



Unexpected Changes

Farleven



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Unexpected Changes

I always hated waking up. I suppose it was because I was a night owl forced to live in a world full of people that thought getting up at the crack of dawn was the best way to live. Eight o'clock classes always felt like some form of torture. First, the alarm clock would blast in my ear and I'd reluctantly pull off the covers and fumble through the next couple of hours until I finally managed to really feel like a human about lunch time.

At least that was on a normal day. Today, something was different. First, there was no alarm, but there was someone jostling my arm. I felt myself shifting in bed. That was weird enough on its own. I wasn't exactly the smallest guy around, but I was being pushed around far too easily. I wasn't used to that.

My senses came flooding back in a variety of ways. First, I noticed that my chest felt heavy, and even more oddly, I wasn't feeling the normal hardness of my cock rubbing into my shorts. As awkward as it was, I was pretty used to that in the morning. I also felt a tangled web of hair all over my face as well. This was all pretty strange, but my brain was having trouble piecing everything together as I tried pushing through the morning haze that usually filled my head.

"Hey, wake up. Are you okay?" I heard a girl asking anxiously as she jostled me. That reminded me that I'd been visiting a friend over in the girls dorm. Heck, we'd sat down for some kind of little fake ritual one of her more colorful friends wanted to do. It was supposed to be magical or something. I hadn't exactly been paying attention. I remembered sitting down, and then we all started chanting. It was all pretty silly, but then I felt something strange in the air, and my whole body started to tingle and there was a huge flash. That was the last thing I remembered until I was being woken up

"Take it easy, she's still breathing." I heard my friend Roni from my other side. I groaned. Everything still felt strange, but I realized I wasn't in my normal night wear, and when I opened my eyes, I wasn't staring at my ceiling either. This was someone else's room! I tossed my head around and realized that I was still in Roni's friend's room. I think her name was Tina, and they were both looking at me with rather wide eyes, like they were trying to hold in some kind of shock.

"But she shouldn't be a she!" Tina shot back. That managed to snap through my groggy mind. They were talking about me! All those strange disjointed sensations suddenly came together and I bolted upright. The way my chest suddenly bounced confirmed pretty much my worst fear.

I couldn't stop myself from looking down. The twin peaks jutting out of my shirt were all the confirmation I needed, but my hands had to jump up anyway. I screamed when I felt my hands sinking into two very generously sized breasts. The feeling was so weird all the way around, from the way my hands cupped those round globes to the squished feeling in my chest at from my own fingers.

"Quiet, sorry..." Tina shushed me and I managed to pull one hand away from my heaving chest as I struggled to fight down the panic that had suddenly welled up inside me.

"What happened... to my voice?" I squealed again as I sounded about two octaves higher than normal. I had to stop as a new wave of panic hit me. It wasn't so much that I didn't know what happened now. I just needed someone else to tell me what was going on.

"Well..." Tina blushed as she pulled back a little. The pixyish girl's eyes darted back and forth for a moment. I'd never met her before tonight. She was one of Roni's friends, one that was apparently into playing at being some kind of witch. After a few more moments of fidgeting she finally looked up and met my eyes.

"Sorry. I didn't realize that the spell would actually work this time." She fidgeted again. "The last time I tried it, we had three girls, I hadn't realized it would work differently with a guy."

"What do you mean?" I had managed to collect myself, at least as much as was possible when I felt two huge breasts on my chest

and a noticeable void between my legs. I was doing my best. I didn't like to panic even if this was the perfect time to do so.

"Well... I just found this old magic book and it had this one spell that was supposed to help find out about the opposite sex. It needed three people, and I tried it a couple nights ago with a couple other girls, but nothing happened. I had kind of given up until Roni came by with you, and I figured it wouldn't hurt to try again. I thought it would just give us some knowledge, not change guys into girls!" Tina rattled off. It was clear she was almost as flustered as I was and that was no small feat. I nodded and turned to Roni. She looked extra concerned as well. There was something more to this than just the fact that I was a girl now.

"Tell her the rest." Roni glared over to Tina. Tina fidgeted some more.

"Well, there's a little problem with the whole spell, you see not only did it make you a girl, but everyone remembers you as a girl. The other thing is that there is only one way to change back." Tina blushed again. "I am so sorry..."

I sat there staring at her for a moment as I finally felt my breath coming under control again. What could she be so sorry about? I was still flustered, but I felt like an idiot when it hit me. The spell was about learning what it was like as the opposite sex. That had to mean only one thing.

"I have to have sex to turn back?" I blurted out and I shuddered from head to toe as the idea really sank in. I wasn't exactly a virgin, and even the idea of having sex as a girl was intriguing. Still the idea of having sex with a guy was a whole different deal.

Roni and Tina both nodded. It wasn't exactly the kind of thing that girls liked to say out loud, and especially so under these kind of circumstances.

"That, and the longer you stay a girl, the more feminine you're going to feel. If you stay that way too long, you'll end up thinking of yourself as a girl instead of as a guy." Tina added. She couldn't meet my gaze as she said that. My first reaction was disbelief, certainly my sense of self couldn't be changed that much! Then I felt the jiggling of my chest. If my outsides could be changed so completely changed, why couldn't my insides?

"That's crazy!" I shouted, trying to deny the feeling that what she told me was right. I already had inklings of that very thing. Every moment I sat here, the weight on my chest felt more natural, almost normal, and the emptiness between my legs was not quite the dismaying shock that I knew it should have been.

Tina squirmed and Roni gave me a sympathetic look. I didn't need to see any more to know that they really were telling me the truth. Now I had to suck it up and decide what I was going to do.

"Okay, so how long do I have before I go full girly?" I asked. I had a feeling that there was something in the way that worked as much as everything else.

"Yeah, I think you get maybe forty eight hours or so. Magic isn't always a precision thing. The other problem is that if you wait too long then you won't be able to change back at all, of course, by then you'll probably think you've always been a girl." I could see that Tina knew she was just digging herself in deeper.

"How do you know all this if you didn't know the spell would turn me into a girl in the first place?" I wondered.

"Well, after you changed I did a heavy crash course on that spell. You've been unconscious for like three hours. I've still not covered everything yet, but I'm going to get right back on it as soon as you're okay." Tina explained. I could see the frazzled look in her eyes.

"What time is it?" I asked reflexively. We'd come over here pretty late and if I'd been out for three hours it had to be past midnight.

"About one thirty AM." Roni replied. That sealed it. No matter what else needed to be done, it was far too late to manage it now.

"Okay, then we should all get some sleep and hit this in the morning." I got up. Even for a night owl I was hitting the end of my day. I would do much better with this in the morning. I just hoped I hadn't slipped too much into the girl mode by then. Even if I was ready to jump into bed with a guy, the only ones I knew who would be up at this hour would be the guys I'd never want anywhere near girly me.

The other two nodded. Tina turned back to her books and Roni helped walk me out.

"So do you remember where your room is?" She asked. It was a strange question, but as soon as she asked I realized just how right

she was to ask. I was about to head back to my dorm room in the men's hall. If everyone really saw me as a girl, there was no way I had a room there.

"I... I guess I don't." I blushed a bit. It seemed odd to not know such a basic thing, and yet I didn't. My life as a girl probably didn't line up with my guy self in a lot of places, but at the moment, I didn't have a clue where those differences would all come from.

"I thought as much. You actually live down the hall from me. Don't worry, your roommate is a heavy sleeper. I don't think she's ever woken up even when you came home singing show tunes." Roni smiled a bit at that. I looked at her in surprise. I hadn't told her about the show tunes night from a few weeks ago. I'd stumbled home drunk and probably woke up half my floor, but that had been in the men's hall.

"You remember that?" I asked.

"How could anyone forget the way you caterwauled all the way down the hall. You must have woken up everyone on your floor, except for your roommate. Oh, her name is Abbey, just in case you didn't remember that." Roni added.

I realized how awkward that could have been and nodded my thanks. With any luck, I wouldn't have much of a chance to talk to her. I could only imagine how many things I'd get wrong in even a quick conversation. There wasn't a need to make things more awkward than they already were.

"Okay, then I'll see you in the morning, as early as I can manage." I gave Roni a wry smile as she pointed me towards my room. Under normal circumstances, I wouldn't probably have gotten up until noon, but given the situation, I wasn't going to be sleeping at this time. The two jiggling masses on my chest were all I needed for incentive to get up early.

Roni gave me a quick hug and then pushed me on. I stumbled into my room and looked around in the sudden darkness. The thundering rattle of my roommate's snores told me which bed was mine. I stripped down, trying my best to ignore all the strange new bumps and curves. As crazy as it might sound, I was far too exhausted to really think about any of that now. I wondered if it was a side effect of the magic for a moment as my head hit the pillow.

Getting a whole body transformation had to take it out of you. Regardless, I was done and even the grating sounds from across the room couldn't keep me awake.

The next morning wasn't nearly as much of a shock as waking up last night was. I also realized I wasn't nearly as groggy as usual for nine in the morning. It wasn't until I sat up and stretched out a morning yawn that I realized I had breasts. I think I even blushed a little as I looked down at my nipples poking through the top of my shirt. I'd cut down to just my shirt and a pair of panties. I hadn't really thought about it last night, but my clothes had gone through the same shift the rest of me had. My boxers had become panties and a bra had popped out of nowhere. I'd managed to remove that before going to sleep.

I looked over towards my roommate's bed and was glad that she'd already left. At least that was one thing I wouldn't have to deal with yet. Hopefully, I'd be back in my rightful body before I'd need to come back here. That just left me with a few things I needed to do before Roni showed up.

First of which was a shower. Just looking down at my new chest had me torn between raging curiosity and crazy nerves. What guy could resist getting this kind of up close look at a girl's body and pretty much free reign over it? Still, I felt like I was going crazy just sitting here. I was a girl now! As cool as it was to explore all the little feminine details on offer, I wasn't myself any longer, and if I didn't get a handle on things I might never be able to change back.

That was enough to get me out of bed. I grabbed a robe from my closet and a little bucket of what must have been my various soaps and shower accessories and headed off.

The first thing that hit me was the fact that I really was in a women's dorm. I just about smacked right into another robe wearing coed before I managed to snap myself out of my daze. Here I was, with at least half a dozen barely dressed, perky women heading to or from the shower. It wasn't easy to keep myself from staring, but a few concerned glances helped get me moving. I'm sure they weren't exactly used to my girl self staring at them like some lust crazed guy.

As soon as I realized what I was doing, I kept my head down and headed straight for the showers. Just as I started to push in the door,

I felt a wave of anxiety hit me. What if the girls showers were like the guys? I didn't think I'd fare well in an open room of naked showering coeds. Just the sight of girls in robes had been enough for me to make a fool of myself. In a way I was relieved, I still had a guy's appreciation for the female form, but another part of me was afraid of just how completely I'd make an ass of myself in the shower.

Luckily, my fears were unfounded. The girls had their own shower stalls with nice curtains. I had a hard time deciding if I should be disappointed or grateful. Most of all, I just wanted to get down to business. The sooner I got ready and could meet up with Roni, the faster we could get a plan together to reverse this whole mess.

I pulled off my robe and stepped into the shower. That sounds pretty simple, but that's the point when I really realized I was utterly and completely a woman. The breasts were obvious, of course, but now I really got to see them, round and pale on my untanned skin. My nipples seemed huge, pink and a little puffy as they poked out from the peaks. The really strange part was just how much less hairy I was, aside from the tuft of pubic hair between my legs, I was covered with little more than a downy fuzz. Somehow I knew my legs had been shaved, and if I gave it a few days I'd have to deal with that again.

The rest of the changes were almost as disturbing. My hands were smaller, delicate and still had a coat of pink on the well groomed nails. My hair fell around my shoulders and over the tops of my breasts. It was long and mostly straight, and feeling it flutter around my head was rather distracting. My skin was soft and smooth, and I shuddered when I ran my hands over my new curves. I couldn't deny how sensitive I seemed to be. I managed to control myself a bit, but I knew I couldn't resist getting to the more personal details for long.

I can't really say why I didn't just dive in. I started up the shower instead. I had to admit that I was freakishly curious, but at the same time I hated to have that final confirmation that I really wasn't a guy anymore. I knew it was crazy, there certainly wasn't any doubt at this point, but that didn't really change my feeling any. Still, as soon as I started to soap up my new body, I wasn't going to be able to keep from exploring that final valley.

The feeling of my wet hands sliding over my breasts managed to sidetrack my attention. I hadn't realized just how distracting two heaving jiggling mounds could be. They weren't quite as sensitive as I expected on the whole, but my nipples were another matter. They weren't a pleasure center exactly, more tender really. It was kind of easy to just relax and massage myself, but as the novelty wore off, I was couldn't resist the biggest curiosity.

I took a deep breath and let my hands slide over my smooth stomach. I looked down, but there wasn't anything to see from this angle, just a tangle of pubic hair and an empty void between my legs. I shuddered a bit as my finger curved over the my new mound and cupped my pussy. It was such an alien feeling, the difference of having a dangling combination of balls and cock and then just a smooth pair of fleshy lips tucked between my legs.

I barely suppressed a gasp as my fingers ran along my slit. My new folds were far more sensitive than I'd expected and I couldn't keep from rubbing along that cleft. It felt so good, and yet wickedly strange at the same time. My fumbling explorations quickly found what had to be my clit and I had to moan out loud when my finger rubbed over that sensitive nub. It wasn't really possible to compare it to having a cock, but the feeling was still amazing. The strangest part was the feeling of squishy heat from between my legs. I realized I was turning myself on, but I'd never really thought about how it felt to be a horny girl.

I pulled my hands away and dialed the shower over to cold. I didn't want to waste more time, even if it was kind of fun. I was afraid I'd just stay in here half the day pleasuring myself. If Tina was right, I was still working under a time constraint, and I didn't want to lose time right now, no matter how good it felt.

I quickly rinsed myself off and skittered back to my room. There was something different about walking around as a girl in a robe. As a guy, I usually just went around in shorts after my shower. Even though I was less exposed now, I felt the opposite, with my unrestrained chest bouncing with every step and the draft between my legs rising up to tickle my intimates. I was relieved to finally make it back to my room.

Well, at least until I started picking out clothes. The panties at least were easy enough, even if my girl self seemed to have an emasculating affection for pink. The bra was a fair bit more trouble, and reaching around to get it all hooked up seemed to result in the straps cutting into my chest until I finally managed to work everything out. Now I felt constrained though, with my chest all wrapped up and bound, but at least I didn't jiggle nearly as much.

The rest of my clothes presented me with a dilemma. I hadn't expected to find a closet full of feminine options. Sure, there were a few basic shirts and pants, but most of my choices were a mix of skirts, dresses and blouses. The worst part about it wasn't my options, it was the strange feelings I had looking through them. It was almost like stirring memories, but not quite. A particular dress made me feel like dancing, a skirt gave me the sense of skipping down the sidewalk; there were so many emotions.

I wavered for a while, torn between my sensibilities and the draw of certain outfits. Did I want to show off some skin? Should I be sexy or subdued? I knew I would have to find a guy to sleep with, but should I be thinking about presentation now? It was crazy. If I wasn't standing in front of a closet full of girl clothes wearing a bra and panties I might have thought the idea was insane, but reality had a funny way of cutting through things. If the only way I was going to change back was to have sex, I wasn't going to fight it.

I shuffled and tossed through the selection. The whirlwind of emotions was enough to send me reeling a bit, but I finally settled on my choice. It was a simple little combination, a slightly ruffled skirt that didn't quite reach my knees and a T-shirt. The set made me feel flirty for some reason, and that was as close as I wanted to get to the sexy side of things.

Once I'd pulled it all on, I took a deep breath. The shirt felt relatively normal, but the draft between my legs was a bit disconcerting. It was a mixture of freedom and exposure all rolled into one, and I wasn't sure if I should feel liberated or embarrassed. I knew just how much of a draw a skirt could be to a guy's eye, especially when the girl had a nice round butt like mine.

Thankfully, a knock on the door derailed that line of thought and I raced over to open it. Roni was standing there, her eyes bulging a

little as she looked at me.

"Wow, this is still just so unreal." Roni tilted her head a bit and looked me over. "I mean, I know what happened, and yet when I look at you I just see my friend Beth."

"Imagine how I feel." I laughed as I thrust out my chest a bit more lewdly than I had planned. I was still noticing their weight and the way they jiggled in my bra was still bothering me. "Everything is all jiggling in the wrong places and I've got a weird draft going on, and yet it still feels kind of normal. I don't think I want to wait around for me to feel even more girly."

"Great, then I think I've got a guy that's perfect for you. If you don't mind that he and I kind of did it before." Roni fidgeted a bit. As good of friends as we were, we didn't exactly go into the details about each other's love lives. Sure, I heard about who she was dating from time to time, but we skipped over the details.

"Okay, what makes him so good?" I asked, not sure that I really wanted the answer, and yet needing to know just the same. It wasn't like I was looking for some kind of long term relationship. All I needed was someone to roll around in bed with and reverse this stupid spell. That didn't mean I wanted to just do it with anyone, that was true. In fact, I hadn't really thought much about how I wanted that part to go down at all.

"Well, he's a pretty nice guy in the sack, gentle and careful. He's not into anything too extreme, which I figure works pretty well for you, right? And he's still single at the moment, so I'm sure we could talk him around pretty easily." Roni explained. I nodded. It certainly seemed like she'd thought it through pretty well. If I had to go through with this, then he certainly sounded like a good choice, at least good enough.

"So when can we meet up?" I asked. I felt my stomach twist a bit just saying that. The weird thing was, it wasn't just in discomfort, there was a serious twinge of anxious anticipation. This was certainly a strange kind of circumstance, but I couldn't deny I was curious about how it would feel to really have sex as a girl. Even the fact I was going to do it with a guy didn't quite have the same punch to it as it did last night.

"How about after lunch? I called him up and while I didn't tell him everything he's got some private time in his room around then. So why don't we get some breakfast and take it from there." Roni motioned towards the dining hall.

I followed her and tried not to notice just how weird it felt walking around in a skirt with a heavy pair of breasts bouncing on my chest. My brain couldn't seem to decide if this was the strangest thing ever or just perfectly routine. I did my best not to let it show.

Roni escorted me around for the rest of the morning. We decided to skip class and basically just hung out at a cafe. It was a pretty strange day. In a lot of ways, being a girl wasn't any different than being a guy. Then just as I was starting to feel almost relaxed, I'd notice some guy staring at my chest or I'd hear someone whistle and I'd snap back to being weirded out. Naturally, it didn't help that I was just hanging out and waiting to get into bed with some guy I didn't know and have sex.

That was really the thing of it. The closer we got to meeting up, the more worked up I was getting. Sure, there were the standard nerves, but I was getting hot in an entirely different way. Just like in the shower, I was starting to warm up between my legs as I thought about what I was supposed to do. The feeling was so strange, a mix of heat and squishiness that was compounding an empty ache between my legs. By the time we finally started off to his dorm, I couldn't deny that I was almost eager to feel that emptiness filled.

"So, are you ready?" Roni asked as we stood in front of his door. I wavered a bit, eager and yet nervous. I wasn't going to tell her how horny I was, and I was doing my best to keep the rest of my nerves in check.

"Yeah, before I chicken out." I smiled back with my best forced smile. She reached up and knocked on the door. She'd barely gotten to the second knock when the door opened up. I gulped in the air and my eyes bulged as I took in the sight of him. Roni had spared me any details, and now I was just stunned.

He was taller than me, probably by a good six inches. He was buff without looking like a muscle bound jock and he smiled down at me with a look of bemused surprised. In an instant, I could tell he was a nice guy, and every part of my new body was crying out that

he was a hunk as well. It was a bizarre feeling, similar and yet different from how it felt when I used to run into a cute girl. I felt like I was kind of melting all over and yet ready to pounce all at the same time.

"Hi." He said. The way his voice wavered between eagerness and caution made me quiver.

"Hi." I held up a hand and gave him a little wave. It felt silly, and yet I totally didn't know what to do. The notion of just hooking up with some guy sounded easy, but now that I was here on his doorstep, I realized I had no idea what I should do.

"Jack, this is Beth, the girl I told you about." Roni did her best with a quick introduction. I knew she was a bit lost as well. It wasn't every day that you hooked up two people like this. The following moment of awkward silence just left me jittery. I hated this kind of thing. I was usually a man of frantic action, ill conceived, but without much hesitation. Mostly, I did it to avoid incapacitating nervousness.

"So, would you mind... you know... fucking my brains out?" I stammered along until I'd found just the wrong thing to say. I don't think I could have turned any redder after I let out the last word. How could I say that? It was certainly in my normal style, direct, to the point and totally inappropriate. It didn't help any that it completely clashed with my budding feminine sensibilities. Girls weren't supposed to talk like that, even if they were doing it while they fidgeted with one leg and twirled their hair at the same time.

Roni just looked at me in shock and Jack seemed like he'd just tried to swallow a pumpkin. I don't know what Roni had told him, but I'd probably pushed things a bit too far.

"Sorry. I'm still a little new at this." I smiled again. The worst thing was that my eagerness was starting to boil over. I really did want to do this, and it didn't hurt in the least that Jack was such a good looking guy. My earlier reservations hadn't completely gone away, but I was pushing them to the back of my mind. The fact was I was horny and while it wasn't quite the same driving pressure I felt when I was a guy, I still really wanted to fuck.

"Yeah. Okay. Roni?" Jack looked over at her with a quizzical glance. As confused as he looked, I noticed one other thing, his

pants were starting to tent right around the crotch. If nothing else, my appearance was having the desired effect on him.

"That's kind of the deal, if you don't mind. She's not crazy, but she's just a little out of sorts today. Show her a good time, she's not looking for a commitment." Roni explained. It was true enough. I really wasn't looking for a relationship, I just had a particular problem and a deadline that forced me to short circuit a few of the normal social niceties.

"Is that right?" He turned to look at me. I could see he looked concerned. Obviously, it wasn't normal for girls to make this kind of an offer. Even guys had more tact, and that was because girls generally didn't go for the blunt approach, at least not from most guys.

"Yeah. I'm up for it if you are." I smiled again, trying to give him the best wicked smile I could. If I was going to go do a crazy thing, I might as well go all the way with it. It surprised me, but I really was ready for it, all of it. Just the thought of getting into his pants was actually making me hotter. I wasn't quite sure how that was possible, but I couldn't deny the feeling coursing through me either.

Roni just smiled, leaned in and then gave us both a shove towards his door. I wasn't sure, but I suspected the move was more for his benefit than mine, especially as I bumped into him chest first. My breasts bounced against him and I looked up into his surprised eyes. I could see him look down at me, and a smile slowly grew on his lips as he felt me jiggling against him. My silly and lustful grin probably didn't hurt his enthusiasm either.

"Have fun!" Roni shouted as she gave us one more push and then pulled the door closed as we tumbled inside. Jack fell onto the floor and I followed until I was laughing on top of him. It was close enough to the perfect position and I leaned in and gave him a quick kiss on the lips. I don't know why, but it seemed like just the right thing to do. He started to get up and I pressed my hand against his chest and pushed back down. There wasn't a reason to get up quite yet.

My head was swimming with different thoughts. Part of me was driving me forward, eager to jump in and fuck his brains out. I was horny, but also curious. Everything felt so strange, and my instincts

were pushing me hard to do what I'd never imagined doing before. The small part of me that was still objecting to all this tried to fight down those feelings. I had to do this or I'd never change back. It didn't hurt any that the rest of me was ready, but I didn't need to think about how weird this was.

Before he could say anything else, I slid down. I didn't want him to get cold feet, and I was such a whirlwind of crazy that I didn't know what I would do if I waited either. Instead, I straddled his legs and sat up. My hands reached down and started to fumble with his belt. I was trying my best not to really think about what I was doing even as I was focused on my task. My hands were really unzipping a guys pants! I felt so wild. It was like the whole world had flipped on its head, and yet I just had to keep going.

As the zipper came down, his fly parted and his boxers rose through the gap. His cock was clearly outlined, and already throbbing and hard. I quivered, knowing what I wanted to do and yet still biting against the reluctant wave that was inside me. This really wasn't something that straight guys did, and yet I had to get my hands on what was in his pants.

Jack was just watching me as I reached down. I think he was still in shock, and torn on what to do. It wasn't every day that you had a girl basically throw herself at your crotch, and he probably didn't want to break the spell. I was okay with that. This was strange enough as it was without pushing even more weirdness at me.

When I finally pulled his zipper all the way down, I took a deep breath. This was the real moment, if I did this then I was going to go all the way. I knew that right down to the core of my being. I also knew that I wanted to do this, not just because I wanted to turn back into my old self, but because I had to know what it was like to be the current me.

My hands slid over his boxers for a moment, feeling the hardness pressing through the soft fabric. Then I reached up for the waistband and pulled down. His cock sprang out and I had to suppress a laugh at the absurdity of it. I'd seen plenty of dicks before, but certainly not from this angle and definitely not ones throbbing and hard because of me. I felt oddly complimented, and I knew one way to show my appreciation for it.

I started by simply sliding my fingers along his length. It was so different! My first thought was that he seemed so huge, especially in contrast to my dainty little fingers. I couldn't keep from wrapping my hand around him and stroking up and down his hard member. I hadn't expected it to feel so hard or so hot. I also couldn't escape the thought that this huge cock was going to fit inside me!

Jack was doing his best not to show just how much of an effect I was having on him as I traced my fingers along the throbbing veins of his shaft and around the bulging tip. Still, he was making cute gasps and moans when I ran over a particularly sensitive spot. I hadn't expected it, but those little sounds just made me even more horny, and I decided I couldn't let him get off that easily. I wasn't going to let up until he let himself go.

There was one surefire way to do just that. I licked my lips and slid down his legs some more and then I leaned down. No guy could control himself once a girl started licking and sucking on his cock. Jack was no exception. When I leaned in and ran my tongue all the way up his shaft, he let out a wonderfully lustful moan. It wasn't until I had my mouth wrapped around the tip of his cock that I really realized what I'd just done. I had a guy's dick in my mouth!

As strange as it might sound, it was almost natural. The strong masculine flavor and the musky scent had my pussy seething with need. I paused for just a moment, and before any real objection could come to my mind, I slid my lips down and took as much of him into my mouth as I could. The way he moaned and squirmed under me was just egging me on further. I'd licked out a girl before and I had much the same thrill. Every movement of my tongue, every press of my lips brought a reaction from him and got me quivering as well. Simply sharing my desires was enough to press us further towards our mutual peak.

I kept it up for a few more rounds. I bobbed my head up and down and listened to him gasping with pleasure. I didn't want to go too far though. I needed something else entirely from him, even if this was fun, I didn't want to spoil him for what I came here for. So I gave him one last long suck until his tip popped out of my mouth.

"So, how about we get more comfortable?" I smiled at him and motioned towards his bed. He simply nodded and I stood and helped

pull him up after me. I gave him another quick kiss as we came together again. My hands got busy unbuttoning his shirt and before I'd gotten very far, his hands were sliding down my waist and helping to undo my skirt.

Undressing was always an awkward exercise, and this was certainly no exception. Getting him out of his button down shirt was easy enough, even as my skirt was sliding down my legs. My blouse was another matter, and we fumbled for a bit before I was standing there in just my bra and panties and he was pretty much naked except for his socks. His big hands reached around me again to unhook my bra and then he pulled it off my shoulders and slid it down my arms. I blushed as I felt the cups fall away from my breasts. As good as the sudden freedom felt, I couldn't deny how exposed I felt like this.

"You're beautiful." He managed to say with awe reverberating in his voice. I couldn't help but blush deeper at that. I wasn't really wasn't sure how to feel about that. I was complimented, embarrassed and excited all at once.

"Thanks, you're pretty hot too." I smiled back at him and then slid my hands down and pulled my panties off. That was the final straw, and now there was just one more thing to do. I stepped forward and pressed my naked body against his and pushed towards the bed.

The feeling was as wickedly erotic as it was strange. My whole body was so sensitive that I felt everything and all of it was different. From the way my breasts jiggled against his hard chest, to the roughness of his skin, but the craziest part was feeling his hard cock pressing against my stomach. That one element drew all my focus, and my new pussy quivered eagerly.

As we moved towards the bed, Jack swung me around. I could feel his strength as he helped move me onto the bed until I was on my back with my legs spread wide. His power was intoxicating, and I waited eagerly to feel it again as he climbed on top of me. His hands started sliding over my body and I moaned as he stroked and petted me. I felt like putty in his hands and yearned for more.

The way his hands squeezed and massaged me made it hard to think straight, and when he finally reached my breasts I was a moaning, whimpering pile of need. Feeling his hands sink into my

soft chest was almost too much, and when his fingers started to rub and pinch my nipples I moaned loudly. There was just no way to describe how amazing everything felt, and I knew I still had more to go.

Jack kept moving up, even as his hands continued their wonderful assault on my chest. As he squeezed and pinched, he leaned over me and we met again for another kiss. This one was unlike the earlier flirting pecks. Our lips melted together, parting only for out tongues to start dancing together. I let all of my passions boil over into our embrace and I felt his need as well.

My thighs rub against his as my hands gripped his shoulders. He was forced to prop himself up with one hand as the other continued to squeeze and fondle my tender breast. I was clenched against him, seething and needful. There was only one thing I wanted now, and when I felt him rubbing between my legs I moaned again.

The feeling of something long and hard sliding over the lips of my pussy was pure heaven. In an instant I knew that I was dripping wet, and that his cock had to be slick with my juices. I squirmed at the raw intimacy of the feeling, and spread my legs again for him. I surprised myself more in that reaction than in the fact that I was just about to really become a woman. The aching need inside me to be filled was stronger than the strangeness of having a cock probing between my legs. It was simple, I needed this!

I knew he understood that as well, and after a few wet strokes along my outer lips, he pulled back and I felt his tip sliding down my slit until it felt like he was poised right at my very center. I was panting between frantic kisses now. The feeling of my flesh parting ever so slightly for him was nearly overwhelming.

He pressed his lips down on me again, claiming me with a ferocious kiss. Then I felt a pressure building between my legs and I cried out as he thrust into me. The raw sensation of being filled was incredible as he drove deep into my wet pussy with one hard push. I grabbed at him even harder as he split me open, stretching the soft folds of my flesh. My whole reality became my pussy and the throbbing fullness building inside me.

"Oh... oh, yes..." I whimpered as his hips met mine. He was deep inside me now. I could hardly believe I'd really taken that entire cock

into me, and yet, I could feel every inch of it filling me. It felt so hard, so deep and yet absolutely perfect. There was simply no more room for doubt. I was a woman, and I needed to be fucked!

I pulled him close and kissed him frantically again. I wrapped myself around him, enjoying these impossible feelings, but as good as it was, I felt a growing need boiling up inside me. Then just as I was about to beg for more, he pulled back. I could feel him sliding out of me, and I quivered, enthralled by the feeling of wet friction inside me and yet horrified by the aching emptiness he left behind.

Then, just as the tip had returned to the gateway of my passage he stopped. I seethed, squirming against him, eager to feel him inside me again as our lips and tongues mashed together. Then just when I was about to scream, he thrust into me again. I moaned loudly. I don't know if it was possible, but it felt even more raw, more powerful this second time I felt myself being impaled.

He didn't stop this time. As soon as he reached my aching depths he pulled back again, and I soon found him moving us in a very deliberate and intoxicating rhythm. It was slow and powerful, and it was exactly what I needed. I was beyond words as he moved within me. His hands began stroking and fondling me again as he thrust. I eagerly thrust myself towards him as he drove into me, my hands stroking and squeezing his muscular arms and back.

The intensity of it was intoxicating. I didn't want it to end, and yet I matched his every motion as we drew more and more heated. It was just too hard to resist, and his cock thrust into me harder and harder with every filling push. My hips couldn't resist meeting him with equal energy and it wasn't long before we were pounding into each other with a wild fervor.

"Harder, oh god! Fuck me harder!" I heard my ravaged voice cry out as I writhed under him. It was simply too intense to contain myself. I needed more, craved it. The feeling of him hammering into me was all I could think about and I threw myself at him with all the fervor I could.

He did his best to meet my demands, and we grunted, gasped and moaned as our flesh merged into one. The intensity was beyond anything I'd expected, and I kissed him frantically. I was lost to the

depths of this passion and I could feel something new building inside me, driving me.

"Harder! Harder! Harder!" I demanded and he did just that. I felt him quaking as well. His whole body tensed up. I knew he was holding on, holding back and then he grabbed on tight and kissed me hard as he pounded into me.

"Oh... oh... OH GOD!" I screamed as I felt something snap inside me. I felt him burying himself deep, but that was dwarfed by the flood of pleasure that exploded inside me. All the intensity of our fucking let loose as one raw wave of raw ecstasy, washing away everything. There was no more room for thought, nothing except the feeling of perfection.

I help him tight, enjoying his warmth as I embraced this amazing new feeling. I could feel him pulsing inside me and I knew it was his cum. I was being filled with his seed and that just made my body quake in pleasure again. It was so hot, so sexy and I pulled him into for another savage kiss. Then he held me tight and rolled onto his back. I stayed on top, and we kissed again.

We stayed like that for a while, simply basking in the afterglow. It was simply too hard to think about moving when I felt so good. It was just such a natural thing to stay like this, and we caressed each other as the intensity slowly bled off.

I didn't know how long I stayed like that, but after a while I started to feel strange. It wasn't something I could put my finger on, but I knew I needed to go. I leaned down for one more quick kiss.

"Thank you, I'll never forget this." I smiled and then gently pushed myself off and rolled away. He just grinned stupidly and watched as I leaned down and started to dress myself. I blushed a bit, but let him enjoy the show. After what he'd just done for me, I felt kind of obligated after all.

It didn't take long to finish dressing. Then I turned back, gave him another thankful smile, waved and shot out of his room.

Now, I felt that strange pull growing even stronger. I knew I had to follow it and quickly. I let the feeling guide me and it wasn't long before I realized it was drawing me back to Tina's dorm room. I knew it had to be the magic and picked up the pace.

"So, you feel it?" Roni asked as she popped up next to Tina's door. I nodded. Somehow it was drawing both of us back here. Just as I was about to knock, the door snapped open.

"Good." Tina smiled and grabbed our hands. I grabbed Roni's and then in a moment I felt a strange wash of energy pop around us. There was simply no easy way to describe it other than it felt kind of like the whole world snapped for a moment and then sprang back together.

"Whoa!" I gasped as I let go of the circle. I looked down reflexively and saw my familiar flat chest again. A few other quick checks confirmed that I was every bit the man I'd been before Tina's crazy spell.

"Thank the goddess." Tina let out a long gasp. I could tell she'd been worried, but now that the spell had been reversed she looked almost relaxed.

"So, back to normal?" Roni was busy looking me over. I was doing much the same thing. I still felt a little strange now that everything was back. My chest didn't jiggle, I didn't have hair waving over my shoulders, and my crotch wasn't empty any more.

"Yeah, I think I'm good." I patted myself down quick.

"So how was it? Being a girl?" Roni smiled at me wickedly. I could just imagine the dirty thoughts brewing in her mind.

I wasn't quite ready to share yet though, and just gave her a smile in response. Whether it was just the magic or not, it had been an experience I'd never forget. In a way I was almost disappointed I couldn't do it again, but I didn't want to share any of that with Roni, at least not yet. For now, all I really wanted to do was enjoy the memory, there would be plenty of time to share later.

And maybe, just maybe, I'd find a way to play with that magic again...

The End

From the Author

I've enjoyed writing stories from a very young age and as I grew older it only seemed natural to expand my writing into more adventurous realms. I grew up a child of the eighties and weaned on rerun tv and well stocked local library that stoked a love of adventure in me.

As a youth, I was drawn to mind control and transformation. The ability to be whatever you wanted to be or have complete control over your domain were both compelling. Of course, as I grew older, the relative innocence of these interests gave way to an ever growing kink that eventually exploded into my writings. To my surprise, I discovered that the opposite of complete control, the notion of being completely dominated, held an almost equal power over my fantasies. In both ways one can give into pleasure without reservation.

It is that energy that I try to weave into my work. A passion for pleasure, even when it may not have been requested, in the end it is begged for. For sometimes only in darkness can a single light shine brightest.

As always I enjoy feedback, no adventure is complete if walked alone.

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Or visit my blog at farleven.wordpress.com

For the latest information about Farleven's newest releases and exclusive offers delivered straight to your inbox, please signup for [Farleven's Newsletter!](#)

Other Stories by Farleven

Voluntary Beauty

An Erotic Transgender Transformation Story

Voluntary Beauty, the company's advertisements were everywhere. You could have the body you always wanted, or for those needing a bit of money you can get the body that everyone wants. With their revolutionary technology, they could give anyone a young and beautiful form that would be lusted after by anyone.

Renton was down on his luck and after getting kicked out of his apartment, he decided to try his luck at Voluntary Beauty. They'd give him a contract for a year, and solve all his money problems. All he needed to do was become a beautiful woman. No one outside the company would know who he really was.

Any reservations he had fell away after a few sessions with the company's gorgeous interviewer, Marigold. She helped convince him to sign on, and soon he started a whole new life. As the now lovely Rosalie, he quickly found himself on his first assignment with a wealthy older man who was intent on showing her the full pleasure of being a woman.

[Find out more about this story.](#)

Pledging Tau Geta Delta Part 1 - Dressing Up

An Erotic Transgender Transformation Adventure

The unexpected can sometimes be amazing...

Tau Geta Delta, now that was the fraternity for me. Sure, I'd been down on the whole frat thing when I started college life, but at a tech school with three guys for every girl, I'd started to come around. Taus had the best parties, and seemed to attract the hottest women. They even had better than average job placement after graduating, what wasn't to like about that.

They did have a reputation for having the hardest initiation, only about half the pledges made it through and joined up. That wasn't about to dissuade me, though. I was up for the challenge. Or at least I thought I was. I expected a little hazing, but I didn't expect to get turned into a girl!

To get through the week, I would have to live as an elfin brunette with nice curves and discover all the pleasures of being a coed. It sounded crazy until I bumped into Tom and found out that I was swimming in womanly needs that he was more than happy to help me enjoy. Now all that's left is telling the story of my crazy sexy adventure!

[Find out more about this story.](#)

Changing Abigail

An Erotic Transformation Story

Abigail was simply humoring her roommate Tessa. It was hard not to simply let the energetic brunette have her way, and this time was no different. Sure, Abigail liked to party from time to time, but she had to study sometimes too. Tonight, though, she let Tessa drag her to a special party, one where something extraordinary was supposed to be on order.

When she bumped into her beefy lab partner Jack, Abigail felt relieved. Tessa would no doubt leave her to chase after the first hot guy walked by, but she could keep Jack interested as long as she wanted to. Just as they were starting to get settled in, the host showed up and after giving a little speech, he grew a pair of wolf ears and a tail!

Special nanobot patches were passed around, and Tessa came back, this time as some half-cow woman with a raging libido and a massive new chest. Abigail just couldn't resist joining in, and decided to take the plunge along with her hunky classmate. After she turned into a frisky cat-girl, Jack was ready to help her have a wild night that she's not going to soon forget!

[Find out more about this story.](#)

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