

# **A Witch Feminized Me**

**Grace Mansfield**

## PART ONE

I did housework for some of the neighbors. Mowed the lawn, trimmed the bushes, sometimes even a little fix the porch or fence or whatever.

I wasn't working, it brought in a little money, and even though the wife wanted something better for me, when times are tough...they get tough.

One day I heard a knock on the door. It was early, and I had no work that day, so I was just sitting around in my wife's bathrobe. Mine was in the wash, and hers felt sort of sexy, all silky and everything, and I didn't have anything else at hand, so I pulled it tight and answered the door.

A little, old lady was standing on the porch. She was maybe 5 feet tall, had a big, old shnozzer, and a wart on the end of it.

She took one look at me and she grinned, and I immediately was put off. I mean, so what if I was wearing a woman's robe? It wasn't like I was wearing her bra or something, right?

But I know it might be a bit of handiwork, so I put on my game face. "Morning. What can I do for you?"

She's had a bit of an accent, and her voice was sort of screechy, good advertisement for Halloween, you know, and she says, "I got leak. You fix. Me give you what you want."

"Uh, I don't usually do roofs. Maybe you should—"

"No time. No time. You come. I in that house." She pointed a long and scraggly finger at a house at the end of the street. the other side of a vacant lot. And I shuddered.

It was old, paint had worn off a century ago, shingles were missing, weeds had crept up the sides, the porch was missing slats.

Honestly, I kid you not, the kids in the neighborhood called it the 'witch house.'

And I was supposed to fix that thing? The only thing that would fix that house was a bulldozer!

But she kept gabbling on and on, and, tell the truth, I felt a bit sorry for her. And, to top it off, I knew the pay would be lousy. These old folks pay like they are a hundred years ago, when bread was 5 cents a loaf and a dollar was a good day's pay.

Finally, I gave in. I mean, first impressions not withstanding, she wasn't mean or anything, just sort of ugly. And she was old and she needed help.

"Okay. Let me get dressed and I'll come over."

I got dressed. I got my tools. I gave a mighty sigh and trotted down the street.

Up close it was worse. Up close it was scabs and sores cobbled together and called a house.

I climbed up on the roof, was VERY careful, made an estimate, and figured I'd do her a favor because I had a bunch of shingles and boards left over from a previous job.

I spent all morning crawling over that roof. And I had to crawl, like a spider. I was afraid to stand and put my weight in one place, I needed to spread it out. I mean, the roof felt downright spongy, and I didn't want to crash through and fall into her cauldron or something. Right?

When I came down, I don't know what possessed me, I started on her porch. There were a few big boards missing, I replaced them, and I nailed and hammered the rest of the morning away.

Finally, it was lunch, and I knocked on the door.

She cracked the door and stuck her warty nose out. "You done? You done?"

I mean, she was out of there. Not even aware that I had been hammering on her roof, and then her porch.

"Yes, ma'am. I fixed a couple of boards on your porch so—"

She reached out and snagged my shirt with one claw and pulled me in.

She was stronger than she looked, and it surprised me, so I went in to her front room.

It actually wasn't bad. I had expected spider webs and dancing pigs, but what I got was a comfy, old living room. The furniture was old, and worn, but it was typically grandma fare.

"You come. You come."

She led me into the kitchen and pointed at a table. Old and rickety. Probably new when Hoover was in the White House.

I sat down and she asked, "How much?"

I told her, and her eyes got big, then she said, "You work good. You work cheap. Good cheap. What you want?"

She was reaching into an old purse. She pulled out a fifty. I took it.

"What you want? Really, really want?"

I shrugged. "A good job. An easy life. A winning lottery ticket." I was just talking. Nothing sincere. Just passing the time of day.

She laughed, a weird sort of a cackle. "No, no. What you really want? Really, really, REALLY want?"

I blinked. I'm supposed to pour out my heart to a stranger?

She peered at me, leaned her face in, and nodded. "Yes. You want. Good. Good."

I guess she read my mind, or whatever. Anyway, she turned around, went to a cookie jar and pulled out a cookie. A big, chocolate chip monster. It smelled good from across the room.

She handed it to me. "You eat. You get what you want. Ten days and you decreta."

"What? What's that word?"

"Decreta! Decreta! Now you go. I call again I need. Bye Bye."

And, like that, I found myself standing on the porch, a giant cookie in my hand, and the sun was shining.

I blinked. how the hell did I get...oh well. I had fifty bucks in my pocket, the day was young, and...I looked at the cookie.

It was semi-soft, the way I like 'em.

It was big and round, the way I like 'em.

It smelled like heaven. The way I...I began eating.

So, happy as a clam, eating a big cookie, just like a big kid, I went home. By the time I was home I felt sleepy.

Huh! I had only worked a few hours. Had plenty of sleep the night before. Why would I be sleepy?

I walked into the house, the cookie done, my stomach roiling, and I headed for bed. I sure didn't want to catch anything. I just wanted to sleep a little, and then...I fell on the bed and passed out.

I dreamed of wolves running in the 'old country.' Which made no sense because I had been born in Brooklyn, third generation, no 'old country' in me. Yet, there I was, in the old country, running above some wolves, like a crow looking down, and the wolves howled and howled, and they were on the scent of something, they smelled...

"Honey, I'm home." The door shut. It swings easily and bangs a bit, so I woke with a start.

I groaned, but mostly from the memory of thinking I was coming down with something. In truth, I felt pretty good. I opened my eyes and...

"AIIIE!" I shrieked.

I had long hair! My short hair cut had turned into a wig of some kind! The hair flowed over and around my face and onto my shoulders. Thick, wavy, beautiful hair.

But I had just got a haircut the other day! Close to the skull! how could...who did...

"Honey? What are you—" Chanel froze in the doorway. She stared at me. For a second I thought she was going to ask who I was. But she recognized me. She didn't recognize the hair. "What...who..."

I was sitting up by now, and pulling at my hair. "I don't...I just woke up...what happened to..."

I couldn't stop talking in half sentences, my mind was totally messed.

Chanel came to me. Slowly. As if afraid my hair was snakes and might eat her.

"What happened to you?"

"I don't know." I was almost crying. This was so weird.

"But you wear your hair short!"

"I know! I know!"

"How could you..."

"I don't know!"

"Okay, okay. Calm down." She hugged me then, and that's what I needed. When something so weird you can't believe it happens, you need a hug, human contact, something to reassure you that the world hasn't gone crazy.

Even though it had.

We sat there for a long moment, just breathing, holding on to each other.

Finally, she put me at arm's length and studied my hair.

"It's beautiful I wish my hair was that thick and luscious." She reached up and touched my hair, began combing it out with her fingers.

"I don't care. I just want it...gone!"

Then we hugged some more. She comforted, and I hung on like a sailor hanging on to a life preserver.

"So how was your morning, honey?" and she giggled.

I couldn't help it, more nerves than humor, I found myself laughing. Laughing more like hysteria, but laughing. Then I sniffed. "I went over to the old lady on the corner and fixed her roof."

She put me at arm's length again and frowned. "You mean that 'witch house?'"

"I fixed her roof, and her porch, and she paid me fifty bucks. Then she gave me a cookie?"

"A cookie?" and thoughts went through our minds.

Food poisoning. Rotten ingredients. Something wrong with it.

"How do you feel now?"

"I feel great! Except...I've got all this hair."

"Well, let's do something about that. Come."

She took my hand and led me into the bathroom. I sat on the edge of the tub and she began brushing it out.

"Sure is a lot of it."

"I'll say. Should I see a doctor?"

"What? Hey, Doc, I had male pattern baldness, and now I don't. Got a pill to give me?"

I grunted. "Yeah. I guess. Shouldn't we cut it off?"

She shook her head. "You were thinning, and badly. You don't have to go to work, so let's just comb it out and enjoy it."

"Really?"

"Sure is a lot of it. And it's so thick. Best hair I've ever seen."

"Huh!"

So she brushed and brushed, and finally stood me up and told me to look in the mirror.

"Whoa! That is a lot!"

It flowed down around my shoulders and halfway down my back. There was a natural wave to it.

"Isn't that sort of feminine? Couldn't you brush it more manly?"

"Honey, that's the way the mop flops. I just combed it out. If it looks a little feminine that's just the way it is. Want me to put a pink ribbon in it?"

I frowned at her, and she laughed. "Gotcha."

"Not very funny."

"Well, is this?" She reached a hand down my pants and grabbed me by Mr. Happy.

"Oh," I gasped, but I didn't complain. Chanel is five foot six, got more curves than a race track, and I just love her.

Her face is clean and oval and she has the reddest lips. Almost doesn't need lipstick, but when she does put it on, zowie!

And her eyes are big and expressive. A little eye shadow and she looks like a blonde Mata Hari. All mysterious and sexy.

She pulled me to her, and I felt her large breasts squoosh up against my chest.

She pressed her lips on mine, and I felt myself drizzle right down into her depths. When she kissed me I lost all track of time, didn't even know who I was.

She walked into me, forced me backwards and into the bedroom, then pushed me back on the bed.

She wiggled out of her sweater, undid her bra, all the while staring at me. And not just staring, but staring like she was in a fever.

"There is something so fucking sexy about your hair."

I peeled off my pants and slipped out of my shirt.

She sat on my lap and kissed me, and ran her fingers through my hair.

"Hey!" I complained. "Can I take my underwear off?"

"No time," she grunted. She reached down and pulled my dick out of that little slit in male underwear. I was hard as a rock, and she sighed contentedly as she slipped onto it.

"Oh," I said. The feel of her velvet walls always astounds me. If there is heaven on earth, it is the feel of my wife's pussy when I first slide in.

She kissed me, and I felt her breasts, and she sighed deep in her throat.

I bent my head and kissed her nipples, and sucked them into my mouth.

"Oh, yes!" She arched her back, pressed her tits into my face, and all the while she was pulling her fingers through my hair.

And, you know, the way she was pulling her fingers through my tresses, it felt good!

It was weird, to feel such sexiness just from hair, but there it was.

She began bouncing on me, pushed me back and assumed the cowgirl position.

Oh, God, it felt good.

She leaned on me, squirmed her hips, and felt my pecs, located the nipples and pulled, then she was on her elbows, her face leaning into mine, her hands entwined in my hair, kissing me, kissing me, and...

"OH!" She began to spasm. She couldn't sit back up, so her chest went up and down on mine as she orgasmed. "OH! OH!"

Then she lay on me, breathing hard, her hands still in my hair.

"Oh, that was good," she whispered into my neck.

"Great, now, if we can turn over then I can—"

"Oh, no. Not yet." She sat up and pulled off me.

I goggled. "No?"

"Yes. You know how I like it when you are stuck in horny. You're going to give me a few days of slave boy. All right, lover?"

Slave boy. It meant that she got to cum and I didn't. I would get horny and desperate and wait on her hand and foot.

Of course, it was fun for me, too. I got in that highly excited, horny state and I stayed there. It was like I was stuck in the moment before cuming, feeling juicy and golden, and desperate.

She climbed off me, felt her pussy with one hand, her tits with the other, and she shivered and groaned. "Oh, it is so delicious when we do this. And I love not having to wash your stink off."

I had to laugh. We had watched. movie once, 'Peter Proud,' and after the guy fucked a girl he said that. "I have to wash your stink off." It was so damned crude that it was funny, and it had become our 'in' joke.

"Now get up. I bought us a bottle of bourbon and we need to celebrate your new hair."

So I got up, walked around the house naked and drank a lot of bourbon and Coke, and she kept playing with my dick, and kissing me, and running her fingers through my hair.

I dreamed. Drunken dreams. The old country. And now I wasn't just flying above a pack of wolves, I was running with them. I was charging over the snow, chasing something, and the smell of blood was in my nostrils, and I drew deep breaths and howled, and...

I stretched and yawned. The sun was shining through the window and I...what was with my hands? I had closed them, and it felt like I had sharp objects pointing into them. I opened my eyes and— "Aiee!"

Chanel ran in from the kitchen. "Liam?"

I held my hands out in front of me. I had always had long and slender fingers, but now they were topped with long nails. Fingernails. The kind women have. The hard shells extended a full half inch beyond the finger, and they were bright red, and... and...

"What did you do?"

"I didn't do anything!"

"But your nails! What...how..."

"I woke up this way! I didn't...this is...I don't know..."

Once again I was reduced to mumbling incoherent half sentences.

She came to me and sat down and took my hands and stared at them.

They were oval, sort of like almonds. They were slick looking, like they had been coated with some kind of see through shellac.

"Wow," Chanel murmured. I was scared, but she was a little awed. "This is the best nail job I have ever seen!"

"Cut 'em off! Cut them off!"

I was panicked.

She hugged me.

"Please!" I was crying now. "Please!"

So she got out her nail clippers and placed them over the nails, and she squeezed, and nothing happened.

"They don't cut."

"They...what?"

I took her clippers and tried. The clippers wouldn't cut into the nails. It just hurt my hand to keep squeezing on the little thing.

"My pliers. Cutting pliers." I moved her aside and leaped out of bed. I ran through the house, my long hair streaming out behind me, my hands held up as it to ward off...the fingernails.

I opened my tool box and took out a pair of cutting pliers. I tried to cut my nails, and even with the extra grip and all my strength, the nails wouldn't cut.

Chanel was behind me, watching.

I thought about sawing. About taking a chisel and...and I started to sob.

What was happening to me? First hair, then nails? What the fuck was happening to me? And, in the back of my mind a little fear voice piped up, 'What's next?'

Chanel turned me around and we hugged. Seemed like we were doing an awful lot of hugging.

I cried onto her shoulder, and she stroked my hair and kept saying, "It's all right. It's all right."

And, right in the middle of my panic attack, we felt my dick bump into her belly.

She giggled. "I guess it's not all bad."

"I sort of chuckled. A gaspy kind of laugh.

She reached down and grabbed me by the dick. "Ooh, yes. Are you horny?"

Well, duh!

She led me through the house and sat down on the bed.

"I'm not horny yet, not after last night, but I can certainly play with you.

I stood, my legs weak and shivering, as she stroked my cock. Her lips engulfed the head and her tongue licked the under part of the helmet.

Finally, when I was close, she backed off. "Not yet, tiger."

I groaned in frustration. Yet it was a happy frustration. All the changes, the panic, the result was an even more heightened state of horniness.

She took me into the kitchen then, a man with long, girly hair and long, shiny nails, and she sat me down at the table.

"Hold on, I want to see something."

She went to a drawer and took out a pair of scissors. Haircutting scissors. Very sharp.

She stood behind me and lifted up a thick lock of my hair. She snipped.

"Fuck."

"What?"

"Your hair doesn't cut. It just slides between the blades. I can't cut your hair."

She put the scissors away and came back and sat facing me.

We stared at each other.

Then she got up and poured us a pair of drinks. It was early, and we had just drunk last night, but we needed it.

We sipped, and the only sound was the clock ticking. Then she said: "Whatever is happening...is it going to keep happening?"

"What do you mean?"

"Hair? Nails? What's next?"

And she put my fears into words. Very scary words.

"What am I going to do?"

"Doctor?"

"I don't like doctors! They want to give you pills and they look at you like you're a freak if you ask a question."

"So what's the alternative? Sit and watch yourself...do whatever you're doing?"

"I don't know."

More sitting. More silence. More misery. Then: "One thing."

"Yes?"

"If you wake up tomorrow and something is different, please don't scream. It scares me. Please try to...to take it in stride."

"I'll try."

And we drank some more.

I dreamed. Running through the snow in the old country. My feet padding over the cold. My howl hanging in the wind. We chased something, and it was close. My brothers and sisters and I, getting closer, and the scent of prey filled my nostrils, and I hungered...I hungered for...

I woke up and lay quietly. Nothing seemed to have happened. I was me.

Then I closed my fists and felt my nails. Fuck.

And my hair was still long.

But I didn't scream.

I turned over and face Chanel, who was already awake. Awake and waiting. Waiting to see if something had happened to me.

Her eyes went wide and she drew in her breath.

"Oh, no." I whispered. "What?"

She reached a hand up and touched my face, then she touched harder, then she pulled me out of bed and tugged me into the bathroom.

I was wearing make up! I had bright red lips, and the lips were plump and moist. And I had eye shadow. My lids were a sexy charcoal color. Perfect for the color of my skin and long hair.

My cheeks were even blushed, and my eyebrows were plucked and my lashes mascara-ed.

"Oh...no!" I whimpered.

She grabbed a wash cloth and scrubbed at my cheeks, my lips, even my eyelids. Nothing removed the make up.

She ran into the other room and came back with cold cream. She slathered it on my face, rubbed, and the make up remained.  
I stared at my now very female face. "How could this be? Why doesn't it come off? Make up isn't like DNA! It isn't a part of your body! So why? Why?"  
Now Chanel hugged me. She had no answers, and she was scared.  
Heck, we were scared.  
What was happening to me?  
And, like clockwork, my dick sprang up and poked into her belly. She giggled, but it was a laugh strangled by tears. She grabbed my dick and stroked.  
My knees grew weak, and she said, "At least some things stay the same."  
I said, "This started happening after I fixed that old lady's roof. I think I need to go talk to her."  
Chanel shuddered. She shivered.  
"Come on, let's get dressed and go see the old crone."  
A half hour later we were crossing the street, angling in on the old 'witch house.'  
Chanel had insisted on coming, and, tell the truth, I was glad for a little back up.  
She held my hand, and I felt so weird, walking across the street in full make up, my hair long and combed out, my nails bright red and long and sharp, visible to anyone who happened to look.  
Yet, we were walking down the street, only a couple of houses, and we never knew those neighbors anyway.  
We walked through the yard that was bare of all growth but weeds. We walked up the steps and crossed over my repairs.  
Chanel shivered and rubbed her arms. "This is creepy."  
I knocked on the door.  
Nothing.  
Yet I had the feeling we were being watched.  
I knocked again.  
A rustling inside, then a piece of paper shot out of the ancient mail slot.  
I picked it up off the porch and looked at the writing on it.  
Her hand was creaky, shaky, like an old persons's handwriting sometimes is, and the writing on the paper said.

Decreta  
Ten days you decreta

No signature, no bloody handprint, nothing you could take to a court of law.  
I knocked again, but there was no answer.  
I could knock the door down," I mumbled.  
Chanel shook her head. "Let's just go. This place is giving me the creeps.  
And, truth, what would I do if I knocked the door in? Beat up an old lady? Force her to give me a soup made of Monk's Head and toadstools? Put her in an armlock?  
That would sure look good on the arrest report. Or maybe in a newspaper.

Man blames neighbor for make up.

"Okay."  
We returned to our house.  
"What does Decreta mean?"  
We were sitting at the table again.  
Drinking bourbon again.  
Trying desperately to figure the unexplainable out.  
"I don't know."  
"And what's with ten days?"  
"I don't know."

And that's all we knew...nothing.

Running, gasping, heart pounding, lungs expanding and struggling to keep up with the demands. We could see the shadow in the trees. It was big, a moose or something, and we were getting close. The winter was hard, and we normally didn't like to go after big game, but when you're hungry...

The next day I awoke, and sighed, and knew that nothing had changed.

I was still possessed of long, luscious hair, impeccable make up, and long red nails.

I turned over. Chanel was waiting.

I didn't feel different. Nothing else had happened to me.

She studied me, kissed me, and then climbed on top.

"I'm going to squirt."

"So squirt. You don't even have to wait for me. I'm just so fucking horny."

She moved on top of me, wiggled, squirmed, corkscrewed her buns down on me.

My shaft felt big and hard inside her. My overly horny skull was no doubt dripping.

God, it felt good. Up and down. In and out. The feel of her moist warmth swallowing me.

She pulled her nips and groaned and wiggled some more. She placed her hands on my shoulders and leaned down and gave me one of her extra special 'Chanel kisses.'

I felt the trigger inside me, clicking over and over. I was so damned horny, I had been edged so much, but the trigger was having trouble, and then, like a miracle, it worked.

I felt the warm explosion, the cessation of thought. I felt gism running up my tube, and I squirted.

But...it just didn't feel...right. Like I was having an orgasm, but it was small, and the juices...something didn't feel right.

Still, an orgasm is an orgasm, and I lurched and thrust, and my pecker emptied into Chanel, and my balls suddenly felt empty and small. And I looked up at her, and the expression on her face.

She was frustrated, but...but puzzled. What?"

"What?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing. I just...I couldn't get over the top. But this was all about you. Did you have a good cum?"

"Yes," I lied.

Yes and no. A cum is good, always, but this one...it could have been better.

Finally, still not having cum, Chanel climbed off me, and then her face took on another inscrutable and worried expression.

"What?" And I was worried.

"Your dick. It's smaller."

I sat up. Shit. My eight inches was now six. And it wasn't as thick.

"We're going to a doctor."

"No," I said.

"Your dick is falling off and you don't want to go see a doctor?"

"No." I looked at her.

"Why not?"

"And let people see me like this?"

"So what!"

"So I'm a freak. A man who changed. People will stare. The newspapers will get in on it. There's no way I'm leaving this house."

"But...but..." and she spent a lot of time trying to talk me into it, but I wouldn't.

And, finally, exasperated, she held my face with both hands and asked, "Why not?"

And something popped out of me. Something stupid, but made perfect sense.

I said, "Not for ten days."

She stared at me, and her eyes were big, but she knew, in her heart of hearts, that I was right.

Ten days.

Decreta.

And then we would see.

## PART TWO

Running through the woods, under branches, cutting off the path of the big moose. There were dozens of us, long, lean, grey wolves, surviving the harsh winter through our strength and our teeth. The moose bellowed, chuffed, struggled through the snow. If it reached the ice it could make a stand, and even with our great numbers, a moose was no push over. Close, we were so close now.

I awoke, and knew that the world had changed. I was different. I felt smaller. Like my very bones had shrunk. But my chest felt bigger. I guess the male chest was just...and then I knew what had happened.

I sat up, and I had breasts.

Not big one, just half-sized ones.

Chanel was up and in the kitchen.

"Chanel?"

I heard her walking through the house. I knew she would be worried. I waited.

She stepped through the door and gasped.

"Oh. My. God!"

She crossed the room, sat down on the bed. I didn't look at her. All I could do was stare at my breasts.

Even half-sized was too much for me. I lifted my hands and felt them. Soft yet firm. When they got bigger, and I knew they would, they would be heavy, and I would need support. But right now they were a young girl's.

The nipples were big. Bigger than they should have been, but I knew they would be the right size when my breasts finished growing.

Chanel sat on the side of the bed and reached out. She felt them. I felt an electrical shock from the nipple to the groin. I groaned.

"Does it hurt?"

"It feels good," I confessed.

"And you don't want to see a doctor?"

"Not yet."

"What will we do?"

I shook my head.

I stood up, and here was a second shock. I was shorter.

I'm a six footer. Six inches taller than Chanel, yet now I was maybe three inches taller. So I had shrunk three inches. And my arms and legs were more slender. My muscles had shrunk.

We just stood there and stared at me, and my emotions...they were worse than a little girl going through puberty.

"Get dressed," said Chanel, finally.

I took a pair of pants out of my closet. They were too long when I held them up next to me, and too big around at the waist.

I looked at her helplessly.

"Try a shirt," she suggested.

I put on a shirt, and it hung on my frame. The shoulders were too wide, the tail hung down low enough to cover my ass, but that was all. It was the kind of fit that a girl would be accused of cock teasing, should she go out in a man's shirt like this.

I took it off.

"Try this."

Chanel held out a pair of her pants.

I tried them on, then kicked them off. They were too short and tight.

"No."

We stared at each other.

"Then you'll have to wear a dress."

"No." I dug my feet in. The dress became a symbol of totality that I couldn't face.

"If you keep shrinking you'll have to wear one."

"We'll face it if it comes to that."

"So you're just going to be naked today?"

"I'll wear your...can I wear your robe?"

The robe. The silky thing that I had been wearing when the old lady had come calling. And maybe that was why she had...maybe that was why I was turning into a woman. She had got the idea from seeing me in the robe. And decided. But where did that leave me?"

Chanel handed me the robe.

It covered me adequately. And, I hate to say it, it caused a physical reaction. We stared as my dick grew hard.

But not as hard. Sort of a soft hard.

And it wasn't as big. It had been eight inches, then six, and now it was barely four.

I felt a sob coming out of my throat, and I stifled it. No. Whatever was happening...I would deal with it.

I tied the robe in front and walked into the living room.

"I called in my vacation time," said Chanel. "I want to be with you whenever...whenever...whatever happens."

"Thank you."

"Do you want a drink?"

"Of course. I want a lot of drinks."

I sat on the couch then. I turned on TV. I saw nothing. People moved and talked on the box, but I was in my own world.

Chanel came and sat down next to me. We cuddled, two hopeless people in a hopeless world.

Somewhere in there she began fondling my breasts. It felt good. My nipples stood up like it was cold, and I could feel my groin warming.

Then she pulled the robe apart and lowered her head. She sucked on my little member. No problem with a deep throat now. And she seemed very happy to just feed off of me. Then she stopped and raised her head.

"I know what will make you happy."

"What?"

"A permanent."

"A what?"

She took me into the kitchen and sat me in a chair, then she got out curling rods and boxes of color and shampoo, and hair pins and all manner of nefarious things.

She tried curling my hair, making little waves in it, but then frowned.

"What?"

"It's not taking. Your hair should be all curly. Instead, it's just the way it was. A soft wave. And it doesn't have the feel of hair that's undergone chemical treatment. It's...like it can't be cut. It can't be changed, even for a perm."

"So I'm really stuck this way."

She frowned, then slowly said, "For ten days."

The moose was halfway between the pack and the lake. The lake, where the snow was thin and it would have more ability to move, to kick, to bite.

We had to reach the moose before it made it to the lake. We had to pull it down before the ice...

The next day my tits were full size. Adults. All grown up. They were double Ds, and looked even bigger as my chest shrank.

And I lost another three inches of height. I was now as tall as Chanel.

She handed me a bra without speaking.

I took it and, with a little help, figured out how to put my mammaries into the thing. When I stood in front of the mirror I was struck by how feminine my body was. I had hips that were rounding. My waist had shrunk. My tits looked enormous in the bra.

"You look good," whispered Chanel.

I nodded, unable to speak. I was captivated by my image, even as I wanted to sob and look away.

I was truly a half and half man.

She handed me some panties, and I confronted the other big change of the day.

My penis was but an inch long. And it was shaped differently, more cone-like. More like a...clitoris.

I still had a slit, but even that looked like it was moving down the 'clit.' It looked like it was migrating downward.

I pulled up the panties.

I never knew how good women's underwear felt. It was soft and silky, it fit better. There was no 'junk' to hang awkwardly, to bang around between my legs. I could cross my legs at the crotch without strangling myself.

Chanel moved in, tugged an edge here, smoothed the fabric there. She said, "It fits perfectly. You look...good."

I stared at her.

"I'm just being honest."

I said nothing, and she broke. "You want to know something? You look more than good. You look fucking delicious. You turn me on. I want to...I want to..."

In my mind I was still a man. And I responded to tears. I took her in my arms. Not as easy now that we were the same size, the same weight.

Our tits mashed against each other, and she gave a sort of sobbing giggle. And we hung onto each other.

We looked like two girls. I was in underwear, she was in pants and blouse.

I whispered, "Why don't you get in your underwear."

She gave another snorting sort of giggle and wiggled out of her pants and blouse. We hugged, and it was warm.

Our flesh was fevered, my skin igniting her skin and vice versa.

We kissed. Not my male lips ravaging her, taking charge, but our lips soft and female, searching and caressing, a softer kind of love.

We fell on the bed and we made sweet, gentle love.

I sucked on her nipples and held her tits, and she sucked on mine.

My hand went down to her juncture and I inserted a couple of fingers, long and slender fingers, and I careful with my nails. I began to fingerbang her. Slow come hither strokes, designed to find and stimulate her g spot.

She gasped and held on to me. I sucked on her nipples and pushed my hand in further. I began to use what was left of my male strength to penetrate, to rub, to shimmy, to jerk.

She began to thrust her hips up, taking my hand, fucking my hand.

We kissed, and it was so different. As a man I pressed hard, almost savagely. As a woman I tasted her, I slithered over her like a feather. I devoured her with gentleness.

She responded to this female style of loving. She ground her hips onto my fingers. And then she shook, all the way from the groin to her head, a ripple that ran up her body, consumed her even as it unleashed her.

"OOOHHH!" She moaned long and loud, and she relaxed. Gave it all up. Just slumped.

Slowly, I withdrew my fingers.

We lay there, breathing hard. I was frustrated, horny, but it was okay. In fucking her like a woman I had discovered a level of submission in myself. And it felt good.

I know feminists won't like this, but it seems as if there is almost a gene in the DNA that says, 'Go with it. Give up. Let it happen.' And that is what I had felt, even being the aggressor.

She turned to me, rose up slightly, then she slid down my body. She explored what was left of my dick. She felt it with her fingers, sucked it with her mouth. I could feel a peculiar joy emanating from her, a wonder, as a virgin exploring her own

pussy. Yet, it was my pussy. Or, almost my pussy.

Finally, we dozed. Then we got up and tried on her clothes.

She put me in underwear, and I loved thongs. I loved the feeling of a strip of cloth rubbing my asshole.

She had a variety of bras, and I loved the shelf bra. My nipples sticking up, feeling the air, acting like antenna. I know, weird, but that's what it felt like.

I tried on a corset, and it goes almost without saying that I hated it, and loved it. I loved the confined feeling, the 'being kept' feeling, like somebody was hugging my whole body. And yet it was so uncomfortable.

I loved nylons, and especially the garter type. I loved the slither of putting them on. I loved the way they clung. I loved the way they made my legs feel, like a dick in a rubber.

Well, that is the way nylons feel!

And I noticed that I had no hair on my body. I didn't have to shave my body to feel that sleek, silky feel.

And, finally, dresses, and skirts, and halter tops, and tube tops, and scarves and slinky gowns and pencil skirts and...and, and, and...I became completely enamored of female clothes.

And here was something interesting. Instead of being worried, in losing myself to the shenanigans of trying on clothes, I had become happy. Something in me appreciated and enjoyed looking good. In not looking male, big and bulky with muscle, but sleek and svelte.

A man is like a water buffalo. A woman is like a panther.

We leaped on the back of the moose. We sprang in and grabbed his legs with our white teeth. He was a whirl of grey bodies, and it almost looked like he was wearing us. As we trimmed him down to size, as we stole his life, as we ripped through his flesh...ahhh...BLOOD! And we fed.

The next day I was the same, except for one thing.

I arose. I inspected myself and saw no difference. I went into the bathroom and sat down.

Yes, I could no longer pee standing up. Now I had to squat, like a woman, because I was a woman.

And then I saw it.

The dick was a clitoris, and under the dick my slit had gone further south, lengthened, became a trench.

I know, it sounds crude, but it was what I felt like as I examined, for the first time, my very own pussy.

My slit. My snatch. My cunt.

That thing all men desire.

That holster for a cock.

That love canal which perpetuates the human race.

I sat for a long time after my tinkle. I thought about children. I didn't want any. I didn't want to give birth.

Yet, I knew there was that possibility.

Chanel came in with a look of worry. I had been in the bathroom too long.

I spread my legs and pointed. I didn't say a word.

She squatted down and looked at me. Into me. She started to reach forward, then stopped. She looked askance at me.

I nodded.

She touched me.

I shivered.

As a woman I was a virgin, virtually untouched, unsoiled. And the feel of another human's touch nearly made me swoon.

She withdrew her finger quickly, and I realized that I had groaned.

In horniness, in lust, in love.

"Are you okay?"

"Oh, God...no."

But I was, and she knew what I meant. I was being overwhelmed by the sensations of having a cunt.

"Come, let me examine you."

I went into the bedroom and lay on the bed.

She separated the labia and moved her face close. She looked at every single bit of me.

"You're moist," she said, looking over my tits at me.

"I'm horny," I answered.

She touched the clitoris, and I shuddered and my whole body spasmed. "OH!"

She stood up. "It's a real pussy. Everything is there. What do you want to do?"

"Oh..." my mind whirled through possible answers, yet there was only one answer that intrigued me, that called me, that made me look at her and blurt, "Fuck me."

"Like a man."

"Yes."

she stared at me, her eyes dark, a thousand yards away, and contemplating the mysteries of the universe.

"I'll be back in 15 minutes." She almost ran out of the room.

She was back in 15, and she carried a big bag. On the side of the bag read the legend:

Romantix  
Your Favorite Sex Shop

She took out a mess of straps and began putting them around her waist. She told me, "Choose a penis."

I looked in the bag and there were several boxes. I pulled out a variety of penises.

I opened boxes and laid out the dildos. They were all designed with ridges so that could be attached to the strap on belt.

There was a big black one. Natch.

And a white man's dick, a little smaller, but with gnarly looking veins.

There was a slender pink one, smooth plastic finish.

There was a REALLY big one.

I held up the REALLY big one. It was 12 inches, thick as my forearm, my male forearm. "Seriously?"

She giggled. She was nervous and excited, and she blurted. "Maybe that's for me. Later. I'm used to it, and I couldn't resist. I would suggest the white man's for you. But maybe after a little foreplay with the vibrator." The vibrator was the pink one.

"I'll trust your advice."

"You should. I've been there. I've done that. Done right sex is the best thing in the world. Done wrong...and it takes a while to get over it and find the pleasure."

"I'm all for pleasure."

"Good," she was breathing hard. Her movements were a little jerky.

"This turns you on, doesn't it."

"Oh, you have no idea." She licked her lips, then began lubing the pink vibrator. "Lie down..." then she added, with a giggle, "bitch."

I laughed. I was nervous, too. And I appreciated the humor.

In fact, I was scared, but there was something in me, something so horny and compelling that I couldn't ignore it. I lay down on my back and spread my legs.

She placed the vibrator on the bed table. It stood up, it's end glistening and ready.

She crawled in between my legs. We didn't kiss, she just began playing with my slit.

She stroked it, gently, and I appreciated the soft, woman's touch. She kissed it, taking the time to suck and use her tongue.

She took a lot of time.

"It'll help if you play with yourself."

"My...tits?"

She looked up at me and grinned. "Yes. Your tits."

Then she dove back into me. She licked and slurped. She used her fingers, she drove me up the wall.

I began to groan and moan, deep sounds came out of me. They sounded like they were from in my belly, but they were really from deep in my groin.

It felt so weird, to have somebody wiggling something inside my body. It was intimate, and scary, and stimulating all at the same time.

She sat back, on her knees, like a zen monk, between my legs. She took the vibrator and touched it to me.

It felt weird. She didn't have it on, and the sleek plastic felt slick, and it moved easily into me.

I was glad she had used lots of lube. It was big. It took my breath away, but it dove into and out of my pussy easily.

"Oh...oh..." I started groaning and thrusting my hips.

Suddenly I felt something stopping her.

"What?"

"You've got a hymen."

"So?"

"It might hurt a little bit."

"Why?"

"We have to tear it to get through."

We stared at each other, both of us breathing hard, our chests rising and falling with lust.

"Fuck me," I commanded.

She did, and she was gentle, and the hurt wasn't too bad when the dildo finally broke the barrier and entered my inner depths.

"There we go, girl friend." She began moving it in and out. Long strokes, slow and excruciating strokes. Strokes designed to drive me up the walls and through the roof.

"Oh...yes...yes..."

And she pulled it out.

"Are you going to...I didn't feel any vibration."

"Later," she remarked. "Right now it's just time for a dick. We can add the frills later."

As she spoke she moved between my legs. She was still on her knees, scootching up, and her dick touched my pussy.

My eyes opened wide. My mouth opened. I felt electric.

She entered me, smoothly, efficiently, and I felt the bigger dick just slide right in, open me, lay me bare, turn on all my switches of desire.

I made sounds, but I don't know what.

She watched me, and began moving her hips back and forth.

"Oh...oh...oh..." I wasn't thinking. the ability to think had been fucked right out of me, and we were only starting.

She leaned into me, put some weight on the dildo, and reached up to grab my breasts.

"Fuck!" I whispered, my voice sounding alien and alone.

She felt my tits, sucked the nipples, then moved up to kiss me. She lay on me, French kissed me, her tongue exploring my mouth, and her dick was solidly in me.

I tried to move. It was awkward, I didn't really know what I was doing, but it didn't take long to figure out what I had to do.

I began tilting my hips one way, then the other, opening up, then pulling with my pussy lips.

She groaned. I realized that the back of the dildo must be sitting right against her own pussy.

I found myself bucking, and she bucked into me. I felt my mons getting squashed, and my lower lips become open. Then she slid out, and it felt like she was pulling my nerves into daylight.

In and out, picking up speed, and as I adapted Chanel began fucking me harder. She grabbed my tits with both hands, she ground her mouth against mine, knowing that this was a time to act male.

I broke, like a wave on at the beach. A big wave. A tsunami wave. And I splattered over hard, white sands. The world disappeared and I was just there shivering with pleasure, my hips out of control, my whole body locking up.

A series of spasms, where my hips tried to push so hard they swallowed her dick.

And then I was coming down. Amazed. Wondering. Blessed.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

We looked up, shocked out of our moment. Somebody was pounding on the front door like they were trying to break it down.

She pulled her dick out of me, struggled out of the harness.

I moved past her, grabbing her robe, and headed for the door.

I swung the door open.

The little, old lady was standing there. Her toothless jaw was clamped so tight it looked like Popeye's chin. Her arms were held up, slightly bent, and rigid. Her eyes were furious.

"You...what...?"

She snarled, in her screechy voice. "Real penis! Real dick!"

Chanel reached the door and moved next to me.

"And you...you!" Then she actually slapped Chanel.

Oh, it wasn't a hard slap, more designed to wake somebody up rather than put them to sleep. But it was still a slap.

I moved in front of Chanel as she brought her hand up to her face.

"Hey!"

The old lady just stepped back, raised a finger and wagged it and said, "Ten days and decreta. No real dick no work!"

Then she spun on her heel and marched down to the street and headed for her own house.

We stared after her in shock.

"Are you all right?"

"She didn't really hurt me," Chanel rubbed her jaw with one hand.

We closed the door and looked at each other.

On one hand we were shocked.

On the other hand...decreta.

"You've got to fuck somebody with a real dick," Chanel marveled.

"Somebody...somebody else? A...a guy?" I was stuttering, shocked by what I had to do. "But then what happens? Do I go back to being a guy? Or do I...does it make me stay a girl?"

"I think it means you stay a girl."

Wow. This was food for thought.

Every night I had the dream. Taking down the moose. The swirl of bodies. The savage growling and tearing as we ripped flesh, and then I was at the throat. I could feel the artery under the skin. The jugular. Rip the jugular and it was all over. Nothing more to be done.

But then the dream ended, and I awoke, and I was left wondering what would happen if I fucked a real dick.

The last day. We had checked the calendar dozens of times. We had counted days, figuring out when things happened, where I was on the countdown.

This was the last day. I knew it in my body. My body was completely female, and it was talking to me, imparting knowledge to me in intuitive fashion.

Chanel solved the problem.

"Let's go." She grabbed the car keys and went out the door.

We had spent the afternoon primping me. Preparing me.

"Look," she had argued. "If you don't fuck, something's going to happen. If you do fuck, something's going to happen. So we can fuck or not fuck, and something's still going to happen. Now, if this is your last night as a woman, wouldn't you like to feel what a woman feels like? Wouldn't you like to make love like a woman?"

Well, I wasn't sure, but there was a piece of me that was saying 'yes,' so I went along with her.

I didn't need make up, but she applied a little anyway. And, in a weird way, it comforted me, like putting on armor would comfort a warrior.

We drove through town and out to a bar that had a fairly good reputation. Yes, there was a rough element, but management seemed to be able to keep a lid on it all.

We walked in and Chanel gave me final instructions. "Shut up. Don't talk. You've never spoken to another man, you don't want to open your mouth and insert a high heel. Got it?"

"Yes." I stared over the crowd. The bar was crowded, pool tables were in use. A few girls wandered through the crowd and carried trays filled with beer bottles, or whatever.

There were other women there, but, except for a few glances, they ignored us.

"Now, if a man comes up and talks to you, show him this." She handed me a piece of paper.

I don't feel like listening to you,  
I just want to see the size of your dick.  
Show me and you'll impress me.

My eyes opened, and Chanel giggled.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to find a nice, gentle man to fuck you." She laughed then. "Remember. I've done this before I know how men get, and I know what kind of a man is going to be good for you. Now, go sit at that table in the corner and keep your mouth shut."

I went to the table, I scooted around the round bench seat and put my hands up on the backs of the seats. My hair flowed along my shoulders. My lips were red and inviting. My tits were on display. In short, I was a hot bitch.

Chanel circulated. I watched her go up to man after man, engage in conversation, ask a few questions, then smile and move on.

Men came to me, asked me if I wanted a drink, hit me with a pick up line, and I never knew men could be so stupid.

The things they said to me.

"Well, here I am. What are your other two wishes?"

"Hey, my name's Microsoft. Can I crash at your place tonight?"

"Do you like raisins? How do you feel about a date?"

"There is something wrong with my cell phone. It doesn't have your number in it."

And on and on and on.

And I smiled, and I showed them the piece of paper, and interesting things happened.

Some of them got nervous. Some of them laughed. Most of them went away pretty quick.

And a couple of them actually unzipped and showed me their tools.

One of them was average. Maybe six inches. And it wasn't very hard, so maybe he could grow into it.

The other one was massive, a telephone pole. A splinter in God's eye.

I was shocked by this, I was surprised, though I shouldn't have been, I asked for it, after all, right?

So I smiled, and nodded, and didn't say anything, and they left.

And more men came around. So many men that I lost sight of Chanel. But I knew she was busy.

She told me, much later, that she simply walked up to men and asked them about the size of their dicks.

Like my men, they might get embarrassed, or nervous, or act weird. But some of them laughed, and some of them even joked with her.

She actually wasn't worried about getting me a big dick. She just wanted somebody who was halfway intelligent and could laugh and joke and make fun of things.

Finding somebody intelligent in a room full of drunken idiots. Maybe we should have thought this through?

But, finally, a man came up and slid in next to me. He was about 5 foot ten, slender, but strong looking, and had a real nice face. He had brown hair, semi-long, thoughtful eyes, and moved very gently, as if he was afraid of knocking things over. He looked calm and competent.

"Hi. Chanel sent me over."

He noticed my empty glass and waved to a girl waiting on tables.

"I see you can't speak, so I don't know what kind of drink to get you, but let's just try an easy bourbon and Coke."

I smiled and nodded and gave him a thumbs up.

Shortly I was sipping my drink, and we were deep in a discussion...without me talking.

"Okay, you look like a receptionist. A lawyer? Nope. How about...you're a race car driver!"

I would shake my head, or nod to something appropriate, and he would blather on.

He was sweet, and kind, and he made my difficult situation easy.

Finally, a couple of drinks later, he asked, "Can I kiss you?"

Shock. I froze. I stared at him with big eyes.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Too fast, right? Forget I asked."

"No. You weren't too fast." Chanel slid into the booth. Unbeknownst to us, we were in our own world, she had been nearby and listening. "Now, you may kiss her. Be good and thorough, show her that you're more than a stupid dick, and maybe you'll get lucky tonight."

Now he was embarrassed.

"None of that. You're here because you seem to be a good guy. Now get on with it."

He slid a little closer, he put his arm around me, all the time moving slowly, like I was a puppy that he didn't want to frighten away.

He leaned in, touched his lips to mine, and I could smell him, and feel him.

His lips lingered, asked questions, and I found myself grabbing his lapel and pulling him in for more.

When we broke Chanel was smiling. "Excellent. Okay, Tim. Your name was Tim, right? Tim, we're going to go out to your car, and you can throw her in the back and do her up right. I'll stand guard."

In a way, I didn't like it. I was being treated like a sack of meal. On the other hand, what the hell was I here for? Not to fall in love, but to fall in sex. To get my cherry officially popped, by real man meat. And then...then we would see.

So we all walked out to our car, and I slipped out of my panties, lifted my skirt, and crawled in.

Tim crawled in after me, unbuckling his belt and pulling down his pants.

His dick was nice sized. Not too big, not too small. The really nice thing, though, was that he treated me so gently. Like he actually cared whether I was lying on a seat belt, or whether it was too uncomfortable should we change positions.

Fortunately, the back seat was big enough, and I was small enough, and he was compassionate enough, and he got between my legs without too much trouble.

He hesitated, watched me. "I'm sorry, no foreplay."

From outside the car: "That's okay. Just hurry it up."

He slid into me, and I suddenly realized how glorious sex could be. The feel of real flesh. The way juices lubricate everything. The different feel and texture of a dick.

I gasped, and he slid it in, and out, and in and out.

"Yeah, baby," Chanel said from outside the car. For a guard she was a pretty good voyeur.

I held on to him. I marveled. I felt his hands on my breasts. His kiss was soft and lifted me up through realms. I felt exalted.

All too soon I felt him reaching a climax.

He jerked and shuddered, and then loosed his seed.

Real dick soup. Baby batter. Hot semen. I felt it coat my walls.

And he kept shuddering and juddering, and finally, he was empty, and shrinking, and he pulled out.

He said, "I'm sorry, I didn't make you cum. Do you want me to—"

Chanel: "Fuck's sake, yes! Get down there and eat and use your fingers. Use your whole damned hand if you have to. But make her cum!"

So he did. I felt the rough texture of a man's tongue, and I marveled. Had I been like this?

But it was good, and he used his fingers, and, finally, he started jamming three stiff fingers into me. I could feel his knuckles striking the rim of my pussy. My breath left and I couldn't think, and, finally, zingo bingo, I came.

"OOOOOOHHHH!"

It was huge! Long, vicious, it wrung me out like a rag and threw down on the back seat.

Now he backed out, and he smiled. He was glad.

"Okay, Tim baby. I've got your number, might call you again."

She actually hugged him, then patted his ass and sent him on his way.

I dreamed that night. I dreamed of the rippling bodies taking down the moose. I dreamed of the taste and smell of blood. And I poised above the jugular, and I ripped, and blood squirted over me.

I awoke, and stretched, and I was still a woman. But, then I realized something was weird.

"Chanel?"

She rolled over, looked at me, then lifted the covers and smiled. "I think you're going to be a woman for a long time."

"Why?"

"Because you just had your period."

END