

# EX

REVENGE IS A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

# HUSBAND

MAGAZINE

MAKE THAT  
CHEATIN' MAN  
A SWEET OL' FASHION

**COUNTRY GIRL!**

POLITE?  
DANG RIGHT.

**COWBOYS**

MAKE HIM  
CROSS-EYED!

CAIN'T GET  
ENOUGH

**SHANIA  
TWIN**

LIVES  
TO  
LINE  
DANCE!

**COWGIRL  
BOOTS!**

ALL DAY.  
EVERYDAY!

LOVES HIM SOME  
TIGHT LITTLE

**DAISY DUKES!**

**INSIDE!**

MEET THE  
FORMER RODEO  
CHAMP TURNED  
QUEEN OF THE  
COWGIRL  
AESTHETIC!



The following material is rated

X

Mature Readers

Notice: This material should not be read by, given to or downloaded by anyone under the age of 18, or viewed in a jurisdiction or area that prohibits the viewing of nudity, illustrations of naked men and women or the portrayal of sexual situations. You should also not view this material if you find such portrayals offensive. Any sexual situations involve characters over the age of 18.

“I don’t want him to know I’m the one turning him into a woman,” Suzy Lou said as she paged through Tatiana’s look book. She was sitting in Tatiana the Fixer’s office, a cozy wiccan refuge of soft textures, warm colors, feminine chanting and the tinkling from a waterfall in the corner. “We’re still living together.”

“He doesn’t have to know,” Tatiana said. She looked over the aura of her latest client. Suzy had a bright, rainbow aura, indicating she was going through a time of change, but there were flarings of black— she was tired, exhausted. This came as no surprise to Tatiana. The women who came to see her were always enveloped in some darkness, inflicted on them by some man.

“And this is real? All real? I can change his body however I want?”

“Not just his body, but his mind as well. You could, just as an example, make him boy crazy.”

Suzy giggled. “Bronco? Boy crazy? Omigod, I would love to see that, but should I?” She didn’t know. As much as he was a total a-hole, the thought of making him some boy crazy female seemed a little too much.

“You can do anything you want with him,” Tatiana said, sipping her chamomile tea. “I encourage you to play, follow your intuition, just do what feels right. Have fun. And, if it helps, up until you finalize, you can always undo any changes.”

“Undo?” Suzy kept looking through the pages. There were so many options of different kinds of women, different body styles, different faces, different personality types. 1950s Housewife. Lolita. French Maid! Basic Bitch. She chuckled at each, thinking how funny it would be to see Bronco with space buns or wearing a French Maid outfit, yet none of them seemed perfect. She was on the fence, partly because she wasn’t sure if Bronco really deserved this, but also because the idea of magically changing her husband into a woman seemed impossible. “Excuse me for saying,” she

said. "I have to say, and I don't want to seem rude, but this all sounds like total bullshit. Sorry?"

"It's perfectly normal to feel skeptical" Tatiana said. "You don't want to pay me a whole bunch of money only to find out I am some kind of hustler. I mean, magic? Everyone knows it isn't real." She paused. "How about a trial?"

"Trial?"

"You can make one change. Just to see. Then, if you want the full package, you sign on. No money down. No risk."

"But I bet you want my credit card number, anyway?"

Tatiana shook her head. "You don't have to give me anything right now. I don't do this for the money."

"Then, why?"

"My purpose in life is to make women happy."

Suzy raised an eyebrow. As much as all this sounded ridiculous, there was just something about Tatiana. Suzy trusted her. She just seemed so open and genuine. She radiated maternal warmth and caring. She found herself warming to the idea of turning Bronco into a woman. She kept looking through the book. Beach bunny. Snow bunny. Gym bunny. "There are a lot of bunnies in here. A lot of stereotypes."

"Many of my clients enjoy the idea of turning their man into a male fantasy. You don't have to use one of the types, though."

"I'm not sure what—" she flipped a page, and her mouth dropped open. Yes. This is what she wanted for Bronco. "I found her." Suzy held up the book and showed it to Tatiana. There was a gorgeous girl in Daisy Dukes and a

checkered shirt tied up to show off her midriff. The page was titled Country Girl.

“Excellent choice,” Tatiana said, putting her hand to her heart. “He’s going to be so cute.”

Bronco. Cute? Suzy liked the sound of that.

## Chapter Two

Logic indicated to Suzy that Tatiana was either a crazy person or a con artist. Her heart, though, was telling her something different. and as she drove home, she felt her excitement growing at the thought of “fixing” Bronco. She mostly was just struggling with what to change first, seeing in that she had decided to make a series of gradual changes to her soon to be ex-hubby. Tatiana had urged her to go slow. “It’s about the journey more than the destination,” she’d said.

She was lost in her musings, thinking about Bronco as a hot little honey in a pair of cutoff shorts, when she got home, walked in the door and, “Come on!” She shouted, seeing muddy boot prints tracked right in the front door and across the hardwood floors. Her temper flaring, she stormed into the living room where she found Bronco, those same muddy boots up on a table, eating nachos and watching videos of himself from back in his rodeo days. On the screen, a long horn ran full speed across a dirt arena floor. A tall, lean cowboy with a dark dusting of stubble on his rugged chin leapt from the saddle of his stampeding horse, grabbed the mighty steer by the horns and wrestled it to the ground in one swift, powerful motion.

“And that’s how it’s done!” Bronco shouted. “I was the best,” he said, really talking to himself more than Suzy. “Damn it all! I was the best!”

Suzy looked from the cowboy on the screen, arms ridged with muscle, his chiseled features. That was the man she’d married, that swaggering stud. Looking at him now, sitting on the couch, stuffing his face, she felt disgusted. He’d let himself go a little the past few years, put on 20 not so flattering pounds, his body Pillsbury plump. His chiseled features had bloated to a soft, moon face, and his mind, as far as she was concerned, was as soft as his belly.

“I’ve asked you a hundred times to take your boots off when you come into the house!” She said.

“Yup,” Bronco said, tossing a chip into his mouth, munching loudly, with his mouth open. “Since you’re up, you wanna fetch me a beer?”

In the past, Suzy would have blown up and got in his face. She had a hot temper, and even though her mother had tried to explain to her that all she was doing was feeding into Bronco’s mind games, she’d never been able to help herself. Today, though, things were different, and instead of a furious rage, an icy hot anger seethed. No time like the present to put Tatiana’s magic to the test. She began to cycle through some possibilities from what she’d seen in Tatiana’s book— maybe give him long nails? Long hair? What if she made him wear lipstick? She couldn’t decide, and so, while she dithered, she snapped, “It’s been a long time since you got on a horse.”

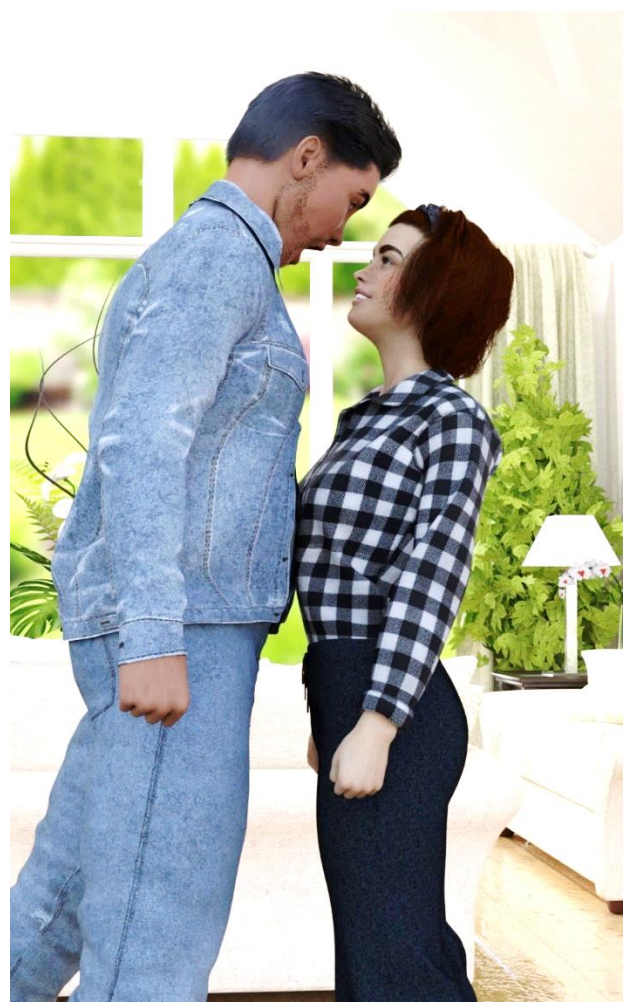
Bronco sat up. “The hell?” He groaned as he climbed off the couch, then came around and stood over Suzy, staring down at her, reminding her how much bigger he was than her. His whole life he’d been about domination— roping steers, taking ‘em down, riding bulls... he knew how to handle ornery critters, whether they be a raging bull or an uppity woman. He’d kept his bag of nachos, and now threw a handful into his mouth and chomped, mouth open, crumbs raining down to fall at Suzy’s feet and all over her floor.

When she’d been young and they’d first met, Suzy had been turned on by Bronco’s whole dominance act. They’d go at it, get in screaming fights, and then they’d make love, if you could call it that. Bronco made love like a cowboy, wrestling Suzy down like she was a runaway calf. It’d been fun for a time, but Suzy had grown up, and Bronco hadn’t. The relationship soured, and as he became lazier and softer while she ran the house and kept everything together, while he kept trying to play the whole, I’m the man, and I’m in charge game, it had all rankled.

Now, fed up and with Bronco pissing her off once more trying to play the big man, the change she wanted popped into her mind. You wanna act like a prick? She thought. Then how about I take yours? Tatiana had said she could wish things and they would happen, or if she visualized them the

exact changes she was seeing would materialize. If she'd taken the time to really think about it, she might have hesitated, but she was pissed. She visualized.

“I asked for a beer. Maybe you didn't hear— *me?*” Bronc yelled at the end of that. His knees went together, eyes went wide. The bag of nachos fell from his hand, yellow chips scattering across the hardwood floor. Suzy watched as Bronc frantically grabbed at his groin, eyes bulging as he squeezed and patted.



Hell, Suzy thought. Did it really work? Had Bronco gone from a rooster to a hen?



“Missing something?” Suzy said, grinning at the thought, though scarcely able to believe what she’d done. She’d felt a surge of power, and the nature of the spell was such that she knew it had worked, as impossible as it seemed. She knew Bronco, big dumb Bronco, now had lady parts.



Bronco was too far gone to hear his soon to be ex-wife’s taunting. He suddenly believed he had a vagina. Two things had happened at once: first, he’d felt fingers shove themselves between his legs— like deep between his legs in a space he didn’t have, and at the same time a thought had slammed into him like a Mack Truck— I have a vagina. I’m a woman.

“Shit. Shit. Shit.” Bronco said, and Suzy was pleased to hear his voice had risen an octave. It wasn’t too high, but he was definitely an alto now, his

voice registering as female. Bronco ran off toward his bedroom, hands clasped at his groin.

I wish I could watch, Suzy thought, and then remembered. “Oh, yeah. The scrying stone.” Tatiana had given her, as she did all her customers, a magic stone that would allow her to watch Bronco even when she wasn’t in the same room. As she willed it, an image rose up.

Bronco had run to his room, yanked down his pants and his underwear. Looking down, he was acutely aware of what he could NOT see— any evidence of his junk. Leaning forward to see over the rise of his pudgy belly, all he saw was a thatch of public hair above— nothing. He knew, though, with a certainty, that he had a woman’s lips now. He. Had a woman’s lips? He knew he did, but he didn’t want to believe it.

He reached down and placed his fingertips on his soft mound. “Oh fuck me,” he said, then cleared his throat as he became aware of his changed voice for the first time. Hearing himself say “Oh, fuck me” in a woman’s voice shook him further.

Bronco didn’t need or want to probe further, but some part of him wanted to know, to confirm with his eyes what his mind already, somehow, knew to be true. He went to the dresser and looked at the mirror, and looking down, he saw a triangular patch of dark hair, but he didn’t, couldn’t see his vagina.

“Oh, fuck this,” he said, sitting down on the bed, legs spread. He stared down at the space between his thighs where his junk used to be. With his legs spread, the smell of a female wafted up to his nose. “My dick’s gone,” Bronco whispered sadly. “My rod done vanished.”

And then, he had to confront the second reality. He had not only lost his Johnson, but he’d gained—

“I have a cooter,” he whispered. “Does that make me a Philly?” Bronco was not a man of science, but he was pretty sure you couldn’t just go and order

a new dick if you happened to find yourself with a vagina one day. “Am I stuck with this— dadburn taco?”

Now, dear reader, in case you are unfamiliar with the work of Tatiana and her special blend of magic, it was always a condition of her spell that the recipient both recognized the impossibility of what was happening and also accepted what was happening. Likewise, when those around them became aware of a change— for example, if a guy at work suddenly popped out a pair of D-Cups, everyone knew that couldn't happen, but also accepted that, well, it did. And so, even though Bronco knew a guy sitting on the couch eating nachos couldn't just lose his dick, he also knew that he had done just that.

Overwhelmed and hormonal as estrogen now flooded his body, the tears rolled down his cheeks.

Suzy knew that Bronco had always taken an inordinate amount of pride in “Gasparzilla,” which was the name he'd given his penis. In fact, despite his belief that he was well-hung, she'd always considered him average. It would be a blow for any man to lose his dick, but she couldn't help but think it was even worse for Bronco who pretty much thought his cock entitled him to say and do whatever he wanted. To him, his dick was power, status. Losing it was like he'd gone from driving a Porsche to tooling around in a VW Beetle.

She might have felt bad. Okay, she did feel a little bad seeing him cry like that, but then again, she remembered what a sexist asshole he was. Giggling, she decided to make another change. All of the tidy whites in Bronc's dresser turned into lacy little pairs of panties. He might as well get used to it, she decided, giggling some more at the thought of Bronc's face when he found his collection of sexy underwear.

As much as she sort of wanted to watch more, she shut down the scrying stone and put it in the drawer next to her bed. Dinner wasn't going to cook

itself, and she couldn't let the kids starve. She went to the kitchen and started to make her signature marinara sauce.

## Chapter Three

Bronco had lain down and fallen asleep, but he woke, his stomach grumbling, the tomato and garlic smell of Suzy's cooking wafting through the house. He slipped a hand between his thighs, hoping it had been some kind of crazy dream, but yanked his hand away after it brushed the soft swell of his vulva.

Should I see a doctor?" He wondered as he sat up. What the hell could a doctor do? Besides, they lived in a small town, and he had no doubt if he went to see Doc Gilroy, it wouldn't be long before his gabby assistant was spreading word all over town that tough old Bronc was now a Philly. Suzy would laugh her ass off. He was sure of that. He had to keep this from his soon to be ex at all costs.

Though part of him felt like he really should take some kind of action regarding his impossible and yet undeniable gender swap, he really didn't know what he could do. What he did know was that he was hungry and angry, and he had only one coping mechanism: hanging out at the honky tonk. "I won't be picking up any ladies tonight," he said with a rueful chuckle, "but that doesn't mean I can't get hammered. I'll just stick to myself. Damn." He smelled his armpits and decided he didn't need a shower, especially since he wasn't exactly in any condition to be hitting on the honeys. He went to his dresser and opened his underwear drawer. "The fuck?" He stared down at a drawer full of pink and white and powder blue panties. Some of them were polka dotted or festooned with hearts.

"That – that-- woman!" He hissed, thinking it must have been Suzy, that she must have snuck in and filled his drawer with these damn– insults. And yet... he picked up a pair– pink– and stared in wonder at the tiny little scrap of fabric, the cute little bow. They were so sexy. He rubbed them against his cheek. And so soft!

Dude, he thought. No fucking way. And yet, he fingered the lace. Adored the pretty flower pattern. They'll fit better than the old tidy whities, anyway, now that I lost my junk, he decided.



Dude! He repeated to himself, trying to summon his will, his manhood. If trading his junk for a vagina was like trading down from a Porsche to a Beetle, putting on panties would be like a Roman gladiator dropping his shield and picking up a bunch of posies. Panties were for ladies!

And yet he found himself stepping into the panties, pulling them up his thighs, then over his hips, feeling them cup his new sex as he let the waistband snap against his waist. A sense of ease and comfort came over him as he felt the little panties around his

hips and backside. It was like he'd come home.

Maybe, he decided, managing to resist the urge to look at himself in the mirror, I need to see a shrink. What the hell? Had losing his Johnson made him think like a woman? Was that why he'd wanted, needed, to wear panties? The thought terrified him. Would he start wearing a bra next?

I am not going to start acting like a woman, he decided. Well, other than wearing panties. Besides that, I am still the same man I've always been, damn it to hell! I'm Bronco!



To his relief, the rest of the Broncster's clothing was unchanged. Putting on his good, old reliable jeans and shirt, fitting his cowboy hat onto his head and then pulling on his boots, he felt like he was sheathing himself in masculinity, wrapping himself in the trappings of his real identity. He looked in the mirror at his broad shoulders, square chin, thick arms. I'm still a man, he thought, even if I ain't a man downstairs. Once more, he considered seeing a doctor. There had to be some explanation for what had happened, some way to fix it.

He grabbed his keys and started toward the door, then stopped. Thinking about how he'd smelled his new female sex earlier, he doused himself heavily with cologne, enveloping himself in a musky, masculine scent. Yeah. Smell like a man, feel like a man, he decided.

He headed out, climbed into his truck and headed toward the bar. The cab of Bronc's truck was classic country with fuzzy dice hanging from the mirror, Holstein patterned seat covers and a hula girl statue glued to the dashboard that shook her hips to the vibration of the rumbling engine. Once more, surrounded by what he considered the epitome of a manly environment, Bronc felt like he'd staked a claim to his manhood.

As he drove, his favorite country song, Drunker than You, came on, all twangy guitars and folky fiddles. It was by the band Good Country People. They had two lead singers– Kenny Carolina and Emma Cline, and on this song, they sang in tandem, Emma providing higher harmonies over Kenny's deep, southern bass. Bronc started to sing along:

You may be taller than me  
You may be smarter than me  
You may even have better boots  
But there is one thing that's true  
And let me give you a clue

I'll always be drunker than you  
That's one thing that I do



I'll always be drunker than you  
One thing I do  
I'll always be, always be always be  
Always be  
druuuuuuunker than—

Bronc stopped singing, shocked as he realized that he not only sounded like Emma, but had been singing her part. It reminded him he sounded like a woman now, which drew his attention back to the absence between his legs. He'd been so focused on his girl parts, he hadn't even thought about his voice until just that moment. His voice wasn't super-high pitched, but it definitely sounded female. It was almost enough to make him turn around and head home, but he really needed to get hammered at the honkytonk. He'd just disguise his voice, he decided. Talk low like. He'd heard women do it, usually when they were mocking the way men talked. It could be done.

Other than that? I'm still me, he kept reminding himself, I'm still the Bronc.

## Chapter 4

Yet, the Bronco who paused at the door as he entered the honkytonk and looked tentatively around the crowded bar was already a changed man. He couldn't help but feel self-conscious about what he had hidden in his pants now and he was both nervous and strangely excited. The nervous part? What if someone somehow found out he had a vagina and was wearing panties? He'd be dead in this town forever.

The strangely excited part? It amused him, for some reason, that no one knew what he had going on between his legs, that he was wearing sexy, lacey panties. It felt oddly thrilling to have this little secret.

No one's gonna know, he thought. No one unless they have x-ray vision.

Scanning the bar, Bronc saw the room was swinging. All the hottest ladies in town were here— and yet, his momentary surge of excitement at the sight of so many little bunnies to hunt turned sour as he remembered his condition.

Straightening his back, putting on his old swagger, he walked up to the bar. "Bronc!" People called. Bronco was famous all over town thanks to his rodeo glory days. People loved to see him. Normally, he would have bellowed back, but not tonight. He gave a thumbs up and took a chair at the end of the bar. "Hey, Bronc," the bartender, Lacey Monroe, said as she came over. "The usual?"

"Beer and a whiskey chaser," Bronco said with a smile. Lacey was fine as hell, with a banging body he'd been wanting to take for a test drive for years.

Lacey, who usually all flirty smiles, stepped back, a confused look on her face. "You okay?"

"Yeah. Why?" Bronc said.

“Your voice sounds funny.”

Shit. Bronco’s hand went to his throat. How had he forgotten to disguise his voice? He tried to lower his voice now, to imitate a man, but when he spoke his voice came out in the same, woman’s alto. “I, um, got punched in the throat.”

Why can’t I lower my voice? He wondered

“Well, I hope it heals up real soon.” Lacey said as she poured his beer, glass tilted to the side. She knew better than to say it, but she was thinking, he sounds like a woman.

Bronco’s confidence wilted, but he slammed the shot and then chased it with a gulp of beer. The booze immediately began to work its magic as he felt it burn down his throat and rise to his head. Yeah. That was the stuff.

\*\*\*

Meanwhile, back at the house, Suzy had put the kids to bed and settled down to watch some TV, glad to have the living room since the asshole had gone out. It had surprised her when she’d heard his truck start and drive off. She’d thought maybe he’d be too ashamed to leave the house. She didn’t have to wonder where he’d –or was it she now?--- gone. The only place around here open this time of night was the honkytonk. Her curiosity got the best of her, and she went to her room and activated the scrying stone. “What could she possibly be up to?” Suzy wondered.

\*\*\*

Bronco hunched over at the bar, drinking. He didn’t want to talk to anyone, not with his voice, so he just watched Lacey work, enjoying the sight of her firm breasts, the swell of her ass in those tight jeans. He was being careful to make sure she didn’t realize he was staring. He was a gentleman, after

all. Damn, she was fine as hell, and not for the first time, Bronco found himself mentally undressing her, imagining what that fine body would look like stretched out on his bed, legs spread...

As he was enjoying his little fantasy, Bronc started to become aware of a growing wetness and heat between his legs. His cheeks started to burn. His nipples grew hard. He'd never felt like this before. He squirmed uncomfortably and took a drink of beer. "What the fuck is going on?" He thought, and then it hit him. He was feeling horny, and it was not the way a man felt when he got horny. Bronco was getting horny like a woman got horny. Instead of a hardening rod and an urge to thrust, he felt a wet hole and a need to spread. He was so wet, he started to worry he might soak right through his panties and leave a wet spot between his legs everyone would see.

He pulled his eyes away from Lacey. "Another shot!" He called, forgetting his voice, wanting to calm the burning of his new and unnatural female desires. He turned around on his chair, forcing himself to stop looking at Lacey, trying to calm himself.

Suzy smirked. How sweet. The scrying stone not only allowed her to watch what was happening, but to read Bronco's mind, so she knew exactly what was happening to the poor girl. It was kind of sweet, she felt, seeing Bronc get the hots for the first time as a female, looking so confused and ashamed. She hadn't made him horny. She didn't need to, but this was too fun, and she decided to push it a little more.

Flush, hot and bothered, Bronco tried to look at the ceiling, the floor, the mechanical bull— anything but the women. His shot came and he gulped it down, and when he turned around his eyes locked right onto the face of his high-school flame, Annie. Their eyes met. Annie smiled and curled her hair behind her ear, tilted her head to the side. The invitation was obvious, and Bronco clamped his knees together as he felt a twitch in his lady parts.



Suzy filled his mind with fantasy, and Bronco, unable to pull his eyes away from Annie's, found himself imagining that he was all woman, with soft skin, a curvy figure, naked, and he and Annie were making out...the scene shifted, and now Bronco was posing on his bed, dressed up like some kinda slutty cowgirl. He felt that same sheer, clenching pleasure in his new lady parts as Annie strapped on a...

"I gotta get the fuck out of here," Bronco decided, finishing his beer. His female fantasies were too much, too disturbing, shaking him something

awful. He threw some money on the bar, but as he headed to the door he realized he needed to piss, and badly. Damn. He glanced toward the restrooms. Back toward the front door. For a moment, he thought about going out back and pissing against the wall, but the realization that those days were over hit him like a punch in the gut. He would have to squat, and he couldn't risk some dudes coming round and finding him in that position.

He felt a tiny trickle between his legs. He had to go. He'd never make it home without pissing himself. He cringed, thinking about how women were always complaining it was harder for them to hold it. Now, he was finding out.

Suzy was laughing, loving it. Bronco had the same stressed look on his face any woman got when she was struggling to hold it in. "Better hurry, honey." She briefly considered making him pee himself right there in front of everyone, but no. She wanted to see him sit down to pee.

Bronco hurried to the Cowboy's Room, as it was called here, shoving open the door, sighing with relief that the stalls were free. There was a guy at the urinal—Jeb, pissing like a racehorse. Bronco flew into the stall, slammed the door, made sure it was locked and then, pushing his pants down, then his panties, he sat, squirming uncomfortably on the cold plastic seat as he let loose, his pee coming out in fits and starts. He kept his panties at his knees, terrified someone would see them from beneath the stall door, and sighed with relief, his sigh sounding like a woman.

Jeb had finished and was shaking his dick. He heard the soft sigh, and then the tinkling. Sounds like a chick in there, he thought, though he was sure he'd seen Bronco bust into the place like he was about to shit himself. He glanced under the door and saw jeans, boots. He shrugged and left. The guy code held. Dudes didn't talk in the bathroom, at least not about their bodily movement. He did wonder, though, if Bronco was sitting down to pee like some female. Hell, he thought, maybe a horse kicked him in the nuts.

Chagrined at the very female sound of himself peeing, Bronco dropped his head, horrified as the tinkling echoed around the bathroom. Suzy filled his head with a new habit, and when Bronco finished he looked ruefully at the roll of toilet paper. There were just a few scraps clinging to the cardboard roll, and he once more struggled with the conflicting thought filling his addled mind: 1) I am not going to wipe myself like some cow. 2) I hope there's enough toilet paper.

To Suzy, the chaos in Bronco's brain sounded something like this: hell, no. hell no... I'm not. I don't want to get a yeast infestation... I'm not a girl... of course some jerk only left a couple squares... I don't want to get pee on my panties... I'm a fucking dude...

Finally, because he really didn't have any choice, it was what a proper girl did, he peeled the last few scraps off, folded them up and reached down to wipe himself, cringing at the feeling of the toilet paper against his sensitive new sex. Damn... damn... damn... he let the wadded-up paper drop between his legs, stood, pulled up his panties, then his jeans. This fucking sucks, he thought as he left the stall and washed his hands, gazing enviously at the urinal, remembering the ease and freedom of being a man. He suddenly felt a stinging resentment toward all men rise in him. They had it so easy.

As Bronco went back to the bar and headed toward the door, Suzy couldn't help herself. Bronco felt his chest tingle, then swell, then jiggle? Looking down he saw he had breasts, full, firm breasts thrusting out from his chest, stretching out his tank top and struggling against his jean jacket. He didn't have much experience looking at breasts from this angle, but he had to admit they looked as fine a pair of hooters as he'd seen.

I got bigger problems, he thought, distracted by his recent girl on girl fantasies, but then realized- Shit. Boobs? I have boobs? He touched them, lifted, squeezed. He felt the soft weight of his breasts in his hands at the same time he felt his hands on his breasts.





They were real. Real! He was in a crowded bar, and terrified everyone would see his jugs, he wrapped his arms around his soft chest, slumped over and raced for the door, hoping to hell no one had seen him blossom.

Suzy, watching, changed her mind about the boobs. It was too soon. By the time Bronco got back to his pickup truck, his breasts were gone.

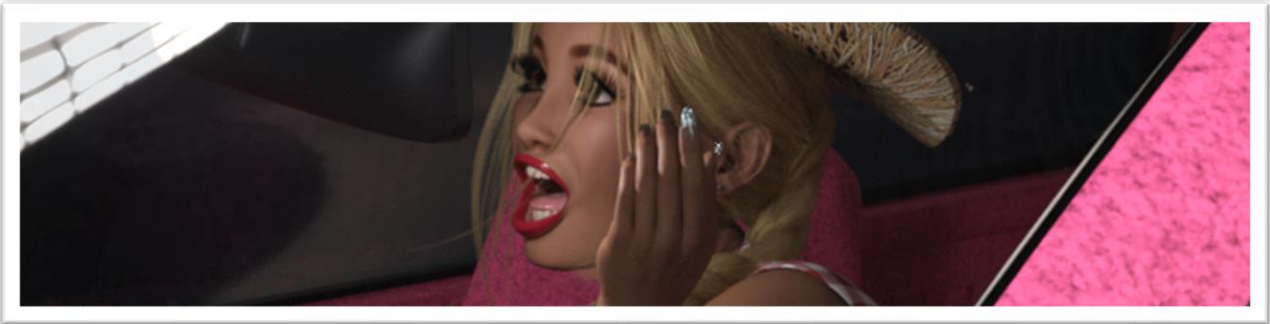
“I’m losing my mind,” he said, staring down at his same old chest. He was sure he’d popped out a pair of boobs just a minute ago. Hoping his other change had all been some sort of hallucination, he grabbed at his crotch, but came up empty. No dick. Still. Damn.

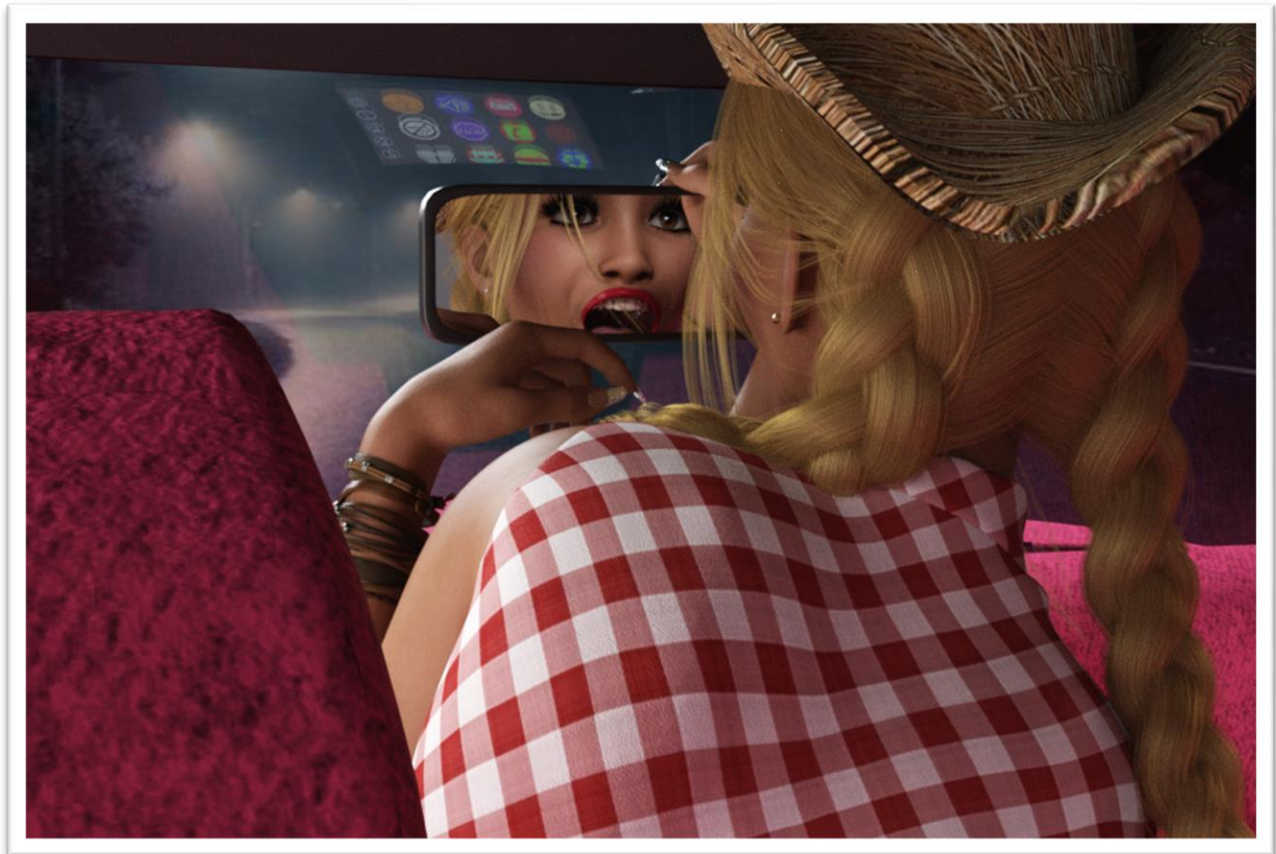
Suzy had just changed her mind on a whim, deciding she wanted to wait until a more opportune moment to fit Bronco with a nice, firm pair of tits. No one in the bar had even noticed, and that was not fun. Watching his confusion, the lost look on his face, a whole new game occurred to her. Bronco loved to play mind games? Well, she was about to gaslight the living shit out of him.

As Bronco climbed into his truck, the little hula girl on the dashboard suddenly seemed to come to life and flipped him the bird. Bronco did a double take, but she was just there, same as always. No obscene gesture. Did someone spike my drink? He wondered as he started the truck and pulled out, but slammed on the brakes a second later as the interior of his truck began to shimmer and glow, transforming before his eyes. The fuzzy dice became a pair of ballet shoes. The seat cover turned satiny pink—the whole interior of his truck turned pink with white trim, and his steering wheel, which had been wrapped in leather, was now—bedazzled? It was festooned with glittering pink and white gemstones.

“Christ almighty!” Bronc shouted, recoiling, looking around, but then he became aware of the feeling of long braids swishing each time he moved his head. Panicking, he grabbed one of his thick braids and pulled it around so he could see— it was blonde? He looked in the rearview mirror, blinking, shaking his head. He saw nothing of himself at all. The face staring back at

him belonged to a beautiful young woman with big eyes and plump lips, blonde hair and wearing a straw cowgirl hat. The spell worked its magic. That can't be me, Bronco thought in horror, even as he accepted she was him. He put a hand to his cheek and saw he now had long, glossy nails. The panic grew, rose, intensified until finally, unable to help himself, Bronco screamed.





A couple guys who'd been shooting the shit in the parking lot looked up to see a pink pickup with the words SEXY stenciled on the tailgate. There was a woman inside and they both started over, meaning to see if she needed help, but then— “What in the devil?” One of the guys said.



There was no pink truck. There was a black pickup, just like a hundred others. “Is that Bronc?” One of them asked.

Bronco was staring at his big, thick hands with his short, gnawed on nails. He looked around. No interior pink. No bedazzle.

He looked in the rearview mirror and saw his same old self. No straw hat. He put his truck in gear and drove off, shaking his head, once more thinking he probably really needed to see a shrink.

Inside the bar, Annie had come over and sat on the stool Bronco had recently vacated. "Bronco didn't seem like himself tonight," she said, feeling a little let down he hadn't even pursued her at all. Was there something wrong with her? She looked at herself in the mirror behind the bar, wondering if she was getting old. "I gave him the glad eye, and he didn't even smile."

Lacey leaned both elbows on the bar. "It's not you," she said, dropping into her conspiratorial, gossip voice. "He got punched in the throat, and don't tell anyone I told you this."

Annie crossed her heart.

"His voice?" She raised an eyebrow. "He sounds like, well, he sounds like a woman now."

"A woman?" Annie said. "Come on. You're shitting me."

"I swear to God. That's why he didn't want to talk to anyone."

"Well, that's something different," Annie said, processing the new information. "Beer me."

Five minutes later she cozied up to some of the other girls. "You'll never believe what I just heard about Bronco..."

Suzy felt like she'd pushed Bronco far enough for one night. Besides, she was tired. She would mess with him some more in the morning. She went to bed, but she woke up around three AM and couldn't get back to sleep. Growing rapidly addicted to the pleasure of fucking with the idiot, she decided to give Bronco some hot, wet dreams. Of course, in all of them, he

would be a full-on woman, needing everything a woman needed, feeling everything a woman felt.

## Chapter Four



The next day was Saturday, so Bronco didn't have to go to work. He'd tossed and turned all night, haunted by dreams of Lacey and Annie— he was a woman in all of the dreams, which were filled with kissing and kisses, caresses and sighs. He'd felt things, needed things he'd never needed or wanted before, and the thought he was starting to think like a woman was growing stronger and scarier.

A little hung over, he'd thought to sleep in, but once more, his new biology betrayed him. He had to pee. Bad. With an annoyed groan, he got up and padded toward the bathroom down the hall, passing his daughter, Mary Kate. "Morning," she said, bleary and half asleep.

"Morning, bean," Bronco answered, using his nickname for her.

Bean's face screwed up and she stopped, staring at her father. "Why do you sound like Mommy?"

Oh, shit. Bronco did not want his daughter to find out he was a girl now, too. His hand went to his throat. He'd totally betrayed himself. Well, what could he do? He'd found the night before he couldn't hide his voice. "It's nothing," he said, heading on toward the bathroom. He closed the door, pushed down his pajama pants and panties, sat down. Once more, the sound of tinkling echoed around him. Damn, he thought. I guess I'm just going to have to get used to it.

Bronco began to think about what was happening and, more importantly, what he could do about it. The idea this was all some kind of hallucination didn't hold water— other people had noticed his voice. It couldn't all be in his head. Could it be some kind of new virus? Maybe cancer? He wished he'd paid better attention in Miss Light's high-school biology class, but even with his limited understanding of science, he was pretty sure that what had happened could not be explained by any sort of scientific cogitation. He'd never heard of a guy just losing his dick.

The devil, he thought. It had to be the devil. Bronco was not a religious man, but he'd been raised religious by god-fearing parents. He knew the story of Job, how God had let the devil torment him as a test of faith. Could this be a test of his faith? Or, maybe God was punishing him. He'd been



sleeping around even before the divorce had been finalized. Hell, adultery was one of the biggest sins you could do. Maybe God had taken away his Johnson as punishment? As he sat, Bronco wondered what he was supposed to do with his hands while he sat. His arms felt floppy and awkward.

Finished relieving himself, Bronco ruefully folded up some toilet paper and wiped himself, once more disgusted he had to do what only women were supposed to do. Pulling up his panties, he went to the sink to wash his hands. His face in

the mirror didn't look quite right, and after a moment of staring, he realized



what had struck him as wrong: no stubble. He didn't need to shave. His face was as smooth as any woman's. Bronco made a decision.

Since this was clearly the work of the devil, he'd talk to the preacher about it. Reverend Tighe was a righteous man, if a little boring. Of course, Bronco wouldn't get too specific just yet as to his new equipment. He'd just tell the old man he thought he was being punished by God and ask him what to do about it. There was only one problem. Bronco had no idea how to contact the preacher, but he knew who did. Suzy. She was big into the church. He would have to talk to her in this dumb ass woman's voice and— scratch that. He grabbed his cellphone and sent her a text.

Suzy was cleaning up the dishes when the phone started to vibrate on the counter. Glancing, she saw the text from Bronco. So, he wanted the preacher's number? Hoping God can help you? Suzy had been raised in the church, and she wanted the same for her kids, but over the years she'd also been drawn to a lot of New Agey kinds of things- meditation, crystals, stuff that would have sent her mother screaming. Her mother considered all that pagan stuff devilry and would not have liked the notion of Susy getting involved in it, let alone with a mysterious wiccan who had real magic.

Suzy, though, saw no conflict. Nothing happens in this world that isn't the will of God, she believed, and so she believed that Tatiana had been brought into her life, and that everything she was doing was right with the Almighty. Didn't the Bible say an eye for an eye? Well, this time it was a dick for a vagina.

She ignored Bronco's text. She wanted to hear Bronco talk in that voice. It was too sweet. The phone buzzed and buzzed, Bronco sending text after text. Poor thing. He was so ashamed, and she couldn't blame him. Finished with the dishes, she took off her rubber gloves and picked up the phone. "Busy." She texted back.

A few minutes later, a sheepish Bronco came into the kitchen. Suzy smiled, ready to hear her husband's new voice, but he held out a note. It read,

*Preacher Tighe's number!* Sneaky girl! Suze thought, but I'm sneakier. "Oh, I don't have my glasses," she said. "What is it you need?"

"I need Preacher Tighe's number!" Bronco finally said, his voice a feminine shriek. He immediately put a hand to his throat, ashamed.

"Oh, is your throat bothering you?" Suzy said, adopting a motherly tone, like she was talking to a child. "Let me get you a lozenge."

"I don't need a lozenge," Bronco shouted. "I need the damn preacher's..." Suzy, not caring for his aggressive attitude, decided to shut him up. Suddenly, his chest swelled, breasts once more stretching out his shirt, and he wrapped his arms around them, screeching in horror to have his wife



see him  
with—

But they were gone again. Suzy, drawing on all her skills from drama class back in the day, feigned more motherly concern. "Are you okay, Bronny?" She said, though she'd never called

him Bronny before.

“I’m– I’m fine–” Bronco said, patting his chest with his palms. Due to the magic, his mind reeled with confusion: he knew he’d had breasts again, and he was just as certain that he didn’t anymore. What the hell was happening to him?

“You just look like you’d seen a ghost there for second,” Suzy said. “Or, maybe twins?”

“Can I just get that number?” Bronco said, the hint of desperation in his tone just enough to sway Suzy to say yes.

“I’ll text it to you,” Suzy said. “Maybe you should see a doctor about your throat?” She wanted to make sure Bronco never suspected her, and she was loving playing these mind games on him after all the years he fucked with her.

“Yeah, probably,” Bronco said. And then, in true Bronco fashion, he couldn’t let it go. “Ya know,” he said. “Ya could have just texted me.”

“I-- Oh, hey, Brad,” Suzy said as Bradley came into the kitchen and froze. He thought he’d heard two women talking and guessed maybe Aunt Polly had stopped by, and he was shocked to see one of the voices belonged to his dad.

“Brad?” Bronco turned to see his shocked son looking at him with the same screwed up face he’d seen on his daughter. Sickened, Bronco just rushed from the room. As he hurried down the hall, he heard his son ask, “Why does Dad sound like a girl?”

A girl? The comment wounded Bronco deeply. He’d been, truth to tell, a bit of a shit father, and now whatever little respect his son had for him was probably going down the shitter. I don’t sound like a damn girl, Bronco insisted to himself. Even though, well, shit, technically, I am one.

The kids went out to the backyard to play, and Suzy went to her room and pulled out the scrying stone. The Bronco who would go meet the preacher later would be a very changed man.

## Chapter 5

Back in his room, a shaken Bronco tapped the number Suzy had texted him. He had to find some way to stop what was happening. Losing his serpent was terrible, and he didn't want to have to go through life as a squatter, but on top of that he was losing respect, power and everything that had made him, him. After four rings, a raspy, graying voice answered. "Hello?"

"Hey. Is this Reverend Tighe?"

"It sure is, young lady. And to whom am I speaking? If you're some kind of telemarketer, I'm gonna hang up and pray for your soul."

Young lady. Bronco clenched his fist. "This is actually Bronco. I know my voice sounds a little funny."

"Bronco?" The Reverend said. "Why, I do apologize for mistaking you for a young lady. These old ears of mine don't work so well. What can I do for you on this fine Saturday mornin'?"

"Well, I don't mean to bother ya on a Saturday and all, but I'm havin' a bit of, I guess you could say, a spiritual crisis, and I wonder if we can meet. Today, I mean."

"Well, a servant of God does not turn his back on a man in need. I am, however, tasked this morning to assist my dear Mabel with some gardening work. How about later this afternoon? Say, four at the church hall?"

"That would be just fine," Bronco said. "preciate it, Rev."

\*\*\*

Suzy, watching through the scrying stone, smiled. That was just fine. It would leave plenty of time for her next moves.

\*\*\*



When Bronco went to disconnect the call, he found his fingers once again tipped with long, glossy nails. Damn the devil, he thought, using his long nail to tap END. He looked at his long, crimson nails. At first, he felt disgusted, but then—hmm, he suddenly reconsidered. They really did look pretty. He turned them side to side, admiring the way they sparkled in the light. Maybe having long nails wasn't so bad, and he--

Just as suddenly as they'd appeared, the nails vanished.

Bronco felt a terrible sense of loss. No. His nails had looked so good! He stared in disgust at his short, chewed up nails, his messy cuticles. He couldn't live with them. I need to get my nails done, he decided. Damn it all, I just do!

What the hell am I thinking? No. No way.

The desire was strong, but he would fight it. He needed a shower, so he put on a baggy, terrycloth robe and headed to the bathroom, pausing when he saw himself in the mirror. Gross. His body. It was covered in wiry, black hairs. Of course, it was, he reminded himself. It always had been, but—yuck. It looked so disgusting. Looking in the shower, he saw a bottle of that stuff Suzy used to melt off her hair: Smooth Girl. Nah, he decided. Just another one of these weird impulses he's suffered from since the devil had taken his sausage. He needed his body hair to remind him he was really a man. Turning on the shower, he waited until it got good and hot, climbed in got clean, singing one of his favorite country songs to himself as he did so, his feminine voice echoing around the shower stall:

Got a pick truck and a big old dog  
Got me a Smith and Wesson  
Even got me a hog  
Just one thing this girl is missin'  
A real fine man to give me some kissin'

Climbing out of the shower, Bronco couldn't help but appreciate just how good he smelled. What is that? Strawberries and coconut? Hmmn, yum! Then, he froze. Strawberries and coconut?

The hell? He looked in the mirror. He had a smooth, hairless body, and his skin, it seemed to almost glow. Oh, shit. He remembered now. Without even thinking, he'd just gone right ahead and lathered up with that Smooth Girl crap! Damn the devil!

Taking some solace in the fact his clothes would hide his smooth shame, well, at least other than his face, Bronco dressed, then looked at the time, then at his ugly fingernails. The urge to get a manicure was still there, pulsing in his brain, calling to him.

He had hours to kill before his meeting. He needed to busy himself, distract himself, doing— what? He decided he would go for a drive on some old country backroads, listen to some Shania Twain, maybe have a beer. He would be safe in his truck, wouldn't have to interact with anyone who might make some impolite comment about his voice, and if he suddenly popped out a pair of boobs again no one would see.

He got up and went to the closet to get his cowboy hat. It wasn't there. Instead, there was a cutesy little straw cowgirl hat like the ones some girls wore. It looked like the same one he'd imagined himself wearing in his truck. Once more, he felt a sense of revulsion instantly replaced with a new and horrible thought: I would look damn cute in that hat!

Hands trembling, he struggled with all his will, but he couldn't stop himself from lifting the hat and plopping it on his head. No one would see him in it, he decided, heading toward the door. It didn't matter.

Suzy, of course, made a point to position herself at the front door, so someone would see him in it. "Hey, Bronny," she said. "I love your hat!"

Bronco froze as he felt a flush of feminine pleasure. "Why, thank you, kindly!" He said, proud his cute little hat had been noticed and remarked upon. "I don't even know where it came from, but it's cute, right?"

"So cute. It suits a *man* like you."

"Your outfit looks great, too," Bronc said, then suddenly caught himself, realizing he was acting like a woman. He gasped. "I gotta go," he said, plunging out the door.





“Bye, bye,” Suzy called after him. “Have fun!” The poor thing. He had no idea what she had planned for him.

Bronco jumped in his truck, floored it and peeled out, reveling in the manly roar of the engines, the feeling of power. He linked up his phone on Bluetooth. “Play Country Playlist,” he said, and started to drive. Deanna Carter came on, and he found himself singing along, matching her voice:

I bought these new heels, did my nails

Had my hair done just right  
I thought this new dress was a sure bet  
For romance tonight  
Well it's perfectly clear, between the TV and beer  
I won't get so much as a kiss  
As I head for the door, I turn around to be sure  
Did I shave my legs for this?

Bronco bobbed his head side to side and tapped his hand on the steering wheel as he drove, lost in the song, thinking, I never noticed how awesome this song is before! He got lost in the music, the drive, his mind seemed more clear than it had in days, and he got in the zone, windows down, wind blowing through the cab.

\*\*\*

“What the hell?” Bronco found himself standing on the sidewalk downtown, staring up at the sign that read “Nails.” He had no recollection of driving here. Parking. One minute he’d been in his truck, singing about shaving his legs, and then he just suddenly found himself standing in front of the nail salon, consumed with longing. He looked down at his gross nails. Bro, he thought to himself. Do not do this. Everyone in town will know in a day, tops.

And yet? I’m here anyway, and I need this so badly. He decided he would just get a manicure. No extensions. Some guys got manicures. Like, rich guys. He saw it in a movie once. He’d control himself, go half way with these new feelings.

As he struggled to fight his urges, a couple women walked by. “Love your hat!” One of them said, sarcastic-like.

“Omigod, thanks!” Bronco said, feeling that same feminine thrill at the compliment, but when they started laughing, he realized his mistake. They

were making fun of him? Suddenly, staying out on the sidewalk did not seem like the safer choice.

He pulled open the door and stepped into the nail parlor. It was all women—the beauticians, the customers. They all glanced over as the bell chimed over the door. It was unheard of in this little town for a man to get a manicure, and they all wondered if he was here running some errand for his wife, though half of them had already heard about his voice. Bronco felt like an invader, sneaking into a woman's world, but he also felt the same sneaky satisfaction he'd felt at the bar. No one knows I'm wearing panties, he thought, amused. Or that I have a cooter. I wonder what they'd think if they knew I was wearing panties under these jeans?

“May I help you?” A girl at the front desk said. Even the younger generation knew all about the legend of The Bronc. She was curious why he'd come to the nail salon. Maybe to make an appointment for his wife?

Bronco went up to the counter, and in a whisper, said, “I'd like to get my nails done.”

The girl laughed. The combination of that voice coming from that face and the request? She was sure he was joking.

Bronco dropped his head in shame, and she realized her mistake. “Really?”

“Yeah, and I know it may seem a bit out of the ordinary,” Bronco said. “I want a manicure. And, just so's you know, I got punched in the throat. That's why I sound like— this. So, I hope you feel proud of yerself making fun of a injured man.” These young people, he thought in a snit. They have no manners whatsoever. He looked back toward the front door, thinking, I can still make a run for it. “Say, if you're too busy I can always—”

“Nope. Come on back,” the girl said. “Willow will take care of you.”

Oh, fuck. He knew Willow. They went to the same church, had hooked up once. Mortified, Bronco followed the girl back, sat down across from Willow, who was looking at him with an amused smile. “Bronco,” she said. “How’s that throat of yours?”

“What?” Bronco said.

“Oh, my God. You do sound like a woman now. I’d heard about it from someone, but lordy.”

Lacey! Bronco knew he never should have trusted her. “You should have seen the other guy,” he said, trying to save face, but when he laughed at his own comment, his laughter sounded high-pitched and feminine.

“Well, I am sure he got a beating,” Willow said, knowing how fragile the male ego. She pushed a couple dishes over. “Start soaking. What can I do you for?”

Bronco dipped his fingers into the warm, soapy water. “Oh, you know. Clean up the cuticles, file, nail extensions.” Bronco’s eyes went wide. He had not meant to say that. He shook his head. “I’m kidding. Of course, I want nail extensions.”

“Are you joking?” Willow said, not sure what to make of this. She knew Bronco. Had slept with Bronco. He was, she’d thought, all man. A real-life cowboy and rodeo champ. He didn’t seem the nail extension type, and he seemed to want them and not want them?

“Yes. I am,” Bronco said, meaning to correct himself, but instead he heard himself repeat, “I want nail extensions.”

The women around him struggled not to laugh. Willow shrugged. “Okay, then.”

“It’s a joke,” Bronco said, trying to save face. “You know, on Suzy.”

“I am sure she’ll find it hilarious,” Willow said. She could tell Bronco was lying, but, as that thing the French said, such is life. It seemed to her Bronco was having a crisis, probably because of his impending divorce. Poor thing.

Normally, Willow and the other girls got into small talk with their clients. It was part of the service. What to say to get a man talking? “How ‘bout them Generals?” She said, bringing up the local professional football team.

Bronc nodded, glad to have something manly to talk about. “We’re going all the way this year. Our quarterback...”

Suzy, who was watching, made a change.

“Our quarterback...” Bronco couldn’t remember his name. He suddenly couldn’t remember any of the player’s name, or the coaches or, really, anything about the team or the season except for one thing— “Did you hear about how that one player got caught cheating on his wife with three different women?”

“His name is Washington!” Willow hissed along with three other women, who’d overheard the conversation.

“What a jerk!” Bronco went on, feeling a swell of feminine fury. “His wife’s at home running the house, taking care of three kids, and he’s sleeping around! I don’t blame her for divorcing him.”

“Preach,” Willow said. “What an asshole.”

“Men are such shit heads!” Bronco said, his voice rising to a higher pitch. When Willow and the other women laughed, he caught himself, slouching down in his chair, cheeks burning. He was reminded that he was a woman now, and it disturbed him that he’d been so quick to identify with the wife in the story. “I mean, you know?”

“I know,” Willow said. “Okay. Done soaking.” Based on what had just happened, she decided to turn the conversation to a tried-and-true subject as she began to work on his woeful cuticles. “How are the kids?”

“They’re getting so big!” Bronco began to gush about his children, his voice taking on a warm, maternal lilt. To every single woman in the room, he sounded like a proud mother and not a father at all.

As Willow applied the nail extensions, Bronco calmed himself by insisting he would chop them off as soon as he got out of this place. As it was, he was thinking he might just have to let Suzy have the house, move to a new town. After this trip to the nail salon and on top of how he’d been acting, he didn’t know how he’d ever show his face in town again, even if he did get back to normal.

Willow finished. “What do you think?” She asked,



The women in the parlor all watched as Bronco held his hands out in front of him, examining his freshly manicured nails just like any woman. His mouth dropping open with a soft sigh. He’d been slouching, manspreading, but as he drooled over his pretty nails, he straightened his back and crossed his legs at the knee, sitting like a woman, which came easily now that he didn’t have any male junk between his legs. He held his hands up, nails out, so the other women could admire them. “They’re so pretty!” He

gushed, unable to help himself. All thoughts of chopping off these beautiful nails vanished. “I’ll never let my nails go so wrong again.”



Now, Willow and the rest of the women couldn’t help but laugh, and loud. It was so funny for them to see a big, hunky guy like Bronco freaking about his pretty nails. Bronco blushed. “Oh, hell. What’s wrong with me?”

“Oh, don’t take it the wrong way,” Willow said, wanting to make the suddenly sensitive and self-conscious Bronc feel a little better. “It’s just fun to see— someone— get so excited

about— um, his— nails. We don't mean nothing, do we girls?"

No. No. No, the woman all insisted, before showering Bronc with compliments on how good his nails looked. Having a bunch of hens clucking about his nails only made it worse, but Bronco didn't want to seem rude, so he smiled and pretended to enjoy the embarrassing female gushing.

"Okay," Bronco said, once he'd endured all he could. "I better go." He got up and started toward the register.

"Oh, Bronc?" Willow called.

"Yeah?"

"Don't forget your purse."

"My *what?*" He said, horrified as he looked over and saw a woman's bag. It looked just like one of Suzy's, propped next to the chair he'd been sitting on. "I don't have a—" and yet, even as he was about to explain he didn't have a purse, he realized that was his purse. He **did** have a purse. He needed a purse. All his stuff was in there— keys, wallet, credit cards, tampons...

He had no choice. He couldn't very well leave the salon without his keys and cards. Chagrined, he walked over and picked up the woman's bag. Consumed with shame at this act of drag accessorizing, he slung his purse over his shoulder, seething as he thought about all these dang women and what they would be saying about him when he left the room.

One didn't wait as he heard old lady Erickson whisper, "And here I thought he was so rugged."



Leaving the nail parlor, Bronco fought back tears as he walked down the sidewalk, purse over his shoulder, clinging to the strap with one glossy



nailed hand while he tried to hide the nails on the other, keeping it clenched in a fist. He got looks. He heard comments. Bronco was walking around town with a purse? It was over. He would have to leave town, but before he fled for the hills, he would see the

Reverend and hope that God would have mercy and remove this curse.

“Now,” he wondered. “Where did a park? It must be...Oh. My. God.” Bronco pressed his nose against the glass to Western Boots and stared. There in the window, was a pair of high-heeled cowgirl boots. He adored them. He did! They were to die for! The boots were slender, shaped like a woman’s calf. They would never fit. Never. Oh, but he had to at least try! He would never forgive himself if he didn’t even try to fit onto those – perfections.

We know what happened next, don’t we?

Bronco struggled. Bronco lost. As he entered the store, Suzy made a change and Bronco's legs grew longer, rounder, slender and coltish. The boots fit perfectly, and moments later a wobbly Bronco minced out of the store, high heels clicking on the sidewalk. He had his arms out to the sides, struggling to maintain his balance, propped up on his toes and feeling like he was going to fall forward on his face. People snickered. "I didn't want these," he shrieked. "I just can't help myself!"



Suzy roared with laughter, seeing Bronco struggling in his heels. He looked so ridiculous, face screwed up in concentration, his cute little cowgirl hat on his head, arms out to the sides, wrists bent. Maybe later she would grant him heel mastery, but for now the sight of the stupid idiot trying and

failing to do something she could do with ease pleased her to no end. His legs did look good, though, now squeezed into a pair of tight, women's jeans. Oh, why not? She thought as Bronco's hips rounded and his ass

plumped and took on a sweet, feminine heart-shape. Lifted by those heels, his ass was extra inviting, and he looked sexy as hell from the waist down. Suzy actually felt a little jealous, wishing she could use the stone to give herself a booty like that.

Bronco just wanted to get away, get back in his truck, hide. As awkwardly as he was walking, his purse kept slipping off his shoulder, so he found



himself struggling with the purse and the heels he shouldn't even be wearing. How do women manage? He wondered. It was hell.

His purse slipped off his shoulder and dangled from his forearm as he tottered along in his heels. He heard more whispers. More laughter. His whole life,

Bronco had been the guy women wanted and men wanted to be. Not anymore. Suzy smiled.

## Chapter Six



Heart racing, head swimming with anxiety, Bronco looked for his truck, but once more, his world seemed to fade to black. He came to slowly, eyes closed. Where the hell am I? He wondered. The air smelled gross, like the lavender oils his wife called aroma therapy mixed with the acrid scents of ammonia and peroxide.

“All done, Ivy Rose,” he heard a woman say.



Opening his eyes, Bronco found himself looking at a woman who stared right back at him with an intense curiosity. She was blonde, cute,— assuming she was into him, Bronco smiled, and she mirrored his smile and-- holy shit. Holy shit. She was him. What the fuck had happened? How had his hair gotten so long? So blonde? “Where am I?” He asked, running his long nails through his hair. “What happened? Why do I look like a --?” He couldn't say.

His heart skipped a beat as his attention was drawn from his long, golden hair to his thick, impossibly long, curly black lashes. He recognized them immediately as eyelash extensions. They were popular among the country girls, and he'd always found something incredibly sexy about them. Seeing his own eyes done up, he shrieked, even as he stared in shock at how much his face, softened by long, golden hair and with those slutty, fuck me lashes, now looked like it belonged to a woman.



“Damn the devil,” Bronco shouted. “Damn the devil straight to hell.”

Aimee Lee, his stylist, stood in the mirror behind him, looking concerned. “That’s certainly a different reaction,” she said.

“What have you done to me?” Bronc whispered in his soft voice. “I look... I look like...” he still couldn’t say it. He met Aimee’s eyes in the mirror. “Why? Why would you do this to me?”

Aimee shook her head. “Cause you asked me to, hon.”

“I– I asked for this?”

“You pointed right at that picture and said, ‘I want to look like her.’”

“I never...” Bronco said, shaking his head, and yet, the memories started to flow back. He remembered teetering into the salon, seeing the picture, wanting to look like her, asking to look like her.

Aimee had been surprised when the studly Bronco had come mincing into the salon wearing heels, a cowgirl hat propped on his head and a purse slung over his shoulder. No doubt, he was having buyer’s remorse now that he looked like a girl with his blonde bob, long lashes and sculpted brows. It wasn’t the first time a client had seen the results of her– his? – makeover and been filled with regret. Aimee really couldn’t blame him. She and her husband liked to role=play, so it wasn’t really a thing for her, but in this little town for Bronco to go around looking like a woman would be actually a life threatening proposition. People were a bit old fashioned and while everyone knew pretty much everyone was getting up to something behind closed doors, it was one of the things that was meant to stay behind closed door. “If you don’t like it I can fix it—”

“No!” Bronco said, his mind shifting at Suzy’s command. He batted his long lashes and smiled, once more running a hand through his hair. It was so bright and soft and full of body! “I– I love it.”

“Well, okay, then, Ivy Rose,” Aimee said, thinking, it’s a woman’s right to change her mind.

“Why are you calling me Ivy?” Bronco said as he gathered up his purse and stood.

“Because you told me to.”

“My name’s not Ivy,” Bronco said. And then, to his surprise, added, “It’s Ivy Rose.”

That’s not my name, Bronco thought, confused. My name is– Ivy Rose. No, it’s Ivy Rose! He couldn’t remember his name, his real name. Couldn’t even think it. He was now Ivy Rose.

The devil! Damn the devil! Bronco looked at his watch. He had to get moving. There was no time, or he’d be late to see the reverend. “Thanks, you’re a doll, I need to run,” Bronco said, grabbing his purse. “Buh bye, y’all!”

\*\*\*

As Bronco drove to meet the preacher, Suzy decided his old denim jacket just wasn’t right for the occasion, so she made a change. Flowery embroidery stitched itself onto the weathered denim. Bronco didn’t even notice.

When Reverend Tighe answered the tentative knock at the church hall door, he did a double take as he looked at the young blonde standing there before him, hair glistening in the sunlight, a fashionable bag slung over her shoulder. “Miss, I–Bronco?” He said, as the magic kicked in and he recognized the transformed man.

“I prefer to be referred to as Ivy Rose, if it ain’t too much trouble” Bronco said, unable to keep himself from correcting the Reverend, though he hated the name Ivy Rose.

“Well, then, come on in. It does look like maybe we need to talk.” The Reverend, on force of habit when dealing with what his mind was telling him was a woman, held the door and gestured gallantly. “After you.”

The church hall was carpeted, and Bronco found a whole new challenge trying to walk on the soft, spongy surface in his heels. He’d only just begun to figure out how to walk on the hard sidewalk and parking lot, and now this? On top of that, his eyelash extensions partially obstructed his vision, and he found himself feeling helpless and hobbled in a way that further



unmanned him as he minced along next to the easy striding Reverend.

\*\*\*

As they entered the parlor, the reverend bowed toward a chair next to the fireplace.

“Please take a seat, Bronc—er, I mean Ivy Rose.”

The bow irked the Broncster. “Don’t treat me like a woman!” He objected, clutching to the straps of his purse with one hand. ‘I know how I look, and



my voice is all messed up, but I'm a—" he was about to insist he was a man, but he'd come to see the reverend hoping for forgiveness for his sinful ways, and he doubted whether lying to the preacher was going to get him in good with the Almighty. "I, well, I just don't care for it."

With a huff, Bronco sat legs crossed, hands in his lap. He explained about the devil. "He forced me to get my nails done and wear high heels. He even turned me into a blonde! What can I do? You gotta help me!"

The Reverend's office was classic clerical— all calming tones, bookshelves piled with religious tomes, comfortable chairs. It was where he met with parishioners to talk with them about their problems, offer guidance.

The Reverend was at a loss for words or even any ideas. This was so far out of his experience. He'd never heard tell of the devil getting up to this kind of mischief, so he wasn't sure if that was what he was dealing with here in Bronco's case. The Rev fell back on the old reliable. "You need to pray. Ask the good lord of forgiveness and knowledge his will for you."

Suzy made a change. Bronco smiled as he felt his cheeks growing warm. The Reverend had such kind, gray eyes, and he was so strong and spiritual. Bronco batted his long lashes and tilted his head slightly to the side. "Oh, Reverend," he gushed. "You're so wise and helpful. I just— I admire you so much. Ain't there, maybe, some way I can *repay* you for your kindness?"

Tarnation! Is he doing what I think he's doing? Old Man Tighe wondered. The Reverend picked up on all the signals Bronco was sending him, but he didn't want to believe his lying eyes. Women in the parish were frequently smitten with him, to be sure, but Bronco? No, he decided. He had to be imagining things. "Read your bible tonight for at least an hour before bed," he said. "You need to fill your head with the holy scriptures."

Bronco, for his part, was horrified at what he was thinking, feeling and saying. It was just like one of the dreams he'd been having as he felt himself getting wet, his nipples getting hard, his throat dry, only this was a man, the preacher and it was for real. Stop. No. Grab your purse and run, he told himself, but he was no longer in control. Ivy Rose had needs.



“Is it hot in here, or is it just me?” Bronco asked, pulling his jacket off his shoulders and fanning himself. Suzy saw a chance she couldn't miss. His chest swelled. Bronco arched his back, thrusting his breasts forward and shook his shoulders side to side. “Would you mind terribly if I took my shirt off?”

“The devil!” Reverend Tighe shouted, no longer doubting Bronco's story. He stood. “It's time for you to leave, you wanton Jezebel!”

“Oh! You're so commanding, and your voice is so deep and powerful,” Bronco



heard himself say in a breathy, sexy voice as his breasts continued to swell. He spread his legs and giggled.

“I must insist you leave at once,” Reverend Tighe said, thinking perhaps Bronco was truly possessed by some sort of demonic harlot.

“I just thought of a way to thank you,” he said, slipping a finger between his lips. “I could—”

Bronco, suddenly regaining control, blushed, equally ashamed as a man and as a woman; he was

stricken he’d thrown himself at the Reverend, and crestfallen the Reverend had rejected him! “I’m so sorry! I didn’t mean—”

“Out, temptress! Go! Pray! Read the scripture and may God save your soul!”

Bronco hot with shame, got up and fled the room, his breasts bouncing with each step. He couldn't believe he'd just thrown himself at a man, and the reverend to boot? I've completely lost it, he decided, flustered, hot, thirsty hungry for sex. He covered his breasts with his hands, trying to get them to stop bouncing, while his long hair kept swinging across his eyes and his purse kept slipping off his shoulder. Impossible. It was impossible! Unbalanced and unnerved by the weight and swaying of his breasts, he was already thinking he might need to wear a bra...

Suzy, once more, changed her mind, and by the time he got to his truck, he once more found his breasts had vanished. Again. What the hell? Well, at least he wouldn't need a bra. Small consolation, he decided, given what he'd just done in the preacher's office. He opened the truck door, careful not to break a nail. Once more, his thoughts turned to how he would need to eventually leave town. Not only was he no longer a man, but he'd have a reputation as a fallen woman soon enough the way he was acting.

Bronco did not want to face Suzy looking the way he looked now, so he decided to just kill time until it was late and she'd gone to bed. Even though she'd made it so he adored his nails and pretty hair, at the same time he knew he'd been emasculated, and he dreaded Suzy's taunts. She'd think he'd done all this by choice. He didn't even want to think about how his kids would feel when they saw him.

Picking up a sixpack of beer, Bronco drove out to Miller's Creek, found a log to sit on, drank and skipped stones. The humming of the cicadas filled the air, which smelled of snakes and moss. What the hell was he going to do now? Where would he go? He'd lived his whole life in Zink County, had never known anything else. He thought of the way he'd thrown himself at the reverend, seething with shame, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. He cursed himself for crying like a woman. He cursed himself for being a woman.

The tears eventually dried up, and he eventually ran out of beer, crushing the last of the cans and tossing it into the creek, almost hitting a frog that had been resting on a lily pad. The frog croaked in protest and leapt into the water with a splash. The sun had set. It was getting cold. Bronco checked the time—11:34. Suzy would be in bed by now. He'd sneak in, go to his room. He supposed he'd have to face her eventually, but he'd decided to put it off as long as possible.

Bronco idled his way to the end of the driveway and cut the engine. The house was dark, but for a few lamps they always left on at night, plus the porch light. He climbed out of his truck, slung his purse over his shoulder and walked around back. His bedroom was closer to the back door. He crept into the house. It was quiet. He smiled as he made his way to his room, pulled open and the door and, "Suzy?"



Suzy sat on the edge of his bed. She'd decided to dress sexy, just to tease him on what he no longer was, and remind him of what he was becoming. It was one of what had once been one of his favorite outfits for her: slutty cowgirl.

"Bronco?" She said, pretending to be surprised.

“You’re blonde?” Suzy had seen him, of course, through the scrying stone, but seeing him live and in person, she was quite pleased with how he was coming along, and the look of shame and humiliation in his eyes was perfect.

Bronco, the former macho rodeo star now propped on high heels and deeply ashamed, sighed. “I prefer Ivy Rose, and this hair? It was an accident.”

“I love your purse,” Suzy said, wanting to rub it all in.

“It’s not my purse,” Bronco said. “I found it somewhere.” He had forgotten he was even carrying a purse. It felt natural to him now. Caught by his wife, he tossed it onto a chair, trying to act like he didn’t care, then set his sexy, high-heeled boots down. “Look. I’m really tired,” he said. “I’ve had a long day.”

“Of course,” Suzy said getting up, putting a hand on Bronco’s arm. “You need your beauty sleep.” She started to pull the bedroom door open, then looked back over his shoulder and grinned. “I love your nails.”

Rather than getting angry, Bronco struggled to hold back the tears.

## Chapter Seven

Bronco woke up the next morning, his stomach growling.

Suzy was cooking. The whole house swam with the salty, savory smell of bacon baking in the oven, and there was, too, the wheaty smell of pancakes. Suzy only cooked for her and the kids now while she and Bronco waited to finalize the divorce and fought over the house. It pissed him off. As long as she was legally his wife, he felt she should cook for him, damnit. Feeling insecure about his new sex and his humiliating experiences the previous day, his anger grew as he headed to the kitchen. He'd put Suzy in her place, he decided. He'd remind her he was the man. Even if he, technically speaking, wasn't a man.

Suzy was at the counter, minding the waffle iron. She wasn't making pancakes, but waffles, his actual favorite. The kids were at the table on their phones. Perfect, Bronco thought. The cereal was in the cabinet right above the waffle iron. It gave him the perfect excuse. Bronco came up behind Suzy, letting his chest press against her back as he reached over her and opened the cabinet. He was still a foot taller and much bigger, and he put one hand on her shoulder to show he was in control.

"Get off me," Suzy said, annoyed that the idiot was invading her space, asserting his so-called dominance in front of the children. Bronco didn't answer. Not with his new voice, but he gripped her shoulder tighter as he pretended to peruse the row of cereal boxes, his long nails digging painfully into her flesh.

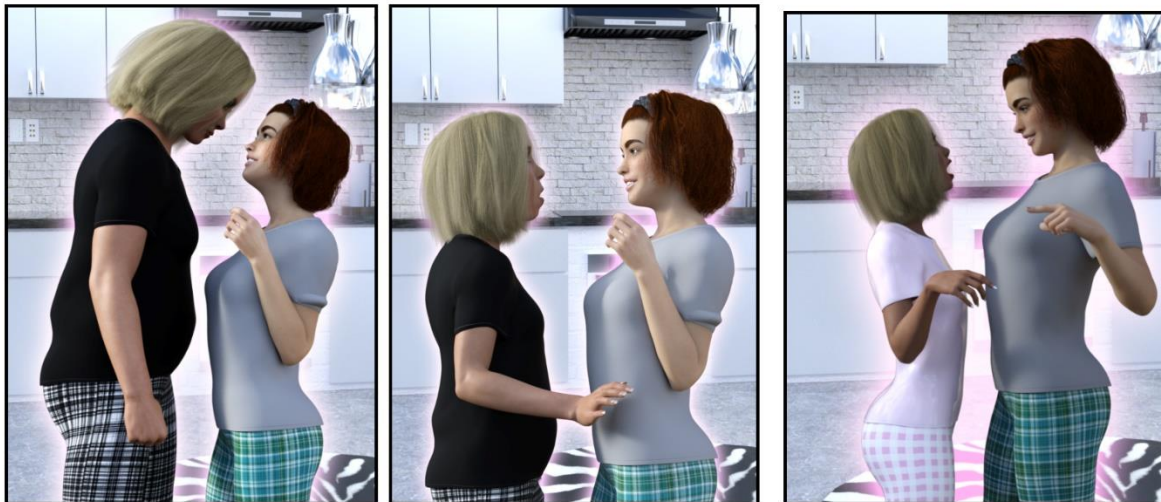
Suzy twisted away, taking three steps back. He has no idea what I can do to him, she thought, as ideas flitted through her head. Maybe I should finally give him tits for good? She thought a wicked smile spreading across her face as she imagined his shirt stretching out across a pair of d-cups...

The kids had looked up from their phones. The tension in the room was thick as molasses. Suzy glanced at them, and decided she didn't want to

do it in front of the kids. It was enough for them to see their father with a blonde bob and those long lashes. She didn't want them to see him pop out a pair of boobies.

Bronco, seeing the smile on Suzy's face, took it as a sign of disrespect, which, in fact, it was. Grabbing a box of Pirate Crunch cereal from the cupboard, he shoved his hand into the box, grabbed a fistful of sugary cubes and tossed them into his mouth. He stepped right up at Suzy and munched, staring down at her. Aggressive eating. His signature. He had never hit her, but he loved to let her know he could crush her anytime he wanted.

In the past, these little displays had terrified Suzy, but not anymore. First, he looked like a fool trying to stare her down with his long eyelashes, sculpted brows and blonde bob. Secondly, she had all the power. Fine, she decided. I guess I'll have to humiliate you in front of the kids. You asked for it. She envisioned.



From Bronco's perspective, it seemed like Suzy suddenly started to grow, even as the room seemed to expand, the walls and ceiling rising away from him. Suzy got bigger and bigger until he had to tilt his head back to meet her eyes. The box of cereal fell to the kitchen floor, the contents scattering



across the tile. “What the hell?” Bronco said, but his voice now sounded even higher pitched, squeaky, like a little girl and not even a woman.

He heard the kids chuckle. They were always taking their mom’s side. He looked down to see skinny little arms, small hands, and his pajamas had turned— pink?

“Bronco,” Suzy said, acting all surprised and concerned. “What happened to you? You’re— you’re tiny!

“My name,” Bronco said, planting his fists on his hips, staring up at his wife in feminine fury, “is Ivy Rose!”

Suzy laughed. She couldn’t help herself. “Such a pretty name,” she said. “I’m sorry I forgot. It suits you, Ivy Rose.”

“This can’t be happening,” Bronco said, starting to hyperventilate. “This can’t be real!” He was turning his little hands over, staring at his slender wrists, his sparkling nails.

“I agree,” Suzy said. “What the hell is going on, Bronco? I mean, Ivy?” She was keeping up the act, gaslighting the hell out of her now tiny little former man. “Why do you sound like a little girl?”

Little girl. The words stung. “I do NOT sound like a dang little girl!” Bronco shrieked, stomping one little foot.

Once more, he heard his kids laugh. “Don’t laugh at me!” He screamed. He looked up at Suzy. She was so much bigger than him now, and he— he felt a little afraid.

Suzy couldn’t resist. She wrapped her arms around Bronco and pulled him to her breasts. “Someone needs a hug.”



Feeling so small in his wife's arms, his face pressing against her breasts, the condescending tone of her voice, Bronco screamed and pushed her away, turning and running from the room.

Ding! The ready light on the waffle iron began to blink.

"Oh, the waffles are done," Suzy said. "Bradley, can you take the bacon out of the oven? Be careful not to burn yourself."

"Sure, Mom."

Things had been tense for a while,

and the kids were used to both the sudden drama and then the reset to normal as if nothing had happened. While Brad got the bacon, Mary Kate went back to her phone. I think my Dad is turning into a girl, she posted, along with the picture she'd snapped of him being smothered in her Mom's arms.

“We heard,” one of her friends texted right back along with a row of smiley faces.

While the kids dug into the first round of waffles, Suzy poured more batter into the waffle iron, glad her back was to the kids so they couldn’t see her grin.

“Mom,” Brad finally asked when he thought enough time had passed.  
“What happened to Dad?”

“I am sure I don’t know,” Suzy said, but she was thinking, I am sure he won’t be trying to intimidate anyone anymore. “Let’s just try and have a normal morning. I’ll go talk to her–” the kids giggled– “I mean *him*, later.”

Bronco ran down the now too big hall and yanked open the giant-sized door to his over-sized room. He was still breathing hard, fighting off a panic attack, as he stepped in front of his bedroom mirror. “No...” he whispered in his soft little voice. His eyes confirmed that he was not just shorter, but skinny– he had pipe stem arms, narrow shoulders... his face had even softened, looked younger– he looked more like a young woman than a man, the impression increased by the stupid pink pajamas he found himself wearing. And, of course, the fact he actually was a girl. A woman. A man. Whatever.

Doctor? Shrink? This, he decided, is some serious ass voodoo. He’d prayed and fallen asleep reading the Bible. The changes had only gotten worse. There was no other option. He needed help, and he knew there was only one place he could find it: Eusebe Doucet, the Voodoo Queen of Zink County.

He started getting dressed, thinking at first that getting into a pair of jeans and a denim jacket would help him feel more like a man again, but the jeans were so tight he had to lay on his back and yank them over his shapely thighs. The jean jacket still had those absurd flowers and even his tank top was cut for a woman, tapering in to celebrate his now slender

waist. He hoped maybe no one would notice, but a glance in the mirror told another tale: he looked like a teen tomboy or some country era Taylor Swift groupie. His clothes hugged his curvy hips and thighs, made obvious his thigh gap and all that implied.

Oh, shit, he decided, adjusting his hat, wilting. There was no way he could ever pass for a man now. He couldn't even pass for a boy. He had to fix this somehow, he decided, sitting on his bed and pulling on his stiletto boots. Standing, he wobbled. I should practice walking in these things, he decided, making a mental note to work on it later— if his trip to see Madam Doucet failed him.

Finally, slinging his purse over his shoulder, Bronco threw one hip out to the side, planted a hand on it and examined his nails. His eyes slit with determination as he gathered his will. "Let's do this!"



## Chapter Eight

“Well, so you’ve come to see Madam Doucet? You must be a desperate girl.” Madam Doucet had a faint, Jamaican accent that added a mysterious flair to her every word.

“I know how I look, but I’m— not a girl,” Bronco lied. Madam Doucet had a rich, older woman’s voice, and it hurt him to hear how high and soft and young and female he sounded compared to her.

Madam Doucet laughed, a big, boisterous laugh. “We both know that isn’t true! I can see your aura, young miss! I know what the magic has done to you.”

Bronco closed his eyes. It was the first time anyone had known he was a female now, called him out on it. He almost felt relieved that his secret was out. “I’m sorry I lied,” he said. “Do you know why this is happening to me? Can you please help me?”

“You are under the spell of a powerful sorceress,” Madam Doucet said. “I know her work well. She goes by the name of Tatiana these days, though she has used many names over the millennia. It is she. Her magic is at work here.”

Bronco leaned forward, excited. “So, you can help me, then? You can fix me?”

“Nooooo,” Doucet said, chuckling. “Hahaha. I cannot help you, little one.”

Bronco groaned. “Why not?”

“Tatiana and I have a noncompete agreement. We all do among the witches in the Conjurors Union. We don’t mess around with each other’s magic. It creates too many problems. Witch fights are the worst and they always end up with someone stuck as a toad. Why even bother?”

Bronco couldn't believe what he was hearing. "Union? Agreement? Why bother? I'm supposed to be a man. I'm a father! How am I supposed to live like this?" He held up his dainty hands, his long nails sparkling.

"It's easier than you think," Doucet said with a dismissive wave of her hand. "You'll get used to it."

"Used to it? Do you have any idea what this is like for me?"

"A little. I spent a year as a crocodile once. Came to the point I liked eating small birds. They're very crunchy."

Bronco picked up his purse, stood and put his nose in the air. "I'm sorry to be rude, but you've been no help at all." He started toward the door, one ankle rolled a bit, and he yelped as he regained his balance.

"I do have one bit of advice for you," Doucet said. "Something that can change your life!"

"Yeah?" Bronco said, his hopes rising for a moment.

"Learn to walk in those heels, baby girl."

"Hmmpf. Like I ain't figured that one out on my own." Bronco tried to strut out the door, but his dramatic exit was ruined as he wobbled and swayed.

After Bronco left, Madam Doucet took off her wig. "Tatiana. She does do some fucking amazing work. I admire the girl." The Jamaican accent was gone, and she said the words in the gruff gutturals of her native, New Jersey accent. She'd put on the mysterious accent and played up a whole Cajun voodoo queen shtick ever since she'd moved to Zink County. People expected it thanks to the movies. What could she do?

## Chapter Nine

It was a particular point of pride for Bronco that he never missed work. He'd never taken a sick day or a personal day in his 4 plus years with the county, where he'd been working since retiring from the rodeo. It was a testament to his dedication, or, perhaps, a little magic nudge from Suzy, that he planned to go to work the next morning even in his embarrassing, feminized state. He had no idea how he was going to explain all this. He looked like a woman now, sounded like a woman, and he'd have no choice but to show up to work wearing his damnable cowgirl boots with the ridiculously impractical heels. Well, if he had to wear them, he decided, he would wear them well. He didn't want to embarrass himself in front of the fellas.

Bronc searched on TubeYou for "How to Walk in Cowgirl Boots." There were videos on how to stretch them, how to walk up stairs— for men? Oooh! A video on how to wear them in terms of style. He saved it for later. Finally, he searched for how to walk in high heels and there were thousands upon thousands of videos aimed at women. Well, Bronco thought, another sign of the decline of civilization. Mothers should be teaching their daughters this stuff! Well, I suppose I should be grateful. He picked a "How to Walk in Heels For Beginners" and watched, eager to learn. He then spent the next two hours practicing before finally pulling his boots off and massaging his aching calves.

When Bronco woke Monday morning, his hair had grown even longer and fell all the way down his back in a shimmering, golden wave. What am I supposed to do with all this hair? He wondered, running his hands through the silky strands. Then, as if he'd been doing it every morning for years, he sat cross-legged on the edge of his bed and began to brush it out before going to work on his braids.

Once he was done braiding his hair, Bronco dressed. He looked in the mirror with a mixture of pride and dismay. His braids were tight, no flyaways. He was proud of himself. He once more confronted the reality



that his clothes, though pretty much like guy clothes— jeans and a button-down shirt, were cut to and clung to his every new curve. His jeans, in particular, tight against his crotch, made it clear what he didn't have anymore. The boys are gonna have a field day, Bronco thought, adjusting his cowgirl hat. Well, I'll just have to face the music.

Finally, and without even thinking about it, he started to do his makeup. He'd never worn makeup before, but it only made sense to him now that he would do his face. It just made sense.

Suzy and the kids were sitting at the table, eating, all three of them on their phones, when the sound of Bronco's clicking heels caused them all to look up, look down, then look up again, faces wide with surprise.

"Mornin' y'all!" Bronco sang out. He'd found himself speaking in the feminine, sign song cadences of a country girl.

"Daddy!" Mary Kate said. "I love your hair!"

"Thank ya kindly," Bronco said, raising one knee and touching one of his braids like he was posing for a photo. He didn't even notice Brad shake his head and go back to his phone, looking disgusted and ashamed.

Bronco opened the cupboard and reached for a box of Loopy Fruit. His sparkling nails grasped at air. He was too short! "Well, ain't that a pickle. Gosh, darn." He stomped a little, heeled foot in frustration.

"Let me get that for you," Suzy said, getting up, brushing against Bronco to remind him how much bigger she was now, easily plucking the box from the shelf and handing it to him.

Despite his humiliation, Bronco's new imperative to be polite over-rode his effeminate rage. "Much obliged," he said, sharing a bright smile with his hateful soon to be ex.

Suzy ran a hand along one of Bronco's braids, then let her finger trace his smooth jawline. "Ivy Rose," she said. "You did do a wonderful job braiding your hair this morning! Maybe you can do Mary Kate's before she goes off to school?"

Braid his daughter's hair? That was woman's work. "Well, I am sure I'm not the best, er, ah, man for—"

"Please, daddy?" Mary Kate said. "Please. Please. Please!"

"Okay, then. Fine. My pleasure," Bronco sighed, even as he this time did notice the look of dismay on his son's face.

"You better get started," Suzy said, sitting back down. "There isn't much time. You can eat after."

Bronco went around behind Mary Kate and went to work, only scarcely aware he was letting Suzy make his decisions for him. It was always best to look on the sunny side. He had been hoping to find some way to connect with his kids and re-earn their respect. He was good at braiding hair! Still, he felt like he'd gone from the penthouse to the outhouse, from a rodeo star to a little wisp of a girl, getting bossed around by his wife and braiding hair? It all seemed impossible.

Suzy pretended everything was normal, though she reveled in the sight of petite little Bronco braiding his daughter's hair, a happy smile on his pretty face. It was a good start to the morning, and she had plans for his day.

\*\*\*\*

Bronco worked for the county as a surveyor in the Zink County Department of Construction. Women had made in-roads in just about every field and institution in America, and that was true in many of the departments of Zink County, but it was not true of the Construction Department which consisted of all men, accepting for the secretary, of course. He knew he was about to

catch hell, and he anxiously checked his nails, looked in the rearview mirror to adjust his— what the hell? Bronco’s lips glistened with glossy lipstick, and his eyebrows had been penciled in, dark and neatly defined. There was pink blush on his cheeks. Damn that Tatiana, he thought, feeling even more a fool, knowing his situation had just got even worse. He looked damn pretty, he hated to admit, with his face all made up like that, and it would probably just be one more reason for the guys to give him shit.

Well, he decided, there was nothing for it. He would just respond with grace and dignity. He grabbed his purse, tossed his keys inside, and draped it over his shoulder.

The guys were all gathered in the parking lot behind the municipal building, sitting on the tailgates of the county trucks, or leaning against them. They didn’t notice Bronco approaching at first. It was a cool, crisp morning, with a high, pale blue sky, and the air smelled of the earthy aromas of early hours coffee and cigarettes. The deep, booming sound of men laughing and talking shit filled the air. The prework hangout had once been among Bronco’s favorite times of day, but today the skinny little female he’d become felt anxious, self-conscious. He had the same feeling he’d had at the salon, only this time he felt like a woman entering a man’s space.

Click. Click. Click. Bronco’s heels announced his arrival. The men began to look up, one by one, staring at him, eyes hard. Self-consciously the only girl in the lot, Bronco decided to be cute about it all. “Hi, y’all,” Bronco sang, striking a pose. “Do ya notice anything different ‘bout me this mornin’?”

The men stared. Bronco. They’d been hearing rumors all week about him, but seeing him— her— looking as pretty as a posey, wearing heels, carrying a purse? It was downright puzzling. Bronco shrugged his little shoulders, smile growing broader and brighter. “Y’all starin’ at me like I got three heads.”

That seemed to break the tension as the men laughed, but then, it started to happen. A whistle. “Wiiiiit. Wooo.” The men began to catcall and whistle.

Bronco blushed and looked down and away. It was the first time he'd ever had a group of men treat him like this. He felt a familiar ache and warmth growing under his nipples. Oh, no. He was looking down, and he watched and felt his chest swell into a firm little pair of A cups, even as he felt the t-shirt he wore underneath his button down shrink and form into a bra, the



cups lifting his breasts, straps over his shoulders.

The spell did its thing, and then men all accepted- and enjoyed- Bronco's new puppies.

“Well, you sure are a lot easier on the eyes this mornin’, Bronco,” Hoss Breckenridge said.

“Um, if it isn’t too much trouble, I prefer Ivy Rose.”

Booming male laughter answered Bronco’s bashful request. ‘I’ll call you Ivy,” someone shouted, “if you show me your tits!”

Bronco slumped over and wrapped his arms across his budding breasts, mortified.

More laughter. Suzy, watching it all, was laughing loudest. How many times had Bronco defended he and his asshole buddies catcalling women on the grounds it was a form of compliment? He was finding out just how it felt now to have a bunch of men “complimenting” him.

Consumed with shame, Bronco felt tears stinging in his eyes. He turned on his heels and started to leave, not wanting to further embarrass himself by crying like a female in front of the men.

“Hey, hey, hey,” Hoss said, hurrying over, taking Bronco by the elbow and steering him back to the group. “We’re just joshin’, honey. Come on over here. Join the fellas, Ivy Rose.”

“Thanks,” Bronco said, looking up, giving Hoss a bright smile. With Hoss at his side, protectively taking his elbow, the men calmed down. He and Hoss had been enemies, really, fighting to see who was the alpha in this group. While Bronco had been a rodeo champ, Hoss had been star quarterback of the high-cool football team. They’d gone at it for years, so it surprised Bronco Hoss was being so kind. Maybe I misjudged him? Bronco thought as Hoss steered him to the side of a truck, turned him around so he could lean against it, then threw an arm protectively over Bronco’s shoulder.

Where once that gesture might have struck Bronco as an attempt to show dominance and he would've shoved Hoss away, now he just felt— safe—



and appreciative of Hoss for being such a gentleman. It actually felt good to nuzzle up against a big, strong man, and, Bronco couldn't help but notice, the man smelled good! The men talked. Bronc didn't try and join the conversation. He just listened and giggled as the men talked.

When they finally headed out to the jobsite out on Country Road 410, Hoss decided Bronco wasn't much use as a worker, being he'd chosen to wear

heels and all, so they gave him a sign that read STOP on one side and “Caution” on the other. Bronco stood, smiling, directing traffic while the men worked. Some guys honked their horns at him. Others rolled down their windows and hollered, “Hey, honey!”

Bronco giggled and tossed his braids. So, he thought, is this what it’s like to be a pretty girl? He wasn’t sure if he loved it or hated it.

When lunch came, Bronco started to head back to his truck, but Hoss once more took him by the elbow. “Come eat with me,” Hoss said. “I want to get to know you, Ivy Rose. I mean this new version of you. Come hang with me in my truck.”

The thought of being alone with Hoss in the man’s truck made Bronco nervous. His female intuition started to tingle, sending out warnings, but then, he didn’t want to seem rude. “Couse,” he said. “It’ll be fun.”

They climbed into the back seat and ate. Hoss had a meatball sub. Bronco a cup of yogurt. Hoss told jokes. Bronco giggled. Hoss was so *funny*. Then, Hoss leaned over and kissed Bronco right on the lips, his mouth tasting like red sauce and garlic. Bronco’s eyes went wide. He’d never been kissed by a man, and it shocked him and thrilled him as he curled his toes, fighting weakly, pushing against Hoss’ chest.

Suzy watched, pleased to see Bronco trapped in such a feminine position and suffering such a feminine reaction to the big, strong man’s aggressive advances.

When the kiss ended, Bronco was flush, his pupils dilated. “I don’t think this is a good idea,” he said., worrying his lipstick would be all smeared and the guys would know he and Hoss had been up to some heavy petting.

“You don’t go thinking now, blondie. That’ll get you in all kinds of trouble,” Hoss said as he began to slowly unbutton Bronco’s shirt. “Let’s get you more comfortable.” Hoss was taking his time, slowly working each button

free, then pulling Bronco's shirt open wider, letting his fingers brush across Bronco's soft, hairless skin, the swell of his soft breasts.

With the release of each button, Suzy made Bronco's breasts blossom.

Button... and Bronco's firm, perky a-cups rounded, thrusting forward... button... and his shirt spread open, and now he had deeper, shadowy cleavage nestled between the crescents of his B/Cs... Looking down, Bronco moaned softly, awash in desire as each time a button was





removed, each time his breasts grew bigger and heavier, he squeezed his knees together, jagged bolts of pleasure jackknifing through his body. The desire consuming Bronc, however, was not the desire to fondle the magnificent breasts he watched forming, the soft crescents pressed pleasingly together by his padded, push up bra. No, he didn't want to play with his breasts, but to have Hoss play with them, kiss them, suck on them...

Button... D cups... Bronco's chest heaved as he breathed harder and harder, the strap against his back so tight, the straps across his shoulders straining... he needed to be free, and as if reading his mind, Hoss reached around, expertly unclasped Bronco's bra and tossed it aside, planting his



mouth against Bronco's boobs and motorboating across them like he was playing a harmonica. Then, latching his mouth on one of Bronco's throbbing nipples, he began to suck while also grabbing his tit, squeezing...

Bronco sighed and moaned, lifting one leg, pressing it against Hoss' ribs, arching his back, overcome with desire... with joy... it felt so good, he'd never imagined how good it could be to have a gorgeous pair of jugs and a man to put them to good use...

"That's right, honey buns," Suzy thought, loving the changes she was making in dummy. He'd always been a breast man. Now, he was a man with breasts.

Bronco'd never been so wet, and as Hoss sucked on his teat, an emptiness opened up in him. He needed to be filled, to be penetrated... It wasn't polite for a girl to ask for it, though, so he just kept sighing, moaning.. Hoping... running his little hands over Hoss muscular back, feeling the hard ridges of the man's shoulder blades...

"Oh, shit," Hoss said, pulling away, glancing at the time.

Bronco, face flush, eyes as wet as his panties, moaned. It went against his newly feminine nature, but he, well, he grabbed Hoss and pulled himself to the man, kissing him on his stubby face. "We have enough time..." he panted, wanting, needing release...

"Yeah, we do," Hoss said, unzipping his pants, pushing down his underwear, his turgid cock springing into the air. "My turn," he said, making the whack off gesture with his hand. "Finish me."

"Oh? You want me? To, um?" He glanced down at Hoss' dick, initially feeling disgusted at the thought of touching another man's cock, let alone giving him a hand job, but Suzy made a change, and suddenly Bronco smiled and licked his lips. He'd never realized how beautiful a penis was, with all those veins and ridges... the tip.... He'd never held one in his hand,

other than his own, never caressed one, felt it pulsating in his soft palm... he eagerly reached out, wrapped his hand around the shaft and feeling that hard rod, the throbbing... he got even wetter, his nipples harder... it was like grabbing a piece of... heaven.



Seems like Bronco found his level, Hoss thought, leaning back while Bronco worked his dick with one soft little hand. Just before he spurted, he grabbed a rag from his dashboard and covered his dick so the spluge didn't get all over his truck. He handed the rag to Bronc, who instinctively raised it to his nose and inhaled deeply. "Well, well," Hoss said. "I guess we've settled once and for all which one of us is the man and which one is the girl."

It was an insult, and Bronco knew it, but what was he going to say after just giving Hoss and hand job? What was he going to say as he sat there, smelling the man's seed, a pair of huge pair of bouncy tits jutting out from his chest, nipples hard as nails? He'd gone from a Buck to a doe. There weren't no denying it. Still, he let Hoss know his displeasure by slitting his eyes and shaking his head.

Hoss leaned over and kissed him. "Don't get all pissy, darlin'," he said, patting Bronco on the cheek. "I'm just messin' with you." While Bronco slipped back into his bra, then started to fix his makeup, Hoss massaged his shoulders. "You a damn fine woman, Ivy Rose."

Bronco smiled, his little fit of rage evaporating. He loved compliments. "Why, thank you," he said. "I gotta say, Hoss. You sure are a good kisser."

The crew was out back, finishing up lunch, getting ready to go back to work, when Hoss came around the corner, Bronco clinging to his arm. Knowing smiles spread across rugged faces. "What have you two been up to?" One of them asked.

"Oh, a little this, a little that," Hoss said. The guys all chuckled. Then, they let their eyes roam across Bronco's newly bountiful bust. Hell, that boy had some fine ass boobies.

Bronco pretended not to notice all the eyes locked on his chest. It made him feel a little queasy, being stared at by all these men, knowing what they were thinking about him.

Suzy, watching it all, thought, that's not fun. What kind of cowgirl isn't boy crazy? She made another change. Bronco felt like a wave had passed over him. He arched his back, thrusting his breasts forward, standing at  $\frac{3}{4}$  angles, sure give the boys a primo view of his assets. "Drink it in, boys," he thought. He realized he loved male attention. It was like a drug to him now.



## Chapter 10

Bronco stood naked, looking at himself in the mirror in his room. He had a centerfold's body now. He could most definitely pose for Playboy. He drank in the sight of his bombshell figure, appraised himself, pleased as he drank in his glowing skin, small shoulders, the dramatic rise of his perfectly shaped, gravity defying breasts. His eyes drifted down from his bust to the impossible slendering beneath those breasts as his ribs arched into a waspish waist which in turn surrendered to the startling swerve of his wide, soft hips. Turning to the side, he nodded, taking in yet another sensational curve, as he giggled with pride at his plump, tight ass. Long tone legs. Small ankles. He loved his long blonde hair, so glossy and sparkling. And his face, with those big, soft lips, his doe eyes ringed with false lashes. He puckered his lips and blew a kiss at himself. With such a pretty face, he'd never have to buy a drink again.

Some part of the old Bronco was still hiding behind those gorgeous eyes. He'd stopped fighting, resisting, stopped even thinking about finding that witch, Tatiana. He'd once imagined busting into her office, clawing at her with his long nails, pulling her hair. Not anymore. That old Bronc dwelt in a state of confused resignation. He couldn't understand why he'd turned into a woman, couldn't comprehend why some part of him had grown to love looking so hot, so sexy. He couldn't understand why he'd started craving men. Oh, he loved them. Their deep voices. Big hands. Broad shoulders.

Which reminded Bronco he needed to get dressed. It was Friday night and he was heading down to the honkytonk. As he wiggled into a pair of scarlet panties and then his Daisy Dukes, he thought back on the whole week. He was famous again, this time as Caution Cutey. People had been taking pictures and videos of him standing on the roadside, holding his sign, smiling and waving at passing cars. They'd named him Caution Sign Cutie at first, then shortened it and the pictures had gone viral. Guys would find out where they were going to be working and driving out of their way to check him out. He was always getting stopped in town, people wanting to

take selfies. The rodeo had even called and offered to sign him up to be their spokes girl and make appearances.

Ta think!

Every day at lunch, he and Hoss got hot and heavy. Every day, he got Hoss off, his own needs unfulfilled. Men! The end result was that he was on horny, frustrated female. Well, that was about to change. Bronco needed a man and bad.

Makeup done, he ran his fingertips over his smooth legs. He shaved them every morning now, and he loved his soft skin. He knotted his checkered shirt. Popped on his cowgirl hat. Looking at himself in the mirror, he posed and smiled. He looked fine as hell. Them boys down at the honkytonk didn't stand a chance. He texted Willow from the salon. His old high-school flame. "U ready?"

"Come on over," she said.

Bronco knew better than to go out to a bar alone as a female. A girl needed another girl to watch her back. Willow had texted him a couple days ago, they'd gone out for coffee, and now they were friends again. It was so different being friends with her now that he was a girl, too. Bronco drove over to pick Willow up. Of course, she wasn't ready.

"It'll just be a minute," she said, puckering, applying her lipstick.

"Take your time, honey," Bronco said, sitting down and checking his social media. He knew how long it took a girl to get ready! He felt a little guilty now at how much shit he'd given Suzy over the years. Dang, he sure had been a rude boy. Well, he'd paid for that, he thought, slipping his thumbs under his bra straps, slipping them up, then adjusting his boobs. Why the heck was it, he wondered, that every bra ever made promised comfort when not one of them could deliver? Well, it didn't really matter. He wasn't dressed for comfort. He was going out hunting men.

\*\*\*



Bronco gripped the body of the bucking bull with his bare thighs, squeezing hard, knuckles white as he clung to the pommel with one hand, the other holding onto his hat. The room spun, and he laughed as the crowd cheered... With one great lurch, the bull sent him flying, rising in the air. He squealed, bracing for impact as gravity yanked him back downward, but



instead of crashing against the hardwood floor, he felt himself cradled in a pair of strong arms. “Hoss!” He said, looking up at the man who’d caught him and now held him, just for a moment, before setting him gently back down on his feet.

Bronco gave Hoss’ arm a squeeze, smiled his brightest, thank you, kindly, sir, smile, then took a bow as the crowd cheered.

There was line dancing, beer, more line dancing... guys crowding around, buying him drinks... hugs and laughs... and then, he found himself once again in Hoss’ truck, panties down, knees spread, the truck rocking as the windows steamed up, and Bronco, the former cowboy stud, got rutted, crying out “omigod... omigod.. OMIGOD!”

## One Year Later

The rodeo crowd roared as Bronco strutted to the center of the ring holding a sign, hips swaying, a big, happy smile on his face as she shook his breasts side to side. He turned, turned, and then sashayed back to a spot near the stands.

“Hey, Ivy Rose!” He heard a familiar voice call.

“Suzy!” He squealed when he looked back and saw his ex-wife. He ran over and gave her a hug.

As the hug ended, Suzy copped a feel, cupping his right breast and giving it a squeeze. “Oh, my God, girl, have you gotten even bigger?”

“Heck,” Bronco said. “It seems like everything I eat goes right to my boobs and my butt.”

Suzy laughed, looking down at her e-husband’s pretty face. “Mary Kate is so excited you’re gonna teach her how to walk in heels next week. Thanks so much. You know I’d do it, but you’re so much better in heels than me. Whoever thought Bronco the Great would end up more of a woman than me?”

And there it was, a flash of impotent rage behind those pretty eyes. She caught glimpses of him in there, trapped in this woman’s body, this woman’s life, fretting constantly over his nails and makeup, always on a diet, worrying about his figure. She knew he hated all of it. There wouldn’t have been such sweet justice in what she’d done to him if he’d just gone away.

Bronco raged, but outwardly he just smiled and chose to be polite. “Well, I’m just so glad I can help out,” he said. “You’re looking good,” he said, touching Suzy’s hair. “Oh, and I have it on my calendar. I’ll pick up the kids for soccer practice Saturday.” His thoughts of fleeing their little town had

faded. Family was the most important thing to a country girl, and as embarrassing as it had been to face everyone after his changes, he'd decided he had to stick out for the kids. Sure, there was the occasional rude comment, someone talking shit about the kind of man he'd been, the kind of woman he'd become, but there were always going to be rude folks.

Besides, a lot of good had come out of it. He was the most famous girl in town right now, whereas before he'd been living off his old rep, really just a has been. Caution Cutie was still trending, and he was gettin' extra money to put in the kid's college funds with endorsement deals since he'd become an influencer, selling the "country girl aesthetic" everywhere. He even got free clothes, and they were all so cute. Ivy Rose was such a glass half full kind of girl, she just reminded herself every dang morning you had to take the good with the D cups.

The horn rang, the gate opened and a bull came out, bucking, trying to throw off a long, lean, handsome cowboy, his arms ripped with witty muscle. Bronco's heart leapt, and he clutched his hands under his chin.

"You're new boyfriend is one fine looking man," Suzy said, putting her arm around her little ex.

"Yeah," Bronco sighed, watching his man ride that bull. "I do love me a cowboy."



## Alternate Pics

