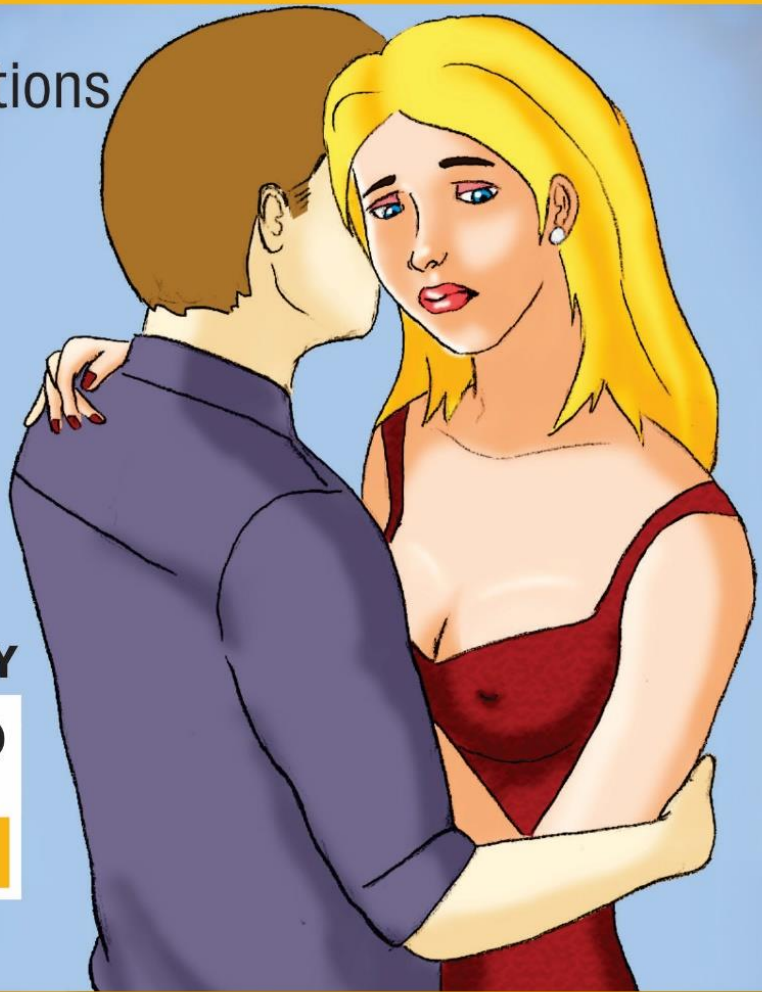


# CROSSROADS TO FEMININITY

A CROSS DRESSING / FEMINIZATION STORY

25 Illustrations

52 Pages



ADULTS ONLY

**CROSSED**  
TV/CD

**FICTION**

Story & Illustrations  
by **Damien Fox**



Foxden  
Publication

**DAMIEN FOX**

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## Crossroads To Femininity

It was high summer in Westroad Hills, a quiet suburb where Sam and Miley had moved to a few months earlier. They were a striking young couple in their late twenties. Miley, in her heels stood taller than Sam. Miley was a brunet with brown eyes and sharp features. Sam was a lean short man with a young boyish face and long hair. He had a high-pitched and somewhat effeminate voice. His beardless face made him look younger than he really was. They had moved into a small rented house. Sam left the hustle and bustle of city life, to pursue his dream of becoming an online entrepreneur. He had saved a good amount of money in 5 years working for his former employer, an IT giant. He was looking forward to spending the next several months finishing his software and finding some investors.



Miley had joined a well-known law firm that dealt with a lot a legal work for the real estate companies. And that's how she came to know about Sunnysdale Property. Like many young couples starting out, Sam and Miley dreamed of living in their own home once they were married. Miley wanted to get married before Christmas next year. But then, on that beautiful Sunday morning they found the perfect house in the perfect neighborhood, not far from Miley's new work place. The neighborhood had everything that they were looking for. Within two days Sam ended up paying a large amount from his savings to the property owner Dr. John Smith who was also his new next door neighbor.

Sam and Miley moved into their new home few days later. The house was quite beautiful with a large front lawn. They shared a common fence with their new neighbor Dr. Smith. They liked nearly everything about the house, including the windowed kitchen, the flat yard, the screened porch and the vinyl siding. The basement needed some cleaning and soon they found themselves going through some abandoned boxes. Miley was surprised to find an old framed photo of a beautiful couple. She recognized the man in the picture. It was Dr. Smith, and next to him was a beautiful woman, apparently his wife. They found another box which contained a women's wig, some medical files and something that looked like a synthetic breast form. Turning to her boyfriend, Miley said, "Let's hand over these boxes to the Smiths sometime next week".



It's been a good few months since Sam and Miley moved in to their new home. Sam was sipping his morning coffee.

"Mr. Ford has asked me to travel to the city with the team to study a case!" Miley told Sam with a big smile on her face.

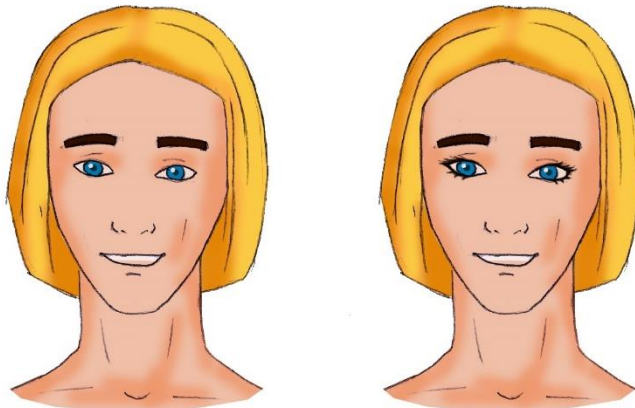
"But, babe it's Halloween, our first Halloween here at home".

He shouldn't have said that and he knew how badly she was looking forward to getting a chance to impress Mr. Ford, her boss. "Sorry babe, I, I wasn't thinking clearly. You deserve this more than anyone else and you should definitely join the team". Miley gave a quick kiss on his lips and smiled.

It was October and the spirit of Halloween was alive and well. All the houses were festooned with Halloween decorations. Sam had finished a pizza and half a bottle of wine. He then placed few pumpkin heads outside the front door and watched the children doing their rounds trick or treating. "What am I doing? I

should be in a costume” he said to himself. And then he remembered the boxes in the basement. He went to the basement and opened the boxes. He pulled out a dress, the large breast forms and the wig. “Just what I am looking for” Sam said to himself. It was Halloween and everybody gets a little crazy anyway and it's only one night a year, he thought as he hit the shower with his shaving cream and a razor. He remembered the last Halloween where Miley had made him dress as Dorothy, and Miley had dressed as the Scarecrow. Sam had soft features and almost no facial hair which made him a convincing girl.

Once back in the bedroom, he looked at all the stuff that he had laid out on the bed - the wig, the lingerie and a pretty short dress. It didn't take long for Sam to get ready. He even managed to make a little cleavage using some tape, a trick that Miley had taught him. The realistic skin colored breast forms inside the cups gave him a believably feminine figure. He pulled out a pair of Miley's shoes, put on the shoes and looked at himself in the mirror.



“Not bad” Sam said to himself. After carefully applying some lipstick and eyeliner, he put the wig on his head. And before he could admire his work of art, the doorbell rang. “Oh Great! The kids are here”.

As he moved towards the door, he found it difficult to walk in those high heels which made him wobble with every step. Sam opened the door to hand out candy to kids. As he stepped out of his front door, he was shocked to see the person in front of him. It was Dr. Smith.



Before Sam could say anything, Dr. Smith said “Sorry to bother you now. Just wanted to take back those items of my wife’s. Maybe I should come back later”. He turned around and walked back to his house before Sam could say anything. Sam spent the rest of the evening handing out candy to kids and thinking about his awkward encounter with Dr. Smith. Every time he opened the door and stepped out, he had a weird feeling that Dr. Smith was watching him.



“Honey, what do you mean, three more weeks?” Sam asked Miley over the phone.

“Sam, look at it this way. Now you have more time to follow up on that meeting with Henry”.

Miley also promised Sam she will make it up to him somehow once she is back.

Henry was Sam’s ex-colleague and partner of his upcoming business. While Sam was the brains behind the business, Henry was the investor with the backup of his family fortune. It’s been few months since Sam and Henry had spoken over the phone. I should give him a call soon, thought Sam. Sam finished his sandwich and took the last sip of his coffee. And that’s when the doorbell rang.



Dr. Smith stood at the front door with a smile.

“May I come in?” he asked Sam.

“Oh yes, please!!...” before Sam could complete his sentence, Dr. Smith went into the living room and sat down on the couch. Sam was embarrassed about last night. Dr. Smith had found him all dressed up in women’s clothe.

Dr. Smith then broke the silence and said “Sam, I really liked your Halloween costume”.

“Oh! Thank you...” Sam blushed and looked down at the floor in an attempt to hide his embarrassment. “You see... Miley and I used to dress up every Halloween. Last year we dressed up as Dorothy and the Scarecrow. And last night I found those stuffs in the basement and thought why not”, replied Sam.

“Well... that’s alright. You see, those are my Catherine’s stuff. She died of breast cancer a year back” said Dr. Smith.

“Oh, I am really sorry Dr. Smith. I didn’t mean to...” Sam didn’t know what to say.

Dr. Smith stood up. He had a very serious but calm look on his face. “I have come with a very generous offer for you Sam! Miley had mentioned that you are working on a project and I thought maybe I could help you with some funding.

As an advance, I would like to make an offer of 10,000 dollars for just 2 weeks of your service”, Dr. Smith told Sam.

“Service!!?” asked Sam.

“Well, I want you to become my Catherine for 2 weeks”.

Sam was confused. Dr.

Smith explained “Last night when you dressed up, you resembled her, my Catherine. I want to relive my old life just for 2 weeks. I want you to move in with me and spent your days as my wife. You will be provided separate bed room and you will have no trouble whatsoever”.

Sam felt confused and struggled to follow Dr. Smith’s line of conversation. He did feel sorry for the man, he paused for few seconds, however he couldn’t help laughing. “Sorry Dr. Smith, it was just a silly Halloween costume. I would like to decline the offer.

“Okay... no problem Sam. In case you change your mind let me know”.

Sam gave him a silly nod and went to the basement, took out all the boxes and handed them over to Dr. Smith.



It’s been a busy week for Sam. Sam had outsourced a crucial part of his software’s coding to an Indian company based out of Bangalore. His business partner Henry was supposed to release the quarterly payment for the contract within a week. For some reason, Henry has been avoiding Sam’s calls lately and this worried Sam.

Later that day Sam received a voice mail from Henry. Sam was happy to hear his friend’s voice, but his happiness didn’t last long. Sam was shocked to hear that Henry and his family were no longer in control of their bank accounts. Their company assets and bank accounts were frozen last week, apparently following an investigation into money laundering. Henry told Sam that his family is battling the case and hopefully things will be fine after few months.

“Few months? How am I going to pay the offshore team?” a baffled Sam asked himself. Sam couldn’t sleep that night. If only he could find a way out of this situation. Through his window, Sam saw the light in Dr. Smith bedroom. “Maybe I should borrow some money from Dr. Smith”.



Dr. John Smith was in his early forties, six and a half feet tall, muscular, lean, and with a great deal of self-confidence. Other than being very handsome, Dr. Smith was also a successful medical practitioner who ran his own clinic. He was more than happy to see Sam at his door later that night.

“Come on in Sam, what would you like to have? Whiskey? Wine?” Dr. Smith asked.

“Thanks Dr. Smith, I don’t mind some whiskey. By the way, I wanted to discuss with you about my software”. Sam explained Dr. Smith about his precious project and his current situation.

“Well... I do have the resources. And I do have contacts of people who can fund you further. However, you need to accept my deal. You need to become my Catherine for 2 weeks. You have to move in tomorrow”.

Stunned, Sam stood silent, mouth open. Sam spent the next few seconds trying to convince himself into thinking that what he had been asked to do was not such a big deal. He saw no way out of the situation. And so, he decided to go along with it and said yes.



The next day, Sam was shown into a beautifully furnished room where he was supposed to sleep. The room had a dresser, a large wardrobe and a king size bed. “Okay! I just have to spend the next two days dressed as a woman and I get paid 10 grand.... You can do this Sam!”, Sam said to himself. Sam took a quick shower and removed all the hair from his body. He then went to the dresser and opened a couple of drawers and pulled out a matching bra and panty. Catherine must have been a busty lady, Sam thought looking at the bra. He then stepped into the panty and pulled it up. It took some time for him to fix the breast forms. He carefully adjusted the breasts inside the cups and slipped the straps over his shoulder.



Sam chose a simple summer dress and the heels. Sam turned around and looked at his reflection in the mirror. It was still him, but with his feminine features and girly clothes he no longer looked like a man.



He then placed the wig on his head and brushed it through. Suddenly the door opened and a lady came in.

“Hi Mrs. Smith, I am Clara, from Serenity Salon. You have an appointment”.

Sam held his breath and gently nodded his head. Clara made Sam sit in front of the dresser. She started off with some moisturizer and then some foundation. She then brushed some powder and brushed it over the foundation. She then applied a little blusher to his cheeks. Sam couldn't see what was happening to his face as he was not facing the mirror. Clara then moved onto his eyes. She started by plucking Sam's brows into a beautiful thinner shape before applying eyebrow pencil. She then gently applied some black liquid eyeliner around his eyes and then some mascara to emphasize his lashes. In the



end, she applied a deep red lipstick. Not much work was needed on his hair as his wig was already perfectly brushed and styled.

“What do you think?” She asked Sam.

Sam was shocked to see his reflection in the mirror. Staring back at him was a beautiful woman with wide eyes and pouty red lips. Sam tried to give a fake smile to show his appreciation.

Clara painted Sam’s nails and toenails. Then she took out two clip-on ear rings and fixed them on his ears. “You are really beautiful Mrs. Smith” Clara told Sam before she left.



“Wow! You look amazing. Clara has done a wonderful job”, Dr. Smith said. Sam went and sat on the sofa in the living room.

“So, what I do now?” Asked Sam.

“Try not to look so depressed about it! Maybe you can make me some breakfast”, replied Dr. Smith.

Sam slowly went to the kitchen balancing on his heels. The rest of the day was spent in cooking, cleaning and getting used to being Catherine. Sam kept thinking about the money, which made him forget about his ordeal. By the end of the day Sam was tired and wanted a good night’s sleep. He didn’t bother to remove his garments and went off to sleep.



The next day things were the same. He had to dress up before Clara came to give him his makeover. This time Clara made him face the mirror while she did the makeup. “Dr. Smith has asked me to train you so that you could do this on your own” said Clara.

Dr. Smith was glad to see Sam once again dressed up as Catherine. He handed over two pills to Sam and said “this will make you feel better and relaxed”. Sam took the pills without any hesitation.

Over the next few days Sam started to feel at ease doing his routines. He no longer felt embarrassed being Catherine in front of the doctor. Dr. Smith even asked Sam to address him as John. By the end of second week Sam received the cheque that Dr. Smith had promised him.



Miley was happy to be back home after the long trip and she had a great news for Sam.

“That’s amazing sweetheart! They have made the right choice by making you the Project Manager” said Sam. But then Sam wasn’t too happy to know that Miley had to move to the City for a year.

“The client wants me to work in their head-office for a while. I think this is better for both of us. And, by the way, you are glowing. Looks like you have lost some weight too”. Sam wasn’t listening to the compliments. He was wondering whether he had made the right decision by moving to the suburb.

Sam kept taking the pills Dr. Smith had given him. It made him feel relaxed. Miley liked his new look with the long hair. He had his hair down to his shoulders in a ponytail. As weeks went by Sam shed more weight. However, his rear had become fuller and he noticed some puffiness around his nipples. Miley noticed the changes and suggested that he see a doctor.

“It could be some hormonal imbalance. My cousin Trevor had a similar condition and it’s treatable. Maybe you should see Dr. Smith”.

The next day Sam drove Miley to the airport. He gave her a deep kiss to assure her that he was fine with her career decision.



It’s been two months since Miley left home. Sam tried to contact Henry, but Henry was still not reachable on his cellphone. The 10,000 dollars he had received from Dr. Smith was still not enough to cover the quarterly payment. He paid it as a part-payment and promised the company to pay the remaining amount after a month. Sam had to find a new investor soon. And that’s why Sam decided to meet Dr. Smith for the second time.

“Oh Sam, I was thinking about you”, Dr. Smith told Sam with a smile.

“Hi John, I just wanted to enquire about the investors you had mentioned earlier”.

“Sure Sam, I can arrange that for you. But on one condition. You need to become my Catherine once again, and you must stay with me for a month. In addition to the offer, Dr. Smith handed John a cheque for 10000 dollars. This time, Sam didn't think twice before accepting the offer and the cheque.

The next day Sam moved into Dr. Smith's house. “You haven't stopped scratching that itch since you stepped foot inside my house. Why don't you let me have a look at it?” asked Dr. Smith. That's when Sam told Dr. Smith about the strange changes happening to his body. Sam unbuttoned his shirt and showed Dr. Smith the swelling on his chest.

“This looks like a normal case of hormonal imbalance. You should just wait it out and things will be back to normal. Just keep taking the pills I had given to you”, Dr. Smith assured Sam.



“Now that you have breasts of a teenager, you should avoid using the breast forms”. Sam wasn’t sure if he should be happy or worried. “And if you don’t use a bra for support, your swelling might become worse. Let me take you to the nearest mall and there you could buy yourself a perfectly fitting bra. Catherine’s bras are too big for you”, said Dr. Smith.

“You have got to be kidding me” replied Sam.

“No I am not. I am here to help you. Now turn around”. Suddenly Sam felt a jab of needle.

“Hey, what was that?” Sam snapped.

“Relax these are vitamin shots and some hormone boosters to cure your condition”, replied Dr. Smith. “Now, get ready. You have some shopping to do”, said Dr. Smith. Sam frowned hearing this.



As Sam removed his clothes, he realized he had less body hair than before. He was surprised to see new clothes in the wardrobe. The long dresses were replaced with shorter dresses and skirts. He chose a simple blouse and a skirt. Sam then applied some make up and lipstick the way Carla had shown him. Sam untied his ponytail and let his hair fall loose. He then searched for a pair of comfortable shoes. Unfortunately, he could find only high heeled shoes. He picked a wedge, as he knew wedges are the easiest high shoes to walk in. Sam looked in the mirror in front of him. Looking back at him was a beautiful young lady with small but clearly prominent breasts. “Dr. Smith is right, I have to get some bras before my condition worsens”.



Sam always made sure he was dressed in loose clothes whenever he attended Miley’s video calls. With long hair and no makeup, he looked like a puny young man with no manly features on his face.

“Are you alright Sam?” asked Miley.

“It’s the hormonal problem. My chest is swelling and my hips are getting bigger. Dr. Smith has asked me to wait it out. And meanwhile he has asked me to wear a support for the swelling”.

“You mean like a bra?” asked Miley.

“Yeah, kind of” muttered Sam.

“Oh baby, don’t worry. Dr. Smith knows what’s good for you. You will be back to normal soon”.



The next day, Sam got ready for shopping. Dr. Smith smiled at Sam seeing him all dressed up and wearing makeup.

“Dr. Smith, you better not tell anyone about this”, Sam said firmly.

“I promise, I won’t dear. Call me John”. Replied Dr. Smith. “Sam, maybe I should call you Samantha. Catherine passed away a year back and everyone knows that”. Sam gently nodded his head accepting his new name. After all, he wanted his identity to be a secret.



The mall was 15 minutes’ drive on the highway. And soon they reached Shoppers Paradise Mall, Sam got out of the car, carefully swinging his legs around to the side. His newly formed round rear and the high heeled shoes made his movement very feminine as he walked. As he strode further, he found it difficult to balance and held on to Dr. Smith’s hand for support. Dr. Smith was more than happy to help his companion. They looked like two lovers walking hand in hand.

“John, you can’t leave me alone here” said a slightly trembling Sam standing in front of a premium lingerie boutique.

“Samantha, don’t worry dear. They have the best sales girls here. And here’s my credit card. Call me when you have finished, okay? Make sure you buy enough bras”, said Dr. Smith as he left Sam.

“Ma’am, how can I help you?” asked the sales girl at the lingerie shop.

“Hi...” Sam squeaked. He realized he had to be extra careful around her. Sam quickly walked into the fitting room and the sales girl followed him.

“Alright, let’s get you measured. Shirt off, please”, said the sales girl.

Sam blushed and slowly unbuttoned his blouse exposing his small round breasts. The chillness in the air made his nipples erect. Sam blushed once again. After taking the measurement the sales girl made him try different bras. She made him wear push-up and padded bras that enhanced the shape and size of his breasts. They made his breasts look fuller. Surprisingly he felt comfortable wearing them. He no longer felt the itching sensation in his nipples. Sam looked at the beautiful woman staring back at him in the mirror. She had high and very round breasts, a tiny waist, and round, rolling hips. He would have fallen for a woman like that, any man would have. But the woman in the mirror was him. He tried to convince himself that it was the bra that was exaggerating his small breasts, and once the hormonal imbalance is over he would be back to normal.

“You are a 36 B ma’am and you look amazing in these bras.” said the sales girl.

“Thank you. I will take them all” said Sam in a low hushed voice.



Sam’s hips swayed from side to side as he walked with the shopping bags full of lingerie. To a stranger, Sam looked like any other beautiful young woman.

Dr. Smith held Sam’s hand happily, quietly and said “Samantha, the investors are visiting us by end of this month”.

“Oh, that’s good news!” Sam smiled without realizing that John was holding him closer.

On the way, back from the Mall, Dr. Smith explained Sam about the dinner party he was planning for the investors.

“The party will be held at my house featuring tasty food, drinks and lovely conversation. The investors are some close friends of mine. They are coming with their wives. So, Samantha, as the host of the party you have to keep the ladies engaged”. Sam frowned hearing that.

“How am I supposed to do that? And why me? And why can’t I meet all of them as Sam?” asked a furious Sam.

“Relax Samantha! These people trust me. They won’t take the word of a stranger. They will be more open to you if you are Samantha, my new girlfriend. With your current medical condition, you are more convincing as a woman. Just be pleasant and be yourself. I am sure they will love you. It’s part of the plan dear. And I promise you a good result out of this”.

“Okay, that makes sense I guess”, replied Sam.



For the next four weeks, Sam wore nothing but pretty female clothes and makeup. As instructed by Dr. Smith he practiced feminine mannerisms with the help of some training videos. Sam took his daily blue pills and got his weekly injections administered by Dr. Smith.



A month passed by before Sam was informed by Dr. Smith that some of the investors have postponed their availability to next month. Sam was disappointed to hear that. Dr. Smith then showed him the emails from the investors to convince him that the party was still on. “We will have our party next month Samantha dear. In a way, it’s good for you. You get more time to practice”.

Dr. Smith could see the frustration on Sam’s face. “John, I really need those funds”, said Sam.

“I know dear”, replied Dr. Smith.

It was true, Sam badly needed the funds and he didn’t want to accept failure and face Miley. Miley was doing really well in her career and Sam wanted to prove that he could do better than her. After all it was his idea to move to the suburb.

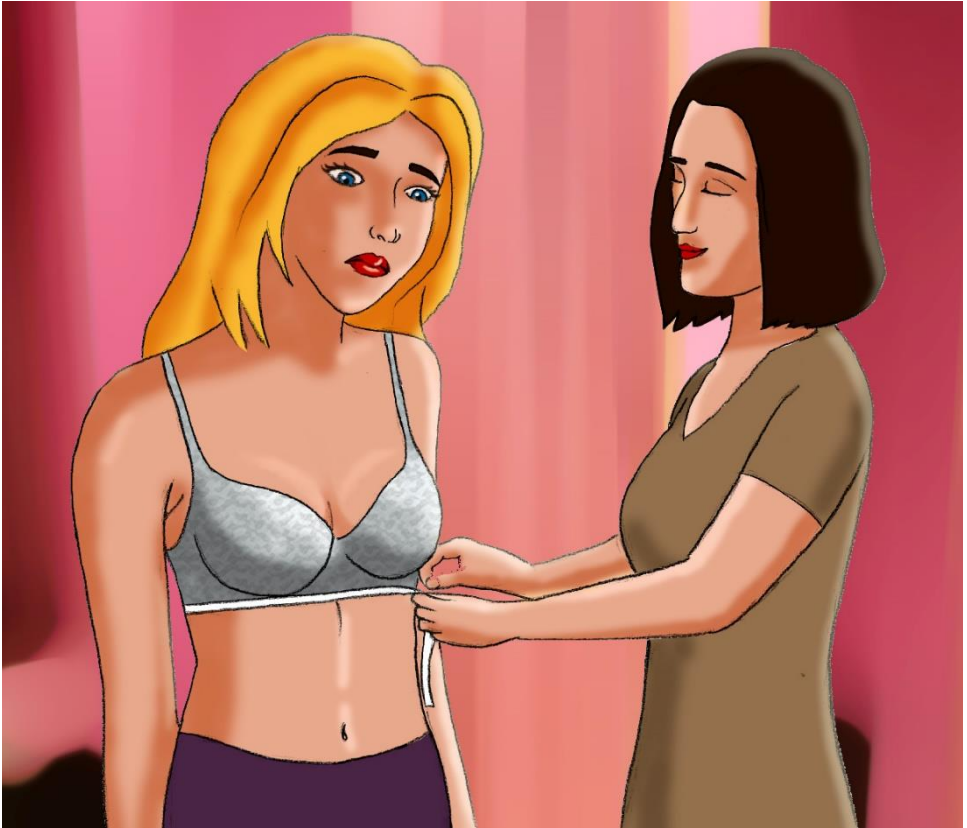


“The bras are getting tighter! Are my breasts bigger than before,” asked Sam. His B cup bras were straining to contain themselves.

“Well they definitely look bigger to me. But don’t worry, the medicines will bring you back to normal in few months’ time. I think you need to visit the lingerie store once again”, replied Dr. Smith.

The next day, Sam was back at the lingerie shop.

“No matter how well your clothing fits, if your bra is too tight, you will be irritable and uncomfortable”, said the sales girl.



This time the sales girl gave him 36 C cups. As she watched, Sam placed his enlarged mounds into his first C cup bra and fastened it behind. And that’s how Sam ended up buying new bras for himself.



That night when Miley spoke to him via video call, Sam told her about his body issues. He mentioned how much his body has changed since she left.

“None of my old clothes fit me anymore”.

“Are you saying you have breasts as big as mine? Are you kidding me?”.

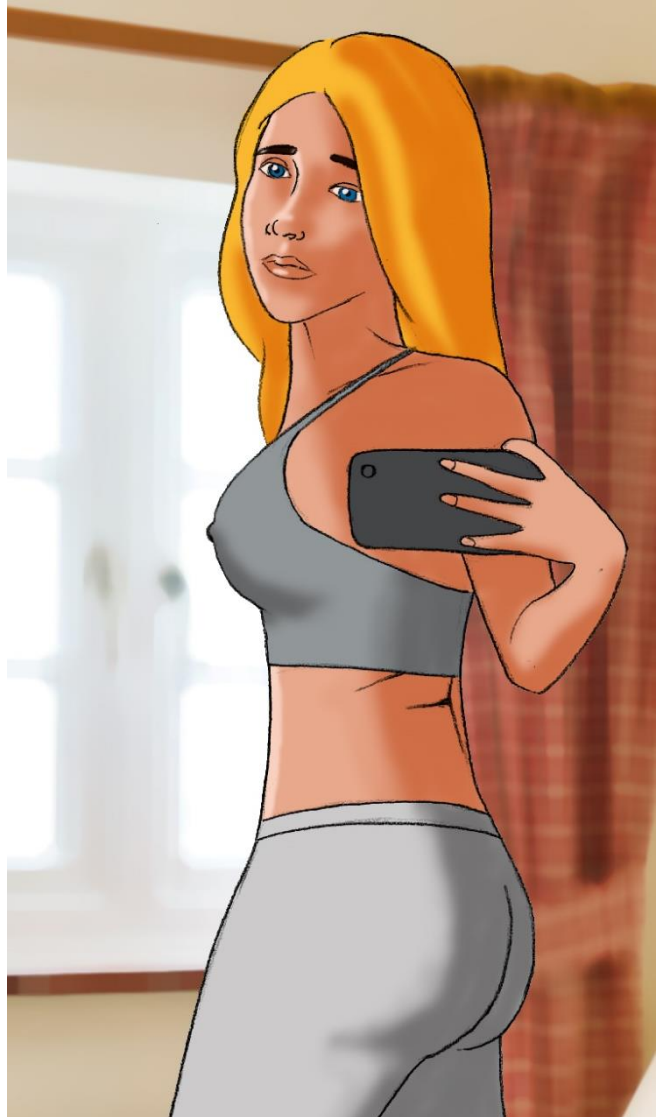
Sam quietly took a few steps back for the camera to capture his entire figure.

“Holy shit! You look like a girl!!!” Said Miley.

Sam was wearing a sleeveless cropped gray top and tight leggings. Miley could clearly see the large mounds on his chest, his curvy ass and long hair.

“They have stopped growing now. I think Dr. Smith’s medicines are working and I will stick to the course”, said a smiling Sam trying his best to convince Miley.

Sam got his regular vitamin shots administered by Dr. Smith. Some were given deeply into his buttocks and some under the flesh of his nipples.



Sam realized that it was easier for him to act as Samantha than be Sam. With his new assets, he no longer looked like a man. “John, can I stay at your place

till my condition gets cured? I don't want any of our neighbors to know about my medical condition. It's embarrassing", explained Sam.

Dr. Smith gently held Sam's hand and said "Samantha, you are welcome to stay with me as long as you like". Sam felt awkward being held by Dr. Smith, however he was glad that Dr. Smith was being so considerate.



The days went by and Sam got more and more comfortable being Samantha. Samantha was soft spoken, but never too shy to start a conversation with the people she got to meet at the grocery store, or the local vegetable market. She was aware of the stares she was getting from men – young and old. "Remember, it's only temporary" Sam told himself.

Finally, the day of the investors dinner party arrived and Sam was all excited. This time, John gave him some new drugs to make him feel more relaxed and happy. Sam got dressed in a beautiful short evening dress. His arms were left bare as the dress had no sleeve. He took an early appointment at Serenity Salon to get his hair, makeup and nails done by professionals. It was his first foray into the salon alone and he was slightly nervous. He was greeted at the salon by Clara. Soon Clara started to do her magic on Sam. Sam watched in the mirror as the transformation happened and he was in awe of the beautiful woman in the mirror. She had deep cleavage over a well tapered waist. Her eyes were large and she had pouty kissable lips. Her hair was longer with new hair extensions. From the top of his head, over to his swelling bosom, to the hem of his dress, down to his shapely legs to the pointed black heels, Sam was fully transformed into Samantha. Sam still couldn't believe his eyes. Samantha thanked Clara and left the salon.



Samantha held her hands closer to her hips and walked down the staircase, as the guests watched her. Everyone stopped their conversations and looked at the beautiful lady.

"Everyone, this is Samantha, my fiancée", Said Dr. Smith to the guests.

Samantha was shocked to hear the word fiancée. Samantha gracefully moved to the corner of the room and was immediately surrounded by Dr. Smith's friends and their wives. Everyone congratulated her. Some of the ladies told her how pretty she was. She kept smiling and thanked them in his high pitched girly voice. Samantha kept moving around through the crowd sipping her champagne to avoid further conversations. All the guests were having a wonderful time, and Samantha was glad that Dr. Smith spoke to the men about his new project. They were really impressed with the product. In the end, Dr. Smith won the confidence of the investors and some of them promised him to close the formalities within a month.

Everything was going well for Samantha, and then to everyone's surprise, one of the guests, a clearly intoxicated man, stood up and asked Dr. Smith "John, when are you two getting married?".

"Next Spring!" announced Dr. Smith. He then turned toward a surprised looking Samantha, pulled her closer and kissed her on her partially opened lips. Dr. Smith released his grip before Samantha could react.

"Oh John!" Samantha squeaked while blushing. Samantha knew she couldn't show anger on her face in front of the crowd. Past the initial shock, she put a smile on her face to avoid any suspicion. Samantha then slowly moved away from John.

The party was still going strong with some of the guests dancing on the makeshift dance floor near the patio. Samantha sat quietly and watched the couples dance. The music then changed to a slow romantic number. The guests cheered when John pulled Samantha on to the dance floor.

"John, what are you doing?" yelled Samantha. John's voice was playful, and he twirled a lock of Samantha's hair in his fingers.

"Samantha, you are my fiancée. Just go with the flow and let things happen the way they are meant to happen" John replied.

Samantha felt embarrassed swaying in John's arms on the dance floor. "John, please, I don't want to dance". Samantha's words were slightly slurred. The alcohol had taken the effect. Samantha had never felt a man's hard body pressed against hers all the way up and down. Her breasts were flattened against his chest. Then she felt something hard pressing into her belly, which seemed to grow harder by the moment. Samantha tried to ignore what was happening. She trembled and clung to him, not to lose her balance. They danced till the party was over.



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The next day Sam woke up with a massive headache. He didn't remember going to bed from the night before. For all he knew, John might have put him to bed. To his surprise, he realized he was in another room. He recognized it as John's bedroom. "Did I sleep with him?", Sam wondered. He looked down and realized he was wearing a orange babydoll lingerie. "How did I end up wearing a fucking babydoll?" shrieked Sam. He was startled by the sudden opening of the door.



“Good morning Samantha” said John in a cheerful voice trying to get a good look at Samantha. “Oh, you don’t remember do you? You accidentally spilled your champagne all over your dress. You were completely sloshed and I had to carry you to the nearest room to put you in bed. I didn’t want you to get sick with the wet clothes on”.

“Now go down stairs and make me some breakfast” said John as he left the room, closing the door behind him. Samantha slowly got out of bed and changed into a more comfortable dress.



“Oh Miley, so you are back in office just for today? Great! Where do you want me to meet you?” asked an excited Sam over phone. “Let’s meet at Café Milano for lunch. And by the way I am not alone, I will be accompanied by my boss”, replied Miley.

Sam knew he had no other choice but to meet Miley as Samantha. At this point Sam could no longer really pass off as a guy even if he was wearing loose clothes. He wanted to keep his identity a secret, until his body returned back to normal.

Miley couldn’t help staring at the beautiful woman walking towards her.

She was wearing a short tight dress that accentuated every curve of her body. Miley could make out the slight bump where her nipples tried to escape the confines of her dress. Her dress had a deep plunging neckline and nothing was left to the imagination.

“Hi Miley, this must be your boss. Hi, I am Samantha, Sam’s sister”, Samantha held out her hand to Mr. Ford, while Miley watched her in shocked disbelief.

“Hi Samantha, please join us. And call me Leonard”, Mr. Ford insisted, pulling out the chair next to him.

“Thank you”, replied Samantha. “Now I must apologize for my brother. He had to make a last-minute change in his plan. Perhaps I could speak to you privately for a moment, Miley?”.

Miley stared at her and shook her head.

“Leonard, if you could excuse us for a couple of minutes?” Mr. Ford nodded and the ladies went down the hall to the ladies’ room.



“Sam, I can’t believe my eyes. You look like a woman!!!”

“You are dressed like a woman and you even sound like a woman!!! I am speechless... I have been gone for 6 months and I can’t even recognize you”, Miley said hysterically.

Once again Miley looked at Sam up and down from head to toe. “You even have a body that would give pin-up girls a run for their money. And are these real?” Miley pointed at Samantha’s breasts.

“Sh... Keep your voice down. I told you about my condition. What am I supposed to do? My old clothes don’t fit at all. I can’t be Sam even if I want to. Everyone calls me Samantha now...”, Samantha started crying before she could finish.

“Ok! Samantha, calm down”. Miley paused not knowing what else to say. Samantha stood there in silence holding Miley’s hands.

“Sam, you don’t have to be embarrassed, okay? I love you and I know you love me. Realize that nothing is forever and that you can and you will overcome your current situation. Please keep taking your meds and you are going to be alright soon, may be in a couple of months”, Miley tried to cheer Sam.

“By the way Samantha, you look hot, your breasts are bigger than mine”, Miley said to Samantha and she blushed.



“You look happy today dear”, said John to Samantha. “Yes John, I am! I was worried a lot about what Miley would think of me. She has accepted Samantha, for now. I guess I have to embrace the new me. This is just a temporary phase, right?”. “Of course, dear” replied John.

That evening Sam received a call from Mrs. Ricci, the wife of an investor.

“You look really worried. What’s it Samantha?” asked John. “John, they want us to join them on a two-nights cruise. They are throwing a pool party on the cruise. She even asked me to pack some bikinis!”. “That shouldn’t be a problem, right?” asked John.

“I did say Yes to her. But now I am starting to doubt that this pool party thing was a good idea” frowned Sam.

“I don’t think I have the right body to carry off a bikini and I would be embarrassed out in a private pool party with little on. Those skimpy suits look good on real woman with real curves”.

“If you are concerned about anyone noticing your male part down there, you don’t have to worry”, said John pointing at Sam’s crotch. “With some tugging and a special gaff, you will be able to cover that perfectly. And to boost your confidence, I can give some minor enhancements to your breasts at my clinic. As it is completely reversible, I would suggest you to go for it”, said John.

Sam looked at John confused.

“You are seriously pursuing the funding, aren’t you?” asked John as Sam bit his lower lip in confusion.

“These minor enhancements are completely reversible?” asked Sam.

“Yes Samantha. And with these features you will look no different from other young women there at the party. So, when is this pool party?”.

“It is next month”, replied Sam.

“Great! Let’s visit the clinic tomorrow”.

The next day John drove Samantha to the clinic. As they entered the reception Samantha seemed more nervous. “Welcome! You must be Samantha”, said one of the nurses as she approached Samantha. Samantha was given some documents to sign. John told her that she doesn’t have to worry or feel anxious about anything. She was then taken to a room and the nurse helped her change into a hospital gown. As Samantha watched, the nurse administered an injection. “Dear, trust me, you are in good hands. We are the best when it comes to breast enlargement surgeries”, said the nurse to Samantha. “Breast enlargement surgeries?”, it was all Samantha could say before she passed out.



Sam woke up on the hospital bed smelling the sterile smell of his room. His head was groggy and he suddenly became aware of the two large mounds on his chest. As his senses came back to normal, his breathing increased which made the large mounds raise and fall faster. The nurse then sat next to him, slowly

caressed his hands and said, “Relax sweetheart, don’t get too excited! You will get to see them soon. They are beautiful. Women are going to be jealous of you, I know I am!”. Sam was too tired to respond. As Sam watched, the nurse then administered a fluid into the IV using a syringe pump. And soon Sam drifted off to sleep.



“Samantha, wake up!”, John’s voice forced Sam to open his eyes and look around. Sam realized he was still at the clinic. The nurse held his hand and helped him out of the bed. “You are getting discharged from the clinic today dear”, said John with a smile on his face. “Let me bring you some fresh clothes from the car”. John quickly left the room, leaving Samantha with the nurse.

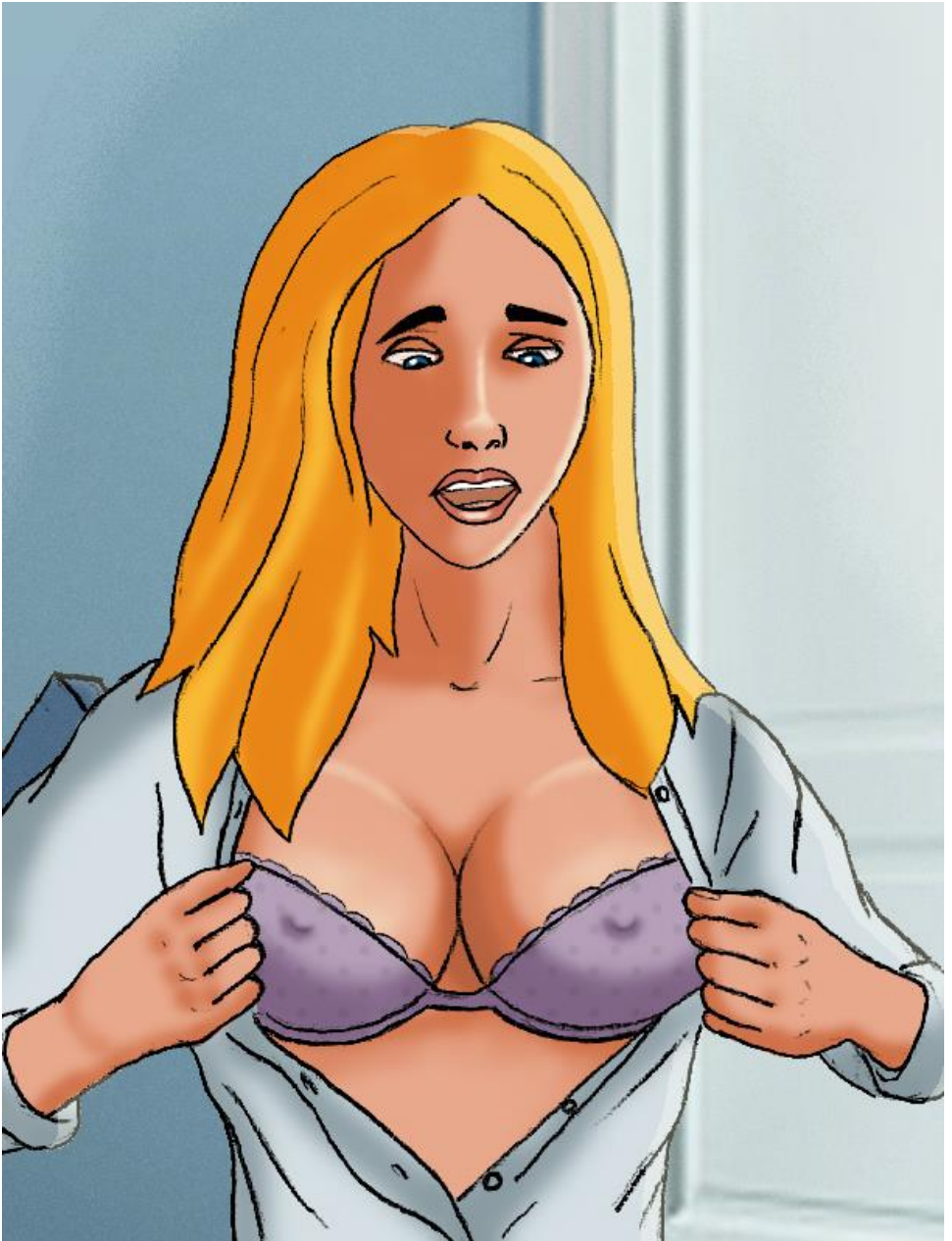
Sam realized he was wearing a front buttoned shirt.

“I removed your bandages. And I also helped you put on your new bra and the blouse. You probably don’t remember because you were half asleep”, said the nurse.

“Okay... thank you...”, Sam mumbled.

“This is my favorite part. I love to see the expression on my patients’ faces when they get to see their new assets for the first time. The mirror is over there”, the excited nurse told Sam, pointing her finger to a large mirror on the wall.

As Sam moved slowly towards the mirror, he realized the heaviness on his chest. His new breasts filled the bra completely, yet they bounced with every step. The new weight made him arch his back. He instinctively had to stick out his breasts, throw back his shoulders and stick out his large round butt just to stand comfortably. His breasts seemed to be straining against the thin cotton blouse as if trying to escape. Sam looked at the mirror and slowly unbuttoned the front of his blouse. His new large breasts jumped out of the confines of the tight shirt. Those were the biggest real breasts he had ever seen in his life. The woman in the mirror had hair till her slender shoulders, and large round breasts trying to escape the confines of the bra. “36DD breasts, just the size you had asked for, as per Dr. Smith”, said the nurse.



“Hello ladies, I am back”, John said while entering the room.

Sam realized his breasts were half exposed and so he quickly covered them with his hands. He then turned his back toward John and buttoned his shirt.



“It’s time to leave the clinic, you can change into this”, said John handing Sam a dark red dress. John moved out of the room, giving Sam privacy to change into the dress. Sam was embarrassed as the nurse helped him change. He tried to force a smile on his face. Looking down the front, he gasped seeing the low-cut opening that exposed the swell of his breasts. John had left a makeup kit and a pair of heels for Sam. Sam quickly did his hair and makeup. He then headed to the lounge where John was waiting for him. As they strolled together out of the clinic John maneuvered Sam close to him and held his arms around Sam’s waist. Sam pulley away from John and folded his arms defensively across his new large breasts.

“John, I never asked for bigger boobs!! I just wanted to look good in a bikini so that no one would doubt...”, Sam said crying.

“Samantha, your new breasts suit your frame. They look perfect on you! Just imagine what they will do for your confidence when you are wearing a bikini”, john replied to Sam.



It’s been a month since the operation. By this time, Sam got used to his large breasts. They were bigger than Miley’s and swayed and bounced instead of

jiggling. His nipples were more sensitive than before. He discovered the wonderful sensual pleasure they could give just by fondling them. His breasts were not the only thing bigger now. His ass rounded out more than before. He also had a narrow waist and wider hips. He had the perfect figure of a voluptuous woman.



That evening Sam and John finished dinner, and sat together quietly and drank some wine.

“Hey, how you coming along?”, John asked.

“Fine”.

“Looking good, there”, John said pointing his fingers at Sam’s breasts.

Sam blushed.

“Come on, let me see, open up”, John gestured at the buttons on the front of Sam’s blouse.

Sam turned red as a beet as John kept staring at Sam’s breasts.

“Come on Samantha, I am your doctor, when I tell you to do something, I expect you to do it”, John said.

Nervously Sam unbuttoned his blouse, and his breasts fell out. John quickly placed his palms on Sam’s breasts and weighed them gently. Sam squirmed in embarrassment.

“Samantha, you are fully healed”, said John.

John then tweaked one of Sam’s nipples. Sam gasped as pleasure soared through his body. And before Sam could realize, John bent down and took Sam’s left nipple into his mouth. Sam’s whole body jerked. John sucked Sam deep before gently biting the nipple. Sam moaned and arched his back.

“John... please... stop...” Sam pushed John away from his exposed naked breasts.

“I am a man and this is not right”, said Sam with his breath coming out in short, hard pants.

“You are no longer a man, Sam. You are Samantha, a beautiful young woman. You will be happy being a woman. Think about it”, John said with a smile. John slowly stood up and went upstairs to his room.

Sam felt totally humiliated. He crossed his arms protectively across his bare breasts and went to his room. “Men are like that sometimes, rough and insensitive. He will be sorry in the morning”, Sam said to himself. What confused Sam the most was that he really enjoyed the pleasure when John had sucked his breasts.



Trying hard to forget the previous night, Sam packed his bags for the cruise party. It was an hour drive to the port where the ship was docked.

As the Riccis welcomed Samantha and John, Mr. Ricci noticed that Samantha was carrying only a single bag.

“I hope you have packed enough clothes for two weeks”, said Mr. Ricci to Samantha.

“Oh dear! I forgot to inform them that we had upgraded the cruise package from 2 nights to 14 nights”, Mrs. Ricci said, looking worried.

“Oh that’s just wonderful. We are more than happy and excited to spend more time with you guys”, said John.

“What about clothes?”, asked Sam.

“Ah hah, don’t worry about that. There are many boutiques and variety of stores onboard.



Once onboard the ship, Samantha and John were shown to their suite. It was a small suite with all essentials, with a small sitting room and a separate bedroom.

“I don’t see any extra space for a spare cot”, said a concerned Sam.

“Samantha, I am not surprised. This is a small luxury ship with world class opulence. Think of how we might make the most out of the time we have together”.

John smiled and placed his arm around Sam’s shoulder and said “I guess we will have to share the bed”.

Sam frowned and muttered “But, John...”

“Well, we don’t have any other option dear”, replied John.

Sam pursed his lipstick covered glossy lips and gently nodded his head.



Later that evening Sam met Mrs. Ricci on the quarterdeck.

“Ladies, I have someone I want you to meet, say hello to Samantha”, said Mrs. Ricci as she introduced Samantha to a group of women in their thirties. Sam was surprised and shocked when the ladies gathered around him.

“Samantha, there are no strangers here; only friends you haven’t met”, said Mrs. Ricci.

Sam took a deep breath, tried his best to force a smile and acted happy to be around his new friends.

“Oh, you are such a hottie”, said one of the ladies.

And then one of the men who stood in the corner wolf whistled at him. Sam blushed. He realized he was a blonde beauty who was getting all the attention, and felt strange.

As the ladies laughed, Sam kept his head down and laughed nervously.

“Ladies, as planned we are inducting Samantha to our ladies club” said Mrs. Ricci

“We are so excited, Samantha”, yelled one of the ladies.

“Samantha, be ready for the special induction ceremony”, said Cynthia.

“You are going to enjoy it dear. I really enjoyed mine last month,” Cynthia assured with a sweet smile and a wink.

“I will tell you all about it. But first, let’s get drunk”, said Mrs. Ricci.

“Yeah, let’s head for the nearest bar for an hour or two”, said Cynthia.



At the bar, Sam felt more and more as a woman. Sam felt closer to the ladies even though they were strangers to him. The drinks kept coming and Sam enjoyed every moment he spent as Samantha. Sam was surprised when he was offered few drinks by two gentlemen. And for some strange reason he started enjoying all the attention he was getting.

“It’s time for the special induction ceremony. Let’s head to the club”, said Mrs. Ricci.

As Sam entered the club, he realized it was a women-only club. Sam’s mouth opened wide when he saw a male strip dancer. “Well, it’s a male strip club”, said Cynthia”. Soon they were swarmed by a group of male dancers offering their services. Mrs. Ricci then called the club’s female manager and whispered something in her ear. And soon they were led to the corner of the club which had a private stage.

“We have asked for a private session with Tony. He is amazing”, Cynthia said and winked at Sam.

Suddenly the stage lit up. Then came the music. Sam then noticed a young handsome athletic man walking towards him. He was wearing pants and no shirt. Sam’s eyes widened as the women began to scream and shout for the male stripper to perform. Tony then removed his pants and started gyrating his hips in front of the ladies. The ladies then pointed at Sam. Tony smiled and moved towards the beautiful busty lady and started swinging his hips slowly and seductively. Tony slowly slid down his G-string, revealing a massive cock which sprang to life and pointed straight at Sam’s face. Sam was in shock.

“Samantha, you have to suck it dear, if you want to be part of our elite club”, Mrs. Ricci whispered in Sam’s ear and slowly pushed his head towards the cock till his lips touched the pulsating cock. Sam reluctantly wrapped his fingers around Tony’s cock. Closing his eyes, he opened his mouth and slipped Tony’s cock-head inside his mouth. The ladies cheered loudly as Samantha bobbed her head up and down.

“Keep your eyes on me darling”, Tony told Samantha. Samantha opened her eyes and her gaze connected with his. After a while, Tony pushed his cock into

Samantha's eager mouth one last time. Samantha nearly gagged as his cum filled her mouth, bursting into the back of her throat. Samantha didn't want the ladies to see the cum spilling out of her mouth and so she swallowed it and sucked until he pulled away from her. However, as Tony pulled away from Samantha's mouth, he left a trail of cum on her swollen lips.

"You slut!", said an excited Cynthia with a grin.

"You are one of us now, girl, and we take care of our own", Mrs. Ricci said hugging Sam tightly.



That night, when John entered the suite, he found Samantha sitting by the bed crying. Samantha was wearing a silk gown. Her breasts were heaving, as her breathing became heavy.

"Samantha, are you okay?" asked John.

Samantha sniffed and fresh tears started spilling from her eyes as she blinked. John slowly sat down next to her, putting his arm around her slender shoulder.

"Samantha, is there something you need to tell me?"

Samantha sunk and broke down in sobs.

"It's alright dear. You have to stay positive when things aren't going your way. Remember I am always there for you", said John. He hugged her as she cried on his shoulder. He could feel the soft pressure of her breasts against his chest. It excited him. They held each other longer than either of them had expected. They felt the warmth of each other's body. Samantha gazed into John's eyes. She felt so good, so safe and so happy being so close to John. John took Samantha's face in his hands and pressed his lips on her red lips. He ran his tongue slowly over her lips. It must have been the alcohol. Samantha opened her mouth and John put his tongue all the way inside her mouth. As he invaded, she tried to push his tongue out with hers. This encouraged John to explore her mouth further.

John cupped one of Samantha's breasts and tweaked her nipple. At once Samantha's nipple sprung hard and she let out a soft moan. John unzipped her gown and pushed Samantha down on the bed. John then immediately undressed himself. Samantha's eyes widened when she saw John's large throbbing cock.

“No John, I am a man. Please don’t...” said Samantha.

“Maybe you can help me with your mouth”, said John as he brought his hips closer to Samantha’s mouth.

As Samantha opened her mouth to say ‘no’, John plunged his cock into her mouth. He thrust in deep, not caring that she gagged. Samantha tried hard to push him out.

“I won’t stop until you make me cum”, said John as he fucked her mouth. There was only one way to end this ordeal, Samantha realized. With no other choice, she tightened the suction in her cheeks, sucking all of him into her mouth.

“Oh baby, I am about to cum”, he moaned as he released inside Samantha’s mouth.



Samantha and John awoke the next morning still in each other’s arms. As Samantha slowly opened her eyes, John kissed her gently on her neck.

“Good morning, dear”, John told Samantha.

Samantha felt John’s early morning erection pressing against her ass crack. Everything that happened last night came back to her mind in an instant. The heat of embarrassment filled her cheeks.

In a steady, timid voice filled with embarrassment she said “John, you are not going to tell anyone about last night”. Samantha quickly got out of the bed and covered her naked breasts. John watched her ass swing side to side as she walked towards the washroom.



The cruise had a large shopping area with a nice variety of stores and beautiful lounges. Samantha’s new friends introduced her to a whole new world of pleasure and experience.



Samantha spent the rest of the day shopping with her friends. They were good fun and she enjoyed their company. They helped her pick out new dresses, skirts, blouses and lingerie. “You are one sexy woman, I bet John can’t keep his hands off you”, said Cynthia. Samantha blushed.



Ricci insisted that she call her by her first name, Susan. The ladies discussed everything from fashion to sex.



In the evening, they went to Oceanus, a fine dining restaurant. Samantha was careful about what she ate. She ordered a salad and a glass of white wine while the ladies feasted on lobsters, crab sauce and champagne. After the ladies finished their dinner and were about to leave the restaurant, Samantha saw a familiar face in the distance.

“It can’t be!” , Samantha said to herself. It was Miley, and she was standing next to a man. The man took her hand and led her away into a passageway. Samantha thanked the ladies and then excused herself, said she is meeting John on the deck and headed towards the passageway.

Samantha walked faster and faster, her heels rapping on the wooden floorboards. She had to find out who this stranger was, and what was Miley doing with him. As she turned a corner of the passageway, Samantha saw Miley. Samantha stood quietly around the corner and watched. Miley had her back turned, but Samantha could clearly see the man standing at the door of the private suite. Samantha gasped as she covered her mouth in shock. The man was not a stranger, but rather Sam's friend, Henry. Henry had his arms wrapped around Miley's waist.

Henry was a very rugged, masculine and handsome man. Whereas Sam was now Samantha, an ultra femme-woman from every angle. Sam certainly couldn't imagine Samantha giving a solid straight punch right at Henry's face. What he saw next shocked him more. Miley was kissing Henry passionately while unbuttoning his shirt. "Not here", said Henry. Henry then grabbed her hand, pulled her inside the room and shut the door.

"No... this can't be happening", Samantha whimpered as tears ran down her beautiful red cheeks. She wanted to get back to her suite as quickly as possible. She was heartbroken. As she walked back to her suite, she kept thinking about Miley. "Maybe she doesn't see me as a man anymore", Samantha said to herself.



As Samantha walked into the suite John was on the bed holding a bottle of wine. He was in his briefs. Without even thinking, Samantha grabbed the bottle of wine from John and poured a glass of wine for herself. She sat next to him. Samantha continued to think about her encounter with Miley and drank the entire bottle of wine.

Samantha turns to John and asks "when you look at me, do you still see a man?".

Leaning forward, he gazes into her eyes and says, "Samantha, it's time to stop pretending that you are a man. You are not only beautiful, you are the most feminine woman I have ever met".

John looked into her eyes while holding her hand and said, "You are all woman to me, Samantha. I want to make you happy and I think I can if you just give me the chance. I want to be your man. I want to please you like a man should please a woman as beautiful as yourself".

John's face was too close, so close that Samantha felt the warmth of his breath on her lips. Lowering his head, he covered her mouth with his own. Her eyes opened wide as a slow moan escaped her lips. John used his tongue to open her mouth, which she did without protest. They kissed and undressed each other and fell onto the bed.

John leaned over Samantha, pulled open the side table drawer and pulled out a bottle of lube. Samantha looked nervously at the enormous member of John as he applied a liberal amount of lubricant all over it.

“Come on, get up on all fours”, Said John.



Samantha climbed on the bed and got into position, her knees tucked under her, her head down between her hands, her big round ass raised high.

“I am scared John. Please be...” before Samantha could finish her sentence, she felt a hard and cold cock enter her tight hole.

He entered her, slowly at first, inch by inch, pushing deeper, until he was fully inside her. John then started moving in and out of her. Samantha felt an intense pain as John’s enormous cock split her ass wide. She felt each thrust, long and painful. She gritted her teeth with pain as he increased his speed. Soon her body began to betray her, began to feel pleasure with each thrust. The very idea that he was all the way inside her made her gasp and excited.

“Oh my god, John, fuck me harder”, she moaned. Samantha felt her tiny cock twitch.

“Oh god, I am cumming... cumming...”, she said, gasping for air.

“That’s it Samantha... cum for me baby...”, John encouraged Samantha.

She closed her eyes and thrust herself backwards on the cock impaling her and heard John groan unable to hold any longer.

“Ahhhhhhh...” John grunted.

And then Samantha felt his hot cum explode deep inside her ass.

“You are a woman now”, John whispered in her ear while they collapsed on the bed.

John was still hard and enjoyed her warmth around his member. She soon fell asleep with his cock buried deep inside her.

Next morning, Samantha woke up feeling John’s cock pressing against her ass. Samantha reached back to move his cock away from her butt crack. As John woke up, Samantha was holding his morning glory. She was so embarrassed that she immediately pulled her hand back. John mistook her action as an invitation. He inserted his middle finger into her butt hole, making sure it was adequately lubricated. Samantha closed her eyes when John entered two more fingers inside her. As Samantha relaxed her sphincter muscle, John pushed his entire shaft inside her until his balls touched her skin. He fucked her gently, nice and slow from the back. He roughly kneaded her large tits at the same time. Samantha then gave a high-pitched moan. As she squirmed against his warm body, Samantha realized there was no turning back now.



As days passed, Samantha became increasingly upset and depressed over the situation. John had sex with her every day. Her situation confused her, made her uncertain of herself even as it gave her pleasure.

Sam had always loved Miley, more than she had loved him. Despite everything he still had strong feelings for his girlfriend, but knew that things would never be the same between them again. “We all make mistakes. We all lose our way. Maybe it’s possible to go back to being a couple again, once I am back to normal”, Sam thought.

However, Samantha didn’t want to disappoint John in anyway. He was the only support she had. That evening Samantha and John headed out to the pool party. Samantha looked breathtakingly beautiful in a two-piece bikini. Her little cock and balls were tucked back between her thighs.

Mrs. Ricci and the girls waved at her as she smiled and walked towards them. Her ass swayed as she walked and she couldn’t help it. The men stopped moving just to watch her walk. There was more crowd than Samantha had expected. They were in skimpy outfits as they mingled near the pool.

Soon the party was in full swing. “Stay here, let me grab some drinks”, John said to Samantha before he pushed his way through the crowd.

Samantha looked around and realized all eyes were upon her. She looked so irresistible that every man there wanted her. In the crowd, some men brushed against her and felt up her ass. A couple of men tried to hit on her, but she simply turned away from them.



Samantha then noticed a handsome young man at a distance. She stared at the well-developed body of the attractive male. He had a swimmer's body with broad chest, chiseled abs, strong muscular arms and long powerful looking legs. She looked at herself; compared to his manly body, she felt vulnerable, completely feminine, soft and exposed. Her eyes went down to his crotch. Her gaze lingered on the bulge pushing out the front of his Speedo. She turned away quickly after she noticed that he was looking right at her. Samantha wanted to move away from the crowd but before she knew it he was right in front of her.

"I must be in a museum, because you truly are a work of art", he said.

Samantha blushed and giggled like a teenage girl. Was he seriously using a pick-up line on her? Samantha felt a little awkward and wasn't sure how to take it.

"Do you use that on all the girls?", she asked the stranger.

Just then she spots Henry emerging from the crowd headed straight towards them.

"Oh my goodness, what is he doing here?", Samantha murmured, her face becoming white.

"What?" asked the stranger with a charming smile.

Samantha trembled and without thinking further she kissed the stranger. She turned her head away so Henry wouldn't see her face. As she listened to the conversation flowing around her, she realized that Henry was a part of the group. As she looked around, she realized he was standing not even two feet in front of her now.

"Let's go somewhere private", Samantha said in a sultry voice.

"Sure, babe", the stranger grinned and they walked out towards the end of the pool while holding hands together.

The stranger then sat on the pool chair next to a partition wall and pushed her down onto her knees.

"No one's gonna see us here babe. My name's Derek", said the young man.

"Hi Derek, I am Samantha", she replied and smiled back at him.

"Why don't you tell me exactly what you want? What you need?", he asked her with a grin on his face.

Samantha looked at him confused.

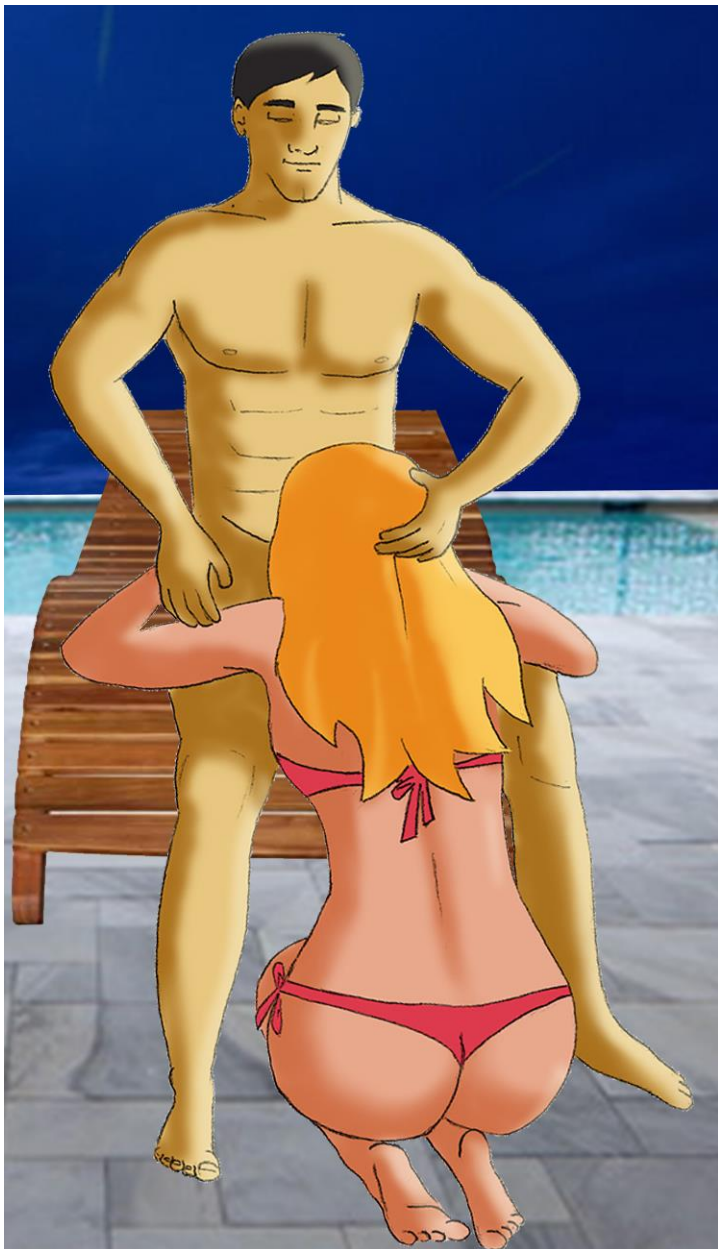
“I saw you eyeing my crotch earlier”, Derek said.

“You want me to fuck you. Tell me how you want it?”, he asked, eyeing her up and down.

“Sorry Derek, my fiancé is somewhere near the pool. I need to head back soon”, Samantha replied, her voice quivering.

“Is that what you want? Let’s not waste time talking”, he said as he held her head with one hand and pulled out his hard cock with the other.

Before she knew what he was doing, she felt his hard cock, pressed between her quivering lips. He probed her soft pouty lips with the swollen bulb of his penis, pushing hard against her resistance. With one push the head of his cock entered her mouth. A throaty moan escaped her lips as he applied more pressure. Derek enjoyed seeing his entire cock disappear into her mouth and down her throat. As he ejaculated he held her head firm, with full length of his



penis being consumed down the length of her throat. Samantha let out a soft sigh as he filled her with all of him.

Derek immediately whipped his dick out of her mouth. A string of cum hung from her lips to the tip of his cock. Samantha quickly licked it off with a flick of her tongue. That was the only way she could think of to stop the cum drip on her bikini top.



Samantha was quiet as Derek walked her back to the crowd.

“That was the best blowjob ever”, he said pecking her cheek. Samantha’s face reddened with embarrassment.

“Maybe I’ll see you around”, he said as he left.

The next few minutes, she stood alone, searching the crowd for John.



“Hi Sweetheart!”, said John, and Samantha was overwhelmed with relief at his familiar voice.

“I hope you like Martini’s”, John said handing over the drink. “Love them”, Samantha said beaming.

“By the way where were you? I have been looking all over for you”, John asked with an expression of curiosity and concern.

“Oh, just the ladies room”, she replied timidly.

The taste of Derek’s cum still flooded her mouth. As John watched she gulped down the drink and almost immediately became drowsy.



Samantha & John enjoyed their food and drinks. They talked, they laughed and they even danced. As the evening was about to end, he pulled her to a corner

away from the crowd. To their surprise, they found a couple there, with their bodies pressed intimately together and kissing passionately. Samantha's mouth fell open in shock seeing the faces of the couple.

“How could you?” She shrieked at Miley.



Henry and Miley broke their kiss and stared at the skimpily clad lady in front of them.

As Samantha looked at Henry, she saw that not only did he not recognize her, but his eyes were locked to her breasts and wide womanly hips. A sense of modesty and embarrassment made her quickly cover her breasts with her hands. It took Miley a few seconds to recognize the voluptuous women in front of her.

Samantha's eyes filled up with tears of anger and frustration. John squeezed Samantha's hand gently to calm her. Samantha turned to him "John, take me back to the room please". Samantha sighed angrily as she stomped off.



Once they were in their suite, John undressed Samantha slowly, watching every inch of her curvy body. Samantha knew Miley no longer loved her. She allowed herself to be vulnerable. John was so gentle and caring that she could not resist him. She welcomed him by going down on her knees and sucking his cock like an expert.

Samantha then seductively moved to the bed.

"I want you to fuck me now, John", Samantha said to John in a sultry voice.

"Fuck me hard, John".

John was surprised to hear these words from Samantha but he was more than willing to give her what she wanted. He fucked her in the mouth and in the rear repeatedly. He fucked her all night long.

The next morning Samantha's ass was sore and she could barely move. John held her closely, caressing her hair.

"Thank you for last night", she said.

John smiled. He gently kissed her forehead and said "We are going back home, dear".



It has been almost a year since Miley had seen the old Sam – the one before the transformation. And it has been 4 months since Samantha had caught her cheating. After the trip, Miley tried many times to talk to Sam, but Sam never picked up her call. Miley wanted to apologize to Sam. She wanted to tell him that what he saw between Henry and her was not real. She was doing it for him. Henry had convinced Miley that he would invest in Sam’s startup if she was willing to have a fling with him. Since Henry had blackmailed her into joining him for the trip it seemed only fair for to accept the deal.

Miley knew Sam would forgive her and things would return to normal. Miley loved him and wanted him to take her back. She wanted to marry him and have his children. If she could tell him the truth, he would forgive her. She knew it.

It’s been 4 months since their awkward encounter. Miley knew Sam would have returned to his old self. He had earlier told her that he would opt for aggressive hormone therapy and surgery to reverse his body changes, in case his condition prevailed for more than six or eight months. And that’s exactly the reason why she decided to come back home, to meet her man and ask for his forgiveness.

Miley stepped out of the cab in front her house and took in a deep breath of fresh air. She noticed that the lawn was well-trimmed, as good as Dr. Smith’s. She entered the house using the spare key she had with her. As she walked past the stairs she heard a soft repetitive thumping from upstairs. Miley moved up the stairs, and to her surprise she heard a woman’s voice coming from the master bedroom. She was moaning and screaming. The thought of Sam having sex with another woman really pushed Miley over the edge.

“Ohh, fuck me! fuck me! oh... aaah... yes!!! Fuck me harder! Make me your woman” the woman screamed.

“You whore!” Miley snapped as she moved closer to the bedroom.

The door was open and Miley stood at the doorway to confront her boyfriend and the slut he was fucking.

Miley couldn’t see Sam except his back. The woman’s smooth legs were straight up in the air as her partner fucked her ass. She then wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him deeper into her. She screamed with delight as he pumped even more harder. She grabbed the pillow and stuffed her face in it to reduce the volume of her screaming. The more she screamed the harder he pumped.

Miley stared at them in disgust and anger, but she soon realized that the man on the bed didn’t look anything like Sam. The man was tall, muscular and

brown haired. The closer she looked, Miley realized that the man was her neighbor, Dr. Smith.



Miley's stared in disbelief and confusion.

As Miley watched, John grabbed the mystery woman by her waist, turned her over doggy-style and continued to pump her ass harder. Her large round ass jiggled each time he slammed inside her. Her breasts bounced back and forth with every thrust. He pulled her upright by the hair and moved his hands on to her large breasts. As he pinched and teased her hard nipples, she gasped and turned her head towards the doorway where Miley was standing. Time froze for the briefest moment as the mystery woman and Miley stared at each other in shock.

“Sam????!!!”, Miley gasped.

The woman was none other than Sam, her boyfriend; and surprisingly, and to her utter shock she realized that Sam had decided to remain as Samantha. The only trace of old Sam was his tiny cock between his legs. All that female hormones had diminished his cock to a small worthless stub. Miley realized that the man she knew has gone forever.

Samantha, felt blood rushing to her cheeks, caught in Miley's gaze. She stopped pushing her ass against John's thrust, however John continued to fuck her wild.

As a man, Sam always wanted to do Miley in her ass, but she never let him. But now, Samantha felt embarrassed and ashamed, getting fucked deep in the ass in front of Miley. She did her best to surpass her moans of pleasure.



John's strong arms held Samantha by her waist as he continued to thrust into her, fucking her hard, ravishing her completely. She moaned out in pleasure as he pulled out of her ass. As Samantha gasped and sighed in relief, John smiled at the sight of her ass in the air with his cum running down her legs.

Miley quietly walked away from the doorway and down the stairs. Upon reaching the living room, she picked her bag and walked out of the house.

-The End-