

Fit for Change (Man to Lesbian Latina TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Tarosias

Jack is a young man in his twenties trying to expand his fitness regime. But when he overdoes it on a bench press and is saved by the beautiful and buff Serena, he asks for her to become his trainer. As he gets to know his new friend during following training sessions, his body begins to change, becoming both more buff and more feminine. Intrigued, the two decide to see just how far these changes will go . . .

Fit for Change

Jack grunted as he pushed the weights up. He was on his back, working the bench press in a way he never had before, his slim muscles bulging for once, his face matted in a sheen of sweat. He gritted his teeth, practically *snarling* as he pushed and lowered, pushed and lowered the weights. He knew he was going a bit too hard at it, but the fact was that his fitness regime had not been going as fast as he wanted it to. He'd joined the gym three months ago, and while it was clear that he'd dealt with the nascent stomach flab that had made itself present earlier in the year, and become a bit more lean where it mattered, his actual musculature had yet to come out of hiding.

Part of it was his own fault, he knew. He was a runner by nature, one who enjoyed taking in the wonderful sights of nature as he jogged. But there was a very true stereotype about joggers and runners and walkers and whatnot; they had strong legs but spindly frames. He was twenty eight years old, so it certainly wasn't too late for a change. His body was still in its prime, and he was also sick of getting sunburnt on runs anyway: he had very pale skin, a 'blessing' from his Irish immigrant ancestors, and this was also matched by his ginger hair and the freckles on his face. Suffice to say, he burned easily.

And, of course, there was the more selfish motivation: girls. Jack's last relationship had ended rather messily, and he'd been in a dry spell for nearly a year now, hoping to find someone. Work had its own complications and messy dynamics, so he stayed clear of that, but you didn't exactly meet a lot of people while running or jogging, and moreover he wasn't going to attract a pretty lady looking as slim as he was. Which was why he'd opted for explicit strength training to build up those shoulder muscles, those biceps, those abs. He wanted to look *good*, not like a roided up Arnie type or anything, but certainly jacked enough that he could catch a sexy woman's eye.

Unfortunately, he had flown too close to the sun, and he was only just now realising it. He was struggling with this bench press in the middle of his set, trying to get it back onto

the rack, but his struggling muscles ached and burned, his entire arms beginning to tremble. He hadn't thought to get anyone to spot him - he hadn't thought he'd needed any help! - but now he was panicking as the bar lowered closer and closer, beginning to press against his throat as his ailing strength started to fail him completely.

"H-help," he managed, barely croaky whisper. "H-help!"

The bar began to press down. For just a moment, his vision turned dark, and in that dread second Jack knew for certain that he was going to die, and in such a stupid manner at that.

And then suddenly the bar lifted and was re-racked, through no effort of his own. Jack immediately coughed and spluttered, clutching his throat and taking long, deep breaths to calm himself. A face appeared over the rack, inverted from his perspective. She had hair that was longer on her right side than her left, though even that fell only to her chin. It was white, with pink tones dyed throughout. She was beautiful, but had the facial expression and general appearance of someone who took no shit. Despite her perfect eyebrow game and mesmerising dark eyes and cute facial structure, she looked goddamn livid. It only made her look like even more of an angel from Jack's perspective. Just the scary kind of angel.

"You fucking moron! What the hell do you think you were doing?"

"Th-thank you," he wheezed.

"C'mon, sit up. Catch your breath. I can't believe you didn't have a spotter for that weight. Do you even know gym etiquette?"

"I thought I could h-handle it," he said, sitting up. She handed him his water and he drank deep. She stood before him with her hands on her hips, and it was then that he saw how muscly she was; far more than him. This woman was *buff*. Shapely, with nice curves, but *buff*. Her gym wear consisted of a tank top over a sports bra and a pair of gym shorts, and the effect was that her incredible biceps and powerful thighs were fully displayed. Even her chest looked powerful, though perhaps it was just because her breasts were obviously slim, allowing her to show off more of her developed frame.

"Well dude," the woman said, in a voice that had a weirdly hot kind of rasp to it, "you obviously couldn't. God, you could've died. Are you alright?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. Thank you again. Seriously, thank you. I think I might have been an idiot."

"Do you have a name? I need to tell you something so you know for sure."

He looked up at her curiously. "Uh, I'm Jack."

"Well Jack, you're an idiot."

There was a slight pause. Then, to his own surprise, Jack actually laughed. So did the woman.

"God, I was. That would have been a mega-dumb way to go."

“Really dumb. And I was gonna use this next, so that would have been extra annoying to have this become a crime scene, or something.”

“I don’t think it would have been a crime.”

“Oh, it was. A crime against gym etiquette, trust me.”

Jack scratched the back of his head. “I shall henceforth try to avoid any further breaches, your honour.”

“See that you do. You’re on probation.”

“Well, if that’s all, I suppose you can use the press then-”

But she put up her powerful hands, gesturing for him to stop. “Oh no. Oh no no no. I can’t stand idly by and watch this play out again. No, I’m showing you how to use this properly, and then anything else. You’re trying to get buff, right?”

He blushed. “That obvious?”

She smirked. “Pretty. Well, you’re in luck. I’m the buffest lady here, and I can show a slim guy like yourself some moves.” She thrust out her hand for him to shake. “I’m Serena.”

“Good to meet you, Serena.”

“That’s good to meet you Serena, *ma’am*,” she responded, flashing her teeth with a vulpine smile. “Because you just met your new trainer for the day. Or the next week, until we got those damn training wheels of yours off.”

Jack gulped, a little nervous. But this woman was gorgeous as hell and buff besides, his perfect mental combo. He could stand to be bossed around by this woman a little longer, especially since it was just teasing.

“Uh, when do we start?”

“As soon as those weak arms of yours are ready, little man,” she said.

He laughed again. If nothing else, this could be fun.

Two things became immediately clear in the following days as Serena took on the role of being Jack’s fitness trainer. The first was that she absolutely knew what she was doing, and clearly had a great joy in teaching others the best way to gain muscle mass and use the gym equipment to the best of one’s ability. Evidently, Jack was not the first that she had ‘picked up’ in this way, adopting into her training regimen like a little lost puppy, and he doubted he would be the last. Serena thrived in the gym, *lived* in it, and it came as no surprise to him that she made her living creating online workout programs and videos called *Fit For Change*. In that respect, he was totally taken in by her. Not only was she hilarious with her teasing banter, and smart and confident besides, but she was also tremendously attractive:

beautifully feminine while also being buff as hell. Unfortunately for Jack, that bled straight into the second thing that had become clear.

Serena was absolutely a lesbian, and was very clear on that.

In fact, the way she'd introduced this concept to him had been quite abruptly, while working him through some chinups.

"Yep, do two more. I know you can do two more, Jack. C'mon, find the strength. I'm here in case something happens, which it won't. Also, I'm a lesbian."

"Wha-!?"

"TWO MORE, JACK!"

He actually managed it, managing to avoid looking at her until he collapsed afterwards, panting heavily.

"Um, was that a joke, what you said before, or was it . . .?"

Serena just smirked, placing her hands on her broad, powerful hips. She shook her head, letting her short half-cut hairstyle with its white-pink dye settle.

"Dude, I saw you checking me out before. Now, I don't blame you. And don't get me wrong, I absolutely plan to make you a hit with the ladies, especially since you really are taking on all my advice about everything else. But I just want you to know I bat for my team, not yours. Just a heads up."

Jack coughed a little as he chuckled. "Well, I'm glad you told me," he said. "It's clearly the only reason you're not into me."

She laughed back. "Well, I hope it's not a problem then."

"Not at all. Just happy to have the help. I was actually going to ask if you wouldn't mind being my trainer for longer. I'd pay you, obviously. Like, I'd want to hire you as a trainer."

Serena cocked her head. "Hmmm . . . okay. I'd be down for that. Make another vanity project since I'm already pretty perfect. We'll talk rates later. For now . . .

She jumped up to the rail and immediately got to work on her own chinups. That was her way, Jack supposed: up front, in your face, and full of confidence. It certainly made her quite the character, and weirdly, knowing that there was no chance at all of romance actually made him genuinely enjoy their interactions further. Instead of taking her advice when she happened to be in the gym at the same time, he started seeking her out on subsequent visits, and then soon they had a schedule organised for her as his official trainer, right down to Arm Day, Core Day, Leg Day, and the all-painful Everything Else Day, as she liked to call it, though sometimes it simply Consolidation Day. In between sets the two of them chatted about every subject under the sun; it turned out they had a lot of shared interests, from rowing and hiking to even a few major TV shows they liked to binge. He even started listening to the punk music she recommended, and soon was listening to it during his solo

workouts after his boring retail work shifts. And, as it turned out also, they both enjoyed a good bourbon on the rocks.

“*Sammies* does the best drink in town, trust me,” Jack explained to her after a particularly full-on day. “The bartenders know their way around whiskey, and the stuff they order is like nothing else. I’m sure it comes from Scotland or something.”

Serena just chuckled. “Nah, dude. *Sammies* isn’t bad, but *The Dive* is on another level when it comes to any kind of whiskey, and more than a few girly drinks too.” She cocked an eyebrow. “What? Just because I’m a buff lesbian with shorter hair doesn’t mean I can’t enjoy a good Sex on the Beach! I also wear pink pyjamas, you know.”

“Interesting. Noting that for blackmail purposes, and also this Dive place. How come I’ve never heard of it?”

She snorted. “Oh, there’s a reason.”

“You think I’m not educated enough on my own town? I grew up here, you know.”

“It’s not that, it’s . . . you know what, let me take you there! I’ll show you a place you never would have visited before, and you get a good drink out of it. And I’ll be damn right about it being better than *Sammies*.”

“You’re on,” Jack declared, taking her hand for a firm handshake. He grinned as his muscles bulged a little. He really was seeing progress, finally, and all thanks to Serena. But he was curious what was different about this Dive place . . .

Women. Women. Women. Women bartenders. Women servers. Women customers. Women everywhere, some who were butch and some who had heavily dyed hair or with lots of piercings, others with a punk aesthetic, and others still who were entirely femme. But *The Dive* was certainly filled with women, with just a few rather flamboyantly dressed men in sight.

“Ah,” Jack said, blushing as soon as he made the realisation. “This is a gay bar.”

“Specifically, a lesbian bar,” Serena said. “Don’t worry, I’m officially deputising you as an honorary lesbian, so you’re welcome here.”

“Great,” he said, smiling awkwardly to some of the girls, most of whom just giggled and laughed, knowing what Serena was doing. “Looks like I’ll fit right in.”

“Don’t be too nervous. Unlike what you may have read in the news, lesbians don’t turn men into lesbians through biting or anything. It’s a total myth.”

“Good to know.”

“You know what else is good to know? Or who else? My friends! Therese, Abby, meet Jack! He’s my honorary lesbian!”

They raised their glasses from the table, one dark-skinned woman with an amazing afro and the other a thicker butch woman with a truly impressive sleeve of tattoos on her left arm. Jack made his hellos as they all sat down together, and after an initial round of introductions and jokes and stirrings and nudgings, he found himself chuckling and talking along with them, particularly once Serena slid a bourbon over to him and dared him to try it.

"Fuck, you're right," he declared, taking another sip. "That's divine."

"Lesbian bar magic, that's what it is," Therese said, downing her own shot. "Say Serena, you picked a good one for your latest fitness project. For a man, this guy is really pretty."

"I was just thinking that!" Abby said, slapping the table. "Don't take this the wrong way, Jack, but you'd made a great Jackie. You've got the eyelashes for it."

"And the lips," Therese said.

"Girls, calm down!" Serena called, laughing. "But you're not wrong. I don't know how I didn't see it before, but you've got cheekbones a girl would kill for, dude."

"And his hair is super soft. That shit should be in a shampoo commercial."

Jack touched his hair with both hands. It really did feel quite silky, much more soft and well-cared for than usual. He went a bit red, amused and bewildered by the compliments.

"Okay, okay! Let's go back to talking about our jobs or the latest episode of *Dragonriders* or something. Just not how much of a girl I look like."

"Fine, I've got a question then," Therese said, grinning. "We're all lesbians here, right? Honorary and all."

Jack snorted. "Apparently."

"Well, what kind of women are *you* into, Jack. We're all curious."

Jack would normally have refused to answer the question, but he was feeling just a little tipsy now, and perhaps that was why it really did feel like his skin was a bit smoother, his nose a bit smaller now that he was thinking about it.

"Well, I won't lie, I like the big-chested, curvy types. But I also like them strong. You know, a feminine gal who looks hot, but also is really fit and has nice muscles. Buff tough girl, I guess you could say. And . . ."

"And?" Abby asked, clearly amused.

He went more red. "Well, I do like latinas."

"Ding ding ding, we have a winner! Serena, no wonder you became friends with straightie here, he likes the same type of chicks you do!"

For the first time, Jack saw Serena get a bit embarrassed.

"Huh," he said, leaning forward with amusement. "Is that so?"

She shrugged, trying to play it off even as she hid her mouth behind her glass. "Sure, who doesn't enjoy strong women? Especially if that woman is a sexy, tough latina with a nice rack. Now can we talk about something else? Or do I have to tell my friends here the bench press story?"

"Another conversation it is!" Jack declared, and the group moved on.

It was a week later when Jack began to realise that something was quite off about his body. He had been ignoring little signs for a while, the first of which had been the compliments about how 'pretty' his face was back at The Dive. But now, staring into the mirror in the gym change room, he could no longer deny that something odd was happening. He'd intended just to check his muscles and enjoy the progress, thus psyching himself up for the day ahead. And indeed, he was making good progress; his ab muscles were coming out of hiding, and his arms were looking quite strong. He was lithe in his strength, but certainly not lean. But he was also darker skinned, and his hair appeared to be brown rather than ginger.

"No way," he said, voice cracking a little. It had been doing that occasionally ever since the chat at The Dive.

He inspected his body more closely. It was a private stall, so he didn't have to worry about any onlookers. Somehow that just made it worse; he was able to notice a lot of fine details that had slowly been adding up, but that he'd been ignoring until they were now too obvious. His pale skin really had darkened. He certainly still looked caucasian, but not the pale Irish-descended man he was. Half his freckles and seemingly most of his skin blemishes had gone, and his hair was longer than it should have been, even if just by nearly an inch or so, with a duller colouring. It was more rust-red than bright ginger now. And all of this was to say nothing of the fact that his hands looked softer despite all his hard work, or that his eyelashes were longer, his nose a bit more defined, his lips just a little more pursed. He looked like a man, but a man who was perhaps just a tad androgynous. A pretty boy, perhaps.

"This is not the look I've been going for. How on earth did this happen?"

Was he going crazy? He wasn't sure what to think. His body was certainly changing, and Serena had complimented him on developing some 'nice glutes' the other day. He touched the curve of his ass, and it did indeed feel more . . . prominent than it should be. But it also felt good, in the same way that his darkening eyes, shifting from blue to hazel, somehow managed to fill him with some kind of taboo excitement.

"I need to show Serena," he said. "Maybe . . . maybe it's all in my head."

It wasn't. As soon as he turned up for core day, her eyebrows raised.

“Wasn’t aware you were into tans, Jack. Are you getting a bit metro or something?”

He smiled sheepishly. “Um, not exactly. I just kind of . . . woke up like this. Well, that’s not true. My skin has been tanning for a bit, but here’s the thing, I haven’t been in the sun much lately. And I haven’t been dying my hair before you ask. I think something weird is happening to me; look at my face.”

Serena came closer, and once more Jack had to grapple with the fact that his new friend was indeed very attractive.

“Huh,” she said. “You look . . . softer. And your nose is longer.”

“I thought I might have been imagining that.”

“And you’re shorter. How the hell are you shorter?”

Jack hadn’t noticed *that*, but she was right. He’d never been incredibly tall, but he had been taller than Serena. Now he was perhaps only a little taller than her, but barely.

“Holy shit,” he said. “God, should I call the doctor?”

“Dude, I’m a fitness trainer and online workout influencer, I am not one to sign off on medical conditions. But I’ve never seen anything like this. You look kinda . . . pretty.”

He blushed. The complement warmed him more than it should have. He tucked a hair behind his ear.

“Look, I feel okay right now, at least. Maybe . . . maybe we just work through core day and then I get it checked out.”

“Sure, sure. Just tell me if you feel weird.”

Jack nodded. But that was the strangest part; he *didn’t* feel weird. In fact, he felt energised, as if leaving the gym was the exact opposite of what he wanted. He wanted to keep working out and improving his bod, more than usual. As they proceeded through the workout and various machines and sets, he actually almost forgot that his body looked different, so lost was he in the process. That was, until the bench press returned.

“You can do it, Jack! I’m right here spotting you, but you’ve got this, dude. Just one more set.”

“I. Can. Do. It!”

Jack pushed the bar up, taking on more weight than he had during his first calamity, but doing it properly with a spotter this time. Sadly, it wasn’t quite enough. He was about to reach his limit, he could feel it, but when he went to ask Serena to grab the bar for him, something changed. Suddenly, a rush of energy filled him, more powerful than any protein shake’s effects. It coursed through his body, and with this new reserve of power he began to push.

“Hell yeah, Jack! Hell yeah, you’re going past the li - whoa. Your body!”

Jack pushed, but he could already sense something was happening. His nipples tensed, and his chest ached. It was a good ache, but it wasn't signalling muscle change. Instead, it signalled *growth*, as it did upon several parts of his body.

"Nghhhh!" he groaned, straining, still pushing the bar. With each push, his chest inflated slowly, pools of fat developing beneath the skin and raising the flesh, his own nipples expanding and stiffening, becoming larger and forming feminine areolas. A warmth spread across his skin, and this caused his skin to darken further, as if the very act of working out was somehow tanning him.

"I can f-feel it!" he grunted.

"Um, dude, maybe you should stop . . ."

"F-five more to complete!" he grunted, though he knew it was insanity. But the feelings were too good. They raced down to his junk, and rather than causing it to harden with excitement and arousal, it actually deflated and shrunk. The shock caused him to stumble a little, but he managed to regain his technique, even as his thighs swelled a little, as his hair grew past his ears, as his nose took on a more aquiline shape. There was a slight *pop* in his hips, and they too seemed to subtly expand. It was a wonderful feeling. A sensation that should have terrified him, yet instead it was like raw power descending down from the heavens to perfect him.

And then he reached the end of the set, racked the bar with Serena's help, and the feeling evaporated, leaving him panting with a greater weight upon his chest, his eye wide with shock at what had just occurred.

"Um, ahhh, did that just - ahhh - happen?" he managed, voice cracking a little. Sounding *higher*.

"Fucking A it did," Serena managed. "Oh my God, you have seriously changed. Did no one else see that?"

They looked around. Apparently no one had, or perhaps were unable to. One thing was for sure though; Jack's body had changed, and much more dramatically than before. Looking down, he could see the faint shape of small A-cup breasts and slimmer overall form, juxtaposed with surprising muscle growth. His hair was longer, his nose looked different between his eyes, and his body hair had thinned considerably, particularly around his legs and forearms.

"This is crazy," he said, before touching his throat. His Adam's apple still remained, but it was clearly smaller in size. It definitely had some connection to his changed voice; it was softer, higher, like a man attempting to sound like a woman, only it was stuck that way now. "It's like I'm becoming . . ."

"A woman," Serena said, walking around the bench press and taking him in. "Are you? I mean, this is insane, but do you know what's causing this?"

"I don't!" Jack said, standing up. His new breasts - if they could be called that yet - jiggled only faintly. It was an alien sensation, but it also didn't feel that bad either. "I just experienced this kind of, I don't know, *rush* while working out. Like with every pump I was becoming the fit god I was meant to be. Sounds ridiculous, I know."

"Well, you certainly are more fit. And that was some effort. You smell of sweat and hard work, and it's a good scent my friend. But I can't say I ever expected *that* kind of bodily transformation. Could it be the workout that triggered it? If so, we should think about stopping in case-

"No!"

Jack paused, as surprised as Serena that he had been so vocal about this. But the sensation of change had been good, even with the suspicious nature of everything going on.

"Maybe . . . maybe we test it, just a little. See if it's really the cause. It's consolidation day in two days, right? Let's see how it goes."

Serena nodded, clearly a little uncertain, but also more than a little intrigued.

"Okay," she said, folding her wonderfully muscular arms. "But if the changes keep happening, we are gonna have a big talk about just what the hell we do about *that*."

Jack smirked, feeling a weird confidence boost despite his changes.

"Deal."

The experiment was a success, in that Jack's changes did indeed manifest once more. It was during a set of sit ups that it became most obvious, though he suspected he had been changing across the workout regimen and this was just the climax. Serena watched him closely, but when that glorious rush of power and excitement ran through him, he could barely even focus on her. Suddenly, after just reaching the end of his rope, he was doing sit up after sit up, flexing his tired core muscles and developing them further. And develop they did: they swelled to form a set of enticing abs, not overly prominent like a man's but merging with his now flat and smooth stomach, akin to an enticing woman's presentation.

"Mhmmm . . . ohhhhh, yes! Yes! I can d-do it! I can do *more*!"

"Woah, dude! It's happening. You should, like, slow down or something. It's clearly the workout!"

But Jack just shook his head, groaning in a strange mix of pleasure and aching relief as he pushed himself to his limits, holding the weights that made the sit ups all the more taxing. His nipples became larger and, as he would find out later, *darker*. His chest rose subtly, becoming full A-cups that would perhaps need their own bra. Serena gasped, and he realised she was looking at his hips, which stretched the fabric of his workout shorts

somewhat. His member shrunk further, but again it just felt so good. He had examined it the day before, but while it was somewhat humiliating to be losing his member slowly, his other changes intrigued him more and more. Even his hair, which was currently snaking down to nearly his chin.

The changes ended, and he collapsed back, panting.

"Dude, woah. You seriously look like you could be almost . . . latino. Or, I don't know how else to say this, but maybe a latina."

Jack nodded, sighing softly - more softly than before. He held up a hand and clenched it, admiring its more dainty but still powerful appearance. "I can feel it. The possibilities. Wow."

"We have to get you to stop exercising."

The changing man managed to sit up and shake his head. "No, you don't understand. I came in here yesterday. It's not the training that's making me change - nothing happened yesterday. I didn't feel one drop of the energy. No, it's training with *you*, Serena."

"Me?"

"Yeah, you. Somehow, it's training specifically with *you* that's changing me."

Serena's jaw fell. For once, the witty and teasing athletic beauty had nothing to say. Nothing, except: "Okay, I'm taking you back to The Dive once we clean up and change. We need to talk about this."

Jack looked down at himself. "I don't know if some of my clothing will fit anymore. And I need something to cover up these nipples. I'm kind of poking out a bit here."

"Then come with me."

She took him to the lockers and got out her things. He really had shrunk a little, because now she seemed slightly taller. She threw him an overshirt, one that was just a little bit sweaty still. "Here, put this on if you need it."

He thanked her and did so. It helped obscure his rather obvious nipples that others had been looking at. He was surprised at how nice the shirt smelled; it was sweet with her perfume, with just an underscore of the sweat and hard work Serena put into everything. It drew him in, and he decided in that moment that if this was a gift, it would be one he would keep taking to the gym. They may have been incompatible, but the smell of her on the clothing was something he wanted to savour.

"C'mon," she said, once they had changed fully. She raised an eyebrow at the fact that he was still wearing her shirt, but he just gave a sheepish grin. "Let's get moving. I need a drink, and you need one too, I bet. And we need to talk about this whole thing."

"Agreed," Jack said, following her out and getting into her car with her. "But at least I won't look as out of place at a lesbian bar now, right?"

That, at least, got a classic chuckle out of her.

Indeed, Jack really didn't look too out of place at The Dive. As he entered, he was vaguely aware of the fact that his hips were a little strained in his jeans, which were otherwise too baggy for him. Serena's oversized casual shirt was also perhaps just a little too big for him, but it did well to disguise how feminised his figure had become, while also shedding any masculinity as well. He kept pawing at his longer, darker hair, and biting his slightly fuller lower lip.

"Stop it," Serena said when she returned with a couple of beers. "You're going to make everyone think you've got rabies."

"Sorry," Jack said, smirking. "I just . . . this is crazy, right?"

Serena burst out laughing. It was a sweet sound, and surprisingly musical for such a tough, buff lady. She took a deep gulp of her drink after cracking it open. "Yeah Jack, it's crazy as all hell, that's for sure. Man, are you sure I didn't bust my head saving you from that terrible bench press form you had all that time ago? Maybe we're in some sort of shared delusion."

"If we are, it's a strange one," Jack said, cupping his chest a little.

"Seriously, stop it. Better people think you've got rabies than you're trying to fucking pleasure yourself like a weirdo."

Jack dropped his hands to the table. "Sorry. It's just . . . they're surprisingly sensitive."

"I imagine so, given they're quite feminine now."

"Girls have more sensitive nips, right?"

Serena snickered. "Yeah, they do."

"Are you sure?"

She gestured to herself. "Lesbian, remember? Giver and receiver? Expert in nipple-related matters?"

"But then how would you know unless you were bi?"

"I didn't *a/ways* know I was a lesbian, jackass."

He blushed a little, though it likely wouldn't show up as much on his more tanned features now. "Oh, of course."

She took another drink, as did he, then Serena eyed him over.

"A few more training sessions and you might be a lesbian too though, honey."

"I'm not *that* much of a girl yet."

"Well, you do have tits."

“Small ones,” he said, trying to avoid feeling them. They were a little sore, but the good kind of sore. As if they yearned for him to work out more and grow their ‘muscle’, so to speak.

“Yeah, you’re a member of the itty bitty titty committee, sure, but that still means they’re titties, dude. And I saw those hips widen. Pretty sure your waist shrank a tetch. And your face looks a bit androgynous now. You were practically orgasming as that happened.”

“I - it wasn’t like sex,” he said, taking a drink himself to hold off the embarrassment. “But it was something like it. It was like this rush of energy was inside me, and I couldn’t deny it. Fuck, why did I give in? Why do I still want to?”

Serena shrugged, then pushed her white-pink hair over to one side. It was a damn good look, and Jack was grateful it still did things for him, even if his member had shrunk somewhat. “Beats me. And according to you, it’s only when I train you. I’ll be up front; I’m not a witch or devil or something if you’re worried about that. Until today, I didn’t believe magic existed outside of the wonderful bourbon I should have purchased from the bar instead of this cheap addictive shit. Do you have any clue what’s causing this? Originally, I mean?”

Jack indicated that he couldn’t think of anything. The pair of them discussed possibilities for some time, and got a couple more beers as they chatted, but couldn’t think of anything. The conversation shifted, moving to discuss Jack’s changes and how he felt about them.

“Good. No, I mean it,” he said in response to her bemused expression. “I really do feel good. Even the fact that my skin is tan and my nose is different and my eyes darker . . . I don’t feel like I’m losing me. I mean, my dick is smaller and any self-respecting guy would be freaking out about that, right?”

“I have to ask,” she said. “Are you trans?”

Jack shook his head, and smiled a little at the feeling of his longer hair shifted about. He wondered how it would feel if it were longer enough to go down over his shoulders.

“Definitely not.”

“You’re one hundred percent sure?”

“I mean, who hasn’t thought of what being the opposite sex would like, huh? But apart from idle curiosity, I’d say no. At least . . . not until now. Now, I kind of think I want to keep going.”

Serena leaned forward, looking him in the eye. “You mean . . . ?”

Jack nodded. “Yeah, keep training. See where this takes me. I can’t explain it, Serena. You probably think I’m crazy, but I want to feel that power again, that surge of energy. Not like an addiction, because I’m not getting withdrawal or anything. I just feel . . . weirdly at peace. Like I’m *supposed* to keep changing. I know it sounds insane.”

"It does," she said, but then to his surprise she reached out and placed her hand on his. It was a good feeling, one that made his goosebumps come out. "But I'm willing to see it through if you are. I've never encountered anything like this before. Magic, or the closest thing ever. And I'd be lying if I wasn't curious to see it again."

She removed her hand, then reformed it into an outstretched one.

"So, shall we make this official, dude?"

He took her hand, and she clasped it with her impressive grip.

"You keep training me, pushing me harder than ever before . . ."

"And you keep changing, to see how far this goes."

The two of them grinned, and then, out of nowhere, broke out into companionable laughter. That was how Abby and Therese found them a minute later, now sat closer to one another, slapping each other on the back.

They didn't even recognise Jack.

So he just went by 'Gabby.'

Neither trained the next day due to intense hangovers and a mutual agreement to let it sit for a day just in case Jack wanted to back out. Instead, he simply tried to focus on sorting out his headache and taking a relaxing day, all so he could be in the best condition possible to get started again. The following day he met Serena for training, but this time it wasn't at the gym, but at her house, a place he'd never been invited to.

"Looking much better, my man," she said, giving him an unexpected hug and pulling him inside. "Come on in, I'll give you the tour, and then we can get to the good part; my in-house gym."

Jack had underestimated how well off Serena was, or how much she made from her social media fitness guru lifestyle, because her house was *awesome*. She had a nice-sized TV, comfy couches, a walk-in pantry, and an island kitchen with a marble top. She was clearly chuffed to show him the place that was her own, including all the spare rooms. But the best she indeed saved for last, because her personal gym occupied the most spacious chamber.

"Holy shit," Jack said, still getting used to his voice being lighter. "Why do you even go to the gym?"

Serena slapped him, rather unexpectedly, on the ass, before moving ahead and gesturing to the gym area. "Because for one, my transforming trainee, this isn't nearly spacious enough for all the equipment a goddess like me needs to maintain this sexy

muscled-bound body. And for two, I like the social aspect of the gym. Plus, it let me meet you, magical man.”

“I think I preferred ‘idiot’,” Jack said. “Shall we get down to it? I’m, well, I’m *itching* to change again. Seriously.”

Serena caught her own fist before her. “Hell yeah. Shall we record it, too?”

“Um . . . yeah. But not for public consumption, okay? Just . . . just for us.”

She shrugged. “I wouldn’t sell you out, man. Let’s do it.”

They quickly got deep into leg day. Appropriate, given that she had some good equipment for curling and squatting, as the regular press. There were even some hip thrusting exercises Serena threw in, just because she thought they might help. They were, because soon Jack could feel the energy increasing. It had done so ever since he’d donned her baggy workout shirt, something Serena smiled at but didn’t comment upon. Yes, the energy was building within him, pushing him to go further and further. He was on her leg extension machine when he realised it was about to bud fully.

“I think it’s h-happening,” he said, the power growing inside him, urging him to go further, to become fitter *and* more feminine. “I have to k-keep going and I’ll m-make it happen.”

Serena adjusted the camera on its tripod, then continued to give him encouragement.

“You can do this, man. *Woman*. You can do it, girl. Is that helping?”

Jack nodded, sweating and inhaling his own scent and Serena’s perfumed form, feeling the intoxication of the two mixing. “It is! It actually is! It’s like I’m about to - aghhh! Oh G-God! *Dios Mio!* MHHMMH!!”

It began. She continued to lift his legs, heaving against the weights that were more than he could have handled even before his transformation. His legs trembled, but even as they did so, they also *reshaped*. There was now resistance this time from Jack; he *welcomed* the changes, and in doing so experienced the fantastic release of his calves slimming, his thighs thickening, the last remaining hair fleeing his now smooth legs. They were feminine and *powerful*, and the same was true of his feet, as his shoes now felt too large for them. Still, he continued, allowing the energy to surge through the rest of him.

“Holy fuck,” Serena breathed, clearly in awe.

Jack looked up to her, and a strange determination filled him. He wanted to change, not just for himself anymore, but for *her*.

“Ch-change m-meeee!” he cried, his voice even more womanly, his neck slimming to become tender and gorgeous. He bit his lip, only to feel it expand further, while his nose finished its transformation into an aquiline shape. His hair slithered out from his scalp, darkening to a very, very dark brown, and gaining surprising waviness to it as well. He exhaled, sounding like a woman in the throes of passion, and that very image made him

welcome what came next: his member shrank further, and he pumped harder at the machine, bringing sweet pain to his muscles and ecstasy to the rest of his body.

“Yes, do it! M-make me a w-woman! I want to be a *mujer*!”

Serena gasped. “Are you speaking Spanish?”

“*Si*! I mean, yes! *Dios mio* I don’t know why but it’s wonderful!”

Even his voice had an accent to it now, and a sultry rasp that sounded incredible. He groaned as his ribcage pulled in, his shoulders too. His entire body was becoming smaller, a little shorter, slimmer. His waist contracted yet again, followed by an equal expansion in his hips that *strained* his workout shorts. His breasts burst forward, growing and filling with tissue above the muscle that was also building.

“Mhmm! Yesssss! *Si*! *Siiiiii*! Make them b-bigger! And give me a - MHPH!!”

The burst of explosive pleasure radiated from his crotch, and served to even further *accelerate* the change. Jack knew that the very second he stopped on the leg curler, the changes would stop, and so he pushed, literally crying out in his now-orgasmic voice, all so the final change could complete itself. Inch by inch his penis pulled back into his body, inverting and burrowing deep, forming a tunnel even as something new *bloomed* within him, shifting aside existing organs to make itself known. He knew, deep down, what it was: he had just grown a womb. An entire female productive system.

It was enough to make his new tits grow just that little bit bigger, his nipples also larger and rubbing sensually against Serena’s workshirt upon him.

“It’s - it’s - *hermosa*! Serena - dear God it’s everything I ever wanted! Aaaaaiiee!!!”

The orgasm overwhelmed the pain, and her - yes, *her* - entire body shuddered, her legs going like jelly. She shook and trembled, losing all momentum with her exercise, and the changes finally ended with the new woman panting. She slipped out of the machine, moaning like she was in heat - she sort of was, given the new slickness in her female parts - and she collapsed into Serena’s arms, who had moved quickly to do so. Jack looked up at the hot woman that held her, feeling her muscle, and she realised that her own was almost as impressive. Despite getting smaller and becoming an actual woman, she now had impressive biceps and calves and ab muscles of her own.

“H-how do you like the new m-me?” she managed to say, her voice definitely tinged with a South American accent.

“I’ll be honest,” Serena said, in a way that initially made the new woman worried. “That was the hottest fucking thing I’ve ever seen in my goddamn life.”

And then, without even thinking about it, the two of them kissed.

Jack wasn't sure what Serena and he - her - was. It had been two days since the kiss and Serena acted as if they were normal, but she kept also commenting on the new woman's body, talking about her 'awesome abs' and 'hot biceps' and 'nice olive skin.' The last Jack hadn't even noticed until later: it was very obvious that the new her was, in fact, latina. As with the other changes, Jack didn't mind. In fact, she found herself looking into the mirror and marvelling at the fact that she was pretty damn cute, and now that she had C-cup breasts, even quite sexy with the necessary bra pushing them up.

There was a lot to get used to, and Serena was there every step of the way. She had purchased a heap of bras, ladies' underwear, and various dresses and sportswear gear for Jack, all with the promise that Jack *definitely* had to wear them, even the cute red dress one day. Jack agreed, and not entirely out of obligation. The thought of actually *dressing* as a woman made her as nervous as she was excited, especially since she could start going public with her new identity, new name and all.

Initially, Jack had worried that she wouldn't be able to work now, having not really thought deeply upon this point. But a rudimentary look at her ID told her another major change had occurred: she was now Gabriella Martinez, and always had been. Her work colleagues recognised her as such, and her wardrobe was slowly changing too, though Serena's stuff was better. It smelled like her, with that sweet perfume.

But for all the ways in which Jack/Gabriella (she wasn't used to the new name just yet) felt rather wonderful and even *eager* to change further, there was still a great deal of nervousness, which she communicated to Serena next time they met, one more at the latter's place.

"Lookin' hot, Gabby," she remarked.

"I sort of feel hot," Jack said, holding her own arm nervously. "It's a weird feeling. A guy made a come on as I passed him on the street. Wolf whistles and everything. It was my *culo* he was looking at, not just my *tetas*."

"Man, I love how you pepper your speech with Spanish now."

"I'm not trying to! It just sort of . . . bursts out of me now! I think I don't quite have control of everything just yet. I still keep occasionally walking like a man because I'm not used to these hips swinging about all the time! And I go to hold my chest because of all the . . ."

"Jiggling?"

Jack frowned. "Yeah. It's nice. And they're nice. They really are."

Serena chuckled. "They're my size, big ole C's, so I can affirm that they are indeed nice. But yeah, I imagine it's a lot to take in. You've done well with your hair, at least, though I might do some adjustments and show you some tricks. No makeup, but we can fix that."

Jack was about to protest, but decided that she rather liked the idea of makeup.

"That would be appreciated. Though I wouldn't go spending any more on dresses. I think . . . I think this body wants one final change."

Serena laughed. "What, like bigger tits?"

A silence followed.

"Wait, like, seriously?"

Jack swallowed. "I think . . . I think I'm becoming my own fantasy girl. Or yours. Or both."

"You mean . . . sexy muscled latina gal with a hot bod and nice big rack?"

Jack slowly nodded, the realisation that her own sizeable chest might somehow get even bigger dawning upon her. It was already weird enough with their pneumatic movements and general weight, how would it be when they were bigger?

"Well, I won't complain about making you that in today's workout . . ."

Jack sighed. "Yeah, me neither. I mean, I feel the pull, and I want it, but . . ."

Serena approached, then embraced Jack. She had been more touchy-feely since that one kiss, and this time she kissed her tenderly on the neck. It made Jack elicit an involuntary little moan.

"But you're still getting used to being Gabriella Martinez. It's all becoming real for you now, and not just a fantasy. This is you now; getting catcalled, having to look forward to periods-

"Mierda, periods!"

"- and wearing women's clothing and moving and sounding differently and being a new person entirely. Dudette, I may want you . . . I mean, to keep changing, but we should take a break, even for just a day. Let's grab some afternoon food, and then I'm taking you *dancing* tonight."

Jack blinked. "D-dancing?"

Serena smirked, and used the opportunity to tap Jack on her rather rondure backside once more. "That's right. It's a different kind of workout tonight, honey. The kind that'll let loose that nervous energy. Plus, I want to see those hips *swing*."

Jack felt quite self conscious as she headed to the club, Serena holding his arm eagerly. Her fitness teacher and friend (and perhaps something more) was looking *very* sexy in a pink crop top and white denim shorts that hugged her figure. It left her muscled midriff on display, and her impressive biceps and strong thighs likewise visible, which Jack found hard not to look at. But she herself had committed to a first; she was wearing the red dress that Serena had bought for her, and finding that while it was a *little* loose around the hips and bust, it still

felt rather nice on her. It fell just above her knees, and had a low neckline to show off her cleavage. Her arms were bare, and her legs too, and she actually had *heels*. The effect had been quite powerful: she was a very cute and fit latina woman in a dazzling red dress, with much of her new curves on display. The dress even pulled nicely around her rear, though it was odd how 'freeing' wearing such an article was. She had to have a matching purse, according to Serena, and this only completed the effect.

"How are you coping?" Serena asked her.

Jack giggled nervously. "Pretty well, actually. I guess I never expected to be a cute girl going to a club. Well, I think I'm cute."

"Honey, you're *more* than cute. Abby and Therese are waiting for us. Let's test a theory of mine."

They entered, Jack's hips swinging thanks to the heels, which also had the effect of changing her posture so that her chest was stuck out and her rear also. At least walking in heels had come somewhat naturally to her, but the bigger surprise was arriving at the table and seeing Therese and Abby rise up and give them both hugs.

"Serena! Gabby! My two favourite hotties! Thanks for inviting us!"

Jack looked to Serena, who simply smirked, then whispered in her ear over the loud club music.

"I suspected that others might start to remember you as, well, the new you. Looks like I was right. Makes things easier, right?"

"I guess so," Jack remarked, though in truth he didn't fully feel like Gabriella just yet. "What's the plan for tonight, then?"

Abby gave her a look like she was living on another planet. "Get drunk and dance the night away, obviously!"

"D-dance?"

Serena chuckled, and so did Therese, who placed a hand on Jack's. "We all want to see your moves, Gabby. Serena here says you're quite the feisty latina when it comes to the dance floor."

"Does she now?" Jack said, side-eyeing her friend.

Serena imbibed some of her drink. "What can I say? I'm curious. Besides, you look good and I want to see you show it off. C'mon, it'll be fun. I'll mentor you."

"I'll . . . consider it."

The night continued on, Jack getting more used to the way men looked at her differently now, as well as the fact that she looked quite striking in her red dress. She had to be careful with her alcohol intake - she was smaller now - but at the same time she beamed with pride when the conversation turned to how much muscle she was developing. Serena in particular kept looking at her, and as the sparks seemed to fly Therese and Abby slowly

withdrew, making excuses to get to the dance floor or see other friends. Serena danced for a little, but Jack stayed behind just to watch; it was mesmerising to see, though. By that point, Jack was just a little tipsy, and giggling and acting more like a woman, little gestures and all. She was even starting to 'accidentally' press her breasts together to emphasise her cleavage, all in the hopes that Serena might notice. She did - very much so - and that only led to more energy coursing within her. She sighed heavily, new chest rising and falling.

"You okay? You look . . . well, I don't mind how it looks, but are you alright?"

"Y-yeah. Just feeling that energy. That need to change. It's okay, I can avoid it for another day."

Serena swirled her near-empty drink. "Do you really want to?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that we gave the training a break so you could decide. So, do you want to finish your change?"

Jack bit her lip. "*Sí. Dios mio*, so much. I can feel it all over my body. I want to become Gabriella, Serena. I want to become her . . . for you. Not just me but for you."

She dared to place her hand on Serena's, interlocking the fingers. Serena froze for a moment, then locked her fingers back. She pressed herself against Jack's olive-skinned form, placing her other hand on Jack's thigh. She kissed her womanly lips, and once more Jack moaned a little, returning the kiss. The energy rose yet further, and it was enhanced by the smell of Serena. That same perfume mingled with the sweat from the dance floor earlier, and it was utterly intoxicating to Jack. This kiss lasted longer, and soon Serena was clasping the back of his neck passionately. When she finally pulled back, the two of them smiled.

"I guess this really was meant to be," Serena said. "You literally changed into a woman just to have a chance with me."

"I'm still not sure I do," Jack said, a bit sheepishly at that. "I still feel like you're way out of my league."

"I don't know about that. You're a sexy latina with a nice figure and nice muscles. Just my type. But if you really want to be sure . . . why don't we get out on that dance floor and make you a ten out of ten, sweetheart?"

"Dancing? I mean, would that even count?"

But Serena was already pulling her towards the dance floor. "Only one way to find out. It's one kind of workout, and I'll be training you all the moves for a fit hottie like yourself! C'mon!"

The music reached a new track, the pop lyrics vibing with the mood of the club goers. Many of them flocked to the dance floor, and near the centre was Serena, having dragged Jack up there.

“Just follow my lead!” she instructed, “and make sure to flex those muscles. We are gonna dance *hard*.”

Serena wasn't lying, she was dancing hard. She thrust out her hips, rocked them back and forth, placed her hands behind her head and danced with her muscular legs. She held Jack's hand and spun around, catching the new woman and spinning her about. The two danced up against one another, Jack getting increasingly confident. She occasionally wobbled on her heels, the two of them laughing as Serena had to keep catching her, but soon she was feeling that growing compulsion to show off her body and really flex her moves. She let the music guide her body, shaking it and twisting it, gyrating and shaking her hips, jumping up and down when the hit chorus began. She pressed her body against Serena's, kissing her outright, dancing against the woman she wanted to make her girlfriend.

“Something's go into you!” Serena said, laughing as Jack backed up against her, pressing her rear against Serena's body and letting the other woman hold her waist.

“It's just so *maravillosa!*” the latina declared. “And it's w-working. Show me some more! Push me to the limits, Serena! I'm so close!”

“Then try to keep up, sexy!”

Serena kicked it up a notch as the music did so, and Jack worked hard to follow. Soon they were even catching others' attention, but they only had eyes for each other as they lowered themselves and sprang back up, danced up upon one another, moved in sensual and exciting ways. Serena led, and Jack followed, and as the music began to reach its crescendo, so too did the excited transforming former male feel her own crescendo.

“It's coming! I can feel it coming! Serena, I love you!”

She kissed the other woman, holding her with her own muscled arms, and Serena kissed back. An explosion of energy hit Jack, and it rocketed through her, racing out from her core and settling particularly around her chest, rear, hips and scalp.

“Mhmmm!” she moaned, her near-orgasmic rush thankfully drowned out by the crowd. “Yessss, thank you! I can feel it! AAhhhhh!!”

Serena continued to dance with Jack, but her own gaze was clearly relishing the changes as they unfolded. Jack moaned as her hair descended, becoming wavier and darker until it was entirely jet black, unfolding down her back. Her face altered further, becoming even more attractive: her lips fuller, her eyelashes and eyebrows perfect, giving her an almost model-like appearance, with a hint of rugged strength. Her muscles expanded further as well; her biceps swelled, as did her calves and thighs, and her abs were almost visible against the tight dress. Her glutes rose too, giving her ass a far more shapely look, stretching against the fabric of her red dress in a way that made her moan.

But that was nothing compared to what happened to her chest. She grabbed Serena and held her close as her boobs expanded. The energy concentrated heavily there, rising

and charging and *surging* forward, filling her already blessed chest so that she developed a deeply impressive rack. With each pulse of the power Jack couldn't help but moan, rubbing her chest against Serena, who gasped as the lovely latina's cup size swelled from C-cups to D-cups and then all the way to large, cantaloupe-like E-cups. They stretched the confines of the dress, filling the bust wonderfully and adding heft and jiggle to her every movement.

"Siiiiiii! Mhmmm! They're so - so *grande!*"

"I'll say they are!" Serena said, marvelling at them.

The final changes echoed out, but the results were more than clear. Even though she could not see her reflection, Jack knew that her body was finished. She had gone from a pale, ginger-haired man to a deeply attractive latina with a stacked chest, brilliant curves, and sexy muscles that showed just how much of a hot gym nut she now was. She looked down at her deep line of cleavage, moving just a little to enjoy the motion and sway and - most of all - *power* of her new body. Nobody else had seemed to notice the changes, just Serena.

"How do you feel?" Serena said, the music dying down for this one perfect moment.

Tears formed just briefly in the corners of Jack's eyes. She ran her hands down over her figure, lightly touching her breasts, but stopping at her muscled abs, her powerful hips and thighs. She held her own arms, feeling the strength of them, only to raise her hands to touch her own face and experience the difference there too. She didn't need to see herself, she suddenly realised. She was complete.

"I feel like Gabriella," she said, her accent thicker, her voice sultry yet dominant. "And I feel like doing this, too."

She pulled Serena towards her and the pair kissed more passionately than they had yet, their strong female bodies pressing together, their tongues dancing in each other's mouths. They held that for a long time, even when a couple of guys wolf whistled them, even when a new song began to start. They only withdrew to stare into each other's eyes.

"I could get used to that," Serena said.

"I could get used to all of this," Gabriella replied.

"Does that mean our training is over?"

Gabriella just laughed. "No way, *jose!* You can't get rid of me that easily. I feel fitter and better than ever, and I want to *keep* feeling that way. And I want to keep feeling that way with you."

The pair kissed again. A heat was rising within Gabriella, and this time she knew exactly what kind of heat it was.

"Do you want to get out of here?" she asked.

“Fuck yeah,” Serena replied. “My place. ASAP. There’s a few things I haven’t trained you in, my Gabriella, including the arts of being a lesbian, and I absolutely can’t wait to teach you everything about it.”

The pair practically ran off of the dance floor, giggling as they went, and no one got in the way of a pair of muscled beauties such as they. Soon they were already on the street and hailing a taxi, both eager to get their hands on the other for real, and then some. Gabriella held her new partner around her firm waist as the car arrived to take them. She had a really good feeling that she’d be training a lot more at Serena’s house going forward, and in more ways than one at that.

The End