

HUBBY TURNED OUT WELL 3



THANKS TO SUBLIMINAL MESSAGES, MITZHI NOW OBSESSES OVER ALL THE THINGS A TROPHY WIFE SHOULD: NAILS, HAIR, SKIN, MAKEUP, FASHION. I'D GIVEN HIM A GORGEOUS, BOMBSHELL FIGURE, BUT HE DID HOURS OF BARRE CLASSES TO TONE HIS LEGS AND ASS. OF COURSE, HIS FAVORITE THING EVER IS SUNBATHING, AND HIS PRIDE AND JOY IS HIS TAN.

NOW THAT I HAD A TROPHY WIFE, I WANTED TO SHOW HIM OFF. OBVIOUSLY. I MEAN, WHO WOULDN'T WANT TO SHOW OFF A FORMER HUSBAND WITH SUCH A BANGING BODY?

"HEY GORGEOUS," I SAID ONE MORNING. "I NEED YOUR HELP."

"ME?" HE ANSWERED IN HIS LITTLE GIRL VOICE. "HELP YOU?"

"YEAH. I'M MEETING WITH A POTENTIAL CLIENT, AND SHE WANTS TO MEET YOU. IT WOULD REALLY HELP IF YOU CAN COME INTO THE OFFICE."

HE SCRUNCHED HIS NOSE, A HABIT HE'D PICKED UP FROM HIS LADY POSSE. "I-- I DON'T REALLY WANT EVERYONE TO SEE ME-- LIKE THIS?" HE GLANCED DOWN AT THE IMPRESSIVE SWELL OF HIS CHEST.

HE'D SLEPT WITH SOME OF THE WOMAN AT WORK AND FLIRTED WITH ALL OF THEM BACK WHEN HE THOUGHT HE WAS A LADIES' MAN. I KNEW HE WOULD BE RELUCTANT FOR THEM TO SEE HIM WITH HIS BUNNY BODY, BUT I ALSO KNEW JUST HOW TO GET MY PRETTY LITTLE THING TO DO WHAT I WANTED.

"YOU'D NEED A NEW OUTFIT," I SAID. "NEW SHOES."

HIS BIG, PRETTY EYES LIT UP. "SHOPPING," HE WHISPERED IN A HOARSE VOICE.

"SHOPPING," I SAID WITH A SMILE, LOVING I TURNED HIM INTO SUCH A SHOPAHOLIC.

"KAY, 'KAY" HE SAID, WITH A GIGGLE.



MITZHI HAD BECOME INCREASINGLY ANXIOUS ABOUT GOING TO PUBLIC PLACES ALONE. GUYS WERE ALWAYS HITTING ON HIM. SO, OUR DAUGHTER, PAT, WENT ALONG.

PAT HAD BEEN ON BOARD WITH TURNING HER FATHER INTO A BEACH BUNNY FROM THE START. SHE'D ALWAYS BEEN A TOMBOY, AND MITZHI HAD PRESSURED HER CONSTANTLY. HIS FAVORITE LINE WAS "WHY CAN'T YOU BE A NORMAL GIRL?"

SO, AFTER A LIFETIME OF BEING BADGERED ABOUT HER LACK OF "NORMAL GIRL" QUALITIES, SHE TOOK A GREAT DEAL OF DELIGHT IN HELPING HER FATHER BECOME A GIRLY GIRL.

MITZHI TRIED ON DRESS AFTER DRESS, MODELING THEM FOR HIS DAUGHTER, FLIPPING HIS HAIR, GLIDING ALONG ON HIS HIGH HEELS. ONCE THEY FOUND THE RIGHT OUTFIT, PAT INSISTED THEY GO FOR MANICURES.

PAT HAD NEVER LIKED MANICURES-- THEY WERE JUST ANOTHER GIRL THING SHE DISDAINED, BUT SHE'D COME TO LOVE GETTING THEM WITH HER SILLY FATHER.



HE'S THE GIRL HE WANTED HIS DAUGHTER TO BE-- ONLY MORE SO.



"GIRL, YOU GOT A FIGURE LIKE A GREEK GODDESS. YOUR HAIR IS AMAZING! I LOVE YOUR SHOES. WHERE DID YOU GET THEM?"

THE STAFF HADN'T SEEN MAX SINCE EARLY IN HIS CHANGE, AND THEY COULDN'T GET ENOUGH OF THE NEW HIM WITH THOSE BIG BREASTS AND BOUNCY BOOTY. THEY WERE NOT CRUEL WOMEN, BUT TO SEE SUCH A SEXIST JERK NOW PROPPED UP ON HEELS AND HAULING AROUND A PAIR OF D CUPS WAS TOO MUCH TO RESIST.

EVEN MORE ASTOUNDING WAS THE CHANGE IN HIS PERSONALITY. THE PUSHY, RUDE AND INCONSIDERATE MAN WAS NOW SWEET AND SMILEY AND UTTERLY FEMININE.



YOU'RE SUCH A LITTLE CUTEY," LES FONTAINE SAID AS SHE PULLS MITZHI IN FOR A HUG.

"I KNOW YOU," MITZHI SAID. "WE MET AT DAVOS A FEW YEARS AGO."

"YES, WE DID, DOLL FACE. "THAT WAS BEFORE YOU GOT YOUR BOOBIES."

"OH. THESE," MITZHI GLANCED DOWN AT HIS IMPRESSIVE RACK. "I GUESS I'VE CHANGED A BIT."

IN FACT, WHEN THEY'D MET BEFORE, MAX HAD BEEN QUITE RUDE. REMEMBER HOW I SAID HE HAD OLD-FASHIONED NOTIONS ABOUT GIRLS? LES HAD BEEN A PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL PLAYER. MAX TOLD HER WOMEN'S BASKETBALL WAS "A JOKE."

NOW WAS HER CHANCE TO GLOAT. "MAYBE WE CAN SHOOT SOME HOOPS AFTER THE MEETING."

MITZHI ROLLED HIS EYES. "OMIGOD, I'M SO BAD AT SPORTS IT'S NOT EVEN FUNNY. BESIDES, I MIGHT BREAK A NAIL."

I'D TOLD LES ALL ABOUT MAX'S CONDITIONING, HOW HE NOW THOUGHT AND ACTED LIKE A BLONDE BIMBO. SHE WANTED TO SEE FOR HERSELF.

"ARE THOSE IMPLANTS?" LES ASKED.

"IMPLANTS? THESE PUPPIES ARE ALL ME," MITZHI SAID WITH OBVIOUS PRIDE. "CAN YOU BELIEVE MY LADY FRIENDS USED TO TEASE ME AND CALL ME FLATTY PATTY? NOW, THEY'RE JEALOUS!"

LES GLANCED AT ME, CLEARLY IMPRESSED.

I SMILED.

HE'S THE SECRETARY



"MITZHI, BE A DOLL AND GET US SOME COFFEE," I SAID AS THE MEETING WAS ABOUT TO START.

"OF COURSE," HE SAID IN HIS BREATHY LITTLE VOICE. "HOW WOULD YOU LIKE YOURS?" HE TAKES OUR ORDERS AND SCURRIES OFF, RETURNING SHORTLY CARRYING OUR CAPPUCCINOS ON A LITTLE TRAY.

"YOU'RE A GREAT LITTLE HELPER," LES SAYS.

"THANKS!" MITZHI GUSHES. AFTER, I ASK HIM TO TAKE DICTATION WHILE WE DISCUSS BUSINESS.



LES ASKED TO SPEAK WITH MITZHI IN PRIVATE. EAGER TO FURTHER TEST HOW SUBMISSIVE HE'D BECOME, SHE BACKED HIM AGAINST A DESK, AND THEN PUT A HAND TO HIS CHEEK. MITZHI HAD BEEN PROGRAMMED TO ENJOY BEING DOMINATED, SO HE JUST SMILED AND GIGGLED.

"I WANT TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT THE BUSINESS," LES SAID.

"BUSINESS?" MITZHI SHOOK HIS HEAD. "I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT BUSINESS."

"DIDN'T YOU FOUND THE COMPANY AND BUILD IT FROM SCRATCH?"

"IT WAS ALL MY WIFE," MITZHI SAID, AS HE'D BEEN PROGRAMMED TO DO. "BUSINESS MAKES MY HEAD HURT."



"SO," LES SAID, "YOU'RE JUST A PRETTY FACE, THEN?"

*"UM, I SUPPOSE SO," MITZHI SAID. "LUCKY FOR ME, I'M **VERY** PRETTY."*

*AS MITZHI TURNED TO LEAVE, LES GRABBED HIS ASS AND GAVE IT A SQUEEZE.
"YOU HAVE AN INCREDIBLE ASS, HONEY."*

MITZHI GIGGLED. "YOU'RE SO BAD," HE COOED.

"I WANT ONE," LES SAID AFTER MEETING MITZHI. "MY HUSBAND WOULD BE PERFECT AS A BEACH BUNNY."

"CONSIDER IT DONE," I SAID. WE SHOOK HANDS. I'D BEEN LOOKING FOR A HOBBY, AND I STARTED TO WONDER HOW MANY OTHER SUCCESSFUL WOMEN MIGHT WANT TO TURN THEIR HUSBAND OR SOME OTHER GUY INTO A TROPHY WIFE. IT WAS, I THOUGHT, THE ULTIMATE SIGN OF STATUS.

