

Fashionista (Otaku to Model TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for MR

Mike Rider is a nerdy Otaku who just can't catch a break, socially. When he is given the chance to partake in an experimental 'Beautification and Confidence' program, he leaps at the chance. Unfortunately, he doesn't pay attention to the fact that this new experimental surgery will make him a beautiful woman, with a fashionista's social sense as well!

Fashionista

Mike Rider had never been more humiliated. He knew he wasn't a catch. He was a lanky (6'2, specifically), spectacled, nerdy-looking twenty two year old with black hair that refused to behave, and no fashion sense beyond a bunch of hoodies that hid his underdeveloped figure, which somehow managed to be scrawny *and* pudgy at once, in all the wrong places. He was a massive Otaku who lived and breathed anime and manga and desperately wanted to visit Japan one day, and yet he doubted he'd ever make it on his waiter salary, a job he was barely clinging onto with the miserable shifts he got. And this wasn't even getting into his poor social skills! Mike had never been good with people, and his confidence dropped whenever he was in a crowd or even one-on-one, especially with members of the opposite sex. He'd fill the void with silly nerdery and pop culture trivia, usually anime-related, and this was an instant turn off for many.

And yet, despite all this, he'd taken a chance.

A real chance.

He'd put himself out there. He'd tried to dress up nice for once, even if he had no real fashion radar. He spent his hard-earned money on a button shirt and slacks, and went out to an actual club. He'd drunk alcohol (coughing all the while - it didn't agree with him) and tried to dance (poorly), and when liquid courage replaced his actual lack thereof, he'd even adjusted his hair, strode forth, and tried to talk to a group of rather attractive girls.

And it had all gone downhill from there.

Mike lay in bed, nursing his hangover, the images from last night filling his vision. God, it was horrible. How could he have been so hopeless? He'd fucking *curtsied* at one point, tried to explain *Cowboy Bebop* to a girl who was clearly not interested. He'd backed up against one of their boyfriends and then performed a Japanese-style bow, even speaking the language briefly: "*Sumimasen!*" When he tried to talk to another girl, his eyes locked on her breasts and she'd ended up slapping him! Finally, when he'd retreated, he realised that the whole event had been filmed!

“Oh God,” he said, clutching his head. “Please don’t tell me . . .”

He got out of bed immediately, still aching, and grabbed his laptop from his desk, opening it up. Mike looked at the local social media feeds. To his utter despair, there were a number of videos of him that were already going semi-viral, at least locally.

‘Weird Nerd Makes the ULTIMATE CRINGE PERFORMANCE’

‘Total Beta Male Strikes Out Trololololo!’

‘Try to make it through this whole video without DYING of embarrassment!!!’

The young man clenched his eyes shut, wishing he was dead. He looked around at the many shelves of anime and manga figures in his room, ranging from *One Piece* to *Beserk* to *Millenium Actress* and *Samurai Champloo*. And that wasn’t even getting into his *Gundam* collection. Normally, they were a source of comfort to him.

Now, they felt far more like they were looking down on him.

Judging him.

“Oh God,” he repeated, slamming his head down on the desk. “Why do I have to be such a complete fuck up? Why can’t I just be more damn confident and social?”

He slid back into his seat. He’d never recover from this. Far better to become a fat basement-dwelling nerd. Still, perhaps there was a chance of redemption. Maybe he needed a program, some way to ‘level up’ his confidence and social skills, not to mention his fashion - the latter was also made fun of in the videos as well. Apparently suit slacks at a club was an odd choice; another embarrassment on the pile. He typed into the search bar, trying to force his thoughts away from that dreadful night.

‘Ways to improve confidence.’

‘Programs for improving confidence.’

‘Local places to get better at social skills.’

‘Paid programs to look better and be more confident.’

Most of the results that came up were AI drivel or clear scams. Mike had almost given up hope when he noticed a result three links down. It appeared to be a local program, and it was asking for sign-ups. Curious, he clicked on it, and found that it appeared to be a reputable institution, a fully-accredited scientific one and everything! The Tiresias Institute, it was called, and it seemed to specialise in a mix of surgery, post-hypnotic suggestion, and beautification. It was all listed as experimental, and evidently catered to specific clientele. And yet, it was the *exact* kind of thing that Mike Driver was looking for.

“But what are your prices?” he asked, suspicious. Sure enough, he cringed when he clicked on the page link that took him to their pricing. He’d *never* be able to afford such treatment. “Of course. Just my luck.”

He was about to exit the page when he noticed a promotion in the top right corner: *In Need of Volunteers for Experimental Treatment NOW! Free Treatment Available for Sign-Ups!*

He clicked on the link, skimming over large sections of the text and taking in the words he felt were truly important:

A new you, confident and attractive.

State-of-the-art laser and surgical technology that will give you the perfect body.

Test subjects must be willing to undergo beautification and mental changes to achieve female perfection.

The last sentence should have made him realise something was off. Female perfection? But Mike's mind glazed over it completely, reading it instead as something like 'perfection for females', as if it were going to give him an alpha male body that would finally let him get with a girl and actually be attractive to hot women. At the end of the advertisement was a phone number and one final message.

Sign up now if interested! Only one slot remaining!

A spike of anxious fear shot down Mike's spine. He launched himself out of his seat and towards his bedside table, scrambling to grab his phone and make the call. He quickly dialled the number and waited for a response.

"Please, please, please," he murmured to himself.

The phone clicked, and a lovely female voice came through. "*Tiresias Institute, this is Carolyn speaking, how may we help you?*"

"Um, uh, h-hello Carolyn," he said nervously, his usual social tics returning. "I, well, I was wondering if, uh, there were any openings left in the subject volunteer program? The free one? My name is Mike, by the way. Sorry, should have, well, said that."

There was a tapping of keys on the other end, and then the sweetest words Mike could imagine hearing in that moment.

"You're in luck, Mike!"

Mike tried to relax as he was wheeled into the surgical suite. He'd signed form after form, made declaration after declaration, but the truth of it was that he was so nervous that he barely heard a word any of the professionals were saying to him, be they doctors, nurses, suggestion-based hypnotists, or techies. It was all too much interacting with so many people; he was starting to get sweaty, and so he just agreed to everything and signed upon the dotted lines and gave his best sheepish grin to show he agreed to be here. He tried to imagine himself being cool like Spike Spiegel from *Cowboy Bebop*, or having the gusto of

Simon from *Gurren Lagann* after all his character development. Instead, he felt as shy as any anime harem protagonist surrounded by girls far too attractive - all the female staff were gorgeous, and the men as well, not that he swung that way. It was intimidating nonetheless, despite how kind and encouraging everyone was being.

“And you’re certain about this change?” Doctor Carlyle asked him, a gorgeous dark skinned woman with straightened black hair that curled at the ends. “You understand that it will be permanent?”

“O-of course,” he said, though in truth he was nervous as hell. “I really want the change. To be more confident.”

“It’s just that we certainly didn’t expect a man like yourself to volunteer, but we’re very excited, because this will test the absolute limits of this specialised surgery and treatment. I’ve undertaken of course, just to be frank, but I was not quite so . . .”

“Otaku?” he said. “Nerdy?”

Dr Carlyle gave a sheepish grin. “I didn’t want to say so outright, but yes. It will be an even larger change for you.”

Again, Mike should have begun noticing the signs of what was really occurring, but in his anxious, socially-stunted state, he missed all the important cues.

“I guess I’m just sick of being how I am,” he said. “I, I really want to be more attractive, you know? And to have the confidence to actually go out with someone.”

“Well, rest assured you’ll have that. Let’s wheel you into the surgery. There’s one last form to sign, and then the treatment will begin. You’ll be surprised at how quick it will be. Our new automated surgery closet technology will do you wonders, Mike. You won’t even recognise yourself once we’re finished.”

This, at least, boosted his confidence in his decision. He smiled sheepishly and nodded, and then was wheeled into a surgical suite that had a number of people prepping some hi-tech looking upright coffin in the centre of the room. Only it was too white, shiny, and large to be a coffin. It was almost like some kind of closet - just like Dr Carlyle had just described it as.

“Last form,” Dr Carlyle said, indicating where he could sign. “And the last chance to back out. The procedure is totally safe, but you know it will be a radical transformation. I assume this is the identity you want, the kind of girl you want to be, but I just want to make sure one final time.”

Mike took a deep breath. He was trying to calm his fluttering heart. “O-of course. Let’s start. Please.”

He signed the form, and then he was allowed to exit his trolley and step into the autocloset. He was asked to remove his clothes and stand naked within it, and then the doors were shut. He was not in darkness at least, because lightstrips within the autocloset

surgical device switched on, allowing him to see what was happening. There was even a mirror showing his reflection, not that he was too happy to see it; it just reminded him how lanky and unmanly he was. He really hoped that this device would give him a penis extension, because his was not anything impressive.

“Maybe I’ll end up muscly like some kind of cool Shonen protagonist,” he muttered to himself as the machine whirred to life, the panels flickering to indicate the transformation was about to begin. “Wait . . . did she say I was gonna be a girl!?”

The panels opened, and various robotic arms with smooth joints suddenly extended outwards. They surrounded him, massaging his skin and shaving away his minuscule body hair. Mike’s heart spiked from the shock, but he was too overwhelmed to even call out for clarification on the change, which he realised now he’d never asked for a proper description of. Wait, hadn’t someone said something about a ‘bust’? Oh God, had he not been paying attention? But all he could do was give a nervous little “eep!” as buzzers scraped across his skin, removing his body hair, and numerous prehensile robot tentacles rotated around his form, lasering the skin and causing him to flinch from the brief burning sensation.

“N-no!” he squeaked, seeing his smooth skin. “I didn’t mean for - MHMPH!”

A device attached to his face; a mask that covered it entirely. Numerous needles and strange suction devices massaged his flesh, altering the very makeup of his face. He felt his lips puff out, the cartilage of his nose flex and shrink, and his jawline crack as more needles injected right to the bone. It should have been painful, but there were numbing agents as well, and soon he was literally feeling his jaw change, becoming rounder and less square.

“Mhmmm!” he grunted, but he couldn’t pry the mask off. Besides, other devices were shifting around, extending out from the hatches on the walls to coat his body in a strange slimy substance. Various padded arms massaged it in, causing his flesh to soften. The changing man moaned, trying to get rid of the arms, but they held him firm as suction cups applied to his ass, jabbing him as they burrowed into the skin. Another groan erupted from the young man’s mouth in response to what happened next: his ass began to rise like baker’s dough as fat poured into it, pumped into him from the machine’s reserves. He managed to pull his arms to clutch at his backside, bending over as far as he could as it grew, grew, grew! The same was true of his hips, and as more devices and needles were attached to him, not to mention surgical lasers, his flesh was altered right down to the bone.

“Ohhhh!” he managed, the mask finally rising slowly off of his face. “S-stop this! P-please!”

But his voice was tinny and cracking, becoming girlish and feminine as his head was forced up and his voice box tinkered with by several surgical devices. There was no blood, miraculously: instead his flesh was continually altered by the strange substance injected into him which allowed the pads and robotic hands to massage it all into new configurations. The

mask fully rose, revealing Mike's new face, and he gave a totally silent scream as he stared at a gorgeous *female* face, complete with pouty, kissable lips, perfect cheekbones, and mesmerising bright blue eyes that had replaced his brown ones. This was followed by a massage cap descending onto his head and tugging upon his head. It began to spool out from under the cap, becoming long and *blonde*, growing and growing until it reached his shoulders and then some.

"Nooo!" he managed, but his voice cracked again, leaving him practically inaudible among the clicking and whirring. "I d-didn't want thiss!"

His voice now sounded like a cooing female, like a sultry femme fatale in the throes of pleasure. And the worst part was that he kind of *was*: as his hips stretched wider and his waist thinned, his body began to thrum with need, his small penis hardening even as a suction device attached to it. He groaned, unable to stop himself from cumming as the pipe drank up his semen, seemingly emptying his balls to prepare for what came next.

"Mhmm! Ohhhh, yes! YESSSS!"

He arched his back, felt his nipples tingle. Two more cups attached to his chest and began to pump them full of fat, the injections changing his very genetic makeup right down to a chromosomal level. The flesh rose, his nipples blooming, gaining wide areolas and expanded as their sensitivity rose exponentially. Mike cupped them, crying out as his height was pulled back down, spine shrinking even as other parts of him grew. The changing man was attacked on two fronts; his penis was shrinking into nothingness, the various surgical implements already providing him with labial lips, while at the same time he was gaining a hefty pair of rounded, heavy breasts. They surged forwards, gaining cup size after cup size, wobbling and jiggling as Mike shook his trembling body.

"T-too much!" he whined. "It's - ohhhh - too much! You have to s-stop it! Ahhh!"

But the bliss was too great, the ecstasy too powerful to resist. Another series of injections, and these ones caused a blooming within his lower stomach, a new organ growing rapidly into being; a functioning uterus and pair of ovary sacs which quickly connected to a tunnel burrowing itself into existence.

"Ahh! I don't - ooh - want a f-freakin' vagina! Aahhhh!"

But Mike was getting one regardless of what he wanted. His penis pushed back in, followed by his testicles, and in moments he crossed from manhood to womanhood, from the male gender to the female. He whined, throwing back his head and causing his now-huge tits to bounce heavily upon his chest. At the same time, a new cap descended, this one a full helmet that buzzed upon his scalp.

"Ahhh! What n-now!? What more can you d-do to meeeee?!"

Mike Driver quickly got his answer. His thoughts began to unravel as his neural framework was altered. The very connections that made him identify as a man were

severed, replaced by new ones that forced *her* to see *herself* as a *woman*. Even her name was altered; her self-conception was flooded by rapid hypnotic suggestions that were beamed directly to her brain.

She was no longer Mike Driver.

She was Michelle Riviere, a gorgeous and very busty blonde beauty with high confidence, a high libido, and all the skills necessary to make herself known to the world as a highly attractive and stylish woman, one who could wrap anyone around her finger, *especially* men.

The autocloset began to whirl down, the changes completing themselves. As if adding insult to injury, the new *Michelle* felt a desire to wear beautiful and revealing outfits come over her, along with instructions on how to move in sexy and sensual ways. Some makeup was rapidly applied to her face: pink lipstick and rosy blush, as well as a dark pink/purple tint above her eyes. She moaned, unbelieving all that had happened to her, still cupping her breasts and overwhelmed by how they overflowed her dainty little palms.

It was at this point that the door to the autocloset opened, and Dr Carlyle was on the other side, a great smile upon her face as she took in the naked beauty before her.

“Well, I’d say that was a perfect success, wouldn’t you, Mr Driver? Or should I say, Miss Riviere?”

The new *Miss Riviere* stumbled out of the autocloset, ignoring the offered dressing gown to cover her nakedness. She was on the verge of hyperventilating, her enormous breasts heaving with each strained intake of breath. Her hips moved wrong. The absence between her soft thighs was wrong. Her long hair and beautiful looks were all wrong. She was weaker, curvier, sexier, and the desire to show it all off was eating away at the back of her mind to the point where she had to find it.

“Miss Riviere?” Dr Carlyle asked. “Is everything all right?”

Michelle actually dared to *grab* the doctor by her coat, an act born of a nascent, budding confidence. “You turned m-me into a woman!?” she announced, only to pause. She had a partly French accent for some reason.

“Of course,” Dr Carlyle said. “This was in the briefs. I told you that I myself used to be a man. I underwent this voluntarily. You said you wanted this!”

Michelle looked down again at her body. “W-wanted this? I - oh God, you need to ch-change me back! Please!”

“We can’t! I told you, it’s permanent. You were warned! I thought you wanted this?”

But the word ‘permanent’ hung in the air, and soon Michelle found herself woozy. She struggled to stand on her new legs, and soon the world was falling away around her. Someone was shouting. Another was trying to catch her. Michelle didn’t much care.

At this point, the new, busty blonde woman was eager to faint.

Michelle stared once again into her reflection and sighed. She was wearing a baggy t-shirt, but it still pulled tight around her huge tits. Likewise, her huge trousers were tight against her wide and very sexy hips, and her butt filled out the back rather impressively as well. She hadn't done her hair, but a not-so-small part of her really wanted to fix it. Those damn mental changes.

"Once again, we're very sorry about this mixup," Carolyn said. She was the secretary and representative for the Tiresias Institute, and she had come round to ensure that everything with Michelle's new circumstance was up-to-date.

"It's not your fault," Michelle said, sighing. "It's mine. I was so obsessed with becoming a hot new person with enormous confidence that I didn't even click on to the fact that the new experimental treatment was in making busty blonde French chicks or whatever!"

"Uh, technically it was experimenting with multiple things, including accent changes. Oh, by the way, I wouldn't go around admitting you were at fault, given how the settlement panned out."

Another sigh from the new woman. It had been over a week since she had changed, and the Tiresias Institute had worked *fast* to organise a settlement with her. Michelle couldn't be a man again, but something to do with the budding determination within her made her argue that they were equally at fault for not showing a model of what she would become. In the end, they'd helped set her up with her new life, not to mention provided a year's rent on a much better apartment so she could get back on her feet. They'd even supplied some basic clothing, but she'd resisted as much . . . so far.

"Are you adjusting?" Carolyn asked, holding a clipboard.

"Oh no, you aren't experimenting any further on me. I'll never adjust to this!"

"It's just, it's been noted that you don't stutter anymore, or show nervousness speaking. And you are more argumentative and-"

Michelle groaned, turned on the spot and placed a hand on her hip. It annoyed her how easily she posed in sexy ways now. "Please, just leave!" she said in her lovely voice, that little hint of a French accent seeping in.

Carolyn smiled warmly and bid her goodbye, leaving Michelle once more alone in her apartment. She'd spent the whole week as a recluse, getting used to the fact that she now had to pee sitting down, had to deal with huge wobbling tits on her chest, had to care for longer hair, avoid letting men see her, and generally avoid *anyone* seeing her, in fact. Once, she'd touched her downstairs, only to recoil. Part of her wanted to explore further, but the

bigger part just wanted to never leave her new and improved apartment, and simply surround herself with anime and manga to watch and read, respectively. She'd moved all her models and displays and posters and nerdy bits and bobs to her new place, but it wasn't enough. In fact, thanks to her mental changes, it was frustratingly hard to concentrate on them. Instead, for the past seven days, the desire to find some cute clothing, perhaps even sexy articles, and put them on was what dominated her mind. She'd be reading through even something as dark as a new *Junji Ito* horror comic, only to sigh and wish she had some better product on her face, or bemoan the lack of company to talk to . . . or flirt with.

"Ugh! Damn this stupid body!" she'd moan, resisting the urge to feel herself more. Hell, when she showered she practically closed her eyes so that she didn't get too obsessed with her own tits.

But now that Carolyn had gone, ending any more discussion between the new Michelle Riviere and the Tiresias Institute, the new woman found herself frustrated as she sat on the couch. God, it wasn't even a good couch. Far too tacky. And the walls had no real classy ornamentation. And why the hell was she wearing a plain black t-shirt - they disguised her lovely head-sized breasts far too much! She was a damn FF-cup! Why hide them when she could be showing them off, especially to a cute guy?

The former male winced, realising where her thoughts were going. Once, she had been far more comfortable alone than in a crowd, but now the reverse was true. She was still intelligent, still nerdy deep down, but her changed form had other needs now too.

"I need to meet some people, damn it," she whined. "Need to get some new clothing! Ugh, why do I have to feel such a need to be more fashionable?"

But it was her own fault, she knew. She'd wanted to be better at styling herself. Now, her mind was dragging her to be a fashionista.

"This sucks!" she declared, sticking her tongue out at the mirror and placing her hands on her lovely hips. Even this was a sexy pose, her chest thrust out. She could just imagine how much better she would look in a stylish dress.

"Fine!" she continued. "I'll buy some new clothes! But just a few!"

After all, the settlement gave her some money to spend.

Perhaps a little too much.

Michelle tried to be cautious. To be resistant to her new mental changes. To be *sensible* and not *indulge*. Instead, the moment she entered the women's clothing store, she found her brain going haywire. She'd done her best to disguise her figure, and while some men still

looked her way as she had walked through the mall, her loose male hoodie disguised her overly ample figure.

“Hello ma’am!” the storewoman of *Coquette’s*, a well-respected and classy female clothing store, exclaimed. Her nametag indicated her name to be ‘Karen.’ “Can I help you, miss?”

“Um, I’m just looking for some new clothes,” Michelle said, her accent still alien to her, let alone her sweet soprano. “I lost mine in, uh, a fire. So I need a whole new wardrobe.”

The woman grinned in a friendly manner. Well, I’m sure we can find some new things! Do you know your dimensions?”

“N-not exactly. But they’re fairly . . . curvy.”

Karen giggled. “Then let’s stop hiding them away and get you something that fits, how does that sound?”

The worst part was that it sounded *wonderful*. Michelle still had some of Mike’s residual sheepishness, but once she removed her hoodie and let Karen take her measurements (and gush over how ‘lucky’ she was to have such an ‘ample bust and hourglass perfection’), her more confident female mind took over, and a good deal of pride with it. Karen was quick pick up selections of lingerie and underwear and bras, and without even thinking Michelle began to indulge her new desires.

“I’d like to try the push-up ones as well! And perhaps just a few dresses? Maybe a miniskirt - just to see what it looks like, of course!”

“Of course, dear!”

What followed was a veritable whirlwind of experimentation. Without even realising it, Michelle was trying on everything she could get her hands on, provided it worked with her lovely blonde hair and impressively voluptuous figure. Once she started posing in the changeroom mirror she couldn’t help but smile at her gorgeous cleavage - so deep and ripe - and her trim stomach and long legs. She turned and inspected her ass in her black lingerie underwear.

“Hmm, maybe just a little more revealing? I could go a little more expensive . . .”

And that opened the floodgates, because soon she was trying on not just modest summer dresses, but sexy minidresses and tight cocktail dresses. Pink was her new colour, she realised, and it embarrassed her as much as it filled her with a devious joy. The more she wore the more confident she became, and that spread out to her very movements and motions. She’d held off for a week against being ‘girly’, despite how feminine her form was. Now she found herself a total natural.

“Don’t I look good in this?” she said, smiling at Karen, who was her biggest cheerleader.

“You certainly do!” Karen exclaimed. “Do a spin. I’m wondering if we can’t get something backless for you and still support your boobs. Would you like to try some swimwear on as well?”

“Would I!” Michelle said with a giggle, turning to show off her form. “So long as they’re just one-pieces. I don’t know if I’m confident enough to pull off - oh, to hell with it! Let’s try some bikinis!”

And try them she did. Her breasts were pendulous and jiggly, proud and pert upon her chest, though obviously hanging much lower than a regular woman’s due to their sheer size. Still, she found herself now proud of her assets, and the new woman couldn’t help but imagine how she could easily entice an attractive man with them. It was enough to excite her loins and cause her nipples to stiffen within the cups, and that was the signal that perhaps she had gone far enough.

“I’ll take what I have!” she said, cheeks going red.

“Well, that’s only half the store!” Karen laughed. “Cash or card?”

Michelle went with the card, but even knowing it would be a great expense she found herself shocked at the price. She’d have to find a proper job soon, or else her new fashion addiction would bankrupt her! Still, she exited the store feeling happier than she had in a long time, the bags packed to be delivered to her home, and her body adorned in a new outfit: a lovely pink dress with slits up each thigh and a very, very deep dip down the front to show off her massive mammaries. They bounced with each step, and she moved in heels which were totally natural to her. The thin straps went over her shoulders, leaving her back on display as well. It was far too revealing for the former nerd, and yet she felt *great*.

“Mhmm,” she noted, feeling a swarm of eyes upon her. Men were staring, women too, and the teenage boy contingent in the mall were *definitely* looking her way, some whispering to one another. It should have made her realise she’d gone too far, but instead that confidence filled her again, not to mention a strong sense of smugness at the women clearly jealous of her figure. She strode forth, letting her hips sway and bouncing her chest with a little more *oomph*, and smiled in a flirty manner at the men passing her by, each around her own age.

“Woah,” one said.

“Look all you want, boys,” she said, reciting a flirty line from one of her favourite anime series. “A piece of art deserves an audience.”

A few smirked at this, but others were in awe of her confidence as much as she was.

“Nice tits, lady!” a man called out crudely from the side.

“Perfect tits, you mean,” she replied quickly. “So perfect that the likes of you will never get to touch them!”

This caused a few others to laugh, and she found herself smiling even more.

“Excuse me, a real woman coming through,” she boasted. “And no, don’t even think of asking me out just yet. Yes, you, handsome hunk looking at my chest. Not until I’ve had my face done up! This gal’s got a new style to embrace, and fashion to master!”

Some people probably thought she was a nutter, others an overconfident bimbo. But hadn’t this been what she wanted? An attractive body, a hell of a lot of confidence, and the ability to be social, free of anxiety?

As she moved to the salon across the mall, Michelle found herself giddy.

Maybe this wouldn’t be so bad after all?

“In fact,” she murmured to herself, waving to a cute guy heading the other way. “I can think of how this might help me get a job.”

She’d certainly need one. Her mind was already buzzing with all the outfits she *didn’t* get to buy.

Michelle moaned as she touched herself. She’d managed to hold this off for just another two days, but her heightened, horny body was just too much to resist, and she was sick of fighting it. Dressed in an expensive and rather showy red dress, she lay back on her bed, stroking her Venus mound and slipping her fingers into her moist opening. It was utterly delightful, and made even more so when she began to squeeze and feel her magnificent breasts, so full and heavy upon her chest. They were remarkably sensitive, and as she moaned out loud all sorts of images came to her; images of strong, virile men taking advantage of her hot, lovely body. She’d been resisting *this* as well, hoping that diving into fashion would save her from such desires, but now they were fully inflamed instead. She was sick of fighting this as well.

“Ohhhh, f-fuck me! Yessss, put your big thing inside of meeeee!”

She came. It hadn’t taken long, but then she’d never experienced such sensations before, nor such arousal. She arched her back, her breasts wobbling upon her chest as she trembled. One orgasm hit her, flooding her system with ecstasy, but then a second arrived, and this nearly caused her to black out. In the moment she came, she imagined spreading her legs for a man, letting him slip inside of her, *cum* inside of her. He’d be enraptured by her beauty, by her style, by the glorious fashion she wore to tease her perfect body. She’d have him wrapped around her little finger . . .

“Mhmm,” she moaned, licking her lips as she imagined it. But even as the post-climax blissful haze began, she knew straight away that this was not enough. She had the fashion now, the makeup, the expensive attire. But that desire, the need for people to

appreciate her body and clothing, that had not yet been fulfilled. She had the mind of a goddamn *fashionista*, and simply revelling in private was not enough.

"I need an audience," she whispered.

The solution was obvious. Once the haze had passed, Michelle got out of bed and cleaned herself up. She made sure the red dress was still darling upon her, then corrected her makeup and made sure her lips were red and luscious. With just a few touches to her eyeshadow she looked perfect yet again.

It was then that the photos began. She moved to the living room of her rather expansive apartment, and took a number of sexy selfies, including ones that showed off her décolletage and profile. She didn't hide her face in these; instead, she leaned on her new instincts to purse her lips just so, or to smile deliciously - almost *devilishly* - and thrust out her chest as she did so. She placed a hand under her breast and then made an expression like she was on the verge of pleasure, and in another she laid back upon her couch, legs crossed, her dress just about to slip off of her shoulders. By this point she was mastering the art of positioning her phone to take delayed shots, but her mind was already whirring with possibilities: social media accounts to create, a proper camera setup and tripod to purchase, a possible studio to rent, more wonderfully fashionable outfits to style. It all swirled in her head, and somehow she just *knew* she was going to be a hit.

But first thing was first. Michelle moved to her computer when she was done showing off her utterly chic and showy red dress. She logged on, opened up her internet explorer, and began the slow but steady work of creating her social media presence. She was facing an army of Instathots and low-class gals with fake figures to compete with. Already her pride was growing, a smug notion that *she* had the power to really prove herself to the world. Michelle readied the best photos of herself in the red dress, uploaded them, and then his Post.

Michelle danced at the *Cool Cat Lounge*, letting her new body shake. She was wearing a hot pink cocktail dress, one with thin shoulder straps and a front that dipped so low that it didn't just show off her magnificent tits but literally allowed one to see the bottom of her cleavage where her perfect globes parts again. Some delicately applied tape ensured there were no nip slips, and the short length of the dress revealed her perfect legs. Naturally, she was also in pink heels - but these were stylish, expensive ones, not those cheap plastic shiny things. She now sported a studded necklace and ear piercings, as well as a rather expensive bracelet that glittered wonderfully. Of course, the pendant on the aforementioned necklace resided in the cavernous cleavage of her bosom, drawing the eye even further there.

It was amusing to her how many men looked her way, and other girls with jealousy. Just a week ago, the former nerdy man would have been utterly humiliated by this, but now she was finding it only mildly embarrassing and a whole lot of fun. She still had that male aspect in her mind that found herself a little self-conscious, but the truth was she was more confident than ever besides, moving to the beat of the music, laughing with the other women dancing with her, and even batting her eyelashes at the cute guys across the room.

"I can't believe I haven't seen you out here until recently!" Saphira shouted. She was a gorgeous olive-skinned girl with Persian ancestry, and was Michelle's first true female friend. They'd met at *Coquette's* while shopping for clothes, and they were both total fashionistas. Even better, Saphira had a strong social media presence, and had helped boost Michelle so that she was already making money off of her accounts, allowing her to buy *even more expensive clothing*. The end result was two very attractive and elegant women out on the town, giggling and laughing and taking selfies and photoshoots. No doubt these would prove *very* popular on their coming social media posts.

"I haven't been very confident until recently!" Michelle shouted over the music, still vibing to it and enjoying the way her curves jiggled. "And I guess I, well, er, didn't feel like much of a woman until lately as well!"

Saphira giggled at this. "Please, you've got the sexiest figure a girl can ask for! I'm jealous of those amazing tits, girl!"

"Well, I'm jealous of your skin! It's perfect!"

"Then let's be jealous of each other, and still have a great time, sister!"

Michelle laughed easily, finding the rapport strangely straightforward. Once, such social interactions had been beyond her, but now that her confidence was brimming ever fuller, the knowledge of when to laugh, when to speak, what to speak about, and so on, it was all so simple! She brought Saphira in for a hug and the two took a squealing selfie together, posing with their fingers up in the peace sign. They took another, emphasising their busts a little more, and then got a few guys to take photos of them; they were more than happy to, since they viewed it as their in.

"You girls got any dates tonight?" the tallest one asked, a very handsome man with blonde hair and strong muscles.

Michelle found herself biting her lip. When she responded, her French accent was even stronger, a clear sign of arousal as she'd discovered. "Not at the moment, no!"

"But maybe by the end of the night we might get lucky!" Saphira added, batting her eyelids at the man. "I'm Saphira! This is Michelle!"

"Todd," the man said. "And this is my friend, Kurt."

"Todd and Kurt. Easy to remember," Saphira said. "Do you guys like to dance?"

"With the right company, sure!"

“Good answer!”

It was at this point that Michelle’s old nervousness began to return. She could comfortably dance at a club, socialise with a hot friend, show off her body and post her endless array of garments online, but dance with a man? This was the kind of thing she only fantasised about while pleasuring herself. And yet now Todd was dancing up against her, clearly viewing her as the more impressive conquest of the two. His blue eyes gazed at her cleavage whenever he thought she wasn’t looking, and he moved around behind her, hovering his hands around her hips.

“You like my style?” she said.

“Fuck yeah I do,” Todd replied. “That pink dress is goddamn incredible.”

“Mhmm, you should see my whole closet!”

“I’d like to!” he replied.

It made her bite her lip. What the hell was she doing? She couldn’t go *this* far, surely? Yes, the Tiresias Institute had made her a woman, even mentally changed her to be beautiful and fashionable just as she’d wanted - in a way, at least - but dancing up against a man? Feeling arousal towards a *man*? It was too much.

But his hands were touching her hips, and she was turning around to face him, pressing her chest against him momentarily as she danced. She laughed, smiled, and found herself staring at his muscles. When she put her hands on his shoulders, she was starting to think that all was lost, until . . .

“We should get out of here,” Todd said.

“Y-you think?”

“Yeah, I’d like to tap that ass of yours. I bet you want that too, right?”

She did want that. God, she fucking wanted that.

“Rip that dress to pieces so I can fuck your brains out.”

“Rip my dress?” she said.

“Yeah, I’d like that.”

It was, thankfully, the ultimate turn off for her. Michelle frowned, stepping back and stopping her dance moves. “Excuse me? This is an *Arkaru!* Do you have any *idea* how expensive this dress is?”

“Woah, it was just an expression. I’m just saying I want you, that’s all.”

“No one rips my dresses!” she announced dramatically. “This thing is personally tailored for my body type! And it looks too damn good to damage!”

“Look, I just meant-”

“Sorry, but no way!”

Michelle stormed off. She knew she was being ridiculous, but it was the best excuse she had to get away from Todd before things went too far. Her breasts bounced with every

step, her ass too, and she swayed her hips with perfection, holding her head up high to recollect herself.

Which also meant that she didn't notice the lanky man with glasses until she bumped right into him, causing his drink to spill all over his shirt.

"Oh my God!" she cried. "I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to!"

"It's okay!" the man said. "You didn't get any on you, did you? I'd, uh, I'd hate to ruin your fine dress . . ."

He had brown hair and wore rectangular glasses, and his shirt was just a bit too stiff on his figure. He was lithe, and slightly lanky, but there was something rather cute about him. Something about the way his face all came together. He was looking at her cleavage, and she had to motion to her face.

"Hey, eyes up here."

"S-sorry!" he said. "I just - I didn't spill anything on you, did I?"

"No, thank God. This is a quite expensive dress."

"It looks lovely!" he blurted out. "I mean, I'm not great with fashion, but you look really good in it. I mean, I'm not trying to say that in a creepy way, I'm just saying you look really good. The dress, I mean. But you too. You've got a very stylish and elegant vibe about you, I mean, and the clothing suits you. The dress, I mean. Sorry, I'm rambling."

Michelle found herself giggling, which made her bust jiggle. "It's okay! Believe it or not, I used to be like that, too! I've gotten more confident lately. I'm Michelle."

She extended a hand, and the man took it. He was clearly nervous; not the kind of man who talked to beautiful women like her often. He was nicely tall, however, and she found herself appreciating his eyes. They were grey and . . . hypnotic.

"I'm Nathan," he said, almost blurring it out yet again. "It's - uh, don't take this the wrong way, but it's crazy to me that you used to be all nervous! I can't imagine someone like you being nervous."

She giggled. "You'd be surprised. I used to just stay in my room watching reruns of *Fullmetal Alchemist*."

At this, Nathan's eyes went wide, and all nervousness vanished from him. "Holy shit, you like anime?"

"Dude, I *love* anime!" she replied. "And manga."

"Wait, which do you prefer: the original *Fullmetal* or *Brotherhood*?"

"*Brotherhood*, duh. It's so much more faithful to the original storyline!"

"Oh my God, me too! It's literally one of my favourites!"

"Do you like *Cowboy Bebop*?"

"I haven't seen it! I know it's meant to be amazing but I haven't gotten around to it yet."

At this, Michelle's eyes widened. "You're kidding. Oh my God, you *have* to watch it. It changed the medium, and the English dub is amazing, and I'm usually a sub only guy - I mean, girl. You *have* to watch it."

"I'd love to," Nathan said. There was a slight pause. "Um, do you think you could, uh, show it to me?"

Michelle was briefly like a goldfish, her mouth flapping but nothing coming out. Nathan instantly went red in the face.

"I'm sorry! That was way too forward. I don't know what I was thinking when I-"

"No," she said, her heart fluttering, her body growing warm. She placed her hand on his arm and bit her lip as she looked up into his lovely grey eyes. "I'd love to. Are you free right now?"

They didn't even get to turn on the television, but by the time the taxi dropped them both back at her apartment, Michelle knew what her body wanted. Todd had been too much, even for her new self. But Nathan - God, he was wonderful. They'd talked the entire ride about their nerdy interests, and she had talked about her new love of fashion and current obsession with shoes. And he'd *listened*. Not only that, he'd asked *questions*, finding everything she had to say fascinating. And the way he looked at her . . . she knew she'd found someone special. A geeky Otaku man with cute features and thankfully better social skills than she'd once had, though still in need of a confidence boost.

She started to give him one as soon as they were on the other side of her front door. She pressed him up against the wall and began kissing him, and to his credit he got the message immediately, kissing her in return. Her hands roamed over his form, undoing the buttons on his shirt. It was a bad shirt anyway, so when she ripped it she just smirked.

"I'll get you a better one, cutie," she said, before kissing him again.

"Holy shit, s-sure!"

"Start touching me. I want this. Feel what you want. *Anything* you want."

After a brief hesitation, he began to cup and massage her breasts. She moaned from the sheer sensitivity as they moved to her bedroom, she guiding him, slowly sliding out of her expensive dress until she was in her sexy dark lingerie. She walked backwards, gesturing at him with a finger enticingly.

"I want you, Nathan," she said. "I want you to make me a real woman."

"Woah. I - why me? I'm sorry, I gotta ask."

"Because you're a sexy nerd and I like you. And I totally get you. And because this body is horny as fuck and I really, really am sick of fighting these needs because I totally

want your dick in me, alright? Now hurry up and take me, because you won't get a girl this magnificent and stylish ever again unless you act now."

Nathan nodded, almost nervous, but then a new confidence came over him, and he slid out of his trousers and removed his underwear. His cock was nicely sized - not too big to worry her, but not small either. Michelle licked her lips and then removed her bra, letting her breasts succumb to gravity a little. Nathan pulled her underwear off, which was damn sexy and made her wetter than ever. He crawled on top of her, and proved himself better than she thought by engaging in foreplay rather than getting right to the action. He cupped her big boobs and licked her nipples, sucking on them and drawing out every little pleasure. His attention was magnificent, and she in turn scratched at his back and stroked his cock, pumping him so that he remained hard and excited.

"You're so beautiful," he said.

"Just wait until you see me in all my clothes," she said. "I've got a whole wardrobe."

"Right now, I like you without them."

"Mhmmm, you're getting good at this. Now get inside me."

Their shared confidence was rising. Only the slightest anxiety remained, but it vanished the moment she was penetrated. Michelle spread her legs and moaned as he slid into her. It was fulfilling in every sense of the word, and her vaginal muscles knew exactly what to do; they gripped onto his girth and teased out all the pleasure possible. He began to pump in and out of her, which caused Michelle to moan and tremble, her bosom shaking. He responded by caressing and cupping her breasts, sucking on her nipples. She sucked on his neck, giving him a delightful future hickey, but neither cared, because they were starting to fuck with wild abandon. Nathan pumped faster and faster into her, grunting and making animal sounds that only heightened her arousal. God, she wanted him to cum inside of her. She'd have to take the morning after pill, of course, but the Tiresias Institute had given her some supplies of that nature 'just in case' for emergencies, so she wasn't worried. For now, she just wanted *him*, so she locked her legs around Nathan's waist, crying out in her high and sexy soprano as he worked in and out of her. Soon, it was all too much.

"I'm g-going to cum!" she cried.

"M-me too! Have I told you I love your accent?"

"Ohhhh, that's g-good to hear! I like your - ahh - everything! I'm going to c-cum! Cum inside meeeee!"

He did, and she orgasmed mere moments later as his hard dick throbbed inside of her, pouring streams of his issue deep into her tunnel. The orgasms that followed were better than any she'd ever experienced, male and female, and it left her wailing in a high, thin voice that then spluttered out, so overcome was she with the delirium that followed.

In the aftermath, Nathan rested his head on her breasts, and she stroked his hair and back, feeling utterly spent and utterly content.

“Do you know how to take photos?” she asked him dreamily.

“I’m a professional photographer, actually,” Nathan replied.

She licked her lips and sighed. “Nathan, this is a match made in heaven.”

The next morning, they made love again. She moaned as he took her from behind, a position he embarrassingly admitted he’d never experienced. She giggled and stated truthfully that she’d *never* been taken from behind before, but she fucking *loved* it. They showered together, and by the time the steamy session ended, they were naked on the bed again, him licking her throbbing clitoris and driving her wild. She had never imagined in her sessions of self-pleasure a man going down on her, but now she knew she wanted it every damn day at least once. She offered guidance to Nathan, and once again his listening skills got him valuable points in her book, because he made her cum three times in quick succession. Just to thank him, she cast aside any male pride and nervousness and got him to sit on the end of the bed. She slathered some lube between her tits and stroked his cock harder, then placed his penis between them, her mouth atop the head of his cock.

“I’m going to try something new,” she said, and with that, she gave him a tittyfuck and a blowjob all at once, two major steps forward in embracing her sexual side. When he came - and good Lord, did he cum - she planned to spit it out in the sink. Instead, that confidence was there, and she swallowed it all, moaning with pleasure.

“You’re a goddess,” Nathan said.

She kissed him, sitting on his lap and pressing his face into her breasts.

“Would you like to see how a goddess dresses?”

“Y-yeah. Definitely.”

“Good. Get your camera.”

He looked up, cocking his head to the side a little quizzically.

“You want me to take photos of you?”

Michele Riviere grinned, stroking her lover’s hair seductively. “Sweetie, I want you to take a *ton* of photos of me. And I know just the kind of lingerie to get us started. Trust me, you’ll love it!”

He did. In fact, their photoshoot was so fun and sexy and intimate that just a few weeks later, Nathan had moved in with her, and the two were officially boyfriend and girlfriend. Michelle could hardly believe how much her life had changed. She was just some nerdy Otaku who couldn't talk to girls to save her life once, and now she was a gorgeous and curvaceous woman who dropped style, with an actual *boyfriend* who shared so many of her own interests, and who served as her personal photographer. He took pictures of her at the beach, wearing the latest swimwear and tight bikinis. He shot videos of her walking in elegant gardens in lovely outfits. They went to galas and dinners together, not to mention clubs and festivals, and she worked her magic to remake him as a stylish (if still adorably geeky) man.

Naturally, her socials skyrocketed, and she quickly went viral. Michelle wore only the height of fashion soon, and whether it was in the form of darling new crop tops and skirts or evening dresses that made her look like a Hollywood starlet, the blonde beauty was soon entrancing a whole world online. When she had a photoshoot with her in that classic pink dress with the thigh slits, a pair of sunglasses upon her head as she walked through town, her presence online *exploded*, not to mention her income. It was astounding to think she'd once been a man when her ultra-womanly body now defined her existence so wonderfully. But now she *had* a man, and he was utterly head over heels for her, she just knew it. He adored using his camera for their photoshoots, and she was already getting messages and contacts with luxury clothing lines to show off their latest wears. A bundle had arrived that very morning; the most *darling* brown coat that offset a silky white blouse, not to mention a pair of pants that clung to her legs. Nathan photographed her posing, walking, and even slinging said coat over her shoulder, her dark sunglasses over her eyes and her red lips pursed as if about to kiss that special someone.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I took a few too many that time."

"For your private collection?" she teased.

At this, her boyfriend gave a sheepish and rather embarrassed grin. She was well aware that her appearance was now so magnetically stylish and her body so beautiful that Nathan loved keeping a personal collection of his favourite photos, including the ones too saucy to publish. She had an image to maintain, after all; she wasn't going to be some OnlyFans girl or InstaThot. Her desire was for a luxurious life, sipping mimosas on a private yacht, living in a grand mansion, and attending galas and parties while wearing the most delightful dresses, all while having her man on her arm. She wanted the high life; the *socialite* life, and with the amount of buzz she was already generating online, she had a feeling it was coming.

In fact, just a few months later, she received a call, one that she already knew would change everything. She'd just had a delightful morning session of sex with Nathan, having

ridden him cowgirl style so that he was looking up at her pendulous breasts, and so was in a silky bathrobe that clung to her ample curves. The call was quite unexpected - she was still towelling her blonde hair, which she was growing out further - but as soon as she answered, a great smile came over her face.

“Hello, this is Michelle Riviere speaking,” she said in her sweet accent, the one she actively chose to play *up* these days.

“Hello Michelle! Just the person I was hoping to reach! This is Abigail Hunt from Gallery Faire, the modelling agency you sent your profile a week ago. I’m delighted to say that we’ve got more than a few offers for you, including some from some rather prestigious clothing lines. I assume you’re interested?”

Michelle pumped her fist in the air and mouthed a ‘fuck yeah!’ before collecting herself. “Abigail, you’ve absolutely made my day! And you’d be right, I’m *very* interested. I’ll admit, this will be my first modelling shoot with a major third-party; I’ve only done a few local catalogues for clothing stores in the last couple of weeks. Where do things go from here?”

“Not a problem, Michelle. I feel this won’t be your last shoot, so we’ll go over the details in person. Are you free today?”

Michelle beamed as Nathan exited the shower, looking handsome as ever. She’d been getting him into a workout regimen, and it was paying off nicely.

“Just give me one hour,” she said, biting her lip. “I have to attend to something first.”

Three weeks later, the first of Michelle’s major photoshoots for the most deluxe new clothing lines were released. She knew this was a big step for her, particularly since she’d only done a few small modelling shoots beyond her online profile courtesy of Nathan’s camerawork. What she couldn’t have expected was that she would practically *explode* over night. The incredibly busty and deeply attractive blonde with gorgeous hair and perfect makeup was all over the internet, plastered over storefronts, and commentary about her was even featured on late-night shows in coming weeks, all viewing her as an up-and-coming major model who was discovered ‘out of nowhere.’ She had to organise an emergency meeting with the Tiresias Institute just to ensure that her privacy would be absolutely maintained, and a good thing too, because more modelling offers were coming in as well.

Soon there were posters of her in the most magnificent red bikini, emerging from a luxury hotel pool, water dripping down her mammoth breasts, her face refined yet sultry, staring right at the viewer. Stockings and pantyhose lines had her as their feature girl, showing off her long and luscious legs to advertise their loveliness and quality. Dresses flew off the shelves thanks to her as the cover girl, and soon she was seeing her trademark pink dress everywhere, the local *Coquette’s* store booming with business with all manner of women wanting to show off their rack and thighs thanks to the dips and slits in the dress, though few could pull it off and still come across as refined and cultured as she did. To put it

as more than one modelling agency did, the former nerd had a certain *je ne sais quoi*, particularly in her intelligent eyes, perfect cheekbones, and knowing eyebrows. She could look sexy in everything, and *nothing*.

Only eight months into this new career she and Nathan were already moving to a bigger house, one that could accommodate her desire for a luxurious life . . . for now. It had a large pool in the expansive backyard and a sunning room for her to show off her body in and keep it looking lovely, not to mention a small gym to keep active and fit. But most of all, it had a walk-in closet, a huge one that was practically a chamber unto itself, complete with wall-height mirrors to observe her beauty. Nathan liked to fuck her up against said mirror, just so he could appreciate her from every angle. She loved it too.

It was an astounding change given who she used to be; a nobody nerdy Otaku who could barely speak a lick of a word to anybody in a social setting, and now comfortable waltzing around in a bikini surrounded by a film crew. Hell, there were already offers for her to star in bit parts in films and comedy sketches, and she had a feeling that her modelling career was going to also become a celebrity film star career as well. All the better to wear exciting costumes, dresses, and to tantalise people from the silver screen, after all!

And yet, despite how much everything had changed, despite all that the future held, Michelle Riviere had not transformed completely. After a long day of modelling and socialising and loving her new life, she'd always come back to her luxurious home with her lover and now-fiancé Nathan. She would let him photograph her form as she tried on different things, then ultimately make love to him. Then, the two would settle down in their home cinema, cuddle up against one another, surrounded by numerous shelves of their favourite pop culture figurines, and watch some anime. Michelle was still an Otaku at heart.

Just a damn fashionable one.

The End