

Concert Change (Man to Sexy Woman TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Punkarisu

Holden has come to a special concert on second-hand tickets, not knowing it's a female-only event. No matter though, since the band invite him backstage with the intent on making him just as beautiful and womanly as they are!

Concert Change

Holden had missed the last couple of concerts that had come to town, and had decided last-second not to miss this one either. His friends weren't free, but that was no matter: the young man just wanted a good time, and was confident he could make some friends while there or simply get swept up in the joy of it all. He was, by his own admission, a bit of a nerdy looking man: glasses, wild black hair, and gangly limbs. He tended towards baggy hoodies and jeans that hid him a little, and that was partly the reason he'd missed the last few music events. But recently he'd started to become more willing to step outside of his comfort zone and get himself out there, maybe even meet a girl one day.

And so, he decided, this was his chance. He'd managed to score second-hand tickets for a decent price. The band was *Fatale Femme*, an all-girls punk rock band, each member of which was stunningly beautiful in their own way. Their tickets were really expensive, so he'd been surprised to get them. The woman who had sold them gave him a funny look, but she'd handed them over all the same.

Thankfully, they were the real thing, because they were accepted at the ticket booth and he was allowed entry into the massive festival ground where the concert was happening. The sky was dark and the moon was out, and already the crowd was huge. Holden found himself pleasantly surprised by the fact that there were so many women here and so few men: it would give him a potential chance to find a girl who might even be interested in him! In fact, as the opening starter act got going to rev up the crowd, he was starting to realise that there were *no* men, as far as he could tell. A number of women were looking at him suspiciously, and he overheard one even mumble something to the effect of "don't stare, she must be just starting to transition."

"Oh shit," Holden said, even as *Fatale Femme* got up onto stage to riotous applause. "It's a female-only audience. Fuck!"

But it was too late. His section was absolutely crowded with screaming women, and the crowd was amped up to hell and back. More than that, *he* was getting amped up. It may

not have been exactly as he intended things to go down, but this was still pretty cool. Besides, it only made his chances at finding a girl better, right?

"We are Fatale Femme, and thanks for being here, ladies! Time to rock out to your favourite opening song: Night Gal!"

The crowd went wild as the band played. Their lead singer - Lydia - was a hot goth type in a tight black corset, and her backup singer Jenna was a dark-skinned beauty with a serious booty. The alternative chick shredding the electric guitar was May: she was half-Korean and her bust was practically a meme among her followers: she had a real nice pair. The remaining girl on the drums was Peyton: she was a hot blonde who always wore a red dress, a classy and sexy contrast to her raging drum solos.

Soon, Holden was tapping his feet to the music, joining the crowd in returning the lyrics, and vibing with the entire experience. What he didn't know, however, was that when the concert said it was intended for 'ladies only,' it was *really* intended for ladies only. With each song, there were strange effects on Holden's body, ones that were slowly making him into a female version of himself, as if he'd always been born a woman. *Night Gal* made his skin grow goosebumps, but it also left it surreally smooth and blemish free. There was a surreal feeling to his skin as it became more sensitive, and without even thinking he had started sliding his arms over one another, even reaching down to touch his legs at times. He wasn't aware of how hairless they had become, but it felt *good* and *right*.

The next song began: *Feel Like a Chick Flick*. This was a total party riot song, the kind that got all the girls singing and dancing up and down. Holden even joined in a little, lost in the enthusiasm of the crowd. He ran his hands through his head and bopped to the beats, and that very motion seemed to stir further changes, causing his hair to grow. It spooled out from his scalp, extending so that it went down past his chin, and by the song's end was past his shoulders. Holden was briefly confused when he had to push away strands of hair from his face. They were in the way, but there was a silkiness to them. With each movement of his head in tune with the fast-rhythm beat, his hair bounced upon his shoulders, making its weight and gorgeous quality known. It had gained cute curls, and he started to love running his hands through it. His body hair was long gone by this point, but he hadn't even noticed that some facial hair had also disappeared. Still, when the crowd cheered at the end, Holden cupped his chin in his hand and closed his eyes, absorbing the wonderful vibes as much as he relished the soft touch of his baby smooth chin. But something in the music prevented him from understanding exactly what had happened.

Fuck Your Feelings followed, and that one was a damn riot. It was all about how girls didn't need to cater their looks to men and could damn well be the person they wanted to be, and something in it stirred a feminine longing in Holden. Why couldn't he be like that? He could express himself more colourfully, being more feminine and girly and embracing his

inner beauty so that it was outside beauty as well. The song was so fun and freeing, but it also left Holden feeling oddly emotional. Tears appeared in his eyes, and he had to rub them away, before lowering a hand to his stomach. It was churning there, and for just a brief moment he felt like he was so emotional he might become sick. What he didn't know was that the strange shifting in his organs was to make way for a uterus, which was swelling into existence, two fallopian tubes and ovaries forming. There was a release as they finished developing, and it left him more open to his emotions, the estrogen flooding into his system and making his skin glow even further. It also left his manhood a bit more numb. He scratched at it when no one else was looking, though he hadn't figured out that it was shrinking away, slowing pulling up inside him. It would take a few more songs yet for that process to finish, however.

Next was *Let's Get Take Out and Make Out*, and the screens behind the *Fatale Femmes* played the music video, in which a very, very hot male actor grabbed - you guessed it - take out with his love interest, then took her back to his place where they made out on the couch and then the bed. The video was quite risqué, and it only added fuel to the fire for Holden's gender change. His nipples swelled, growing harder and larger, and he found it hard not to feel utterly aroused by the whole experience. His member shrank further, becoming practically numb to all feeling as it reduced yet further in size. He moaned as labia lips formed on either side of his changing genitalia, and again as a passage began to burrow through him, from his uterus to where an opening was about to develop. By the time the makeout scenes were getting really hot and heavy, and two of the band members sharing a kiss on stage to rile up the audience, Holden was already licking his lips, feeling them soften and plump up. He sang along with the crowd, despite the fact that there was no way he could have known all the lyrics.

I'll Wear Trousers, Thanks was the point of no return. It was another feminist song from the group, a slower beat that was about a victorious breakup, themed around the liberation of wearing trousers rather than what the man wanted her to wear. Of course, the music video had those trousers fit very snugly on the band members, and soon they were snug on Holden too. He groaned a little, struggling to sing along as his butt expanded, filling his clothing and stretching its confines. Soon he had a delightful bubblebut, an extra layer of fat to suit his increasingly womanly figure, and this was matched by his slowly spreading hips that accommodated them further. But the true change was to his penis. He stumbled, failing to sing along as he was hit by an utterly *blissful* sensation. For a terrible moment, he thought he'd actually cum, but in fact his penis had finally shrunk down to become a clitoris, his testicles melting back into his body and leaving a perfectly formed vagina in its wake. Holden felt like something was wrong, and almost investigated it, but then the song reached

its crescendo, and he felt the need to sway his hips with the other woman, proud to have such a nice pair of babymakers.

Next, his face softened and feminised with: *Lipstick Lesbian*. He began to pose in a more girly fashion as his eyebrows contoured perfectly, as his cheekbones rose, as his jaw reshaped itself to form a lovely oval. His height had even shrunk, and two small breasts were sprouting from his chest, barely noticeable.

That would change, however, because the next song was *Shut Up and Jump*. This one got the entire audience leaping up and down, bouncing to the excited, uplifting tune. This was the one song Holden *had* seen: it featured the beautiful, buxom band members bouncing on the street, at the beach, in the office, and at a party, always wearing hot outfits that emphasised how their lovely chests wobbled and jiggled with their movements. Now, the same was true of him as well: with each jump, his breasts surged forth, growing sensually and causing yet more feelings of bliss to cascade through his centre. They rose from meagre A-cups to modest B-cups and then to sizable C's, and then, as the song reached its apex, his shirt - loose everywhere else - was now tight around a lovely pair of big Double-D cups which protruded outwards, sitting perfectly as two impressive teardrops on his chest. They bounced and jiggled, wobbled and jostled, and while it hurt his shoulders just a little, it only made him grab them - that was, until a bra suddenly formed around them, cupping them upwards.

"SHUT UP, BE A WOMAN, AND JUMP!"

The final line echoed with a great cheer, and it seemingly caused Holden's clothing to change: not just the bra, but everything. His underwear became snug, fitting his new hips and venus mound, and he now had a woman's t-shirt and ripped jeans. Even his glasses were more stylish, and some lipstick applied itself to his features. Still he barely noticed: the music was another language to him, pulling him into a whole new experience.

"Okay everyone! We're near the end of the show, but as you know we always have a special VIP backstage pass raffle! We're selecting a random seat, and the lucky lady gets a private show with us! Time for the seat choice before the final song, and we'll place you up with us for the showstopper!"

Holden's heart practically stopped. This was the first time he'd ever heard *Fatale Femme* playing, and yet suddenly he felt as if he'd known them his whole life. The idea of meeting them in the flesh literally made him squeal, and he sounded just like a girl as he did so. The countdown played, and then suddenly the seat was called.

"Seat R25!"

Holden blinked. That was *his* seat. HIS seat! He waved his arms, his long black hair bouncing and his breasts jiggling slightly in their cups.

"That's me!" he squealed. "That's me!"

“Well come on up, then!” yelled Lydia, their lead singer. May strummed her electric guitar to rev up the crowd, and soon they were all cheering Holden on. He raced up the aisle, borne aloft by their cheers, and made his way up to the stage. Something was a little *off* about his body, but the magic of the music that had changed him had made it impossible for him to realise he’d become a woman . . . at least not yet.

Holden was brought over to Lydia’s side. Jenna smiled at him, and he found himself biting his lip in the presence of such a beautiful pair of women, and that wasn’t even getting to May, with her impressive chest, and Peyton, whose long blonde hair swept over her shoulder as she placed her hands on him.

“Aww, she’s so cute!” she declared in a sultry tone. “Isn’t she so cute, folks?”

“Sh-she?” Holden stuttered.

“What’s your name, honey?” Lydia asked.

“I’m - H-Hayley.”

“What a lovely name!” May said, her chest bouncing. “A good one for an *all-girls concert*, am I right, ladies?”

The cheer was ecstatic. Holden, now thinking of himself as Hayley, suddenly felt dizzy. How was he a woman? No, how was *she* a woman, because like a switch had been flipped she was now thinking of herself as female, being a rather attractive looking raven-haired nerdy gal standing among four gorgeous beauties. Her boobs were big, but nothing compared to some of the other girls, and it stirred an impossible jealousy in her. She had no idea how this had happened, or why she had been so swept up in things, but before she could voice her concerns, Lydia quickly took the mic again.

“Okay, everyone! Hayley here is joining us for the final song. It’s time to rock out to *Transformative Mind*! Let’s do this. One, two, three, YEAHHHHHH!!!”

Despite her fears, Hayley couldn’t help but fall into the sway of the music, jamming and dancing with the members of *Fatale Femme* on the stage, her heart thudding excitedly from being so near the women who were her heroes. She rocked out as much as any other woman present, perhaps more so. As the lights shifted around the stage and the electric guitar and drums reached their crescendo, she threw her head back and forth, loving the way her longer black hair flipped in front of her face and then down her back.

“*Transformative Mind, I think it’s time . . . to change me and make me until the END OF TIME!!!*”

Hayley was still overwhelmed by it all as she was led backstage by the members of *Femme Fatale*. One by one, the members greeted her and welcomed her into their space. Lydia had

her arms folded, grinning as she looked over Hayley, who now had the distinct sense that the band's leader and the rest of its members all knew she had once been a man. May was looking her over, whispering something about, "necessary improvements." Hayley, despite the shock of being changed into a girl, was finding herself oddly jealous of Lydia's F-cup size compared to her own still-large Double-D's.

"So, Hayley," Jenna said, taking a seat and strumming her guitar. "How long have you been a fan of us?"

"Um . . . since tonight, I guess? I think I just got lost in the music, because I feel like a big fan now."

May snorted. "A pretty damn big fan, I'd say!"

"Yeah," Lydia said. "You were rocking out alright. I'd say you experienced something magical tonight, hey?"

Hayley bit her lip, looking over herself. "I . . . I don't know how it happened. I just . . . changed. I don't know how else to describe it."

Lydia smirked, then placed a hand on her thigh. "Hey there, it happened to all of us. Something about *Fatale Femme* just *needs* to exist, y'know? The raffle finds a way, and it chooses the man in the crowd. But there's just one last thing that needs to go ahead . . . a sort of extra song."

Hayley frowned. "An extra song?"

"Just listen in, and sway to it. Rock out how you want. Are you ready, girls?"

Jenna, May, and Peyton nodded. The blonde got things started, setting up behind the drums and smashing down with a new, exciting beat, a wide smile on her perfect features. May joined in, as did Jenna, electric bass and regular guitar shredding out and building to the moment when Lydia would bring her beautiful voice in. And then it happened.

"New changes on the rise.

It's time to face the times.

You gotta look at your reflection

And then SMASH IT WITH YOUR VIBES!

Girl, you should've known,

Your heart is in your blood,

You haven't found the life you've got,

WITHOUT CASTING OFF THE CRUD!"

Hayley closed her eyes, drawing to the centre of the room where the band's members had positioned themselves around. She began to sway, then gyrate her hips and thrust her hands into the air, moving as if she were in a moshpit. As she gave herself over to the music, her body changed a second time, becoming the ultimate form destined for it. Her breasts swelled, growing beyond her ample Double-D's that were just shy of May's own incredible

chest. They rose, becoming plump and round, like gorgeous globes that were supported by an increasingly larger bra. They were *heavy*, and that was *wonderful*. She could feel how healthy they were, though; they would sit lower on her chest, because of course they would, but they would be remarkable pert. She cupped them, moaning as they went past E-cups to full F-cups, feeling as if they were almost the size of her head. God, it was amazing!

Her hips expanded wider, and her thighs thickened, becoming muscular yet still retaining an attractive womanliness. Her black hair lengthened and pulled into a ponytail, while sexy bangs appeared over her forehead, longer at the temples. They dyed themselves red, going more vibrant at the tip. Her shirt became a form fitting black tank top that hugged her new curves, while her jeans turned black and gained fresh rips upon them, revealing her perfect skin. That skin began to bronze over while her features became Latina in nature, complete with thicker black eyebrows and even thicker, curlier black hair. A red leather jacket appeared upon her person, short enough to reveal her naked midriff even from the back, as one final touch.

Hayley Gomez took a breath, her large breasts rising and falling, cleaving peeking out from her top, her beauty undeniable. She felt . . . complete. Like the music hadn't just changed her, but had become part of her. She turned, noticing a mirror that had been prepared for her, and she smiled deeply at her changes, taking them all in.

"I'm a beautiful as you all," she said.

"Fucking A, you are!" Lydia said, putting an arm around her shoulder.

Jenna cackled. "I'd say you certainly measure up!"

"Been there," May said. "Had my own race adjusted a little. Enjoy being part of the big titties club. It's a vibe."

Peyton giggled at that. "Just so long as I get to stay the blonde bombshell of the group!"

Hayley caught the hidden implication. "Wait, I'm part of your group now?" she asked, cupping her chest and feeling her ample breasts.

"Damn straight," Lydia said.

"But - I don't have musical talent!"

"Of course you do. The magic of the music provides. But don't worry, you're not gonna be a stage girl like us, anyhow. The *Fatale Femmes* are in need of a manager who slots right in with our look and our vibe. Plus, you can help dance up on stage with us, and we can teach you how to join us as a backup singer. Trust me, Hayley, it's gonna be great."

Hayley knew she should be rejecting this and trying to find a way to be a man again, but to tell the truth to herself, she was happier than she'd ever been. She bounced on the spot excitedly.

"I accept!" she cried.

The four members squealed and hugged her from every direction. She took in their affection, so happy to have found the 'girlfriends' she was looking for, albeit in a different way than she imagined.

Lydia drew back, a mischievous look on her features,

"Good, because you've got a hot look, girlfriend. Now we just need to get you fitted for a few more stage outfits, and we can start you on the next show."

Hayley struck a pose, thrusting out her magnificent tits with her deep, canyon-like cleavage, her F-cups almost spilling out of her top. "You mean this look isn't enough?"

Peyton whistled. "Yeah, she's one of us, alright."

It was early days yet, but Hayley already felt as such. The voluptuous, gorgeous new Latina couldn't wait to be their manager. Even better, she couldn't wait to dance with her sexy body up on stage for the world to see.

The End