

Demi's Voice (Bimbo TG)

Commission for Crusheart

Danny is an ordinary man in his late twenties who dislikes his job and has little time for anything else. One day, he suddenly begins to hear a ditzy sexy woman's voice in his head, and his life takes a bimbofying turn!

Demi's Voice

Danny placed a wearied hand upon the doorknob.

“Great, another boring day in the same boring job,” he said as he stepped inside his apartment, kicking off his polished black shoes.

He was tired from a long day working in insurance, running endless claims and dealing with members of the public who had no idea how to file a proper form. He was good at it, but it was a dead end gig, and it was sucking the life out of him. He ditched his work jacket and stepped into the bathroom to wash his face. It felt like he was washing himself free of the confinement of closed cubicles and beige-white rooms. He swore he could still feel the dull aesthetic of fluorescent lights upon his skin. He washed his face again, and looked himself over in the mirror.

Danny was twenty-nine years old, but the exhausted figure in the mirror looked like he was closer to his mid-thirties. He was a relatively fit man, and as he removed his shirt he was pleased to see that at least his athletic shape looked young and vigorous; working out at the gym was one of the few passions he could still enjoy. But his face told a different story; his once-handsome features had become ordinary through the rote motions of the day, and there were tired lines on his forehead and small but discernible bags beneath his eyes. His blonde hair was gelled professionally to one side in a slick, businessman-like manner, but with the application of water, became a more unwieldy mess.

“Heh, looks more like the real me anyway,” he said, admiring the freedom of it. It was like a perfect metaphor for his life: pressed down for most of the day, and allowed some disorganised freedom only during those brief hours after work. He felt an instant revulsion towards his work clothing, and decided to strip off and take a shower. A furry little presence brushed against his legs, and he petted Luna, his lovable black cat who was his sole companion in the apartment.

“Hey girl,” he said, smirking and lifting her against his chest. “I’m just gonna take a shower, and then I’ll feed you some of your favourite nip, okay?”

She nuzzled against him, purring heavily in relaxation. He lowered her to the couch and sat her there, near her scratching post.

"Damn, I really need to get a girlfriend and start decorating this place," he muttered to himself as he patted her fur.

Indeed, the apartment was far too reminiscent of an office cubicle for his liking. He had his TV, his gaming console, a couple of chairs and a beanbag, as well as a low coffee table, but the walls were almost entirely bare, and it was lacking a human element beyond the weight lifts in the corner of the room, and the empty vase that sat on a distant display, the one he'd never bothered to fill.

"Too bad April got away," he said with a chuckle, thinking of his old girlfriend. She had been a beauty alright, with her blonde hair and cute figure. But she had been in her early twenties, and wanted to still party, where he was already finding it hard to attend the night life now that he was working full time in a job he hated.

He returned to the bathroom, closed the door, and took a shower. The hot water was positively luxurious, and he stood towards it, his eyes closed, letting it wash away his worries and roiling feelings of ennui. He'd just felt so stressed lately, he needed something like this.

'Oh man, a nice hot hunky boytoy could make me feel a lot better right now.'

"The fuck!"

Danny opened his eyes, snapping out of his feelings of relaxation. Where had *that* thought come from? It was like someone else's thought had slipped into his head. It had even sounded female in his head. Weird! He shook his head, and turned up the head, returning to the feeling of warm water on his athletic shoulders and down his hips.

'I can't wait to make this apartment all mine! It's gonna be so cute putting up some posters of hot actors and stuff!'

Again, Danny blanched.

"The fuck did I just think about *that* for?" he said out loud. He turned the shower off, waiting to hear that it was just a voice from next door, or that he'd accidentally left the television on, but there was no sound except for Luna gently scratching at the door and meowing impatiently. Again, Danny blinked, ran his fingers through his hair, and turned on the shower.

'I bet I'd look amazing if I dyed a blonde streak in my hair.'

"The hell? My hair is already blonde! What am I thinking this stuff?"

Again, it had somehow been *his* thoughts, in *his* head. Only the thoughts had come unbidden, and they did not 'sound' like him at all in his mind. Instead, they sounded female. Not just female, but a silly, almost ditzy kind of voice that was a little bit sexy. He turned off the shower for good this time, and took to cleaning himself with the towel. With each pat, he dried, and his mind seemed to focus.

"I'm just tired. Haven't had enough sleep lately," he said, looking in the mirror. But despite that statement, he was a little surprised to see that the dark bags beneath his

eyes were no longer there, and the crease lines upon his forehead had disappeared. He looked his age again, and even his hair seemed to have a fresh shine to it.

"Huh," he said, running his fingers through it. He hadn't noticed before how long it had been getting. It would need a haircut soon.

'No way! I'm growing it out! It's look hella sexy when it goes down to my butt.'

"Okay, okay, that is most certainly *not* me!" Danny said, whipping his head around. His heart was pounding now, and he was increasingly concerned that someone was playing a prank on him.

"Where are you? I know there's someone behind this, whoever you are!"

But there was no response. Danny once again checked over himself; maybe he'd bumped his head and not realised it? He examined his forehead and temples in the mirror. His blue eyes looked a little different than usual, but he chalked that up to tiredness. They looked a little green, was all. His hair also looked darker, but that was just the fact that it was wet, he was sure.

He waited to see if the voice would return, and when it didn't, he got dressed and stepped out of the bathroom. Luna was immediately at his side, rubbing his ankles, and he sighed, picking her up. She felt soft against his chest, and weirdly, his chest felt softer against her, too. He moved to the main room.

'So glad I, like, totally spruced this place up.'

He nearly dropped Luna when the thought emerged in his head, and for a moment his head became dizzy, something it hadn't done before. When he opened his eyes again, his apartment had, impossibly, changed.

The walls were no longer bare, but instead had a number of posters upon it, all girls or feminine or displaying attractive men on them. There were several dedicated to a rugged boy-band called *Highway Astral*, featuring four twenty-somethings of varying ethnicities, all baring their muscled abs while posing beneath the stars. Others were bright pink and highly suggestive, such as one that had the motto; *Sluts are just girls who wanna have fun*. In the corner, the previously empty vase now had a bouquet of blood-red roses prominently displayed, and there were several colourful stools and a veritable mountain of throwaway pillows on his couch.

"What the hell!?" Danny managed. He clutched his head, cringing. He could remember decorating this space, and at the same time he knew for a fact that he hadn't. It was like having two sets of memories, but worse, he was fighting the urge to appreciate how good the room looked.

He ran to the door, and slammed it open, stepping through the threshold to the hallway of the apartment block.

"Hey Danny, how was work? Everything okay?" Santiago asked.

Danny looked to his apartment neighbour from three doors down. Like Danny, he was relatively tall and fit, though Danny wasn't quite as strongly built. Unlike Danny, he was young, aged only twenty and not buried under the drudgery of work like he was. A university student, apparently studying engineering, but the two occasionally discussed their workout regimens.

"Uh, everything's fine, Santiago. Just felt like I was going stir crazy for a moment," Danny replied, not knowing what else to say, and certainly not wanting to seem actually crazy. "Just needed the fresh air."

Santiago smiled. "All good, brother. I get it. Study has me going mad as well. Wish I could get a girlfriend to help calm me down. You still with April?"

'April is like, the best girlfriend evah!'

Danny cringed, forcing the thought away. "No, it didn't work out."

"Shame, she was really hot."

'And you are super hot too, big boy. Look at that olive skin, those muscles! Gawd, I am sooo down to clown with this guy.'

"Shut it!" Danny snapped, and Santiago recoiled, looking at him with astonishment.

"Jeez man, what the hell? No need to be a dick. I was just asking."

Danny looked at him, trying to avoid shaking and sweating. "No, no! I wasn't saying that to you, Santiago! I was just . . . I think I have to take a sick day. I'm feeling delirious."

The other man seemed to consider this. "Well, okay. Hope you get better. I'm gonna go work out. You just chill and relax man. Plenty of more fish in the sea."

'I'd love to see him work out.'

Danny slapped his own cheek, trying to force the strange, feminine, sultry voice from his head. It was like he was thinking like some ditzy bimbo! And did he detect the slightest trace of a bit of accent there? It sounded almost latina.

He shook his head and pinched his nose. He was surely sick, and the voice was just the symptom of that. But when he closed his eyes briefly, his mind conjured up the image of Santiago's abs. Of his cute butt as he walked away.

'Mhm, that gorgeous muscled ass. I'd like, totally pinch that.'

"Fuck!"

Danny stepped back inside his apartment and closed the door. By this point he was shaking, his heart pounding, his skin itching. He scratched idly at his chest and stomach as he re-entered, and a worried-looking Luna re-emerged to rub against his leg. Despite his hopes, the apartment was still in its altered state.

'It's totally my style now. And the colour is sooo me.'

Again the mental change coursed through him, and Danny stepped back, startling Luna away.

"N-no, what's happening. These aren't m-my thoughts!"

Before his very eyes, the beige-white cubicle colour of the walls altered, a salmon colour overtaking them at a rapid pace. In moments, the room was decidedly more feminine, and several soft rugs in pretty pinks and warm reds. It felt familiar, somehow, and it terrified him.

"I'm having a stroke!" he declared, "or I'm hallucinating. This isn't possible! A room just doesn't change!"

'Speaking of change, this outfit is so old. I need some new fashion.'

Danny was just in an ordinary white t-shirt and pair of blue shorts. For some reason, he immediately found himself agreeing with the thought; this outfit was old. He needed a new one, and all he could think of was a cute miniskirt and crop top.

"No, that's not the kind of clothes I wear!" he said, fighting against the thought, but there was no fighting against the change to come. His clothing bubbled and shifted, its fabric altering to become more suitable material befitting the bimbo voice in his head.

'That's right Demi, you're a sexy bitch!'

"I'm Danny, not Demi!" he said, now aware of the name of the mysterious voice that had infected him.

He grasped his clothes as they became smaller, tighter. His white shirt shrank, lifting up to reveal his pale midriff, and the material thinning until it was partly see through. It was far too small on his form, causing it to stretch awkwardly, and he gasped as it compressed against his chest, which was beginning to feel a little sore. His shorts altered as well, the fabric joining up to itself to form a single leg, then shrinking upwards a little and turning black. He was now clearly wearing a black miniskirt, looking utterly ridiculous over his male form.

He moved his hands to remove both articles, and found them just hovering in the air, inches above the fabric. He tried again, and nothing happened. For an experiment, he placed his hands upon the tight miniskirt, with no intention to remove it. He was able to. But the moment he tried to pinch the material and remove it, his hands refused to obey him.

"You're kidding! I don't want to wear this, whoever you are!"

'But crotchtops are sooo sexy. Plus they show off my new bellybutton piercing.'

"Wait, wait, wa - Ow!"

There was a sharp sting, and suddenly there was a sparkling piercing in his bellybutton, a golden piercing with an emerald stud in its centre.

“What the hell is happening?” Danny asked, trying to avoid thinking about how cool the stud suddenly felt to him.

‘And also my cute brown belly.’

“Wait, brown? Why am I thinking I’m suddenly brown!?”

But already the tingling over his skin was getting stronger, as if millions of tiny pin pricks were being made all across his skin. He looked in horror as his chest hair burned away, leaving his skin perfectly smooth. In just a few seconds, the same became true of his arms, legs, and face; his five o’clock shadow was gone, leaving a face so smooth its skin felt like a baby’s. The pin pricks faded, but were followed immediately by a shiver that seemed to ripple over his skin, particularly from his bellybutton. He clutched it, squirming awkwardly as the ticklish sensation spread from his centre. Like a ripple in the water from a thrown pebble, his skin darkened around the piercing, becoming a beautiful tan olive in colour, before spreading outwards across his body. He twisted his shoulders, trying not to giggle as the ticklish sensation extended over the rest of him, rising up to his clavicle and then to his face, down his legs and to the tips of his fingers. In moments, Danny had ceased to be caucasian, and looked like a strange blend of a white man’s facial features and a latino’s olive-skinned ethnicity. Something told him it was latina - latino! He meant latino!

He clutched his head, as if it would stop the strange mind alterations that were making him appreciate not just his perfect skin, but how the thin straps of his croptop nicely gave a tease of his bra straps.

Wait, bra straps?

He hadn’t even noticed that he was wearing a black bra, its cups awkwardly collapsed against his chest, and the band was overly tight around his chest, so much so that it was painful.

‘Gawd, I hate how tight these bands are. Good thing I’m so petite!’

“No no no no no!”

Danny ran to the bathroom, Luna running after him. Bad enough that his entire colour had changed, and that he was wearing a skirt and croptop, but what was going to happen now? He got his answer the moment he looked in the mirror: his muscles were shrinking away, and in fact his entire form was reducing in size. He felt it, like he was being squeezed down to a smaller, more shapely size.

“Ooohh . . . Ngghhh . . . ah - ah - ah - AAAHHH!”

He clutched his body as it shrank, the meagre fat shifting across his form to relocate at his hips and buttocks. He gasped, trying to breathe as the voice rambled in his mind, getting stronger and stronger as he got smaller and more lithe.

'Like, I know I'm super lucky to look this good. Papa and Mami gave me such good genes, but I also take extra good care of this body. No wonder all the boys go crazy for it. Especially these hips! Shakira ain't got nothing on these truth-tellers!'

There was a loud POP as Danny's hips widened, his pelvis extending outwards, becoming incredibly female in shape. Even as his browned body reduced to a mere 5'4 in height, his form slender and androgynous at best, he couldn't help but grab his hips and try to push against their growth.

"Aaaaggh . . . Nnggh . . . uggghhh!"

But still they spread wider, and as they did, it was impossible not to feel a little satisfied, even through the slight pain and certain shock. Demi's memories continued to settle in patches upon his brain, vague knowledge and familiarities, such as how incredibly proud of her hips she was, and how much she liked to shake them on the dance floor, or walk in an exaggerated fashion so all the cute boys paid attention to them.

Or the way men held them when she fucked them like the proud slut she was.

"Oh fuck, that sounds hot. Shit, why does that sound hot! It's not meant to be hot!"

'It's way hotter when you've got an amazing ass, grrl.'

Danny knew what was coming, and turned just in time to see the back of his miniskirt suddenly stick out a lot further. It was like he was being packed with meat, his bottom filling out with flesh in such a way that left his hips even further rounded, the flesh around his pelvis now soft and jiggly, in all the right places. He placed his hands on his ass, trying to avoid noticing how slender and lady-like they now were. His fingers sank into the soft, juicy flesh of his new behind, and he practically drooled with the sensation.

'I know I shouldn't like it when guys grab my ass, but it, like, feels sooo hot!'

Oh God, and it did! He could just imagine what it was like for a big sexy hunk - like Santiago down the hall - to grip his arse and pull him close.

'And kiss my big juicy lips while I flutter my big lashes. OMG they look so good with some green eyeshadow too!'

Danny could only watch in horror as his face began to alter and compress, as if being massaged and manipulated by several invisible hands. He cringed as his bones reshaped, as his rounded head became more ovoid in shape, his chin becoming softer and less defined, his nose becoming a little longer, a golden stud appearing on its left side. His cheekbones rose, becoming sharp and perfect, and his eyes altered in shape, becoming larger. His ears no longer stuck out a little too wide, but were cute in size, and a brief pain left him with two golden hoops running through them. He realised with a shock that his eye colour was now a rich green emerald. He held them wider, trying to contain his panicked breathing, even as his eyelashes grew longer and darker, and fake extensions faded into existence over them. A cute eyeshadow, green in colour, highlighted his looks, which were now undeniably womanly, especially since his lips stung briefly, as if bitten in two places by a bee. And much like a bee sting, they swelled,

gaining dark red lipstick as they became puffer. They stopped at a point where they were a wonderful pair of what he had once heard called DSLs: Dick Sucking Lips.

'Oh, of course they are! I love giving a man a super good blowjob! Especially if he goes down on me first!'

Images of erect penises flew into his mind, and more than that, his new sexy mouth upon them, deep-throating their hardnesses. It was revolting to Danny, but the growing Demi part of him had a flutter in her chest, and it made his body shiver all over. His own penis became erect, lifting up the miniskirt and making him feel highly confused.

"I don't understand! Why is this happening? Why am I feeling these thoughts? Why is this turning me on?"

He railed at the ceiling, the walls, and most of all, the mirror, where now a beautiful latina woman's face looked back at him. His scalp itched, and to complete the look, a long mane of black curls pushed from his head, the remaining traces of blonde becoming little more than a stylish dyed stripe. She was unbelievably beautiful, gorgeous even, and yet there was a playful ditziness in her expression. Not stupidity, but the blissful ignorance of being distracted by priorities relating to looking good, wearing the cutest clothing, finding the hottest boys, and having the best time with her gal pals. At least, that's what Danny felt, and the weirdest part was, that kind of ignorance sounded quite appealing.

'Duh! Girls just wanna have fun!'

Fun? Jesus, when was the last time he'd even had fun? He barely had any friends from working so hard, and even they didn't see him all that often. They were more like acquaintances. But in his mind there grew a faint set of memories: of Demi - of *him as Demi* - partying in nightclubs with all her girlfriends, drinking shots and talking about hot boys and getting anxious about exams and giggling over their ad hoc study group. With a shock, he realised that in Demi's world or dimension or alternate timeline, April was her absolute bestie, and the two were study buddies for their childcare and cosmetics courses.

"Fuck, why do you have a better life than me?" he said. He stared at the woman in the mirror for answers, admiring her face, which was somehow both adorably cute and devastatingly sexy, depending on her expression. He backed out of the bathroom and back into the living room, where even more ornamentation had followed. There were now photo frames showing Demi in her complete state, hanging out with her friends, adorned in a bikini at the beach, being lifted up for a kiss with a one-time boyfriend. He recognised all the memories, though they did not overpower his current ones. More like faint, recognisable impressions of a more carefree life. He examined the bikini one, unbelieving at the gorgeous bimbo smiling as she placed her hands on her waist. She had a damn killer boddy, with long perfect olive legs and an itty bitty waist.

'Gotta have dat hourglass and cute abs! Hashtag gymlife lol!'

Again, a series of compressions followed, and for the first time, Danny sort of welcomed them. He was too far gone, and while the terror of becoming Demi remained, he was starting to become a little curious as to what life as her would look like, or at least feel like. There was a strong pinching at his waist, and it contracted, making his hips appear even more impressive; they *definitely* were not lying now. At the same time, his buttocks rounded out a little further, and his stomach became even more taut, though true to Demi's most recent thought, he had a strong and sexy core. His legs reshaped, tissue and fat forming around his thighs, but ending in dainty feet with green toenail polish.

'Thicc thighs save lies! Especially with a thigh gap!'

"Damn, thicc ain't wrong," Danny said, feeling at his thighs. "Wait, did I just think about having a thigh gap? Oh fu-"

But his words were interrupted by the alien sensation of his genitals being pulled back into his body. Danny gasped, overwhelmed by this trespass from male to female, and somehow becoming increasingly turned on by it. His dick, already hard from his prior thoughts, slid its girth back into him, even as his lower stomach bubbled, forming a new womb and preparing to form ovaries. His testicles slid back in, and a brief moment of pain ensued as they became 'caught' in his developing vulva. He groaned, feeling his cock tense, the last buildup of ejaculate he would ever experience being pushed from his balls.

"Fuck! Oh shit, I'm gonna cum!"

He reached for a box of tissues on the table, and barely managed to snatch them in time before his penis tenses. His balls, already on the cusp of entering him, flooded his dick with his last and mighty reserve of semen.

"Ah - ah - this. Feels. So. Good. NGHHH!"

He came, and a white stream of his issue erupted from his penis and into the tissue. It throbbed for what felt like thirty seconds or more, and with each emptying, he experienced a little pulse of pleasure that was beginning to feel more female than male. His penis, after all, was still receding into his body, and as the last drops of his maleness expended, it began to feel like he was rubbing something all the more erogenous. He removed the tissue, and realised that was true; his penis was now little more than a throbbing clit at the entrance to a dark, perfectly formed vagina. One that was already a little wet.

'Mmhm . . . love having multiples. It's like, the best thing to give yourself after a long day of study.'

Danny found himself agreeing with Demi's thoughts, especially since it was becoming easier and easier to think of them as his thoughts also. Or perhaps it was because the undeniable truth was that Danny was no longer a *him* at all anymore, but a *her*.

She looked around the room, breathing heavily, and overcome with all that had happened. She was now a latina woman, and a deeply sexy one at that. Her miniskirt fit perfectly, pulling tight around her impressive ass and widened hips, and her shirt now fit well, though it was looser at the front, and her bra was - wait, hang on.

Danny's eyes darted to the photo frames on the wall, particularly the one of Demi in a sexy pink cocktail dress. And then the transformed male blinked. And blinked again. On her chest were a pair of melons that would have been the cream of the crop in any beauty pageant. Large, perfectly rounded, and pushed up into a veritable mountain of cleavage. He - or rather, *she* now - looked down her top.

"Oh shit. Um, those cups look very big!"

They were. For some reason, he was very well aware that he sported a pair of impressive Triple-Ds, which was an impossibility, as his chest was completely flat.

That was, until it started growing mere moments later.

'Gotta show of the girls! I like seeing how hard guys and even some girls have it trying to look me in the eyes. And I just love having a big strong pair of hands playing with them. They're so sensitive!'

The pressure increased, and Danny watched her nipples swell in size, becoming large and dark, with perfectly enticing areola. She placed her hands on her chest, feeling it rise like dough, becoming heavy and jiggly as fat deposits and tissue and milk ducts grew in. The skin stretched, and still they grew, racing past A's to B's to C's cups, and slowly down only when they reached the bounteous size of D-cups. But even then, they still rose, filling the cups and pushing upwards, a deep and alluring line of cleavage forming as they pushed together. Finally, they stopped. They had become an enormous pair of tits that were just *made* to show off. Danny breathed, and felt them rise and fall with each breath. She stepped forwards, and wasn't even shocked to find she was wearing a cute pair of black heels that made her calves look fantastic, and corrected her posture so that her magnificent ass stuff out. It also made her back straighter, causing her incredible rack to strain at the semi-transparent white crop top, revealing to all the sheer size of her mammaries. They bounced and wobbled heavily, and for some reason, it excited her.

"I'm done," she said, her voice cute and sultry and incredibly high. "I'm Demi, now. Holy shit, I've become a woman. A hot, busty latina woman."

She shook her long dark mane of black curls, and her chest shook with the motion, as did her ass. The sensations gave her joy, and to Danny's shock, there was a feeling of freedom about it: there was no way *this girl* would ever be caught dead at a boring cubicle desk in a white tie. That is, unless she was getting fucked on it while sporting a sexy pencil skirt.

She stepped to the living room mirror, admiring her bust, pushing up with her hands and letting it wobble freely. True to Demi's own thoughts, she could imagine a hot stud sticking his face in her cleavage and motorboating her, or sucking on her sensitive

nipples as he slid his girth inside of her. It was enough to make the new woman moan, and feel a new sensation, one that would become incredibly familiar to her; a moistening in her new female tunnel.

"But, who is Demi? Why me?"

Her mind was overcome again with the sensation of new knowledge and mental changes, only she could sense this was more extreme than the rest. Danny pushed against it, unsure over whether to accept it or keep fighting, whether to let the mind of Demi in completely and become her, or to strive to be him again.

'Like, it's my choice, I guess. But wouldn't life as Demi be better than Dani? She's, like, totally hotter. And there's way more partying. And sex, hehe. Loads of sex. And a whole new future!'

The thoughts may as well have been Danny's, as they mirrored his weariness at his own life, and excitement for another's. The former male sighed, and let the changes occur. She felt her knowledge of insurance melt away almost completely, becoming little more than a series of associations and half-remembered phrases. She felt an understanding of fashion, cosmetics, childcare seep in. She felt a certain clumsiness and ditziness creep into her body language and behaviour; she often struggled to find exactly the right word, or giggled when things were tense, or put on a show with her body even when not intending.

And to Danny's own relief, his mind was not erased. The new him was a sexy 20-year old university student with a killer body and an embracing attitude to what she called the 'Slut Life', but his memories were not erased, nor most of his own knowledge outside of his previous workskills. This new person was a union of Danny and Demi, more the latter, but still containing enough elements to have been a transition from the former.

"Oh my God," she said in her cute accent, "I'm complete. I'm Demi, now."

She twirled on the spot, jumping a little with glee, her heavy chest and great ass wobbling with her movements.

"I'm Demi! I'm free! I have a whole new life!"

She giggled, unable to prevent such a bimbo-ish and not caring if she did. She took a few moments to pose in the mirror and admire her complete form. She loved the perfect teardrop shape of her boobs, but even more how her awesome new bra lifted them to perfection. And she loved the feeling of miniskirts, especially how they freed her long legs for everyone to see and admire. She clutched her stomach, realising she now had a womb. She could make babies if she wanted! Not that she wanted it yet, but it made her mind turn a little to sex. What would it be like? She had impressions of Demi's previous years of life enjoying sex, but they were not full memories, more just facts. She was excited to experience it herself, and often. This was a body made for it, after all, and she had a feeling she was a lot, *lot* hornier than she used to be. But would people even know her?

She checked her phone, and sure enough, her background had changed to a selfie of her with her girlfriends: Trisha, Sarah, and of course, April. Danny's former girlfriend was now Demi's bestie *grrlfriend*, as they called each other. And in the background of that particular photo was a hot guy, admiring the view. Thoughts of sex were beginning to distract Demi's new mind; she was a bit air-headed, she sensed, when she got horny. That wetness between her legs continued to become worse, or perhaps more accurately, better.

"I'm like, totally gonna deal with that right now," she said, enjoying the confidence this new life had.

She stepped forward to her door, and stepped out in the apartment block hallway. There, just leaving his own apartment, was Santiago. His eyes landed on her; first her legs, then her beautifully bare midriff, then hovered several seconds longer at her magnificent bust. She giggled at the time it took to reach her eyes, and she pressed a nail against her teeth as she couldn't help but grin.

"Enjoying the view?" she asked.

Santiago blushed. "Oh, hey Demi. Yeah, sorry, it's just you look damn hot today. Are you going out somewhere?"

She felt that pulse of attraction to him. His taut muscles, his strong biceps, his utterly rugged and kissable face.

"Maybe," she said, "or I was thinking, like, maybe you could come in?"

She grinned as she noticed the growing tent in his pants.

'Oh yes, I think I'm going to enjoy being Demi. It's totes hot.'

The End