

A Massage Can Change Your Life (Man to Girlfriend TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Shadowowlfm60

Ray thinks he has it all in his girlfriend Kate. She loves giving him massages, and it puts him into a trance-like state. Little does he know that she does this so she can quite literally mold Ray's body into her perfect, and quite female, lover.

A Massage Can Change Your Life

It had been a long day at work, and Ray was tired, damn tired. Working in construction will do that to you, and though Ray was only thirty years old, the start of his third decade on earth seemed to have switched a lever somewhere, because all of a sudden he was coming home tired and frustrated, his muscles burning, his bones aching, his mind foggy. He felt like that presently, and flopped onto the sofa with a heavy sigh. He kicked his boots off with his remaining energy, and laid his head back, eyes closed, seeping into the sofa as if trying to melt away all the troubles in the world.

And then, right on time, he felt them; a pair of slender hands reaching over the back of the sofa to massage the kinks from his neck and comfort his shoulders.

"Ahhhh," he exhaled, smiling and keeping his eyes closed. "You really know how to give a man a warm welcome, Kate."

His girlfriend giggled. "What can I say? My love language is touch, big guy."

"And my love language is being touched," he said.

That made her chuckle. He was about to follow up with another joke when she pushed him forward a little into a hunch and worked her fingers across his upper back, teasing out the tension between and beneath his shoulder blades. Instead he murmured something incoherent, and just let her go to town on his back. She did this for nearly five minutes, at which point he was practically verging on sleep, and only then did Kate relent. She moved around the sofa to see him still almost sleeping, and then with a giggle she got up and sat sideways on his lap with an arm around his now-relieved shoulders and neck. The beautiful red placed a kiss against his coarse cheek, sampling the brown stubble that was growing there, and then grinned up at him.

"Feeling a bit better, Ray-Ray?"

He didn't exactly love the nickname, but boy did he love this woman.

"Absolutely," he said. "Your fingers really are magic, you know that."

That made her laugh for some reason. "I really do. I mean, I *am* a masseuse, silly."

“Yeah, but you just have this power of touch. Even after a long day of hauling shit around on a rough construction site, you just make me melt into a goddamn puddle, I swear. I don’t know how you do it.”

“Like you say, I’m just magic,” she teased, kissing him on the lips this time. “And besides, it was how we met, so I like to recreate the moment.”

It was true, the pair had met when Ray had finally gone to massage therapy. This was five months ago, and one month after his back and shoulders had started screaming in agony for no good reason whenever. Ray was a working class kinda guy. He worked hard in a blue collar job, he smoked when he could, he enjoyed drinking beer to probably excess. He wasn’t the kind of guy to ever get a massage because it was the kind of thing other guys onsite would endlessly rib him for if it ever came out.

But sometimes push comes to a literal shove. When one of his workmates, Derek, shoved Ray in the back on a lark, doing the old ‘pretend to push a guy off the scaffold’ prank, Ray ended up *howling* in agony. It was at that point that he couldn’t deny it any longer; he needed to get his back looked at. When an intensive massage was recommended along with the time off he’d taken, he was still sceptical. The pain continued though, so why not try something different, even if the guys at work gave him hell over it?

It was there that he met Kate. He had assumed his masseuse would be some fifty year old woman with an incomprehensible accent who would be way, way too rough on his bones. What he didn’t expect was a lovely redhead with a charming smile and vibrant green eyes.

“Hiya, big boy, I’m your masseuse for the day. I hope that’s okay with you?”

“M-more than okay,” he’d stammered.

What followed was the most exquisite hour of his life. Kate worked his back with immaculate perfection, teasing out all the pain and working through all the viscous knots that had accrued over time. During that hour, he found himself chatting back and forth with Kate. She was just one year younger than him - twenty nine - and had been doing massages professionally for the past eight years. She professed to have the ‘magic touch’, and truly believed in the job. She swore it would make him feel better . . . and he did! In the week afterward he returned to work early, unbelieving how much better his health was. And while he didn’t need to return, something about the experience brought him back, and specifically requested Kate to be his masseuse again. They continued to chat, and joke, and he even gave her his passionate spiel about his ideal football team, and so on. She in turn giggled at his jokes, flirting back when he made comments on her lovely hands and other lovely features.

In the end, he'd gone ahead and done it; he'd asked her out and she'd accepted. Just a couple of months later and they'd moved in with each other, and he was regularly enjoying sleeping with her.

"You're the best man I've had," she cooed in his ear.

"Happy to be the best."

"Mhm, I said the best 'man' I've had. I've enjoyed a woman or two in my time."

It was a tease, he knew, and one she often threw at him, though sometimes he really did suspect that Kate was a bisexual; she commented on pretty blondes in films they watched together, or even such gorgeous girls they met on the street. But then again, she was quite the teasing sort, so he preferred to think she only had eyes for him and him alone; he'd never seen her staring at other guys, for instance, and she always gave him the most marvellous massages.

"I just love tracing the patterns of your body," she murmured more than once. "I want to learn all of them by memory. I really do think you're just the perfect subject, Ray."

It was a lovely statement, he thought, because he certainly loved being subjected to her ministrations. Her hands carved a river of calm through the tempest of his body, stilling the waters of his soul. It made him feel blissful. Hell, it made him feel sentences like that one just past, full of metaphor and colour, and when he voiced them afterwards to Kate she just had this twinkle in her green eyes.

"That's a really good sign," she said once. "I'm bringing out a better soul in you, Ray."

He couldn't disagree. And there was something funny about working on a construction site and having a masseuse girlfriend. If he had been seeing a massage parlour frequently, the fellas would think him ridiculous and probably weak. But having a masseuse on hand in your daily life was a sign of prestige, and he hyped it up to the other workers.

"Yeah, Derek, she's the one alright. Seriously, her hands go everywhere - and I do mean everywhere - and she knows exactly how to treat the places they go, if you know what I mean!"

It was a slight exaggeration, but worth it for the cred and the jealousy it instilled. He only felt bad when he returned to Kate and suddenly it was like reality would shift, and guilt would come over him for reducing her just to sex and attractiveness and fetishisation.

"You're the lathe upon which I am made anew," he told her over dinner just three days ago, and after that he had blushed. "Sorry, I don't know where that came from. Just . . . thinking about how poetic you make me, I guess. How much you make me want to serve you, I suppose."

It was a contrast to how he portrayed the relationship when he wasn't around Kate. He was the alpha male, the leader, the breadwinner. And yet more and more he occasionally felt submissive to her, like he was putty in her hands.

He had no idea how true that was about to be.

Another week of work, another collapse into the sofa, overcome with utter exhaustion. Kate had evidently already come home from her own work, but she was nowhere to be found. As much as that desire to be made hers, all hers came over him, his own expectations as the man in the partnership overrode them.

“Kate! You here? I’d like my massage now, please! I’ve been waiting almost ten minutes by now!”

There was a series of footsteps from the basement, and Kate emerged, her hair tied back in a ponytail. “I’m sorry,” she said. “I was cleaning in the basement. Getting something important ready; something really big. Would you like to see?”

“I mean, I’d like my massage first, if you don’t mind.”

She smiled, and it was a knowing smile. “That’s exactly why I want to show you this,” she winked. She gestured for him to follow her as she descended into the basement.

Curious, and frankly a little creeped out, Ray followed her, ducking under the low doorway a little. He was five-foot-eleven in height, a contrast to her five-six, and this meant keeping a slightly hunched back as he descended, until he reached the basement where the ceiling rose in height again. What he saw was a delightful shock to him: a fully furnished masseuse table had been fitted during his absence, complete with cutout hole for the face, comfortable padding, a rack full of lotions, a heater for the hot stones, the works.

“Are you kidding me!?” he exclaimed, utterly ecstatic.

“It’s time we went further with your treatment,” Kate said, moving up to him and providing a very passionate kiss. “I want you to be perfect, to mold you into what you were always meant to be, darling.”

He kissed her again, before lifting her up. He knew she hated it, and she huffed a little in annoyance, but the moment was too good to *not* be a little cheeky. He put her down and grinned.

“Couldn’t resist babe. You just water my roses too much.”

She made a slight pout, but her surliness faded fast. “Well, you still make up for it with a bit of that poetic side I’ve massaged into you. Would you like me to make the treatment a little more . . . physical?”

“What, now? Hell yeah! Better than a sofa. I should have put one of these here a month or two ago.”

“How . . . expectant of you. I do this because I want to, remember, not because I have to.”

“Of course! You know I love you, babe. It’s just been a hard day, and as I was saying upstairs, it’s kind of our thing now, right? And besides, you did just offer.”

Her grin returned, as did that twinkle in her eye. “Of course! And as I’ve always said before, you truly are a worthy subject to mold! Let’s get you prepared, shall we? I want you naked on that table.”

“Mhm, looking to have a bit of fun with this, are you?”

The grin widened. “More than you know. Go on, get up there.”

He removed his clothing - all his clothing - and mounted the massage table, placing his head in the hole. Kate immediately began working on him with warm oils, massaging him in new ways he hadn’t felt before. Initially, it started off as a regular full body massage, but she was probing deeper, to the point where it almost felt like her fingers and palms were entering beneath his skin, parting it like water, or perhaps shaping it like clay. It didn’t make any sense, and yet he could only sigh and feel soothed by her touch. His hairy back was attended to, and then she lowered her hands down to his rear, playing with it carefully, then going deeper, massaging it, as if willing it to grow. Ray wasn’t quite sure why he thought of it like that, but he did.

“Nice ass, Ray,” Jared said as he walked past him to get to the scaffold.

“What the fuck did you just say?”

The man chuckled. “Your ass. Are you wearing padding or something? Ya got a big ass today, ha!”

Confused, Ray lowered a hand to his backside. It did feel . . . bigger. Like there was padding there, only there was no padding but for the muscle and fat and tissue that defined its size, which was definitely peachier than usual. He pulled his hand away, embarrassed from how people were chuckling at the sight, and dashed off to catch himself in the reflection of the glass panes they would be putting on soon. Sure enough, in profile he looked like he’d gotten quite the bubblebutt.

“The fuck?” he said. “I must be having a reaction or something.”

He hadn’t even noticed, but now that he knew he could feel the wobble of it, the size and pertness of it. It moved more than it should have with each step, and he could barely resist touching it for the rest of the day.

“How did I not goddamn notice it?”

He asked Kate the same question when he got home and showed her. She inspected him while he had his trousers down, and to his surprise she licked her lips.

“So you see it, right?”

“Yeah, I’m liking it. It looks great.”

“What? I look fucking ridiculous, babe! It’s gotta be a reaction, right?”

“I’d leave it if I were you. You know, it might settle. Besides, I think it’s hot. And you know what that does for me, and what that also does for you. Why don’t I take you down into the basement and massage all your concerns about this away, huh?”

Ray didn’t want to agree, but the offer was damn tempting, and when he looked in Kate’s eyes he felt this compulsion to follow along with her judgements. It inspired a new side in him.

“I suppose we could do that,” he said. “I’ve been wanting your heavenly feel all day.”

Again, that sensation of poetry, of soulful need. It wasn’t like him, and yet in the presence of her it was *right*.

Kate took him by the hand and led him down, and soon she was working upon him again, sculpting his arms and legs, rotating him on the massage table so that she could rub and caress all the tension out.

“Mmhm,” he moaned. “Careful, you’ll make me too peaceful for sex.”

“Not a problem. When you are truly molded and complete, our sex will reach new heights. Then, you will be perfect.”

Ray liked the sound of that. It brought back that alpha male part of his brain that wanted to get the most out of life, and even more out of his sexy masseuse girlfriend. All worries about his rear disappeared as she ran her hands over him. Little did he know that her care was massaging away the excess muscle, and pressing his hairs back into his skin, where they would disappear forever. When she paid particular attention to his hands, those digits were slimmed down, the coarse palms left soft and dainty. The same was true of his toes, and even the chipped nails were smoothed over through the use of creams. Ray gasped and groaned a little this time, feeling strange changes but not willing to investigate them. He was submissive to this woman, beholden utterly to her, and the way she tenderly attended to his flesh left him unable to even realise how it was being changed.

In the aftermath, not even sex was on his mind.

“I am in a palace of peace,” he said out loud.

Kate leaned over and kissed him on the lips. “That’s the voice I want to hear,” she said. “Not the other guy.”

Her tone wasn’t flirtatious though. No, this sounded almost like an order.

“Y-yes,” Ray said, that submissive nature coming over him again, uncharacteristic yet seemingly appropriate to this moment. “I’ll keep that voice for you, babe.”

“Call me, my sweet.”

“My sweet.”

Kate smiled. "Now relax, my love. You're getting more and more perfect each day. This will only take a week."

Ray had assumed that Kate's work upon his arms and legs was just a temporary thing. His hands and feet were soft because of the special oils she used, at least that was the assumption. But come the next work day he was surprised to find that his feet were too small for his regular work boots, and furthermore how they chafed against the ground, as if too delicate for the rough work on a building under construction. His hands were no better; some of the guys who had mocked him about his rear were now calling him 'Lady Fingers Ray,' and there was no prize as to why they were calling him that; his dainty hands felt too small for the use of heavy machinery, and dreadful blisters were already forming from routine work. To make matters worse, he had to avoid rolling up his trousers and sleeves despite the heat of day, because his damn body hair had seemingly receded. He now had the smooth, gorgeous skin of a damn woman.

He made it through his work shift, avoiding the comments about his rear and his arms, and finally came home. He was so much more exhausted than usual, but there was also an anger in him, and a fear.

"Something fucking freaky is going down!" he shouted as he got home. "What the hell are you doing to me?"

Kate was in the kitchen, but her glare was enough to make him momentarily back down.

"What did you just say?"

"I said - look, ba - uh, I mean sweetie, something has happened. I look like I've got lady legs - nice ones! And my ass is still huge. I'm losing body hair! I seriously am not fucking adding up here and it only started when you massaged me. This - you're doing some freaky female beauty makeover shit on me, aren't you?"

Kate sauntered over to him, her emerald eyes fixated on his form. She circled around Ray, her hands on his shoulders, already massaging the tension away.

"I'm just trying to make you a better you, Ray. I told you, I love you, and I want the best you for me. Look, forget all of this, and let's give you another massage. I want the other Ray, the one who speaks so beautifully and . . . demurely. You know the voice I mean."

Ray looked down at the ground. Without thinking, he fidgeted nervously, and crossed his legs on the spot. "Can - can I please have one more massage?"

Kate gestured for him to follow her, and he did so willingly, down onto the basement table. There were now posters up on the walls, each of them displaying a beautiful woman

with bright blonde hair and exaggerated features. They were in lingerie or pretty feminine dresses, and all of them had a demure, sultry, yet submissive look to them.

“Well, this is certainly something!” he declared. The women were definitely his type, busty and hot and looking ready to go. And yet there was a deeper connection beyond what his dick wanted, and he couldn’t explain it, nor why Kate had done this.

“I figured that my muse would need some inspiration!” she declared, gesturing for him to lie on the massage table. “Plus, I know what we both like. And as sexy as you are, I like to have a gorgeous girlfriend near as well.”

It was another tease, he knew that, but it hurt. When Kate said things like that, it almost made him want to be more like those women, so she could look at him and worship him . . . or he worship her.

“Sculpt away then, my goddess,” he declared, lying on the table.

“That’s the type of voice I like to hear,” she said. “Let’s get working on that neck - mmhm, and maybe those hips.”

Once again, she worked her hands on him, and heavenly pleasure followed. More than the other times Ray found himself strangely aroused, his dick going hard and him having to shift to accommodate that. When he was asked to turn onto his back Kate just giggled and began to massage it as well, even as she tweaked his nipples and played with his Adam’s apple. He kept his eyes closed, groaning and grunting in cathartic release as she brought him closer to the point of ultimate bliss. Her hands spread his hips out, and his waist was compressed with every point of pressure she applied to it. He could almost feel himself changing, and that realisation sparked a jolt of fear down his spine, even as the pleasure built.

“W-wait, Kate! Are you ch-changing m-me?”

“I’m making you your ultimate self. My dream partner. I told you my hands were magic. Don’t you just love it?”

He gasped. His nipples were *throbbing*. His penis, though hard, felt smaller than it should have been. And something was happening with his hips and his waist and even his shoulders, as if his entire body structure was altering with each careful massage of her delicate hands.

“I - ahhhh - don’t want to ch-change. Please, I can’t resist you. You have to s-stop. Mhmm, it’s t-too good! You have to stop this f-for me!”

Kate slowed her massage, but brought her hands back to his member, cupping his balls and feeling them slowly. It was torture, it was *hot*.

“Tell me to stop, then. That’s all you have to do, Ray. Tell me to stop.”

He exhaled, trying to control his breathing. God, her touch upon his balls were good, even as she worked to dissolve their contents.

"I - I can't! Just finish m-me! Please! I - I need you."

"That's what I like to hear from my muse. Every day makes you more and more perfect. And this is your reward, my darling."

She stroked him just once, in just the right way, and he exploded. His entire body shuddered in a new kind of orgasm, one that was not entirely male, and he ejaculated into the air and across the table onto the floor. It was like his testicles were emptying their entire contents, a going out of business sale before it all closed down.

"Ahhhhhh, oh G-God. Oh sh-shit. Ohhhhh, what have you - nmmhmmm!!"

He writhed, squirmed, and barely contained himself. His voice cracked higher and higher, the ministrations upon his neck leaving it soft and delicate, his Adam's apple practically gone.

"My voice . . . it sounds girly. Mhmm . . ."

But he was already drifting off to sleep, and Kate's hands across his chest were only soothing him further.

"Go to sleep, my darling," Kate said, her voice overriding his waning willpower. "You have a big day tomorrow, and you're over halfway done. It's all uphill from here, my sweetie. I just know you'll be perfect. I could see your potential from that first meeting."

Ray closed his eyes and gave himself over to unconsciousness. Everything about him felt soft and gentle, a far cry from what he should be. And yet it was so, so deeply *soothing*.

He slept like a rock upon the massage table, dreaming of beautiful blonde women and imagining he was one too.

Ray woke up feeling like he'd had the best sleep he'd had in years. He raised himself up and stretched, yawning for a long time, but then his eyes immediately snapped upon. His voice sounded weird, and his limbs, his body . . .

He jumped off of the massage table.

"God, I slept all night here. What the fuck is wrong with me? And why do I sound like a freakin' chick!?"

He headed up the stairs towards the bathroom. Kate had already left despite all his questions, which also meant he was late for work, but he had other concerns as well; his hips were shifting in a strange way with every step. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't stop them from swaying from left to right and back again, and it only made his large, pert ass wobble in a sensual manner as well.

"This is a nightmare, a fucking nightmare!"

But it was so much worse when he saw himself in the mirror.

“Oh God.”

His face was normal, except that it looked younger, the various creases and wrinkles and scars from his hard working life having diminished seemingly overnight. His stubble was likewise gone after the oil massage upon his features last night, but he was still obviously male, if a bit young and ‘soft.’ But his body was another matter. He now had no body hair whatsoever, except for his pubic hair which looked to have taken on a more upside down triangular shape, like a woman’s bush. His penis was still there, but looked small even for him when he was flaccid. And yet, even that paled compared to his overall shape and frame. Thanks to Kate’s evidently *literally* magical touch, Ray was now shorter! His five-foot-eleven height had been reduced to five-foot-eight at the most, and not only that, but his body type had been altered too. Instead of thin hips and wide shoulders, he now had wide, womanly hips and petite shoulders! His waist had contracted also, leaving him with the kind of hourglass frame that the gorgeous blondes in the posters downstairs all had. Hell, he was pretty sure he had wider, more babymaking-looking hips than his own girlfriend right now.

“This is insane,” he murmured, voice still cracking. “I - I can’t do this. I need to get away from her.”

But the thought of leaving Kate was anathema to him. He was her muse, her supporter, her loyal lover! He was the clay that she sculpted to perfect, wasn’t he? Ray clutched his head in confusion, trying to figure out what thoughts were his and what were a result of Kate’s magic. It was impossible to sift through, and his willpower to do so had waned yet again.

His phone suddenly rang, and he answered it. It was his worksite manager, Geoff.

“Um, it’s me,” Ray said, trying to keep his voice low.”

“Ray? You sound weird. Why the hell aren’t you at work? You gotta give me a heads up if something is wrong, buddy!”

“I - I’ll be right there. Just a little bug. I’ll make it up, I swear.”

He hung up quickly, then looked at his reflection in the mirror.

“What the fuck am I gonna do?”

Everyone looked strangely at Ray as he worked. He had tried to put on extra shirts and wear a wrap around his waist to disguise his altered shape, but it wasn’t fooling anyone, at least not much. He could only walk in his usual strut when he was actively focusing, otherwise he defaulted to shaking his hips and ass like he was a social media model with the cameras focused on his rear. He was visibly shorter, and had to continue pretending it was just

because he was hunched over from a fresh back injury. And as for speaking; Ray had to continue to keep his voice low and guttural as possible, and yet it *still* just sounded like a lady doing an impression of a man, much to his humiliation.

“Seriously, Ray, what’s up with you man?” Derek asked as they worked further up on the third floor. “And why are you struggling to lift those power tools?”

“Because they’re damn heavy!” he whined, voice cracking higher again. “I swear, is there lead in these or something?”

“No different to how they felt before. Something’s wrong with you, man. I actually thought you were a lady pretending to be a man when you turned up.”

The sudden rush of humiliation actually made Ray tear up a bit, and he had to subtly wipe away the tears forming in his eyes. Now he was even starting to get emotional like a lady!

“It’s just an infection,” he said. “Just a condition. I’ll be back to normal soon.”

“Good man. Because seriously, you’re starting to look like a chick.”

Those words seared into Ray’s mind as he got home. Kate was waiting for him, and he’d been preparing an entire angry speech to give her, a set of demands to reshape his body back to what it was. Except the moment he saw her dominant expression something gave way, another piece of his will cracking off and dissolving.

“H-hey, sweetie,” he managed. “You look so resplendent today.”

“And you look more and more beautiful,” she said. “C’mon, let’s get you out of those clothes and ready for your next massage.”

“I - do we have to? I know your massages are wonderful, but - but they’re changing me! Babe - I mean, sweetie - all the guys at work are staring at my ass and making fun of me. Wilkins even slapped me there today, and it was weirdly sensitive! I’m getting shorter, I look younger, and listen to my voice. This has to stop.”

Kate strode closer, letting her own hips sway in imitation to his own. She kissed him on the lips, and the passion flowed on through to him.

“You don’t need to worry so much, Ray-Ray,” she said. “This is all part of the plan.”

“You’re doing this . . . deliberately.”

“Of course, I keep telling you that I have the magic touch. I’m going to do such beautiful things to you. You’re my muse, and I’ll be your mistress, and you’ll serve me so much better in the body I’m making you. So, so much better. You’re already talking so much sweeter, and you know who your master is, don’t you?”

Ray bit his lip. He was his own master. He knew that. He was the guy, the one wearing the trousers in the relationship, the one who went to work and drank beer with the fellas and got his girl to give him good massages of her own volition.

Or so he thought. Because Kate's eyes were trained upon him, and it was like being hypnotised. He was taller than him, but she seemed *bigger*, somehow. More important. Worthy of serving and submitting to.

"You'll turn me back though, right?"

"You're welcome to think of it like that, honey. Let's just work those tensions out."

"It's just temporary?"

"If that makes you feel better, then yes."

Once again, without quite knowing why, Ray found himself lying on the massage table once again. He stared up at the posters all around the room and now plastered on the ceiling, of gorgeous ultra-feminine models with hourglass figures, peachy rears, and big busts. He had two out of three of those, and the worst part was, despite the embarrassment and humiliation, a small part of him wanted the third too. Already his nipples were yearning to be massaged by Kate, practically throbbing with need, in fact. She poured lotion on his body and began to work into his chest, running her hands over his pecs.

"You want these to grow, don't you? I can practically sense it."

"I - no, it's just . . . I can't stop imagining."

"Because you want them. I'm going to slim you down further this time, make you shorter than me, I think."

"Sh-shorter?"

"So you're all the more submissive to me. I know it turns you on more and more. And let's fix up this face. Yes, this will all work well. I'll even add another dash of youth to you."

Ray was about to protest, summoning his willpower again, but then more of the wonderfully warm lotion was upon him, and Kate was already doing her best to massage those most sensitive areas. She stroked and caressed his pecs, moulding the flesh to grow, heaping up fat and tissue from elsewhere in his body in such a way that it caused his height to shrink ever fast. Ray could literally feel himself become ever more diminutive even as two very obvious feminine bumps emerged.

"G-God! Ohhhhh, f-fuck! It's like b-being reborn! Like flowering!"

"Yes, I love it when you talk like my muse. I want you young and beautiful, the ultimate inspiration for my art!"

Ray was at the mercy of his girlfriend, and she had little mercy to offer his manhood. Her strokes flattened his stomach, leaving it toned and beautiful, before pushing up the accumulated tissue to enlarge his breasts a second time. They went from nonexistent, to A-cups, to prominent B-cups, not huge but not small either, and now topped by perfect pink nipples surrounded by feminine areolas.

"Mhmm . . . this can't be r-real. I can f-feel them."

“And they’re perfectly sized. I don’t like them *too* big. But I do like a very, very sexy face.”

With that, she raised her hands up to start teasing out his facial features, shifting them around and pushing extra tissue towards Ray’s lips. This was the nightmare scenario in so many ways; between the shifting of her hands and arms the changing man could see a poster on the ceiling displaying the model Denise Cosmero. She had luscious lips and gorgeous brunette hair, and part of Ray wanted to *be* like her, only younger and cuter and with flowing blonde hair just like how Kate liked her girls.

“N-need hair,” he moaned, biting his lip. He wanted to please his mistress, to inspire her, no matter the cost. His brain was at war with itself, and his male pride was losing out.

“Are you sure? I doubt you’ll even be recognised at your work now, Ray-Ray. In fact, I’d say you wouldn’t even pass for a man now, despite *this* still being here.”

She prodded his penis, pushing it in just that little bit more, reducing it in scope.

“Ahhh . . . ohhhh,” Ray moaned, producing some very erotic sounds that were equally feminine in their pleasure. “I n-need it. P-please! Please, sweetie! I want to be your rose!”

Kate grinned, kissing Ray on the cheek. “I so love these glimpses of the future you. Very well then, a scalp massage it is. Let’s make you positively voluminous, my darling.”

She moved around to his head, running her fingers over it carefully, producing wonderful prickles of sensation that jolted down through his body. He bit his lip again, feeling its greater fullness and trying to avoid moaning in that sensual voice of his. But it was hard not to when, with each stroke of her fingers, his hair began to pour out. It was like it was growing rapidly; she didn’t so much pull the hairs as *will* them to slide out from his scalp faster and faster. Something glowed in his vision, and he realised that his fringe was extending as well, his hair now a light yellow, the kind of blonde that Kate would just love. She moved the strands behind his head, and for some reason Ray found it disappointing not to have a mirror on the ceiling to observe these changes. He could barely resist touching his new breasts, which felt heavier than expected, his nipples stiff from the arousal of this session.

And then it stopped, with Ray’s new light blonde hair hanging down off of the table, long and thick and positively *luscious*. Like his new breasts, it also had a surprising weight to it, tugging at his head and reminding him of its presence even as he slowly sat up. His boobs also wobbled slightly with his movements, and even more when he began to shake and squirm with a nervousness and fear he’d never felt before.

“I let you do it again. Oh God, what’s happening to me? Why did I let you do that?”

“Because you *wanted* me to,” Kate said, lowering herself down to peck him on the lips; lips that were much fuller than they had been the day before. “Don’t go too far, darling.

I've done as much as I can today, but you're so close to being finished; and ahead of schedule, too!"

She waltzed off, and Ray couldn't help but admire her as she went, his new body parts going into overdrive with arousal. He wanted to supplicate himself before her, to be her younger boyfriend. No, *girlfriend*. These were the thoughts that raged and embarrassed him.

It was even worse when he inspected the changes in person. Apart from the small member between his legs and his more masculine face, he would easily be mistaken for a woman in every other way, especially from behind. Between his hourglass figure, his lovely B-cup breasts, and his long flowing, and quite wavy blonde hair, he was starting to look like quite the petite young beauty. He only looked to be in his early twenties now, perhaps twenty three at best! And this was to say nothing of his height; the world looked so much different from this changed perspective.

"I've got to be only five-five," he murmured in his softer voice. "Or five-four. I'm tiny!"

Below average height even for a woman at this stage, and there was always the possibility he would shrink further.

"I can't do this. I can't freakin' do this. I'm trapped in a fucking nightmare. I'll have to take the day off. I'll have to get away from her!"

It was a vow he made to himself. He would escape Kate, while he still had the meagre will to do so, and just hope against hope that his body would return to normal over time and distance.

The next morning, Ray ate his breakfast and worked up the determination to sneak away and leave for good. He was already grappling with how strange his changed body was, but also how needy it was too: he couldn't stop watching Kate and seeing such beauty and power and grace in her, even as she readied her own breakfast and smirked in his direction.

"You look wonderful, my darling. You just need to get something better fitting for your new figure."

Ray knew she was right. It burned him to be wearing masculine clothing that was entirely too big.

"You have f-fun at work today, sweetie," he mumbled. "I can't wait to be massaged again tonight. I want to be reborn."

"And I cannot wait to complete you, my love. You will be everything."

She kissed him after breakfast, with more passion than she had ever displayed to him before, and then she left. Immediately, as soon as her car was gone, Ray launched into action. He moved quickly to pack as many things as he could, then jumped in his own car

and headed off. Not to work, obviously - he was far too gone for that - but instead to the very edge of town to get a hotel room in secret. He didn't even bring his phone, because he knew that as soon as Kate called him after work he'd come slinking back to her like a loyal dog; something about her magic was making him into a totally submissive girl, and he needed to avoid all contact. And yet, even as he drove, the words she had spoken earlier churned in his mind.

You just need to get something better fitting for your new figure.

He pushed it away. As ridiculous as his clothing was on his newly petite and female body type, he wasn't going to up and buy women's clothing, goddammit!

You just need to get something better fitting for your new figure.

He looked down at his overly large, baggy male shirt. It looked ridiculous on him, and he didn't even have a good bra for support. Not to mention his thickened thighs were tight in trousers that were just too long.

You just need to get something better fitting for your new figure.

"Ugh, God! Fine! Just one or two things, just so I can feel pretty!"

He yanked the steering wheel, turning into another lane at the last possible second, veering instead to the mall. Sweat coursed down his spine, but he knew this was the right decision. After all, Kate was going to love it, he just knew.

When Ray arrived back at his place it was like waking from a fever dream. He'd spent *hours* at the mall picking out lovely new articles to wear that fit his pretty figure. He'd purchased bras, including some lacy and racy ones, as well as a sports bra and pushup. He'd bought skirts and yoga pants, blouses and dresses, crop tops and tight tees. And then, when that was done, he'd moved to the next location in the mall one stall over and bought a pretty necklace with a cute emerald pendant, the colour of Kate's eyes. He'd gotten his ears pierced with lovely sparkling earrings, and then had his face done up with pretty makeup, including some subtle pink eyeshadow. His hair was styled, and his fingernails manicured and painted over a light pink as well, adding to his increasingly feminine vibe. And the whole experience had been so lovely that he hadn't even thought twice when people called him 'Miss' or complimented how 'luscious' his hair was. He'd moved and talked like a woman, and gushed about his girlfriend with the hairdresser and how lucky he was to have a take-charge woman she could be a muse for.

And now Ray was back at home, bringing in bags of clothing, himself dressed in a cute pink blouse and shorter-than-recommended white skirt, his feet in high heels and somehow walking naturalistically in them.

“Oh God,” he said as he stepped right into view of the expectant Kate, “I lost all control.”

Her eyes *ate him up*, drinking in his soft legs and perfect poise in his new clothing. They even lingered on where his new bra was, including the faint line of cleavage where the top buttons were undone.

“You’ve had work done.”

“I shouldn’t be here. I wasn’t paying attention.”

“It looks amazing, darling. You look amazing. You’re nearly ready to be done. Shall we complete you? It’ll happen tonight. I promise you. It’ll make those darling nails of yours look perfect with your completed face.”

Ray swallowed. “I’m not - I can’t . . . why do I feel this need?”

She stood, gesturing for him to come down to the basement. “Because I’m your mistress, remember? And because you want this. You know you do. Just follow me, my love, and we will make you mine. My muse and inspiration, my poetic darling, my submissive mate. Just a few more muscle tensions to relieve, and you’ll be there. I can’t wait to see how sexy my former man will turn out.”

The last comment was a tease, and it left Ray blushing. He sweated, looking at the door, but he knew it was over. His willpower evaporated. The desire to change further, no matter how humiliating, was overwhelming.

“This is the last one?”

“Oh, I’m gonna massage you forever, my sweetie, but this is the last change, yes. And I can’t wait to see your face when you lose your balls and get a nice, cut vagina instead of that ugly penis!”

He blushed harder, but followed her down anyway, hypnotised by her very presence. Ray placed himself on the table on his back, the pillow ready for him. It felt like coming home.

“J-just make it quick. Please.”

“Oh, my beautiful sweetie, I’m going to draw this out as long and deliciously as I can. And you’re going to love it. Say goodbye to being a man for good, Ray. Though, come to think of it, it’s time for a new name. I’ve always wished to date a girl named *Kyra*, so let’s start from there.”

Kyra. The name jammed in his conscious mind at the very moment she began her work. The changing man moaned as the final touches were conducted upon his face, leaving it beautiful, with full lips and long eyelashes and well-defined eyebrows. Soon Kate’s hands roamed south, once more playing with his member, stroking it and hardening it. But instead of working it to a greater pleasure, she slowly ushered it back into his body, and the same was done for his ballsack as well.

“Mhmm - ohhhh! I can’t b-believe this is happening!” he cried. “You’re m-making me a woman.”

“My woman,” Kate corrected. “And this is going to be great. Experience, Kyra. The very moment you bloom into womanhood.”

“L-like a flower. Or a butterfly emerging!”

“Exactly! God, I just love how much this embarrasses you, it’s so hot!”

His cheeks burned, but soon they were *her* cheeks, for in mere moments the changing figure’s mind flipped to female. She groaned, writhing a little as he penis was pushed back into her body followed by her testicles. They melted into her, molded like clay so that they formed an opening, the inverted member becoming a passage down to a newly forming womb. It was *exquisite*, and it left her crying out for relief, particularly when Kate expertly formed a labia around her vulva, then pushed the last tip of her penis in, pinching it so that it became a throbbing clitoris that demanded attention.

“Is - is it over!? Am I woman!?”

“Not yet. First I have to break you in, lover.”

Kate lowered her face down, and like a good submissive mate, Kyra split her legs apart, granting access to her new womanhood. It was already wet, the alien sensation of moisture building up in her tunnel too much to believe. But she needed this. Hell, she *wanted* this. And anything Kate wanted she was prepared to give.

“Cry out as loud as you can when you feel the need to, my dear,” Kate said. And then she extended her tongue and began to lap at Kyra’s clitoris, creating such sensations that the new woman was immediately overwhelmed.

“Oh God, oh God! You have to - keep going! Don’t s-stop! I need to be yours!”

“My cute, younger girlfriend? My sexy Kyra, with her demure personality and soulful words?”

“Y-yes! I’ll be all of it, Kate! I’ll be yours!”

“You’ll stay inside for another week, just to let the changes settle?”

“Ohhhh, yes! Please, just p-put your tongue back on me! Your fingers aren’t e-enough!”

“Very well, then. Cum for me, darling.”

She licked and sucked upon her womanhood, playing with her clit and leaving the new woman squirming with growing ecstasy. Soon she was overflowing with it, and it all became too much. The last vestigial remnants of Ray’s male ego evaporated entirely. She couldn’t handle it. She was Kyra now, and needed to embrace her position as this woman’s servant and lover.

“I’m c-cumming! I’m cumming! OH GOD I’M CUMMINNNNG!!”

And came she did. Multiple times, in fact. Her cheeks burned with embarrassment as much as sheer, unbridled pleasure, and when it was done, she knew she was never turning back. She was Kyra now, for better or worse.

Her darling masseuse girlfriend's muse.

Kyra did indeed stay inside for another week, allowing herself to bask in her new femininity. She had already begun acting so much more like a girl during the changes, but now that they were consolidated, she was already in a routine of doing her hair and makeup each morning, of cooking and cleaning for her girlfriend, of being the submissive lover, caretaker, and muse for the love of her life. Kate took the art of massage very seriously, so much more than anyone could have imagined. Her techniques were always changing, always advancing, incorporating numerous cultures and new kinds of lotion and other additions.

Now, Kyra was subject to them all. With her softer skin and a greater sense of being in touch with her emotions, she was able to artfully communicate to Kate all that she felt, all that she wanted, and all that her latest massages gave her. Each day she submitted to Kate's caresses, and these often ended with quite the loud cries of bliss from both of them. Kyra couldn't help it; she lived like Kate's dream woman, and any chance of being a man was gone forever. When she finally emerged, indeed like a butterfly from a cocoon, out into the wider world, she was now officially Kyra in identity as well as persona.

Which was not to say, of course, that she didn't still feel the occasional bout of shame and embarrassment at her new self either. It came and went, but whenever she started to finally adjust, Kate was there to give a playful little tease about how much improved she was from her male self, and it always brought Kyra back to the knowledge that her life was irrevocably transformed, and would never be what it was.

On their first date, Kate had told Ray that a good massage can change your life. Now, stuck as the submissive, dutiful Kyra, she knew that to be absolutely true.

The End