

Vendetta
by
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The following material is rated

X

Mature Readers

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Anthony Chianti did not sleep well on the night of October 22nd. He slept, but not well. Anthony dreamt he had bugs crawling in his vagina, and he tossed and turned and thrashed, trying to get them out, running, screaming. The dream began with Tony sitting cross-legged on the grass on Chestnut Hill in Central Park. He was with Dahlia, one of the dancers at his gentleman's club, and they had some kind of picnic basket and were sipping wine, and in the dream he stole glances at her full breasts and thought about fucking her, and just as the urge came over him, he felt them- ants and millipedes-- crawling.

He screamed and struggled to his feet slapping at his legs, and he could feel them climbing inside him, and Dahlia just sat there sipping her wine with an amused look on her face. Tony, feeling a dirty sense of shame, and an all-consuming thought seized his confused and terrified mind; if I don't get these bugs out of me, I won't be a virgin anymore.

Tony ran then, screaming, terrified, painfully aware that everyone in the park was looking and laughing, and he found himself at the lake below Belvedere Castle, charging into the water, squatting down and pulling down his daisy dukes, and then shoving his hands into his panties and sighing with relief as the bugs washed free from his slit, and he felt a thrill of relief because he had preserved his maidenly innocence.

He found himself in church. A white veil hung over his face, and he clasped a bouquet of roses in his hands. He heard the wedding march playing on the organ, and his fluttered with pride because this was his special day, the day he had dreamt of ever since he'd been a little girl, and he had saved himself for marriage and would lay with his husband a sweet and innocent virgin.

And then he found himself back at the park, wearing Daisy Dukes, sipping wine with Dahlia, and when he thought about fucking her, he felt the bugs once again in his vagina, and he screamed.

The dream repeated and repeated. He tossed and turned until the sheets wound around him like a serpent, and finally, just at the point in the dream when he put his hands into his panties and felt them against his vagina, he woke with a shout, tumbling out of his bed and crashing to the floor. He thrashed against the tangled length of the sheet, swinging wildly at what he imagined was an attacker from one of the rival families, and he slammed his fist into the wall and felt a sharp pain shoot up his arm and grunted "fuck" as he started to realize where he was and what had happened.

The images from the dream flickered through his mind, and he reached down and felt his manhood with a sigh of relief and embarrassment. Bugs? Vagina? He thought. Wedding dresses? What the fuck?

A sweeping sense of shame came over him as he imagined what the guys would say if they knew. He dreaded what his enemies would think. And so, like a good catholic Mafioso, Tony resolved to do everything he could to block the memory of the dream from his mind and to pretend it never happened.

"Maria? Maria!"

"What?" He heard his wife yell from somewhere down the hall. She sounded irritated, but that was pretty much the way she always sounded.

"Where the fuck are you?"

His wife poked her head in the door. She still wore her cotton night gown. Her thick, curly unkempt black hair surrounded her face. "What?"

"Where were you?"

"I slept in the spare room," she said. "You were swinging around and yelling all night like you was havin' some kind of nightmare."

"I don't have fucking nightmares," he said.

"Well, I couldn't sleep 'cause as you weren't havin' a nightmare, you kept yelling crazy shit and practically hit me twice!"

"What was I yelling?" He asked, suddenly nervous.

"Something crazy... you kept saying vagina... vagina..."

"I dreamed I was fucking you," he said with a smile, eager to deflect her from even remotely sensing the truth about his dream. He put a hand on her shoulder and gave her a perfunctory, good morning kiss.

"I bet you were," she said. "So, I went down the hall and pretended I was fucking Al Pacino."

"Get me some breakfast, alright?"

"Yeah... yeah.... Take a fucking shower. You smell."

He took a shit. He took a shower. He shaved. Tony believed in routine. Discipline. He preached it to the guys in his crew all the time. It was his belief that most criminals got caught because they lacked discipline, made mistakes, did stupid shit to attract the cop's attention.

He got out of the shower and wandered to his dresser, toweling off his hair, he opened his top drawer and there on top of his neatly folded jockey shorts, lay a shimmering pair of pink silk panties with white lace trim.

Tony swallowed hard at the sight, and his eyes grew wide. They looked so pretty. So beautiful. He reached out and touched them with his fingertips; the material was soft and smooth, cool to the touch, and he felt a powerful and confusing need to slip into them. Who will ever know? He found himself thinking, picking up the panties and rubbing them against his cheek. In fact, it would be his little secret. How fun to go out wearing panties underneath is trousers, no one knowing but him?

But Tony focused his mind and knew he had to do what he always did. He put the panties back in the drawer and put on a pair of his cotton jockeys, and he dressed, quickly, eager to get away from that pretty little silk pair of underwear that some part of him so desperately wanted and needed to wear, and he thought about his dream and his vagina and put one foot in front of another, walking out the door and with each step he felt the pull of his panties--those panties-- get weaker.

This is not the day for this shit, he thought. Get it together. You can't afford this kind of fucked up thinking. The slightest sign of weakness, and the fucking animals in his crew would come after him like a pack of rabid jackals. Could he be having some kind of-- what? Freaking anxiety attack?

Fuck that, he thought to himself. I'm not a pussy.

"Smells good," he said walking into the kitchen and slipping into his usual chair at the kitchen table. Sausage was frying on the stove. Eggs steaming in the poacher.

"There's toast, too," his wife said absently. Tony grunted. His wife put a steaming plate of eggs and sausage in front of him, sat down and started eating her own. They didn't talk. Hadn't talked much in years, really. Knew each other too well to need or want to talk. And today, like most every day, Tony was glad for it. He mopped up the last of the egg yolk from the plate with a corner of his wheat toast--a rare concession to at least pretending to care about his health--and pushed his plate away. "Gotta get to work."

"Back for dinner?" His wife said without looking up.

"Nah. Late night. Got something I need to take care of."

"Be careful," she said.

"Always."

II

When Tony walked into the back room of First Rate Dry Cleaners, he found his captains waiting for him and frowned with grim approval. They knew better than to be late, and it pleased him to see them all their stupid, ugly faces there on time. Hugs and backslaps followed. They had never met at First Rate before; it was a dark front, meaning Tony kept the operation clean and the thugs clear so the feds probably wouldn't bother with the place. The NYPD he didn't to worry about. You could buy most of the cops on the force with a couple free submarine sandwiches and Yankee tickets.

But they still spoke in code.

"The Fat Man is having a party Friday," Tony said.

"Where at? The usual place?" Luigi asked.

"Nah. The one on the Westside."

"We gonna pay him a visit?" Little Mike said.

"Nah. Leave him alone." Tony responded.

"Completely?" Frankie Fingers asked.

"Completely and totally. Stay the fuck away from the Fat Man."

"You got it, boss."

"Alright. Get out there an' earn some money."

"Just like always."

They nodded and smiled grimly at each other, then got up and shook hands. They all left knowing the message that had really been sent; that Friday night they would assassinate Big John Scarvone, the leader of the rival Scarvone crime family.

Tony walked out into the crisp, cool October morning and snapped his fingers, humming "Fly Me To The Moon" as he tied his scarf around his neck. Scarvone, he thought. Fucking mook. He's disrespected me for the last time. I can't wait to see his fat face when I give it to him.

In the meantime, Tony made his way to midtown and his club on 54th Street--Girls, Girls, Girls. He walked in the door and shook hands with Mike Minervini, the fucking giant 6' 7" doorman who was almost as wide as he was tall. "Where's Dahlia?"

"In the back," Mike said. "A little afternoon delight, boss?"

"Mind your own fucking business," Tony said, giving the big man a wink.

When Tony walked into the dressing room, he found Dahlia at her dressing table, her mouth open in that sweet, feminine way as she brushed mascara onto her eyelashes. "Hi, Tony," she chirped in the soft, little girl's voice of hers. Her smooth, tan body was dressed in only a tiny little bra and panties, and Tony felt himself get hard immediately at the sight and sound of her.

He leaned against the door frame and watched as she made herself up. She met his eyes and smiled. It was a strange smile, knowing and ironic, like she knew something he didn't. Tony felt a little uneasy but pushed the feeling away.

Fuck, Tony thought looking at her. Dahlia was the perfect girl. Maybe the most beautiful girl he'd ever banged, and he'd had plenty of hot pussy in his life. Her face-- she had the wide-eyed innocence of a fawn, full, soft lips and that little chipmunk over-bite that made him crazy. A sprinkle of freckles across her nose, and it all combined to give her the face of an innocent young girl, which combined with her banging, fully developed womanly body drove Tony wild. She had small, slender arms and tiny wrists, a slender little waist that seemed impossibly small on top of those full, round hips, and thanks to Tony's insistence and generosity big, firm, bouncy and gravity defying d-cup breasts.

A brief memory of her sipping wine and giggling while he slapped at the bugs crawling up his legs and into his vagina flashed through his mind, but Tony willed it out of his conscious mind and stepped forward, took the lipstick out of Dahlia's hand and giving her breast as squeeze with his other hand, leaned in close and whispered into her ear, "I want to fuck the hell out of you right now."

Dahlia's eyes grew wide, and she laughed, accepting a kiss, her hands against his chest. "I love it when you talk dirty to me."

Tony scooped her into his arms, and she giggled girlishly, throwing her arms around his neck and nestling against his barrel chest. He carried her into her room at the back of the club and tossed her onto the bed, where she pushed herself onto her elbows and looked up at him from the hair that had fallen in her face, and she smiled, and god did her ever love her dimples, and she spread her legs and said, "come and get it."

III

Dahlia traced one of her fingernails down Tony's sternum, her naked body against his, and said "You're probably just tired," in soft, consoling voice. "It happens to every guy."

Tony stared at the ceiling in frustration. "It doesn't happen to me." His body was drenched in sweat, and he'd developed a pounding headache. They'd spent an hour trying, but he couldn't get it up. She'd tried playing with it, stroking it, putting it in her mouth, between her breasts... Tony had stroked and kissed her and breathed and gotten angry and smashed the lamp on her night table, and he wanted to fuck her so bad, to put her on her back and pound her until she screamed, and yet his dick had not just remained limp but it had seemed to shrink up like a turtle until he'd finally collapsed onto his back in exhausted frustration.

Dahlia kissed him on the chest, and whispered "you're mine" then the belly, then on the palm of each hand, each time whispering the words 'you're mine.'

Then she climbed on top of Tony, straddling his rib cage with those soft thighs of hers, and pulled the hair back from her face and with her soft little hands against his shoulders she smiled down at him, those amazing dimples, and looking at her face

Tony thought, she's so pretty. Tony found himself staring into those big eyes of hers. They were filled with secret amusement, excitement, and she leaned down and putting a finger beneath his chin tilted his head back and kissed him a long, slow kiss full of mysterious longing, and Tony put his hands on her hips and she slid her hands down to his chest and with her palms covering his nipples she whispered, "you're mine."

Tony felt a jolt, almost like an electric current, pass from her body to his, and a soft feeling of warmth came over him and he whispered, "I'm yours."

Dahlia laughed and clasped her little hands, looking down at Tony, and she bit her lip then leaned down and whispered, "I'm gonna fuck the hell out of you, you dirty, filthy little girl."

What the fuck did she just say? Tony thought, but immediately he felt a twitching downstairs, a rush of excitement, and his cheeks flushed as pleasure swept through his body, so he whispered "I love it when you talk dirty to me."

"I have a present for you," Dahlia said, climbing off the bed. Tony felt a little thrill and sat up eagerly. A present?

Dahlia took something from her dresser and turned around holding a tiny little pair of pink panties in her hands, pink panties with white lace trim, and Tony felt a thrill at the sight of them in Dahlia's hands, and he felt the desperate need for her to tell him to put them on because if she told him to that would make it okay.

"For you," Dahlia said, holding the panties out toward Tony.

He took them in his hands and rubbed them against his cheek, "Oh, thank you!" He said, looking up at Dahlia. He gave her a quick hug.

"Do you like them?"

"They're so pretty," he said, biting his lip. "So sexy."

"Do you want to put them on?"

"Yes," he answered without thinking. "Yes... yes, but, I can't."

"Why not?"

"I... I'm a man... and..." he struggled to explain, to think, but all he could think or say was that he had to put the panties on, and he couldn't put the panties on. He couldn't decide for himself, and he turned to Dahlia, his eyes wide and innocent and pleading. "Tell me what to do."

"Put them on," Dahlia said.

"Okay," Tony said, a feeling of relief coming over him. "Yes." He slipped into the panties, sliding them up his legs and feeling them soft and tight against his butt and hips, squeezing his junk, but they were so soft and so pretty and he felt a rush of pride

and satisfaction and putting his arms behind his head and lifting one knee he posed and said, "How do I look?"

"Sexy as hell," Dahlia said, and Tony giggled with joy because he wanted to be sexy and please Dahlia. "I have a few more things for you, baby," Dahlia said, and this time she held out a bra. Tony got weak in the knees at the sight of it and gasped, "Oh my god! Oh! But no! I can't! I'm a man!"

"Put it on," Dahlia said, and took it from her and held it against his chest with both hands, saying "Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!"

He had to wear it. He needed to wear it. Tony knew it was all wrong, that he couldn't be doing what he was doing, shouldn't be doing what he was doing, but he had to, he needed to, and he simply could not do anything that would make Dahlia angry.

Dahlia watched as Tony stood in his panties and struggled into his first bra. He was cute. As excited as a 10-year-old girl with her first training bra, and his face was so serious and intent as he reached back and struggled to hook himself into his new bra, to take one step further toward his new life. Poor little thing has no idea, she thought, and by the time he realizes what's happened it'll be too late.

When Tony got his bra hooked, he adjusted the straps on his shoulders and the empty cups on his chest and looked up at Dahlia, beaming with pride. He liked the feeling of the straps on his shoulders, the fabric across his back. It felt comfortable. Made him feel secure.

"You are so fucking hot!" Dahlia said.

Tony flushed and put his hands to his cheeks. "I feel so pretty."

"Well, you're not done yet," Dahlia said, and reaching into a box on the dresser, she pulled out a platinum blonde beehive wig, and Tony almost fainted.

"For me?"

"Of course."

"Oh my god," Tony said again, staring longingly at the wig. "I am so lucky!"

He took the wig and turned it in his hands, his eyes wide with wonder, and then he looked at Dahlia. "May I?"

"Yes, sweetie," she said. "You may. Put it on."

Tony found himself sitting at the dressing table in his bra and panties, his platinum blonde hair flashing in the lights. He held a tube of lipstick in his hand. A wet pink color that matched his bra and panties, and he met Dahlia's eyes in the mirror.

"Put it on," Dahlia said, leaning against the door.

Tony puckered his lips and brought the lipstick to his lips, but stopped. It was one thing to put on a bra and panties, a wig. They would all come off, and he could go about his day, but what about makeup? Would it all come off? Or would everyone see he'd been making himself pretty? He shook his head. "I don't know," he said.

"What are you worried about?"

"It won't... come off... and people will know about...."

"It will come off, sweetie," Dahlia said. "Put it on."

Tony started, stopped. Shook his head. He looked at himself in the mirror. At his ugly, man's face. His hairy chest. He didn't look pretty at all. This is all wrong, he said. He started to put the lipstick down, so Dahlia came over and reached under his bra, rubbing her soft palm against his flat nipple, and he felt a thrill of pleasure, and then she whispered in his ear, "I want to fuck you silly like the nasty bitch you are."

"I love it when you talk dirty to me," Tony said, picking up his lipstick. He puckered his lips and started to apply the wet pink paint to his lips. "No," he said. "Not yet."

"Okay. You're a hot little bitch without it," Dahlia said. "Let's fuck."

Tony giggled and gave her a wink.

Strange lovemaking followed. Tony felt as if he were in a dream. Dahlia slapping him. Calling him a bitch. Him taking it, needing it, loving it. She made him crawl and beg, and then he lay on his back as she mounted him.

He took off his wig. But he left wearing a bra and panties under his clothes. "You sure?" He asked Dahlia as she straightened his tie.

"Yes," Dahlia said. "It's an important step for you. You're going to feel so proud and strong when you walk out of here, you won't even believe it."

Tony walked out, and he did feel proud and strong. He didn't know why, but he did.

V

Anthony Chianti did not sleep well on the night of October 23rd. He slept, but not well. He tossed and turned and thrashed in his sleep. He dreamt that he had lost his purse. In the dream, he and Dahlia were shopping on 5th Avenue. Tony wore a knee length woolen skirt and an angora sweater that hugged his full breasts. Cute knee-high leather boots, and a little beret on top of his thick, curly blonde hair. Dahlia wore a matching outfit, and whenever Tony caught a glimpse of the two of them in a storefront window, he thought they looked almost like sisters, and the thought pleased him. He realized vaguely that he was a woman, but the thought did not disturb him. Instead, he enjoyed the feminine buzz of being pretty and stylish and shopping for shoes and clothes and jewelry with his best girlfriend.

Dahlia and he went from shop to shop, smiling and laughing and trying on dresses. Occasionally, Dahlia would point out a cute guy, and Tony would feel a mixture of shame and excitement, because he was a man and he didn't like other men, or shouldn't, and yet he wasn't a man anymore, so it made sense that Dahlia and he would talk about men and which ones they found cute. It's what girls always did in the movies.

And so, they found themselves at the Russian Tea Room with their shopping bags at their sides, and they sipped tea and giggled, and when the bill came Tony reached down and his purse was missing! He looked about frantically, peered under the table.

"What is it?" Dahlia asked.

"My purse," Tony said, feeling a wave of panic wash over him. "Oh my god! My purse!" He stood up unsteadily on his high-heeled boots feeling naked and vulnerable. All his credit cards and his make-up, everything! "Oh no," he said, "oh no."

"Miss? Is everything okay?" The maître d asked, rushing to Tony's side.

Tony started to cry. "Someone stole my purse! My wallet... Can you call the police?"

"Calm down," Dahlia said.

"Oh my god... oh my god..." Tony wrung his hands and the tears poured down his pretty cheeks. "Help me! Someone! Please!"

But the patrons in the restaurant started to chuckle and laugh, and Dahlia began laughing, and the maître d pinched Tony on the ass and said, "What kind of stupid woman loses her purse?"

"No," Tony said softly, "please."

"You're a stupid girl," Dahlia spat. "Helpless and stupid."

"No!"

"You lost your purse! Only someone stupid would lose her purse," someone yelled, and the crowd started to laugh, and people yelled, "Stupid! Stupid girl!"

"I am stupid," Tony said. "Just a stupid girl!" He looked at Dahlia and she was nodding and smiling. It was just like Dahlia always said. He was a dumb, dirty bitch, and he was lucky he had her to take care of him!

Dahlia stood and came to Tony's side. She smacked the maître d in the face and pulled out a gun, waving it around the restaurant. Tony shrieked and clung to Dahlia. The sight of guns scared him! "Shut the hell up," Dahlia barked. "All of you!"

The crowd grew silent. "Nobody talks to my girl that way!"

Tony buried his head on her shoulder and sobbed. "I'm so sorry," he said. "Thank you! Thank you!"

Dahlia pinched him on the ass and whispered. "Let's go. I want to fuck you even stupider."

"I love it when you talk dirty," Tony whispered back.

And then he found himself walking on 5th Avenue with Dahlia, and glancing in the storefront window, he thought they looked like sisters, and the thought pleased him. He realized he was a woman, but it didn't bother him much. He felt a fine, feminine buzz and the thrill of shopping, and felt safe and secure with his Luis Vuitton purse slung over his shoulder.

The dream repeated itself again and again. Tony woke alone, and he wasn't surprised. He shit and showered, and shaved. A creature of habit, he didn't think twice about slipping into his bra and panties. He only ate half his breakfast. He thought he looked fat, and he wanted to get more slender, have a flat, firm tummy. Like Dahlia. As he started to walk out the door, he paused, pestered by a nagging feeling he was not quite dressed, that he was forgetting something... my purse... he thought, and flushed. What the hell? That stupid dream. It made him feel anxious and unsure. Here he was wearing a bra and panties under his Italian suit, worrying about forgetting his purse? It wasn't right. He knew it wasn't right. He needed to talk to someone about it, someone he could trust: Dahlia. Of course. She would help him understand.

VI

Tony came through the Lincoln Tunnel and into Weehawkin, NJ. Traffic wasn't too bad. He had to go and meet his Jersey guy about some things. He felt distracted and fuzzy-

headed, unable to focus. Images from his dreams kept flashing through his mind... the bugs in his vagina... shopping with Dahlia, the comfortable feel of his breasts, full and heavy in his bra, his smart, fashionable high-heel boots, and most of all that to die for purse! He put his fingertips to his lips and felt a rise of panic. Stop, he thought. Stop! Stop thinking about it!

He'd always had an iron will, had always been able to control his fears and now... he just wanted to talk to Dahlia... to talk to someone he could trust, who would understand...

"Shit!" He realized he'd missed his turn, and his anger grew stronger and turned more deeply against himself: "I am such a dumb bitch!"

He couldn't focus in the meeting. He felt self-conscious about the bra and panties he wore under his suit. It was the first time he'd done business wearing his pretty little things, and when the meeting ended, he instinctively reached down for his purse, his hand moving around and finding only air.

"You drop something?" Frankie said.

Tony realized what he'd been doing and said, "nah. Nah. Arm fell asleep." Standing, he straightened his back, met Frankie's eyes and gave his hand a firm shake. "Have a safe drive back," Frankie said.

"Thanks," Tony said, letting himself out. As he walked into the cold, fall sunlight, he felt a sudden thrill. Frankie hadn't suspected a thing! He could wear his panties and bra and

no one would ever know. It gave him a thrill, having his secret, and he decided he liked it. But, of course, he would tell Dahlia.

He drove right back to New York and handed his car off to the doorman at Girls! Girls! Girls! Practically ran into the club and found Dahlia on the stage, practicing her routine. She was wearing a white corset that really set off her cinnamon skin, and Tony watched in awe as she wrapped her legs around the poll and hung backwards, smiling at him upside down, the firm d-cups he's bought for her round and firm in the corset. She sat up and swung herself down from the poll, smiling.

"Hey, sexy," Tony said, feeling a sense of relief just at the sight of that gorgeous face.

Dahlia crouched at the edge of the stage and tilted Tony's face back, giving him a quick kiss. "Hey, big boy," she said.

Tony put his hands on her hips and lifted her down from the stage, and she giggled prettily as he set her gently down on her feet. "Wanna drink?" She said.

"Nah. Let's go back to the dressing room and talk."

"Sure," Dahlia said, and taking Tony's hand into her small, soft little hand, she led him to the back room. He watched her firm round little ass sway, and the thought popped into his mind: I wonder what it's like to have an ass like that?

"What?" Dahlia said.

"Oh, uh, nothing..." Tony said, shocked to realize he must have spoken his thoughts out loud.

"Something about my ass?"

"Yeah. It's fucking hot as hell!"

Once they were in Dahlia's room, she locked the door, turned and put her arms around Tony, accepting his kiss. "Want to help me out of this?" She asked.

"Not yet," Tony said. "I really need to talk to you."

"Oh," Dahlia said. "You really do want to talk?"

"Yeah. Weird, right?"

"I think it's sexy!"

Tony first told her he had put on a bra and panties under his clothes that morning. He'd worn a set out the night before, so it seemed safe. Dahlia clapped her little hands and said, "I'm so proud of you!"

He talked about how he'd felt wearing them out the door, knowing he had them on under his suit during the meeting, the rush he felt after. "It feels right," he said, "but wrong, too."

"Why?"

"Cause guys ain't supposed to wear girl's underwear."

"Since when did Tony Chianti follow the rules?"

"Since never," he answered.

She kissed him. "And that's why I love you."

It felt good to hear her say that, to tell him she loved him. He felt reassured, protected, and so he looked away, blushing and said, "I've been having dreams."

Dahlia's eyes grew wet and hot, like she was getting aroused at the admission. "Tell me," she whispered hoarsely.

Tony began to tell her about the park, the bugs, his vagina. As he was talking, Dahlia helped him out of his coat, his shirt and trousers...soon he was curled up on the bed in his bra and panties, a thin, transparent silk gown over his shoulders, staring into Dahlia's eyes, holding his hands, as he told her about the dream with the purse, and how he now found himself constantly wanting to have purse over his shoulder.

"And so," he finished, "I feel like I am being such a dumb bitch about all this."

"Oh, Tony," Dahlia said. She let go on one of his hands and stroked his cheek. "I feel so honored that you would share all of this with me, that you trust me enough to tell me your dreams and secrets. I'm really proud of you for having the courage to share your secrets."

Tony felt himself start to cry and said, "Oh, no..."

"Yes," Dahlia said, "Yes. Let your tears flow freely."

And so he did, and Dahlia held him as Tony Chianti cried for the first time since he'd been a little boy, and he buried his face in her thick, pretty blonde hair and felt warm and safe in her arms.

When he seemed cried out, Dahlia gave him a tissue, and he wiped his eyes and blew his nose. "So," he said, "am I going crazy?"

"No," she answered. "Not at all." She handed him a glass of white wine.

Tony sipped his wine. It was sweet and smooth, felt warm in his throat and belly. "You sure?"

"Yes. I have a degree in psychology, you know."

"Really? Then... what are you doing here?"

"Don't worry about that right now. Let's keep the focus on you and what to do about your dreams."

"Well, if I am not going crazy, what? I mean, I can't start carrying a purse."

"Why not?"

"Why not?"

"Are you scared people would laugh at you?"

"Dahlia, people would kill me."

"What if there were a way? A way you could wear pretty boots and a skirt, carry whatever purse you wanted, what if it could be true, Tony? Would you do it then?"

"I don't see how..."

"If it were possible, would you do it?"

"Yes," he said, surprised as the word tumbled out of his mouth. "Yes." It was what he wanted.

Dahlia smiled. "Tony, I am going to say something now. Tell me if it's true."

"Okay."

"You are tired of being a man."

"Yes," he said with a shock as he realized it was true.

"You're tired of the pressure, the aggression, always having to be in control, make all the decisions..."

"Yes! Yes!" He said. "Yes!"

Dahlia paused and stared into his eyes. Tony started back, transfixed, expectant. He was holding his breath, waiting for her to say it, to make it real.

"You want to be a woman."

"YES!" He screamed as a ball of anger and rage uncoiled inside him and he felt a rush of power.

"Say it!" Dahlia yelled.

"I want to be a woman!" Tony yelled.

"Louder! Own it!"

"I want to be a woman! I want to be a woman! I want to be a woman!"

And then he began crying again as the tension seemed to leave his body and a terrifying sense of peace and calm settled over him. Dahlia gathered him in her arms once more and patted him on the back, murmuring, "There, there. There, there." Inside, she was laughing.

VII

Tony sat in a dark booth at the back of his club, alone, waiting for Dahlia's show to begin. He was wearing his suit, but underneath he wore a corset and stockings that matched the outfit Dahlia would wear when she danced. Dahlia had pulled it tighter and tighter and tighter, crushing his mid-section and painfully reshaping his body into an hourglass shape that had thrilled him.

As the music thumped and the DJ barked out, "ladies and gentleman, give it up for the hottest little Italian Princess in the world. Dahlia Darling!!!"

The crowd howled and Dahlia strutted onto the stage, Tony folded his hands beneath his chin and watched, fascinated as she moved across the stage like a cat. His mind watched every step, every gesture, the way she blew kisses at the audience, tossed her hair, shook her butt. "She's so pretty," he thought. "So sexy." She started to work the pole, and he thought, "I wish I was her! She's so lucky!" She spun and danced and kicked, and then in a flash she seemed to slip right out of her corset, and she was on stage with her arms over her head, shaking those big, gorgeous breasts, and everyone in the audience howled, and Tony suddenly found himself on stage, and he was naked and his full breasts swayed and he could hear the men howling, and he bent forward and cupped his breasts and squeezed them and felt a trill as the audience hooted and howled because he was sexy and pretty and gorgeous; he was Dahlia, and he loved it.

Suddenly, he was back in the booth, a raging boner pressing at his pants, and he shook his head, but Dahlia looked right at him, and she winked before turning and strutting off the stage, giving him and the audience one last look at that perfect rounded ass of hers.

They didn't speak after the show. Dahlia took Tony in her arms and they kissed, a long, slow, complicated kiss, and then Dahlia pushed Tony onto his back, and she straddled him and fucked him, and he moaned and made little chirping noises, and he found himself in her body again, her inside him as he gasped and his eyes went wide and looking down he saw Dahlia in his body grinning up at him from between his bouncing breasts and then he was back in his body, feeling cheated, unfinished, and when Dahlia screamed as her female orgasm consumed her he felt a twinge of jealousy..

Once they finished, Dahlia fell immediately to sleep, and Tony found himself staring at the ceiling in a cloudy haze of pleasure, joy and confusion. His mind was a happy blur of all that had happened: watching Dahlia dance in pretty fascination, wanting to be the one stage with his own small, curvy body and then finding himself there, on stage, his breasts swaying as sweat poured down his face. He remembered his dreams about

purses and shopping and his wedding dress... he thought about the feeling of Dahlia's hard rod inside him, how good it felt, how complete it made him feel, how badly he had wanted her to come inside him.

Turning on his side, he touched Dahlia's hair and pulled it back, looking at her soft face. And he realized he didn't want to be just any woman. He wanted to be Dahlia. He wanted that soft little brown body, those breasts, those dainty wrists and ankles... that sweet, innocent face with those big, soft lips. He drifted off to sleep, and he dreamt of getting fucked by Dahlia--Dahlia in his body, on top of him, thrusting into him, and in his dream he begged for it in his small, soft voice.

He woke slowly, feeling warm and fuzzy. He was still wearing his corset, and he pulled up his panties and straightened his stockings. He looked at Dahlia's dressing table and smiled. He sat at the dressing table, picked up a tube of lipstick and, puckering up, began to paint his lips.

Dahlia stirred, and he glanced back and saw her sit up and then look at him, her eyes hard intense and wet, like a bull's. Tony giggled and picked up the mascara wand, and his mouth falling open, he started to brush the mascara onto his lashes, thrilled as they grew thicker, longer and wetter.

Dahlia grunted. She stared. Tony felt a thrill. He loved it when she watched him put on his make-up.

Tony felt the cold metal of the stripper pole clenched between his thighs, he effortlessly dismounted, spinning in his heels and bending over, showing his ass to the room. He was pleased and surprised at how effortless it seemed, how fun, how... right. It all seemed to come so naturally to him. He was a born stripper!

When he finished Dahlia cut the music and squealed, "You're amazing!"

Tony's hands fluttered and he looked down, his toes turned in, knees touching. "I'm not nearly as good as you!"

Dahlia came to the stage. She wore trousers and a dress shirt now. A man's blazer. "You're better," she said. "The best! You're an amazing little dancer, Tony!"

He flushed with pride and batted his thick lashes, brushing a strand of his blonde hair from his eyes. "You really think so?"

"I know so."

"I just wish... I wish I were pretty..."

"I know," Dahlia said. "And you will be. We just have to keep getting closer and closer and closer. The more you live as me, the more you will become me. You do believe that, right?"

"Yes."

Dahlia took his hand and kissed it. "God, babe, I can't wait to make the change. When I was inside you, fucking you, looking up and seeing the look of pure ecstasy on your face? I never felt so amazing in all my life!"

"How long will it take?" Tony said, his voice rising in pitch. "I just want to be you right now, to have your body, your face, to have you inside me...."

"The harder we work at it, the faster it will happen," Dahlia said. "Come on."

"What now?"

"We make you into me," she said, "by letting you live as me."

Life became a blur. Tony followed along as Dahlia brought him first to a body waxing salon. They both got waxed from head to toe, Tony thrilling in the pain that he knew would become a regular part of his new life. Dahlia looked over and smiled when the girl's started to wax the area around his groin and he yelped. "Gonna have to get used to that, sweetie."

"I know," Tony whispered. "And I like it."

Once all of his body hair had been removed, Tony ran his fingers along the smooth, hairless skin of his thigh. It looked so pretty to him now, his skin, and he knew that even were he doomed to remain a man he would want to always be waxed and smooth and

pretty. After, the girls rubbed oils into his sensitive skin, and then sweet, lavender powder.

After the two sat in soft pink robes, their skin smooth and glowing, smiling at each other, and more girls came in and started to do their mani-pedis. Tony would have to settle for a guy's version. Dahlia didn't want to look girly when she took over his body, but as they sat and chatted, he felt their consciousness switching back and forth as he would suddenly hear himself talking in her soft, pretty voice, feel the now comfortable feeling of her breasts. He looked down at his little hand as the girl worked on his fingernails and looked up at Dahlia, who grinned back at him with his own rugged face. "You are so hot," she said, and he blushed.

They went to the mall, and Dahlia let Tony hold her purse. He felt an electric shock when she handed it to him and said, "be a dear and hold my purse for me."

Tony took it, flushing, and Dahlia exchanged a conspiratorial look with the salesgirl, but Tony, suddenly conscious of the bra and panties he wore beneath his the slacks and button down shirt he wore--which matched Dahlia's outfit--felt excited and proud, like he's earned a reward. Throughout the next few hours as they gabbed like old girlfriends and talked about clothes and shoes, boys and handbags--he took every opportunity to hold he purse for her, even sling it over his shoulder sometimes, or sitting patiently with it in his lap, his knees together, while she tried on dresses.

He found himself in her body, in the dressing room slipping into a fun little party dress, and he came out of the dressing room, did a twirl and giggled, clapping his little hands. "You can't wear that dress," Dahlia said gruffly.

"Why not?" Tony chirped.

"Because I'll splurge all over myself just at the sight of you!"

"That's gross," Tony said stomping one of his little feet.

"But true."

He got to spend half the visit to Victoria's Secret in her body. It was a special thrill, trying on bras and talking to the salesgirl about different cuts of panties.

"You are so pretty," the girl said at one point.

"Thank you," Tony answered, surprised and pleased to receive a compliment from another female.

"Are you a model?"

"I'm a dancer," he answered proudly.

"Oh! No wonder you have such great legs."

They got a hotel room. Put on matching teddies. Kissed. Touched each other's faces and caressed their smooth bodies, consciousnesses flickering back and forth. Dahlia had brought along fudge sickles shaped like penises, and they giggled and sucked and licked them together. "You're a nasty little slut," Dahlia said.

Tony smiled. He loved it when she talked dirty to him.

Finally, Dahlia said, "Are you ready to be me?"

"Yes."

"Get on your hands and knees."

"What...?"

"It's the only way."

Tony got on his hands and knees. He was in his own body, and he felt scared and vulnerable in that position. Dahlia slipped down his panties and said, "get ready."

Tony held his breath and waited. He could sense Dahlia behind him, waiting... waiting... he started to look back, but she barked, "don't look at me!"

"Okay... okay!"

Close your eyes and think about your dreams, about your dancing, about being in my body while I fucked you..."

Tony closed his eyes, he let the memories pour over him, through him, memories of dreams and lives he had never lived, and now the ones he did.... What do you do? The girl had asked and without hesitation he had answered, "I'm a dancer."

He felt it hard and cold as Dahlia thrust it between his butt cheeks and into him. He made a small noise, felt terrified and wanted to jump up and run, but no. He bit his lip and as she started to push and pull and push and pull and he experienced his first anal penetration he had the sense that this was a one-way street. The life he'd known was over, now and forever, and Tony would never be the same old Tony again.

And then it stopped. Dahlia slapped him on the ass and said, "I'm done."

Tony rolled onto his side and looked back at her in confusion. "But, I'm still me."

"Not really."

I don't understand. Dahlia pinched him, and he jumped. "Sleep little dancer," she said, "and when you wake up, you will start your new life."

Tony sank into sleep as she commanded. He did not know what day it was or even what time. He did not sleep well, but he slept.

He dreamt he was at Girls! Girls! Girls! He wore one of his slick Italian suits and a fedora, like an old-time movie gangster. He was at one of the front tables, and his whole crew was there with him. "Let's drink to the memory of Big John Scarvone," Tony said raising his glass.

The guys all laughed and raised their glasses.

"In death as in life, he sleeps with the feces!"

Everyone laughed some more. Tony fished a Cuban cigar out of his pocket, bit off the end and lit it up.

"Hey, Tony. Maybe you ain't heard. Bloomberg banned smokin' indoors," Frankie said.

"Bloomberg can kiss my ass!"

The music started up. Tony took a deep drag from his cigar, felt the nicotine rush, blew the smoke into the air, and laughed. It was good to be king.

"Gentleman, grab your nuts," the DJ said, "because tonight the hottest little Italian piece of ass in NYC is going to shake his tits for you."

What the fuck? Tony thought. His tits?

"Let's hear it for our own favorite little bitch, Tony Chianti!"

"What the fuck?" Tony looked back at the DJ, ready to go back and slap the shit out of him, but then he heard his whole crew laughing. "Take it off!" "Show us those tits!"

He reached up and pulled the fedora off his head and felt shocked and ashamed as his long blonde hair tumbled out from under it and spilled down over his shoulders.

"Yeah, baby."

"Cut the shit," he said, touching his long blonde hair, but his voice was small and soft and pretty, like a girl's.

"Come on, baby. Get on stage and shake your ass," someone said from behind him, and Tony spun to look up into the leering face of John Scarvone.

"Fuck you," he said, but Scarvone slapped him across the face and Tony fell to his knees. Scarvone yanked him to his feet then, and ripped his shirt open to reveal Tony's full, D-Cup breasts nestled in a black lace bra. "What the fuck?"

Then, Scarvone grabbed him by his soft, round hips and lifted him onto the stage. Tony stood there in the lights, his arms crossed over his breasts, his knees together, perched on his stiletto heels, and the music blasted and thumped, and he felt it insistent and demanding.

"Take it off!"

"Show us your tits!"

"Do it!" Scarvone bellowed, and Tony started to shift nervously on his feet, doing a little step touch, and the men cheered, and he felt a thrill pass through his pretty little body, so he dropped his hands from his breasts, through his shoulders back and started to prance across the stage. More howls of approval, and now he felt sexy and alive, full of feminine power. Reaching down, he tore of the trousers, hearing the Velcro rip free, and throwing his pants into the audience he struck a pose in his little pink panties, showing off his long, round legs perched In his heels, then he turned and showed the audience his firm round ass, and they cheered, and he bent over and shook his ass at the men and felt a thrill of power as the heat of their need washed over him.

Slipping out of the shirt that still clung to his shoulders he pranced in his bra and panties, raising his slender little arms, then burying his hands in his masses of blonde curls and licking his lips before wrapping his hands around the pole and starting his pole work, kneeling down and tilting his head back, ass out, tits forward....

He worked the pole and worked the pole, spun free and finally reached back, slipping out of his bra and tossing it into the audience, throwing his head back and shaking his full, soft breasts while tossing his golden hair and finally, finally, kneeling on the stage with his palms on the ground, head back, smiling like a girl about to give a guy a blowjob.

The crowd applauded and the music stopped. The lights came up, and Tony stayed kneeling on the stage, his soft little body covered in sweat. John Scarvone climbed onto the stage. Tony saw his own body right next to Scarvone. Dahlia. But...

"Well, let's hear it one more time for Tony Chianti, the hottest little piece of ass in NYC!"

The crowd cheered. Tony looked through the hair in his eyes to see the guys in his crew, leering and laughing, slapping each other on the back. Dahlia put a hand on Scarvone's shoulder and said, "signed, sealed and delivered, boss."

"Dahlia?" Tony whispered.

"You really are a stupid little bitch," Dahlia said.

"No..." Tony said. "No..." Tears started to fall from his eyes as he realized the depth of her betrayal.

"You're so dumb. You need to be a big-titted broad," Scarvone said.

"I loved you," Tony whispered, looking at Dahlia, not caring what anyone else thought, still hoping she would tell him the whole thing was a mistake, accept him as he was, love him the way he loved her.

Dahlia laughed, and then everyone in the room laughed.

Scarvone started to undue his pants. "Time for you to suck my dick like the dirty little bitch you are now," Scarvone said.

I'm just a dumb bitch, Tony thought. I thought Dahlia loved me, cared for me, but this whole time she was working for Scarvone? He looked down in shame, keenly aware of the weight of his breasts, the empty space between his legs, the long hair draped over his shoulders and falling down his back. He was a woman, Dahlia, a stripper. He felt something break inside him. Dumb, dirty bitch. That's all I am now.

"Get to work, baby," Scarvone said.

Tony looked up and Scarvone's dick was wagging in his face. He remembered the fudge sickles with Dahlia. It had all been leading him to this. I'm just a nasty slut, he thought. Just a dumb bitch. Tears falling from his big, pretty eyes, he took Scarvone in his mouth, and the room erupted in laughter.

IX

Tony went to aerobics every day. Yoga. He dieted. It was important for him to keep his figure. He danced six nights a week at Girls! Girls! Girls! Sunday was date night. His boyfriend Big John Scarvone took him out and showed him off. The people in the know knew the hot little stripped with the huge tits and incredible ass was actually Tony Chianti, former mob boss who had planned on having Scarvone whacked and instead ended up sucking the other man's dick. Other people just saw him as a piece of dumb eye candy.

Either way. Scarvone loved having Tony on his arm, a sexy little toy for him to play with.

Tony just.. got used to it.

Days turned to weeks. Weeks to months. He shaved his legs. Put on his make-up. Came up with new dance routines.

At first, the girls were mean to him. They all knew he used to be their boss, had been a man, a stud. And they had all watched him get on his knees and suck John Scarvone's dick. They loved it, seeing him brought down, and they teased him. "How do you like sucking cock, baby? You're such a natural!"

They pinched him on the ass. Came up behind him and grabbed his boobs. He realized quickly that he had not only lost his manhood and become a woman, a stripper, but that he was at the bottom of the heap when it came to the girls. He was everyone's bitch now.

It didn't help that he was the prettiest girl at the club, either. It made them hate him for a whole other set of reasons.

So, he smiled and laughed and was as sweet and accommodating as could be, the sweet little girl who just wanted everyone to be happy. And gradually, when they saw he accepted his place, the girls started to be nicer to him, to invite him into their group, and he felt a little safer and happier having a group of females to belong to. His social life became typical of any little stripper. They dressed up and went to clubs to dance and flirt with guys. Had baby showers. Engagement parties. He was a bridesmaid for the first time, wearing a little pink dress with flowers in his hair. He was one of the girls, and he got used to it.

On date nights he always went to the salon and got his hair and nails done. He usually had a new dress to wear. Something tight and small that showed off his little curvy body and his breasts. Stiletto heels and, of course, a pretty purse. Scarvone loved having Tony dolled up as pretty as possible, and Tony obliged smiling and giggling and clinging to Scarvone's arm being the perfect little feminine girlfriend and letting the whole world see that Tony had been crushed, defeated, and had accepted his new life as a woman.

And he had. Sure, Tony had dreams just like any girl. He wanted a man to love him and rescue him from his life as a stripper, marry him, give him babies. But, in the meantime, he had it better than a lot of the girls. And if he had to put up with John and his... crude... habits... so be it.

He saw Dahlia in his body sometimes. Tall, broad-shouldered, handsome. She'd lost weight and put on some muscle. She looked really handsome. Whenever she saw Tony she grinned and winked, running her eyes over his curvy little body, and he looked away, feeling himself blush. He still loved her, and still fantasized she would one day love him back, but in the meantime, he at least hoped Dahlia was happy, and that she was taking good care of his wife.

Winter passed. Spring came. Tony was on his back, naked, making soft little noises while John Thrust mechanically into him. "Oh God," Tony whispered, "oh my god." He tried to fake an interest because John got really mad whenever he suspected Tony wasn't loving getting fucked by him. But, the truth was, John was not much of a lover, and secretly Tony made fun of him whenever he talked to the other girls. "I call him Blink," Tony would say, fixing his make-up, "because sex with him is so short if I blink, I'll miss it."

He lay there on his back thinking about maybe doing some Netflix when John was done. He'd been meaning to catch up on the latest season of Once Upon a Time.

"Tell me you're a dumb bitch," John grunted, thrusting away. It was one of his favorite lines, but even he seemed to be getting bored with it.

"I'm a dumb bitch," Tony repeated mechanically.

"You're a nasty little slut," John said.

"Yeah," Tony said, "nasty." He yawned.

John saw the yawn, the boredom, and he growled, "The fuck you say."

He reached down and pulled his dick out of Tony, grabbed it in his hands and sprayed his cum into Tony's face and onto his breasts.

"Fuck you!" Tony squealed in his pretty little voice.

John slapped him across the face, and when Tony started to roll away from him, John grabbed his little wrist and yanked him back onto the bed, throwing him down. "I'm gonna make you pay," he said. "I'm gonna fucking make you suffer you goddamn stupid slut." He smacked Tony across the face. Twice. So hard Tony saw stars.

"I'm sorry," Tony said, pleading, worried John was going to permanently harm his perfect, pretty face. "I'm sorry! I'm a nasty slut! A nasty slut!"

John punched him in the stomach. "Shut your stupid fucking mouth!"

He turned Tony over and grabbed his hips, pulling his ass into the air. Tony closed his eyes and breathed, fighting back the tears.

"Beg me to fuck you in the ass."

"Fuck me.... Oh, please... take me in the ass..." Tony said.

John began to thrust into him again and again, but he had emptied himself and finally Tony just felt the pulsing with no pay off, and John grunted and slapped Tony hard on the ass, grabbed his hair and yanked it so hard Tony screeched in pain and let the tears pour out as he felt himself overcome with shame and terror.

John flipped Tony over, and Tony raised his slender arms defensively. Seeing the fear and tears on Tony's pretty face and seeing the other former man cower, John just laughed and got off the bed. "That's better," he said. "Remember your place. You're just a fucking whore now, Tony, and you better damn well remember it, or I'll sell your ass to the Russians, and then you'll really find out how hard life can be for stupid little bitches like you."

Tony just nodded, afraid to speak, and John reached down and viciously twisted his nipple, making him squeal.

"Hahahaha. Now go and wash my jizz off your face. Christ."

Tony hurried to the bathroom to do as he'd been told, his breasts bouncing. He washed the cum off his face, his breasts, and as he dried himself off with a towel, John came up and slid a hand up the inside of this thigh. He used the other to cup Tony's breast. "You really are a sweet piece of ass," John said.

"Thank you," Tony said softly.

John's hand slid up further along Tony's thigh, right up to his twat. He squeezed Tony's tit. Kissed him on the shoulder. "I want you to get a tattoo on the small of your back. I want it to say, "Bitch."

"Okay," Tony whispered. "I just want to please you."

"That's a good little slut, then." With that, John gave Tony's ass a squeeze and kissed him on top of the head. "Just don't you ever forget what you are now. Got it?"

"I'm just your little bitch."

"Yes, you are."

John left. Tony cried while he turned on the hot water and started to fill the tub, eager to scrub the stench of Big John off his body. Would he really sell me to the Russians?

Tony wondered, and he knew the answer was yes. In fact, as he thought about it now, the thought terrified him because it seemed inevitable. He'll get tired of me, Tony thought. I'll start to lose my looks. The novelty of being able to fuck me will wear off; he's already getting bored with me. And then what will happen?

What did it matter? He put his hair up. This is my life now. I'm just a stripper. A dumb bitch. I have no say anyway in what happens to me. He opened up a new jar of bath salts that someone had sent him as a present. Guys were always sending him presents. They were usually sad, shy, lonely guys who came to the club again and again and fell in love with the strippers. One of them had sent him sea salt with lavender and sage, and the jar claimed it would purify. Tony chuckled. Like anything could purify a slutty little dancer like him.

Still, he poured the salt into his bath and lit a candle. It would be good to relax and breathe, try to forget what had just happened. He still did his best to bury his feelings, to simply deny they existed, like the good little Catholic girl he had now become. Well, maybe not so good, but certainly a girl.

He got on the bath and instantly felt his body relax as it was covered in the warm water, and he sighed as the smell of sage and lavender filled the air, and he submerged his slender, soft little body in the warm water, the herbs and salts began to work, and the powerful spells that had been placed on Tony, that had filled his head with girlish dreams and needs and desires began to unravel and break, and Tony closed his eyes as a kind of darkness seemed to be lifted from him, and when he opened his eyes Tony realized everything was wrong.

The terrible wrongness of his situation overcame him. He felt the weight of his breasts, the smallness of his body, and he lifted his tiny little hands and turned them over,

looking at his long nails covered in glittering polish. I am not a woman, he realized. I am not a dirty stupid little bitch.

He thought about getting fucked by Big John. Thought about the feeling of having another man's penis in his mouth, and he felt sick with rage and disgust. That mother fucker, he thought, standing up in the bath, his breasts swaying as he lifted himself out of the water. His whole body felt wrong--too soft and small and round, and it angered him to realize what they had done to him. Stepping out of the tub, he took a towel and started to dry off his body, looking in the mirror he saw, as if for the first time, his impossible feminine face; his wide, soft, doe-like eyes, the tiny little upturned nose, his full, soft lips and that little overbite. He dropped the towel and looked at his soft shoulders and slender arms, the full weight of his breasts, those amazing firm d-cups he'd bought for Dahlia and which were now, at least for now, his.

Payback, Tony thought. I may be stuck like this, I may have been fucked and humiliated in front of everyone, betrayed by everyone. I may be small and weak and a pretty little female, but I will make all those fuckers pay.

He looked at his pretty face and smiled. They'll never see it coming, he thought with a grin. Never. Because they think I am only a dumb little bitch. But I am Tony Chianti. He cupped his breasts. His magnificent breasts. I am Tony Chianti, he repeated to himself. And this bitch has balls.

He walked back into his room and went to his dresser. He picked up a pair of little silk panties. His mind recoiled at the thought of wearing them. He was a fucking man, whatever his body said, but he knew what he had to do to get revenge. As things stood, his best asset was his... well, ass. He was small and weak, but he was hot as hell, with the face of an angel, and he would need to use his looks to get what he wanted.

Just for now, he thought as he slipped into his panties. Just for now, he thought as he harnessed his breasts into a push-up bra. Just for now, he thought, recoiling at the thought of putting on one of his little dresses, showing off his tits and ass. But he did, and then he strapped on a pair of heels and sat down, took a breath and began to put on his make-up.

Just for now, he thought. Just for now. Just for now I'll be a bitch.

X

The club manager was a mook everyone called Tiny Francone. Even now, in his heels, Tony was taller than Tiny, but once Tony had been turned into Dahlia Tiny never missed a chance to crap on him, making lewd comments about his tits, his ass, and always grabbing and touching him. Tony knew that his friend Tiny went out every day for lunch, so it was easy to just walk right into the office and open the safe. The dumbass hadn't even bothered to change the combination. Tony stuffed hundred-dollar bills into his purse. Put a plastic bag with just a little sweet brown heroin into the safe.

Leaving the office, he walked out into the light and the busy streets of New York City. He felt cold and exposed, his naked legs chilled by the spring breeze. Stopping by a park, he took out his cellphone and called John.

"Yeah?" John said gruffly.

"Hi, Johnny," Tony said in a small, soft voice.

"What is it, babe?"

"Um, I don't know if I should tell you, but I was scared..."

"Tell me."

"I think, well, I'm just a girl, but I think..."

"What!?"

"I think maybe I saw Tiny, um, shooting up?"

"The fuck you say."

"I'm sorry!" Tony said. "I shouldn't have called you!"

"No. You did the right thing, babe. Now, you just don't worry your pretty little head about that anymore, a'right?"

"Okay, Johnny. Whatever you say."

Tony ended the call and smiled, thinking of all the times Tiny has slapped him on the ass. He knew very well that Tiny was about to be whacked. And as Tony walked down the street to put the remainder of his plans for revenge in place, he swung his purse and giggled. Men are so easy to manipulate!

He made a few visits. Reconnected with some old friends. Made some new ones.

The week advanced. Tiny disappeared. It made Tony sick when he had to dance each night, exposing himself like he did to a bunch of losers, letting them shove money into his G-string, his bra. The first night after remembering himself he trembled as he put on his makeup, and then stood backstage his whole body glittering, perched on his heels. He felt the wrongness of his jiggling little body, this pretty little life, but when they called his name, he smiled and danced onto the stage and showing off his long, slender limbs and full hips and tits, he danced and shook his ass and went through it knowing that it would all end soon.

I just need to be a man about this he thought, bending down so a slobbering idiot could shove money into his bra, and as he felt the man's grubby fingers against his soft breasts, Tony smiled and licked his lips and then wrapping his long legs around the pole he tossed his long blonde hair and did what he had to do. With a pretty smile.

XI

Tony wore an NYU tank top that showed off his slender little arms and was loose enough that everyone could see the sports bra he wore underneath, his smooth arm pits. He'd tied his long blonde hair back in a ponytail and wiggled into a pair of short shorts. It was a little cool in the spring air as he walked across Washington Square Park

toward the student center, but he'd gotten used to the reality that he would always be cold as a woman. It had been fun shopping to put together his coed look, and he had even gotten a pair of big, dark framed glasses to get that sexy/brainy look. Most of all he loved the feeling of the pink Nikes on his little feet. He felt so free and easy walking in something other than high heels! He checked out the other girls and smiled to himself, satisfied he was as hot as any college girl.

Inside the student life center, he saw there were three lines at the registration windows. The lines were short since it was mid-semester, but Tony got in the longest line because it was the only one with a young man behind the desk. Tony checked the guy out. He had a thick head of red hair, a scruffy face and bunch of string and leather bracelets. He was cute, and Tony looked forward to flirting with him.

When Tony walked up to the window, the guy was looking down at his computer, but as soon as he looked up into Tony's big, pretty brown eyes, he smiled. "Hey, you," the guy said.

"Hi," Tony said shyly.

"What do you need?"

"Well," Tony said. "I kinda need a little favor?"

"A favor?" The boy reached out and took Tony's hand, traced his thumb along the inside of Tony's wrist. Tony felt a tingle and didn't have to fake a smile.

"Why did you take my hand?"

"Because I only do favors for cute girls with really soft hands."

Tony giggled and touched the boy on the forearm. "I'm looking for someone? I think he might be a student here?"

After a little teasing and flirting, Tony got the information he wanted, and the cute college guy said, "Let's go shoot pool."

"Don't you have to work?"

"My shift just ended."

Tony stood there looking into the young man's eyes, thinking of what shooting pool and having a few drinks might lead to, and then the boy smiled, and it was like a bell went off in Tony head. "Okay," he said. "But I'll probably kick your ass."

"Oh? Big words, little one!"

Pool led where Tony thought it would lead. After, he lay on the narrow little dorm bed holding a strand of his golden hair between his fingers, looking at it shine in the slanting sunlight falling peacefully through the window. Erik's arm lay across Tony's belly, warm and gentle as the man slept. It was the first time Tony had slept with a guy just for fun, and it had been fun, full of giggles and kisses and sweet, attentive touching. Erik was a

boy still, young and sweet, so unlike the crude and filthy men Tony had known as a stripper or had been when he was a man for that matter.

Tony slid out from under Erik's arm and dressed. Erik woke as Tony was getting ready to head out the door, so Tony gave him a kiss on the cheek.

"See ya, Dahlia," Erik said. "You're a fun girl."

"Thanks for a great roll in the hay, stud," Tony said, and he gave his ass a little extra shake as he walked out the door.

Date night finally arrived. Big John walked into Tony's room and found Tony curled up on his bed, smiling, completely nude, the whole room lit with the flickering light of candles. "What the fuck is this?"

Tony smiled and tossed his hair back. "I was hoping we could stay in tonight," he said in his prettiest, sexiest voice. "I just want you... inside me."

John looked annoyed, but Tony sat back on his haunches and pushed his breasts out, licking his lips. "Please fuck me," he whispered, "like the dirty little bitch I am." And then he held up a pair of steel handcuffs that flashed in the candlelight.

John smiled. He liked this new energy from his little slut slave. There was something new there, an excitement he hadn't seen before, and it gave him a thrill. "Yeah," John said. He untied his tie. "I like this new you."

"Me, too," Tony said with a giggle. He stood up and strode across the room as sleek and sexy as cat, picking up a rocks glass half full of Big John's favorite scotch and taking a belt. He tipped his head back then, and when John leaned in for the kiss, Tony let the scotch flow into Big John's mouth, reaching down and giving his hardening dick a squeeze, smiling as John swallowed the whiskey.

He handed the glass to John, who swallowed down the rest of the whiskey and then as Tony turned and strutted back to the bed, John followed Tony's sweet round ass right back to the bed, and just managed to finish undressing before the drugs in his drink made him limbs go limp and collapsed onto the bed unable to move.

"What?" John struggled to say.

"Payback time," Tony said with a smile, slipping Big John's coat over his shoulders. He went over to the phone and picked it up, punched the number in. "He's ready," Tony said.

"I'll fucking.... I'll fucking kill...." He could barely speak, his words coming out in a hissing whisper.

Tony ignored him and instead leaned over him and ran his hands over John's chest. "I think you are going to look really cute with a pair of tits," he said.

"No..." John whispered.

"Big boobies all your own."

"No..."

He traced his finger down John's sternum, along his belly and right down to his groin.

"And, of course, a twat between your legs."

"Fuck..." John said. "No."

"Oh yeah. You're going to be a bitch, too, sweetie pie. We can be, like, sisters!"

"You bitch."

"Takes one to know one." Tony lifted his Ipad and traced it along John's body. "I'm going to film your sex-change and put it on You Tube. Just for extra fun times!"

John couldn't move, found he couldn't speak. His rage came out of him in the form of tears.

"You made a lot of enemies over the years, John. And it wasn't hard to find people who wanted to help me. I did have to suck one guy's dick, but I figured it would be worth it to take away yours. I think I am going to name you Fawn, by the way. Isn't that a pretty name for a girl?"

John watched helplessly as four tall, burly men wearing black leather masks came in, lifted him onto a gurney and throwing a sheet over his head, carried him away.

He found himself in an operational theater. Tony forced him to watch. Mirrors on the ceiling. The doctor wore a mask-- if she even was a doctor. She didn't speak, nor did the nurses. She just lifted a scalpel and waved it before John's eyes. He watched the blade flash, tried to shake his head, managed to hiss, "No! Please!"

But then the doctor brought it down and effortlessly sliced off his penis. He didn't feel anything physically, but his mind screamed, and he imagined he could feel the knife thrusting into his belly, his heart, it was terrible and impossible and he couldn't look away from the bloody wound between his legs and the doctor standing there holding his penis in the air like a fucking trophy.

And then in his first act as a former man he fainted; Fawn fainted just like a princess in an old-time story.

He woke to pain. It felt like his whole body was just one huge agonizing pain. Images, horrible memories flooded his mind, and he opened his eyes to look up at the ceiling, the still mirrored ceiling, He now had big, soft, smooth breasts with full, fleshy nipples. They'd slipped a pair of purple panties onto him, but he could see they covered a smooth, flat space between smooth, hairless legs. Tits. He had tits. Then he noticed the tattoo that ran just above his panty line; the word Bitch in swirly, feminine letters.

As for his face? It was completely covered in some kind of plaster mask. He could imagine what they'd done to him, but he knew he wouldn't like it. Had Tony really filmed

the whole thing? Would the whole world see him get his dick cut off? His breast implants?

Of course she did, he thought. That goddamn little bitch. I should have killed her when I had the chance, but no. I had to fuck her instead. He knew what he would have to do. Kill himself. The first chance he got. No way would Big John Scarvone live on in shame and disgrace like this. He tried to move, hoping he could find a scalpel and end it now, but he couldn't move. Not even a little bit.

Fine. He closed his eyes. He would just wait for his chance. Tony had done his worse, and John would kill himself so at least the little slut wouldn't get to humiliate him anymore.

XII

Tony wore a miniskirt and fuck me pumps. A too small white blouse unbuttoned down far enough that the top of his hot pink bra could be seen as well as his bra straps. Glitter eye shadow and wet, bubble gum pink lipstick. His blonde hair was tied into a long French braid, and he'd brought two of the hottest young strippers with him to Club Inferno, a warehouse style dance club in The Village popular with the NYU crowd.

Tony was looking to take a man home with him, and he needed his wing girls. They walked to the front of the line, and the doorman smiled as he took down the rope. "Ladies," he said.

"Thanks, honey," Tony said putting a little hand on the man's muscled forearms and giving him a pretty smile. He danced with a couple guys, letting them grind up against

him and giggling and flirting. Then he spotted the boy he wanted. An Italian stallion, tall and slender with high cheek bones, big black eyes and full almost girlish lips. Tony caught the young man's eyes and as the man's eyes slid up and down Tony's body Tony raised his arms over his head and did a slow turn, wiggling his ass and shaking his tits.

Tony knew what a hot little piece of ass he was, and he felt a rush of feminine pride as the boy walked right over and put his hands on Tony's hips, pulling him in and kissing him right on the mouth. When the kiss ended, Tony lingered in the man's strong arms and stared up into the other man's big, beautiful eyes. "What's your name?" Tony said in a soft little voice.

"John," he said. "What's yours?"

"Dahlia," Tony answered. "Are you... I mean... my girlfriends were telling me you're John Scarvone Jr?"

"Yeah," the guy said smugly. "That's me."

Tony let his eyes go wide and licked his lips, giving the man's biceps a squeeze. "I want to make love to you" he said in a small, hungry voice.

"Let's go," John Jr. said, taking Tony's small hand in his own.

Tony caught the eyes of his girlfriends and smiled triumphantly. They nodded appreciatively at his quality man-prize. It was a little bit of a shame, but a vendetta was a vendetta, and John would actually make a very pretty girl.

XIII

John couldn't believe how much his body changed in just a few days. He slept a lot, and each time he opened his eyes it seemed like his body got softer and rounder. His hips got more and more curvy, his waist smaller, and his arms dwindled down to little pipe stems. The leather masked attendants came in sometimes and attended to him in a cold, detached manner, but he couldn't speak, and they didn't talk to him. He didn't care. The changes in his body. The tedium. He'd made up his mind to end it all as soon as he got the chance, so what difference did it make to him how much more they changed him?

Finally, he woke to find himself wearing some sort of transparent silk nightgown with little red roses on it. His breasts were now bound up in a little bra, and he saw flashing heels strapped onto his feet. The mask has been removed, and the feminine face that now looked back at him matched his womanly figure. So what? He thought. It wouldn't be his face for long.

He was no longer in the operating room, but the mirror on the ceiling reflected what seemed like some kind of generic hotel room. He tried to move and, much to his surprise, he was able to lift his slender arm, a delicate little bracelet on his small wrist flashing. He sat up, feeling weak and dizzy just from the effort, feeling his hoop earrings swinging in his ears, but taking a moment to breathe and settle, he swung his long pretty legs off the bed and felt them on the floor. He stood up in high heels for the first time, waving his arms out to his sides trying to keep his balance.

And then he saw her. A girl in a long flowing gown of pink with puffy sleeves and a full bustling skirt like a Disney Princess. It hugged her young breasts and showed off her slender arms but was otherwise sweet and pretty and virginal. Her face was framed by masses of dark, curly hair, on top of which sparkled a tiara, and she had full red lips. Fawn minced cautiously across the room, curious. Who could she be?

As he approached, he was fascinated at her beauty and the impotent longing he felt for her. He felt a stabbing anger in his temples as his hunger for this slender young woman made him acutely conscious of the weight of his own swaying breasts, of the sway of his wide hips. He'd lost so much. He'd never hold another woman in his arms, never enjoy her scent, her soft body, her kiss.... Looking down at the sleeping girl, her perfect face and slender figure, the gentle rising and falling of her firm young breasts, he suddenly felt a strange sense that he knew her from somewhere. He looked more closely. Yes, but who was she.... She was...

"Oh my God," he said hearing his new tiny new little girl's voice for the first time. "No... no..." he fell to his knees and buried his face in his soft hands. "Not my only son... no.... oh God no..."

The door opened behind Fawn, and Tony walked into the room flanked by two Russian mobsters. Tony wore a long, elegant black dress with deep décolletage that showed off his cleavage. Diamond earrings sparkled in his little ears and matched the sparkling diamond necklace that dangled between his breasts.

"Dat Da Beetch?"

"Yes," Tony said.

"Ju fucked her up good."

"It was a vendetta."

"I take her now," the big Russian said putting a protective hand on the small of Tony's back. Tony rewarded the man with an appreciative feminine smile. He knew how to play the game.

"Thank you," Tony said prettily.

The Russians took Fawn by his slender arms and lifted carried him backward out of the room. "My son," he whispered softly, "my son," staring at the pretty young woman Tony had made of his son.

"Bye, Fawn," Tony said. "I'll take good care of your little princess now," Tony said, but Fawn didn't even seem to hear. He was broken and his eyes vacant and empty as the Russians dragged him away to his new life.

XIV

Dahlia turned a corner, and three tall, burly guys in leather marks surrounded her. She'd been expecting it since Big John had disappeared, and word had gotten around that

Donna Chianti had taken over the Scarvone Crime Family. She'd just gone about her business running her own business, waiting for him to come to her.

The men ushered him into a blue and yellow van marked Airport Service, and when the door slid shut, he found himself sitting across from the little woman she used to be. Tony wore a little black dress, and sat with his legs crossed, diamonds flashing at his wrists, and ears, from an elegant necklace that dangled loosely from around his neck and nestled in his cleavage. A large Bulgari purse sat next to him. He looked like a 5th Avenue socialite.

"You're looking good, Tony," Dahlia said.

"Business is good," Tony answered looking her in the eyes.

One of the leather masked men pawed his way through Dahlia's jacket and took her gun. A second held out a pair of handcuffs.

"Would you be so kind?" Tony said with a pretty little smile.

"Anything for a pretty girl," Dahlia answered.

"You should know I don't like being called a girl," Tony said.

"What would I call you?" Dahlia said with a snort, looking at Tony's tits.

"A woman, of course."

"Yeah, well, I am guessing you want to get back to being a man, right?"

"No."

"What?"

"No. I've gotten used to being a woman, Dahlia. I think I am going to stay this way."

"Bullshit."

"Oh, maybe you didn't hear about this?" He held out his hand and Dahlia saw the engagement ring flashing on his finger. "I still haven't been able to find the perfect wedding dress, but shopping for one has been such fun."

"No way. No fucking way."

"And I was expecting congratulations."

"This is bullshit. A negotiating ploy. That's all." Dahlia felt a sense of panic rising within her. If Tony didn't want his body back, then... what did he want? Could it be, but she didn't even want to think the thought.

"Boris Gorky and I got to know each other doing a little business, taking care of a little problem child. It started out as business partners, then we became friends, and one night we went bowling, and I realized I'd fallen in love with the big ox. You know? The way girls tend to do. So, we decided to marry our families together. He brought me flowers and chocolate. So romantic! He's really a doll."

"What about your wife? Kids?"

"They'll be fine."

"And me?"

"I'm going to kill you."

"No," Dahlia said. "Don't do this. You'll regret it. You'll get old. Lose your looks. Your tits will sag! Let me give you back your manhood, Tony, and free you from your woman's life and all your crazy hormonal thinking."

"Oh, Dahlia," Tony said, "you've been a man too long. Don't you know we girls just hate it when guys call us crazy?" He opened his purse and fished out his compact. "It's a vendetta," Tony said.

Dahlia started crying. "No... please... Big John made me do it..."

"Keep begging," Tony said snapping open his compact and powdering his nose while Dahlia blubbered.

He looked at his pretty face and gave himself a wink. He loved watching himself put on his makeup.

And he would love listening to Dahlia beg as she was buried alive.

Epilogue

"It's my dream to start a campaign to help teen-age girls have better body images," the young woman once known as John Scarvone Jr. said in a breathy soprano. "We girls need to love ourselves!" The audience applauded. He looked stunning in his low-cut evening gown with a slit up the side that showed off one long, round leg.

Not long after, he stood on the stage smiling prettily with the other finalists, but Tony could see the nervousness and excitement in his eyes. He reached over and gave his husband's hand a squeeze.

"And the second runner up is Jahatma Patel, from Detroit, Michigan!"

Tony clapped excitedly and caught the eye of his stepdaughter even as the tears started to pour down her pretty face.

"And this year's winner and the new Miss America is Angelina Antonia Chianti, from New York, New York!"

The former John Scarvone Jr. accepted the bouquet of flowers that were placed into his slender arms. He smelled the flowers and then hugged them to his firm young breasts and looked up beaming with pride as the tiara was placed carefully on his head. He was the prettiest girl in America, and next he would compete to be the prettiest girl in the world!

He looked out into the audience and saw the beaming face of his stepmother, the last woman he'd slept with as a man, and the woman who had pushed him so hard to enter beauty pageants and become a real-life princess. Being pretty was really all he was good for anymore. And now he was the prettiest girl in America!

He cried, both for what he'd won and what he'd lost, and Tony cried with him.

Meanwhile, in a small dark room somewhere in Eastern Europe, Fawn watched her former son crowned Miss America, and she cried, too, and cursed the fact she had been too stupid to kill Tony Chianti when she had the chance.

She spent her life now pleasing men, dancing and sucking them off, letting them fuck her.

At least, she thought, her son would have something better now. At least her son would be a princess.

The End