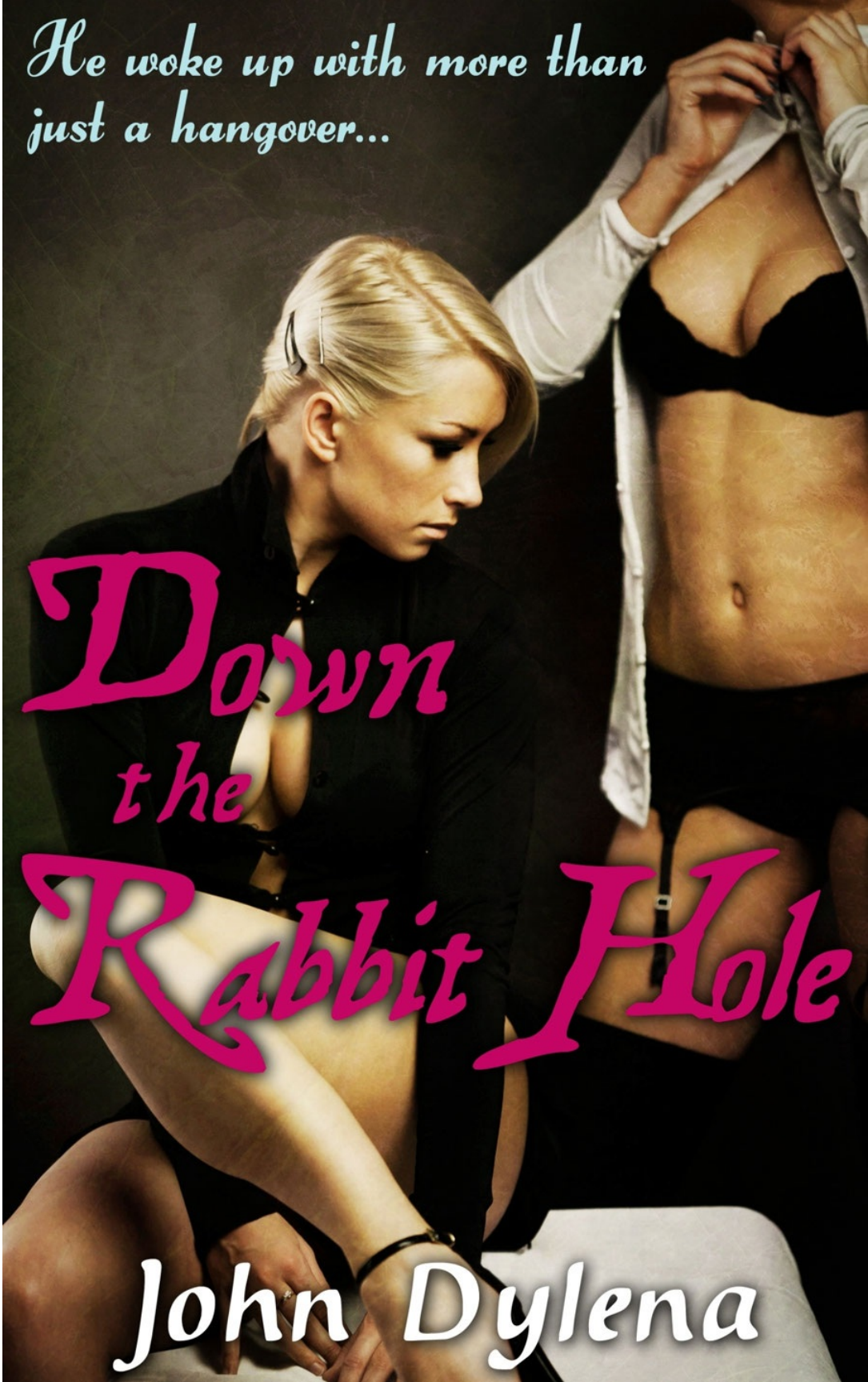


*He woke up with more than
just a hangover...*

*Down
the
Rabbit Hole*

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Down the Rabbit Hole

by John Dylena

Edited by Nora Nix

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David was having a bad morning. His head was pounding as he squirmed on the queen-sized bed he shared with his girlfriend, Sara. He pulled the sheets up over his face, hoping to block out the sunbeams that illuminated his bedroom and drift back to sleep.

But his body wouldn't let him.

His bladder screamed at him, and under the very real threat of wetting himself, he reluctantly rolled out of bed and wobbled into the bathroom, his eyes half-open and his mouth agape.

Just before opening the door, he turned and looked at his gorgeous girlfriend already sprawled out across the space he had vacated. He smiled groggily, recalling the serendipitous events that had brought them together.

They had met during their senior year of college. Sara was the captain of the girls volleyball team, and David was her tutor. Being a college athlete meant that Sara devoted a lot of her time to the sport and very little to her schoolwork. Many athletes had trouble keeping up in their classes, and so each was assigned a tutor for when they invariably fell behind.

David didn't choose Sara, nor did she pick him; they were assigned to each other based on the classes that they took. He wasn't a nerd, but math came easily to him, so he was more than glad to offer his services to those that had trouble grasping calculus, trigonometry, statistics, or even more basic maths like geometry.

For Sara, it was calculus that stumped her. She was a business major with dreams of running her own company or becoming the CEO of another. She was charismatic, but firm; a natural leader and decision-maker. Even though she wasn't the most skilled player on her team, her teammates looked to her for guidance and motivation when things got tough.

It was her dominant personality that had scared off many a potential boyfriend. She wasn't demanding or apathetic to their needs—she just liked being the one that held the reins. This didn't go well for her lovers who wanted to be the ones on top. After several failed relationships with men who inevitably felt too emasculated by her to stay, she began experimenting with a different type of men: the ones who labeled themselves as

submissives.

But even then, the relationships never seemed to work out. Despite the fact that the men were willing to let her set the pace in the bedroom, the sex was disappointingly one-sided; they got what they wanted as she bounced on top of them, and Sara felt like a tool.

One night after several drinks at a sorority party, Sara found herself in one of the many bedrooms with another girl. She couldn't remember the name of the girl for the life of her, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't forget the girl's touch or her strawberry lip gloss; the way she caressed Sara's breasts or played with her nubby pink nipples.

The memories flooded back to her when she'd sat next to David during their first tutoring session. As amazing as having sex with another woman was, Sara still found herself primarily attracted to guys. Even on those lonely nights where her only companion was the toy teasing her, she still pictured a man thrusting into her.

But something was still missing, and Sara continued experimenting, oscillating back and forth between being with a man and having sex with a woman. Neither seemed to fulfill her.

It was only after a night with a petite blonde that Sara found the happy medium she was searching for.

That blonde that she'd locked lips with turned out to be a man in drag. She was in his apartment that night, and after the discovery of the cock in his panties, Sara decided to keep going, as perhaps the only thing she hadn't tried was being with a man dressed as a woman. She was so hell-bent on finding that missing piece in her sexual puzzle that it didn't matter who it was that she slept with, as long as her lover showed her something new.

She found the missing piece in the form of a strap-on dildo.

After eating her out, the man asked if she would fuck him with it, and Sara obliged him. Nothing satisfied her so much as pegging, but unfortunately, after the night of her sexual epiphany was over, no one else would give her the opportunity.

That was, until she met David.

He was a thin man with an average build, and shorter than she was. Every man that she had been with, except for the transvestite, had been taller than her with firm, toned bodies. They were all athletes like she was, too.

But David was no athlete. He was just an average guy with an above-average intellect. He was also shy and introverted, traits that Sara quickly noticed when they'd first met in one of the many study rooms in the school's library.

She was late to their session. Practice had run longer than planned, and she'd had no time to change. The look on David's face when she'd opened the door to the study room wearing a t-shirt and gym shorts was one that she'd never forget.

Even with his kind and tolerant approach to tutoring, Sara was difficult to work with. When she couldn't grasp a concept as easily as she'd have liked, it angered her.

It was his hair that brought the memories of Sara's first night with a woman back to her. The woman that had launched Sara's journey toward bisexuality had hair just like his: light brown and thick, with a little curl to it. David's eyes were brown as well, and they had a hard time staying on her face, especially with the tight shirt she was wearing.

As the semester went on, they began chatting more and more outside of their study sessions, and Sara wondered why David never asked her out. She just figured it was his shyness, and she decided to wait and see if he would overcome it. She continued her sexual journey without him, using it to release her pent-up stress from both her academic and athletic challenges.

It wasn't until three months after school had ended that David contacted her again. Sara had landed a corporate job and was already on track for a promotion when she got his text message. She was still single, and since she was no longer surrounded by men and women her age on the small campus she'd graduated from, her sex life had come to a screeching halt.

She was more than happy to take David up on his offer to buy her a drink and catch up. Later, at that bar, she finally learned why he'd never asked

her out: he wasn't allowed to. If he had, he not only would have lost his job as a tutor, but he would've lost his scholarship, as well.

"That doesn't matter anymore," she'd said, leaning toward him. "What matters is that I have an itch that's been waiting a long time to get scratched."

One drunken night of passionate sex, several dates, and a year later, David moved into Sara's condo. They had only been living together for two months, but things between them were wonderful.

Until the incident.

Turning away from Sara, David shuffled into the bathroom, blearily flicking on the light switch. He immediately regretted it; the bright white lights blinded him, searing his corneas with their potent light. When his vision returned, he pulled down his pants and lifted up the toilet seat.

He reached for his dick, but there was nothing to hold onto.

"Holy shit!" David screamed, bending over and looking closely at his groin. His outburst roused Sara from her sleep, and she sprinted into the bathroom.

"What? What's the matter babe?" she asked, rubbing her eyes.

"Look! My dick is gone!"

He pulled at his hair, utterly confused. His heart raced in his chest as he stared down at his groin. He didn't know what to do, how this had happened, or what it meant. Sure, people often joked that he was the woman in the relationship, but now he was literally the woman.

His entire life flashed before his eyes. What were his friends going to think? The people he worked with? His eyes darted about as panic started to set in.

He was on the verge of passing out when Sara's touch brought him back down to earth.

"Wha—oh my," she replied squatting. "Yup, that's a vagina."

She reached out and touched the flesh between his legs, her fingers delicately circling the pink folds.

“Ohhh,” David moaned. His knees buckled as his girlfriend examined the cleft. She couldn’t help but smile when she heard him moan from her touch.

“That’s real, all right,” she said, standing up. “I don’t know what else to tell you.” She looked down to see his legs shaking.

“David, why don’t you relieve yourself? Then we can discuss this further.”

“But—”

“Just sit down and let it flow.” She took her hands off of his shoulders and walked out of the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

Sara put her back to the door and rubbed her face with her hands. This is going to be a problem. But it’s not necessarily a bad thing.

Every now and then since they’d started dating, Sara had longed for the touch of a woman. He was fine letting her take the lead in bed, and he did what he could to ensure she was satisfied, but David was no woman. As attentive as he was in bed, he lacked the delicate touch of a more feminine partner, not to mention the body of one. Sara craved the smell of a wet pussy and the skilled tongue of a woman who knew what buttons to push to make their partner melt.

Maybe this is a blessing in disguise.

She backed away from the door and sat on the edge of the bed to wait for the return of her boyfriend.

David opened the bathroom door slowly. His head hung low and his shoulders slumped. He looked utterly depressed, as if everything he had ever loved just vanished or died.

“I... I don’t know what to do,” he said numbly. “I just feel so... empty.”

Sara patted a spot the bed next to her. He lifted his eyes to her face and couldn’t help but smile. Her red hair was loose and fell past her shoulders in

an odd mix of curls and waves, and her green eyes sparkled in the morning light.

She smiled at him. It was a warm, comforting smile that made the darkness in his mind dissipate. Sara had always been there for him when times were tough. Despite her dominant personality, she had a sensitive side—one that she never showed to anyone but him.

He sat down on the bed next to her and looked down into his lap.

“I don’t know how it is you woke up this morning with lady parts,” Sara said, wrapping her arm around him. “But we’re going to work though this together.”

“But—”

“Shhh, David,” she said, putting a finger on his lips. “Being a lady isn’t all that bad. You know I am bisexual, right?”

“Yes, you’ve told me that, but what does it—”

Sara grinned wickedly. “It means that I know how to pleasure a lady.”

She turned toward him, her right hand slowly creeping up his thigh as she stared deeply into his eyes. She leaned forward as her fingers slid underneath the elastic band of his flannel pajama pants.

“Sara,” he began. “I don’t think this is a good ide—Oooooohhhh!”

David threw his head back and moaned loudly as her fingers rubbed the delicate flesh between his legs.

“Oh, babe, you’re soaking wet down here,” she said, gently teasing the silky pink folds. David fell onto his back and writhed under the expert touch of his girlfriend. Sara kept her eyes on him, watching him squirm and moan. “See? It’s not so bad being a woman, is it?”

She pulled her hand out of his pants and stood up from the bed, stopping when she heard him whimper.

“Please... don’t stop,” he whispered. Then he looked away from her, his face bright red.

“As you wish,” she replied.

Sara stood in front of him and grabbed the waistband of his pants, pulling them slowly off of his legs. She grinned when she saw the tender flesh and the tiny beads of his juices darkening the sheets. She tossed his pajamas aside and climbed up onto the bed next to him.

He looked up at her fearfully, and she smirked in response.

I’m going to rock your world, David.

She bent down and placed her lips onto his, kissing him passionately as her hand caressed his inner thigh. Her fingers circled the delicate cleft as her tongue explored the depths of his mouth, her left hand sliding up underneath his shirt.

David moaned as she rubbed his outer lips with her index and middle finger, moving slowly up and down while her thumb traced the crown of his womanhood. She pulled away from his mouth and looked down at him as her thumb made tiny circles.

He was powerless. She had him completely under her control, and she loved it. The way he bit his lip as he squirmed from her touch made her push on. She wanted to hear him cry out when he reached that peak; to watch his body flail as overwhelming pleasure coursed through his veins and flooded his brain. She wanted to see him lose himself in pure, carnal bliss.

Sara’s thumb rubbed his hard nipple while her right hand continued to play with his sopping wet cunt. He was almost ready.

Picking up the pace, she stroked his clit through the hood as her fingers moved inward, gently stretching apart his inner folds, exposing the hot pink flesh of his pussy. Memories flooded back to her of when she was in his position, particularly of that drunken night at the sorority house when she was the one squirming and moaning.

She felt David’s nipple harden even more as she squeezed it and pinched it

slightly, and his body convulsed beneath her ministrations. His eyes opened, and his cry of ecstasy bounced off of the walls of the bedroom. He arched his back as Sara slid her two fingers into his vagina and rubbed the velvety lining of his hot, wet sheath.

“Oh, god!” he yelped.

Sara moved her fingers faster, grinning as she rubbed the little bulb swelling inside of his pussy. So close, David. You’re almost there.

She pinched his nipple once more and his legs thrashed spasmodically on the bed. His eyes rolled back into his head as he climaxed, coating Sara’s hands with his sweet release as unfathomable rapture pulsed throughout his body.

Sara removed her hand from his quivering cunt and admired her handiwork, but her smug grin disappeared as David’s body began to change.

He laid on the bed, his chest rising and falling rapidly as his heart raced. His eyes stared blankly ahead, so physically drained that he failed to notice the transformation running rampant through his form.

Sara covered her hand with her mouth as she watched. The little body hair he had receded back into his skin, his waist narrowed, and his hips widened slightly, turning his already thin build androgynous.

David’s chest swelled until tiny A-cup breasts poked through his shirt. His short hair grew until it passed his ears and his facial features softened, giving him a more feminine appearance.

“Oh my god,” she breathed. “David... Your body...”

He sat up on the bed, rubbing his face. “What?” He coughed; his voice had become lighter and more delicate. “What the fuck?!”

David lifted his shirt up and examined his body. His hands traced his curves and cupped his flat breasts.

“I have breasts!”

“I wouldn’t call those breasts,” Sara laughed.

“Sara! This isn’t funny.” David crossed his arms and pouted. “I’m turning into a chick.”

She continued laughing. “I think you became a chick when you woke up this morning with a pussy. You’re just become more feminine. Although, with the right outfit and makeup, you could look incredibly sexy...”

“No, I’m not wearing any of your clothes.”

Sara’s face lit up. “I wasn’t even suggesting that, but now...”

She grabbed his wrist and pulled him up off of the bed. Even when he’d still had the body of a male, Sara had always been stronger than him. She’d kept working out even after finishing college and hanging up her volleyball career, whereas he’d never really had an interest in hitting the gym.

Sara easily pulled him off of the bed and onto his feet. Seeing him standing in front of her with tits and a pussy brought on another bout of laughter from the fiery red-head. It didn’t help that David had shrunk down to where his eye-level was just above her breasts.

“David, babe, you know I was the only girl in my family, not to mention the youngest. Growing up, I always wanted a little sister to play dress-up with. But this is even better!”

“Do I have to?” he whined. He looked away from her. “I mean, it’s bad enough that I’m no longer a man.”

Sara put her hands on his shoulders. “David, answer me this: did you honestly believe you were the man in this relationship? Besides, even though you’re now a chick, I still love you.”

He opened his mouth to speak, but closed it when he realized that she was right. Looking back on the time they had spent together, Sara had always been the dominant one, although he was no pushover himself. Even so, it never bothered him that she was the one who so often took charge. He never liked being a decision-maker, and Sara was more than happy to make them in his stead, though she never did so without his input.

“I guess you’re right,” he sighed. “And if this is permanent, I might as well get used to wearing women’s clothes.”

Sara beamed. “That’s the spirit! Don’t worry, David. This will be a lot of fun. You know I have plenty of sexy outfits, and I’m sure they’ll look great on you. Go ahead and take off your clothes and wait for me to find something for you.”

David frowned. “Okay. Just... don’t get me something that’s overly sexy.”

“You’ll wear what I give you to wear,” she said, disappearing into her walk-in closet.

He slowly peeled off his shirt, twitching when the fabric of his top rubbed against his sensitive nipples. He brought his knees up to his chest and curled up into a ball while he waited for Sara.

She returned carrying a pair of red satin panties and a matching bra. “This bra is the smallest one I could find.”

David took the panties from her as he stood up. He held the garment in his hand, his thumb rubbing the soft, thin fabric. He’d handled her panties many times during their relationship, but in nearly all of those cases, it was when he was taking them off of her.

Now he was putting them on himself.

Sighing, he stepped into the leg holes one at a time and pulled the panties up to his waist. He squirmed. The delicate fabric tickled his hairless legs and gently rubbed his virgin cunt.

“These are actually pretty comfortable,” he said, looking back as his ass over his shoulder.

“I was going to have you wear a thong, but those can come later,” she said with a smile.

Next, Sara handed him the bra. He slid his arms through the straps and she stepped behind him and clasped the back.

“How’s it feel?”

“Not too tight,” he replied, testing out the lingerie.

“Shame you’re so flat-chested,” Sara said, peeking into the cups of the bra. “We could always get you implants.” He grimaced, and she laughed. “Hang on while I get the rest.”

She returned to the closet and David walked over to the mirror in the corner of the room. He stood in front of it and inspected his body. The longer he looked at it, the more he realized that he had the body of a girl just starting puberty.

His curves were lacking and his breasts were just barely noticeable. His hair was longer, but it was still short and his voice reminded him of his own before he went through that developmental phase. God, I hope I’m not regressing.

David’s attention shifted to Sara as she exited the closet.

“Oh, you’ve got to be kidding me,” he muttered.

Sara held in her hands a plaid miniskirt and white button-down blouse. “What?” she giggled. “I thought you liked slutty schoolgirls.” When he didn’t share in her laughter, she sighed and rolled her eyes. “All right. I’ll find something else.”

She returned to the closet and put the clothes back where she’d found them. Digging through her dresser, she moved a pile of her panties out of the way and froze, her eyes glued on the long-forgotten toy lying beneath them. Sara smiled as she took the harness and purple silicone dildo out of the drawer and set them on top of the dresser.

She stripped out of her pajamas and quickly put together an outfit. She wore a black lace bra and panties, dark stockings with lace garters, and matching black thigh-high boots. Zipping up the backs, she beamed, anxious to surprise David.

With her eyes darting back to the toy, she grabbed a pair of white stockings, red platform heels, and to top it all off, a long-sleeved, white fishnet dress.

He'll look so sexy in this, she thought.

Items in hand, Sara stepped out of the closet back into the bedroom, where she found David sitting on the bed, playing with his new bra.

"Here you go, David," she said. "Put these on."

"Okay, sure—whoa!" He sat up. His eyes nearly bugged out of his head. "Damn, Sara. You look sexy!"

She winked as she tossed him the stockings and set the shoes and dress on the bed next to him. He stared at the shoes, and wondering how in the hell he was going to be able to walk in those.

"David, eyes on me," she said, grabbing one leg of the stockings. "I'm going to show you how to put these on."

Holding one of the white stockings in his hand, he followed her instructions and rolled it up in to a donut. Then he lifted his right leg and watched her slide it up.

David bit his lip. The thin, clingy fabric of the stocking sent waves of pleasure throughout his body. He always loved it when Sara wore stockings. She had such great legs for them.

He eyed his own leg, reveling in how feminine it looked with the snow-white thigh-high on it, and mimicking her movements, he pulled the other stocking up his leg.

"You have amazing legs, babe," Sara said, appreciatively stroking his calves and thighs. "Allow me."

She grabbed one of the high heels and slid it on him, giggling as his shapely foot disappeared into it. "My own Cinderella," she purred. "Ooh, maybe I should have you wear a prom dress. I could dress you up like a princess!"

"I'll have to pass on that one," David said, watching her fit the other pump onto his left foot. "It was hard enough convincing myself to put on the lingerie."

“Oh, I think in no time, you’ll be begging to wear the dress.” She helped him onto his feet and held onto his hands as he tried to balance in the six-inch heels. “Don’t worry. You won’t be in these for long,” she said, pulling the fishnet dress over his head.

“What does that mean?” he asked, pulling the hem of it down to his thighs. “This doesn’t cover much, does it?”

“Not really,” she said, walking away.

“Then why give it to me?”

“Because,” she answered, poking her head out of the walk-in closet, “it makes you look incredibly sexy.”

David leaned back, trying to look inside the closet. “Sara?”

He received no reply.

Shrugging, he took a couple of steps forward. He was so busy trying to master the art of walking in heels that he never heard her exit the closet.

“Hey, Sara,” he said, looking up. “I think I got it...”

He trailed off when he spotted her leaning on the closet door.

“Holy shit.”

She turned, putting her back against the door as she swiveled her hips outward. David watched her hands move down her belly to her hips, where they gripped the base of the lavender cock jutting out from between them.

It had been months since she’d worn that harness. The last time he saw it, she’d plunged it into his ass minutes later. As much pleasure as it brought her, it did little for him. He’d felt bad when he’d told her that he hadn’t enjoyed it. After that night, he’d never seen the toy again.

Until now.

Sara moaned quietly as she stroked the shaft of the dildo with both her

hands. It was anatomically correct, with a bulbous head and spider web patterns of bulging veins. David swallowed as he watched her play with it, remembering that it was double-ended.

“Seeing you dressed in that sexy lingerie got me hard,” she said, pushing herself off of the wall.

She kept her eyes on him as she sashayed across the bedroom. She sat down on the edge of the bed and spread her legs apart, her hands rubbing the insides of her thighs.

“I’d love to see those pouty lips of yours wrapped around my cock,” Sara said, licking her lips. “How about it, babe? Would you like to give me a blowjob? If you’re a good girl, I just might pop that cherry of yours.”

David’s heart pounded so hard in his chest that he could hear it. His mouth went dry as his eyes remained glued to her violet dick.

He took a step forward, feeling himself pulled toward it. He was caught in her tractor beam, and what frightened him the most was that he didn’t even try to fight it. He allowed his feet to move closer, the clicks of his heels echoing through the bedroom.

David’s mouth hung open, his lips squeezing together to form a fleshy “O.”

“That’s my girl,” Sara said, watching him kneel down in front of her.

He looked up at her from in between her legs, his hands nervously gripping her strong thighs. She leaned forward and rubbed his cheek with her thumb, smiling warmly.

“Don’t be afraid, David,” she said softly. “Just go slow.”

He took his eyes off of hers and focused on the purple toy inches from his face. Never before had he ever considered sucking a cock, even if it was just a fake one worn by a woman. David never found men attractive at all, yet here he was now, staring down the shaft that he was about to wrap his lips around.

Even if I do continue to change, I don’t want to lose her. I want to be able to

still love her, even if I start to develop an attraction for men. Whatever is happening to me, it's changing more than just my body.

David leaned forward and slid his lips over the head of the toy, looking up at his girlfriend for approval. She cooed, placing her hands on the back of his head and urging him further.

He dropped further down the shaft, reaching the halfway point before retreating and removing the cock from his mouth. David stared at it, the top half glistening with a coat of his saliva.

“Lick it and give it little kisses. Remember what I did back when you had a cock?”

“I do,” he said, his gaze darting between her prick and her eyes. Then he took a deep breath and plunged right back in.

He squeezed her muscular thighs as he licked the underside of her shaft, his tongue tracing the head. He planted his lips on her crown, gently kissing and sucking on the glans before inserting the shaft back into his eager mouth.

Bobbing up and down, David took more and more into his mouth with each pass until he felt the head on the back of his throat. I guess this body doesn't have a gag reflex, he thought as he slid all the way down to the base, kissing the harness that Sara wore.

“Damn, babe. You're an eager slut, aren't you?” Sara said, her fingers gliding through his hair. “I think you've earned a reward.”

He slid back off of her cock, the glans coming out of his mouth with a pop. The entire shaft was coated with his juices and his eyes widened when he realized what he had just done. The toy was now primed and ready for penetration.

“Up on your feet,” she commanded.

David climbed into his feet and stood before her. Before he could say anything, she wrapped her arms around him and kissed him, her tongue snaking into his mouth and exploring its depths.

He melted in her strong arms. Sara was always a great kisser, and as he tasted her lips, a warmth spread throughout his body. He moaned as her hands moved down his lower back and squeezed his feminine ass.

In one swift movement, she lifted him off of the ground and dropped him onto the bed like a groom bringing his bride into the honeymoon suite.

He giggled as she climbed on top of him, her strawberry hair cascading over him like the canopy of a willow tree.

David looked up at her and smiled. I've never seen her so happy. Maybe this isn't so bad, after all.

She lowered herself onto him and kissed him passionately, her lips moving down his neck and to his chest. She continued down his body, kissing his stomach and pelvic mound. He squirmed anxiously as he watched her lift the hem of his dress up to his waist and hook her fingers into the waistband of his panties.

Sara said nothing as she slowly pulled them off of his groin and legs, lifting them into the air in the process and resting them on her shoulders.

"Oooh!" he screamed as she buried her head in between his legs, wrapping her arm around his left leg and covering his tender flesh in countless kisses.

David gripped the sheets as he felt his body catch on fire, ignited by Sara's lustful touch. She had the opportunity to not only satisfy her lesbian cravings, but to do so without breaking the monogamous bond that she shared with David.

Sara parted his outer lips and lifted up his tiny clit hood with her fingers, giving her tongue access to the sensitive pearl beneath it. He replied to her exploration with a drawn out moan as he gripped the sheets so hard his knuckles turned white.

She smiled from in between his legs, her tongue flicking back and forth. Her fingers moved to his inner lips, tenderly pulling them apart and fully exposing David's pussy.

"Oh... Ooooooh!" he wailed as she serviced him. He arched his back as two

of her fingers slid into his cunt and rubbed the lining of his sheath.

That's right, David. Get nice and wet for me. She grinned as she felt his insides moisten.

"No, don't stop," he said, lifting his head off of the bed as she slid her fingers out.

"I won't," she replied, sliding out from under his legs.

Sara spread his legs as she scooted closer to him, lined up the head of her silicone cock with his dripping hole, and buried herself inside of him. She thrust her cock all the way in to the base and pulled back slowly.

"Oh god, yes!" he moaned, reveling in the hypnotic pleasure of being filled.

She grinned as she pushed her hips forward again and again until she was pounding him rhythmically. Her hips rolled back and forth in a wavelike motion as he writhed underneath her.

His honey-sweet cries were the fuel to her engine, and with each luscious outcry, she increased the force behind her thrusts until the bed was rocking and the other end of the dildo buried itself deep within her.

Sara's hands slid up his body underneath his bra where they squeezed his petite breasts, her thumbs flicking at his rock hard nipples.

"I... I'm going to cum!" he warned her, panting like a rabid dog.

"Moan for me, David!" Sara replied, tapping into the last reserves of her energy to push them both over the edge.

"Ohhhhhhh!" David moaned as his body convulsed and waves of pure carnal bliss flooded his body and mind. His legs shook as his juices flooded out of his stuffed pussy, coating Sara's cock with his sweet release and darkening the sheets below them. She pulled out of him and fell back onto her ass, watching in awe as his body changed once more.

David's brown hair grew until it pooled beside his head, darkening from a light brown to a shade just shy of jet black. His waist narrowed and his hips

widened, giving him a much more defined set of curves. Bolts of energy shot through his body as the skin around his chest tingled.

He lifted his head up off of the bed and watched as the cups of his bra were filled by the breasts that swelled up from his chest. The transformation was pleasurable, and he squirmed as a heat filled his body, clouding his mind and making him giggle mindlessly.

His features softened once more as his ass expanded, lifting his curvy hips off of the bed.

In less than a minute, David's body now matched what he had in between his legs. He was no longer androgynous; instead, he had developed into a full-fledged woman, shedding what little masculinity his body had held onto.

Sara sat up on the bed. "Oh my god, David. You're... You're... hot!"

"What?!" he shrieked, opening his eyes. He shot up at the sound of his female voice, only to be thrown off by the added weight on his chest. He looked down and squeezed his breasts. "I take it I'm a woman now?"

"An incredibly sexy one at that," she said, sitting down next to him. "I mean, look at that body—and those curves! They're more than enough to make a man melt."

"Gross! I'm not gay, Sara," David said, turning away from her.

"It's not gay if you're a chick, which you definitely are. Now you'd only be gay if you were attracted to me."

"I... I'm not into men, okay?!" He jumped up off of the bed and turned toward her. "I still love you, even though now I have a woman's body—which I still don't even have an answer for. Do you remember what happened last night?"

Sara squinted, trying to navigate through the thick brume clouding her mind.

"No, I don't. I remember showing up at the bar with you and drinking. Then nothing. Between waking up this morning and arriving at the bar,

everything is foggy.”

“Why is this happening to me?!” David cried. He covered his face with his hands and fell onto the bed.

“Until we figure this out, why don’t we make the best of this situation?” Sara suggested. “I mean, look at it as a chance to start over, or to experience something new.” She bit her lip. “But I can’t go calling you David anymore.”

He looked up at her from behind his hands. “But my name is all I have left of the man I once was. You can’t take that from me.”

Sara wrapped her arms around him. “We still have our memories and photographs. Oh, I’ve got it.”

“What?”

“Fiona. I think that should be your new name.”

“Fiona?” David sniffed. “I... I don’t know.”

“I like it. And it’s sexy. It rolls nicely off the tongue. Fiona.” Sara stood up and held out her hand. “Come on, Fiona. Let’s go to the mall and get you some new clothes. Then tonight, we can go out to the bar, have a few drinks, and enjoy this very unique opportunity. What do you say?”

“I guess you’re right,” he replied, wiping away the last remnants of his tears. “This could be fun. I was a plain and boring-looking man. Now I’m a sexy woman.”

“That’s the spirit, Fiona!” Sara said, jumping up excitedly. “Let’s go shopping!”

“When you said let’s go to the bar, I thought you meant a casual night out, not that we’d go looking to get laid,” David said, holding up his new dress.

“I want you to look sexy. I want everyone to be jealous that this hot piece of

ass is mine,” Sara said, squeezing David’s plump ass. She leaned over and whispered into his ear. “I say we go into the changing rooms and I help you strip. What do you say?”

“How about we wait until we get home?” he whispered back. “Then I can give you a more private dance.”

Several hours later, David and Sara emerged from the mall, their legs sore and their hands full of shopping bags. As they’d navigated the labyrinth of shoes, dresses, lingerie, tops, and bottoms, David had eventually relaxed, and he found himself enjoying the outing with his girlfriend.

It was exactly what their relationship needed. The couple had fallen into a humdrum routine that planted the seeds of doubt in Sara’s mind. David was a wonderful man, but at home, and especially in bed, he was lackluster and apathetic.

He didn’t share the same drive and ambition that she had. He was a very mellow individual who was content with his life remaining exactly the way it was. She worked hard every day at her job, and when she would come home, she wanted someone to be there for her; to help her wind down and “relieve some stress,” as she often put it.

David worked from home, and even then, he worked very little. She would come home to him playing a video game or watching TV, and he would rarely ask her about her day or notice that she got a new haircut.

The more she thought about how they were moving apart, the more often her brain would remind her of the skillful touch of the sorority girl, or the power she felt when she fucked the crossdresser.

She loved David, and the last thing she wanted to do was cheat on him. He was a nice guy who didn’t deserve that, but relationships are two-way streets, and if he wouldn’t give her the love and attention she needed, then she would eventually have to find it somewhere else.

On several occasions, she had tried to bring it up, but he would change the subject. Sara didn’t know if he was oblivious to her needs, or if he just chose to ignore them.

Last night was the night. She was going to break up with him and end it all. It had been too long since they'd last had sex, and Sara had so much sexual frustration locked up inside of her she was about ready to burst.

Except, the morning after, she'd woken up back in her bed with David screaming about his dick disappearing. When she'd laid in bed next to him after fingering him to his very first female orgasm, she'd smiled as she forgot about all the troubles they'd been having. This was the change she'd been looking for in him. It was a chance for them to rekindle their relationship, and she wasn't going to let that chance slip away.

David sat quietly in the passenger seat as Sara drove home. In his head, he was going over what had transpired earlier at the mall.

Something that bothered him greatly.

He'd looked over at Sara and smiled warmly. She was a beautiful woman with long red hair, flawless skin, a great body, and a killer intellect to boot. He'd thought he had won the lottery when she'd agreed to go out with him, and again later when she'd become his girlfriend.

But the problem wasn't that he was still attracted to her. It was the men they saw while at the mall.

Guys with chiseled jaws and ripped, muscular bodies; men with thick, bushy beards, clean-shaven faces, or even that rough stubble that'll give you goosebumps when you rub your hand on his cheek.

More than once, David had caught a guy checking him out, looking up and down his body with keen interest and flashing him a smile that made him weak in the knees and his panties wet. Too often, he caught himself staring at the images of the models advertising underwear or suits. He bit his lip as he imagined what having sex with another man was like; when his pussy would be filled with a real, pulsating cock and not an inorganic toy.

But even though he was constantly fighting those newfound lusts in his mind, every time he'd set his eyes on Sara, they would disappear, and all he would be able to think about was her naked body and the way her fingers

made him squeal with girlish delight.

He wondered if this was how every woman felt, or if he was a victim of a curse that turned him into a horny slut with an insatiable thirst for sex and pleasure, no matter the gender of his lover.

This question remained with him as he stepped through the doors of the bar with Sara. Would he walk away in her arms, or in the arms of a man he would meet here tonight? Tomorrow morning, would he wake up still attracted to Sara, or would he find himself no longer interested in women, only men?

Or perhaps this was all a bad dream, and he would wake up tomorrow back in his male body with Sara beside him.

But none of that mattered now. What mattered was that he was walking in between the tables and chairs in a short, gray dress and matching pumps. In his hand was his purse, filled with everything a girl needed, according to Sara. His long brown hair was styled in a loose up-do and his nails were painted and manicured. David was never a fan of the smell of nail polish, and sitting in the salon watching the women work on his fingers and toes while another cut and styled his hair had been an overwhelming experience.

Sara had done his makeup. She'd chosen a dark red hue for his lips and a soft, earthy-brown for his eye shadow. Chandelier earrings hung from his lobes—whatever magical force transformed his body also pierced his ears for him. In appearance, he was ready for a night on the town, but he wasn't sure if he was mentally ready for one.

David was a lightweight even when he had a male body, and unlike Sara, who could drink men under the table, he was still a lightweight. It was something he discovered only after he found himself chatting with a man named Richard.

Richard had blond hair and steel-blue eyes that were open and welcoming. Sara brought him and a friend of his back to the table when she left to get another round for the two of them.

David looked over at her when Richard turned his head away to cough. Sara was happily chatting away with the other guy. He had no idea what she

had planned when she brought the two men back, but David's concerns vanished when he looked back at Richard.

Richard smirked, then broke into a grin as he looked away, the flash of his teeth almost blinding David. The way only one of his dimples in his cheeks surfaced from the lopsided angle of his lips gave him chills, and David sunk his teeth into his own lip without thinking about it as their eyes met.

Those eyes... so deep and fathomless, like an abyss beckoning David with the promise of a warm forever; someplace he could just fall into and never find his way back out of; a place of peace and warmth unlike any he'd ever known.

David's heart fluttered in his chest, and he tried to look away from Richard's stare, only to find himself gazing at his broad, muscular shoulders, instead.

David wondered without meaning to: what kind of positions could Richard get him into with those strong arms of his?

"Fiona," Sara said to him. Then, when he didn't respond: "Fiona."

David blinked as he turned to her. "Yes?"

"Need to use the bathroom? I have to."

It took him a second to register what she meant. "Oh, right. Yes, I do have to go."

"Excuse us, gentlemen," Sara said with a wink.

"Sure thing, ladies," Richard replied.

Sara slid out of her chair with her purse in one hand and other arm wrapped around David's. He grabbed his purse and followed her to the bathroom.

Locking the door behind her, Sara turned to David.

"Falling for Richard, I see," she giggled.

David stared back at her, his eyes trying to maintain their focus. "I am not," he mumbled. "He's just... pretty."

"Look, babe, if you're not comfortable with this, let me know."

He smiled. "Uncomfortable with what?"

Sara turned away from him and looked at her reflection in the mirror. "I was going to invite them back to our place. I figured it would be fun for you to experience being with another man."

"I... I don't know, Sara," he said, "I thought we're boyfriend-girlfriend... err, girlfriend-girlfriend?"

She took her hands off of the counter and placed them on his shoulders, preventing him from toppling over. "We are, but this is only for one night. I'm not asking you to date him. Just... have sex with him."

"But... I love you."

"And I love you. If you don't want to do this, then just tell me and I'll call it off."

"I..." David trailed off as images of Richard naked filled his mind. He imagined himself in the arms of the husky man, his dick filling David's pussy.

He shifted, his hands moving to his crotch as if covering an imaginary boner. His already red face turned scarlet as he bit his lip, picturing the man ploughing him on his bed with Sara getting fucked next to him.

"Fiona?"

"Okay," he replied, looking up at her. "But just this one night."

"That-a girl," Sara said with a smile, hugging him tightly against her chest.

David had barely stepped foot into the entryway of the condo when she

turned around, wrapped her arms around Richard, and kissed him. The man was a good foot taller than her, even with the heels he was wearing, and David had to practically jump to get her lips to Richard's.

Richard responded by wrapping his arms around David, lifting her off of the ground. Sara and her date came in after them, smirking at David and how eager she was.

"Fiona, wait until we get to the bedroom!" Sara said, playfully tugging at David's dress.

Richard released her and they followed Sara to the bedroom. The two men grinned at each other as Sara and David kissed, removing each other's dresses as they climbed onto the bed.

They separated as the two men stripped and joined them. David's lips sought out Richard's as he placed himself on top of her, one hand cradling David's head and the other sliding underneath her bra.

David squealed as Richard fondled her breast. Richard sat back and watched as David unclipped her bra, tossing it aside and freeing her ample bosom for Richard to enjoy.

He moved down David's body, kissing and sucking on her nipples, his hand rubbing the inside of her thighs, inching closer to her anxious cunt.

David looked away from her lover to Sara, who grinded her hips against her date, her hands moving through her hair as he thrust into her from beneath.

Her attention shifted from her girlfriend to the man pleasuring her, and David's eyes went wide when she saw Richard's rock hard cock appear between her legs.

She bit her lip as she watched him slide on the rubber. Her pussy hungered, longing to be filled.

"Please, Richard. I want you to fuck me!" she said, rubbing the insides of her thighs.

"How could I resist an offer like that?" Richard said as he smirked. His

devilish grin made David giddy. The bed shook and David looked away once more to Sara.

She and her date had switched positions, and she now laid on her back next to David. She looked at her as her date fucked her, reached out her hand to rub David's cheek.

David stretched her neck and kissed her, pulling away from her strawberry lips to moan as Richard filled her pussy with his throbbing flesh.

David arched her back as Richard drove into her. Her inner walls gripped Richard's cock, unwilling to let it go. He pulled out and thrust back in, and David moaned once more.

She writhed around on the bed, her fingers rubbing her face and hooking to her lips as Richard moved in and out of her, both the pace and force of his movements intensifying until David was lost in a sea of erotic bliss.

Sara cried out next to her as she orgasmed and her date pulled out of her and looked to David.

He nodded to Richard, who flipped David onto her belly effortlessly. She looked back at him as she climbed onto his hands and knees, moaning as Richard slapped her ass and gripped her hips.

David looked away from him to the other man, whose rock hard cock was inches from her face. She closed her eyes and moaned as Sara slid underneath him and rubbed his clit while Richard pounded him.

Her open mouth was an invitation for the man, and he slid his still-hard dick into David's mouth. The man's musky aroma filled her nostrils and her tongue rubbed the underside of his cock as he thrust in and out.

It felt wonderful being filled at both ends. David had never been a dominant man in bed. The handful of women he had slept with had to make up for his slack, and oftentimes, the adventure ended early before either partner could get their release.

Now she was on the receiving end, looking up at the man who filled her throat with his thick cock. There was no hesitation, no second thoughts as to

why she was wrapping her lips around his throbbing member. All that David could feel was lust—pure, erotic bliss at being fucked.

The feeling of total submission was liberating. When she was a man, she had refused to accept the fact that she was a bottom—the submissive half of the relationship. She didn't want to admit that she didn't have any control in the bedroom.

But now, all she wanted to do was serve her lover. Fiona was a slave to her lust, her unquenchable libido, and it didn't bother her in the slightest.

Oh god, this is so good! Fuck me harder!

The man in front of her grunted as he gripped David's head. Seconds later, David felt thick ropes of hot cum shoot out of the man's dick into her throat, and it was enough to send her over the edge.

David moaned as she climaxed, coating Richard's dick with her own juices as Richard pounded harder and harder until he came as well. David swallowed the salty treat as the man pulled out of her mouth and backed away, leaving David licking her lips and exhausted.

The two men climbed off of the bed and put their clothes back on as Sara crawled over to David. She fell onto her side when she heard the front door close and a warmth spread throughout her body as it changed one final time.

Sara watched as David's breasts grew two cup sizes, moaning as her chest filled out to a bouncy set of double-D's and her dark hair lightened, changing from near-black to platinum blonde. David blinked as she sat up, her eyes turning ocean-blue.

"I guess I wasn't done changing," she said, looking at Sara.

"David... about the guys..." Sara said, looking away. "I hope I didn't—"

Her words were cut off by David as she kissed her.

"Sara, you are the only one for me. Your cock is the only one I want in me."

Sara smiled as she pushed David onto her back. She looked up at Sara submissively and watched as she climbed up off of the bed.

“Such a slut, Fiona,” she said, walking away and disappearing into her closet. She returned a minute later wearing a different harness with an even bigger dildo than the purple one. “I think you need to get punished.”

David squealed as she mounted her, filling her sopping wet cunt with her thick dick.

“I like the new you,” Sara said, rubbing David’s cheek as she thrust into her. “How do you feel, David?”

“I feel like... Fiona,” she moaned, smiling.