

**GAL HORNE**

**GENDER SWAP  
BODY SHOCKS**  
FEMINIZATION TRANSFORMATION

**Gender Swap Candy Shop**

**Gender Swap Beach Bod**

**Gender Swap Office Job**

# Contents

[Title Page](#)

[TEASERS](#)

[Copyright](#)

[PART ONE GENDER SWAP CANDY SHOP](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[PART TWO GENDER SWAP BEACH BOD](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[PART THREE GENDER SWAP OFFICE JOB](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[MAILING LIST AND MORE](#)

# GENDER SWAP BODY SHOCKS

Gal Horne

## TEASERS

### **From Gender Swap Candy Shop:**

‘The best thing about these particular sweets,’ she said, unscrewing the lid of the jar, ‘is that because they’re experimental, there isn’t even a charge.’

Huh, that was good news. Because this place was so popular, I’d been expecting to pay a few bucks even for the most basic chocolate bar.

‘So, this one is for you,’ she said, handing something to Gabe, ‘and this one is yours.’

The item she gave me was small, and wrapped in unmarked, white plastic. It was not anything like what I was expecting.

‘So what is it?’ I asked.

‘Well,’ she said, ‘these two candies are very different, but also very similar. You can eat them whenever you like, but it’s important that you have them at roughly the same time. Then, the changes will start to take place at about the same time. My advice is: as things start to change and the candy really starts taking effect, to just go with it. Don’t panic, and don’t worry. The effects are intense, and might seem unbelievable, but don’t worry, they aren’t permanent. They’ll wear off in about a week after you’ve taken the candy. And they’ll come on slow.’

‘What are the effects?’ said Gabe.

‘Oh, I don’t want to spoil the surprise,’ she said. ‘But I think you’ll both be very, very satisfied.’

### **From Gender Swap Beach Bod:**

I walked up to the mirror without daring look into it. I closed my eyes, and then... three... two... one...

*You’ve got to be kidding me.*

My face didn’t just match my body. It *surpassed* my body. Honestly, I’d give my body a ten out of ten, really I would. But my face... It was beyond extraordinary. All the sharp angles of my jawline had softened, and of course, all the hair on my face had disappeared. My neck was slender and long; the Adam’s apple had completely disappeared. My eyes were larger than before, and sparklier - big, blue, come-to-bed eyes, and my lips were plump, red and kissable. My cheekbones were razor-sharp, and my nose was delicate and perfectly proportioned for my face - which is something I wouldn’t have been able to boast about before! And my hair... it was magic. Somehow, it had grown overnight. And not just a little bit. It now fell below my shoulders, in long, blond waves. I was stunning. Model material. Heck - *supermodel* material.

### **From Gender Swap Office Job:**

‘You look absolutely *gorgeous!*’ she exclaimed, taking her sexy little glasses off and looking me up and down. ‘And it’s really only been two days?’

I nodded.

‘And you’ve obviously had no cosmetic surgery, have you?’

I shook my head. How could she even think I would have had time to get surgery?

‘Oh Mr. Pherone is going to be so excited to see you. So very excited. I don’t think you’re going to have as much time to wait today, that’s for sure. I’m going to need to take a brand new picture of you today, don’t you think?’

I hadn’t even thought about that. If I had been asked for ID anywhere, I’d have been totally fucked!

I posed as best as I could, trying to keep a fairly neutral face, but to be honest, I was finding it hard not to smile the whole time. I felt so good in myself, like I was lighter, more nimble, and still as though all my senses were working on overdrive.

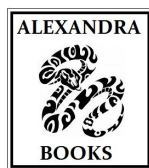
Lisa picked up the phone.

‘Mr. Pherone, Sean is here to see you,’ she said. I heard an excited voice from the other end. ‘Of course,’ she replied. She put the phone down and smiled at me. ‘He said he’s going to drop everything and that you should head straight through. Here’s your guest pass.’ She handed me a lanyard. I found it hard to believe that the beautiful face printed on the card was mine. I had mysterious, dusky eyes, glossy, dark hair, and soft, ruby lips.

That was the first time I had a very dangerous thought.

*I want to stay like this forever.*

This book may not be reproduced or used in any manner without the express written permission of the copyright holder. This story contains explicit content that is intended for adult audiences only. All characters involved in sexual situations are 18 years of age or older. Copyright © 2015 Carmen Quick. All rights reserved. Logo Image © photochatree, bigstockphoto.com. Cover Image © Safertim, megapixl.com.



**PART ONE**  
**GENDER SWAP CANDY SHOP**

## Chapter 1

‘I’m telling you, man, we’ve gotta hit this place up. It’s like, totally hip.’

God-damn. My one day off this week, and Gabe wanted to go to a fucking candy shop.

‘Gabe, please, try to make me understand just what it is about his shop that makes it worth visiting? I mean, come on, we could be down at Paddy’s, drinking, watching the game, eating hot wings.’

Gabe tucked his hands into the fabric of his gray vest top, stretching it away from his muscular torso.

We’d been in the café for half an hour or so. Gabe tended to take a long time to drink his morning coffee, and I didn’t mind spending time with my best friend.

The waitress came to the table and took my cup. She gave me a quick smile, and her big blue eyes flashed happily at me. Holy fuck, she was hot. As she turned away, I couldn’t help but check out her ass. Her name was Angel, and she was the main reason we kept coming to this coffee shop. Gabe had been trying to build up the courage to talk to her. It’s not like their Kenyan *robusta* beans were especially good or anything.

‘Oh Angel,’ he said, ‘why can’t I talk to you?’

Gabe never had any trouble talking to girls normally. In fact he was pretty much the smoothest guy I’d ever met. It helped that he was super-fit and to be honest, pretty damn good-looking.

‘You just need to man up, and say something to her,’ I said, ‘I’m sure that she’d be down with talking to you.’

‘I know, I know,’ he replied, sighing, ‘it’s just that she’s so perfect. I don’t just wanna fuck her, I want to go out with her. I mean damnit, sometimes when I look at her I just feel as though I wanna drop down on one knee and propose. Something about those big blue eyes.’

‘You still haven’t answered my question. Why shouldn’t we just head to the bar and enjoy our day off? We can practice our pick-up lines on any hotties we find there, and make sure that next time we’re in here, you’ll know exactly what to say to Angel.’

‘We get drunk every fucking weekend,’ said Gabe, before letting out a belch. He adjusted his baseball cap and carried on talking. ‘I heard about this place from Tasha. She says they’ve got some really fucking hardcore shit there. It’s like, not just candy. It’s got special properties.’

What was he talking about, special properties?

‘What do you mean?’

‘Damnit man, do I gotta spell it out for you? This stuff can get you high.’

I’d always known that Gabe was dumb, but sometimes it surprised even me when he proved just how dense he was. He seriously expected me to believe that a candy shop in Williamsburg was selling psychoactive candies to kids? This was some next level shit.

‘You’ve gone insane, Gabe,’ I said. ‘There’s no way that’s even possible. It’s just rumors, or like, a marketing campaign or something to get people interested and get them spending. They just want people from all over the city to hear about their shop. It’s classic buzz marketing.’

Gabe leaned back on his chair, latte in his hand.

‘Liam,’ he said, draining the last few drops from his cup, ‘sometimes you just gotta dream. Cause if you don’t have a dream, how you gonna have a dream come true?’

He was a soppy fucker.

Angel came back over to the table.

‘Can I get you boys anything more? Maybe a cupcake or a muffin?’

I couldn’t help but look at her heaving chest under that red and white checked shirt. I could think of two muffins that I wouldn’t mind a little nibble on, that’s for sure. For a moment I wondered what it might feel like to have such incredible sexual power. Someone like Angel could snap her fingers and have just about any man on the planet drooling over here. It was so different, being a man, never quite knowing that anyone was returning your interest. Being a woman must make things so much more straightforward.

I mean, look at Gabe, right now. His eyes were virtually popping out of his head. There was no way that Angel wouldn’t have picked up on the very obvious signals he was giving out.

‘Hey, Angel,’ I said, trying to take a bit of a risk, ‘you seem like a bit of a hipster.’

She smiled, flashing perfectly white teeth at me. ‘I wouldn’t exactly say that,’ she replied with a wink. She had a seriously sexy southern accent, like she’d just come up from a ranch in Texas, ‘but I do my best to keep up on the trends in the local area.’

‘So,’ I continued, ‘have you heard of a quirky new candy shop that’s opened

up in Williamsburg?’

Gabe spoke up, his voice uncharacteristically shaky and broken. ‘It’s called Sweet Zone,’ he said, ‘and its location is a closely guarded secret.’

Her eyes widened. ‘Oh yes,’ she said, ‘I know about Sweet Zone. In fact, I’ve sampled quite a wide selection of their products over the last couple months. I can wholeheartedly recommend them.’

‘Whereabouts are they?’ I asked.

She took a pencil from the waistband of her skirt and scratched an address down on a page from her order pad. ‘Say hi to Roxy for me,’ she said.

‘Who’s Roxy?’ I asked.

‘She runs the place,’ she replied. ‘I think you’ll really like her. She’s a lot of fun. And smart, too. She’s the kind of person who can seriously change your perspective on life.’

‘Is it really worth visiting this place?’ I asked, leaning in conspiratorially. ‘It’s my one day off this week, and I really could do with just putting my feet up in a bar somewhere, not going to a kiddies’ sweet shop.’

‘Oh,’ she said, a mischievous glint in her eye, ‘it’s not a place for children, in the slightest. And believe me when I say that it is very, *very* worth your time. Now if you don’t mind gentlemen, I’m gonna have to get back to my work. I hope you enjoy your experience at Sweet Zone. I guarantee you a good time.’

Gabe eyed me with triumph in his eyes. I guess he’d won, and we’d be going to candy shop.

## Chapter 2

It was a gorgeous day. It would have been just perfect to sit outside a bar somewhere in the warm New York spring air.

Young, hip people were everywhere, enjoying their time in the sun. Pretty girls with tattoos and wild haircuts walked next to bearded young lumberjack-looking guys. I often felt like I was out of place in New York. I loved the city and all the exciting experiences it had to offer, but I never quite got how I was meant to act here. I wasn't into art or music or literature or even stuff like blogging culture. I'd never even looked at Instagram. I felt out of the loop, I guess.

Gabe was totally different. He ran a workout blog called 'Be The Beast' and he had over a hundred thousand followers on twitter. He posted selfies every day, of him chugging kale smoothies while pumping iron or finishing up 10k runs all sweaty and worn out. I gotta admit, there were times when I felt privileged to be his friend.

'So,' I said, 'what's the deal with this place. Are the candies macrobiotic, or what? Do they have bio-cultures in them? What makes them so hip?'

'I don't fucking know,' said Gabe, chugging protein shake from a flask at his hip. 'I just heard that that the candies where delicious and they got you fucked up! Sometimes you just gotta take a chance. That's what "Be The Beast" is all about, bro!'

He never really shut up about his blog. It was fair enough. He'd been working hard on his own personal brand for years now. It had started small, with just a few ardent followers, and then, as time had gone on, and he'd been more regular with his updates and his audience had gone from strength to strength. He'd really turned his life around. He'd gone from just a regular schmuck to something of a local celebrity. Of course, that didn't make him any less of a meat-head.

Two sexy young women walked past us. They both had a lollipop in their mouth, and they sucked happily on the bright pink candies. Their lips were plump and moist, their cheeks were pulled in tight. It was like there was something in the air. I felt lust tugging at my groin.

'Fuck, did you see those two?' Gabe asked, looking over his shoulder as the

two women walked away from us.

‘You bet I did,’ I said. ‘They’d even give Angel a run for her money, eh?’

‘Pfff,’ he said, ‘no chance.’

‘Hey, do you think they’ve been to the candy shop?’

‘Maybe,’ Gabe replied, looking at the address on the scrap of paper, ‘we’re getting pretty close now. It should be just around the block.’

He was right. We didn’t have much farther to go at all. Now there was a steady stream of seriously fucking hot women walking down the sidewalk. They were all either sucking on lollipops, or nibbling on taffy or tipping little gummi candies into their red-lipped mouths.

‘Hipsters, eh?’ remarked Gabe. ‘Always tracking down the cool new thing in town, flocking to it like sheep. Look at all these girls. I’ve never known so many cuties in one area before.’ The grin on his face was wide and warm. I could tell that he was having a damn good day. ‘You know,’ he continued, ‘you should really look at giving up your job. Life has been so much better for me since I became my own boss. Like, nowadays, if I want to take a day off to visit a weird candy shop, I just do it. I make sure that I just put up an extra squat vid that week or whatever. It’s empowering, being able to manage your own time. And you know, if things start going bad for me, I’ve only got myself to blame, no-one else at all.’

‘Gabe, you know it’s not so easy for me to give up my work. It’s not like I can set up a weekly accountancy blog, or start YouTubing about the latest policy changes that the IRS might have implemented.’

Gabe gave me a sarcastic look. ‘Are you kidding me? This accountancy chat is getting me seriously hyped-up, bro.’

I did wish I had the same lifestyle as Gabe, though, I have to admit. It was seductive to think that I could have more time to myself, to pursue the things in life that I found really exciting. But I just don’t think I had it in me. I’d always struggled with a lack of confidence. Being friends with Gabe didn’t help matters much.

Physically, I felt as though I was Gabe’s opposite. He was tall and muscular; I was shorter and slim. He had thick, dark hair; I had wavy, blond locks. I felt as though I didn’t measure up to him in any way. It’s why I always tended to let him take the lead whenever the two of us were together. Our personalities couldn’t be more different, too. He was brash and confident; I was retiring and shy. We were a good team for that reason, I often thought, but it left me always following his lead.

We turned the corner, and there ahead of us was the shop. It was down quite a narrow alleyway, and the light was a little dimmer round here. The surrounding

buildings were tall, and they added to the strange level of foreboding I felt.

The shop itself was pretty inconspicuous. It seemed rather run-down, not like a new shop at all. Above the doorway hung a deep purple sign. In a light pink font, the words Sweet Zone were painted in a bold, curvy font, almost like handwriting. The front door opened, and two young women walked out. They had their arms linked, and they stepped in time. A waft of sweet-scented air followed them out of the shop. It immediately brought back intense memories of childhood, of innocent times. I breathed in deep, enjoying the sensation, and then, as the door swung shut, the aroma was cut off, and the deep, visceral reminiscence was immediately halted.

‘Whoa, smells so chocolatey,’ said Gabe. Hmm, that’s definitely not how I would describe the smell. It was more like vanilla, with some notes of ginger. Not chocolate, though.

‘Right,’ he said, giving me a cheeky grin, ‘let’s see what all the fuss is about.’

Neither of us could have ever guessed just what was waiting for us inside that shop, and how fundamentally our lives would be transformed by stepping over the threshold.

## Chapter 3

The inside of the shop was small and cosy. It was dimly lit, and the smell was wonderful. Now that I had more time to appreciate it, it was clearly the scent of cream soda. I breathed in deep and let the comforting aroma take control of my senses.

‘It’s pretty cool in here, isn’t it?’ said Gabe, letting his eyes track up and down the huge rows, stacked full of old-fashioned glass bottles of candy.

It was so colorful in here! There were candies of all sort on display, many of which I’d never seen before, strange, bright yellow circles, ruby red glass-like candies and succulent looking gummi animals. There were huge stacks of chocolate, too, wrapped in bright, crackly plastic wrappers.

The shelves of the shop were rich brown wood, old-fashioned, as though this place was something from an old picture book. Everything in here was antique. I could barely believe that this place was newly opened.

‘Yeah, it’s pretty damn cool.’ I said, lost in my own thoughts, ‘but didn’t you say this place is brand new?’

‘Yeah,’ he said dreamily, wandering around the shop, taking it all in. There were no staff members in here, which surprised me. Those girls had just come out, and clearly they’d bought some candy. Then I noticed a doorway behind the counter. It was covered by a curtain of shining beads, which dangled from the top and made tinkling sounds with the mild movement of the air in the room. I guess whoever managed this place had to be hiding in the staff area.

A sign reading ‘Adults Only’ hung above the counter. I guess this must be the first ever adults only candy store I’d ever been into.

‘Hey, check this shit out, Liam!’ Gabe had a huge grin on his face. I guess he was like a kid in a candy shop.

Sorry.

But it was true. I’d never seen him as excited. He moved from display to display, scanning the sweets.

‘I’ve never even seen half of these candies before,’ Gabe said. ‘And look, they’ve all got funky names.’

He was right. The names of the candies were a bit...strange. They weren’t

exactly Reese's Pieces or Snickers bars. They had names like Soft Chunks, Mystery Lemons and Feminine Fingers. There was not a single bar of well-known candy in the whole shop.

'Well boys,' came a voice from behind the counter, 'do you see anything you like?'

I looked over at the source of the voice and was surprised to see the figure of a woman, standing at the till, with her arms stretched out in front of her. And what a figure it was! She was a curvaceous beauty with long, flowing locks of auburn hair. It cascaded down over her shoulders and ended somewhere in her mid back. Her eyes were large and smoky, set in a warm, tanned face, tiny freckles playing across her cheeks.

She had large, plump lips that pouted tantalizingly together in a plush shape that made her look as though she was permanently kissing the air. Beneath her face, a low-cut blouse was fastened tightly across a heaving chest. I could scarcely believe that the flimsy scrap of fabric was containing her breasts. Their shape was clear to see, and I had an immediate image of the fabric slipping away, bursting out of their diaphanous prison, and tumbling down in the open. I'd never had such a sudden burst of lust, and I could practically feel my cock pulsing at my crotch, desperate for some release.

I wanted to say something, but I had a lump caught in my throat. I'd never seen such a sexy-looking woman before, and the power she had over me was immediate and complete.

'Uhhhh,' murmured Gabe, clearly suffering from the same problem I was. He cleared his throat. 'What in heck is a feminine finger?'

'You've never sucked on a feminine finger before?' she asked, a dangerous smile playing over her lips.

'Well,' he replied, 'not one that came in bright packaging, that's for sure.'

'Oh these are just dreamy,' she said, 'they're soft, sweet mallow, on a hard bed of crunchy biscuit, all snugly wrapped in a crisp layer of dark chocolate. They're not too sweet, but they're super-decadent. And they also have the potential to bring out a woman's more sensual side with some extra-secret ingredients.'

Hmmm, extra-secret ingredients. Maybe those were what Gabe had been talking about earlier. Maybe they added psycho-active compounds to the sweets they made.

'Yeah, that's what we're here for,' Gab exclaimed, tucking his thumbs into his gray vest again, 'we heard that you guys had some pretty potent shit here.'

The woman behind the counter let out a musical laugh, and shook her head.

'I think whatever you've been told about this place is probably not quite accurate. A lot of people like to spread crazy rumors about this place. It's

probably why we've become so popular, so fast.'

'Hey,' I croaked, finally getting back the ability to speak, 'are you Roxy?'

'Why yes,' she replied, holding out a hand to me. I didn't know whether to take it and kiss it, or to shake it, 'it's a pleasure to meet you.'

I decided that shaking the hand was probably the safer option, so I grabbed hold of it, and moved it up and down.

'So formal!' she giggled. I felt like blushing. What was I meant to do? God damn I always got everything like this wrong. It's part of the reason I was so nervous about interacting with women.

'Sorry,' I said.

'No, no! It's charming. Very old-fashioned and gentlemanly!'

I breathed a sigh of relief. At least she wasn't going to tease me about it.

'Angel over at Fifth Street Press said to say hello,' I said.

'Oh, Angel sent you. She's one of our very best customers.' She seemed pleased that I mentioned Angel, and warmed to me a little.

'So,' said Gabe, 'what we really want is the strongest stuff you've got. We want to eat candy we've never tasted before, and we want the effects of the candy to be totally outrageous.' He was starting to talk like he did on his fitness videos. 'I want an intense, full-body burn that works its way into my brain like a narcotic. I want to feel it all, to taste it all, to experience things I've never experienced before.'

Roxy clasped her hands together in delight.

'Oh boys, I didn't realize that you two were quite so hardcore. You're obviously candy connoisseurs, marshmallow maestros, chocolate champions.' She licked her plump red lips. 'So how extreme do you guys want to go?'

'Extreme,' Gabe said, before I could open my mouth to reply.

'Excellent,' she squealed. 'You see, there's this new candy that I've been desperate to try out on a couple strong guys like you. And the fact is, that it's probably the most delicious, intense experience you can have. From this shop at least.'

'OK,' Gabe said, 'let's see what you've got.'

'Sure,' she said, 'there's just a couple forms I'm gonna need you to sign if that's OK. This candy is experimental, and the effects it has can be quite disturbing.'

'What do you mean, disturbing?' I asked, trying not to sound nervous.

'Oh, nothing to be worried about,' she replied, mysteriously. 'And it's all in these forms.' She opened a shelf somewhere behind the counter and took out a few sheets of paper from inside, as well as a couple pens.

'I don't even need to read them,' said Gabe. He grabbed the paper, found the

dotted line, and signed without thinking about it.

I felt as though I really did want to read these sheets. Who knew what kind of rights I was signing over, and who knew what dangerous, experimental stuff I was about to eat. Who was I kidding? This was a candy shop for chrissake. The only danger in here was that if I ate too much I might get diabetes. This was obviously all some kind of social engineering to make people feel as though they were experiencing something amazing when in fact they weren't. It was simple psychology, the power of suggestion was very real, but only if you allowed yourself to believe in it.

And now I'd spent so long thinking about this fucking thing that if I didn't sign it straight away, I'd look like a pussy.

So I took the paper and signed it right there, without even scanning over it.

'Oh boys you're so brave,' said Roxy. She turned round and reached high up above the counter, standing on tip toes. It was like she'd done it on purpose. I couldn't take my eyes off her pert little ass. It stood there like a peach in front of me, just waiting to be plucked.

She grabbed a jar from the top shelf, and turned back around.

'The best thing about these particular sweets,' she said, unscrewing the lid of the jar, 'is that because they're experimental, there isn't even a charge.'

Huh, that was good news. Because this place was so popular, I'd been expecting to pay a few bucks even for the most basic chocolate bar.

'So, this one is for you,' she said, handing something to Gabe, 'and this one is yours.'

The item she gave me was small, and wrapped in unmarked, white plastic. It was not anything like what I was expecting.

'So what is it?' I asked.

'Well,' she said, 'these two candies are very different, but also very similar. You can eat them whenever you like, but it's important that you have them at roughly the same time. Then, the changes will start to take place at about the same time. My advice is: as things start to change and the candy really starts taking effect, to just go with it. Don't panic, and don't worry. The effects are intense, and might seem unbelievable, but don't worry, they aren't permanent. They'll wear off in about a week after you've taken the candy. And they'll come on slow.'

'What are the effects?' said Gabe.

'Oh, I don't want to spoil the surprise,' she said. 'But I think you'll both be very, very satisfied.'

'Well then,' said Gabe, 'there's no time like the present.' He took the wrapper off the candy he'd been given, and raised it to his lips. I looked down at the item

in my hand. Was I gonna have a week-long drug trip? No, don't be stupid Liam, I thought to myself, there's no danger here. This is candy.

Gabe popped his candy into his mouth and bit down. His expression changed from one of skepticism to one of total, utter delight.

'Fuck, these things are great!' he said, a huge smile spreading over his face. 'I'm gonna need another one.'

'I'm afraid that these are quite strictly one per customer,' said Roxy. She eyed me intently. 'So, you better have yours now too, so that you're on the same wavelength.'

I unwrapped the white wrapping, the heady scent of the candy shop still making me feel slightly intoxicated. I could feel my heart beating fast in my chest. Anxiety pounded round my head with each beat.

It was a small, glistening, pink gumball. It looked totally innocent. I lifted it to my nose and took a deep sniff. Fresh strawberry. Cream. Vanilla. It smelled seriously good. I hesitated for a moment, and then I opened wide, and popped the candy into my mouth.

It was like an explosion of flavor. The outer layer of the candy was crisp and sweet. Inside though, the center was liquid, a gentle, unctuous fluid with a taste of summer berries. I must have been really surprised because I let out a soft moan, much to my shock. Roxy looked delighted.

I felt the liquid gently pouring down my throat, and as it did, a wave of pleasure radiated from the inside of my body outward, warming me, and then making my hair stand up on end as it pucker my skin in shivering delight.

For a moment, I felt desperate, absolutely desperate to have someone, anyone touch me. It was like my skin was on fire. Then, the sensation passed, and was replaced by a warm, throbbing contentment, focused around my groin and my chest.

'How do you feel?' asked Roxy.

'I feel good,' I said. My voice cracked slightly, a high-pitched warble.

'Me too,' said Gabe, his voice as deep and manly as ever.

'Well, you two had better get going,' said Roxy, as the front door to the shop opened up. 'I have some new customers to attend to.'

As we walked out of the shop together, I had no idea just how strange my next week was gonna be. Strange, exciting, and totally fucking awesome.

## Chapter 4

I don't know why, but Gabe and I didn't really feel like spending any more time together that day. I was in a kinda dreamy daze, and while we walked away from the Sweet Zone, I could feel myself swaying gently from side to side. I guess I felt tipsy. Not really exactly the feeling of being wasted, but like a low-level buzz, mixed with something else, too. There was pleasure, that's for sure. Every touch of my feet to the ground felt good, and the movements of my clothes around my body felt like nothing else I'd ever experienced. But there was also this strange feeling of detachment, like I wasn't really myself anymore, that I was somehow changed and different, a stranger in my own skin.

I wanted to talk to Gabe about the weirdness of the experience, but I felt like I wouldn't have been able to explain it to Gabe. Even if he was going through the same thing, I just didn't know how to express myself.

We walked to the end of the block, then Gabe turned to me and spoke.

'Well bro,' his voice was dreamy and seemed distant, 'you know I think I'm gonna go home and make a couple vids. I know we were gonna go get wasted, but I don't wanna spoil this buzz I've got from the candy. It's far out.'

Far out? Gabe was talking like a hippie from the sixties or something.

'Sure,' I said. I was glad, as I kinda wanted to go my own way, too, just spend a little time by myself. Maybe do some reading or something.

Huh. Reading? I hadn't felt like reading since I was a little kid. And I was hardly a big reader back then.

'Well, I guess maybe we'll meet in a couple of days for the Yankees game?' Gabe asked, still seeming tender and relaxed.

'That would be great,' I said. I moved to give Gabe a bro-hug, like we always did when we parted company. God, he was big, wasn't he? And so strong. He squeezed me tight to him. For a moment, it felt as though we were saying goodbye for the last time. Of course that was nonsense. Fuck, I was really enjoying him holding me. I felt so safe and secure. I could feel his muscles through my clothes, and for a moment, I had to stop myself from running my hands up his back to feel how powerful and strong he really was.

What was going on with me?

The candy must just have been making me feel all lovey-dovey, like, I don't know, MDMA or something.

When he finally let go, I felt as though I wanted him to carry on holding me.

I got the subway back home. There was a guy on the carriage who smelled great. I thought about asking him what kind of cologne he was using, but that was the kind of thing that a crazy person would do. He was a good-looking guy, dressed in a business suit. It was probably too expensive for me to bother even looking up, anyway.

As I got off the subway, *everything* started to smell good. Like, every guy I walked past, I got this new scent, like a kind of musky, spiced aroma, warm and cool at the same time. I felt like I had to check everyone out who walked past, as though I might work something out by looking at them and not just smelling.

But obviously, they all just looked normal. Because they were normal. The only abnormal thing was going on inside my brain.

It didn't take me long to get home, and with every step, I started to feel more and more like myself. Maybe the strange effects of the candy were already wearing off. I reached for the door, and pushed it open. It was only then that the second wave of strangeness hit me.

Colors started to change. It was like someone had opened my eyes super wide, and had ramped up the contrast and hue saturation of my vision. Everything was so vivid and detailed, like I was seeing things for the very first time.

I moved my arm in front of my face, and it looked as though a trail of stardust followed it. I felt as though I was in a music video from the 1970s, I imagined a disco ball spinning above me, and as I thought of it, I kind of felt the room, spinning on its axis, as my mind whirled around, trying to keep up with the physical sensations running rampant around my body.

I sat on my bed, and was amazed by just how soft and comfortable it felt underneath me. Like I was floating on a cloud. I traced my hand up my torso, taken by just how good it felt, amazed by the quality of my own touch. What was going on?

I felt a sudden burning in my loins, as though my crotch was on fire. I gasped with sudden fear, and then, as quickly as it had appeared, the sensation subsided. Then, equally quickly, the area of my torso blazed with pain. The pain soon passed and was replaced by silky, soft pleasure. For some reason, I thought back to the scent of the man I'd sat next to on the subway.

Suddenly, my face was on fire, my cheeks, my chin, my upper lip. I grabbed the burning areas and rubbed them. The pain passed once more, only to be replaced with a soft feeling of relaxed satisfaction.

I had to get out of here.

The world was still pulsing as I made my way out of my apartment. It was sunny and the blue sky was dayglo and vivid above me. Birds sang nearby, and it felt like I was in touch with everything.

I made my way to a local kiosk, just to talk to a local newsagent I sometimes bought cigarettes from. He was there, behind his counter. He smiled when he saw me.

‘Liam, my man, how are you doing?’

‘Fine thanks Dave.’ Was it just me, or was my voice sounding weirdly high-pitched?

‘What can I do for you?’

It occurred to me that I didn’t really know why I was there.

‘Um...’ I said, ‘I’ll just take one of these, thanks.’ For some reason, I’d just grabbed a fashion magazine from a stand in front of me. *Vogue*. Great. A magazine I’d never even had any interest in reading.

‘*Vogue*, eh?’ said Dave, his thick Brooklyn accent making him sound incredulous. ‘You got a new girlfriend or something?’

‘I don’t know,’ I said, my brain a fog of unfamiliar sensation, ‘something like that. No. I mean, I just like to keep up on fashion.’

‘Sure thing, buddy. Hey, what happened to your famous designer stubble? You decided to shave it off, huh? You look ten years younger.’

I hadn’t shaved. I moved my hand up to my face. It was perfectly smooth. That was weird. I’d had stubble every day for the past five years, ever since I’d shaved my beard to change my look. Had my facial hair all just fallen out? What the actual fuck?

‘Uh, yeah, I guess so,’ I said. I passed him the payment for the magazine and walked away from the kiosk.

Back up in my apartment, I tried to get my head around the strange sensations I was experiencing. My brain was still a mess. I sat back down on my bed, and absentmindedly started flicking through *Vogue*.

Hmm. It was actually slightly more interesting than I’d expected. I found it comforting to read through the different articles. Maybe this was a way I could get some insight into the mind of women. Maybe I’d start buying *Vogue* regularly from now on. I guess it was a definite option.

Just then, an SMS came through. It was Gabe.

*Hey bro, how you doing? You feeling any more effects from the candy?*

I replied.

*A couple of weird things, feel kinda spaced out, I don't know. Feels good though.*

It was a few minutes before Gabe's reply came through.

*Anything physical?*

Hmm, did my facial hair falling out count? I walked into the bathroom and looked at myself in the mirror. It was strange, but it felt as though I looked really different. It wasn't like there had been a crazy change in my appearance, other than my stubble disappearing of course, but it was like there was a new softness in my eyes, like my skin were softer smoother all over, like all my wrinkles had vanished.

*Nothing physical. How about you? Everything OK?*

By the time Gabe's next reply arrived, I'd forgotten that I was expecting anything from him. This happened from time to time, he wasn't always the best at getting back to me, and there had been times I'd sent him important messages only to be waiting days for him to get back to me.

*I don't know what to say. Yeah, some physical changes are going on. Some pretty freaky stuff. Big stuff. It's all good, but nothing like this has ever happened to me before.*

He had to be rattled. I wondered what was going on with him. I touched my face again and was amazed by its smoothness. I guess I wouldn't have to shave for a week, which was good news. I'd always hated shaving, anyway.

*Hope it's all OK. See you in a couple days. Let me know if anything else changes.*

This time the reply came straight away.

*Will do, bro.*

I fixed myself a cup of tea and rested until bedtime. I kept getting the same strange surges of heat and pain, then pleasure throughout the day, and their intensity seemed to be increasing. At one point, just before dinner, there was the

burning hot stab of pain in my crotch, like someone was focusing a laser beam on my dick. Panicking, I ran to the mirror in my bedroom and pulled down my pants. I was expecting to see some kind of horrific skin condition, but to my delight, my skin was fine.

My pubic hair though, was shorter. Much shorter. And all of the hair from my legs was gone. I pulled my pants all the way down, stepped out of them. Then, I ran my hand up and down my left leg. It was impossibly smooth. Like, smoother than any skin I'd ever felt before. Smoother even than a woman's skin. My body was like silk.

My dick looked... strange, too. Like, softer somehow. I touched it, and was taken aback by how smooth its skin was. It almost felt as if it had shrunk slightly, up, into itself, and that the skin was contracting, making my manhood weirdly more feminine.

I pulled my pants back up.

It was then I noticed that the hair on my head seemed longer than it had before. And, like, blonder. Like, I'd always had sandy-colored hair, but as I ran my hand through the thick, slightly curly locks, I was sure that there was more lustre and shine than there had been before.

How much could hair grow in one day? Maybe the candy was just super-rich in nutrients or something, and that's why all these changes were taking place. Maybe it was hormones that would be flushed from my system in a week or so. I shook my head and thought for a moment that the hair did, in fact, look beautiful.

Stay calm, Liam, I told myself. This stuff has gotta be all in your head. And if it's not, if it's real, then the effects are gonna wear off in a week anyway. That's what Roxy said. I'm sure that the main effects of the candy have taken place already anyway.

As I lay in bed that night, waves of heat and pleasure radiating around my body, I couldn't have guessed that these strange changes taking hold of my body were only just the start of a horrifying change in perspective.

## Chapter 5

I didn't exactly get a good night's sleep. The dreams came fast and relentless, one after the other, each stranger than the last.

It's hard to remember them now, but I woke up after each one, sure that I'd be able to recall it come morning. The only memories I do have are vague and indistinct. Smells, warm sensations, arousal. Oh yeah, lots of fucking arousal.

A couple times early in the night I woke with raging boners. I hadn't realized, but I was rubbing myself up against the mattress, trying desperately to get my cock to calm down.

I'd drift back to sleep, only to wake again shortly after, erect again, tired but strangely happy-feeling. I kept checking my phone, and I only managed to stay asleep for half an hour or so at a time.

The last dream of the night lasted longer, and I remember it vividly. I was having sex. It was a rough, passionate encounter, and I could physically feel the thrusting and bumping, could intensely hear the moans of my partner. It felt fucking incredible, better than any waking sex I'd ever had.

Then I looked down in my dream, and I saw this rock-hard dick, slick with pussy juice, pounding over and over again into my tight, hot slit. I let out a scream, the kind of soundless, drawn-out howl that only ever happens in nightmares, but the fucking carried on, and I carried on enjoying it, wrapping my silky body around my partner. Horrified, shocked, and really fucking turned on.

I came in my dream, and I woke up in a pool of my own cum. It was the first wet dream I'd had in years, and for a moment, I really didn't know what was going on.

I reached down to my crotch and yelped. My cock was tiny. Like, it was so much smaller than it had been the day before. I'd never been massive, but this was ridiculous. Was this the effect of the candy, to make my dick shrink up into myself?!

I went to the bathroom and grabbed some tissues to clean up the mess, all the while looking down at the much smaller manhood I now had between my legs. It wasn't just my dick, either. My balls had shrunk quite a bit. I cupped them between my fingers, and massaged them gently, checking for anything else

unusual.

I mean, as if anything could be more unusual than my fucking balls melting away!

Turns out, there was quite a lot of stuff that was more unusual.

Right, I thought to myself, you gotta put all this stuff out of your head and get ready for work.

My office was down town, an accountancy firm called Bryce Hawkins. It wasn't the most glamorous life in the world, certainly nothing like the kind of existence Gabe lived, but it paid well, and the work was reliable. That was good enough for me. It meant that I could maintain a pretty nice apartment in a good part of town, and I never wanted for money for drink, holidays and good times.

Just as I was about to step into the shower, I received a WhatsApp from Gabe, with a video attachment. It wasn't unusual for Gabe to send me over his clips so that I could check them for mistakes before he uploaded them. I was a good friend like that.

The video was called CRAZY GAINS! OVERNIGHT BULKUP! Typical of Gabe to have a clickbaity title like that. But when I clicked into the video and saw the vlog, I couldn't believe my eyes.

It opened with a shot of Gabe, chugging his morning protein shake. He started to explain that finally his hard work was paying off, but to be honest, I could barely take in what he was saying. I was way too distracted by the ridiculous physical changes that my friend had undergone, seemingly overnight.

His face seemed harder, more masculine somehow. His stubble looked sharp enough to cut diamonds, and his jawline was more clearly defined, like a movie star's. His eyes seemed to twinkle with a new-found confidence (as if he needed any more at all) and his lips were thicker, more pronounced. Overall, he looked amazing.

Then, the camera panned down to his body. I couldn't believe my eyes. His chest was unbelievably chiseled. I mean, he'd been ripped before this, but this was ridiculous. His abs were now perfectly defined, and his flanks were lean and hard. Fuck, I just wanted to reach into the screen of my phone and run my hand up and down his smooth skin.

What the fuck? Did I just think that?

Feeling even more weird now, I locked my phone and walked into the bathroom for a shower. Taking my clothes off, I noticed a few changes that had happened to *my* body overnight.

First, there was no hair like, anywhere on my body. None. I was smooth as a pane of glass, and my flesh had taken on this soft, luscious feeling. When I pressed it, I was surprised by how warm and pleasant it looked.

Second, my muscle tone was kind of...different. I still looked lean and slim, but there was a new gentleness to my form. A kind of curvy look.

Third, and the most worrying part of this bizarre transformation, were the changes to my chest. My pecs, if that's what you'd still call them, were bigger. Not in the sense that they were more muscular, no, nothing like that. Just that they were plump and slightly round. Basically, they started to look like small, female breasts.

My heart-rate increased. I could feel it pounding away under my now more feminine chest. My nipples too were different. They were a slightly lighter color than they'd been before, a kind of sweet, caramel-coffee shade that looked really nice.

I touched my left breast, and when I did, I gasped. It felt incredible. It was so fucking sensitive. Like all the nerves in my body were focused in this one tiny area. Then I made the mistake of brushing the tip of my nipple with a finger. Fuuuuuuuuck! I shuddered, and even felt myself going weak at the knees. Jesus fucking Christ, the pleasure was unreal. I touched again, this time moving more slowly and carefully, getting to know these new parts of myself.

I was cautious not to over-stimulate myself, and with a slow, steady movement, I started to feel pleasure growing and growing in my chest. I'd never felt sexual arousal in a part of my body that wasn't my cock before, and it was exciting and different to realize that so much more was possible.

I reached down to my dick with my other hand, as I continued to circle my nipple with a careful finger, and I found that I was...moist? It was like something was oozing from the tip of my dick. At first I was confused, but I then I just gave into the sensation and started to rub the tip of my cock with my finger as it filled with blood, growing bigger and more sensitive. All of a sudden, the video of Gabe popped into my head and I started to rub harder, my cock and my nipple, then, overcome with lust, I imagined Gabe slipping his own cock deep into my ass, and in an explosion of silvery sensation, I started to feel my whole body throb with pleasure, as a thick trail of cum burst from the tip of my cock.

God Damn I'd only just cum less than half an hour ago, and now I was hungry again.

I wiped myself up, and as I did, I looked into the mirror over my sink. I looked very, very different.

My face was slimmer. Not like I used to be fat or anything, it was more like my cheekbones were more slight, and my face was slightly more, elfin, I guess. Like it was drawn out and longer. My eyes were bigger! I know, it sounds nuts, but it was all really happening to me. My lashes were longer, too, thick and dark around my blue eyes. My nose was slimmer, slightly shorter, and looked a little

more upturned than it had used to. It was the weirdest feeling: it was still my face, there was no doubt of that. But it was different, softer, more beautiful

Everything about me seemed more feminine.

I jumped in the shower and enjoyed the feeling of the warm water pouring down over my body. I ran my hands up and down my hips, enjoying the newly hairless surface of my skin.

In the back of my mind I sort of felt like I was meant to feel worried. It's hard to describe. Like, if I imagined someone else going through these changes, it would have sounded scary to me. But going through it myself, it felt like the most natural sensation in the world. I don't know.

One thing I did know was that I was super-glad to have bought a new shower last year. It was a Hans-Grohe shower-head, and it pumped beautifully warm water hard into my body. God-damn, now I was getting off on the sensation of the water on my body. It was almost too intense to stand. Every single drop of water was setting off fireworks of pleasure in my loins.

I shut the shower off and toweled myself down, shivering with surprise and delight, trying to contain the urge to start touching myself again. I managed, somehow, thank God.

I got changed, and headed out. Thankfully, my breasts weren't so big as to be noticeable through my clothes. At least, they weren't just yet. I headed down onto the subway.

It had seemed vivid everywhere yesterday, but today, things were even more intense. I could smell everything, and I had this urge to seek out new sensations and get close to them. The subway car was crowded this morning, and I found myself wedged in between a group of very sweaty-looking guys.

The thing is, they didn't smell bad. Quite the opposite. The scent of them was like a heady, musky intoxicant. When I breathed in deep, it was almost like I'd taken a massive hit from a bong, or had just downed a super-potent shot of whisky. I had to watch myself, because I didn't want to be the kind of deep-breathing weirdo that people tried to avoid when they used public transport.

It wasn't long before I got to work. I tried to avoid any other large groups of men. Strangely enough, being near women wasn't doing anything for me. Even the smell of their perfume didn't really trigger any of the intense feelings that being near men did. I guess maybe this candy had actually turned me gay. It sounded like something a crazy conspiracy theory nut might come up with.

I kept myself to myself that day at work, because the truth is, I could feel more and more changes going on in my body as it continued.

I was lucky that I had a private office. It was a nice space. We were up high, on the thirtieth floor of one of the better-known skyscrapers in downtown

Manhattan, and the view from my window was pretty incredible. My table was a single piece of Jamaican mahogany, and it was so smooth and shiny I could see my face in it. It felt as though I'd changed even since earlier that morning, and sure enough, when I pulled my phone out and looked at myself in the camera, I could tell that sure enough, my hair had grown longer, and my face was even softer.

No, I wasn't just soft looking, I was a stone-cold fox. Fuck. If you saw me in the street and didn't know me, there was a pretty good chance you might think I was a woman.

By lunch time, things were even worse. My boobs ('cause there was no point in pretending they were anything but by now) had grown so much larger that they were starting to brush up against the fabric of my shirt. It was driving me wild. My nipples were so sensitive that I couldn't think of anything else at all.

I felt the occasional hard, warm wave of the energy I'd gotten used to feeling in my crotch, and I knew things were changing down there. I was so nervous. What was gonna happen? Was my dick going to get even smaller? Was it going to disappear?

Then, a dreadful thought struck me. The moment it occurred to me, it seemed so obvious, and I couldn't understand why I hadn't thought about it before.

I was turning into a woman. And there was nothing I could do to stop it.

I pulled on a coat I kept in the cupboard to cover up my newly curvaceous form, and I made my way home.

It's hard to believe, but my transformation was far from over, and what happened next made everything that had come before seem like nothing.

## Chapter 6

I was so nervous about what was going on with me that I didn't exactly take in my journey home. I was all just one crazy blur, with each person I passed and each thought I had merging into the ones before and after it. It was still as though my senses were heightened, I was on some kinda crazy trip that I didn't have any control over.

One thing I do remember about that journey is the strange looks I started to get from guys I passed. Some of the just stared straight into my eyes, some seemed to look me up and down, trying to work out who or what I was. Others looked for a moment as though they were going to talk to me. No-one did of course.

I was lucky to be experiencing what I've often thought of as the 'New York Effect'. Basically, it's a little rule that me and Gabe made up a couple years ago. The rule is: You're never the weirdest person in New York.

And it was true. My newly androgynous appearance was really nothing compared to the kind of freaks, weirdos and misfits who populated the streets of this great cities. I felt at home among the goths and the cyberkids, the intersex and the genderqueer.

To be honest, I felt pretty excited to be getting attention. Before I'd eaten the candy yesterday I'd been a fairly normal-looking guy. It wasn't like I'd been unattractive or anything, but I hardly would say I coulda stopped someone in the street with just a look. I know I should have been bothered by the fact that it was exclusively guys who were now giving me lusty looks, but I just couldn't care less. There was a new-found freedom to my thoughts that I had never experienced before.

I wrapped up warm that night, because I started to feel as though I might have a cold. I'd sneezed a couple times on the subway, and I started to sniffle as soon as I crossed my front door. I boiled the kettle and felt thankful that I'd bought that herbal tea a couple weeks ago.

I switched on the television and tried to relax. I don't know whether I did actually have a cold, or whether the candy was still working its magic, but I started to feel as though I was burning up, like a fever was working its way

through my body. I decided against the blanket I'd wrapped myself up in, and threw it off me.

Soon though, it felt as though my clothes were burning into me. I undid the buttons on my shirt and took it off. Fuck. I hadn't realized, but my tits had gotten even firmer, even rounder, even more full. My stomach was flat and hairless, and just looking down at the incredibly feminine body I'd somehow grown into was just driving me crazy.

I unzipped the fly of my pants, that now just didn't fit me at all, and I pulled them down, and then my underwear. There was just a thin strip of pubic hair and my dick, which was now comically small underneath it. I touched what had once been a pretty substantial cock, and turned it upwards. It was less than an inch long, and I felt as though no matter how turned on I got, there was no way it would grow even a millimeter.

A crazy thought crossed my mind. I just wanted it gone. I knew what was coming. I somehow knew that my penis would turn upwards and inward, and that soon I was gonna have a pussy. I'd made peace with the fact that soon I'd be a woman.

The thought terrified me. Of course I'd always wondered what it might be like to be a girl. And now I was finding out.

Just then, my phone buzzed. It was a message from Gabe.

*I'm coming over. I need you to see something. Otherwise you won't believe.*

Fuck fuck fuck. I couldn't let Gabe see my like this. What was I meant to say? Should I tell him the truth, that I was turning into a woman? That his friend was gone? That I'd rather suck his cock than watch the Yankees game with him?

No Liam, no. You're not going to suck your best friend's cock. Your not going to suck anyone's cock. It's just wrong, it's totally fucked up. It wouldn't even feel good. What would feel good about touching a thick, long dick. What would feel incredible about licking up and down the full length of a hungry cock, about kissing it, about allowing it all the way into my hot mouth, about licking and sucking on my best friend's balls, about swallowing down a hot load of his cum, about licking the salty taste of him away from my lips?

Fuck fuck fuck, my cock was leaking again. Lube was oozing from its tip. It wasn't cum, I knew that now, and in fact, I had the sudden urge to push my finger up the tip of my dick, to push apart my glans, to fuck myself the way a woman would fuck herself.

The worst thing was that I'd seen Gabe's dick before. I knew that he was

pretty well hung. I mean, it's not like he was a porn star or anything, but the couple times we'd worked out together, I'd seen him in the shower afterward, and the memory of him had stuck with me to this day.

I reached for my cell phone, totally naked, my body throbbing with lust.

*Could you come over later? I'm not feeling too great, think I've got a cold.*

The reply came immediately.

*It can't wait. I need to show you right now. I don't care if you're ill. Be there in five minutes.*

God damn it. I jumped up from the couch, and, realizing that maybe people outside could see me, leapt over to the blinds. I felt the weird sensation of my breasts bouncing up and down as I walked over to the windows and then pulled the blinds firmly shut. I went into the bedroom and found the biggest, baggiest clothes I could find - an old pullover and a pair of jeans - then I stuffed a pillow under my pullover and tucked it into my pants.

I don't know what I was thinking. You could probably still see the curvaceous shape of my bust through my clothes. And fuck, my hair had grown even longer. It was just straight-up womens' hair. And I just looked straight-up like a woman.

There was this insistent thought at the back of my mind: If he sees you like this, he's gonna wanna fuck you, and you're gonna wanna fuck him, too. And I didn't want that to happen. But the more I thought about it, the more I knew that the only reason I didn't want it to happen was because my pussy wasn't ready for him yet. I needed more time to change.

In a crazy panic I grabbed my hair clippers. Drastic times called for drastic measures. I plugged them in in the bathroom and turned them on. Their insistent buzz sounded out and I took them to all that beautiful hair. I cut it in record time, shearing massive chunks of it away from my head, and in under a minute a definitely looked *slightly* more masculine. I mean, I still looked different to how I had, but I had something of my old look back at least. And it was just in the nick of time, as there was a strong, heavy knock on my front door.

'Just coming!' Was that my voice? It sounded so high-pitched, so feminine. There was no denying it, it was the soft, light voice of a woman.

'Liam?' I heard Gabe's muffled voice from outside. But it wasn't quite Gabe's voice. It was richer and deeper, just as mine was more reedy and high-pitched. I opened the door and there he was. It was Gabe, but a new, improved version of him. My legs felt weak again, and I felt wetness between my legs already.

Jesus Christ I was gonna have to show some restraint. Why couldn't Gabe at least wear something a little less revealing than that vest all the time. I could see every muscle shift under his skin, and it made me hot.

When I saw the way he was looking at me, my heart started to beat even faster. It was like he was seeing me for the first time, and he seemed to seriously like what he saw.

'What have you done to your hair? And what have you done to your face?'

He looked me up and down. 'And what the fuck have you done to your body?'

They were three good questions, and I didn't know how to answer them.

'I shaved my head,' I said, 'which is just something I do from time to time.' It was still my voice, sure, but it had never sounded like this before. 'And the other changes, I think they gotta be down to the candy. It started almost immediately after I ate it.'

Gabe walked into my apartment, and shut the door behind him.

'Well you definitely seem different. Your voice has changed, too. Kinda like mine has, but in the opposite direction, if you know what I mean.' I did. I still wasn't really used to hearing the new timbre of his voice, the strange resonance. I wondered whether it was just a natural side effect of the increased size of his chest.

'At least your changes are useful for your work,' I said, 'I thought that video you did was pretty sick. And you must have got mad views for it.'

'Bro, the metrics are off the scale.'

But if the news was all good for him, how come he seemed so anxious? He sat down on the couch opposite me, the dim light from the outside casting deep shadows across his toned physique.

'But there's one thing that's got me seriously worried,' he said, 'and I want you to take a look at it for me. It's weird, but I dunno who else to turn to. I need you to promise that you won't laugh, and that you will never, ever bring this up ever again.'

'I promise,' I said. I felt strangely protective over my friend. We were going through this weird situation together, and I wanted him to know he wasn't all alone.

'And you gotta swear that you never tell anyone else about this.'

'I swear it.'

I felt as though maybe my disguise (for want of a better word) was working out OK. I was hoping that Gabe couldn't quite see the crazy curves of my body, my ever-growing rack, my tight ass, my long, smooth legs. I just wished that Gabe had covered up in the same way.

'OK,' he said, 'here goes nothing.'

He stood up in front of me, and slowly reached for his waistband. Just the thought of what was coming next made me squirm in my seat in anticipation. He was gonna show me his cock. Fucking hell I wanted to see it. I wanted to do more than just see it. He undid his fly and slowly pulled his shorts down, revealing a tight pair of dark briefs.

Jesus Christ.

I could see the bulge through the briefs. He was huge. He had to be. Like, inhumanly huge.

I watched in feverish anticipation as he tucked his thumbs under the elastic band at the top of his briefs. He slowly peeled them down, revealing a thick bush of wiry black pubic hair and then, the biggest dick I'd ever seen in my life. It was just massive. As he took the briefs down to his knees, the full length and girth of this monster was revealed. It hung underneath him like a log, heavy and slow-swinging. It was much, much larger than the last time I'd seen it.

'Can I touch it?'

Had I just said that?

'You wanna touch it?' He sounded pretty damn surprised, and I couldn't blame him. The words had just tumbled from my mouth without even being filtered by my brain. I tried to scrabble back.

'No, I don't I was just kidding,' I said.

'You can touch it,' he said. 'But just for medical reasons. Because it does feel weird, too.'

'No, I shouldn't,' I said. Desire was just bursting from me now. It took all my strength to stop myself running over to him and wrapping my lips around his meaty pole.

'Please,' he said, 'I'm worried about it.'

God damn I was excited. I started to walk over to him. The distance between us wasn't too great, but I felt as though I couldn't get to him quick enough.

'At first I didn't know that it had definitely grown,' he said, 'because it was subtle. But I kept getting these waves of like, mild pain and heat ion my groin. And every time that happened, straight afterward I'd check myself and see that it just seemed a bit larger. And then, before I knew it, it was like this.'

I could smell him. The other guys I'd been near had smelled good, but Gabe just smelled fucking fantastic. It was this stink of vanilla and musk, and it was radiating off him. I felt myself breathing deeper the closer I got to him.

'What's that smell?' said Gabe. 'It's like sweet peaches, cream,' he sniffed, 'and something else too. I can't place it.'

'I'm not sure,' I said. I settled at his feet, on my knees. I know I didn't have to get down this low just to medically examine his cock, but I felt weak at the

knees and didn't trust myself.

Could he be smelling me?

'Right,' I said, 'sorry if my hands are cold.'

I reached out, and let my fingers trail their way from the base of his shaft, all the way down to its tip.

'No,' he said, 'they're warm. Really warm.'

His dick felt so smooth and hard. Like, rock hard. He obviously wasn't erect, but as I pushed my fingertips into its surface, it pushed back with equal fervor.'

'Mmmmm,' he said, a moan erupting from his lips.

'Does it hurt?' I asked, pulling my hand away for a second.

'No, it's fine,' he said. 'Just don't touch it for too long, OK? It feels weird.'

It feels good, doesn't it, I thought. It had to feel good, because amazingly, his already massive dick was getting bigger. It was thickening, and lengthening, and its position was changing. He was getting hard.

'I'll be careful,' I said, practically panting.

I reached out again and once more felt his smooth hardness. He was trembling as I stroked his prick, and he started to harden again beneath me.

'Well,' I said, 'it seems to be healthy. It's just so huge, isn't it?'

'Mmmhmmm,' he moaned in agreement.

'Have you tried...using it?' I said.

'What do you mean?'

'I mean,' I said, moving my other hand to grip his shaft, 'have you tried this?'

I started to slowly, so painfully slowly, move my grip up his cock. I held him hard and was thrilled to feel him throb in my grip.

'That feels,' he said, breathing deeply, 'so good. I mean,so fucking good. It's like every tiny nerve is on fire with pleasure. It never used to feel that good before.'

Now I was at the base of him and I gripped harder, before gently starting to pump up and down. His cock got harder and harder, bigger and bigger, until it curved and pointed upward.

'I'm sorry,' he said, 'I can't help it. I know I shouldn't feel so horny but, you don't feel the same, you don't look the same.'

'I could put it in my mouth, if you want.' I said, looking up at him with innocent eyes.

'No!' he said. 'It's not right. We shouldn't be doing this. You're my best friend, and you're a fucking dude.'

'I want to though,' I said, 'and do I really look like a dude?'

He moaned, and he pushed hard into my hands. I started to pump him hard and then, feeling crazy, I lifted my trembling lips to the tip of his glorious

manhood, and I started to kiss him, lightly at first, but then with hunger.

‘Liam!’ he said, but I could tell he wanted me, so I lifted his cock upwards and moved my mouth to its base. I couldn’t believe I was doing this. What had been in those fucking candies?

I pushed my hot tongue onto his flesh, tasting him. He tasted so good, like the earth and hot spice, like cinnamon and vanilla.

He groaned again and then, made a noise of such sadness, before yanking away from me. ‘Liam, I can’t do this. I don’t care how good it feels, I don’t care how much I want...’ he paused for a second, ‘how much I want to push my whole dick into that pink mouth of yours. I’m not gay, and you’re my best friend. These candies have done something fucked up to both of us, and we just need to wait it out.’

‘OK,’ I said, very disappointed. I didn’t want to make my friend do something he’d regret.

He put his dick away and zipped up his pants. I still felt a pounding lust in my crotch, and I wished more than anything else that he would stay and satisfy me, but he’d decided to leave and that was that.

‘I’ll catch you in a couple of days for the Yankees game, yeah? Hopefully all this weirdness will have worn off by then.’

‘Of course,’ I said.

When we embraced, felt the strongest urge to move my lips to his, to envelop him with my body. But instead, I squeezed him, said ‘Bye,’ and closed the door.

That’s how my last day as a man ended.

## Chapter 7

I had no dreams that night and I got to sleep in no time. I dunno if I was just wiped out from the bad sleep from the night before, or if maybe it was all the physical changes I'd been through, but I drunk sleep in like a man in a desert drinks water: instinctively, desperately, with huge appetite.

When I woke up the next day it was already really bright, and I had that strange feeling you get when you know, you just know, that it's way later than it should be. I grabbed my phone and sure enough, it was half past ten and I had a ton of missed calls from my office.

'Fuck,' I said. My voice was now totally different. If I hadn't known it was me talking, I wouldn't have recognized myself.

I needed to phone work and tell them I was sick, but if I did, they'd never even believe it was me! I sounded like a totally different person.

I decided to do the only thing I could. I messaged my boss that I was so sorry I was late to get in touch but that I'd totally lost my voice and there was no way I could get in that day.

Of course my phone started ringing. It was work again. I answered the phone and did my best 'I'm ill' voice. Luckily, because I now spoke like a girl, I must have sounded so weird that my boss totally bought it, and told me that I should take as much time as I needed, because he sure as hell didn't want to lose *his* voice.

Seeing how much he loved the sound of himself talking, I wasn't surprised to hear that in the slightest.

One thing that did surprise me when I held my cell up to my ear was that my hair had grown back. Overnight. A full head of blond hair in just a few hours.

Excitedly, I wondered what other changes had happened. I lazily pulled back the covers of my bed. My legs looked incredible. There was just one word to describe them now: shapely. They looked like the legs a model might have as she walked up a catwalk in London fashion week.

I mean, I guess that's what they look like. Weird thoughts were popping into my head. I must have read something about London fashion week in the copy of *Vogue* I'd picked up a couple days ago.

It seemed like a lifetime ago now.

I rolled out of bed and tried to get used to looking down at the body beneath me. My boxer shorts were now comically large, and ballooned puffily away from my body. I guess an unexpected side-effect of the feminization was that I'd actually lost some weight, too. Also, I walked, I felt as though maybe I was slightly shorter than I had been. It was bizarre to see the world from a slightly different perspective. I wasn't so much shorter than I'd been, I thought, but it still made a massive difference to my viewpoint.

The other stupidly obvious change was that my t-shirt now bulged out over my chest. I resisted the urge to just peel off all my clothes and look at myself. I wanted to have a look at my face in the mirror, and then worry about maybe trying to get myself some clothes that actually fit me.

As I walked over my apartment floor, I noticed little things that I'd never really noticed before. It still felt like my senses were heightened, as though someone had spiked my perception with some crazy drug. It was as though I could feel every individual fiber of the carpet underfoot, and for some reason, just pushing my feet down into the thick pile felt positively orgasmic. Even just the sensation of moving through physical space felt special; the cool breeze around my body, the brushing of my arms against my sides. I shivered with pleasure.

I opened the bathroom door, and looked at myself in the full length mirror. Even though I'd already gone through many changes the day before, I wasn't prepared for just how different I looked.

My hair was long and golden. It hung almost down to my waist. I couldn't believe just how much it had grown overnight. How was this even possible? My eyes had widened and seemed an even brighter blue than they had the day before. I moved closer to the mirror, and stared at the shining azure at the center of each eye. There were flecks of darker and lighter blue, creating a harmonious sea of color.

My skin was pale and my cheeks were slightly pink. Of course I was totally hairless, with not even a trace of stubble or fluff anywhere on me.

I think my favorite feature of my new face was my cute little nose. I'd never been happy with my nose when I'd been a man - I always found it too big for me; it had kind of dominated my face. This new nose, though, was cute as a button. It was slightly upturned and fitted perfectly. My nostrils were smaller and didn't flare out when I breathed.

And my lips... My lips were pouty and pink. I lifted my hand up to my mouth and brushed each one with a fingertip. They were impossibly soft. I imagined how good it would be to kiss me, which I know sounds pretty conceited, but I

just couldn't help myself.

The shape of my face overall had changed quite a bit. And I now had a little dimple in my chin! The candy had changed the entire structure of my face. I don't know why I found that particular element of the process amazing, but it seemed just totally miraculous.

I was amazed by my body, too. My t-shirt hung from the shelf of my chest. I could see my nipples through the t-shirt. It wasn't cold in my apartment, but they were fully erect.

I reached down and took hold of the lower hem of my t-shirt, before lifting it up and over my body.

Fucking hell, I was hot. Like stupidly, perfectly, incredibly hot. My tits were large, perfectly pert, round and squeezable. In fact, that's exactly what I did. I grabbed each one with a hand and gently, firmly squeezed myself. It felt good. Like, really good. Like, better than it had any right to feel.

My nipples were perfectly round little nubs, and traced a finger over each one. 'Fuuuuck,' I moaned, inadvertently.

Is this what it felt like to be a woman?

Is that how each woman felt, just walking around the world?

Like a bundle of pleasure receptors? Like a purely physical creature, in touch with each of her senses?

I brushed the tip of my right nipple again with a finger and felt a line of pure pleasure, tugging at the space between my legs. Instinctively, I stuck a finger into my mouth and licked it, coating my digit in saliva, lubricating it. Then, I smoothly ran the finger over my other nipple, delighting at the slick sensation. Little bursts of excitement started to erupt in my body.

Fucking hell, this was *intense*. I felt strongly as though I shouldn't be standing up, as I was starting to go weak at the knees again.

I moved back into my bedroom, marveling at the way my breasts moved with each step, then I got back into bed. It felt so decadent to be taking this day off work, but I just had to take time to myself to explore these changes. It felt too good to ignore.

As I got back into my bed I was excited to feel just how silky the covers were against my skin. It was like I was surrounded in soft, solid clouds. I giggled as I got in, excited to see if the one big change I'd been expecting had happened. Giddy with anticipation, I tucked my hands into the waistband of my boxers, and wriggled my way out of them. Oh, it felt good in the bed. In fact, everything just felt ridiculously good: my hands against my thighs, my head against the pillows, the sheets against my skin.

With trepidation, I slowly crawled my hands down my smooth, flat stomach,

and touched the mound of soft, curly hair that marked the start of my intimate area. The hair was softer than my pubic hair had been. It was almost like the texture of cotton candy.

I felt my way through, twirling the hair between my fingers, enjoying getting to know my new body, then, hungrily, excitedly, I pushed my hand down to where my dick used to be. It was gone. Totally gone. There was just a smooth cleft between my legs. Even though I was expecting it, I was a little taken aback, and instinctively I pulled my hand back.

Was I ready for this?

Was I ready to explore my pussy?

I went back in, at fist with pure curiosity. Then, as I began to figure out what was going on down there, the curiosity turned to lust.

The first surprise was just how soft and velvety the lips to my new entrance were. I'd obviously touched other pussies in my life, but none of them had felt quite the same as this. I gently prised apart the two lips of my cleft, and nervously pulled up with my finger, stroking the full length of my opening. A judder of pleasure rippled through my body with just this simple action, a sexual pleasure so powerful it felt as though if I'd still been a man, I would have cum there and then.

The different between the masculine and the feminine feeling of lust was crazy. I'd always felt as a man as though I was just rushing to a point of release. As a woman though, I wanted to take my time, to explore the options available to me. I was delighted to feel juice pumping out of my pussy. This beautifully self-lubricating organ was hungry for my fingers and invited them in with its slickness.

I gingerly slipped a full finger into my entrance, at the lower part of me. I felt the warm flesh of my insides, with natural suction, pulling at my finger as I gently moved it in and out. I imagined a hot mouth, sucking and nibbling on my fingers, and it felt as though my pussy had a mind of its own, as it seemed to be begging for me to push harder, faster, with more regularity.

I moved my other hand down, and explored the top of my pussy as my fingers explored me. I teased my lips apart and rubbed the harder nub of flesh there. I was not prepared for just how good it felt to touch my clit. That little hooded center of pleasure was made just to make me feel good.

I couldn't believe how full-body this pleasure felt. It was centered on my crotch, but it was like I had tiny pleasure centers all around my body. My fingers felt electric, my breasts were tingling with delight, even my face was quivering as I started to fuck myself hard with my finger.

I slipped another finger into my sex, then another, and I had this wonderful

full feeling. My body urged me again to push harder and I did, stretching the lips taut.

Then, thoughts of Gabe entered my head. His cock, so large and hard yesterday, his hands, strong and big, his body lean and muscular. As I imagined him pressing up against me, I could feel the corresponding areas of my body light up with pleasure, as though just the thought was increasing the physical sensation.

‘Gabe,’ I said, panting hard, as a momentum of throbbing release started to slowly build from somewhere between my pussy and my ass. I started to push my firmly down on my clit, and I squealed in delight. I was moving myself close to the edge of something, and as I finally let myself imagine just the tip of Gabe’s monstrous meat gently nudging its way between the soft pink lips of my pussy, I felt tension build hard in my cleft. Then, as I thrust my hand, three fingers wide right up deep into me, I let out a scream and felt pulses of pleasure radiating out. My muscles tensed and untensed, clamped and unclamped, and for a moment I couldn’t breathe, didn’t want to breathe, just lived for that shear bone-shaking joy of the most incredible orgasm of my life.

In the seconds afterwards, I didn’t know what had happened. There were beads of sweat on my forehead, and I felt a flush of warmth resting in my body.

I let my hands rest and I relaxed in the afterglow of something truly special. Then, to my surprise, I heard a buzz. It was my cell phone.

Gabe had messaged me.

*Can you come to mine? I need to see you.*

It was like he’d read my mind. I guess I’d need to get some clothes on the way over there. Hmmm.

It was hard to believe, but the pleasure I’d just given myself was like nothing compared to what was still to come.

## Chapter 8

OK. How the hell was I meant to put together an outfit of male clothes that didn't make my newly female form look like some kind of maniac?

I looked out the window and was happy to see that it was a sunny day outside. Hopefully I could maybe do something with a t-shirt. I grabbed a red one from my wardrobe and pulled it over my chest. It had been a fairly tight t-shirt when I was a guy, and now it was kinda stupidly tight over my chest, but super-loose on my lower torso. I'd never really thought about how different the shape of men and women are. The differences between male and female clothes was kinda subtle - a t-shirt always looks like a t-shirt, if you know what I mean - but those subtle differences in cut and manufacture meant that clothes made to fit a man just looked ludicrous on a woman.

In a moment of genius, I grabbed the bottom of my t-shirt and tied the two sides of it into a bow at its center. My tummy was on display now, something that would have bothered me when I'd been a guy, but felt kinda natural as a woman. In fact, I found the thought of walking around showing a bit of skin to be slightly exciting.

Pants were a little more tricky to deal with. I tried on basically every pair I had and they all looked crappy. They were too big, too baggy and just made me look like I was wearing my dad's clothes or something.

Suddenly, a moment of inspiration. I went to my closet and got out my oldest, most faded pair of jeans. I tried them on and of course they didn't fit, but they were probably the tightest pants I had. I grabbed a pen and traced a line under my put and around my crotch on them, then after I took them off, I grabbed a pair of scissors from my desk and went to town on them.

I was a bit worried about potential fraying or tearing, but it was the best I could do. I pulled on my new pair of hotpants and checked myself out in the mirror. Hmm, not bad. I mean sure, I looked a little bit weird, but I reminded myself that there was always someone weirder than you in New York.

Shoes were the main problem I now had to deal with. Luckily for me, there was a shoe shop on the block, so I decided the best thing to do was to just put on a couple pairs of socks and head to the shop, pick up some sneakers and then

head on to get a more normal wardrobe from one of the many clothes shops nearby.

I gotta admit, I was nervous heading down to the ground floor. I was worried that someone who knew me might spot me and somehow know it was me. In reality, it felt like no one would be able to recognize me as I now was.

In fact I saw one of my neighbors in the elevator. Mrs. Brown from across the hall. She looked at me, and I think maybe she was a little confused as to why someone would dress the way I did, but it's not like she called me out or called me Liam or anything.

I stepped out into the sunshine. It felt so nice to have the warmth of the sun against my exposed skin. The shoe shop wasn't far, but seemingly the moment I stepped out of my front door the looks from guys started.

The first guy, who must have been barely in his twenties, just stopped dead in his tracks when he saw me. He was good-looking, and for a crazy moment I thought about just inviting him back up to my apartment. I was sure that he'd be up for a rummage.

Once more I was surprised by the smell. Deep and rich and masculine. Other guys looked at me as I walked down the street. Their eyes darted up and down my body, and ended on my eyes. I wondered how I looked to them, wondered just how lusty I was making them feel. I had a sudden fantasy of collecting a group of these guys and taking them down an alley somewhere nearby, letting them have their way with me, letting them explore every crevice and bump of my new body.

But I resisted.

It was hot and when I stepped into the air con of the shoe shop it was a big relief.

'Can I help you, Madame?' asked a male attendant as soon as I crossed the threshold. Hmm, I'd never had such swift service as a guy, like, ever. He wasn't bad looking, either. An old-fashioned type, dressed smartly, but he had these soulful blue eyes that made my heart flutter.

'Yes, thanks, I'm just looking for a cheap pair of sneakers, thanks.'

He smiled.

'Sneakers? Of course. Just follow me.'

I found a pair and asked to try them on. He brought them out to me and instead of just handing them over, said, 'May I?' He motioned towards my feet.

'Of course,' I said.

There was something indescribably sexual about the way he slowly pulled my socks off. I knew he was enjoying it, as his finger lingered slightly too long on the soft skin of my ankle.

What a fucking perv, I thought. Then I realized that I didn't know whether I meant the shop keeper or me. He gently pushed the shoe over my foot.

'It's a perfect fit,' he said, flashing me a dirty look.

Maybe I'd come back to this shop some time, see if anything else here fit me perfectly.

I paid for the shoes and headed out.

I was on my way to a boutique I'd always walked past but never even thought to head into when another message arrived from Gabe.

*Where are you Liam? I need to see you, right now. Drop whatever you're doing and head over here. I know you want to see me too...*

So I did it. I decided that clothes could wait. I headed down into the subway again, and made my way over to Gabe's place.

## Chapter 9

Gabe's apartment was a little more low-key than mine. He didn't make as much money as me, but his recent popularity on YouTube and his blog had meant that he'd been able to move somewhere that was a bit more comfortable than the broom cupboard he'd been living in when he was just a personal trainer.

I pushed the doorbell and waited for Gabe to buzz me in. But it didn't come. Instead, I heard Gabe's voice.

'Who's that?' he said.

Now, I knew that Gabe could see me. This building had a video camera over the entrance so that the residents could decide whether or not to open their front door for whoever happened to be waiting.

The level of detail these cameras were capable of wasn't that great, but surely he must be able to make out that it was me. Unless of course he didn't recognize me in the slightest.

So I leaned right into the microphone and said as huskily as I could, 'It's me, silly. It's Liam.'

'Liam?' came the deep voice in reply. Then a second later, the buzzer.

When I got up to Gabe's floor, his door was already open and he was waiting for me, in his vest as usual. He wore a pair of tight navy blue shorts, and I could see the tips of his powerful thighs and his well-turned calves.

As soon as I saw him, I could feel my pussy start to throb for him. He was all I wanted, and I wanted to make sure that this time I got him.

'Fuck Liam, you look different. I mean. It's so weird. I can tell it's you but, you don't look anything like you did I mean, damn, fuck you look hot Liam.'

I blushed. 'Aren't you gonna invite me in?'

'Get in here,' he said.

I didn't need to be asked twice.

'Why are you wearing that ridiculous outfit?' he asked, looking me up and down.

I looked straight at his crotch. Could I make out the outline of his cock, already? Was he getting hard?

'Well, funnily enough I didn't have any women's clothes hanging around my

apartment.'

He grunted in understanding.

'Plus,' I continued, 'you seem quite pleased to see me in this outfit.' I made it totally obvious where I was looking.

He arched his eyebrows a moment and looked a touch embarrassed. That was maybe the first time I'd seen him looking anything other than totally confident.

'So why d'ya get me over here?' I said. It felt as though my whole body was tingling being this close to him.

'I had to speak to you, face to face, because I spoke to that freak at the candy shop. The one who did this to us.'

That was a surprise.

'Did you call her?' I said.

'Yeah. I wanted to find out how to reverse what's happened to me.'

'Don't you like having a nice big cock?' I said.

'Stop talking like that,' he said, 'and yes I do. But it's not that which I want to stop. You see, ever since I popped that candy into my mouth, all I can think about is you.'

Me?

'At first, all I could think about was kissing you, even when you looked just like a guy. I wanted to kiss you, to touch your body, and yeah, even to fuck you.'

He looked distressed.

'Then, when I saw you the other night, the urge was almost overwhelming. I wanted you to suck my cock so badly, and then I just wanted to find a way, any way, to stuff my cock in you. In your ass, your mouth, whatever, I just wanted to fill you up and spray my spooge into you. Like it was the strongest desire I've ever had. Like I just had to.'

'Then why didn't you?' I said, shifting my body around. Hearing him talk like this was torture. I was squirming, desperate for relief.

'Because I knew it was wrong. And guess what, when I called Roxy, I got double glad I hadn't because you know what she told me? She told me that if I cum in you, even a drop, the change will be permanent. I'll be stuck with this huge dick and a one track mind, and you'll be stuck as a woman for the rest of your life. She was laughing about it, giggling, and asking me how much I wanted to fuck you.'

I didn't even have to think. 'Do it,' I said, 'just do it. I want to be a woman. I love being this way, and I want you to fuck me, too.'

'Do you even know how wrong this is?' Gabe said. 'You've always been special to me, but taking it that next step is just crazy.'

I slowly undid the button at the top of my hotpants.

‘Gabe,’ I said, ‘I’m not Liam anymore. I’m not your best friend. I’m a woman, and there’s nothing weird about wanting to fuck me.’ I slipped my hotpants off. Of course I was naked underneath. Gabe looked at me, looked straight down at my pussy, and then he grabbed the chair next to him, gripping it as hard as he could, trying his best not to give into his feelings of lust.

I undid the bow I’d tied in my t-shirt and lifted it up over my bosom, allowing my breasts to tumble out into the fresh summer air.

‘I touched myself this morning,’ I said, moving a finger down to the top of my opening, ‘and all I could think about was you.’ I slowly parted the lips of my pussy then started to move my finger up and down my clit. I closed my eyes, moaning gently. ‘I thought about your body, and I thought especially about that magical cock of yours. I imagined you splitting me open, forcing your seed into me, and I’ve never wanted anything so bad.’

I opened my eyes and I saw that Gabe’s dick was fully erect. It was poking out of the top of his gym shorts.

‘Oh, you look really happy to see me Gabe,’ I said.

‘You’re incredible,’ he said, ‘you’re the hottest fucking woman I’ve ever seen. How am I meant to resist you?’

‘Don’t resist,’ I said. ‘just give in.’

I dropped down onto my hands and knees and crawled, naked, across his floor. I felt the pendulous swing of my breasts underneath me, and looked up at him.

‘And you know what, there’s nothing in the rules to say that if we fuck I’ll be stuck like this forever. It’s only if you cum. So why don’t you just put it in me for a bit, and not cum? You can just pull out. Maybe your lust will be satisfied that way?’

‘I dunno..’ he started.

‘Let me help you make up your mind,’ I said, ‘I bet you don’t even know that your dick is saying hello to me right now, do you?’

‘What?’ he said, then looked down. ‘Oh shit,’ he continued, trying to stuff the end of his dick back into his shorts.

‘Don’t,’ I said, kneeling before him, ‘let me help with that.’

I took hold of his dick, and just pulled down his shorts.

‘Fuck, when you touch my cock it just feels so fucking good.’

I smiled and looked up at him.

‘Imagine how good it’s gonna feel when I suck it.’ His eyes opened wide. ‘Just whatever you do,’ I continued, ‘don’t cum. Otherwise I’ll be stuck like this. And who wants that?’

Me. That’s who.

I opened my mouth wide. This time I didn’t bother kiss him gently or teasing

him. I just swallowed up as much of his dick as I could. He gasped as I enveloped him with my mouth and fuck it felt so good to finally have him inside me. He was so massive that there was no way I could fit all of him into my mouth, but by heck I did everything I could to try my best.

‘Liam,’ he said,whimpering, ‘your mouth is so hot. It’s so warm and wet.’

I sucked gently, keeping him in me, forcing myself even further over him, cupping his balls with my hand and straining even more, trying to fit every inch of his engorged cock into my throat.

Then, still lightly sucking, I retracted, taking him out of me. His cock was covered in my spit, and it glistened in the late morning light.

‘Call me Lauren,’ I said, ‘it just sounds better, doesn’t it?’

Then he was back in my mouth and he was moaning again. The taste of him was incredible, it was deep and metallic and strong. I don’t know what to say, he just tasted like a man. I looked up at his body and could pick out his strength underneath that vest.

I licked up and down the full length of his dick, pumping him at the same time with his hand.

‘I want this so much,’ I said, panting with lust, ‘and I can’t wait to feel you inside me. I want to show you this cute little pussy I’ve grown, from the inside out.’

‘I wanna see it now,’ he said. He put his hands on my shoulders and lightly pushed me back, before leaning down, and with ridiculous ease, picking me up. It was like I weighed nothing to him. I felt his bulging muscles clamping around me, and I knew that I was his totally to do whatever he wanted to.

He carried me through his apartment into his bedroom. I’d never been in here before, and to be frank, I didn’t even care to try to take it in. He threw me down on the bed like I was just a piece of meat.

‘Stay still,’ he said, ‘I’m gonna eat you up.’

I lay on my back and waited. It didn’t take long. I felt his hard hands pushing my knees apart. I squealed with anticipation. Then, I felt him on me. First he was gentle, tracing lines up my inner thighs with his masterful digits, then, he was rougher, grabbing handfuls of my flesh in his hands and squeezing, pulling his head close to my pussy.

‘I’ve been waiting to get my hands on you for days,’ he said, panting, ‘and now I’m gonna enjoy every square inch of your body.’ I looked down and saw him looming over me like some beast, all muscle and bone.

The first time I felt his tongue on me, I thought I was gonna burst. It was a little line of cool fire, blooming across my skin. My thigh, my stomach, the skin right next to me cleft and then finally, wonderfully, a lick, strong lap from the

base of my pussy to its pleasure-producing nub.

He lapped at me like an animal, carefully fitting his tongue into the folds and depths of my aching pussy.

‘Oh Gabe,’ I said, ‘that feels so good.’

It felt so different to how blowjobs had felt for me in the past. Once again, it felt as though my whole body were connected to my pussy, to that central pit of joy at the base of my body.

Now he was pushing his tongue deep into me, his rigid muscle stabbing over and over again into me, making me shake with pleasure.

‘I’m gonna lick your clit now,’ he said, ‘and I’m gonna make you cum hard, all over me.’

And he started, gently at first, little flitting figure-of-eight movements over my most sensitive spot. Then the movements became stronger, more forceful, and my body squirmed so much it was like I was trying to tie myself up in a knot.

When his fingers entered me at the same time as he sucked my clit into my mouth I knew that I was close. Then, he pushed a third into me and finger fucked me so hard and smooth and fast that my feet started to shake, and I felt that familiar tense and release of my muscles, but this time it was so much faster and harder than before and I shouted out: ‘FUCK,’ and I felt cum welling up in my pussy, so much juice just spilling out of my cup.

‘Fuck, Lauren,’ he said, ‘did you know you could squirt like that?’

‘I didn’t know it could feel that good,’ I said.

‘I don’t wanna waste that cum,’ he said, ‘I want to dip my dick straight in.’

He shifted his body up over me, so that he was looking straight down into my eyes.

‘Now,’ I said, ‘just make sure that you pull out before you cum.’

‘Yeah,’ he said. But I knew he wanted to cum in me, and he knew I wanted him to cum in me.

He leaned in, letting the very tip of his dick rest down on the entrance to me. It felt heavy, insistent, like it wanted to come in.

‘Now,’ he said, ‘you belong to me.’

He shifted his hips and he was in me. Just a tiny bit in me to begin with. It was such a pleasant feeling, to be full like this. Even just a short length of him was so thick and wide that I could feel my pussy being stretched tight, being filled up by him.

‘Why do you feel so good?’ he said, ‘This isn’t just any old pussy you’ve got down there,’ he continued, smoothly pushing the tip of his cock gently back and forth into me, ‘this is the most incredible-feeling, super-tight, virgin cunt I’ve

ever fucked.'

I blushed. I felt so special, and I suppose he was right: this was my first time. I guess I was a virgin again.

'I want you to fuck me hard, Gabe,' I said. 'I want to know what it's like to get pounded by a stud.'

'With pleasure,' he said. The first hard thrust was unbelievable. I'd thought he was all the way in already, but it turns out he was barely halfway there. Now, with the full length of his cock inside me, I felt a new level of pleasure, like nothing I've ever experienced. His pace increased, until he was just ramming me, harder and harder, destroying me with his cock, making me shake with every single thrust, and I loved it, I loved the feeling of him mastering me.

'I'm your woman,' I said, eyes closed, head back. 'I belong to you and I want you to do whatever you want to me.'

'I don't need your permission,' he said. He pulled out and grabbed me by the waist before hoisting me up towards him. He lifted me out of the bed and pinned me up against the wall. His face was right close to mine and he pressed me back, easing his cock up to my entrance before ramming into me again, rhythmically fucking me while his tongue started to probe my mouth. My hands were squashed against the wall and I was glad, because I was totally in his control, his plaything, just something he could fuck.

'I want your cum,' I whispered in his ear as he licked my throat, bit my tits, fingered my nipples.

'No,' he said, pounding me harder.

'You're gonna come,' I said, 'I can feel it. You want to. And want you to. My pussy wants your cum, Gabe, I want to spray your cream into me.'

He moaned and grabbed my breasts, then grabbed my waist, and flipped me up and over, back onto the bed. I was bent over and I knew he was looking at my ass.

'Come on,' I said, slowing moving my pussy from side to side, 'fill your little bitch up with your cum.'

And he was in me. With three huge, powerful thrusts, I felt something big happening in him. From the base of his body, this surging power built up. Then, it felt like his cock was throbbing in me, like it was lengthening and straightening, and I felt the hot, steaming threads of his cum paint my insides white.

So I was gonna be a woman for the rest of my life. Not just any woman. Gabe's woman. Forget Angel: he only had eyes for me now.

\*

I took the rest of the week off, and so did Gabe. We got to know each other way better than I ever thought was possible, and we even went back to Sweet Zone, to fill Roxy in on our story. I got lots of looks from lusty guys on the way over there, and Gabe even looked a little jealous.

We enjoyed working our way through all the other weird candies the shop had to offer, but none of them even came close to those first two we tried. It was the start of a brand new chapter in my life, and there was so much to learn about this new world.

**PART TWO**  
**GENDER SWAP BEACH BOD**

## Chapter 10

I blinked in disbelief at the notification on my cell phone as I stepped out of work into the weak, spring sunshine. *Are you kidding me?* I'd been sent a Direct Message on Twitter, saying I'd won a competition I'd entered a month ago. I *never* won competitions!

In my lifetime to date, I must have entered tens of thousands of competitions. I was one of those highly suggestible consumers, who clicked on all the links I was sent, even when they were spamming me, or worse, phishing for my private account details. I entered every online competition I saw, even the ones that were obviously phony, and I'd even cut out pages from magazines and sent a few competition entries off by the good, old-fashioned mail more than a few times. And not once, *not once* had I won one!

In fact, I was beginning to think I was cursed or something. I even at one point blamed it on the fact I'd broken a mirror and was experiencing seven years of the worst luck. I knew that there were people who entered competitions professionally, who made a living from it. I once read that if you cast your net widely enough, it was possible to win something like one in a thousand competitions, even if it was only something small. Well, over the years I'd really upped my game, trying desperately to get my first win. I went on specialist forums such as *Loquax* and *Prizefinder* to find new competitions as they were listed. I used online tools like *Roboform* and *Lastpass* to help me fill out many of my entries automatically.

And still - nothing.

I mean, don't get me wrong. I'm not a total loser or a nerd of anything like that. At least, not in my opinion! I just happen to have a couple hours' commute to and from work each day, and then I have lunch hours to fill, and a lot of time in the evenings and weekends to spare... Okay, so I am a bit of a loser. I've never had much luck with the ladies, and I'm too shy for anything as drastic as internet dating. That means while my colleagues are always off hanging out with their significant others after work, I've got time on my hands. Serious time. And, since I don't enjoy my job at all - in fact, I *hate* it - I figured that I may as well spend all that free time doing something useful. Entering a buttload of

competitions, and trying to make my fortune so that I can quit work forever and go and live on a desert island somewhere, away from it all.

I work for a modeling agency. That sounds glamorous, doesn't it? You must think that I see hundreds of gorgeous women a week, and get to flirt and stare to my heart's content. Actually, I work in the contracts department. We're in the basement. Our office has no windows, no coffee machine, and my line manager doesn't believe in taking breaks. Seriously, even if you need to go to the bathroom, she makes you stay at your desk until either lunchtime or the end of the day, depending on whether it's morning or afternoon. The company I work for is huge, and busy. Aside from seeing the odd model entering the building as I'm leaving, or vice versa, I don't get any contact with the hotties.

This one Wednesday evening, though, as I left the building, relieved to have another boring day at work over and done with, I couldn't believe the message I had in my Twitter inbox. It said:

*Alex Gardener, you have been selected as the winner for Lotus Perfume's slogan competition. Congratulations! Your slogan will appear on the new advert for our brand. Please contact us to arrange your prize, and quote the following reference number.*

I just couldn't stop reading it, over and over. Really, the first few times I read it, I couldn't believe it was real. I felt like this must be some kind of office prank. But I checked out the account I'd received the message from, and the contact details they gave me, and everything seemed to genuinely check out. I couldn't remember what the prize was for this competition, but I did actually remember entering it. That's because it took a little more thought than most of the things I entered. Most of the time, I just have to enter my details into a form, or, at the most, answer a very simple, obvious question, the answer to which has probably just been revealed in the paragraph before. But this competition - this was different.

This competition was for a high-class women's perfume brand, and the company was asking its Twitter follows to come up with a new slogan for its brand. I often steer clear of competitions like this, as I'm not the most creative guy, and let's be honest, it's probably a waste of brain-power for someone like me. There are marketing execs and linguistic geniuses all over the world who are far better placed and far more likely to win first prize in something like this. But this time, as I was sitting on the train, idly looking out of the window on my way to work one morning, it just popped into my head: "Reveal the woman within." It was kind of cheesy, I thought, but worth a pop. It had a certain ring to it, so much so that I assumed it had probably already been an advertising slogan for

something or other before. But maybe plagiarism didn't particularly matter in the land of advertising. Besides, that wasn't for me to worry about. I wrote out my tweet, accompanied by the hashtags #lotusperfume and #transformmylife, as stipulated in the rules, and I fired off the Tweet and forgot all about it.

I forgot all about it until that fateful Wednesday evening, anyway. As I headed for the train station, I felt my mind explode with possibilities. *I, Alex Gardener, was officially a winner! The curse had been lifted! My luck had changed!* At that moment in time, however, I had no idea *just* how much had changed for me. And just how lucky I was about to get.

## Chapter 11

I was in an absolute haze the entire train ride home. I didn't even open my phone to enter another competition. I just smiled, and looked out the window, and daydreamed about what my prize might be. Lotus Perfume was a women's brand, of course, so it was likely that I was going to be given a womanly sort of prize. Some spa vouchers, or a handbag, or a year's supply of their signature scent, perhaps. But that didn't matter. I could sell my winnings on eBay, and make a bit of a profit like that. Or perhaps, if it was something suitable, I could hang on to the prize, and give it as a gift to my girlfriend. If I ever got one. At least if I had a fancy gift to give a woman, I might be able to impress her enough to give me a second date. Not many women would turn their nose up at a spa voucher on their first date, would they?

I bought myself a Chinese takeaway as a treat to celebrate on the way home from the station, and I whistled gleefully as I went in through the front door. I was about to phone the company and ask them what my prize was to be, and I couldn't wait. I put my takeaway on the sideboard, and opened myself a bottle of lager, and then I sat on the sofa, hands trembling slightly, and dialed the number I'd been given.

'Hello, Lotus Perfume customer service hotline, Hayley speaking, how can I help you?' A woman had answered almost immediately, on the first ring, and her beautiful, young voice took me by surprise.

'Uh, hi there,' I mumbled nervously. 'I was told to dial this number for a competition I've apparently won.'

Hayley considered this for a moment. 'Okay,' she said. 'Do you have a reference number?'

I pulled my cell away from my ear and found the reference number, and read it out to Hayley. I felt a little awkward that I hadn't thought to write it down before making the call, but Hayley didn't seem too mind.

'Oh, my!' she exclaimed. 'You're our top prizewinner!' She then calmed down slightly, as she checked through some security details with me, including my name, address and ZIP code, and then, when I'd got everything correct, she became excited again. 'It's so thrilling to be talking to the winner!' she squealed.

‘We all really love the slogan you came up with. It’s *perfect* for our brand. Perfect!’

Even though we were talking over the phone, and Hayley couldn’t see me, I cursed myself under my breath for blushing so ferociously. I felt embarrassed to be so clearly pleased by this praise.

‘Now listen,’ said Hayley. ‘We’ve got some incredible prizes for you. And you deserve them. Really, you do. Your slogan is going to be so good for our brand. This is the least we can do.’

‘Gosh,’ I muttered awkwardly. ‘Well, thank you. Whatever the prizes are, thank you for awarding them to me.’

Hayley giggled. ‘Silly. It’s *us* who should be thanking you. Now, I’m going to need to check a few details with you. Do you have a driver’s license?’

I informed her that yes, I did indeed own a valid driver’s license, and I gave her the number on my license when she asked for it. ‘One of the prizes is a convertible car, you see,’ she said. ‘We’ll get it set up in your name and it’ll be delivered to your home by the morning.’

‘A car?’ I could barely contain my pleasure. The whole reason I’d had to commute such long hours to and from work every day was because I’d never been able to afford a car. I’d got my license years ago, back when I was a hopeful kid, but I’d never owned my own car. And had I really heard Hayley right? This was just *one* of the prizes? It already felt like too much!

‘Now, as you’re aware, this is a women’s perfume brand,’ Hayley said, suddenly a little more serious. ‘So you might find these prizes a little... *girly*. But I’m sure you’ll find a use for them.’ She paused, and then began to tell me about what else I’d won. ‘So the next big thing is we’re going to send you on holiday. I hope you’re able to get the time off work, because you’re going to Miami Beach in a week’s time! And, to make your holiday go with a bang, we’re kitting you out with a whole new wardrobe - that means bikinis, dresses and shoes - not to mention a huge box of Lotus Perfume’s newest scent, which you came up with the slogan for. The perfume is called *Transform*, and I’m contractually obliged to tell you that it’s a woman’s fragrance only. The product has not been fully tested on men, and unless you want to be treated like a girl everywhere you go, I wouldn’t risk using it!’

‘Right,’ I said, embarrassed again. As if *I* would wear a woman’s perfume!

‘We’ll be mailing you the tickets and your extra goodies immediately, by special delivery, so we’ll aim to have them with you before you leave for work in the morning.’

‘Wow, okay,’ I said. ‘Thank you.’ I didn’t want to tell Hayley that I leave for work quite early in the mornings, so it was unlikely that I’d actually receive the

stuff when she said. That just wasn't the sort of information you needed to share with strangers. It's the sort of boring tidbit I'd tried to share with people in the past, and been told that I was 'pedantic' or 'overly serious'. I'd learned about when to keep quiet, and now was one of those times.

'Well, sir, let me just congratulate you once again, and from the bottom of our hearts at Lotus Perfume, well done for being a winner!'

As she spoke these final words, I felt the tears begin to prick behind my eyes. It was so, so nice to be spoken to like this. To have someone seem genuinely happy to be having this interaction with me. So different to my life at work, to my tired colleagues and my grumpy line manager. This exchange with Hayley had been a breath of fresh air.

I couldn't help myself at that point. I started fantasizing about whether it was possible to ask Hayley out. She had just called me a winner, after all. She knew that I owned a convertible car, and I could maybe even take her to Miami Beach next week... But before I had the chance to make a completely fool of myself, thankfully, Hayley said goodbye and hung up.

Still, the fact that I hadn't secured myself a date didn't dampen my mood. I went back into the kitchen, whistling an even jollier tune than I'd been whistling before, and I laid out the most delicious feast of chicken chow mein, egg-fried rice and beer that I'd ever tasted in all my life.

## Chapter 12

The next morning I awoke to the sound of knocking at my door. My first thought was: *Shit! I've slept in! My line manager has come all the way to my apartment to escort me into work personally. Or fire me.* I rubbed my eyes and looked at my alarm clock, with a knot twisting in my gut. *Please don't let it be too late. What? Six-thirty a.m.? Are you kidding me?*

That's when my mind really began to work overtime. Perhaps there was a fire in my apartment block, and a kindly neighbor, or a fireman, was knocking on my door to alert me. Maybe it was a serial killer, and they'd been working their way around the apartment block, one by one by one, and now it was my turn to die.

Jeez, I really could be a dork sometimes. I tried to tell myself that a serial killer *probably* wouldn't bother knocking, and I walked, wearing just my boxer shorts and t-shirt, over to the front door. Warily, I looked through the peephole. I saw a spotty young adolescent holding a huge package.

I opened the door, confused. 'Isn't it a bit early for the mail?' I asked, yawning.

The adolescent handed me the package. 'Special delivery,' he said, and then he pointed a clipboard out toward me. 'Can you just sign here please?'

I put the package down in my hallway with a sigh. It was heavy, and a relief to put it on the floor. I signed my name on the clipboard, and then closed the door. Wow. This must be from Lotus Perfume. Hayley had said the package would arrive in the morning, but I had no idea it would be so prompt.

I took the package through to the kitchen, feeling the adrenaline and excitement beginning to wake me up now. I switched on the coffee machine and then took a knife to the tape on the packaging, carefully opening it up. The first thing I saw when I opened the box was a congratulations card. It was beautifully designed, in pink and gold, which happened to be the colors of Lotus Perfume's logo. I opened up the card, half-expecting to see Hayley's name in there, but in fact, it had been signed by Jaxon Rhys, the Managing Director of Lotus Perfume himself! Jaxon was a crazy cool kind of guy. He was like Elon Musk meets Mark Zuckerberg, but, of course, *much* more handsome. I'd seen links to some of his talks on Facebook. He wasn't just a perfumier. He was a business magnate, a real

titan of industry. He owned about four other companies, and was named in the *Forbes* Top 100 rich list this year. I couldn't believe he had signed my card personally.

I put the card on my kitchen counter, and poured myself a celebratory coffee. The coffee smelt extra good this morning. Must have been all those happy chemicals coursing through my bloodstream, making me feel much more positive and open to recognizing the goodness in things. I took a sip of coffee, and then got back to the box. The next thing in there was a pair of tickets to a five-star hotel at Miami Beach. *Faena Hotel*, it said on the tickets. *2 nights*. My hands shook as I held the tickets. I'd been on hardly any holidays in my life, let alone luxury beach holidays like this. It would be almost a day's worth of driving to get there. I'd become a little nervous about flying, as I'd got older. Read one too many horror stories about things going wrong. I know, I know, statistically, you're more likely to die in car crash... well, I guess that was the chance I was going to take. But I hadn't crashed in all twenty-five years of my life so far, so fingers crossed that wasn't about to happen! If anything, I was *too* careful as a driver.

I put the tickets on the counter next to the card, and then went back to the box, to see what other goodies there were. It was so exciting. I felt like a kid at Christmas, reaching deep into my Christmas stocking. Except that this time there would be no awkward moments with family members, having to look pleased to receive *yet another* pair of socks from Grandma, or whatever. The gifts in here were expensive, they were luxurious and they were all mine!

Next, I pulled out a box containing six large bottles of Lotus Perfume's new scent, Transform. Goodness, it was packaged so beautifully. The bottle was made of cut-glass, and shaped like an hour-glass. The glass was tinted pink, and the atomizer, the bit you had to squeeze to get the perfume out, was golden, encrusted with diamantés. The whole thing was like a work of art. I felt a shiver run down my spine, and found myself almost wishing that I were a woman, so I could wear some of this stuff. I bet it smelt as divine as it looked.

I placed the box of perfume down on the table and looked at what else was in there. There were two extremely revealing bikinis, one in hot pink and one in gold, and then there was a tight, strappy black dress, and another floral but equally revealing dress, and then a pair of gorgeous, high-heeled sandals. I wondered how they knew what size clothes to send. Not that they'd fit me, of course, but not all women were shaped equally. So how would they know what size to send out? I looked at the labels. They were all marked as 'Medium', so maybe that was it. Just guesswork. The law of averages meant the stuff they had posted out would likely fit most people. I don't know. I didn't really get how

women's fashion worked.

Anyway, I wasn't about to start wasting my time musing over silly little details. What mattered was that I had won this competition. This was the first day of the rest of my life. I was the kind of person who won prizes. Hell, I'd written the slogan for one of the world's most fashionable perfumes. I could probably get a job with a top marketing company now, if I wanted to! I could do anything!

But first... a shower.

I downed the rest of my coffee and then got into the shower, pronto. It was a relief to feel the warm, soothing water fall onto my skin. I'd had so much excitement in the last twelve hours, that I really needed to calm down a bit. It was like I was watching a movie of someone else's life, someone luckier and more talented than me, except somehow, I was the star.

I switched on the radio and hummed along to the tunes as I got myself ready for work. I pirouetted across my bedroom floor as I collected my suit jacket, and then twirled into the bathroom to clean my teeth. Before leaving my apartment, I poked my head around the kitchen door, and blew my prize winnings a kiss. 'Can't wait to see you tonight!' I said goofily. Honestly, I was so giddy with happiness that I barely recognized myself. I was acting like a total weirdo, but I didn't care. I cast the women's clothing a quick look, wondering what I'd do with it all. They were all exquisite, and would probably fetch a few hundred dollars on eBay. I'd sort that out later. Get myself a bit of extra cash to spend at Miami Beach, if I was lucky. I wouldn't sell the perfume, though. That was special. That was the brand that had transformed my life.

I found myself creeping further into the kitchen, back toward the perfume. What was it Hayley had said about this stuff? *The product has not been fully tested on men, and unless you want to be treated like a girl everywhere you go, I wouldn't risk using it!*

Surely that was a little over the top. Something she was legally obliged to say, because of the crazy world we live in, where people sue you over the tiniest thing. I laughed. Imagine a man suing a perfume company because he'd worn a fragrance meant for women, and people had started treating him differently. That's ridiculous! Some aftershaves these days smelt quite feminine anyway. I bet you couldn't always tell the difference.

I opened up the box the perfume bottles were in, and took out the first bottle. I sniffed the nozzle at the top, but it didn't really have a smell. *I could just squeeze it into the air*, I thought. *It's not like I'd be wearing it if I did that. I just want a little sniff.*

Gingerly, I squeezed down on the atomizer, and a tiny puff of scented air flew

out of the nozzle and into my kitchen. Immediately, I could smell it, and it was divine. I could smell violets, and bergamot, cloves and candied orange. It really was a fascinating, complex scent, quite heady and alluring. Extremely feminine, yes, but also very powerful and rich. It wouldn't hurt to spray just the tiniest bit of this onto my sleeve, would it? I could sniff it throughout the day, to remind me of the fact I was a winner. It wouldn't matter how many times my line manager told me my work wasn't good enough today. I'd smell of success!

I rolled back my sleeve jacket, and squirted the perfume onto the sleeve of my shirt. As I did so, my shirt fabric strained back a little, revealing part of my wrist. I felt the cool, fragrant liquid touch my skin. It tickled, making all the tiny hairs on my skin tingle with delight. I lowered my face to my skin and took a deep, long sniff. Wow, it really was incredible.

I blushed slightly, at the thought that I'd just squirted myself with women's perfume, and wondered what Hayley would think of me. I imagined her wagging a disapproving finger at me. *Naughty, naughty!* she'd say, and then she'd lick her lips and wink at me, and then turn around, swishing her long, beautiful blond hair, swaying her hips as she walked away...

Oops. I had to stop fantasizing about someone I'd never met like this. Hayley had seemed very nice on the phone yesterday, but that is all. She could have been anyone. She could have been twenty years older than me, with ten children and a missing front tooth. Who knows?

I picked up my briefcase and headed out of my apartment, pleased to see that the sun was shining. I tilted my head back, up to the sky, closing my eyes, and enjoying its warmth. When I opened my eyes again, that's when I saw it.

A car, wrapped up in a huge, glittery bow. A convertible car. In hot pink. With gold shimmery seats.

And that same spotty adolescent who'd been at my door earlier was standing there, waving a pair of keys at me. 'I was instructed to stand here until you left your apartment. I've been told to deliver these keys to you personally.'

My mouth gaped open in shock. 'This is *mine*? But it's... it's... a Lotus!'

The adolescent smiled. 'Well, it is a present from Jaxon Rhys, the CEO of Lotus Perfume. Where do you think the name Lotus came from?'

*Oh my god.* I couldn't believe this. I'd been given a Lotus? My first ever car... was a Lotus? I took the keys off the young guy, who wished me a good day, and ran off toward his van, and I took in the majestic sight before me. Okay, okay, so the car was pink. That wasn't, strictly speaking, ideal. Obviously I'd have picked out something more masculine. A sports car red maybe, or perhaps a tasteful mustard or navy blue. But still... who was I to complain? I had my very own car, and I couldn't wait to drive it!

I ripped off the giant bow and stuffed it into a trash can on the sidewalk. Pretty as the bow was, it wasn't nearly as precious as what it was covering. I pressed the unlock button on the keyring, and got into the driver's seat. I put my briefcase down in the footwell next to me, and then exhaled a long sigh of satisfaction.

I couldn't believe it. It felt so comfortable, and it was like it had been set up specifically for me. The seat and mirror were adjusted in just the right way. Everything was perfect. And it had that glorious new car smell. There was even a car air freshener hanging from the rear-view mirror, with the Lotus Perfume logo on it. A car air freshener that smelt of *Transform*! This couldn't get any more perfect!

I searched around for a while, and then found a button on the dashboard that opened up the roof for me. It was a lovely day, and I was going to make the most of it. I started up the car, listening to its soft, flirtatious purr. I switched on the radio, laughing at my good fortune, and then, for the first time in my whole life, I drove to work.

I didn't realize it at the time, but getting that car would turn out to be one of the least surprising aspects of my day. Indeed, my entire life was about to transform... completely.

## Chapter 13

I arrived at work with a real spring in my step. Winning that competition, and smelling that scent on the drive on the way to work, really seemed to have given me an inner confidence I'd never had before.

In fact, I felt so damn good by the time I arrived at work, that I marched right up to my line manager's desk, and informed her that I would be taking three days of work next week, for a long overdue holiday.

She looked at me, puzzled for a few moments. 'And you are...?'

Normally, this kind of cold-hearted attitude would have got to me. *Only the guy that's worked in your office for the past three years*, I'd have wanted to cry out. *The guy who you've criticized and scorned and tutted at for every one of those years, and yet you've still not managed to say a simple "Good morning" to you once!* Today, though, I didn't feel any of my usual anger.

'I'm Alex Gardener,' I said. 'You'll see that I haven't taken a single day off all year, so I'm certainly due a break.'

My line manager clicked her mouse a few times, keeping her eyes fixed on the screen, and then said: 'Right. Fine. Send me an email with the dates.' And then she waved me away as if I was nothing more than an irritating fly.

Success! I had been too nervous to ask for a day off in ages, because she was always so awkward about it, but today... today, I'd not only asked her, but she must have sensed something about my demeanor that let her know I wasn't going to take 'no' for an answer. I thought about the fact I had my very own Lotus parked in the staff car park, and grinned. Nobody in this office would guess that car belonged to me.

I went over to my desk, and hummed under my breath as I began to get on with work. As I worked, the scent of Lotus Perfume traveled up to my nostrils. I've heard it said before that when a perfume hits your skin, it forms its own, individual scent: a mixture of you and the fragrance. It's to do with your own unique pH levels, I believe, as well as your diet, your body temperature, whether you've got any other products on.... So perfume will not smell the same on any two people.

Well, on me, the *Transform* scent just seemed to get better and better, deeper

and more complex as time went on. Actually, I began to feel a little hypnotized by it. Not in a bad way, not like, a way that stopped me working or anything. In fact, it was quite the opposite. It made me feel calm, and focused, and capable of just getting on with it, without any of my usual anxiety or fatigue. I didn't yawn once as I made my way through contract after boring contract. And I didn't bite my nails either, like I usually did as I tried to figure out the small print.

In fact, I was so 'in the zone' with my work that I didn't realize I had somehow worked until ten past twelve without looking at my watch, and I'd just worked ten minutes into my lunch hour! I stood up and stretched my legs, and I don't know, I felt like I must've stood up too quickly or something, because I felt a bit weird, like my legs couldn't support me properly, like they were too thin for my body or something. That sounds weird, I know, but it's how I felt.

I decided that what I needed was to get my blood sugar up, so I left my office building and went to one of my favorite sandwich shops for lunch. A girl called Wendy served me. I'd seen her in there several times before. She was kind of cute, with curly red hair and freckles.

'What can I get for you, sir?' she asked.

*Sir* seemed a little formal. Wendy and I had had the odd exchange before. We were beyond formalities like that, I thought.

'I'll have a ham salad on granary, please,' I said. It was the first time I'd spoken aloud in the last three hours, and my voice came out strange at first, slightly rasping, and then, breaking into something more soft, as though I was losing my voice, or speaking softly. 'And a can of coke, please,' I said, trying to put some depth back in my voice, but it was just as soft this second time.

'Sure,' said Wendy, and she turned around and started making my sandwich.

Now, I know this sounds pervy, and honestly, this sort of thing is really quite inappropriate, but the best thing about Wendy was her tight little ass. I liked coming to this sandwich shop, because when she turned around to make my sandwich, I got to have a little look, and it always made my afternoons go with a buzz. Today, when I looked at her, though, I didn't feel the thrill I usually did. In fact, I found my eyes straying toward her colleague, who stood making a sandwich for the guy in front of me. And, I hate to admit this, but her colleague... was male.

I tried to focus my gaze back on Wendy, but I felt my eyes straying again. There was something pleasing about the shape of this guy's butt. So firm and muscular. I wouldn't say I felt sexually excited by it. Nothing like that. Just interested. Intrigued.

'Here you go,' said Wendy, turning back to me and handing me my sandwich. 'That'll be five dollars, sir.'

As I looked at Wendy's pretty face, I thought for a moment what a shame it was that I had *two* tickets to the hotel at Miami Beach. I thought about asking Wendy, imagined the look of surprise on her face, but I thought better of it. It seemed a bit creepy, given that she evidently didn't even know who I was, and besides, I felt like maybe I was losing interest in her anyway.

I stepped outside into the sunshine and went to eat my lunch on a park bench by the fountain. I often came here for a bit of fresh air when the weather was fine. Today, as I felt the gentle breeze on my face, I noticed how soft it made my skin feel. I chalked all these strange new sensations down to an overly exciting morning, and tried to focus on eating my sandwich, but even my mouth felt different. My lips felt plumper, somehow. It was like I had to learn how to eat again. I wondered, for a zany moment, if perhaps I'd had a stroke or something, but I honestly felt fine. I felt *good* actually. I just didn't feel like *myself*.

After lunch, I went inside to use the bathroom. As I stood in front of the urinal, reaching into my boxer shorts for my junk, I noticed, somewhat aghast, that something else felt different too. My *junk*. It felt smaller. And smoother than before. I reached into the hole in my boxers and pulled out my cock, but it seemed so tiny that it barely made it through the hole in the fabric. I looked around but thankfully that was nobody else in here. I mean, it's not like we were in the habit of looking at each other's dicks in the workplace, but mine felt so conspicuously small, I felt like you couldn't help but notice it.

With a little difficulty, I managed to direct my pee into the urinal, and then I went over to the sink. There, I got another shock.

My face. It was my face, yes, but different. My eyes were sparklier. My nose was slimmer. My lips did indeed look plumper. I opened my mouth. Heck, even my teeth looked whiter. I looked like a strange, Photoshopped version of myself. Like all my bad points had started to be erased, and my good points were highlighted. Except that I didn't look more handsome. No, not exactly. If anything, I looked more *beautiful*.

I went back to my desk in a bit of a daze, and I tried to work, but unfortunately, I felt quite distracted. Was this strange thing I was experiencing, whatever it was, due to the excitement of winning a competition? Was I ill? Or was it due to the perfume?

Hayley *had* said not to spray the perfume onto my skin. She did warn me that it wasn't meant for me. Was there any chance that *this* was the reason I was feeling so strange?

By the time that five o'clock came around, I'd made a decision. I was going to have to go home and experiment with this perfume once and for all. I was going to have to spray it directly onto my skin, more of it this time, and see whether or

not that was what was causing me these... *issues*.

I raced out of the office building as quickly as I could, and drove home in my Lotus, anxiously, but still incredibly carefully. Even in my frenzied state, driving an incredible car, I wasn't about to change the habit of a lifetime. I parked my car in the apartment car park, grateful that I had a decent space to park such an elegant car. Much as I wanted to show it off out on the street, I didn't want to risk getting it damaged or stolen. I lived in a fairly genteel area - living so far out of town meant that I could afford a half-decent apartment - but still.

I went into my apartment and rushed straight to the bathroom. How did I look now? It was difficult to pinpoint the exact differences. It was just like everything had been tuned up another notch. My eyelashes seemed thicker and darker. My eyes seemed to sparkle an extra bright shade of blue. I took off my suit, noticing that it had started to feel a little big for my body, and then I unbuttoned my shirt.

Holy fuck. What had happened to my chest hair? It just seemed to have all fallen away, and where my nipples were, the skin had gone slightly puffy, like there were small fat deposits behind them now, pushing them outward. It was bizarre and made me feel uncomfortably like a prepubescent girl. Finally, with trembling hands, I removed my boxer shorts. This was the bit I had been worrying about the most. Sure enough, my penis was still a whole lot tinier than usual. I mean, of course, I had always been slightly smaller than average anyway, if I'm being honest. But this... this was freakish. And my balls, too. They'd kind of tightened up a little, and were tucked under me more than usual. Most of the thick, curly pubic hair seemed to have thinned out, too, and I was left with just a few short, soft strands of blond hair.

I wondered what sort of hormones the perfume would have to contain to do something like this to me. It seemed like they had caused my testosterone levels to plummet, in the space of just a few hours. How was that even possible?

I walked back through to the kitchen, and picked up the box the perfume had come in. There was nothing in the ingredients on the box that looked particularly suspicious to me. Not that I particularly understood what a lot of the ingredients were. *Aldehyde. Ambrette. Galbanum. Muguet.* These ingredients could have been anything, really. I put down the box, and now I picked up the bottle of perfume I'd spritzed this morning.

It was odd, but I felt excited to be holding it again. I also felt eager to smell that scent again, the one I'd so deliriously enjoyed smelling on my wrist all day.

Nervously, I pressed down on the atomizer, and sprayed out two large sides of perfume, one on each side of my neck, as I'd seen my mother doing with her perfume when I was a young boy. Then I added a spritz to each wrist for good measure.

Immediately, I was transported back to that heady, wonderful place of pure pleasure. I smelt those gorgeous scents: violets, bergamot, cloves, candied orange. Yum! I felt so happy as I breathed it in that I began laughing. I mean, how stupid of me to think that my body had undergone physical changes due to this perfume! That was just my overactive imagination playing tricks on me. Of course it wasn't the perfume! I was probably just a little ill. Had a certain strain of the flu with a very particular set of symptoms. Yes. That was it. I just had the flu.

Dreamily, I walked through to my bedroom, and closed the curtains. A little lie down would do the trick. I could have a short nap, and then wake up in a couple of hours, feeling refreshed and like myself again.

I lay down on my bed and closed my eyes, smiling. The scent of the perfume was so strong that I felt enveloped in a cloud of pink, beautiful, marvelous exhilaration. And I fell asleep, more deeply and more peacefully than I had ever done before.

## Chapter 14

When I woke up, I looked straight at my clock. It was six a.m.! I'd slept through the night! And now I felt refreshed, and different to yesterday. I felt as though my limbs were so relaxed, it was as if I was made of honey. Smooth and fluid and dreamy.

I stretched out in the bed, feeling relieved that all the weirdness from yesterday was over.

And that's when I noticed.

My legs, when they touched one another, felt completely smooth and hairless. And they felt so slender, too. In fact, my arms were the same. Not completely hairless, but so smooth and slim. I rubbed my arms and legs softly against the sheets, feeling shivers of pleasure as I did so. It felt so good. Without the coarse hairs normally covering my skin, all my sensations were heightened. Every tiny, soft movement was magnified, and sent tingles of pleasure through me. It was like that feeling where you've just shaved, and the skin on your face feels so new, so receptive to the smallest of strokes. And yet it was so, so much better than that. Even after shaving, as a man, you're left with a certain degree of coarseness you can never get rid of. This was heavenly. My skin was smooth as polished oak. Smooth as a woman's!

I wriggled around in bed a little more, and then noticed something else. My boxer shorts felt loose on me. I reached down for the waistband, and, sure enough, I was so slender that I was falling right out of the shorts. I felt my stomach. The skin was taut and toned. Then I stroked my hips. They felt wider somehow, the bones more prominent, but even with this extra width, I was still falling out of the shorts. It's like I'd just shrunk a couple of inches all over. Tentatively, I moved my hands around to my backside, and I could barely believe how it felt there.

Peachy!

My buttocks had grown softer and rounder. They were plump, but not fat. Just kind of juicy, and squeezable. I squeezed my left butt cheek just for good measure, and was amazed by the tingling sensation that rippled across the middle part of my body in waves. I felt small spasms of pleasure between my

legs... and that felt different too. Normally, when I got turned on, it started with a sort of low-grade twitching in my balls, and then my cock would grow hard, and hey presto. This... this was richer, more complex, more satisfying. I could feel the space carved out between my legs. I moved my fingers, trembling, toward it, and they almost shot back in shock when I found two velvety lips. The lips were even softer and smoother than the skin on my legs, and much, much more sensitive.

I'd touched a few women's bodies in this way in the past. I wasn't completely green. But holy shit. My body felt a thousand times hotter, a thousand times more beautiful, than anything I'd ever come into contact with before. I know that sounds egotistical or cruel or something, to say that my own body felt nicer than the women who I'd gone to bed with before, but seriously... when it's your own body you're touching, it's completely different. I'd gotten a lot of pleasure from touching women's bodies in the past, but touching myself... phewee. It was on a whole new level. I could feel *everything*, inside and out.

I lifted back the covers, and sure enough, as I had begun to guess... I had breasts! And they weren't the little puffy things I had yesterday. These were like, proper, grown-up *woman's* breasts. I must have been a C-cup at least. Maybe more. I kept one hand on the velvety lips between my legs, and with the other, I took hold of my left breast, and gave it a squeeze. Wow. Definitely more than a handful. It was so firm and buoyant. My nipples had grown bigger and a little darker too, and when I touched my breast, I felt my left nipple stick right out, erect, hungry to be touched again.

Barely thinking about what I was doing, just operating on autopilot, because it felt so good, I pushed my index finger between the velvety lips. Fuck! Yes. There was definitely a pussy down there. The tip of my index finger became instantly coated in juices. Gently, I pushed my middle finger between the lips too, and stuck that into the little hole, just up to the first knuckle. Jesus. It was such a small, tight hole. So muscular and strong. It felt like it was trying to suck me in further. I left my finger there, just to tease the pussy for a few moments, and then I stuck it in a little further.

Fuck.

That felt ridiculously good. My pussy felt so hungry. It just wanted more and more of my finger in there. But I wasn't going to give it everything it wanted all at once. I squeezed my breast a little more, then played lightly with the nipple, making it more and more aroused. At the same time, I used my slick, juiced-up finger, to search for the part of me that I was most excited to find: my clit.

I'd managed to find a few clitorises in my time, and when I did, the girls were always ecstatic. Finding it on myself took a little more practice. I wasn't able to

see what was going on there, so I had to rely on touch alone. I stroked my soft little pussy lips with sweet little beckoning movements. *Come on, clitoris*, I thought. *Come to Daddy*.

And then I made myself laugh, because I could hardly call myself ‘Daddy’ any more. Not that I’d ever called myself that in my life! But I was definitely one hot Momma now, and no mistake. Finally, I found a small, soft nub, a little higher up than I’d imagined it would be, right between the two lips, and when I touched it, I shrieked aloud in shock. My voice was high-pitched and feminine.

‘Yikes!’

It was like a bolt of electricity had just travelled through my body. Not just in one direction, but in *every* direction. It was like every single nerve within my body was interconnected, and every single one started and ended at this one point: my teeny, tiny clitoris. It was so sensitive to touch that it was almost like a kind of pain I felt when touching it, but not quite. It was just so, so close to the edge of what felt good that it was almost too much to take. Almost... but not. In fact, I couldn’t help myself from touching it again, more gently this time, getting to know what it liked, circling it first one way and then the other, tickling it, rubbing my fingertip up and down on it... It helped that my hands felt so much smaller and more delicate now. My fingertips were smooth and slender, and I was just desperate to rub them all over this gorgeous new body of mine...

Before I knew it, I was gasping and sighing, and plunging my fingers into all my new recesses. I massaged my clit, I stuck one - and then two - fingers deep within my pussy. I lifted my fingers to my plump, pouty mouth and sucked on my juices, to see how I tasted. Yum. It was like salt and syrup and seaweed and sugar. Not wanting to stop touching my pussy for too long, my fingers traveled back down there again, plunging in and out of my tight hole, circling my clit, and then plunging back in again. At the same time, I reached with my free hand, back to my round, juicy buttocks, and I found the tight little rosebud of my asshole. I’d never thought to touch my own asshole before. Honestly, that kind of thing had sort of grossed me out, but now... I had come alive. I was so sensual. So in touch with my new physique, that nothing felt off-limits to me. I’d already sucked my fingers and they were nice and wet, so gently, as I stroked my pussy with the other hand, I inserted the middle finger of my left hand gently into the entrance of my asshole.

*Oh. My. Fucking. God!*

This was insane. The pleasure I was experiencing was off the charts. I pushed my fingers faster in and out of myself, both front and back, sighing and gasping and crying out, until finally, my back arched, and I felt a deep wave of pleasure wash over me. My legs spasmed and my stomach lurched and my breasts tingled

and my pussy throbbed, and every single bit of me felt wonderful.

‘Shit!’ I cried out. ‘Shit!’ I didn’t know what to do at that point except laugh, and bask in the glory of what had just happened to me. My first female orgasm. It lasted so much longer than a male orgasm. And I didn’t just feel it with my body. I felt it deep within my brain too. I was buzzing. I was in ecstasy. It was the best orgasm of my life.

I lay back in bed for a while, panting and in shock about what I had just experienced.

But there was something I hadn’t checked out yet, and eventually, my legs still shaking, I got out of bed and went into the bathroom. I needed to know what I looked like. Namely: my face. I had this kind of nightmarish thought that I still looked like plain old Alex, but with a hot chick’s body. I mean, don’t get me wrong, I could probably survive having *any* face as long as I got to hang out with *this body*, but if my face matched my body, then... yowzer. I was in for a treat.

I walked up to the mirror without daring look into it. I closed my eyes, and then... three... two... one...

*You’ve got to be kidding me.*

My face didn’t just match my body. It *surpassed* my body. Honestly, I’d give my body a ten out of ten, really I would. But my face... It was beyond extraordinary. All the sharp angles of my jawline had softened, and of course, all the hair on my face had disappeared. My neck was slender and long; the Adam’s apple had completely disappeared. My eyes were larger than before, and sparklier - big, blue, come-to-bed eyes, and my lips were plump, red and kissable. My cheekbones were razor-sharp, and my nose was delicate and perfectly proportioned for my face - which is something I wouldn’t have been able to boast about before! And my hair... it was magic. Somehow, it had grown overnight. And not just a little bit. It now fell below my shoulders, in long, blond waves. I was stunning. Model material. Heck - *supermodel* material.

I jumped into the shower excitedly, loving the feeling of the warm water cascading over my womanly curves. I was tempted to touch myself again, to give myself another incredible orgasm, but that was going to have to wait. I’d be late for work.

Shit. I’d been so distracted with all this stuff that I’d forgotten about the fact I’d have to go into work like this. How would I manage? I mean, my boss barely seemed to know who I was, but surely one or two of my colleagues would notice? Besides, what would I wear? I could hardly wear my business suit, but the clothes I’d been sent in the post by Lotus Perfume weren’t appropriate, either.

I finished up in the shower, wrapped myself in a towel, and looked at my empty shoes, sitting in the hall. My feet were so much smaller now, more delicate. Even if I wore three pairs of socks, I wouldn't be able to fit in those things. There was just no way...

I began to get a little panicky, wondering how long the effects of the perfume would last. How long was I going to be stuck in this body? I'd lose my job if I took too many days off work, and yet, I certainly didn't think it was a good idea to go in today. And, if I'm being honest, I wanted to spend as much time as I could alone, while I looked like this. I wanted explore every single recess within myself.

I went into the kitchen, made myself a good, strong cup of coffee, and then I called my office and phoned in sick. Then I called another number: Lotus Perfume. I got through to customer service, and was half expecting Hayley to pick up the phone, but it was a much older woman this time, by the name of Brenda.

'Brenda,' I said. 'I've got a bit of a predicament. I'm a man, you see, and I seem to have inadvertently used some of your new women's perfume, *Transform*.' I explained the situation to Brenda, about winning the competition, and using the perfume. Of course, I didn't tell her about my sexual forays in bed this morning, but I told her just about everything else.

Brenda remained completely quiet as I explained the situation to her, and then, after a pause, she said: 'I think you'd better talk to Jaxon.'

'Jaxon?' I asked. 'You mean *the* Jaxon? Jaxon Rhys, CEO?'

But Brenda had already put me on hold.

I waited on the line for a couple minutes, and then, finally, someone picked up the phone. 'Jaxon Rhys here,' said a devastatingly sexy, deep, masculine voice. *What the heck? Had I really just thought that? Had I really just thought another man's voice was sexy?* 'Congratulations on winning the *Transform* prize, Ms. Gardener,' he said. 'Your slogan really was very good. And very fitting, now I come to think of it. Reveal the woman within.'

It was strange. Even though he was kind of mocking me, or teasing me, at least, I didn't feel angry with him. It was like his gentle mockery was a form of flirtation, and I found myself giggling. 'Yes, I suppose you're right,' I said, twirling my hair with my fingers. *Come on, Alex, pull yourself together!* 'Now listen,' I began, trying to muster up as much seriousness as I could. It was difficult with this new, high-pitched voice of mine though. I didn't feel quite as commanding as I used to. I felt... more gentle, more forgiving, I suppose. 'I need to know how long these... effects... are going to last,' I said.

Jaxon made a deep, humming noise, under his breath. 'Well of course, we

haven't tested this product on men before, so it's difficult to say. But on the rats we tried it out on, the results were permanent.'

'You tested the product on rats?'

'Oh, only one or two,' he said. 'Much safer than trying it with gorillas or bears.'

I couldn't help myself from giggling again. 'So you think the changes could be permanent?'

'Well, let's put it this way,' said Jaxon. 'Would you be disappointed if they were? From the way you described your new body to Brenda, in Customer Services, it sounds as though you are *drop dead gorgeous*.'

I gasped. To hear a man call me this sent shivers through me. 'I'm certainly not disappointed with my womanly form,' I said. 'Although I don't know if that's the point...'

'Ms. Gardener. How would you feel if I came to apologize to you personally? On behalf of the company? Do you think you could let this slide under the radar if I came to see you, man to, uh, woman? How about I come and see you at Miami Beach? I trust you will be going alone?'

Of course. Miami Beach. I'd almost forgotten. 'Yes, I'll be going alone,' I said. 'And if you want to meet up with me to apologize, then I wouldn't say no.'

'Great,' said Jaxon. 'Then I very much look forward to *apologizing* to you next week.' There was something about the way he said *apologizing*. He made it sound so *dirty*.

Jaxon hung up, and I paced up and down my apartment, in a frenzy. So here was the situation: I had woken up this morning in a brand new body. I was a hot, young, sexy woman. And in just a couple days, I was off to Miami Beach. To meet one of the world's most eligible bachelors at a five-star hotel. How on earth was all this happening to someone like me?

I went back through to the bedroom. Normally I entered competitions when I wasn't at work, but not today. Today, I had *much* more important things to do. I lay down on my bed, closed my eyes, and, as I became better and better acquainted with my current situation, I thought about Jaxon...

## Chapter 15

The drive to Miami Beach was long, but a total pleasure in my new car. I'd begun to really love the pink and gold color combination, particularly now I looked the way I did. The colors accessorized with my new, womanly vibe perfectly. And that's right - now that I was a woman, I was thinking about things like *accessories*! On Saturday, I'd gone to the shops and bought myself a few key pieces to go with the clothes I'd won in the competition. I got some make-up, some jewelry, a sarong, a hat, and a pair of tight blue jeans and some vest tops. And - I'm not ashamed to admit - some panties and a sexy nightgown!

As I drove to the beach, I was wearing the summery, flora dress I'd been sent in the mail, which happened to fit me perfectly. Since speaking on the phone to Jaxon on Friday, my body had changed even more. My breasts had grown much, much plumper. I still hadn't had time to get my bra size measured professionally, of course, but I reckoned I must have been an E cup, minimum. My waist tucked in perfectly, and my ass was soft and round, giving me a perfect, hour-glass shape. The clothes Lotus Perfume had sent fitted me so well, it was as if they were made from me. Even the sandals - they fit my new, delicate feet as snugly as though I were Cinderella, wearing the glass slippers created for me by my fairy godmother. That thought made me smile. Was Jaxon Rhys, in some way, *my* fairy godmother?

The best thing about driving in the Lotus to Miami Beach was that when I rolled the top down, I felt the wind in my hair. I felt truly glorious, like a pin-up girl. And there were plenty times during the ride when I noticed guys checking me out at traffic lights. I'd give them a wink and a smile, and then put my foot down on the gas and speed off flirtatiously. It really was such fun.

By the time I arrived at the beach, I was exhausted. I'd had to stop several times on the way, and the journey had taken almost twenty-four hours. I had set off at ten a.m. on the Sunday, and arrived at the Faena Hotel at ten the following morning. As soon as I stepped through the door and into the impressive hotel, foyer, however, I felt wide awake and buzzing. This place was utterly incredible. Apparently, the Australian movie writer and director Baz Luhrmann helped to design this place, and you could see his quirky artistic sensibilities all over it. It

was like a theatrical fantasia, full of contemporary art, reds, golds, and bold prints. Outside, by the pool, I'd read that there was a Damien Hirst sculpture of a woolly mammoth skeleton dipped in 24-carat gold.

'Good morning, Ma'am. Welcome to Fanea Hotel,' said the handsome young desk clerk. He looked over my hotel ticket, and informed me that I'd be staying in the Penthouse Suite.

'Really?' I asked. 'I thought on my ticket it said I'd be in a Superior Double?' I didn't want to sound as though I hadn't been happy with the idea of a Superior Double room. It sounded amazing. But the idea that I might actually be in the Penthouse...

'We had a last minute phone call from a Mr. Rhys,' the clerk informed me. 'On Friday night. He's personally requested that you stay in the Penthouse, at his own expense.'

My mouth gaped open. 'Wow, okay!'

The clerk had me sign a few papers, and then a bellboy took me in an elevator up to my room. I noticed that he gave me a few sideways glances as we stood in the elevator together. Nothing too sleazy, but enough to let me know that I was too hot to ignore.

'Well, this is it,' said the bell boy, opening the door to my suite, and causing me to almost drop down dead on the floor in shock. I gave the boy a tip, though I had no idea how much money one should tip in a place like this. Ten dollars seemed insultingly low, but any more than that, and I'd be out of pocket for the trip.

The bell boy waved his hands up to his face. 'Oh no,' he said. 'Tips are taken care of. Everything is taken care of by Mr. Rhys. This whole experience is complimentary.' He bowed and bid me a polite farewell, and shut the door of my apartment behind him.

I had a look at the place I was going to stay for the next two nights. I felt so excited that I just left my suitcase by the door and started running around the place, squealing like an excitable child.

'All this? For me?' I giggled.

There were two levels, each with floor to ceiling windows, showing off the gorgeous turquoise ocean views. There wasn't just one bedroom either - oh no. There were *five*. And each one had its own balcony. Everything was furnished in elegant ivory and gold, with wild animal print on the rugs and cushions. There was even a grand piano in the living room! It wasn't just the nicest hotel room I'd ever seen. It was the nicest place on the entire *planet*.

Amazing as my hotel was, though, I was far too fired up to stay in my room. There was a beach out there with my name on it, and I just *had* to show off my

new beach bod. I took my suitcase into the biggest and most impressive of all the bedrooms. I assumed this must be the Master. I opened up my suitcase on the bed, and then took out the hot pink bikini. I'd been dying to try this on ever since my transformation, and now was my moment.

I took the bikini through to the bathroom, gasping at how huge and impressive the space was. It was made of marble and contained a huge, roll-top bath. I took off my clothes, noticing that somehow, my breasts looked like they had grown even bigger still, and I put on the bikini. As with the other things I'd tried on, this, too, fit me perfectly. I mean, the triangles of hot pink fabric were possibly *slightly* small for my ample breasts, but that only made it look better, sexier. You could see every curve of my incredible new body, and I could see exactly why so many guys had found it hard to take their eyes off me today. *Wait until I hit the beach wearing this little number!*

I put on my sarong and straw hat too. I wanted to look at least a *little* respectable as I walked down through the hotel, before I reached the beach. I wasn't entirely sure whether it was the done thing to leave my room without covering up my bikini top. This was probably something most women would know instinctively, but since I'd only been a woman for a few days, I hadn't quite honed my feminine instincts just yet! I decided to just go for it anyway, and not bother covering up. Heck, I was *proud* of my body, and I didn't care who saw it. In fact, I *loved* the feeling of being looked at. I packed a beach bag containing my sunglasses, a book, and some sun tan lotion, and then, excitedly, I left my room and headed for the beach.

As I suspected, I did get a lot of stares from both men *and* women on my way down to the beach. The men had this look in their eyes, like kids in a candy shop, and the women looked jealous and a little pissed at their husbands for staring at me, but I just flashed everyone a nice big smile and practiced my sexy walk, swaying my hips, all the way down to the beach front.

When I got to the sand, I immediately took off my sandals, wanting to feel the sand beneath my feet. It was warm and soft and grainy, exactly as I'd hoped it'd feel, and I wiggled my toes in pleasure as I stepped upon the surface. I walked down a little way toward the sea, and when I found a free sun lounge with a little shade, I stopped and set up camp. I took off my sarong and hat, and let my hair fall loose about my shoulders. I sat on the lounge and looked out to sea, breathing in the salty air in great gulps. The ocean was vast and breathtaking. So blue, and in the sunlight, it was glittering. It looked just magical. I took out my suntan lotion, and put some carefully on my face. I was about to rub it into the rest of my body when a large, buff, Hispanic-looking guy came up to me.

'Excuse me, beautiful,' he said. 'But do you need any help rubbing that in?'

He pointed at my suntan lotion.

*Oh my god! Are you kidding me?* Nobody had ever paid me the slightest bit of attention when I'd been to the beach before. I mean, I'd hardly ever been, but on the few occasions when I *had*, I'd always thought there was some kind of unwritten code that people didn't approach each other in places like this. I mean, you were semi-naked, after all! I found the thought that this Hispanic guy had spied me from afar, and come over to ask if he could *touch* me, quite exciting.

Since everything that had happened to me in the last week, I still hadn't actually touched a man yet. I knew that something strange had started to happen to me. I didn't feel attracted to women in the same way I used to. I could tell if a woman was attractive still, as I always had done. But I didn't feel that erotic spark when I looked at one. Certain men, though... the shapes of their asses, or the hardness of their pecs... even the slightest thing could set me off now, causing the syrup to ooze between my legs.

'Well, sure,' I said bravely to the guy. And then, even more bravely, I winked at him. 'I'll need it rubbing in very thoroughly,' I said.

The guy licked his lips and began, feverishly, to apply lotion to me. He started with my back and shoulders, and I was amazed at how big and strong his hands were. Then, he worked his way down to my butt, as I lay on my stomach. The wetness of the lotion and the largeness of his hands made me writhe about in pleasure, willing him to push his fingers a little further, right between my legs. Of course, that wouldn't have been appropriate, given we were on a public beach, but still... a gal could dream... He rubbed in the lotion over my legs, and then I lay on my back, and he touched my stomach, causing me to gasp. Finally, he rubbed the lotion over my tits, and he took an extra-long time working it in here. It felt wonderful. I mean, touching my own breasts had turned into one of my favorite things to do with my new body, but having someone else's hands there, a man's hands... it was beyond perfect.

'Thank you,' I said at last, when he was done.

'Thank *you*,' said the Hispanic guy. 'If you need it doing again, any time, I'll just be over there.' He pointed to a group of nearby sun loungers, and I smiled and nodded.

'Okay,' I said breathlessly.

And then I lay back on my lounge and closed my eyes, happily.

I must have fallen asleep for a good few hours, because when I woke up, the sun had moved and the tide had come in considerably. I felt refreshed, and so much less tired after my long journey, but I wanted to make the most of my holiday. And, first thing's first: I was thirsty. I gathered my things together, and headed over to the beach bar. I was a little disappointed to see the Hispanic guy

had gone, but was pleased to see the guy running the beach bar was another hottie, so I had some new eye candy to check out.

The guy at the bar must have been in his early twenties, and was toned, wearing a black vest. He had tribal tattoos, licking their way out from the top of the vest, coming right down his forearms. They gave him an edgy look. He was a bit of a bad boy, I reckoned.

‘Wassup, girl?’ he said, when I sat at the bar. ‘Get you a drink?’

I fixed him with a long, flirtatious stare. ‘What would you recommend?’

He could see that I was toying with him, and he fixed me with a stare back. ‘Girl like you?’ he said. ‘I’d say a classy cocktail.’

‘Perfect,’ I said, swishing my hair and blinking slowly at him. He set about making my cocktail, and I watched hungrily as he mixed my cocktails, his nice big muscles bulging as he shook the ingredients in the cocktail shaker. It was like he was putting on a show for me, and I giggled when he handed me the drink. ‘Thanks,’ I said.

‘No problem,’ he said. ‘Mojito. That one’s on the house.’

Not wanting to play all my cards too soon, I took a sip of my drink, and then turned toward the beach. This was flirting 101. I’d seen girls do it to guys a million times. You couldn’t act too interested too soon, or you’d blow it. The guy would think you were easy prey, and not worth bothering with. You had to come across like a bit of a challenge.

Pouting my lips, I sipped a little more of my drink through my straw. It was delicious. It’s funny, but since being a woman, I felt like even my tastebuds had changed. I didn’t fancy beer any more, but wanted lighter, fruitier drinks. And I didn’t feel like eating burgers or Chinese takeaways. I’d started hankering after things like prawn tagliatelle and steamed chicken and broccoli. Luckily my new diet was probably going to be a lot better for maintaining my slim physique, so it was probably for the best!

As I looked out to sea, I noticed the sun was beginning to set. I must have fallen asleep for even longer than I thought. I was so caught up by the beauty of it, the deep pinks and oranges painting the sky, that I didn’t notice for a moment that someone was talking to me. It was a deep, authoritative voice that I recognized. It was Jaxon Rhys!

‘Beautiful, isn’t it?’ the guy said again. He was motioning toward the sunset.

‘Oh, yes,’ I stammered, flustered. This was weird. I’d managed to behave in such a controlled manner with the other guys. I’d managed to flirt, to play games, but now... Now, I felt like a shy schoolgirl. ‘You’re... you’re Jaxon Rhys!’ I exclaimed, pathetically.

Jaxon smiled. His teeth were big and white. He looked even more gorgeous up

close in person than he did in any picture I'd seen of him. Dark, ruffled hair, and deep, brooding eyes. A sharp, angular jawline and an expression that continually flitted somewhere between influence and intrigue. 'That's right,' he said. 'And I know who you are.'

'Y-you do?' I stuttered. I suddenly had a nightmare moment, thinking that he'd say my name out loud. My old name. Luckily, Alex was a unisex name. I'd known plenty women known Alex in my life. But it just didn't feel right to use that name now. It wasn't feminine enough for the new me. 'I'm Alexandra,' I said. 'Alexandra Gardener.'

'That's right,' said Jaxon. 'Alexandra.'

Hearing him say my name made me feel weak at the knees.

'Now listen,' I can't help but notice you've started drinking that cocktail very quickly. You must be thirsty. Let me order us some champagne. And... have you eaten? I'll get some fresh oysters.'

Jaxon turned to the bar and clicked his fingers. Immediately, the barman came over to him and took his order. Looking at the two men together, I couldn't believe I'd ever thought the bar man was cute. I mean, that's not fair. He was okay. But he was younger, smaller, and just had so much less presence and class than Jaxon Rhys. Jaxon Rhys, truly, was the most beautiful man I'd ever seen.

'I'm sorry I couldn't make it here any earlier,' said Jaxon, handing me a glass of champagne. 'But it seems like you've had plenty to keep you occupied.'

I blushed, wondering if he knew how much flirting I'd been doing today.

'Now listen, I really am terribly sorry about everything. About what's happened to you, since wearing my perfume.' He took the opportunity to look at me now. Really look at me. I shivered as his eyes moved down from my face, to my buxom breasts, to my flat, toned stomach, and my long, tanned legs. 'I really can't believe how powerful the effects have been,' he said. 'You look remarkable. I hope that's some consolation.'

The barman put a tray of fresh oysters, on a bed of ice with lemon wedges down between us.

'It could be worse,' I said, feeling my confidence returning a little now. Jaxon found me attractive. One of the richest, most powerful men on the planet found *me* attractive. And he'd just bought me oysters and champagne.

'Now listen,' said Jaxon. 'I must ask you something terribly important.'

My stomach lurched. I worried about what he was going to say. That he was going to tell me about some terrible new long-term effect of using the perfume that I didn't yet know about. Perhaps I was going to transform again in another week, into a dog, or a rat, or a stone. Yikes.

Jaxon gave me a serious look, and wiped a strand of hair away from my eyes.

I almost melted to feel him touch me like this. ‘Tell me,’ he said. ‘Have you ever eaten oysters before?’

We both burst out laughing at the same time as one another. So that was his important question! What a mischievous man. I was going to enjoy hanging out with him.

‘Actually, no,’ I said. ‘I know they’re meant to be an aphrodisiac, but...’

‘I don’t think we’re in need of any aphrodisiacs, though, do you?’ he asked, flashing me a smile. ‘I think anything we eat now can only *enhance* the way we already feel... don’t you?’

He handed me an oyster, which I took, with trembling hands, and Jaxon taught me how to eat it. I swallowed it down, loving the refreshing zing of lemon and the salty taste of the ocean in the back of my throat. I washed it down with champagne, and felt a pleasant buzz running through my veins. I sighed. ‘I could get used to all this luxury,’ I said, jokingly.

Jaxon looked at me with serious eyes. He wasn’t laughing. ‘Good,’ he said. And then he poured me another champagne.

As we drank, we talked. Jaxon talked a little about his business, but not boastfully. He was mainly answering my questions, with great grace and kindness. And he asked me stuff about myself, too. He was careful not to be indelicate. He didn’t want to make me uncomfortable, and knew exactly what kind of thing to ask, so that I didn’t have to talk about the awkward fact that my life, up until very recently, had been spent as a man. The talk came easily and flowed so well, that we didn’t notice, by the time we’d finished the bottle of champagne, that the sun had set, and the beach was almost empty.

‘Come on,’ said Jaxon, standing up from his seat, and taking my hand. ‘Let’s go and dip our feet in the ocean.’

I jumped up from my seat, excited at the prospect of a romantic, late-night stroll with this man. And I hadn’t even so much as dipped my toes in the ocean yet. I couldn’t wait. I kept my sandals off as we walked along the sand, barefoot. When we reached the water, Jaxon took off his shoes and rolled up his jeans. He looked so good in casual wear, just a tight white t-shirt and blue jeans. In fact he looked like *he* could have been a model for a perfume advert. I could just imagine a camera on us now, and then Lotus Perfume on the screen above us. I felt a little giddy at the thought, but I didn’t share it with Jaxon. I didn’t want to seem like I was obsessed with his power or his company. Truly, I was much more interested in him as a person.

‘Listen to that sound,’ said Jaxon, putting his finger gently to my lips and pointing to the water. ‘It’s the most beautiful sound, isn’t it? Better than any music.’

I listened to the soft sound of the rolling waves and smiled. 'It's romantic,' I said.

Jaxon slid one arm around my waist, and then put his hand in mine. Slowly, he began to dance with me. Feeling his hands grip me like this sent warm crackles of pleasure running over my skin, through my veins, all over me. I sighed and felt the space between my legs grow wet. I looked up at his face, and saw that he was looking down at me, with a similar look in his eyes to mine: a haze of pure lust. Slowly, he bent down, and kissed me full on the lips. He tasted of champagne, and his kiss felt unbelievably good on my small, feminine mouth. Finally, he pulled away, and we danced some more.

'You look amazing on this beach,' Jaxon whispered into my ear as he held me close. 'But I think you'd look amazing up there, too. What do you say?' I followed his gaze, and looked up toward the top floor of the hotel.

'You want to take me up to the Penthouse?' I said, breathlessly.

'Very much,' he said.

'Let's go then.' I had to stop myself from running there.

As we walked through the hotel, I noticed several pairs of eyes watching us, no doubt thinking what a handsome couple we made, and my heart swelled with pride. In the elevator, I stood so close to Jaxon that I could smell him. We both smelt salty, of the ocean, but Jaxon smelt of something else too. Not aftershave or any expensive products, but he smelt like a *man*. Musky, earthy, delicious. He looked at me checking me out, and pushed me up against the mirrored wall of the elevator. 'Wait until I get you into that room,' he growled, sliding his hand between my legs, just for a moment, causing me to whimper with pleasure. Then, the elevator doors opened and he led me out.

In silence, with a great tension building between us, I searched for the room key, and then let us both into the Penthouse. We walked up to the living room, and Jaxon whistled gently under his breath. 'Nice place,' he said.

'Yes,' I said. 'Thank you. It's incredible.'

He pressed down on one of the keys of the grand piano. It was a low, thrumming note, and sent vibrations into the pit of my stomach. Then he walked over to me, and told me to turn around. 'Look out of the window, at the ocean,' he said. 'While I undress you.'

I felt his large, manly hands, undoing my bikini at the back, and then letting my breasts tumble free. And then I felt his hands on my bikini bottoms. With one, swift yank, he pulled them down, leaving me completely naked.

'Bend over,' he said, motioning toward the couch. He put the flat of his palm on my back, and pushed me forward, until I was leaning over the couch. I felt so exposed like this, but was shivering with excitement at the same time. I heard

Jaxon kneel behind me, and then I felt his warm breath behind me, close to my soft, round ass.

‘I need to eat this tight little pussy,’ he said, and then I felt his lips on my pussy lips. ‘Mmmm,’ he said, his mouth a little full of... well, *me*. ‘You taste of the beach.’ I felt his tongue push between my pussy lips and cried out in pleasure. I had to grab on to a tiger print cushion and cry into it, because I was worried about my cries being too loud.

‘Nobody will hear you up here,’ said Jaxon, pulling away from me, just for a moment. ‘Let all your inhibitions go, baby.’

He licked me and sucked me and tickled my clit with the tip of his tongue some more. It was so good. I’d enjoyed touching myself very, very much, but there was no way I could do anything like this by myself. Having Jaxon lick my pussy in this way drove me wild. I felt my hips shake and a great, trembling pressure, build up in my center, until eventually, I could take it no more.

‘Fuck!’ I cried out, wishing I hadn’t cum so soon, that I could have lasted longer. My legs shook and I felt the syrup drip out of my pussy and into Jaxon’s mouth.

‘Mmmmm,’ he said, licking up every last droplet of juice. ‘Incredible.’

He lifted me up in his strong arms and carried me through to the Master bedroom. He stood over me, removing his t-shirt and jeans. His abs were so well-defined. He had a six-pack, almost. And his pecs were so hard. I could see the enormous bulge in his boxer shorts too, and knew how turned on he was. I felt a little nervous, having never seen a man’s hard-on in person before, but I knew that whatever it looked like, I was going to like it. Just seeing that bulge in his boxer’s turned me on beyond belief.

‘You’re going to suck my nice big dick now,’ said Jaxon, pulling down his boxers. His cock sprung up, so smooth, so thick, so perfectly straight. The end of it bulged out, hungrily. It was so much bigger and more impressive than mine had ever been.

‘Oh, Jaxon,’ I marveled. I didn’t need asking twice. As if I hadn’t eaten in weeks, I lurched forwards and kissed the tip of his meaty cock, and then took it between my plump, womanly lips. It was my turn to make *mmm* noises now. Jaxon tasted of the ocean too, and of that musky scent I’d smelt on him earlier. It was a heady mix that made my brain fog up with lust. As I sucked him and stroked him I felt his dick grow even bigger, and Jaxon sighed and gasped with my every movement.

‘Fuck, Alexandra...’ he moaned. ‘You’re so special... There’s no one like you...’

I sensed that he, too, was getting excited a little more quickly than he’d

anticipated, because suddenly, he pushed me back down onto the bed, and grabbed his cock. 'I need to fuck you now,' he said. 'Before I explode.'

He held his cock down between my legs, and then guided the tip between my wet lips. I held my breath, nervously awaiting the pain of losing my female virginity in this way, but the pain never came. Only pleasure. I was so wet, so slippery, so open and ready for this nice, big dick, and it filled me up so completely, that all I could do was gasp in ecstasy. 'Jaxon, that feels... it feels... perfect...'

I felt as though I'd somehow always been in this body, waiting to be filled up like this, at this very moment. Jaxon and I fitted together perfectly. Every time he slid out of me a little way, I grabbed on to his butt, and then, when he pushed back into me again, I shouted out in pure joy. He began to fuck me faster now, running his hands and tongue over my breasts, squeezing handfuls of me, playing with me, looking as delighted as I was to be fucking like this. I got the feeling that this was as much of a novelty for him as it was for me. Something about my predicament, about the transformation I'd been through, seemed to turn him on even more. It was as though he got thrills from knowing I'd only recently transformed to become like this. I think he felt like in some way, he owned me, and I was more than happy for him to feel that way.

'I want to fill you up with my cum so badly,' he said, and I nodded.

'Yes, yes, please fill me up,' I said. 'I want to feel your cum paint my insides. I want it so badly. *Please.*'

Hearing me beg like that obviously drove Jaxon wild, and he rode me a little faster, squashing me down against the mattress, pushing his lips hard against mine, fucking me like there would be no tomorrow, until suddenly, I felt his giant cock throb and spasm inside me, causing my pussy to ache with delight. I felt his warm, salty cum, shooting up into me, giving me a nice, tasty creampie. *Yum.*

'Fuck, fuck, Alexandra,' muttered Jaxon, as he came in me, in what seemed like never-ending spurts. 'This is the hardest I've ever cum in my life.'

He stroked my breasts, and my face, and kissed me on the lips a few more times before pulling his cock out of me. I was amazed at how hard it looked, even after we'd finished, and knew that it wouldn't be long before he'd want to go again. And I was ready whenever he was. That was one of the biggest perks of being a woman. I could just keep. On. Going. All. Night. Long.

And I got the feeling that I probably would.

As for my old life, entering competitions, and working a job I hated - that was

all over for me now.

I spent the entirety of my holiday fucking Jaxon, and at the end of it, he invited me to come and stay with him in LA. I asked him what I should do about my job, and he said he could easily get me modeling work in LA. I laughed and told him that I'd worked for a modeling company for years, in the contracts department, and he told me to prepare to be the next Kate Moss.

So: no more competition-entering for me. I'd won the most important lottery of all. I'd found a way to love myself again. And it seemed like I wasn't the only one who loved me, either. Jaxon Rhys, my new, rich, famous boyfriend, was my biggest admirer of all.

**PART THREE**  
**GENDER SWAP OFFICE JOB**

## Chapter 16

Ever since I arrived at the AmCorp headquarters, I'd felt on edge. It wasn't just that this was the first job interview I'd had in six months. It wasn't just that I was getting to the very bottom of my savings, and I needed this job more than pretty much anything I'd ever needed.

Heck, it wasn't even just that I suffered from anxiety as a matter of course.

No. The thing is, this was AmCorp, the world's biggest biotechnology firm, the company I'd dreamed of working for ever since I'd finished college. This was my dream job, and I had a history of fucking up job interviews so long that it made *War And Peace* look like a shopping list.

There was a shroud of mystery surrounding AmCorp. The company had been started by Leo Pherone, a genius billionaire who made his fortune backing a couple big start-ups in the early days of the Internet. No one really knew much about Leo's past, about how he'd gotten the initial bundle of money which allowed him to invest in those start-ups to begin with. There was talk of criminality, of illegal biotech tests and dangerous procedures.

No one outside the company ever really knew what projects were being worked on until they were released. The NDAs they had set up were some of the most brutal in the business. But the products they released, when they finally were done were just incredible. Prosthetic limbs, cures and treatments for deadly diseases, even a rudimentary way to integrate electrical components into a body.

AmCorp was the bleeding edge of scientific progress. I'd always wanted to live at the forefront of human thought, and this was my big chance.

Leo had set up AmCorp with a different philosophy to other big tech companies. There was no hierarchy as such, which meant that the only person with any authority over anyone else was Leo himself. This had led to a creative, open work environment, where projects and the teams working on them were fluid and democratic.

This meant that even for someone like me, joining at a junior and unskilled level, the promotion prospects were very real, if I put in the time and had some good ideas.

OK, I realize that maybe I'm a bit more excited about 'company structure' and

‘hierarchical norms’ than maybe most people are. I guess I’m a bit of a geek about stuff like that.

The long and the short of it is that AmCorp was a cool, relaxed and inspiring place to work. Or so I’d heard.

To be honest though, right now I’d have taken a job as a street sweeper.

At least that option’s still available to you if you fuck this up, I thought to myself, wryly.

The lobby was all glass and brushed steel, with the bright blue, red and green of the AmCorp logo liberally highlighting the important features of the space. There was a huge screen behind reception, displaying some of the products that AmCorp had brought to market. A young girl smiled on the screen, then brought up a prosthetic limb to the camera, giving a warm thumbs-up with her fibre-glass digits.

The woman behind the counter looked up from her screen.

‘Good morning, welcome to AmCorp. I’m Lisa, how can I help you today?’

I hadn’t really noticed until she’d looked up at me, but this lady was a *total fox*. Her eyes were dark and smoky, hiding slightly behind the fashionable lenses of her glasses. Underneath the rims was a cute nose, and a pair of some of the most luscious, pouty reds lips I’d ever seen.

Even lower than that, I even caught a glimpse of her beautifully round chest, peeping out from a low-cut blouse, with the buttons undone quite a long way down. Her breasts were large and tanned. I wondered for a moment just how far that tan went, and then I did what I always did when I was faced with a good looking woman. I froze.

‘Um..’ I said. When I froze like this I sometimes felt as though I’d forgotten my own name. That’s what was happening now. OK, maybe it wasn’t that I’d forgotten my name, more so that I forgot I was meant to say it!

Finally, after what seemed like a full year, I managed to get some words out.

‘Sorry. Yes. I’m Sean Barrat. I’m here for an interview. At ten thirty.’

‘Ah yes, Mr. Barrat. We’ve been expecting you.’ She didn’t even bat an eyelid at my awkwardness, which I thought was very kind.

‘Would you mind just holding still a moment while I take your photograph for a guest pass?’

‘Of course not,’ I said, waiting for her to grab a camera.

‘All done,’ she chimed, cheerfully.

Huh? How had she managed to take a photo without a camera? I checked the rim of the computer, too, and there was nothing to be seen. She must have picked up on the fact that I was confused, because a smile spread across her ruby lips.

She brought a finger up to the frame of her glasses.

‘We have cameras built into our smart glasses,’ she said, ‘makes it a touch easier to act quickly. Also, they look pretty good. Don’t you agree?’

‘Yeah, they look great,’ I said.

‘Can I get you a hot drink, while you wait?’

I didn’t think that I was going to have to wait for too long, and I wanted to make sure I didn’t need the bathroom halfway through the interview or anything.

‘I’m fine thank you.’

‘Are you sure? Mr. Pherone is running a little late, I’m afraid, so you’re going to have a twenty minute wait or so.

Mr. Pherone? Holy fucking shit. I was gonna be interview by the CEO of the company? By Leo Pherone himself? It felt like my heart-rate doubled. I could feel it thumping away in my chest, like it was trying to break through my ribcage.

‘I didn’t know he’d be the one interviewing me,’ I said, my nerves getting the better of me.

‘Oh yes,’ she replied, ‘he interviews everyone. I remember the day of my interview.’ She licked her top lip. ‘In fact, it’s one of the most vivid memories of my life. He’s a great man, Mr. Pherone.’

She must have been able to tell just how nervous I was getting, because she next she tried to reassure me. ‘But he’s super-nice. You’ll see!’

‘OK then,’ I said, ‘I guess I’ll take that coffee.’

‘Very good,’ she said, and then she pressed a little button on her desk. ‘Camilla, could you bring some coffees to reception?’

She clicked her mouse and I heard the whirring and clunking of a printer somewhere under her desk.

‘I’ll just hand you your guest pass. She reached down and grabbed the pass before having a quick look at it. A smile played across her lips briefly, then she reached up toward me with her hand outstretched. It didn’t take me long to see why she was smiling.

It was completely obvious, from the direction of my stare in the picture, that I’d been looking straight down at her chest. I’d been caught red-handed. Or red-eyed, I guess.

‘I’m sorry,’ I started, but before I had a chance to finish my sentence, she caught me off.

‘I don’t know what you mean.’ She had a cheeky smile on her face. It was kind of her to try to spare my embarrassment.

Tail between my legs, I went and took a seat on the plush couches they had set up in the waiting area. Instead of newspapers or magazines, there was a selection of tablets, all connected to the wifi of the business. I grabbed one and quickly

googled Leo Pherone, trying my best to learn everything I could about the enigmatic CEO. Unfortunately, it was nothing I hadn't read or heard before, but it couldn't have done any harm to jog my memory, I suppose.

I didn't have long to wait. Camilla turned out to be another absolute bombshell of a woman, tall and pneumatic, with her own pair of smart glasses behind which her bright blue eyes sparkled like tiny oceans.

'Your coffee, sir,' she said, leaning in towards me.

'Thank you,' I replied.

'Are you here for the clinical trial of the new serum?' she said.

My pulse started to race. She hadn't exactly given away any industry secrets, but I felt a thrill, as though I'd almost been let into a private world, one which I was desperate to experience.

'No,' I said, 'just here for an interview.'

She looked worried for a moment.

'Don't worry, though,' I continued, 'my lips are sealed.'

As I drank my coffee, I did what I always did before interviews. I ran over all the possible hypothetical questions I could think of. I ran through my resumé in my mind, probing it for weaknesses and inconsistencies. I tried to think of intelligent sounding questions I could put to to my interviewer.

But I had no-one of knowing that no matter what I ran through in my head, there was no way I could prepare myself for what was about to happen to me.

## Chapter 17

My name was finally called over the loudspeaker. The wait was longer than twenty minutes - in fact it was more like half an hour. That didn't help my state of mind much, to be honest. Yet another gorgeous woman came through the elevator doors at the end of the reception area. I started to wonder if there were any men at all who worked here.

'Mr. Barrat?'

I nodded. She motioned towards the way up.

'Follow me, please,' she said.

We walked together through the immaculately clean and futuristic-seeming corridors of AmCorp. I saw some amazing spaces as we progressed through the building: airy chambers in which smiling people worked in pods on bean-bags, recreational rooms full of ping-pong tables and antique arcade machines, even a swimming pool in which fit young people swam lengths to the sound of a pounding disco beat.

'The workplace is truly holistic,' said my guide, whose name was Tracie, 'and we truly believe that the best way to foster teamwork and real creativity is to provide a stimulating environment for all of our staff members. There are other areas which offer a more traditional office-like work culture, too, if you're that way inclined.'

It was all just so perfect, just like I imagined.

I mean, sure, I hadn't pictured this place staffed entirely by incredibly good-looking women, but I guess that was just an unexpected perk of the job.

'Right, here's the interview room. Mr. Pherone will be with you very shortly. Good luck, and maybe we'll see each other again at some time in the future!'

She opened the door ahead of me, and I made my way inside.

The room was typical enough, furnished with a large, dark-wood desk and two large, executive chairs. I chose the one nearest me and sat down.

Within a minute, the door to the room swung open.

'Very good, very good,' said a deep, intelligent-sounding voice, the first male voice I'd heard all day, beside my own.

I turned to look behind me. It was Pherone. I recognized him from countless

images and news stories from the past few years, but in real life, he looked slightly different. I'd never met a celebrity before, and I was surprised by how exciting it was to see him in real life. None of the pictures I'd ever seen quite prepared me for just how striking he looked.

The first thing that struck me was just how clear his eyes were, and how much they sparkled. His lashes were long and thick, and it made his big, expressive eyes stand out even more than they otherwise would have done. He had thick, but short black hair, with a streak of white running from the left hand side of his forehead all the way round the side of his head. I wondered whether he dyed his hair, or whether the unusual coloration was the result of some strange quirk of genetics. He had a very strong jaw, it was so pronounced that it looked almost like it was actually sharp. His cheekbones were high and pronounced. He looked almost, I don't know, noble or something.

Then, I noticed the thing that Leo Pherone was most famous for, physically at least. It was right there in his left eye, a slim, jagged rip in his cornea, a strip of black in the middle of a sea of blue. Apparently, it was a side-effect from an injury in his childhood. All I knew is that it made him look extremely striking.

'It's fantastic to finally meet you, Sean,' he said, holding his hand out toward me.

I rose to meet him, taking hold of his hand in mine. He gripped me suddenly, and pumped my hand up and down. Damn, this guy was strong. I mean, it's not like I was a super-beefcake or anything. I'd never really shown any interest in sports and I definitely wasn't a gym-bunny. But his grip was like a vice round my hand.

'You too, sir,' I managed to speak without stuttering, which given my present mental state was pretty darn impressive.

He gave me a funny look.

'You most certainly don't need to call me sir,' said Mr. Pherone. 'Unless you want me to call you madam.'

I didn't really get what he meant at all, but I just did what I normally did when I was nervous. I laughed.

'Well, thank you very much for coming along today. It's always exciting to meet someone as well qualified as you. It's thrilling to think that you might be able to add quite a bit to our little family here, isn't it.'

I nodded as he took a seat.

'A quick question,' he said, 'how did you decide where to sit?'

Hmm, now that he mentioned it, I didn't really know. I'd looked around the room and hadn't seen any particular difference between the chairs.

'I honestly don't really know,' I said.

‘Just operating on instinct, I suppose?’

‘Yes, I’d say so.’

‘Excellent,’ he said. ‘I think good instincts are one of the main thing we look for here at AmCorp. Now, let’s have a look through your resumé...’

We spoke about my experience for around twenty minutes or so. I was surprised by how much time he spent going over work I’d done that had nothing at all to do with biotech. Like, how much could you tell about me from how the work I’d done in the various bars and cafés I’d worked at over the past few years?

He was impressed by my degree, which I was pleased with. I’d stayed on to do a Master’s degree in experimental biotechnology, something that had cost me quite a lot of time and money, and it was great to think that maybe, just maybe I’d finally have the chance to use some of that knowledge.

I was starting to relax a little. Leo had a charming manner to him, and he was doing everything he could to make me feel at ease. Eventually, we got on to the topic of my most recent, longest stretch of unemployment.

‘So what’s the reason for it?’ he asked, looked at me with those piercing, unusual eyes.

‘Well,’ I said, ‘the thing is, as you can see from my resumé, I’d been taking whatever jobs I could, just to get by. But I soon realized that these little jobs weren’t doing anything for me at all. Sure I was earning a small amount of money, but I was miserable. So I decided that I was only going to apply for jobs that I actually wanted. I didn’t want to work in any more bars. I didn’t want to work in retail. So I decided that I was going to concentrate on things I really wanted. Turns out, there’s not much work in those areas. Jobs at good companies are super-rare. In fact, this is the first interview I’ve been to in six months.’

His eyes lit up.

‘Six months? That’s an awfully long time, isn’t it?’

I nodded.

‘It is. My savings are running low.’

‘I’ll bet they are. I suppose you must be pretty desperate for work now.’

‘You certainly could say that,’ I said. Was it a good tactic to admit that I was desperate for work, any work, and that I’d take what I was given?

‘Excellent, excellent,’ he said, steepling his fingers together. ‘You know Mr. Barrat, you’ve made a very good impression on me. And I think that we may even have a position at AmCorp for someone like you. The one thing I don’t quite remain convinced on though, is your commitment.’

My commitment? How on earth was I supposed to demonstrate that?

‘OK,’ I said, waiting to hear more.

‘I’m going to ask you to do something for us, Sean. It’s something that we ask of every potential new starter. If you’re happy to agree with what I’m about to ask, you can have a job. No questions asked, you start next Monday. If you refuse my request, I’m afraid that we can’t offer you a position. Under any circumstances. You see, our corporate culture here is very, very important to us. We want to make sure that everyone who works here is on exactly the same page.’

I wondered what it was he was going to ask. I felt pretty sure that I was going to agree to almost anything. What on earth could it be? And how could it be something that would demonstrate my commitment and loyalty.

‘Before I go any further, I just need you to sign a tiny little NDA, if you don’t mind.’

He opened a drawer on his side of the desk I hadn’t noticed before. I looked down to my side of the desk. There was no drawer. Had I gone round the other side, and picked the other seat, I would have seen the drawer. Hmm.

He pulled out a thick pad of paper, and a pen, before pushing it across the polished desk to me.

‘You can read it if you like, take as long as you want. But I’ll give you the short version: you promise that if you don’t agree to undertaking what we’re about to discuss that I’ll never tell anyone in the world about it.’

Then he crossed his arms, and waited.

I wondered what the best thing to do was. Surely a really confident, business-minded person would take the time to read through the contract in full, wouldn’t they?

But the truth was, I felt pretty sure that nothing better would happen if I just signed it. I mean, I was only agreeing to not sure this information, right?

So I grabbed the pen. It was heavier than I thought it was going to be, and there was a small golden logo printed on its body. Everything here just screamed quality and money. This was one cash-rich company.

I unscrewed the lid and scrawled my signature across the piece of paper.

‘Excellent,’ he said, clapping his hands together. He took the contract back from me and put it back into the drawer by his knees. ‘Now,’ he said, ‘I suppose I better let you in on our big project. I always get so excited to share the details. It really is the future of biotech, and we feel privileged to be working on it here at AmCorp.’

‘A few years ago, while I was just beginning work on some of the prosthetic limb stuff that’s getting close to manufacture now, I stumbled across something that is going to become, if I’m not totally mistaken, the single most important leap forward in human science since the splitting of the atom. I was looking at

ways to control prosthetic items aside from just direct muscle driving. We were trying everything we could. In the end, I started looking into hormones.'

'The body's chemical messaging system,' I said, without thinking.

'That's right,' he said, looking straight in my eyes, 'impossibly fast and efficient, hormones are one of the best ways the body regulates itself, and instigates physiological change.'

'So what did you come up with? A way to control prosthetic limbs using biochemical markers?'

He laughed.

'No. It was a complete failure. A flop. But like so many of the most interesting moments in the history of mankind, out of failure was born incredible possibility.'

He reached into his jacket pocket.

'Sean, I want you to trust me. You are going to take this pill, and then you're going to go home. In a day or two, you are going to start noticing some changes in your body. Then, next Monday, you're going to come into work and report to me. Then, we'll run some tests and give you something to counteract the changes. If you want us to. Then, your job really starts.'

As he talked, I felt my brow prickle with sweat. I didn't know why, but my anxiety was really starting to play tricks on me.

'So what does the pill do?'

'Unfortunately,' he said, 'I don't want to tell you.'

'So I just have to take a pill that's going to change my body, without telling me what it's going to do to me?'

'Like I said,' he smiled with confidence and authority, 'I have to be one hundred percent sure of the commitment of my staff. And this is the best way to test it. Rest assured, the product is in the very final stages of testing. It is perfectly safe. And all of the other staff members here have tried it. Indeed, they have been very impressed with the effects it.'

It felt like the hardest decision of my life. I don't know why I was struggling with it so much. There was something about the unknown that I had always had problems with. But this had to be the best opportunity of my life. It wasn't like Leo Pherone would poison me for no reason, would he?

I wondered what the changes to my body would be. Hormones, he had said. I immediately thought of testosterone and cortisol, the male hormone and the stress hormone. Both changed major systems in the body. Then, suddenly, I felt something bubbling up in me.

Sean, I thought to myself, you *have* to do this. If you don't accept this job, you're gonna regret it for the rest of your life. This is a chance to join AmCorp,

the one place you've been wanting to work for the entirety of your adult life. You *have* to do it.

'I've got one question,' I said, finally plucking up the courage to say something.

'Shoot.'

'Can I get some water to help with the pill?'

He laughed.

'Oh Sean,' he said, a twinkle in his eyes, 'I'm gonna enjoy getting to know you better. Lucky for you, you just need to suck this pill, not swallow it.'

Then he got up and moved toward me.

'Open wide,' he said. There was a strange that had come over him, like he was enjoying the theater of his actions an awful lot.

I opened up my mouth and held my hand up, expecting to drop the pill into my palm. It was a surprise then, to feel his fingers at the corners of my mouth, and the light drop of a pill onto my tongue. Leo Pherone had just put his fingers in my mouth. What the heck...

I was almost too surprised to notice that the pill had a pleasant strawberry taste. Kind of creamy and rich, with a fresh note that was truly delicious.

'I hope you like the flavor,' said Leo, 'I balanced it myself. I think it's so important to have a good experience with medicines from the very first moment, don't you? It's true what they say: a spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down.'

As the pill dissolved, I felt a thick, syrupy sensation slowly trickling down my throat, coating my insides.

'Is it meant to go all, gloopy?' I said.'

'Oh yes,' he said, 'gloopy, that's a good name for how it feels. Now, I believe that concludes our business for the day. I look forward to examining you very closely on Monday morning.'

## Chapter 18

I didn't stay so much longer at AmCorp. After I'd taken the pill Leo left me by myself in the room for a few minutes. He told me that I might want to just take some time to be mellow by myself. At first I didn't really know what he was talking about, but within five minutes or so, this weird, warm sensation started to settle over my body. It was like I was being soothed from the inside out. That bizarre, gloopy feeling that I'd felt coating the inside of my throat had just spread and spread, until my whole body went gloopy.

'Sean?'

I hadn't even noticed that there was someone in the room with me. But it was Camilla, the gorgeous woman who'd brought me my coffee earlier on.

I tried to speak, but suddenly felt as though I just didn't want to. It would take an effort to speak, and all I wanted to do was just sit here, and feel warm and sparkly.

'Are you doing OK?' she asked. She reached out and put a hand gently onto my shoulder. But it didn't feel like it normally did. The touch felt wonderful. Like someone was gently stroking or massaging my skin, soothing aches and pains that I didn't even know were there.

'Why...why does it feel so good?' Jesus. Was that my voice? It was breathy and strange, and I could barely recognize myself in the unfamiliar sound.

Camilla laughed, and as she did, it almost looked to me as though her eyes shone from the inside out. What was happening? First some body hallucinations, now weird visual stuff.

Her voice had a tinkly quality to it as well, as though it was a wind chime trying to do an impression of a human voice.

She took hold of me by the shoulders and helped me to my feet.

'This is just the first wave of effects, Sean. They're pretty intense. It's just the body getting used to the heady mix of chemicals we've introduced to it. Don't worry, they'll pass with time. I remember how weird it felt to me to begin with.' She was walking me down the corridor toward the elevator, and it was true, it felt as though the physical effects on my body were lessening slightly.

'Now,' she said, and we were back in the reception hall of the office, 'you

might experience some time dilation and loss of short term memory.'

'Memory loss?' I asked, my voice slightly stronger than it had been before.

'That's right,' she said. It felt so good to have her arms around me now. 'Don't worry, all these effects are very temporary. The holes in your memory you're going to experience will just be a temporary blip on the path to something truly incredible.' I felt a fuzzy warmth envelop my body and then I was somewhere else, the office of AmCorp just a distant memory.

But where was I?

Home. Thank God.

But how had I got back here?

I couldn't remember my journey at all. Luckily, I felt a touch more alert and awake than I had while I was at AmCorp.

'So what was so weird about it?'

That was Kat, my house-mate. It sounded like she was on the phone with someone, mid-conversation. I must have blacked out so bad that I hadn't heard the start of it.

There were a couple seconds of silence and then Kat spoke up again.

'Sean?' she asked, poking her head through the doorway leading to the corridor. 'What was it about the interview that was so weird?'

Oh crap. She'd been talking to me. I'd totally missed the start of the conversation, and I'd been a fucking part of it.

'You're not gonna believe this, Kat, but I've just totally forgotten the start of our conversation. Not only that. I don't even know how I got home. Like, I can't remember anything about it at all.'

'You're fucking with me,' she said. Ah Kat. I could always rely on her potty mouth to bring me back down to earth.

'No,' I said, grinning, 'I'm not fucking with you. How much have I already told you about what happened at the interview?'

'Basically nothing.'

So I talked her through what had happened from my moment of arrival all the way up to where my memories ended.

'Sounds to me like you got a fucking job, finally!'

That's what she got out of all the crazy stuff I'd been through. Sure, I'd got a job, but I'd ingested a potentially dangerous, experimental drug which was going to change my body. Wasn't that the thing to focus on?

I was lucky to have Kat. She'd been a good friend to me these last few months in particular. She'd known I was coming to the end of my savings, but she'd never put any pressure on me. She'd always maintained that I'd manage to get something before things got too bad.

‘I knew you’d do it, Seany-Baby! Woo-hoo!’ she exclaimed, holding out her hand to high-five me.

I weakly met her hand with mine.

‘Woo-hoo,’ I quietly echoed. ‘But aren’t you at all worried about the effects this drug might be having on me? It’s not like I have super-great insurance in case anything goes wrong. I’d be waiting for hours at a free clinic, or who knows, maybe something even worse than that.’

‘I’m not worried,’ she said, ‘that woman told you that there would be short-term memory loss - only temporary. So it’s not like there have been any particularly unexpected side-effects or anything.’

I guess she was right, but I’d never experienced anything else like this.

‘Do you feel anything else at all? Anything unusual?’

I thought about my body, scanned it mentally for anything out of the ordinary. I couldn’t notice anything weird just now. No pains or odd sensations.

I mean, sure, I was maybe a touch warmer than normal.

I mean sure, it was maybe my crotch which felt warmer than it normally did. OK, like much warmer.

‘Kat,’ I said, suddenly feeling an overwhelming panic run through my body. ‘I don’t want to freak you out too much, but it feels like my cock is on fire.’

‘Your cock?’

‘Yep,’ I said. It was so uncomfortable that I started to shift around on my chair, from buttock to buttock, trying to spread my legs as wide as they could. It was bizarre. It wasn’t like it was painful or anything, it was just a painless, white heat, burning away. ‘OK, this is too much,’ I said, ‘I’ll be back.’

I got up from the chair and moved as quickly as I could without alarming Kat too much, straight toward the bathroom. I swung the door open and slammed it closed behind me. I grabbed the waist of my pants and ripped them open, forcing the zipper apart, then I jumped out of them and straight into the bathtub. We had a showerhead over the tub, and I grabbed it from its holster before screwing the cold faucet as open as I could.

The relief from the water was instant, and wonderful. I breathed out a huge sigh of relief. It was only then that I realized how dumb I must look. Clothed from the waist up, standing in the tub, with a freezing cold stream of water pumping out over my crotch.

‘Everything OK in there?’

Kat’s voice sounded muffled and far away.

‘Oh yeah,’ I said. ‘Totally normal and not worrying at all in any way.’

‘If you’re sure. I can always come take a look if you’re freaking out.’

Ha. The thought of Kat looking at my junk didn’t exactly make me relax.

‘I’ll leave it, thanks,’ I said. I mean, it’s not like I hadn’t thought with lust about Kat before. She was a good looking girl, with a slamming bod. But I’d known her for so long and we’d gotten to close that I kinda thought about her the way someone might think about a sister. So basically no, I didn’t want her looking at my dick.

Also, there was the minor point of Kat’s sexuality. She was a lesbian, so most definitely was off the menu as far as I was concerned.

‘The offer’s there if you ever need it. It’s not anything I haven’t seen before.’

‘Ain’t that the truth,’ I said.

‘Fuck you,’ she said. I could tell she was smiling though.

‘You wish.’

But as I looked down at my crotch and my legs, I realized that this most probably wouldn’t be something that Kat had ever seen before. Because the water which streamed over my flesh, was having an unsettling effect on my legs. It was washing all my hair out.

I’d never had a huge amount of hair on my legs, but it was fast being reduced. It didn’t feel bad. If anything, the sensation was rather pleasant. It was like someone was gently tickling my skin, making it pucker with goosebumps rather than yanking all the hair out.

I ran my hand over my skin and was amazed by just how smooth my leg was. It was like warm, soft, porcelain.

And it wasn’t just from my legs that my hair was vanishing. The tiny black hairs from around my crotch were coming out. I moved my hand to them and tugged gently as I could. Normally, there’s no way that a tug of that kind of strength would have any kind of bad effect on my hair. But now the hair was coming away in massive tufts. What the fuck had that pill done to me? First, memory loss and now loss of my body hair?

I wondered if these were just side-effects, or whether this was the intended main effect of the pill. It couldn’t be.

I tried to calm down. The burning in my crotch had gone, which obviously was a good thing. Try to focus on the good stuff, Sean, I thought to myself, trying to find some kind of silver lining on this massive, troubling cloud.

I dried myself up, and got my pants back on.

‘Well that was intense,’ I said, heading back out.

Kat was sitting at the table with a glass of wine. ‘It couldn’t have been that bad,’ she said.

‘What makes you say that?’

‘Well,’ she said, ‘I figure if you had time to shave in there, you can’t have been freaking out that bad.’

‘I didn’t shave...’

I moved my hand up to my face. It was smooth. Smooth as my legs. Smooth as my crotch. Smooth as the face of a pre-pubescent boy.

‘Fuck fuck fuck, what is happening to me?’

‘Hey, calm down, Sean.’

‘No, you don’t understand. It’s not just my facial hair. My leg hair is gone. It just fell out. And my pubic hair. It’s gone.’

‘That’s weird. I guess hormones can be pretty powerful, huh?’

Sure, hormones could make people grow hair in places they’d never had it before. Everyone knew that. But I’d never heard of hormones making someone’s hair *fall out*.

‘I don’t think it was just hormones that they gave me, you know.’

I began to get really, really tired. It was still early, but I had this sudden urge just to head to bed. I let out this big, long yawn.

‘You tired?’

‘You know, I really am,’ I said. As I spoke, I felt this strange calm come over me. It was like something inside me was urging me to just calm down, and accept the changes that I was experiencing.

A soothing voice sounded inside me. *Sean, everything’s going to be alright. Just go to bed, and when you wake up, everything will be better.*

‘I think,’ I said, ‘that I’m just going to turn in for the night. It was a stressful day, and I should just catch up on sleep.’

Kat checked the watch on her wrist. ‘It’s like, three thirty in the afternoon, Sean. And you’re going to bed.’

I yawned again. A big, wide yawn.

‘Yup,’ I said, calm and soft. Then I walked to my room, slumped onto my bed, and within a minute. I was fast asleep. Little did I know that a whole new world was waiting for me tomorrow.

## Chapter 19

I'd never dreamed like I did that night. For a start, I could almost never remember my dreams. I used to go out with a girl who remembered all her dreams. Every morning I'd ask her what she'd dreamed the night before, and each time she'd tell me some really specific, detailed story of what had happened to her.

Not me though. If I was lucky, once month or some I'd have some vague idea that something had happened in the night, but no real detail of memory of what that thing was.

Secondly, I never, ever had sexy dreams. Like, never in my life. I used to feel jealous of people who got to experience things like that in the night. The idea of being able to have realistic encounters with fantasy women seemed like a pretty good one to me.

That night though, I dreamed long. And I dreamed hard.

It was the most vivid dream I had ever had, and it was all about Leo Pherone. I was back in that interview room with him. Camilla was setting in the corner of the room, and she was wearing this super-sexy little bodice, with lacy frills around her impressive cleavage and smooth, toned thighs.

'You see,' Mr. Pherone whispered to me, 'we have to test your commitment. I want to know just how much you want this job.'

The room thrummed with this intense, dark energy. It was as it had been the day before, but it also felt strangely different. And I knew instinctively that in this world, anything was possible.

He rose from his seat, and to my surprise, and weirdly, delight, I saw that he wasn't wearing any pants. His cock, long and thick, hung below him and swung gently with heavy intent.

'You see Camilla is very committed to both the company, and to me, aren't you, Camilla?'

She nodded, and got up out of her seat. She walked straight to him, and immediately dropped to her knees in front of him. My view was perfect as she started to gently lick up and down the length of his shaft.

'That feels awfully nice, Camilla, thank you.'

She moaned, and then started to take him further into her mouth, somehow fitting his whole penis inside.

‘But you know,’ he said, ‘it’s not quite doing it for me. Sean,’ he said, looking straight at me, ‘I wonder just how committed you really are.’

I felt a lump in my throat, and my heart started to beat faster.

I got really worried, and thought how strange I felt. I moved my hands over my thighs, trying to convince myself that I didn’t have to suck his cock, that it was wrong for someone to demand sex from an employee. But the more I tried to convince myself not to do it, the more I knew I was going to do it. And the more I knew I was going to do it, the more I was sure that I *wanted* to do it.

Then I felt that something was off with my legs. I looked down, and I realized I was wearing something weird.

It was a skirt.

I woke with a jolt, and my heart was still racing. The sun was shining. I normally woke at around seven o’clock, but I knew that it was much later now. How long had I been asleep?

I looked at my wristwatch. Half eleven. Fucking hell, I’d been asleep for nearly twenty hours? I felt OK. I was expecting there to be some residual bad feeling from the symptoms yesterday, some burning or tingling sensations, but my body felt fine.

I rose from my bed and walked through to the bathroom. I had a horrible taste in my mouth, and I was desperate to brush my teeth. When I saw myself in the mirror, my eyes opened wide, and my lower jaw dropped down, kinda like a cartoon character’s might.

I looked gorgeous. It’s the only word for it. My eyes seemed clearer and larger, like someone had stretched them out, and my skin seemed smooth and mark-free. I reached up to my face and stroked it with a finger tip. It felt so soft and silky to the touch. All trace of my facial hair was gone. I got up close and I couldn’t even see the follicles from where hair would normally sprout.

This was so fucked-up. My lips were different, too. They were plumper, wider, and had this ruby-red glow, like I was wearing lipstick. I bit my lip gently with my teeth, and felt a little thrill of sensation spread throughout my body. It was as though my senses were heightened. It should have felt a little painful, but there was no pain at all, just a little pleasant tingle.

I had to look real close for this one, but it looked to me as though the actual shape of my face was somewhat different. I used to have this kinda sharp jawline. You know, it was pretty masculine and one of the few features of my body that I genuinely felt good about. That sharp jawline was gone. It was softer and definitely more feminine than it had been before.

Holy shit: my hair.

I hadn't even thought about it. It was longer. Like, quite a bit longer than it had been before. Maybe a good inch or so. What the heck was going on with me?

I grabbed at my hair. So these hormones made all my body hair drop out, but somehow managed to make the hair on my head grow longer. The things I was prepared to do for a job, honestly.

I brushed my teeth. It felt different. I mean, to be honest, everything felt different, but the bristles on my brush, it was like I could feel every single one of them, individually. And time seemed slower. Every time I had any kind of physical sensation, it was as though I could hone in on the particular thing happening to me, and really feel it more deeply than I could before.

I went back into my bedroom to get dressed. When I took off the t-shirt I'd slept in though, I had my biggest shock yet. I had breasts. Not like, fully-formed, large breasts or anything, but I definitely had some new tissue in my chest area. My nipples seemed a touch darker than they had before, and they looked kinda tight and small, but a little more proud from my chest. Was the hormone pill turning me into a woman?

With a sudden spike of anxiety, I walked up to the full-length mirror in the corner of my bedroom. I looked so bizarre, I couldn't get over it. I mean, I was still definitely me, there was no doubting that, but I basically looked like a way more feminine version of myself. It was like I was stuck somewhere halfway between the genders. I feel like if you passed me on the street, it would be really tricky to tell if I was a man or a woman.

I know I should have just been freaking out and calling AmCorp, demanding an explanation. Hell, I probably should be calling the cops, or at least a lawyer, trying to work out what my best options for litigation would be. But I didn't feel as though I should be doing either of those things. Because that voice in my head was back again. That wonderful, calm, feminine voice.

*Don't panic, Sean, just go with it. Everything is going to be alright. Just find some appropriate clothes, and try your new body out.*

So that's what I decided I was going to do. I just had one thing to check out first.

Slowly, with trepidation, I hooked my hands underneath the elastic waistline of my boxer shorts. I took a deep breath, ready to accept anything I was going to see with as much of an open mind as I could.

I still wasn't prepared to see just how strange my crotch looked without hair. I read somewhere once that if you shave your pubic hair off, it makes your dick look bigger. But I have to say, that wasn't what had happened to me at all.

My penis looked tiny. It had definitely shrunk, there was no question of it. I touched it. It felt so bizarre. Smooth and strange, and as I touched it, it almost seemed to shrink more, further up inside myself. I took my hand away. I wasn't ready to completely lose my penis just yet! Underneath my cock, my balls had shrunk too. They felt almost non-existent. I massaged them gently, trying to work out just how small they were. I was not prepared for how good it would feel. Instantly, I had this feeling in my legs as though I was just going to collapse. There was an intense burst of pleasure, the likes of which I'd never felt before, and it was just coursing through my body in crazily powerful waves. I shook my head for a moment, as though I'd felt a cold chill, but it was just the pleasure, working its way round my body.

I couldn't help it. I touched my cock again. This time, I gently stroked the tip of it. And it felt *gooooood*. I had an urge to push it, to rub it, to slip my finger all over it, and then, the strangest desire of all, I felt like I wanted to push my finger up into the shaft of my cock, filling it up, nice and fat with my digit. I thought suddenly of Leo Pherone, and imagined him playing with my little dick, toying with it, making it shrink further into me. I imagined his nice long, thick cock, as I'd seen it in my dream, getting harder, turned on by touching my freakish body.

'You're nearly ready for me,' he was saying.

There was a knock at the door. As quick as I could, I pulled my boxer shorts back up, around my slowly retracting penis, then pulled on some clothes. They felt so baggy around me. My body had become slimmer, especially around the waist and the hips. I grabbed a shirt, and tucked it into my pants, before rushing to the door, before whoever it was decided no-one was home.

It was a delivery guy. He was absolutely massive, his bulging muscles threatening to burst out of the incredibly tight T-shirt he wore. When he opened the door, and saw me standing there, a look of mild confusion spread over his face.

'Miss?' he said, eventually.

I wondered for a second about correcting him, about saying mister, but for some reason, I decided just to go with it. And I felt, for the first time in my entire life, an attraction to a man. I could smell him. It was a deep, rich smell. I knew that it must have just been because he worked a physical job, but it didn't feel like I was just smelling bad body odor. This was an amazing scent, and it made me want to curl up to him, to run my hands up that muscular torso, to rip his clothes off and see exactly what was underneath.

'Mmhm,' I said. I was worried that my voice might give me away as a man, but I needn't have even thought about it. It was higher pitched. It didn't sound exactly like it was a woman's voice, but it certainly wouldn't out me as a man.

‘Miss Katherine Brown?’

‘That’s me,’ I said.

‘I’ve got a delivery for you, miss. Could you just sign here for me?’

He held out a little electronic pad. I did my best forgery of Kat’s signature, and then took the package from him. He turned and walked down the stairs to the exit of the apartment block. I watched the muscular roll of his buttocks and felt the unfamiliar sensation of new arousal budding in my groin.

The package was soft and pliable, and when I turned it over I saw that it was from an online clothes shop.

I wanted to open it. I wanted to see exactly what clothes Kat had ordered, and then I wanted to try them on.

## Chapter 20

Kat wouldn't be back from work for at least another three hours. I'm sure that she wouldn't mind me looking through her stuff, would she?

But I couldn't just open her package. She'd definitely notice that. Trying someone's clothes on without them knowing was one thing, but breaking a seal on a package that had come through the post and was boxfresh was something totally different.

I put the packages down on the table in the shared living room, and walked to her door.

I didn't go into Kat's room so often. I think that the last time I did was when she broke up with her last girlfriend, Jen. Jen had been a bit of a bitch, to be honest, and she'd cheated on Kat. Kat had been totally devastated by how harshly she'd dumped her when she'd found out about her infidelity. I'd heard her crying one evening and knocked on her door. We'd had a good heart to heart that night, and I'd even made her dinner and brought it to her in bed. It had been one of the experiences we'd been through that had really cemented our friendship.

I opened the door and saw that the room was still much as I had remembered it. It was immaculately tidy, which was in stark contrast to my terminally messy room.

She had interesting taste. Her bedsheets were deep gray, and her pillowcases were bright crimson. There was a sweet smell in the room. In the corner was a little make up table, covered in cosmetics, ointments and perfumes, and in the other corner, a large wardrobe, chock full of clothes.

Part of me couldn't believe that I was even considering doing this. I'd never, ever worn any women's clothes at all, not even as a joke for Halloween or anything like that. It felt as though I was nearing a line which, once I crossed it, I could never go back over again.

I walked over to the wardrobe, my heart beating fast. I could feel sweat starting to accumulate on my palms, on my forehead. My body was clammy, and I could feel the color draining from my cheeks. Kat's wardrobe had a mirror built into it, and I caught sight of my reflection.

And all of a sudden, it all fell into place. It felt right that I was there.

I wriggled out of my t-shirt, and threw my pants down onto the ground.

It was a shock again to see my body with the changes it was going through, but I gotta say, I was starting to look good.

I opened up the wardrobe and looked through the clothes.

‘OK,’ I said, ‘what do we have here...?’

First, I opened some of the little drawers on the right-hand side. The second one down was full of carefully folded-up underwear. I mean, who folds their underwear?

I picked out a simple pair of t-shirt material briefs, and stepped back. My cock was even smaller than it had been before. When I put the panties on, you almost couldn’t tell that I had anything in there at all. It was so close, so near to looking just like a woman would look like if she was wearing these panties. I posed a little, left and right, and couldn’t quite believe how natural and good it felt to be wearing women’s underwear.

I feel like it should have felt dirty, or wrong. But it felt so, so, so good. I ran my hands up over my butt. It was tight and firm, and when I turned round to check myself out from behind in the mirror, I was surprised to see the kind of ass that just a couple days ago would have driven me crazy. And now it was mine, all mine.

I can’t tell you just how good the simple act of touching my body felt. There was something intoxicating about just how different my skin felt now, just how smooth and firm it was. I could have spent all day just stroking the warm, powdery surface of my body, but I had more important stuff to do.

The briefs looked good, but I wanted to try something a little bit... sexier.

In the draw beneath the standard underwear was some items that were racier. Thongs, lacy knickers, the kind of stuff that could really get someone’s pulse racing.

I chose a bright red, lacy thong.

I held it up and looked at it. The amount of fabric in this thing compared to the average pair of underwear I was used to wearing was just tiny. It felt like it was just a couple scraps of lace.

I pulled the gray panties off, and stepped into the thong. I pulled it slowly up my legs, noticing how toned and shapely they looked. It was hard not to shiver with delight.

The thong looked amazing on me. I felt like if you’d just seen me from the waist down, I could have definitely passed for a woman. But I was still a man, wasn’t I? Wearing women’s clothing didn’t make me a woman, and I was just trying them on for an experiment, because of the crazy changes in my body. But

my gender wasn't actually changing. I didn't think...

I'd thought my butt had looked good in the last panties, but this thong really emphasized how curvaceous and beautiful the shape of my ass had become.

I would have loved to have tried on one of Kat's bras, but there was no way that they would fit me. I held up a matching red lacy bra to my chest, just to see what it might look like, and was for some reason sad that it wouldn't manage to cling to me in the way it should.

Oh well, maybe later, I thought to myself.

Kat had some very pretty dresses on the hangers in the wardrobe. There were some beautiful, summery numbers, and I picked out one of the lightest of them to try on.

I didn't even really know how I was gonna get into it, and for a moment I had to think carefully about how to step into the short, floral scrap of fabric. Eventually I worked it out, and I was wearing a dress for the first time in my life. It was tricky to reach behind and fasten the zipper, but I did manage to do it.

Looking at myself in the mirror, I was disappointed by my lack of cleavage. Kat was pretty busty, and as I looked at myself in the dress, although from the chest down it fitted me really well, it was hard not to feel as though it just wasn't quite right.

For a second I thought about maybe stuffing some socks or something down by my chest, just to get an impression of what I might look like, but I decided not to. I was already doing some pretty crazy stuff, but I still had limits, right?

One thing that I did want to try on though, was a pair of pantyhose. I reached into one of the other smaller drawers, and grabbed a pair of the super-light, strangely coarse-feeling clothes.

Getting into pantyhose was not as tricky as I thought it was going to be. For the first foot, I rolled up the whole leg of the tight so that I could just poke my toes right into the end, and pull it up my leg in one smooth motion. For the second, I just plunged my foot into the wrinkled garment, and easily pulled it up to my waist.

They felt WONDERFUL. So cool, but at the same time, reassuringly warm. It was like, they warmed up my legs, but as I moved them through the air, a breeze could penetrate the fabric and keep my temperature under control. Why the hell didn't men wear these, too. I thought that on cold days, I'd even like to wear them underneath my pants, as an extra layer that wouldn't be as stiflingly warm as thermal underwear.

I started to feel more and more comfortable and confident in my new outfit. Well, I guess it was technically Kat's outfit, but I was wearing it.

The smell in the room was so lovely, so feminine, that I wanted to totally

immerse myself in it. It all felt so right to me, like this was what I'd been waiting for my whole life. Was it just the tablet I'd taken, or was this something that had been lurking inside me my whole life, just waiting for me to awaken it? I mean, I'd never felt totally happy in my body, that was true, but I'd never even considered that I might have been born into the wrong gender.

I moved over to the make up table and sat my beautiful ass down on Kat's chair. I didn't really know what I was doing, make up wise, so I just chose a bright red lipstick and carefully pasted it onto my lips. Then, I took a small tube of mascara and slowly painted it onto my lashes. I'd never really had any reason to look closely at mascara before, but I'd definitely not expected it to be this thick and gloopy. I only had to use it very sparingly, and my lashes looked even fuller and longer than they had before.

Next, a touch of eye shadow. I didn't dare to use eye liner. In fact, the thought of sticking a pencil anywhere near the edges of my eyes made me feel faintly nauseous.

In fact, a weird feeling was taking hold of my body. But it wasn't nausea. It was quite the opposite.

I felt a warm, soft sensation envelop the top of my body, from my shoulders down to my waist, and as I looked down, I saw my breasts start to blossom. I couldn't believe it, but it seemed that the more I willed it, the bigger and more womanly they became. I laid my hands on my chest and I felt my chest swell underneath my touch, like two balloons being inflated smoothly but relentlessly. It seemed as though with each of my breaths, them swelled more and more.

The warm waves of sensation started to shift further down my body, and I felt my legs slim even more, as though the flesh was pulling into itself, tying my body tighter and making it leaner. I felt my buttocks swell slightly, and I turned to look at myself in the mirror, and watched the fabric of my dress billow out behind me.

Watching my body change like this in front of my very eyes was unbelievably thrilling. Fuck, I wished that the delivery man was back here again. I had a sudden urge to go out into town and just find any man I could and bring him up to my room.

Jesus, Sean, stop thinking like this. I tried to convince myself that I was still in control of myself, but I knew that I was losing myself.

My hair was growing, thick and dark, shiny and full of body. I ran my hands through it, and couldn't believe just how good it felt, falling down by my shoulders. As the changes continued to bloom around my body, I felt this growing sensation of pleasure. It started in my crotch. It was like a network of nerve-endings was being activated around my body, like little impulses were

being sent out, waking up sensation all around the tips of my body. My fingers, my toes, the top of my head, my lips, my tits, all were joined to the burning center of my body.

An urge was building. The voice was back in my mind.

*Look at yourself, Sean, touch yourself, get to know your body.*

So I threw myself down on Kat's bed, and gingerly, as carefully as I could, I pulled down my pantyhose and my underwear in one go.

I looked at myself in the mirror, and was overjoyed at what I saw: a perfect, pink pussy.

## Chapter 21

Every man wonders what it's like to feel sexual pleasure as a woman. Most men ask their partners at some point or other, while they're lying together in bed in that special afterglow of sex.

God knows I've asked each partner I've ever been with to tell me what it's like. And of course, it's difficult to explain. Try explaining to someone, anyone, what an orgasm actually feels like. You can think about it in purely mechanical terms, about the building of tension and pressure, about going past the point of no return and then the feeling of tightness, of the way the penis lengthened and erupted at the point of ejaculation, and the blissful relief you felt afterward. But that didn't really explain it all.

Let me tell you, it's nothing and I mean NOTHING compared to the sheer pleasure that women experience when they're turned on, and being stimulated in a way that pleases them.

My pussy was so much more complicated than my dick had been. You know, a dick is basically a little ball of pleasure on a fleshy stick. I mean don't get me wrong, I fucking loved my dick while I had it, and enjoyed the pleasure and warmth of fucking mouths and pussies whenever I could.

The thing is though, it just doesn't compare to what happens when a pussy gets turned on.

The first time I touched mine, as softly as I could, not knowing what to expect, I gasped. It was so sensitive. So much more sensitive than the tip of my cock had been. At first I could hardly bear to touch it, because of just how tingly and pleasurable it was. I gently, gently ran my fingers up and down the very outer edge of my beautiful little pussy lips. Their flesh was so soft and warm, so crazily inviting.

'Come in,' they seemed to be saying to my fingers. 'Please, make yourself at home.'

So I did. Carefully, and slowly, I pushed apart the tender lips of my opening. I immediately felt a gush of lubricant spurt up from somewhere inside me. It took me by surprise, if I'm totally honest. I'd not even thought about the fact that I might get wet.

But I was. I was soaking. I lifted my fingers away from my pussy and looked at the juice that covered them. It was silky smooth, and when I pulled them apart, a golden thread of moisture spanned their distance.

It sounds like a stupid thing to say, but my pussy was not happy that I'd pulled my fingers away.

'I want more attention,' she seemed to be saying to me.

I moved my wet fingers back down to my body's entrance, and I found the warm, soft passage into myself again. As I pushed them in, this wonderful feeling of fullness, and wholeness spread throughout my body. I knew that more could fit in me, but it was still good to have my fingers in there. And I wanted to move them in and out and each tiny movement was just heavenly. As I pulled them out and pushed them in, I started to grind my ass down hard into the bed. I wanted to get that full feeling, and pushing down made my fingers fill me up even more than they had before.

The more I touched, the more the rest of my body started to tingle and fizz with excitement. My nipples started to contract a little, making them quiver in the cool of the room. I unlooped the shoulder strap of my dress, and started to caress the tip of my nipple with my left hand. Oh, it felt good. Each part of my body felt so distinct from the others. To my amazement, I felt that the harder I pinched and rubbed my nipples, the better it felt. Soon, I was grabbing huge handfuls of the flesh of my breasts, squeezing and rubbing my nipples, desperate for more sensation, for something to tip me over the edge.

Then, quite by accident, I touched my clitoris.

Fuck.

What the fuck?

I let out a squeal. I just couldn't help it.

It was the most intense feeling I'd ever experienced. Is this what all women's bodies felt like, all the time? This ridiculously sensitive bundle of pleasure receptors?

I brought my left hand down onto my clit, as my right continued to probe deeper into me. I carefully, smoothly, with a gentle beckoning motion, ran the moist tip of my finger back and forth over the incredible nub at the top of my pussy. Every movement over it sent new pulses of pleasure thrashing around my hot new body.

I started to moan. I couldn't help it. The fucking feeling was too much for me.

My fingers seemed to move by themselves, gently flicking, stroking, tracing figures of eight around my clit; probing, beckoning, stuffing themselves into my pussy. I could feel something growing in me, could feel the pulsing of the muscle groups begin to get stronger and stronger.

‘Fuck me, FUCK ME,’ my pussy was shouting to me, urging me deeper, harder, faster.

So I gave in. Two fingers, then three, then all four fingers, and I threw my head back in abandon and pushed harder and faster.

I started to talk, something I’ve never done while pleasuring myself again.

‘Come on,’ I whispered to myself, ‘fuck me, fuck me harder, destroy my pussy.’ I closed my eyes hard and let out a shout of unbridled passion.

The feelings of building tension grew and grew, until in a moment of ridiculous eruption of release and relief, I lost control of my body; all of my tendons and muscles contracted hard and started to spasm and jerk, my pussy was pulsing so hard it felt like it had clamped itself around my hand and just wouldn’t let go. It pulsed and pulsed and I screamed with joy as I came all over my hand, all over the dress, all over the bed.

I let out a huge sigh, and for the first time in my life I felt truly satisfied.

As I lay there, on the bed, I felt my body throbbing with new-found power. Not only that, I felt as though parts of me were still shifting and moving under my skin. My breasts were still expanding, pounding over my heart, trembling with my new femininity. My pussy still pulsed too, and I could feel it tightening, drawing itself even more closely inward. I felt truly wonderful.

The biggest difference between the male and the female orgasm was about to be revealed to me in the most wonderful, cruel and surprising way. Because just then, my phone started to ring.

It was the number I had saved for AmCorp. Hmm, I wondered why they were calling me now.

‘Hello,’ I said. My voice sounded totally different now, like my vocal cords had somehow reorganized themselves.

‘Oh Sean,’ said a deep, rich voice at the end of the phone, ‘it’s so wonderful to hear your new voice. That is you, isn’t it?’ It was Leo. I felt as though maybe even my hearing was heightened, like every other sense I had. I felt as though he was just here, in the room with me. I imagined him looking over my new body. I bet even someone as successful and professional as Leo Pherone would struggle not to look at the curve of my new breasts, the tightness of my brand new ass.

‘It’s me,’ I said. ‘Mr. Pherone, what’s happening to me?’

‘Oh,’ he said, ‘all of the changes are totally expected. I hope you understand exactly how much commitment we expect from our staff members now, Sean.’

‘I do,’ I said, panting slightly. What was wrong with me? Why was I getting so horny, just listening to the voice of man on a phone? I felt like I was out of control, and had to restrain myself from once more dipping my slender fingers into my slippery pussy.

‘We’d like you to come in this afternoon for a check-up. I know it’s early, but the tracer you took with the pill is sending us some interesting readings. We’d like to take a look at you.’

It dawned on me that I was going to have to go out into the world looking like I did. Looking like a woman.

‘I can come in,’ I said bravely. In truth, I was excited to have the chance to see Leo again. God damn, I just couldn’t help the feelings of lust and anticipation that were exploding within me.

‘Good,’ he said. ‘Be as quick as you can. I’m dying to see how you’re looking.’

If only I could have had some warning of what was waiting for me at the AmCorp headquarters. Mind you, even if I’d been warned, I don’t think I would have believed the warning. Because my life was about to be changed forever.

## Chapter 22

I couldn't believe the looks I got from guys on the subway. Is this what women had to put up with all the time? Lots of men just straight up looked as if they were trying to undress me with their eyes. There were some who just stared at me, brazenly, not even caring that I looked right back at them, trying to make them stop. It didn't feel all that bad, to be honest. I never used to get any kind of attention from members of the opposite sex when I'd been a guy. I still had lust beating around my body, and some of the guys weren't that bad looking.

I had a couple naughty thoughts about the best looking ones: a grimy-looking workman wearing only a high-viz vest on his torso, a stern businessman with commanding eyes and razor-sharp cheek bones. But there was no way I was going to act on any of my impulses. I had an appointment to attend.

I was still wearing Kat's dress from earlier. I was going to have to explain the situation to her later on. I'm sure she wouldn't mind under the circumstances. In fact, I felt like I was gonna have to buy her some replacement clothes. I'd even had to borrow a pair of her sneakers for the trip, as none of my old pairs of shoes fitted me in the slightest anymore.

As I approached the entrance to AmCorp, I recalled just how anxious I'd felt the other day as I'd arrived for my interview. That anxiety was back, but it was for a totally different reason now. I wondered if anyone would recognize me as I walked up to the front desk.

Soon, I found out.

'Sean? Is that really you?' It was Lisa, who'd been on reception last time I was here.

'Yep,' I replied, smiling.

'You look absolutely *gorgeous!*' she exclaimed, taking her sexy little glasses off and looking me up and down. 'And it's really only been two days?'

I nodded.

'And you've obviously had no cosmetic surgery, have you?'

I shook my head. How could she even think I would have had time to get surgery?

'Oh Mr. Pherone is going to be so excited to see you. So very excited. I don't

think you're going to have as much time to wait today, that's for sure. I'm going to need to take a brand new picture of you today, don't you think?'

I hadn't even thought about that. If I had been asked for ID anywhere, I'd have been totally fucked!

I posed as best as I could, trying to keep a fairly neutral face, but to be honest, I was finding it hard not to smile the whole time. I felt so good in myself, like I was lighter, more nimble, and still as though all my senses were working on overdrive.

Lisa picked up the phone.

'Mr. Pherone, Sean is here to see you,' she said. I heard an excited voice from the other end. 'Of course,' she replied. She put the phone down and smiled at me. 'He said he's going to drop everything and that you should head straight through. Here's your guest pass.' She handed me a lanyard. I found it hard to believe that the beautiful face printed on the card was mine. I had mysterious, dusky eyes, glossy, dark hair, and soft, ruby lips.

That was the first time I had a very dangerous thought.

*I want to stay like this forever.*

Lisa gestured towards the doorway to the left of the massive TV screen and I headed straight toward it. As I was about to push the door, it opened from the other side.

'Fucking hell, Sean. You look amazing.'

It was Leo. He stood in front of me with his arm stretched out toward the door. He was so fucking hot. Every other guy I'd seen just seemed so normal compared to him. Those stern, strange, beautiful eyes. His hard jawline and that incredible smile. I could hardly contain myself. I felt as though I wanted to push myself up against him and just drink me in.

But it wasn't just me who was obviously excited by the meeting. He was looking at me the way a lion looks at a bloody steak. I couldn't help but blush.

'Come through quickly. This has all happened way faster than we thought it might. We need to run some tests.'

He escorted me through the winding corridors of AmCorp, past the various departments I'd seen the other day. He asked me questions as we walked, about how I was feeling, about how the changes had felt, about whether I'd had any strange urges or impulses. I tried to answer him as best as I could, but I felt foggy. I think it was just because I was so close to him and I could just feel the lust pounding around my body. I'd never wanted anything as much as I'd wanted him, and just being near him was clouding my brain behind a shroud of hormones.

I felt like a teenager, like a horny adolescent.

‘Well, here we are,’ he said. He pushed open a door in front of him, and we entered a small chamber. There was medical equipment next to a soft-looking reclining chair. ‘Would you like to take a seat for me?’ he asked.

I did as he asked, and was delighted to note that the chair was indeed as comfortable and soft as possible.

‘Now,’ he said, ‘I’m going to do some tests on you. They’re going to be a little invasive. I hope you don’t mind too much. I just need to make sure that all of the changes that you’ve been through are complete, and that your body is working as it should be.’

‘Um, what do you mean, invasive?’ I asked, with my new, strange voice.

‘Well,’ he replied, ‘I need to take a look at your body. I need to undertake an internal exam.’

Now I know that the phrase internal exam isn’t the sexiest collection of words, but for some reason the very thought of an internal examination was getting me very hot, and very, very wet.

‘Mr. Pherone,’ I said, ‘I think there might be something wrong with me.’

‘Why’s that?’

‘Well, it’s just that, I don’t know, it’s hard to describe.’ As I was talking, Leo walked over to a little chest of drawers and opened them up. ‘It’s like there’s this burning inside me. Like I need to be filled up. I want desperately to be filled up.’

He took out a pair of latex gloves, and fastidiously put them on. They were tight and close around his fingers.

‘I see,’ he said. ‘The good news is that a couple of the other people who’ve taken this medicine before have had similar reactions, and they’ve only ever been temporary.’

What I didn’t tell him was that I liked the feeling of desire that had been blossoming recently inside me.

‘Now,’ he continued, ‘would you mind just taking that dress off for me? I need to get a good look at you. All in the name of scientific advancement, of course.’

I reached behind me and carefully reached for the zipper of my dress.

‘I hope you can see just the incredible breakthroughs we’re making here. The very idea that just with a collection of powerful hormones and some other, proprietary chemicals we can elicit a true gender transformation is just world-changing. Not just for those who want to truly transition from one gender to another, but just for the curious. For every man on the planet. And we’re close to a version that works the other way as well.’

I wriggled my way out of the dress as he continued to talk to me. My breasts fell onto my skin and I felt that strange new sensation of having weight to them.

‘My, my,’ said Leo, suddenly gawping at me, ‘I was not expecting your chest

to fill out quite like that.'

'Isn't it normal?' I said, enjoying the attention he was paying my body.

'Well, the other women here had to have breast enhancement surgery to complete their transformations.'

'You mean the other women here have been through the same process?'

'Oh yes,' he said, 'you've all been through it. Now, I'm just going to examine your breasts.'

He moved his hands to the side of each of my breasts. I wasn't ready for just how good his touch was going to feel. Even through the latex gloves, I could feel how warm and strong they were. He carefully stroked my soft skin, making my nipples instantly erect.

'Fascinating,' he whispered, watching me like a hawk.

His touches weren't just causing a reaction in my breasts. My pussy was getting wetter and wetter. I could feel my juices seeping through the panties I was wearing, and it made me want to squirm. I felt a desperate need for him to move his fingers over me, to touch the area around my nipples, and my nipples themselves.

'Please,' I said, 'I think you need to examine my nipples. They feel so strange.'

'They look fine, to me,' he said. His fingers strayed ever closer to the sensitive, dark skin at the center of my breasts. I couldn't help it, I let out the softest, most delicate little moan.

'They need to be touched,' I whispered.

Then, he carefully moved each of my nipples between his fingers.

'Like that,' I said.

'They feel so natural and good,' he said.

'They like it when you touch them, Mr. Pherone,' I said, obviously squirming in the chair now. I could see him trembling slightly. I wondered whether he was as turned on by the situation as I was. I kept sneaking looks at his crotch. Was that a bulge I saw growing in there?

'Sean,' said Leo, 'I'm going to examine your vagina, now. If you don't mind, would you pull your panties down for me?'

I'd never wanted to do anything as much in my life.

I hooked my thumbs under the waistband of my underwear then pulled them down.

'Does it seem normal to you?'

'Your penis has completely disappeared, hasn't it? In such a small amount of time.'

His left hand rested on my upper thigh, sending lightning bolts bouncing

around my body. He moved his right hand to the edge of my pussy, then carefully, with impossible slowness, he traced his index finger up the right-hand lip of my entrance. The sensation was so strong. Just that tiny tickle of movement was enough to make me gasp.

‘It’s so intense,’ I said, ‘every tiny movement is so intense.’

‘And how does it feel when I touch here?’ he said. He moved his finger further up, and slid it smoothly over my clit.

‘Hnnnghhh,’ I said, stifling the urge to scream, ‘it feels amazing, like I’m going to burst.’

‘And now?’ he said. He slipped another finger down low and then, with a soft motion, he’d slid it all the way into me.

‘Please,’ I said, ‘move it. Move your fingers up and down, fuck me with them. I want you to.’

‘I couldn’t possibly do that,’ he said. His fingers remained tantalizingly still.

The more they stayed in there, the more desperate I was for him to shove them further in. I wanted him to really explore me, to take my right there on the chair.

‘I know you want me,’ I said, writhing around, making his fingers move in me, ‘I saw the way you looked at my breasts, saw your cock growing in your pants. Please, I need you to fuck me. I’m right here, waiting for you.’

He started to breathe heavily, looking at his fingers inside me, then up at my face, at my tits.

‘I can’t,’ he whispered, ‘it doesn’t matter how much I want to, I just can’t.’

‘But why not?’ I asked, pleading with him.

‘Because if even a drop of semen hits that pussy, you’ll be stuck as a woman forever.’

*Forever?* I mean, it had been what I’d wanted just an hour ago. I’d have taken anyway to stay like this for the rest of my life. But now, when I was given the opportunity to make it happen, make it permanent forever, I was wavering.

But the lust I felt, the need I had, the sheer overwhelming fucking horniness that was pounding me from the inside out was so difficult to ignore. No, it was impossible.

‘Just, put the tip of your cock in me,’ I said, ‘please. I want to know what it’s really like to be a woman. I just want a taste of it.’

‘Just the tip,’ he said. ‘And that’s it.’

‘Come here,’ I said. I took hold of his shirt lapels and then undid the buttons of the crisp white garment. Groaning with desire, I slipped my hands under his clothes and felt the hard body beneath them. Fucking hell he was totally ripped, like he was a bodybuilder or athlete.

‘You’re so fucking hot,’ I said, ‘I want you in me. You don’t know what it’s

like. I just need you to fill my pussy up.'

'Just the tip, we agreed,' he said, undoing his belt. Now his pants were off, and I could see the outline of something big lurking in his underwear. Fucking hell. Even just the tip of this dick was gonna stretch my delicate little pussy in ways it had never been stretched before.

When he finally actually did take his underwear down and stood there in front of me just for a second, I thought I was going to pass out. He looked like a fucking God. I could smell him as well, this rich, deep, manly scent, the likes of which I had never smelled before. It was like I'd shoved my nose in the earth, and a powerful, ancient aroma was assaulting me.

'You look amazing,' I said.

'So do you,' he said, moving closer. 'Now,' he said, 'I'm going to show you what it's like to have sex with a man.'

He grabbed my shoulders and lifted me out of the seat, before turning me to face the wall.

'Your ass is so tight,' he said, 'and your pussy is so fucking wet. I've never seen anything like it,' he continued. I felt his fingers at my entrance.

I threw my head back and said, 'Please, I need your cock!'

Then I felt it. A smooth, hard, warm thing, pressing gently at my entrance.

'Don't push back,' he said, 'I want you to feel every tiny movement. I'm in control here.'

He started the slowest, most agonizing forward thrust I could imagine. He must have been so strong, because the control he was displaying felt almost super-human.

'Fuuuuuuck!' I groaned. I could feel my pussy lips being gently split apart by the power of his dick. I'd never experienced anything like it.

'Is that just the tip?' I asked. I could scarcely believe it. He must have been so massive.

'That's just the tip.'

'I want more,' I said, I need more. Please, let me just push back a little bit. It feels so good. I wanna cum, I need to cum.' I already felt close. Just having him open me up like this was so fucking intense, I could sense those sweet golden threads of pleasure working their way around my body.

He carried on slowly thrusting into me.

'You feel so good,' he said, 'I don't think I can stop. I want to destroy your pussy. Fuck, I want to destroy you.'

And he started to. At first his movement were soft and slow. He began to build momentum.

'I'm gonna cum,' I said, and almost before the end of the sentence, I started to

pulse and throb around him. More and more juice from my pussy spilled out from me, falling in slick tendrils to the ground.

‘You dirty little bitch,’ he said, ‘you horny fucking whore.’

‘I’m your little bitch,’ I said, ‘I’m your filthy fucking bitch who’s gonna cum every time you stick your cock in me.’

That’s when he started pounding in to me, over and over, relentlessly fucking me. His arms were all over my body, grabbing my tits, pulling my arms back. He pushed his fingers into my mouth and I sucked them as he slickly beat into me over and over. It felt like one long orgasm as he continued, and my body shook with pleasure as he had his way with me.

‘I want you to cum in me,’ I said, ‘I want to be your fuckslave from now on. I want to know that you’re the man who changed me into a woman.’

‘No,’ he said, ‘I musn’t.’

‘You have to,’ I said, and I pushed back into him harder, coated him with my slickness. ‘You can do anything you want with me,’ I said.

In a rage of lust, he pushed me down, so that he was pounding down into me.

‘Yes,’ I said, ‘fill me up. Make me yours.’ And then, in a moment of unbelievable release I felt his cock lengthen in me, like it was about to burst. And then it did. I felt the cum spray up inside me and I gasped with pleasure. Because there was something in that cum that made me just feel totally incredible.

‘Fucking hell,’ I said.

‘I couldn’t have put it better myself,’ he replied.

\* \* \*

Let’s just say that I got the job at AmCorp. The work was exciting, almost as much as the work environment. It took a while to get used to my new life as a woman, but I found that Leo was a very good teacher. He made a woman of me over and over again, in his office, on the roof, in every quiet corner the two of us could find. Truly, getting that interview had led to my dream job, and I’d never need to look for work again.

I was in heaven.

*Hungry for more?*

Why not subscribe to my [mailing list](http://eepurl.com/dmEOvz)? I'll keep you up to date with all my latest gender swap erotica stories and news! Sign up here: <http://eepurl.com/dmEOvz>.

I'll send you news of my new books as and when they're released, and occasionally, if I'm feeling super generous, you might just get a totally free story as a little treat!

I promise I won't use your email address for anything other than the things I've listed above, and I won't bombard you every day - I'll just save you the good stuff...

Gal

P. S. If you enjoyed my story, why not leave a review of the book on Amazon, so others know what you thought?

—

## [GENDER SWAP BUNDLE](#)

[By Candy Banger](#)

### **Forbidden Gender Transformation Fetish, Taboo Feminization, Erotica Bundle**

Three adult tales of **gender transformation**, using three of the **very best tales** from erotica goddess Candy Banger. Contains:

#### 1. POP STAR GENDER SWAP

Brad is the cheeky but loveable one in a successful boy band, along with Gary (the angry one) and Mark (the boring one). As they get changed backstage before the last show of their tour, Brad gets changed in more ways than one...

But will the guys like their new female band member? And more importantly, will she bring the band together?

This is a steamy gender swap erotica story (man to woman), containing feminization, masturbation, oral, threesome, and other explicit content.

#### 2. SWAPPED FOR THE BILLIONAIRE

Pete, an awkward, short, uncomfortable-in-his-own-skin sort of guy, lands his dream job, working as an assistant to a billionaire boss in a lavish mansion. Desperate to please his new boss and keep his job, he'll do whatever it takes...

Lord Worcester, the sexy, steely and confident billionaire, has only one thing in mind for Rob: to make him into the woman of his dreams. But once Pete becomes a woman (Crystal), just how much of Lord Worcester's teasing can Crystal take, before she has to beg him to take her?

A saucy 7,500 word tale of gender transformation (man to woman), billionaire erotica, BDSM, oral,

internal, and lots more.

### 3. BECOMING THE BRIDE

Adam is getting married in the morning. But this is not how he expected his stag party to turn out. Bored with all the boneheads at his stag do, Adam's evening is suddenly spiced up when he finds himself able to make a wish.

Upon discovering that he has become a beautiful, buxom woman at his own stag party, Adam is filled by an insatiable lust that only his stags can help to satisfy...

This is a gender swap (man to woman) erotica story, containing feminization, masturbation, oral, group sex, and other explicit content.

---

*This hot trio contains a total of 17,500 words of gender-swapping exploits, which Candy Banger hopes will make you go with a bang!*