “It will make it a little easier for you,” she said, “if I am dressed like a guy when you become me.”

“Thanks,” he said.

They sat down cross-legged before the idol, which was a sculpture of two dancing figures, one male and one female, intertwined. Magica gave Toro a piece of ancient parchment. “Read this,” she said.

He read it silently, the words burning him with shame:

Fertile and feminine

I wish to be

A female in body and mind and chi

No more the giver of the seed

I ask for a vagina so I can fill my need

To surrender, to surrender to surrender and receive
I surrender my masculine power and strength
as the song of the woman I learn to sing

"You have to read It out loud."

"Are you serious?"

"Yes."

"But some of this... I don't understand."

"It's just the spell. I didn't write it."

"Something... I don't know... something doesn't feel right."

"Is that your women's intuition kicking in?"

"I'm serious."

"Time is running out. Are you in or not?"

"You can never tell no one about this!"

"Of course not."

Magica read hers out loud first:

Virile and masculine

At my I command

A man in body, mind and chi

No more the receiver of the seed

I demand a phallus to fill my need

To conquer, to conquer, to conquer and implant

I reject all that is soft and feminine and weak

as the roar of the machismo I do release

Then, Toro started to read, and when the first line ended, he felt nothing, but when he uttered the line "I wish to be" he suddenly felt a shift, as if he were both of their bodies at once. He could feel the weight of her breasts, her hair..." he looked at her/him, and she/he smiled reassuringly. He continued, "A female in body and mind and chi..." and he could hear his voice rising, becoming a merging of their two voices... "no more the giver of the seed..." he paused at the next line, but took a deep breath and said it, now speaking in her pretty, bell like voice, "I ask for a vagina, so I can fill my need..." and he felt it then, his vagina, and it was hot and wet between his legs, and a feeling of panic overcame him as he realized this was real, he was trading bodies with Milana, and he would be a woman, already was a woman, and a terrible feeling came into the pit of his stomach, shame and fear, but he finished reading the incantation, "I surrender my masculine power and strength as the song of the woman I learn to sing."

He felt a wrenching, as if someone were grabbing him and lifting him effortlessly and then tossing him into a soft, warm bed.

And he sat cross legged in front of the idol looking into his own rugged, masculine face.

Milana smiled. "I'm so proud of you," she said, her voice deep and strong.

Toro sighed, looked away in shame and said nothing.

"It's going to be fine," Milana said.

Toro covered his face. "I don't even want you to look at me like... this."

"Oh, Toro...."

"Just get out there and get Diabola," he said, his voice now a soft, high-pitched woman's voice. "There isn't much time."

Milana stood and stretched, looking at her powerful arms and clenching her fists. She laughed. "I feel so powerful! I want to smash something!"

Toro said nothing. He was ashamed at the sound of his small voice.

Milana came around the table and held out her hand. "Take my hand," she said in a deep voice.

Toro reluctantly reached up, and she helped him to his feet, pulling him in for a hug. He found himself looking up into her rugged face, her powerful, muscular arms around his slender body, his soft breasts pressing against her rock-hard chest. The feeling of being in a man's arms terrified him. He pushed against her with his small hands, but she pulled him closer, and he felt himself flush with the realization of just how weak he was compared to her.

"You be careful while I am gone," she said. "You're weak and helpless now."

It irritated him to hear her say it, but he just nodded, not wanting to speak in his little voice.

"It would be better for you to not leave the house alone."

Toro nodded.

"Okay?"

"Okay," he finally said.

Milana touched him on the cheek then, smiled and said, "I am off to take care of Diabola. I'll be back as soon as I can be."

She turned and strode toward the door.

"Be safe," Toro said, his voice raising a half octave, and he immediately regretted it because he felt like he sounded like a woman wishing her man well as he went off to battle.

When Milana left, Tony stood there for a time, nervous and unsure what to do. It all seemed so strange to him, his whole body felt wrong, and then, curious, he reached down and tried to pick up the stone idol. He made a soft grunting sound and managed to drag it a little, then grabbed it with both hands and strained to lift it a little off the table. He set it down with a thunk and brushed a stray hair from his face. How heavy is that statue? He wondered, feeling a chill as he started to realize just how weak he'd become. He left the chamber and went into the kitchen. There was a stone bowl with some fruit in it, and again he found he could only lift it with both hands, and then with great strain. He looked down at his delicate

wrists and slender forearms, his small, soft hands. What if Milana gets killed? He thought. What if I am trapped like this forever?

But no. No. Don't even think it.

He felt a sense of panic, shame. I never should have agreed to this, he thought. Never. It was not subtle in his family and most of the families. Being a boy was better. Boys were better. Girls were to be pitied and protected and taken care of, and even when they got older and became women it was best to treat them as children, and he had loved them, yes, for their weakness and feminine absurdity, but he had always and forever known that he was lucky he wasn't one of them, and now he was.

And he needed to pee. He tried to ignore the feeling. To occupy himself. He hadn't really thought ahead and made any plans for how he would spend his time while stuck in her body. He sat down and turned on the television, thinking he might watch the news and see if they reported on Milana's attack, but instead he saw a news report announcing that the Mexican Senate had voted to impeach the president. There was footage of the little girl he'd become crying as the vote was announced, and his wife picking him up and hugging him. Tony turned off the news and found a movie to watch instead: The Avengers, dubbed into Spanish.

He couldn't get comfortable. The clothes were like guy clothes, but the jeans she'd put on were tight and hugged his wide hips and behind, and he could feel his full breasts cradled in his bra, shifting whenever he moved. His ponytail hung down his back and kept his long hair from being too much trouble, but he wasn't used to having all that hair back there to think about, and he had to shift his position constantly and reach back to pull his ponytail to the side.

He found his mind wandering as he watched, wondering what was happening with Milana, and then a thought seemed to drift unbidden into his mind; I don't usually like blondes, but I would love to find out what it's like to kiss Thor....

What? Did I just think that? He wondered. He squeezed his legs together as his bladder begged for release, and finally he got up and walked to the bathroom, realizing he was going to have to face it in the end. He unbuttoned his jeans and wiggled his hips from side to side, pushing them

down. He was that Milana had worn a pair of white panties with red hearts all over them and a little red ribbon, and he frowned. She'd probably thought it would be funny to wear girly underwear, he thought, and it made him a little angry and ashamed, but then he considered that everything she owned was girly. Would he have rathered something else? He pictured her in red, lace panties, thongs... no. She was not mocking him, he decided. These were the best she had.

Probably.

He slipped the panties down his smooth thighs and sat on the toilet, not really sure how to do it as a woman, but he just let go and felt the flow from between the lips of his vagina. He thought of his parents and how embarrassed they would be to see their son in a woman's body, sitting down to pee just like any girl. His mother would cry if she saw him now, and his father would probably beat him and cast him out of the family thinking he was half a sissy.

It was one of the first things every boy learned about what made them better than girls. Girls had to sit down to pee. And now he did, too.

He wiped himself as he had seen Magica do sometimes, and then he pulled up his panties and his jeans. He washed his hands, and then again and again, making an effort not to look at himself in the mirror. He didn't want to see Magica's beautiful face looking back at him, didn't want to deal with the fact that he had allowed himself to be turned into a woman.

The house was quiet and empty. He could see through the drawn curtains that the sun was setting. He had heard Magica's phones buzz with messages, but he ignored them. He was in her body but would not be living her life.

Now what? He thought of Thor again, that pale skin and blonde hair, he imagined the feeling of the bristly beard against his smooth cheek...

Stop it! He thought. Is a woman's need so powerful? But then he thought about the incantation. He had been suspicious of it, yes, because it had gone beyond simply switching their bodies. "To fill my need to surrender..." he remembered saying, "make me a woman in body, mind and chi..."

The stupid spell, he thought. It's making me think like a female. He wondered if Milana was experiencing the same thing in his body. If she was imagining kissing a woman, taking her in his powerful arms, laying her on her back while she spread her legs in surrender and he took her, and took her, and took her, and she would scream in pleasure as he entered her and Toro imagined himself on his back and Milana on top of him, and...

Oh, God. Stop!

He knew what he had to do, and walking over to the bar, he grabbed a rocks glass and filled it with dark, black rum.

Sorry, Milana, he thought to himself. "You'll have to hit the gym when you get your body back and burn off all of these calories, but I need to do something to stop myself from these.... these... thoughts!

He turned on the sound system and the house filled with pulsing music, and sipping the rum he felt it burn in his throat and settle to smolder in his belly even as his face grew flush. Well, there is one advantage at last to this skinny body, he thought. It will be easy to get drunk now, and then I will pass out and forget what I am for awhile.

El Trickster floated beneath the water in his bubble ship, all but the most essential systems turned off. It was silent, and dark. He kept his mind active by playing imaginary chess games against himself, in each case imposing random rules of behavior on his moves to see how it would play out.

And then his sensors detected motion, and activating his stealth cameras, he saw a vent open in the Gulf floor, and one of Diabola's stealth birds emerged. Yes! He knew it. There had to be a way she had been projecting her power into the world.

His sensors indicated that there would be no way for his ship to fit into the tunnel the stealth bird emerged from, but committing the dimensions to memory for future reference, he moved to quickly to follow the stealth bird in order to prevent Diabola from her latest scheme. The bird moved quickly and deployed an array of tricks to prevent itself from being tracked, and El

Trickster chuckled to himself smugly as his systems easily batted aside her crude efforts. Stick to magic, little witch, he thought. You are no match for me!

After some initial evasive patterns, the bird settled into a more stable route, and El Trickster's computer quickly determined it was heading to the house he knew secretly belonged to Magica!

Magica. Trickster felt himself grow hungry with desire at the thought of her long legs, full breasts, and that gorgeous face, the very image of feminine perfection. How could she fall for a muscle-bound moron like Toro? It was collegio all over again.

Maybe this is my chance to impress her, he thought.

Toro had no way of knowing how he and his body would react to the booze. As the alcohol flowed through his new body, he found himself feeling euphoric and free, and he flipped on the television and turned on his favorite You Tube station; it showed all the best gangster rap videos from around the world. But they all seemed so... different now... Toro's eyes grew wide as he looked at the men in their tank tops, their shoulders and arms bulging with muscles, and the sight of the girls dancing sent a thrill through his curvy body.

He drank more, realizing too late that he was already sloppy drunk, slipping into the gray alcoholic twilight where his body seemed to be operating on its own.

He raised his hands and started to shake his hips like the girls in the videos, shaking his hips and giggling... pushing his breasts out and his butt back, twerking it and then giggling some more... drinking more rum... Thank God no one can see me, but then that was followed with "who cares?" Women are so stupid, he thought. The things they do. It was funny to make fun of them even if he was stuck as one for a little while.

Milana's clothes are too tight! He thought, and wiggled out of her jeans, then pulled the jersey over his head and tossed it away, dancing in his bra and panties, sipping more rum, aware by not caring about the swaying of his breasts, the bouncy jiggle of his soft behind in his panties.

“I’m a dumb girl,” he said, pitching his voice higher and breathier. “I wonder why no one respects me!” Then he laughed and danced some more, mimicking the moves he saw the girls in the video doing, bending and swaying and shaking and bouncing his jiggling body.

A new video came on and a girl was there in her man’s arms as he waved a gun at the camera and rapped about how he protected his bitches. The girl wore a gold metallic dress that showed off her long, tone legs, and Toro thought she was very pretty. It must feel good to curl up in a man’s arms like that, he thought, looking at the girl’s face, watching her turn her head and accept a kiss, the man’s arm protectively around her.

Something in his new body responded to the image, and he found himself imagining being in a man’s arms, feeling safe and protected, warm and...

A loud crashing sound made him jump, and spinning he saw one of Diabola’s flock at the big window overlooking the ocean. It had slammed itself into the glass and bounced off. Shaking its metallic head, the creature examined the window, then slammed into it again.

Toro felt afraid. He couldn’t defend himself from the creature now, and he had no idea why Diabola had sent. His mind immediately flooded with feminine worry as he imagined Milana captured and imprisoned, Diabola sending the creature after him knowing he was now a helpless female... or maybe she wanted to turn him into a little girl now... or who knew?

He cowered behind the couch, trying desperately to decide what he should do. Call for help? But who?

The creature bounced off the glass a third time, and Toro started to feel a little more secure, but then its eyes began to glow red, and two narrow energy beams emerged, impacting the glass, which immediately began to melt.

Toro screamed, and ran over to the counter, grabbing one of Milana’s phones, and he swiped and looked in terrified confusion at the screen, but even as he tried to search her contacts for someone to call, he realized it was her personal phone, full of her girlfriends.

The glass melted away, and the glittering steel bird drifted into the room. Tony stood, transfixed, his hands clutched to his breasts, awaiting his fate,

and the bird made a metallic laughing noise, and then its eyes flashed blue and then pink, and it began to make a humming noise. Toro couldn't move. He found himself frozen with fear, his knees together, but just as the creature unleashed its beams, he felt an arm slip around his waist and he was lifted off his feet and swept clear of the attack, which impacted harmlessly against a glowing energy shield projected from Trickster's hand.

Toro found himself instinctively wrapping his arms around Trickster's body and watched as Trickster fired a beam from his hand and vaporized the attacker.

Toro found himself in Trickster's arms, looking up into the man's pretty green eyes, and he whispered, softly, "thank you."

"Are you okay?" Trickster asked, putting his hand on Toro's cheek.

"Yes," Toro said, and then he felt tears coming from his eyes and felt a confusion of male and female feelings come over him as relief merged with shame and the shock of the fear he'd just experienced lifted.

Trickster held the woman he thought was Milana in his arms, and touched her hair and whispered, "it's okay.... It's okay...."

They held each other like that for a time, and as Toro gradually stopped crying, he looked up into Trickster's eyes, a strange new feeling coming over him. He realized he was nearly naked, dressed in only his bra and panties, his soft breasts pressed against Trickster's hard chest, and he felt... excited...

Trickster stared into Toro's big, brown eyes, and he felt the spark of desire in this woman, her perfect shape in his arms, and without speaking or making a sound, they seemed to agree, and Toro tilted his head back and closed his eyes, and Trickster kissed him, softly at first, tentatively, and then with masculine passion, and Toro felt a thrill as the man pushed his tongue into Toro's mouth, and then a second thrill as Trickster slid his hand up Toro's side and cupped his breast.

Toro moaned and Trickster started to remove his hand, but Toro grabbed it and put it back on his breast, loving the feeling, needing it, and looking up he smiled and licked his lips. "Maybe we shouldn't," Trickster said.

"Why not?" Toro answered, pressing his breasts against Trickster's body.

“You’re drunk.”

Toro laughed and said, “No, I’m fine.”

“I want you so bad,” Trickster.

“Then take me,” Toro answered, impulsively reaching down and putting his hand against Trickster’s junk. He felt a shocking thrill and pulled his hand away, blushing, and Trickster grabbed him and lifted him off his feet, setting him down on the couch and climbing on top, kissing him hard now, pushing him back into the pillows, and when Toro put a hand to Trickster’s chest as if to push him away, Trickster grabbed Toro’s slender wrist and pinned his arm above his head, kissing him and squeezing his breast with the other, and Toro smiled to let him know he liked it and wanted more.

It all became a drunken blur for Toro as he made love to a man for the first time. His body was on fire, all over-- his nipples, his slit, it seemed like all his skin from head to toe was a tingling with pleasure, reacting to every touch, and when Toro felt the other man slide inside him, into his vagina, he orgasmed immediately, his whole body exploding with pleasure and his brain flashing with female sexual satisfaction so great he no longer was aware of time or space, and all notion of identity vanished as he became primal woman, thrilled and ecstatic, wrapping her legs around her mate and pulling him in deeper and deeper, she heard herself cry out, scream out and then she collapsed onto her back, her skin drenched in their mutual sweat as she wept in the afterglow.

At some point, Toro felt herself being lifted into Trickster’s arms, and she tried to murmur something, pushing her long hair back from her eyes, and Trickster whispered, “I am taking you somewhere safe,” and kissed her on the forehead.

Toro woke with a start, coming out of his drunken blackout with a gasp of terror. He felt his full, naked breasts sway and pushed his hair back from his face, looking down at his boobs with shock and then remembering: he’d switched bodies with Milana, he’d drunk some wine and then... flickering strobe light images of the Diabola’s robot, Trickster, kissing, and then... he couldn’t really remember, but...

Did we make love? His nipples felt sore. He reached down between his legs and felt it on the inside of his soft, fleshy thigh—crusty, dry semen. He

started to sit up and his head spun, and he collapsed back onto the bed, pulling the pillow over his face and screaming into it.

What the fuck? He thought. What the hell have I done?

I let a man fuck me. What would my father think? What would Milana think? Shame swept over him, and a deep despair, and then panic. Milana? Where was she? What had happened? Why wasn't she back from the mission?

And what about Trickster? I can't believe he would fuck my girlfriend behind my back! I can't believe he would fuck me!

"Good morning, beautiful," he heard Trickster say.

"Fuck you," he responded.

"I'm ready if you are," Trickster said.

Toro threw the pillow from his eyes at Trickster, and the other man, wearing only a pair of tidy whites, ducked, then slide onto the bed and held out a cup of coffee for Toro.

"No thanks, asshole," Toro said, putting one slender arm over his breasts. "Where are my clothes?"

Trickster smiled, grabbed Toro's small hand and pushed the cup of coffee into it. "There's a hangover cure in there. Fix you right up."

Toro held the cup and stared furiously at Trickster, but the words hang over cure worked their magic, and he brought the cup to his lips and sipped, looking away.

"You're welcome," Trickster said, reaching up and touching Toro's hair.

"Don't fucking touch me," Toro said, annoyed at the sound of his high-pitched, woman's voice. He shifted away from the other man, feeling his skin crawl.

"You all right?"

"Am I... what? I have a boyfriend, and you fucked me last night!"

"You begged me to."

“Like I would ever beg you for anything.”

“You did beg me!”

“Well, I was drunk! You took advantage!” Toro felt himself recoil in shame even as he spat the words at Trickster. I sound just like a woman, he thought. Just like a stupid girl.

Trickster stood up, shaking his head. “Well, now you want to blame the whole thing on me.”

“What do you think is going to happen to you if Toro finds out about this?” Toro said, slitting his eyes. “Did you ever think of that?” He wanted to see fear in Trickster’s eyes, but instead the other man just hung his head.

“You’re right,” Trickster said, suddenly serious and remorseful. “You’re right.”

“I’m what?”

“I owe Toro more respect than I showed him. I never should have slept with his woman.”

“Oh,” Toro said, caught off guard. “Well, still, if he finds out, you are in big trouble.”

“If? I have to tell him. “

“What? No. Don’t!”

“No. I did him wrong. You are his girl, and I betrayed his trust. I have to tell him.” Trickster turned as if to leave.

“Wait... wait....” Toro said, suddenly panicked. “What about me? Think of me. He’ll blame me, too.”

Trickster shook his head and sighed with exasperation. Toro knew what the other man was thinking: women! “What do you want me to do?”

“I don’t know,” Toro admitted, lost in his own confusion. “Just let me get dressed, and don’t tell Toro anything! Please!”

“Yeah. Okay. Your clothes are on that chair in the corner.”

“Okay.”

Trickster started to leave, then stopped. "I want you to know it was a lot more than just sex for me."

Toro felt himself blush and looked away. "Ummmm.. thanks?"

Trickster left. Toro saw that Milana's clothes had been folded neatly on the chair, and again his heart fluttered a little at the care Trickster had taken to fold everything and put it all into a neat little pile, even his panties. "I always did say he was half a girl," Toro thought stepping into his panties, aware of the irony of him calling anyone half a man now, even as a second thought fluttered through his confused little head, "it was kind of sweet of him, too." He must have gathered up Milana's clothes, you realize, remembering yourself dancing in your bra and panties. He was so thoughtful.

"No! No! He fucked you behind your own back." Your own thought confuses you, and lifting your cotton bra, you feel overwhelmed. You have never put a bra on before. You've seen Milana and other women do it, and so you awkwardly slide the shoulder straps up your arms and leaning forward, reach back, struggling to get the clasps to hook. It's all strange. All wrong, the weight of your boobs swaying as you stand there in your panties, struggling into your bra, the feeling of another man's semen on your thigh, your mouth all dry and sour from the rum, and...

Wait. Did you? No. You're sure. You would never give a guy a blowjob. No amount of alcohol would get you on your knees... you picture yourself on your knees, your hands on the floor, breasts squeezed together between your forearms as you look up and lick your lips...

But no. No. It never happened. You get the bra on and adjust the cups around your boobs, feeling relief as the bra gives you some support and cradles your sensitive breasts, and then you wiggle into your jeans and the jersey Milana had been wearing. Your hair is a tangled mess falling down around your shoulders now, and you run your hands through it, surprised that it's already getting little knots, and hope that Milana will be back, so you can get into your own body and leave her to deal with the hair. You honestly have no idea what to do with it.

Finally. You're ready. Time to go out and face the man you spread your legs for on your first night as a woman. How to act? What to say? You've

been in this position a few times over the years, but you were always the man, proud of your conquest, and this is all strange and new to you, being the girl who got taken.

You avoid eye contact. "Okay. Let's go."

Trickster obviously feels embarrassed now, too. He keeps a respectful distance, and you get into his flying machine and strap yourself in, the seat belt falling awkwardly between your breasts, and it annoys he didn't design something that would feel less awkward to a large breasted woman.

"No news so far on Toro," he says. "In case you're wondering."

"Toro? But, I'm..." and even here with the belt uncomfortably smooshed between your boobs, you had already forgotten, and so you adjust your sentence, "but I'm sure he should be back by now."

"I am sure he'll be out soon."

It's been, what? 12 hours? A little more? What could possibly be taking so long? She's been captured. Of course. Turned into a little girl like the president. Now you'll both be female, and you'll have to be Malina's mother and live out the rest of your life as a woman. You never should have agreed to this. Or maybe she's dead, or who knows?

"It'll be fine," Trickster says softly. "Don't cry."

And you realize you've started crying and you cover your face. "Damn it!"

"Listen, I don't think you're safe where you are. Maybe you should..."

"I'll be fine," you say.

"If not with me, maybe you could stay with someone else? Maybe..."

"I'll be fine."

"I could call."

"I am not a little girl," you shriek, wiping away your tears. "I can make my own decisions!"

"Fine. Fine."

Trickster lands his lying machine. He gets out, and you think he is walking you to the door, and again you feel that mixture of double shame, and you say, "I'll be fine."

"I am going to at least fix that window and check on your security."

"No, it's fine, I'll be okay."

"I will fix the window. It's the least I can do."

"Well... I don't know, I mean, you know..."

"When a handsome man offers to fix your house, you say yes," you hear a woman call out, and turning you see Consuela Ramirez, Milana's personal assistant. She rushes to greet you and gives you a big hug. "I was so worried," she says, taking your hands and studying your face.

"I'm fine," you say, giving her hands a squeeze, surprised by the passion of her greeting.

"I've been texting you all night!"

"I didn't have my phone. After the attack, we, I mean he, or I..." You feel yourself blushing, sure the guilt of what happened is all over your face, and your little hands are fluttering in the air. "It's not like... I mean, you know? O, anyway, so..."

"I wanted to take Miss Maya somewhere safe," Trickster says, gallantly stepping in, and you feel grateful. "I did not think to bring her phone. My apologies for my oversight."

Connie glances back and forth from you to Trickster and smiles. "Okay then." She turns and keeping a firm grip on your hand pulls you toward the house. "Let's get you a nice hot bath." You follow along, unable to even think of saying no. "You are going to fix the house," she says to Trickster.

"On it," he responds.

"Good! See me when you are done."

"Yes, ma'am."

Connie is one of those people. She bullies everyone into doing what she wants, and she does it in such a way they love her for it. It's why Milana

has kept her around, and it's why you soon find yourself in a warm bubble bath, surrounded by scented candles, Consuela sitting next to the tub chatting away amiably. You are only half listening, enjoying the sensation of the warm water soaking your body, mentally and physically tired after your strange night, and you close your eyes and just listen to the soothing sound of Consuela's voice. I'll be okay, you think. I just need to get my body back. You feel better now, having gotten the smell of Trickster off our body, the remains of his semen. You feel clean, and you feel more yourself.

"Let's do something about that hair," Connie says.

You stand and accept the towel, dry yourself, and soon you find yourself sitting patiently while Connie brushes out your long black hair. You had felt so alone this morning, so ashamed, but it is good now to be with Connie. It's comforting and intimate having her primp your hair, and you feel closer to the other woman as she works so tenderly on your hair, and you say, "I'm worried about... Toro..."

"He's so bullheaded!" Connie says working on one particularly difficult knot. "But he's also very tough. He'll be fine."

"I hope so. Diabola is very tricky. Very evil."

"You worried your man will come back to you as a little girl in a party dress?"

"Yes," you say, squeezing your legs together.

"Well, if he does get turned into a girl, he'll be the toughest girl in the world."

You like hearing that for some reason, and as Connie begins to braid your hair, and feel a strong sense of trust, and you take a breath and decide to tell her your secret. You need someone to know who you really are, someone you can talk to. "I need to tell you something," you say, "but you can't tell anyone."

"Of course," she says, her slender hands weaving your hair together into a long, thick braid. "You know you can tell me anything."

"Well, the thing is, I am... I'm not..."

She pauses in her braiding and puts a hand on your shoulder. "It's okay," she says. "Whatever it is, you can tell me."

“Give me a minute,” you say.

“As much time as you need,” she answers, and she continues braiding your hair, and then she ties it back, and you feel the long braid trailing down your back. She comes around the chair and kneels down, looking up at you.

“You can tell me anything, sweetie.”

You nod and smile shyly. “I’m not Milana,” you say.

“What?”

“I’m Toro. In Milana’s body.”

She looks you in the eyes. “You’re serious.”

“Yes!” You explain why you switched, the fight, your reluctance, but you stop short of telling her about having sex with Trickster, instead only confessing, “He saved me. And I feel so ashamed! I am so... helpless now... I have no powers.”

Connie puts her hands on your face and smiles. “Toro. Oh, Toro. I am so honored you would tell me your secret! And, you don’t need to worry. I am sure Milana meant it when she said she respected you all the more for having the courage to switch bodies with her.”

“Really?”

“Of course. You gave up your powers! That’s heroic. I know I respect you more than ever for it.”

“Thank you.”

She looks at you and smiles. “I’m going to take good care of you, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Okay. Let’s get you dressed.”

She picks out some comfortable clothes for you. Yoga pants. A baggy, over-sized t-shirt. A comfortable cotton bra. Panties, but with apologies.

“These are all she has, Toro.”

“I know,” you say and laugh. “Don’t ever tell anyone.”

“Of course not,” she says, handing you the panties. “Wear them like a stud.”

You roll your eyes.

Connie leaves and you dress, feeling better. It's still strange to be a woman, to be putting on a bra and panties, but at least you aren't alone now. You know you can trust her, and her reaction makes you feel better about your decision to switch bodies with Milana. She was clearly impressed, felt you had been brave. Maybe you had been.

But you just wished Milana would come back, send a message, something! It was impossible not to worry about her.

You smell fresh brewed coffee and follow the odor out into the house. The coffee maker is sputtering and hissing, and Milana has a frying pan over the flames on your stove, and she drops bacon into the pan as you walk into the kitchen and the meat hisses and the sweet, salty smell of frying pork joins the odor of coffee, and your stomach grumbles. You haven't eaten since... ever!

Connie pours you a cup of coffee, and you sip it, enjoying the taste smell more than ever. "Any word from Milana?"

"No," Connie says. "No yet."

Outside, you can hear Trickster working with what sounds like a power drill, doing some sort of project.

"I think he has a crush on you," Connie says.

"That's ridiculous," you say, laughing too loud.

She raises an eyebrow but says nothing.

And you spend a day as Milana, just hanging around with Connie, talking and watching movies, constantly checking for any information on Milana, trying to distract yourself, sometimes succeeding, mostly failing. Trickster finishes fixing the window and upgrading your security. Connie talks to him while you watch a documentary on History Channel, something safe about the Aztecs, with no sex at all. Thank God.

Connie invites herself to stay with you, and before bed she bullies you into getting on your knees with her clutching rosary beads in your hand, and you kneel, shoulder to shoulder, whispering the prayers together, prayers you haven't said since you were a little boy and your parents forced you to

go to church and pray every night. And it's strange as you kneel here now in a woman's body, whispering the Hail Mary in your soft, pretty voice, remembering your boyhood and a time when you believed in the church and the power of prayer, and as you finish the rosary you clutch the crucifix to your soft breasts and whisper, "Please, God, let Milana be safe. Bring her back to me. I'll do anything if you just bring her back safely."

lil

"You need to get out the house anyway."

You're sitting cross-legged on the couch in a pair of baggy cotton sweatpants and a tank top that hugs your breasts, your hair piled on your head in some sort of hairdo Connie came up with. You know she will win this argument somehow, and yet you try. "I don't have any idea how to model anything."

"What's to know? Smile, put your hand on your hip. Frown, put your hand on the other hip. It's a one day thing. You don't have to do anything, really, and it's with Marcos Define; he's really great."

"Connie? I'm Toro in here. Remember?"

"Of course. That's why I know you're going to agree to it."

"That's why I am not going to agree to it."

"And have me know you were too scared to have your picture taken?"

And she knows just how to manipulate you. She knows that you don't like anyone thinking you're afraid of anything, and that you are afraid of this, and the fact that you have a woman's body right now makes it even that much harder for you to ever let anyone know you might be afraid.

"But, don't you have to know how to... I don't know... walk gracefully or something."

"Are you familiar with the term muscle memory, sweetie?"

You work as a personal trainer. Of course you know all about muscle memory, so you roll your eyes and say, "yes."

And you find yourself perched on a pair of heels. You're wearing yoga pants again and some kind of tight stretch top. Workout clothes for a

woman. Connie smiles, her eyes twinkling. You can tell she loves this, getting you into a pair heels. She thinks it's cute, and yet you also know she cares about you, and you trust her enough to find the humor in the whole thing yourself. "Do you think this is brave, too?" You ask.

"Of course. Also, cute and funny."

Letting go of the barre, you take a deep breath and, shoulders back, chin up, you take your first tentative step in high heels. You find yourself raising your arms and holding them out slightly from your sides, and a glance in the mirror shows you just how feminine the pose looks, and you start to lower them, but Connie says, "no... no... just trust your body and do what it's telling you to do..."

Feeling ridiculous, you take another step and another. You feel awkward and unbalanced, and you sense the tottering, feminine vulnerability in yourself you always felt a thrill about as a man when you saw a beautiful woman in heels. But you ignore the rush of shame and focus instead on walking, and you walk in a line, then do your first turn, and you look at Connie and smile proudly. It's clear your body knows how to walk in this tiptoed, torturous way.

"Good!" Connie says. "Good!"

"Thanks."

"Again." And you walk, and you feel proud of yourself for mastering your first pair of high heels.

Later you kick off your heels and rub your smooth, slender calves in relief. You're sitting on a leather couch in Milana's home theater, and Milana is pulling up pictures on the internet. They are guys—pretty guys, male models—and they are scowling and flexing and giving hard, sultry stares to the camera.

"What's this for?"

"Just to give you some ideas. For tomorrow."

"But, shouldn't I be looking at girls?"

"I think it will be easier if you just focus on looks that you might make as a guy. It will not work if you try to think about looking happy like a girl, or

excited as a girl, or anything else as a girl I think. Just take whatever direction the director gives you, and your pretty face will do the job of making you look like a girl. Just be yourself.”

“Only with boobs.”

“Yes.”

You don’t want to tell her how looking at the pictures makes you feel. These boys are all hunky guys, with beautiful faces and... oh, pecs and shoulders and turtle shell abs—and you are seeing how those things look to the eyes of a woman now, and your body is feeling... tingly, and your nipples are getting tight, and you wonder what it would be like to kiss a guy like that, to feel his strong arms around you, your breasts against his hard chest...

“You bad boy!” Connie says.

“What?” You say, but you can feel your cheeks flush, the tip of your nose tingle, and your nipples pressing out hard against your thin little top.

“Oh, never mind,” she says, but you see a little flush in her own cheeks, and you wonder if it is a turn on for her to see you, a macho guy like you, getting all hot and bothered, his nipples getting hard at the sight of a bunch of cute guys, and you feel your now almost constant sense of vertigo and confusion as you struggle with so many conflicting feelings and needs, the shame and hunger of a woman, the shame and embarrassment of a man when he realizes his vagina is getting wet.

You put your hands to your cheeks and your elbows on your knees. “I’m going crazy!”

Connie sits down next to you and puts an arm around your shoulder. “Just try and accept it,” she says, and you can’t help but feel this is a sisterly moment.

“I don’t want to accept it,” you say. “I want it to end.”

“And it will, but for now just accept it and trust in the fact that this is God’s will for you right now.”

“But why would God want this for me?”

“Maybe because it’s going to make you a better man.”

"I'm not a man," you say.

"You will be one again."

"But what if I am stuck this way?"

"Well, then, you'll be glad you learned to walk in heels today. Even you could get used to being a girl if you had to."

The thought terrifies you, but you take Connie's hand and give it a squeeze and say, "You're a good friend."

"You, too."

"No more looking at pretty boys tonight," you say standing up. "I'm starving!"

"I'll make something."

"No," you say on impulse and smile back at her over your shoulder. "I'm cooking tonight."

Before bed, you pray your rosary, and once again you ask God to bring Milana back to you safe and sound.

IV

The morning is a blur. The shoot is local, but Connie has you up at 5am, eating a quick breakfast, before she dresses you. "You are appearing in public as Milana today," she explains. "And you must look perfect."

She picks out a set of matching bra and panties, lacy and feminine now instead of the cotton you have cotton used to, and you complain, but she says, "you know nothing of how a woman should dress herself" and so you put on your wife's underwear and standing in feeling silly in your pretty lace underwear.

You slip on a pair of slacks. Black, they are made of thin, stretchy material and hug your perky ass, ending in a flare bottom above your ankles. You slip into a tight green blouse with no buttons at the top that hangs open and exposes your breasts, with very short sleeves that celebrate your slender arms.

Earrings and necklaces, bracelets and rings for your fingers and anklets.

She piles your hair onto your head, and as you slip on your heels, she hands you a black purse with gold buckles and a big, pink bow. "What do I need this for?"

"A girl never leaves home without her purse," she says with a wink.

"Besides, Juicy Couture pays you 100,000 dollars a year to always carry one of their bags."

"Fine," you say, slinging the bag over your shoulder. You look in the mirror, and you see that you are all ass up and tits out, an idealized feminine shape, and you practice your smile.

"You do look cute with a purse," Connie says.

"It's way too early for you to be giving me such a hard time," you say, the smile fading.

"Never," she says. "Ready?"

"I guess, but... ummm....What about make-up?"

"Very good," Connie says. "Good thinking! Normally, you would never leave the house without doing your face, but your make-up will be done professionally today for the shoot. So, you'll wear some big sunglasses in case any paparazzi appear."

"Where are the sunglasses, then?"

"In your purse, dear."

You find the sunglasses and slip them on. It feels good to have something to hide behind. "I'm scared," you admit.

"It's okay to be scared," Connie answers.

You walk out of the house into the cool morning air. The sun reflects brightly off the calm ocean waters. A chauffeur stands next to the Humvee limo the agency sent, and you notice his broad shoulders and good skin, though he is shorter than you, he's definitely cute, and even as the thought crosses your mind you want to feel more annoyed than you do. You're getting used to the reactions of this body to the sight of attractive men. He's wearing sunglasses and does not react as you approach, showing no sign he is checking you out. You admire his professionalism.

"Good morning, Miss Maya," he says. He takes your hand to help you up into the SUV, and you almost wave him off, but then decide to just go with it, and as you struggle in your heels and clutching your purse to your side, he puts one hand to the small of your back and gives you an extra push. "Gracias," you say, a little flustered at how helpless you feel, unable to even get into a car on your own dressed and hobbled in your feminine clothes.

"Of course, Miss Maya," he says with a tip of his cap and a handsome smile.

Connie, dressed in practical flats and sensible business wear, hops effortlessly into the other side. "Welcome to the world of a super-model, Miss Maya," she says.

"Wake me up when it's over," you answer.

The chauffeur helps down, and with your arrival you can feel the buzz and excitement. Everyone calls you Miss Maya, or if they are higher in status, Milana, and it's awkward and disconcerting to be called Miss, or referred to by your girlfriend's name. It feels almost as if each time someone calls you "miss" another little piece of your male ego gets chipped away, and you are led, walking in your heels, clutching your purse, to a tent, and you feel eyes on you, scanning your figure, lingering on your breasts and your ass, and you take a deep breath and say, just be a man about it, Toro.

A small group of energetic females takes you from Connie, and you find yourself in your bra, panties a little pink robe with Milana's name embroidered above your right breast, sitting patiently while a pair of women work on your face and hair and another does your nails.

It all seems so impossible and strange as you sit there, a woman, surrounded by other women who are making you beautiful: lipstick, eyeliner, blush, eye shadow. Your hair is being braided and pinned to your head. Your jewelry, Milana's jewelry, is removed, and they slip big dangling hoops into your ears, drape necklaces around your long slender neck. They call you Milana, and honey and sweetie, and it irks you, but you know that for now Milana is your name, and you are living her life. They finish, look you up and down, assessing their work, their masterpiece, which is

you, and then they turn you to face the mirror. You are shocked to see how gorgeous you look: stunning, pretty, beautiful beyond words.

And you smile, and you know your smile could stun most men into silence. "You're a goddess," Maria, the stylist says.

"Gracias. You girls do wonderful work." You keep smiling and turn side to side. The beautiful woman in the mirror is you. And it does not seem possible that she is really a man.

The women fawn over you, and you realize this is what it's like to be Milana, a goddess among females. They all admire you and seem to want to protect you and take care of you and be you. It's like you are every woman's real-life Barbie.

And then a question occurs to you, and you are surprised you didn't think to ask before, and so you say, "What am I modelling today?"

"Wedding gowns."

"Wait. What?"

"Wedding gowns. Dresses. Very pretty. You'll love it!"

They help you to your feet, and you're led to wardrobe and more girls help you into the wedding gown. It's strapless and hugs your breasts, and the skirt is big and flowing and they pin white roses into your hair and slip white heels into your feet, and a veil falls over your face, and they hand a bouquet to you. You can't even walk on your own now. Two young women, college interns, you suppose, lift your train while another leads you out to the photo shoot and everyone applauds as you appear, and you blush because you are the center of attention as you walk out in front of everyone in a white wedding gown with flowers in your hair, and it's impossible to feel anything but feminine in this dress with flowers in your hair unable to even walk on your own anymore.

"You look fantastic," Connie says touching you lightly on the elbow.

"You didn't mention I would be wearing wedding dresses today," you whisper, and she laughs.

"Better than a bikini!"

“You owe me.”

“Milana... Milana... my god you get more beautiful each time I see you...” the photographer says. You’ve met him a couple times at industry parties, and he takes your hands and gives them a squeeze. He’s got a couple days stubble on his square chin, wild, unkempt hair and, you suddenly notice, long, curly eyelashes, and your heart flutters as you look up into his handsome face.

“Hi, Marcos,” you say, annoyed at the way your voice has risen higher and prettier, and you impulsively say, “I just love your long lashes.”

He laughs and says, “All women do! Let’s get some preliminary pictures.”

You go out and strike different poses and take different positions, mostly so he can get a sense of the light and how to shoot the dress. You are surrounded by models dressed as your bridesmaids, hunky guys in suits, a fake priest. Everyone is gorgeous and perfect, and you are being photographed at a storybook, fairytale wedding. Carlos says, “Take 5, and then we’ll get started.” The women come to pick up your train, and you move carefully toward your tent, but then Marcos takes you by the arm and says, “Are you okay, Milana?”

“Yes,” you say, “why?”

“I can’t see you today. You are hiding. Hiding. Be here. Be present. Let me see you.”

“I’m sorry,” you say. “I’m trying my best, but, well...um...”

“I’ll talk to her,” Connie says stepping in and separating you from Marcos.

“Good, good,” Marcos says, and as you are helped along toward your tent, you glance back over your shoulder at him, and you see he’s watching you with a concerned and puzzled look on his face.

“Privacy!” Connie barks as you enter the tent, and everyone scatters.

You sit perched on a stool, your knees together. “I can’t do this,” you whisper.

“Of course you can.”

“He says I’m hiding. Of course I’m hiding. He wants Milana, and I’m Toro.”

“Well, right now, you need to man up and be Toro and show some feeling.”

“I can’t. Tell him I’m sick. I’m... I’m too upset...”

“My God, I would slap you if it wouldn’t ruin your makeup.”

“You should have known I wouldn’t be able to play the part of a bride!” You pluck at your dress. “I feel ridiculous.”

“I don’t care. Do it.”

“Go to hell.”

“Stop being a pussy and do your job.”

“This isn’t my job! It’s not my body or my life. I’m a man,” you shriek.

“You’re a man? Then act like one.”

You try to stand so you can walk out, but you can’t get to your feet in this dress, and you struggle and almost fall making a little scream, and Connie grabs your arm and helps you back onto your stool, and you feel your eyes sting and your chest starts to heave as you feel yourself starting to hyperventilate, and the weight of your breasts rising and falling, the dress tight against them and your abdomen, and the reality of your life washes over you and you feel your lip tremble as you fight back the tears.

Connie surprises you by giving you a hug. “Oh, sweetie,” she says.

“Sweetie, it will be okay.”

You angrily try to push her away, but she keeps you in her strong embrace, and you stop fighting and accept the sisterly hug because you it feels good, and your confused and scared and you really needed a hug, and the threat of tears subsides and Connie pulls back and looks you in the eyes and says, “okay?”

“Yes. Yes.”

“Listen, I’ll tell Marcos you aren’t feeling well. We can reschedule when Milana is back in her body.”

“No,” you whisper. “I can do it.”

Connie looks at you and smiles. “Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

"You are so brave," Connie says, and rewards you with another hug.

And the girls check your make-up and your hair, and they help you to your feet, and you stand proudly in your gown, your slender, bare shoulders thrown back, your pretty head held high, and as you get ready to head out for your first photo shoot, Connie comes in with her phone and says, "Good news."

On the little screen you see a video clip playing. A newsman is saying, "Diabala has agreed to return the president and all of her other victims to their former shapes." They cut to Diabala in front of a podium. She is talking, saying something, her blonde hair flashing in the sunlight, and there is Toro, Milana, standing next to her, right next to her, and Milana looks like she has one hand on Diabala's back, and there's a look in her eyes, and you feel your entire body grow hot with feminine rage at the sight, and you slit your eyes in womanly fury because your newly discovered female intuition has just fired up and you know, know, your girlfriend has made love to another woman.

You lock eyes with Connie.

"Good news," Connie says. "Your, um, "boyfriend" is fine."

"Yes," you say, forcing a smile onto your face.

"Use it," Connie says putting a hand on your forearm. "Be Toro."

That bitch! You think, mincing out in your wedding dress, clutching your bouquet. You picture her all sweat and muscles, on top of little blonde Diabala-- as if that's really her hair color-- kissing her, your girlfriend thrusting into another woman while you're out here playing fake bride. The feel of your woman's body offends you, the veil, the helplessness. You are a man, and man, damnit, and you have allowed yourself to be turned into this living Bambi Doll, with your boobs hanging out for the whole world to see, for her! Her! And this is how she repays you?

"Yes!" Carlos says, seeing the passionate fury in your eyes. "Yes! That's my girl!"

He works quickly, arranging pictures, improvising off your white hot rage, orchestrating pictures of a wedding gone mad, and you scowl and slit your eyes and raise your bouquet of flowers like a club, and you swing your little

fists with their pink, French-tipped nails at the camera, and you grab the groom by the lapels of his coat and you attack him with your mouth, kissing him like he's a woman, and you are still a virile, powerful man. "God, yes," Carlos says. "More! More! You hate being a bride... marrying this man... he is beneath you..."

Yes... you think... yes....

And there's a break while they set up for another series of pictures, the bouquet tossing scene every girl dreams of. And your anger breaks, and you feel tired and sad, and you wonder-- could you be imagining things? Maybe there was nothing there?

You think of Trickster laying you down, covering your breasts with kisses. You will forgive him... her... trust him...

"You are amazing!" Connie says. "Amazing! These pictures are intense and gorgeous and terrifying!"

"I am just being me," you say, feeling bashful.

"My God," Connie says. "You're even better than Milana!"

Your rage vanishes and you find yourself overcome with sorrow. Carlos sees it, and he decides to shoot a bunch of pictures of you alone, standing next to and in front of an Ionic column, and you fight back the tears, smell your flowers, half cover your face behind your tiny hands. Carlos' voice becomes soothing and comforting. He loves the passion, and when the tears come he is ready, zooming in, shooting pictures as he circles you, and you don't know if he planned it or if she does it on impulse but a slender young model with short hair and a boyishly feminine look who has been playing one of your bridesmaids enters, and you hug and stare into each other's eyes, and you see soft, sweet understanding and you kiss her, gently, on the lips.

Weeping, you toss the bouquet to your fake bridesmaids, and wiping your tears you turn to Carlos and say, "again?"

And he says, No. Never." He hands his camera to his assistant, and he wraps his arms around you and holds you, one hand on the back of your head, and you put your face on his shoulder and sob. "Thank you so

much, little sister," he says. "You showed yourself, your true self, and you have never been more beautiful."

"Gracias," you say. "Gracias."

And so you are an emotional wreck, crying and elated, as the young girls lift your train, and you walk in your wedding dress back toward your tent, and you hear clapping, and a man says, "stunning."

You turn, your heart racing, and she's there: Malina, all muscles and brawn, smiling as she looks you up and down. You are wearing a wedding dress, and you have white roses in your hair, and as your girlfriend's eyes pass over your soft curves like a gentle caress, you look away and blush, because it is impossible not to feel sweet and pretty and feminine.

When you look up, Milana eyes are hard and glassy, and you feel a flutter of fright as the power of her masculine need reaches something within you, and it's like you hear a bell ringing, and you smile and throw your shoulders back, giving her a good look at your breasts.

Milana strides toward you, never looking away, and grabbing you in her arms, she tilts you backward, and you feel a thrill as you grab her powerful, muscled shoulders, and then she kisses you, and it's a kiss full of savage, masculine energy, and you are shocked and thrilled as you surrender to her, letting her push her tongue into your mouth even as one hand finds and squeezes your ass, and you lift one leg even in your wedding dress and start to rub the inside of your thigh against her. You feel her hand slide down your soft round hip to your thigh, pulling it close, and your head swims with the smell of her, such a powerful, manly musk.

When the kiss ends, she stays close, your noses almost touching, and you hear the gathered people actually cheer, and Milana whispers, "miss me?"

"Si," you say.

And you rise into the sky cradled in your girlfriend's strong arms, and you feel your heart flutter because you feel so light and safe and protected, and Milana stops rising for a second and yells out, "My girl and I need some privacy!"

The crowd laughs and you blush and slap at her playfully, and then, nervously, you say, "I have to return my dress!"

"No you don't!" Milana says, whisking you off into the sky while the people below laugh and clap as you giggle and kick your legs, the long white train of your wedding dress trailing behind you.

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Milana lands back at her house and carries you right in, tossing you on the bed. You laugh, and she climbs on top of you, kissing you and putting her hand on your soft cheek, smiling down at you. "I can't believe you went out and modeled today," she says.

"Connie made me do it," you say. "She's very bossy."

"You look so beautiful."

"I feel ridiculous!"

She kisses you again, and the hunger in her eyes scares you. Not just because she is so much bigger and stronger than you, but because you feel yourself responding to it, wanting to surrender to her, to have her inside you. "Let's switch back," you say, "and celebrate!"

"No," Milana says in a deep, hoarse voice. "I want to take you, chica. As you are."

"No," you whisper. "No. I want my body back."

Milana puts her hand on your breast and squeezes, and you try to push it off, but of course you lack the strength, and you start to wiggle, trying to get out from under her. Milana chuckles and kisses you on the neck, on the cheek, her other hand reaching under you to cup and squeeze your ass. "Stop," you say, your voice small and desperate.

Milana just continues to squeeze your breast, and you feel your cheeks getting flush, and you're scared and powerless and you slap her across the face and scream, "get off me."

Milana grabs your slender wrists and pins your arms above your head. She straddles you, her powerful thighs squeezing your ribs, her face is close to yours as she whispers, "calm down. I'm not going to hurt you, chica. I'm not going to hurt you."

"Get off me... please..."

"I just want to know what it's like, and for you to know what it's like, and for us to be closer and to know each other like no couple has ever known each other. We will be truly soulmates, Toro and Malina, together forever."

"No.... no..."

"I know you want it just as much as I do. I can see it in your eyes."

"No... please... I'm a man..."

"If you can look me in the eyes and honestly tell me you don't want it, I will let you go. Okay?"

"Give me back my body! I never agreed to let you keep it and fuck me with it!"

"Look me in the eyes and tell me you don't want it."

You look her in the eyes. Your eyes, and yet they already no longer seem yours, nor the bushy eyebrows, or the cleft chin. She is so strong, so powerful and confident and masculine, and you try to push her off, but your tiny little girl arms have no strength and feeling yourself under her control you swallow, your mouth dry, and you say, "I don't... I... I... Oh my god, I want you so bad right now... but it's the spell.... Malina... the spell is making us want it like this, in these bodies, and..."

She smothers your objections with a kiss, and then another, and another... your body is on fire, and you feel like you are being strangled by your gown, and you say, "help me out of my dress!"

Malina grabs the top of your dress and effortlessly rips it open, and your breasts sway free, and she is on you, kissing and sucking and playing with your soft body, and you feel her powerful arms and chest, wrap your soft thighs around her and thrill as your whole body tingles and throbs with pleasure. She rips off her own pants, and you feel her hard member against your thigh and gasp, and then you are wiggling out of your panties, eager to have her inside you.

"Take me," you say. "Take me right now."

"You're so beautiful," she says. "I need you so bad right now."

"Just fuck me!" You say, desperate for her, hungry to be filled.

Malina laughs and rips off her own shirt.

You lay back and spread your legs. Malina gets in position and then leans down to put her hands on your breasts, and she squeezes, and you feel a thrill of please but also frustration. "Now... " you cry...."oh God, I need you now..."

You reach down and find her penis, grabbing it and squeezing it, loving the feeling of having her masculinity in your hands, and you arch your back, lifting your butt just a little as you slide her penis into your vagina and gasp with pleasure and the thrill of one small victory.

Malina closes her eyes and starts to rock back and forth, in and out, in and out, and you see stars, and little explosions of pleasure fill you and you make the same little bird noises Malina used to make and then as she comes inside you, you scream and pound your little fists into the mattress.

It's impossible to feel like much of a man when you have your girlfriend's dick inside you, when she brings you to multiple orgasms, when you scream with pleasure as she fills you with her seed. You know that now. It's impossible to think of much of anything at all. A guy is simply a girl stunned with pleasure, and she doesn't know or care about anything else in the world when her girlfriend fucks her brains out.

After, though. After you can feel embarrassed and ashamed, and you lay on your back idly playing with your long hair as she rubs your tummy, and you wonder if you will ever be able to respect yourself when you get back to your own body, or if you will somehow respect yourself more. What does Malina think of me? You wonder. You think about begging her to take you, about screaming in pleasure... the feeling of her penis inside you, the warm explosion... her strong arms and shoulders and her kisses on your breasts and belly and hands and arms.

Malina stops rubbing your belly. She props herself up on one elbow and looks down at you, smiling. She idly plays with one of your breasts. "I love you so much," she says.

"I love you, too," you answer in your soft, woman's voice.

"I need you again," she says. "Right now."

"Again?" You say, your eyes growing wide.

"Yes."

"Okay," you whisper. "I want to please you so much."

Malina picks you up and carries you out into the living room. She takes you to the couch that sits in front of her big, picture window with the Eastern view of the ocean, and the sun is setting behind her house, off to the west, and the clouds above the ocean flame with reds and oranges and golds. Malina sets you down behind the couch, and you look at her, confused, and she says, "bend over."

"Oh..." you smile and look away shyly, shaking your head. "No..." But Malina puts one hand on your shoulder and another on your hip, and you don't resist as she bends you over, but you put your little hands on the back of the couch, and you bend over, your long hair falling in your face, and you smile an embarrassed little smile as she cups your breasts from behind and says, 'You'll love this.'

I can't believe I am going along with this, you think, there on the couch, naked and female, with your girlfriend's dick pressing against your soft, round ass, her rough hands on your soft, round breasts.

You look out at the ocean from beneath your hair, at the red and yellow clouds, and you feel a rush of shame and embarrassment at being in this position, bent over, presenting your ass to a man, and even if that man is your girlfriend, especially if that man is your girlfriend, it is so clearly a submissive position and you feel ashamed and want to stop her, but she's so strong and she wants it so bad, and part of you love this feeling of shame and surrender. You feel your girlfriend enter you from behind, and you squeal. She puts one hand on the small of your back and with the other she holds one of your small shoulders. You are completely in her control, and she starts to fuck you, in and out and in and out, and you feel a shock of pleasure and gasp, throwing your head back, and you say, "Oh god... oh god... oh god..."

And your hair is in your face, and your girlfriend can't hold it long and this time she comes, quickly, and you feel the semen drip down the inside of your leg as you look at the clouds and you realize that you do like it, you like having her take you like this, and you don't know any more if you can even manage to remember what it was like to be the man.

"Oh god... oh god..." you whisper... and the tears fall and puddle at your feet.

The End