

A Better Tomorrow (MtF, RC, AR)

"So, it's that bad, huh?" Eve asked, now casting a worried glance over at you and brushing away a few locks of brown hair from her face. In her hands, she held an odd beanie, and she kept fidgeting with it.

"Yeah," You said with a heavy sigh leaving your lips. **"it's that bad."**

"Jesus," She said, sighing a bit as well. It was almost as if she did it out of solidarity towards you. "that sucks."

"Yeah, no kidding." Once again, it was hard not to say it in a tone that made it sound like the world was coming to an end. Then again, to you, the world might as well be ending.

It had all started a few months ago when your work had begun with the layoffs. The economy had been pretty shit lately, so it wasn't that big of a surprise. Back then, you told yourself that you wouldn't end up losing your job. After all, you had been working there for a long while, and you were essentially irreplaceable. There was no way that you'd get fired, right?

And yet, the sense of dread loomed over you. Things had been going to shit around you lately, and it was almost as if God himself wanted to punish you for some crime you've committed. Friends that had stopped calling you, and some had even cut contact with you for some reason. Even your family seemed more obsessed with pointless drama than actually caring about what happened to you.

Then, as more of your coworkers lost their jobs, your girlfriend suddenly broke up with you. It didn't come as a surprise since things hadn't been great between you two, but it still hit you hard. After that, just as she had moved out the last of her stuff, it finally happened. Another wave of layoffs, and you found yourself without a job.

At this point, things weren't great. No girlfriend. No real close friends. No contact with your family. No job. You wouldn't exactly say that you've had a great life, but right now, it was shittier than usual. For the first in your life, you just wanted another chance. Honestly, you would trade your life for a do-over in the blink of an eye.

The only friend you still had was Eve, but you wouldn't exactly call you close friends. She was weird, and the strangest things usually happened around her. People close to her disappeared or changed completely, and she had this rumor of being dangerous. The only reason you knew her was that your mate, Carl, had introduced you two a few months ago by pure accident. She was even a decade younger than you, but the twenty-year-old girl had this odd maturity to her that you honestly liked.

But, right now, you didn't care what kind of person she was. Right now, it just felt good to vent to someone about all of this. So here you were, in your crappy and half-empty apartment, explaining just what a crappy life you had to her.

"God, I just want to start over again." You said with a deep sigh, and you couldn't see the odd gleam in Eve's eyes as you said it.

"I mean, you serious?" The brunette then looked up at you, and she gave you this weird glance.

"Yeah, I'm serious," You muttered, not even looked up from the ground. **"I'd do anything for that to happen."**

"Anything?" Once again, there was something in her voice that surprised you a bit. It almost sounded as if she had something on her mind.

"Anything," You said, sighing again and glancing over at her. **"I'm sure of it."**

Eve then glanced down at the beanie she had been holding onto, at which point you finally noticed it. The hat certainly didn't seem like she would be wearing since it clashed with her usual dark and brooding style. There was something odd about it, you could feel it, but you couldn't put your finger on what it was.

"What's up with the beanie?" You finally asked, causing Eve to snap out of her thoughts and look up at you again.

"Oh, this?" Eve couldn't help but smile a bit, amusingly so. **"It's a gift for a friend. Although, not sure if I can even call him a friend. He's a bit of an asshole, actually. I'm was hoping that this little gift would make him a better person."**

Then, she smiled warmly. **"But, I think you should have it instead. I can see that you're serious about getting a fresh start in life, and I think this might help."** And, after that, she handed you the black-green-red beanie. It certainly wasn't your style, and it honestly looked a bit too small for your head. You were about to say something about it when she suddenly cut you off.

"Look, trust me. I'll head out and grab us something to eat. In the meantime, try it on. I'm sure you'll end up loving it." Eve then left without allowing you to ask her what she meant.

You sat there, looking down at the beanie she had handed you with a confused look on your face. How was this going to change anything? But, you felt curious, and you had a

feeling that Eve was serious with what she said. It seemed silly that a simple hat would end up changing your life, but right now, you were willing to try anything.

It was not the largest beanie you had seen, and it wasn't that surprising that it didn't fit your head that well. It was tight over your skull, and it didn't even reach down over your ears as it should. It wasn't comfortable at all to wear, but that was about to change.

A series of cracks and pops came from your head, and your vision faded for a few moments as it happened. Your entire face and skull ached, but thankfully it didn't last that long. You opened your eyes, and you could feel that something was off. The hat didn't feel as snug over your head as before, and you were shocked at how comfortable it felt when you pulled it down a bit more. It was a perfect fit, and you could almost feel how your entire face and head had shrunk down a bit.

The pops and snaps continued to echo through the room, and you could hear how it all came from your body. You glanced down at your hand and saw that it was smaller than before, and you could swear that it was still shrinking. There was a sudden crack that came from your torso, and you could feel how your ribcage shrank rapidly down. You gasped as the air got knocked out from your lungs. You didn't really expect it, and you could feel how big your clothes were over your body all of a sudden.

Panic washed over you, and you found yourself hurrying over towards the hallway mirror to see what was happening to you. What you saw made your eyes go wide with shock. The tall and masculine body you had expected to see was almost gone. Instead, you saw a much thinner and frailer form than you expected. It wasn't just that it looked like you had lost weight either. It almost seemed as if your entire body and skeleton had shrunk.

It didn't take you long to strip down completely to see that damage that your body had taken. But, for some reason, you left the beanie on your head. You could see just how thin you've become, how your once thick arms were now much slimmer than before, and your entire body looked almost effeminate. A strange itch swept over your arms and legs, and you could see how the hair on your body was falling off as you scratched it. You ran your fingers over your now hairless arm, marveling at how smooth it felt, and

you found yourself feeling oddly giddy. In the back of your mind, you knew that you should be freaking out. And yet, you couldn't help but feel almost happy.

At this point, you had lost more than a few pounds and more than a few inches in height. You figured that you were maybe around five foot eight, maybe shorter, and your body had taken on a much slimmer shape. The cracks and pops continued, and it was now coming from your pelvis. You groaned as it started to ache, and you could see how your hips began to widen. They began to curve outwards, shifting ever so slightly into a more feminine shape and form. But, you didn't feel scared. Instead, you found yourself more curious than afraid.

You ran your hands over your widening hips, and you could feel how your pelvis was taking on a war more womanly shape. It finally stopped, and you could see how wide they had become. They weren't immensely wide, but they looked incredibly curvy compared to how narrow they were before. What shocked you were the gap between your legs now, something you hadn't really had before. There was another crack that came from your waist, and you could see it curving ever so slightly inwards. That, in turn, only accentuated the feminine curves that had just blossomed on your body.

There was a sudden gurgle that came from your body, snapping you out of your daze as you had been staring in awe at your increasingly more feminine figure. The fat on your body was being rearranged and moved, slowly but surely pooling it towards strategic spots on your body. Padding poured into your backside, causing your flat behind to inflate a bit in size. The same thing happened to your thighs and how they were taking on a faintly soft and far more girly shape.

It was mesmerizing to watch your body being resculpted like this, how masculine features got erased and how feminine curves took their place. There was still a faint cracking sound that came from your body, and you glanced down to see that your feet shrank to a more petite size. You turned to the side and watched as your ass grew rounder, pushing outwards as fat poured into it. Your backside stopped swelling in size when it was decently padded, although it wasn't exactly a massive booty. It was small and cute, fit for a slim girl.

There was a sudden tingle in your chest, and you could feel how fat had begun to pour into it. You glanced down and saw how fat was accumulating underneath your nipples, slowly but surely creating tiny mounds that they sat on top. Carefully but curiously, you brought your hands up to your expanding bosom, and you were shocked to see how small your fingers had gotten. They were thin, dainty even, and they looked increasingly smaller as your breasts continued to develop.

Fat poured into them, and you could feel them filling out more of your hands with each passing second. It wasn't surprising to see that your nipples were expanding as well, growing thicker and more womanly in the process. Your areolas widened immensely, going from tiny to massive in a matter of moments. A tingle of pleasure shot down your spine when you ran your fingers over them, which only proved just how sensitive they were.

At this point, you realized that you had been grinning like an idiot throughout the entire process. It was weird, but you felt this odd giddiness that only seemed to become more intense with each passing moment. Your previous poor mood had almost disappeared completely, and you even found yourself wondering why you had been so upset earlier. It was something about your job, you think. And all that other stuff, right? It was a bit fuzzy, and you had a hard time feeling upset about it. For now, you found yourself more intrigued by your changing body.

The breasts that had been steadily developing on your chest were now filling out your hands nicely. The nipples were thick and womanly, the areolas wide, and your tits certainly look big from your perspective. In the back of your mind, you knew that they were only around a B-cup in size. They were perfect, though, perky mounds that looked right at home on your now narrow chest and slim body.

You looked into the mirror, and you could see just feminine you now were. It was only your face and manhood that remained, but you had a feeling that it wouldn't stay masculine for very long. Sure enough, you could feel a tingling sensation in your scalp, and you could see a few strands of thicker hair sticking out from your beanie. It grew longer, with your bangs and two thick locks growing the most, and you could even see how it was taking on a darker color. It turned a rich dark brown, soon framing your face in the dark tresses, but for the most part, it remained somewhat short. Most of it remained hidden by your beanie.

It was astonishing to watch it grow, and you reached up with your dainty hand to touch your dark hair. You quickly noticed that something was wrong with your hand, though, and your eyes went wide when you saw the dark mocha-colored splotch on the back of your hand. It was small, barely a dime in size, but it was steadily growing larger. Then, all of a sudden, you could see more splotches appearing here and there on your arms and chest. It was as if an invisible hand was dripping dark brown ink on your body, staining it with a mocha tone. Each splotch was growing in size, engulfing your pale skin and eventually growing together with each other. It hadn't taken long before it had taken over your entire body, and you marveled at the dark mocha color your skin had taken on.

You stared in awe at what you saw in the mirror, how your once white mannish body had been turned womanly and dark within a manner of moments. The tingling sensation soon swept over your chest and face, and you could see how tiny imperfections were forming on your skin. Small freckles and spots appeared over it, staining your smooth mocha skin with unique blemishes. You didn't mind it, though, and you found yourself once again putting on a goofy smile.

There was a series of cracks that came from your face, and your vision became blurry. You groaned as you felt how your entire face was changing, shifting, and becoming more feminine, and it was over quickly. You opened your eyes, and you were in awe at how cute you looked. It wasn't the sultry face of a seductress but the cute mug of a quirky dark-skinned girl. Large innocent-looking eyes that were dark and almost childish. Thin lips that seemed to be curled up into a goofy grin almost constantly. Soft rounded features fit for a young woman. You even looked more youthful, and you figured that you were now in your late teens to your early twenties. But, honestly, it was hard to really tell your age with just a single glance. The face had this almost childish innocence that made you probably look younger than you really were.

During all of this, you had felt how your mind had tingled oddly. The stress from losing your job was almost non-existent, and you had found yourself feeling happier and giddier than ever. Other things had begun to fade as well, such as your memories of your family and friends, and new ones had started to form. The reality around you changed, but you didn't notice it since you were too busy to marvel at your changing body.

At this point, you couldn't help but feel excited by your new feminine body. You loved how it looked, despite any flaws it might have. You didn't even care about the fact that you would probably never be the most beautiful girl in a room. The only thing that remained now was your cock, and you could see how it had gone fully erect at this point. It was almost as if it knew that it was next. You smiled and saw it twitch, over and over again, as it tried to resist the change. The testicles that hung underneath it didn't last long, and you gasped as you felt them pull into your body. They were twisted and changed, turned into something far more womanly.

You smiled and soon moved a dainty hand down to your cock. You placed a finger on the tip, and then you gently started to press down on it. The cock reacted by shrinking, almost as if needed your gentle touch to proceed, and you found yourself slowly pushing your proud manhood into your body. It shrank, inch after inch, and you grinned as you continued to push down on it. It was a liberating experience doing it, almost as if you were saying goodbye to your old life and embracing this new one. The cock twitched as if it cried out against it, but you ignored it and continued to push it with your finger. Memories changed and faded as your manhood disappeared, and new ones that would match this quirky girly body much better soon replaced it. It wasn't long before your finger pressed up against your crotch, feeling the new feminine folds that formed from your empty ball-sack and how your cock shriveled up and became your new clit. Your insides ached as your womb fully developed, and soon everything settled into place to make you a proper woman.

Then, for a brief glorious moment, you stood naked in front of the mirror and stared proudly at your body. An adorably goofy grin adorned your face, and you couldn't help but feel oddly good about yourself. But, for some reason, you began to wonder what you were even doing. Why were you naked? And why did your body seem so new and unfamiliar? Hadn't you always been like this?

The goofy smile never disappeared from your face, but you began to frown as you tried to remember what you had been doing. Suddenly, the door handle rustled, and a familiar face walked into the apartment. It was Eve, and you couldn't help but give her a silly smile and a quick wave as she came inside.

"Hi Eve!" You said, your voice now high-pitched and soft. Then again, hadn't it always been like this. **"Oh, pizza!"** However, before you could rush over to grab a slice, Eve said something that made you stop.

"Um, maybe you should put on some clothes before you eat?" The dark-haired woman said as she gestured down at your naked body. You had totally forgotten that you were naked, and your dark cheeks suddenly flushed red with shame.

Eve couldn't help but chuckle a little as she watched you scamper off towards your bedroom. She looked around the room, and she could see that the beanie had done what it was supposed to do. The small apartment was different, far more fit for the new you. It wasn't surprising to see that your entire wardrobe had changed either, and you had quickly found both underwear and a casual attire that fit your slim feminine body perfectly. You returned to the living room only a few moments later, now sitting down to Eve and grabbing a cheesy slice of pizza yourself.

"So, Skyla, how do you feel?" She asked, causing you to stop your frenzied munching for a few moments.

"I feel great!" You mumbled, mouth full of cheesy goodness as you tried to talk. **"Why are you asking?"**

"Oh, no reason," She said with an amused smile as she glanced over at the new naïve girl that munched down the pizza next to her. **"I was just curious."**

In the end, Eve never managed to get rid of her asshole neighbor like she had intended. But, she had ended up with a new best friend as she had planned, and the dark-haired girl felt happy that she had ended up helping a friend in the process. She knew that you'd have a better life being Skyla Cruz instead of the miserable man that you used to be. And, if you could remember any of your old life, you would certainly agree with her.