



Geek To Babe

Hela Knotty

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Chapter One

"Did you see the new MCU movie? It was so ridiculous. The ending was insane man." I told my best friend Keets as we walked into campus.

"Well duh, we watched it like five times together Twig." Keets laughed at me. "Shit, its Mitch. Look busy."

I quickly pulled my hood up and turned to face Keets. We both pretended to be deep in conversation.

Mitch Brockman was the meanest dude in campus. For some reason, he loved picking on Keets and me. I thought all the bullying stopped once you left high school. I was wrong.

"Why if it isn't my two favorite people in the world. Good morning to you Keets. Good morning to you Twig." Mitch Brockman's smile was anything but friendly. I could already hear the irritation in his voice as he yanked my hood down. "Trying not to see me? In my town, that would just be considered rude. You're supposed to greet your friends when you see them."

I hated this so much.

I turned around to face my oppressor.

"Hey Mitch." I waved weakly. Keets tried to do the same.

I always hated looking at Mitch. The football player was at least a foot taller than me. He always stood too close, forcing me to crane my neck to look up at his face. If I didn't do that, I would be forced to talk to his thick powerful chest. He knew he made uncomfortable. He stood close on purpose.

The differences in our bodies always made me feel so inadequate.

"That's right little buddy. You're supposed to greet your friend. I have a special greeting just for you." Mitch ruffled my hair with his large meaty paw. When he grabbed my head, I always felt like he could just lift me up and toss me away. I had seen him benchpress more than my weight in the gym.

"Right. Special greeting." I sighed. I tried pushing Mitch in the chest, but my arms were too short as he held me a distance away.

"Look at him go guys." Mitch laughed heartily along with his friends. He liked showing off his dominance. The easiest way to do that was to pick on me and Keets.

He looked at Keets wondering how he was going to torture my friends. Keets wasn't as strong as me. He was a nervous wreck around Mitch. I couldn't let him make Keets any worse.

I dropped my head low and lunged at Mitch. I momentarily caught the large football player off guard. I tackled his torso with all my weight. I had seen some of my superheroes do it. Surely I could do the same.

Except I didn't have the weight or the bulk my heroes had. Instead of pushing him to the ground, I wound up just hugging his torso awkwardly. Mitch didn't even budge from my attack.

Once his confusion cleared, he started hollering in laughter. His goons followed suit. They were laughing so hard tears started welling up in their eyes. One of his friends fell on the ground clutching his stomach.

"That was a tackle?" Mitch tried saying in between his wheezes of laughter. "My girlfriend has more strength than that."

"Let's just go Twig." Keets grabbed my arm and pulled me away.

My face was burning red from embarrassment. I gave it my all but it wasn't enough. I had just made more of a fool out of myself. I wanted to play the hero but in the end I needed Keets to save me anyway.

"Hey, at least they're not following us." Keets said to me as we slunk away defeated. "You also saved me. So thanks for that." Keets murmured under his breath looking down.

"Right." I sighed and looked at my friend. I guess I did do that. Keets wasn't shaking and quivering like a usual after a run-in with Mitch. I embarrassed myself but at least I spared my best friend from some of it.

"Come on let's head back. Our merchandise packs are coming in today." Keets grinned at me. Being geeks we always knew how to pick ourselves up from a bad day.

Every month we received a box of superhero collectibles from various different companies. We'd pay ten dollars each month and the supplier would collect the latest paraphernalia and collectibles and send it over to us. It was the highlight of my month. I couldn't wait for the package to arrive.

I loved getting T-shirts with my favorite hero's logo on it. I also like having the little actions figures and toys they sent over. One time I even got a free comic book. The boxes were the best.

Keets and I grabbed our boxes at the mail room and headed to our dorm room. Having him as my roommate was the one good thing that came out of going to university out of state. He had become my best friend the first night we met.

"Who's box do we open first?" Each of us had a different kind of specialty box. Mine was focused on superheroes in general. It was more mainstream and targeted towards the big two comic book fans.

“Let’s go with mine this week. There’s this new comic I’m really into. Wandering Space is about these space travelers who take different pills to gain powers and explore different planets. It’s really cool. This week is when they launch their first collectibles.” Keets was practically jumping out of his chair. Keets loved comics like me, but he preferred the indie titles. He particularly liked horror and science fiction.

I didn’t like the grotesque monsters very much. Having all the eyes and tentacles were just creepy. Thankfully, science fiction was more much more palatable. Keets talked to me about that instead. He even introduced me to some of his favorite comics.

“Cool. Let’s open yours instead.” I watched Keets excitedly as he began unpacking.

As always, there was a bunch of insanely cool stuff. There was T-shirt with a spaceship logo on it. I was sure Keets was going to be wearing that shirt for days. It would probably be worn out in a few weeks.

There was also a sick poster of a series I didn’t know about. It featured a buxom blonde beauty only wearing robotics to cover her private parts. I knew it was impractical but I loved seeing hot woman covered in circuitry. She looked so beautiful and strong.

“Who’s that?” I asked excitedly. There was so much comics it was hard to keep track of everyone.

“Oh that’s Cersei Tri from the Cyberthrone series. She’s the main character. She kicks a lot of ass.” Keets explained. He ogled the poster just as much as I did. I knew we were both going to spend time alone in the room just looking at her.

“I think we should put plastic on that.” I told Keets. Picture frames were too expensive so we just plastic wrapped our favorite posters before hanging them on our walls.

Cersei Tri would hang beside other scantily beauties like Freyja Bloodnight and Titte Bobo. Our walls were full of these animated beauties. I could never put up posters like this in my room back home. My mom would have been scandalized.

“Hell yeah.” Keets put aside the poster. I could already see the slight bulge in his pants. Since he had one himself, I didn’t feel too bad about having an erection of my own. Meeting Keets made me realize I wasn’t that weird for liking 2D women.

The other items in the box were more memorabilia that Keets seemed to enjoy. There was a figure of some kind of lizard space alien. And there was a notebook with his favorite characters on it. I just cheered him on excited for my own box of things.

“Hey Twig look at this. Wandering Space actually gave us pills like they have in the series.” Keets shoved a clear plastic pill box in my face. There were a bunch of colored tic tacs on it.

“It’s probably just candy. At least you got a cool box.” I shrugged. There were three colors in total, green, blue and pink. As far as collectibles went, I didn’t like it when the items they gave were consumable. I like keeping my stuff after some time.

“In the series, each one gives you a different power. How cool would that be if this were real life? We could show Mitch a thing or two about being a bully.” Keets punched his fists into the air.

“That would be awesome.” I tried to maintain my enthusiasm. I had been dealing with bullies all my life. All throughout my teenage years, I kept waiting for my magical letter, my mutation to pop out, just anything to say that I was special. It never happened. I gave up on waiting a long time ago.

At least Keets still hadn’t given up. I wouldn’t tear that hope away from him.

“Let’s take some. I’ll get the green pill. In the comics, it gives you strength and durability. That way Mitch won’t be able to push us around anymore.” Keets popped a pill into his mouth. “Mmmm... Lime.”

“What do the others do?” I grabbed the pillbox. It wouldn’t hurt to indulge in some fantasy.

“Blue allows you to heal any injury you’ve ever had wherever you like while red allows you to transform into the most powerful species on the planet. It’s pretty cool actually.” Keets jumped up and down.

“I think I like transforming.” I said playing along. In reality I didn’t want the risk of getting a blueberry or bubblegum flavored candy. I liked strawberry much more.

The tangy sweetness burst into my mouth. There was some fizz around it giving my mouth a kick. As far as cheap candy went, this was flavorful and sweet. It wasn’t bad. I was about to get another one when Keets slapped my hand away.

“You’re only supposed to get one. If you take more than one, it changes your body permanently.” Keets made a serious face. Then he broke into a grin. “Kidding. But let’s limit it to one a day. I want to feel like a Space Wanderer a little bit longer.”

“Sure. I shrugged.” I grabbed my box and started opening it. I liked my box a lot more. There was more cool superhero stuff. I pulled a bag that looked heavy.

“What is that?” Keets asked. Sometimes the merchandise box would have a one of a kind item the other boxes wouldn’t get. It was usually an exclusive item that could sell for a high price on the secondary market. It was like a

lottery of sorts.

"I don't know. I haven't opened it yet." I said excitedly. I ripped open the packaging, trying my best not to damage whatever was inside.

We placed the contents on the floor.

It was the complete costume of Miss Magnanimous. She was the premier superhero in comics right now. She alone stood higher than all her male counterparts. Her iconic costume consisted of her signature gold tiara, ruby breastplate and turquoise lined battle greaves.

"Holy shit. That looks so good." Keets squealed in joy.

The costume was crafted beautifully. It was like the ones professional cosplayers one. Anyone who wore this would look like the real thing.

"We have to get that on woman's body." Keets exclaimed excited. We would have our very own Miss Magnanimous. "When I get married, my bride will wear this to our wedding."

"My wife will wear it first." I laughed thinking about our non-existent girlfriends. With our current social lives, I doubted any of us would get married. But a geek could always hope.

I packed the costume away in its own separate box. All the pieces had to be secured properly. I only had it for a short time, but it was my most important piece of fan memorabilia I possessed.

That night, I dreamt of wearing the costume of Miss Magnanimous. I wasn't just some random cosplayer. I was actually Miss Magnanimous herself.

Chapter Two

Keets was already gone by the time I woke up. He always went to class early. He loved taking his physic lectures. I preferred working with humans instead. As a biology major, I hoped to translate that to into a career on medicine.

While I was getting ready, I noticed he left his Space Wanderer pill box out in the open. I popped another red pill into my mouth. That burst of strawberry fizz was exactly what I needed to wake up.

My first class was my favorite. It focused on evolutionary biology specifically on humans. We were currently studying the various different ways technology could affect the evolution of the human species. Already the Industrial Age was introducing numerous mutations in the human genome. People were living longer and getting smarter each day. If superheroes were ever to become a reality, technologically aided evolution was the best chance we had of getting there.

I also loved the lecturer. Dr. Charles was a tall African-American man who started his career in biology disproving the theory that Black men were inferior to White men. Eventually he branched out to specialize in how historical events affected the human genome. One such study discovered that the atrocities Jewish men received during Nazi Germany had changed their genetic code forever. Dr. Charles theorized that evolution would just accelerate as time went on. In fifty years, he believed that humanity could no longer be classified as Homo Sapiens. We would have become an entirely different species altogether.

Excitement filled my heart as I reached the class. But that all went down the drain when I saw who was seated in front. Mitch, unfortunately, was also a biology major. While he only took the class so he had something to major in for his football career, he still loved pestering me. He always sat in front knowing I wouldn't be able to resist being in the front seat.

I still didn't understand his unhealthy fascination with torturing me. All my high school techniques had failed in getting rid of him. I tried ignoring him but that only escalated his antics. I tried befriending him but that only increased their frequency. I tried calling the Dean on him but I only got laughed at. The best response just seemed to accept my fate. He got a few laughs and I was free the rest of the day.

Still, It was enough to sour my mood.

"Hey Twig." Mitch grinned as he saw me. He had even started going to class early just to pester me more.

"Hey Mitch." I sighed. He teased me so often I had gotten used to everyone calling me Twig. My real name was actually Tyler.

"Saved you a seat little buddy." Mitch grinned wickedly. There was a whoopee cushion on there. I didn't even know what he gained by showing it to me. "Are you going to sit?"

I just sat down letting the farting sound resound through the room. Everyone laughed at me. I forced some laughter of my own. I hoped that would be the end of it. Dr. Charles wanted to talk about gene expressions this class. It was something I wanted to know more about.

"Hey Twig. Did you do something with your skin? You seem like your glowing?" Mitch suddenly asked me. He was right in front of my face. He looked at me closely as if his eyesight had gone bad.

"Whoa there. What are you doing?" I pushed Mitch away. He was way too close for comfort. I could see his pores from how close he was.

There were numerous shocked gasps as I pushed Mitch away. I prepared myself for retaliation. Mitch didn't like getting embarrassed. But instead of fighting me back, Mitch just looked at me oddly. His gaze was focused on my face. Somehow that was even more unnerving than anything he had ever done.

"Good Morning class." Dr. Charles came in. Despite having a PHD, Dr. Charles still looked young and healthy. He was as taller than Mitch and looked he could tackle the jock down. He was living proof that you could be both smart and strong.

Dr. Charles was the closest thing I had to a real life hero. I wanted to be just like him when I started my career.

As class started, my brain moved on from the weirdness that was my latest interaction with Mitch. But all throughout class, I kept feeling him sneaking glances at me. It was unnerving to say the least.

Dr. Charles was discussing how drugs currently changed the human body. Different hormone pills actually had the effect of suppressing previously dormant traits encoded within each human's genetic code. For example, woman didn't really have a lot of body hair. But by injecting testosterone into their bodies, they stimulated hair growth proving that they did have that genetic code within them. It just didn't express itself naturally. Dr. Charles claimed there was a whole slew of traits humanity had that could be induced with the right chemical concoction.

After class, Mitch left class without teasing me. It was an extremely weird change. I almost worried about him. Maybe he was sick.

"Tyler. Do you have a moment?" Dr. Charles called out to me just as I was about to leave.

"Yes doctor.?" I looked up at him in surprise. I didn't even know he paid attention to me.

"I read your paper on gene expressions. You have some very good ideas." He smiled at me kindly. "I have a summer internship position open. I was wondering if you would like to apply for the position."

"Yes sir." I nodded profusely. I didn't know the position was available for freshmen like me. Spending time with the leading researcher in evolutionary human biology was like a dream come true. Maybe a random experiment would even turn me into a superhero.

"Good good. I'll put your name in the selection. By the way, are you wearing lipstick? Your lips look red." Dr. Charles pointed out. He looked at me a second time as if he couldn't believe what he was seeing.

"Of course not sir. Must be some spicy food I ate." I murmured not really sure if that was an insult, compliment or just an observation.

He excused me after that. I did catch him looking at my back as I walked away. Something felt different. I couldn't quite place the feeling. I just knew something had suddenly changed. I attributed it to me being considered for an internship.

Throughout the day, I felt an itch all over my body. I realized it had been there all along. I had just been too preoccupied with class to notice it. My skin felt incredibly warm, as if there was a constant state of tingling. I didn't feel sick.

The infirmary told me I wasn't running a fever but that I was indeed hot to the touch. The doctor did say my face was flushed red. He actually thought I had some blush on. His first diagnosis was menstrual cramps. Then he realized I was a boy then was at a loss for words. He did give me a pass to skip classes.

I did feel somewhat lightheaded. I debated going back to the dorm rooms but that meant leaving Keets to eat alone in the cafeteria. I couldn't do that to my best friend.

I felt weird. My eyes started to hurt so I took off my glasses. Maybe I had been staring too long at the computer or my phone. My vision wasn't that bad but I did have astigmatism. But since I was dizzy anyway, it didn't matter if everything I saw was a blur.

I found Keets waiting for me by our table.

"You look weird." He said to me as I approached. By now, I was used to it. Everyone who met me today said the same thing.

"I'm not feeling too well. I think I caught a bug or something." I tried sniffing but I didn't have a cold. My brain just felt light headed.

"I feel great. I know you won't believe me but I think the Space Wanderer pills actually work. I feel amazing." Keets grinned at me.

I realized despite his dorky glasses, Keets was actually pretty handsome. He had always been taller than me. But he was more of the lanky geek than a hot jock. He had been trying to gain weight by going to the gym and lifting weights. I only noticed the effects now. He finally filled out his shirt.

"You look sick." Keets reached for my forehead.

"I don't feel too great. Maybe I should head back to my dorm." I mumbled. My chest suddenly felt heavy as if my rib cage was tightening around my lungs. It felt more like a grave discomfort rather than anything serious.

"Look who it is..." Mitch came over. It seemed he had gotten his swag back. But another moment later, his voice changed tone. "Hey, he doesn't look too good. I think we should bring him to the infirmary."

It was weird to hear a concerned tone from my bully.

"Go away Mitch. I can handle this." Keets stood up confidently. He never found the courage to stand up to Mitch. I was glad to know he was willing to fight for me.

Mitch murmured something but left anyway. I could feel his eyes on me.

"That was so cool of you." I murmured to Keets. I had never been more proud of him. It was pretty awesome of him to defend me when I was weak.

"You protect me all the time. I've got your back bro." Keets smiled at me. He grabbed my arm and slung it over his shoulder.

"Are you sure I'm not too heavy?" I mumbled. Keets had never been that strong. His mother had called me every day when he first started going to the gym. She was worried he'd break his back.

"I'm strong enough to carry a Twig." Keets winked at me.

He was right. In terms of size, I was a lot thinner. People used to joke that I could get blown away if there was so much a breeze in my direction.

Keets carried most of my weight. I actually felt like my feet were floating all the way back to the dorm. Just yesterday my friend was cowering in fear. Now he was defending my honor and bringing me to safety. Maybe I shouldn't have coddled him all this time.

With him supporting me right now, Keets felt like a real man. Even his smell was masculine and strong. I leaned in closer to him, relishing in the feel of his warmth.

I was definitely sick.

Sweat covered my entire body. My shirt and pants were soaked to the brim. It felt like I was losing all my muscles. Once I arrived home, I dropped to my bed and went to sleep. I didn't even bother changing out of my clothes.

"Just rest. I'll be here if you need anything." Keets told me as I closed my eyes. I felt something soft and wet press against my cheek.

I dreamt of Miss Magnanimous again. This time I was slaying a giant robot. I wielded my powerful Spear of Glory and thrust it into my enemy. His steel was powerful but it cracked under my attack. I was victorious.

Then I saw the countdown. In his final moments, the evil scientist initiated a self-destruct mechanism on his creation. I grabbed the beast and flew towards the sun. The sheer heat melted the robot before it could do any damage.

But as I decided back on Earth, I realized the sun had melted all of my armor. I stood naked in front of all the people I saved.

They cheered for me, their hero. I waved at all the people. I didn't care that my breasts were hanging free or that my pussy was exposed to everyone. I had saved everyone's lives.

As Miss Magnanimous, no one could stop me.

Chapter Three

“What the fuck?” Keets yelled out in a long breath. It was way too early for him to be so noisy.

It was Saturday morning and I wanted to sleep in. My sleep had been wonky the entire night. While my fever had improved over the evening, my dreams were all so deep and enthralling. I woke up more exhausted than well rested. My body also still felt sore. I needed more time to rest.

“Excuse me Miss, what are you doing in my room?” Keets suddenly poked my shoulder.

“Fuck off Keets. Let the sick person sleep.” I buried my face under the pillow.

“Twig?” He asked cautiously. I didn’t know what game he was playing but it was definitely annoying me.

“What is it? I’m tired. My fever broke last night though.” I murmured under my pillow. Maybe he was just concerned about me. Hopefully once he realized I was fine, he would let me sleep.

Keets remained blissfully quiet for a few more seconds.

“Twig? I think you need to look in a mirror.” Keets poked me again in the shoulder.

“I can do that later. I’m too sleepy right now.” My annoyance was rising. I didn’t ask a lot from my roommate. Whenever he needed private time to jerk off, I obliged him by watching a TV show with earphones on under the covers. Five minutes later he was done and the room would smell like cum. I at least needed him to respect my need to sleep-in on the weekends.

“You seriously need to look at the mirror. I’m not kidding Twig. You need to tell me that I’m not crazy.” Keets poked me in the arm again.

“Fuck you.” I cursed at him. Now I was fully awake. I sat up from my bed and gave him the harshest death glare I could muster.

Keets looked back at me with shock. For some reason, he wasn’t cowering in defeat. He pointed to our mirror by the bathroom door.

I walked over to it, wondering what was so pressing that my sleep had to be ruined.

I screamed.

There was no other nicer way to put what happened next.

I screamed so loud that I heard people in the other room fall off their beds. Moments later there was a knock on our door.

“Open the door now.” It was the voice of Jack, our resident advisor. He was a big senior who took his job very seriously.

I looked at Keets worriedly. He was still staring at me in shock.

“Break it open.” Jack said from the other side. There was a loud number of voices outside our door. I could hear murmurs of our neighbors saying the room belonged to Keets and Twig, and that we were good people. “Not taking that chance.”

“Wait.” I cried out. My voice sounded unnaturally high. There was no doubt it belonged to a woman.

“Is everything all right in there? Miss are you okay?” Jack yelled from across the room.

“Yes. Everything is fine. There was just a spider.” I answered. Keets didn’t offer me much help. He just kept looking at me in shock.

“Ma’am, I still need you to open the door. Please. We need to make sure you’re alright.” Jack repeated again. I could tell from his tone that he wouldn’t leave until we complied. The university had been very big on assault on campus. People rightfully agreed to watch out for the more vulnerable.

I looked at Keets in a panic. There was no way I could explain what happened in the mirror. The unhelpful dolt just shrugged in my direction. I gestured at him to open the door as I hid under my bed covers.

“Keets. Where’s the girl?” Jack said loudly. I knew then and there I would have to show myself to everyone.

“Hi.” I peeked out from the covers with a shy wave.

There was an entire crowd who just stared at me in shock.

“Miss, are you alright? Do you want to call somebody?” Jack asked me kindly. He looked at someone behind him who dashed off.

“No. It was just a spider. Sorry for scaring everyone.” I tried my best to imitate a ditzzy blond accent. “You can go now. Keets wouldn’t harm a fly.”

I finally realized how bad my screaming looked. I had to make sure Keets didn’t get in trouble for this.

Suddenly a woman entered the room. She pulled me into a hug. Jack escorted Keets out of our room.

“Are you okay? Did he do anything to you?” She asked me breathless. It seemed like she had just run a marathon.

“I’m fine. And again, Keets wouldn’t hurt anyone. It was a spider.” I repeated. This was all too strange. I didn’t

even get a good look at myself before things escalated so quickly.

"It's nothing to be ashamed off. We can do this quietly. But if Keets did something bad, he needs to be punished." The woman repeated.

"No. Keets should not be punished. We had consensual and very fun sex. I stayed the night. I woke up and saw a spider. This isn't a case of assault." I threw off my covers, showing that I was fully clothed. The loose shirt and boxers looked weird on me. I didn't want to dwell on that just yet. "Who are you again?"

"Donna. I'm Jack's girlfriend. He texted me a girl might have been assaulted. I work for the women's society." She seemed shocked I didn't know she was. "You are actually alright aren't you."

"Yes. Thank you for checking up on me. But it was just a spider. Keets did nothing wrong." I repeated again just for emphasis. I stood up and showed her out the door.

"Well, if he landed you, he must have done something right." She checked me out without any shame. She actually looked very impressed. "You do know you are way out of his league. Is he blackmailing you?"

"No. Keets is a great guy. I'm fine. Please let him back in." I was annoyed at her for insulting my friend. But I couldn't help but beam at her compliment towards me. I had never been out of someone's league in my life. I was always the sad geek who was ignored at parties.

Jack and Keets were waiting at the door. Donna talked to Jack who looked unconvinced. He had a worried look on his eyes.

I grabbed Keets arms and pulled it against my chest. I tiptoed to give him a light peck on the cheek. That seemed to satiate the crowd. They still lingered looking at us like were exotic zoo animals but at least they weren't threatening Keets anymore.

"Holy fuck." I dropped down on my bed the minute our door closed. I was not ready for that at all. That was a terrible way to start the morning.

"Is it really you Twig? Tyler?" Keets asked warily.

And then we were back to why I screamed in the first place.

I had turned into a woman.

I went in front of the mirror hoping this was just some weird dream.

The voluminous and bouncy set of long blond curls on my head clearly said this was reality. Everything about me had changed. My eyes were more beautiful, being more elegant and demure. I had long lashes that seemed to flirt with every blink I made. My nose was thinner and more refined. My lips were plump and red.

I suddenly realized I looked like the Miss Magnanimous I had been dreaming about. I was beyond gorgeous. No wonder everyone was looking at me the entire time. I couldn't stop looking at myself. I was literally the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

I tried pouting my lips and making faces. My expressions matched what I was feeling but they were so different from how I pictured myself. I was now a woman. I tried making a few flirty faces. I blinked slowly and pursed my lips. I looked so sensual and seductive. I actually got turned on by my own image.

There was no erection.

I didn't have an erection.

There was a direct lack of rigidity in my nether regions.

I grabbed at my crotch. It lay completely flat.

And when I peered down, my view was obstructed by the biggest boobs I had ever seen in real life. Seeing them made me realized how weighty they actually were. My hands reached up to grab them.

"Mmmm..." I made a moan of pleasure as I accidentally grazed my nipples. That simple contact felt so good. It was nothing like playing with my own nipples as a man.

"Uhm Twig?" Keets asked, reminding me he was still the room while I touched myself.

"Have I become a woman?" I asked him. It just wasn't possible. But every time I touched myself, I felt a different kind of sensation. My body had completely changed overnight.

"Yes. You're really hot too." Keets said awkwardly. "What happened to your...uhm ...penis."

I sucked in a deep breath. I had to check for sure. I pulled my boxer forwards. There was no two ways about it. That was a vagina.

I had never seen one in real life before but I had watched enough porn to know what it looked like. There was no mistaking that smooth flatness.

"What happened?" Keets asked unhelpfully.

"I don't know. You think it had something to do with the fever last night? Maybe I got some disease of some sort?" I tried moving around in the mirror. My new body felt so much lighter and stronger. I didn't have the usual amount of aches and pain I had from being an unhealthy geek.

"You don't think it was..." Keets mumbled under his breath. He didn't finish his sentence. Instead he pulled his

shirt off.

"Oh my god Keets. No." I gasped as I saw his long masculine torso. He was still lean but he had put on weight. There were nice long ridges in his abs.

"I had been working out but my trainer told me not to expect my abs until a few months." Keets started flexing in front of the mirror.

His body looked long and great. I realized I couldn't take my eyes off his powerful pecs. Suddenly I regretted telling him no.

I quickly shook my head. What was I just thinking?

"You think it's this sample pills we took?" Keets looked at his pillbox with the candy tablets.

"It seems a little farfetched. The box cost like ten dollars. For them to give these away seemed really dumb." I caught the pill box as he tossed it to me. "I did eat two strawberry flavored ones."

"I had two green ones. I don't think these kinds of gains are normal though. What do you think?" Keets walked over to me and flexed.

"You do look really good." I stifled a moan of pleasure as my soft finger touched his hard chest. I tried wrapping my fingers around his bicep but they failed to meet. Keets looked so big and strong. I started feeling some wetness at my crotch.

I didn't know women felt like that.

"Maybe you should take some green pills to turn you back into a guy? Or maybe a blue pill?" Keets shrugged. He looked at his packaging trying to find the nutritional label.

"Let's check the net. Maybe somebody has info on this." I shrugged. I finally managed to take my eyes off the mirror.

I was just so beautiful as Miss Magnanimous. I could wear the costume I had just gotten yesterday. At least we didn't need to look for someone to cosplay with the costume.

Unfortunately our search led to nothing. Nobody in the forums posting anything similar to what happened to me. We also checked reviewers online in Youtube. All around the world people were uploading videos of them opening the merchandise box and eating the candy. None of them seemed to be in a similar state of worry as me.

"It has to be the candy though. Maybe just don't eat another one. It should wear off." Keets didn't look convinced by his own statement.

"We didn't do anything different. I admitted." I grabbed my chest again. My boobs felt so amazing to touch. They were soft and squishy. My nipples perked up.

"Stop doing that." Keets murmured under his breath. He tried to look away but he couldn't stop staring at my boobs.

"I want to see them." I said out loud. I had never seen breasts before in my life.

"Can I look at them too?" Keets' mouth was practically watering. It was no secret that we were both virgins.

"Okay." I shrugged. Keets and I practically shared everything. I lifted my shirt.

My breasts were perfectly round and perky. They looked soft and natural unlike the silicone boobs of pornstars. There was a little sag near the bottom but they looked amazing. They were so real and lifelike. I touched my fingers and suddenly gasped. They felt so sensitive.

"Can I? Can I touch them?" Keets was suddenly looming right behind me. He was looking at my breasts from the mirror.

"Okay." I sucked in a breath. I realized how close we were both standing. I could feel his body heat next to mine. His big hand suddenly grabbed one breast. His hands were so hot against my skin. And then he squeezed, making me gasp in pleasure.

"Sorry." He quickly pulled his arm away. I felt something hard brush against my butt. I just knew Keets had a hard on.

And somehow I knew I was horny as well. The new body felt so different and exciting. I wanted to be touched some more. It was leading me somewhere.

"Do it again." I told Keets.

He followed my command and grabbed at my breasts. This time he squeezed making me quiver in pleasure. He grabbed my other boob and fondled them both. His fingers teased my nipples, sending shocks of pleasure up my spine.

My legs gave way from the sheer pleasure. I leaned into Keets' chest finding his powerful muscles there. When had Keets grown so strong?

"I've got you." Keets murmured into my ear. His voice was deep, low and confident. I felt like I had fallen into the arms of a real man. I almost didn't recognize him. He seemed so more handsome and manlier than before.

"My vagina." I told him. I could feel it throb and ache. I needed to be touched there. "Please Keets."

Keets moved to sit on my bed. He placed me firmly on his lap. I could feel his hard cock poking me right in the ass. I knew I should have been disgusted or confused. But instead I felt excited. He had a powerful cock. And there was only one place for dicks to go to.

His fingers moved adeptly to pull down my shorts. He grabbed both my thighs and spread me open.

I gasped as I saw my pussy in the mirror for the first time. I was completely hair free. My folds look engorged and ready to be fucked. I tried to touch it but gasped at the sensation it brought out. It felt so weird to reach down there and not find my cock.

"Keets, help me. I can't do it myself." I whispered to him. I was so horny. But I needed a surer touch.

He suddenly began rubbing the front of my pussy with his index finger. I shivered at his touch. I didn't realize how big his hand actually was. His fingers were like thick sausages. When he brushed them against my clit, I arched my back in pleasure.

"It feels so good." I rotated my hips on his cock. I needed more touch. I needed more friction. I need more skin.

"Please." I gasped unable to control the neediness coming from my voice.

"Fuck. You're making me so hard." Keets groaned. He moved away from me and shucked his normal clothes. "Are you sure about this Twig? It's a bit weird."

If I had any doubts that the candy affected Keets, they were instantly dispelled as I saw his naked body. He probably didn't even notice it himself. His chest was pronounced and thick. His paunchy stomach had disappeared into a well-defined eight pack. He even had the sexy muscles at the side of his hips. And his cock was enormous.

It stood tall and proud, fully engorged.

My legs spread open by themselves.

"Have you seen yourself?" I gasped as I reached down to alleviate the ache in my pussy. I realized touching the small red bean down there made me feel so good. I'd have to look up what it was later. There was so much I didn't know about the female body.

"Holy fuck. You look amazing." Keets said in disbelief. He turned to face me. He drank in the sight of my completely naked body. From the way his cock twitched, he liked what he saw.

I did too.

"Take me." There was an uncontrollable need inside me. I didn't know where it came from, only that it needed to be filled. If it wasn't Keets, I would do it with some other man. All I could think about was cock and how it would feel inside me. I at least wanted my first time to be with my best friend.

"I don't know what to do." Keets grumbled shyly. Despite his new male body, his confidence still hadn't caught up. In many ways, that relieved me. Keets was still my best friend.

"I definitely don't have any experience in this either." I forced a laugh trying to defuse the situation. We were both very horny but clearly very shy. It was up to me to take the first step. "Come here."

Keets approached me as I stood up. His hands found their way towards my body. We both touched each other gently, exploring each other's new bodies.

"We don't have to do anything we're not ready for. I just need to touch you." I suddenly pulled him into a hard embrace. I pressed my new lithe body against his hard one. I felt his cock slide against my pussy lips. It felt right to have such rigid cock in between me.

"Fuck that feels so good. You feel amazing Twig." Keets murmured. He buried his face into my hair. I heard him inhale my scent. He let out a guttural groan after that. "You smell so good."

I followed his example and buried my face into his chest. It was the smell of man. I felt my pussy twitch around his cock. I needed him inside me.

Keets was still too shy to do much more than hold me. He was too afraid to touch. I needed more.

I sank to my knees and grabbed his thick cock.

"Holy shit. Twig? Are you sure?" Keets' entire body jerked in front of me as I wrapped my fingers around his cock. It seemed like even my fingers became thinner. Their slender size made Keets' cock look impossibly huge.

I didn't bother answering him. I was done thinking with my brain. It was time to do with my body. I followed my natural instincts and opened my mouth. I swallowed the thick cockhead in.

Swirling my tongue around the bulbous organ, I realized the texture wasn't anything like I expected. It was both hard and soft at the same time. The skin felt plush and spongy against my palate. But as I applied more suction I felt the rigid stalk in the center.

Keets' strong hand fell on my head. He caressed my hair, urging me to swallow him deeper. I tried my best but it was such a tight fit. Despite gagging, I couldn't help but touch myself as I sucked on his cock. The sounds of pleasure he was making were turning me on. I didn't know hearing another man would make me so horny.

"Twig. I can't hold on. I'm going to cum." Keets' entire body started jerking violently. I grabbed his abs and ass, feeling them contract and flex powerfully.

I pulled off his cock the first moment I felt the first burst of salt in my mouth. Strong jets of cum spattered me on the face. His cum was warm and sticky as it pelted my chin and chest. Keets lasted a full minute as he blasted me his seed.

He fell on his ass once he finished. Aftershocks still wracked his body. I was completely drenched.

"Holy shit. That was amazing." I gasped. I swiped my tongue over my lips. I used to be disgusted at the sight of cum. Maybe my taste buds had changed along with the rest of my body. I didn't mind the taste at all. Now, I couldn't get enough of it.

"You were so good." Keets said in between harsh breaths. He looked like he had just been working out for hours.

"My turn." I sat on the bed and spread my legs. I needed him to touch me.

Keets was eager for the task. I could see new life breathe into his cock. At first he was tentative, nuzzling my inner thigh with his cheek. The sensation was so new I was content to let him explore this new body of mine. I didn't mind that he took things slow.

Then something changed in Keets. He began to get more aggressive. He suddenly nipped at my hip, sending a jolt of both pain and pleasure inside me. It was so shocking I yelped in surprise. Then his finger traced the outside of my pussy. That movement sent so many good shivers into my body.

"They say the clit is the most sensitive part of the woman." Keets said. He flicked the red bean making me cry out in pleasure. "It seems they were right."

After that, all bets were off. Keets seemed to have gotten possessed. He ate me out like a someone who had been doing this for years. His tongue and fingers were everywhere pleasuring me in all directions. He licked my inner folds and then the outer ones. He licked me at parts I didn't even know I had.

I tried to make sense of all the different sensations but I didn't have the words or knowledge to describe them. I grabbed onto his hair hard and buried him my pussy. I was getting so close. I could feel it building up inside.

"You smell so good. Give it to me. Don't stop. I want to taste everything." Keets said as he gasped for air. He went right back in to eating me out.

Then his tongue hit something magical inside me. My whole body shuddered in ecstasy as I felt my literal floodgates open. Clear fluid erupted from within me, soaking Keets in the face. It felt like pee except so much more powerful.

My entire body couldn't stop shaking. I was in sheer ecstasy. I thought I was going to die from pure pleasure. Keets didn't stop at all. He kept licking and pleasuring me until my orgasm subsided. I collapsed onto the bed completely breathless.

"Wow." I murmured. Jerking off as guy was nothing compared to the amount of pleasure I had just achieved as a woman.

Keets lied down on his bed. He seemed to be in a similar state of euphoria.

"Fuck. I want to eat you out again." Keets looked up at the ceiling. He still licked his lips. I think he was surprised at how hungry he was for me.

But I understood his sentiment. It scared me how much I was still thinking about his cock. I thought having an orgasm would clear my head. Instead it made me realize just how much I was craving to have Keets' cock deep inside me.

Chapter Four

The entire weekend was just incredibly weird. Despite not taking any more pills, I was still left as a woman. Keets tried to act normal around me but I could tell he was hyper aware of the changes within me. And I couldn't stop myself from lusting after him.

He still took the green pill every day. His tall figure finally had muscle on his form. He looked insanely good. I could already tell he had a lot of confidence in his walk. He had swagger.

And it was making me want things I never wanted before. Whenever he went out to get food or clothes for me, I would finger myself and climax before he got home. The smell of sex filled our room. But I couldn't help myself. I was so sexually frustrated.

Keets and I decided to hold on anything more sexual. The pills might have been affecting our bodies. It was the wiser choice to stay abstinent. I agreed with him but it was so hard not to touch myself. Men were all I could think about the entire weekend.

On Monday, I was still a woman. I decided to head into class. For the time being, I would pretend to be my own cousin. I'd say Twig had to rush home because his parents were sick. I was here to make sure he didn't miss out on too much of his classes.

Keets was still worried I would get into trouble. He offered to escort me. But both our course loads were heavy. If we missed a day of class, it would be hard to pass with midterms so close. I wasn't going to put my life on hold just because I was a woman.

I went to Dr. Charles' class trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. By habit, I took the seat in front. Mitch Brockman was already there waiting for me. His eyes practically popped out of his face as he saw me.

Suddenly his expression changed. He winked and smiled at me lecherously.

"Hey. How you doing?" He eyed my chest with open appreciation. He even pulled my chair out for me.

"Uhhh. Hello." I realized he saw me as a woman. He didn't know I was the geek he had always bullied before.

"I'm Mitch Brockman. Why haven't I seen you before?" Mitch inched his seat closer to mine. His thick brawny arm rubbed against mine. He was in complete control of the situation. This was Mitch's confidence turned into the direction of flirting. It was a whole different side of him I didn't know.

"I'm Twig's cousin. I'm here to take notes for him." I mumbled, trying to stick to my script. I tried not to lean in to inhale his masculine scent. Ever since I became a woman, I was so aware of the men around me.

"Twig's cousin? The little dude is my favorite. He's incredibly smart. I love playing with the little guy." Mitch grinned as if it was a good thing he tormented me on a daily basis. At least he didn't lie about being my best friend or something. "You have a name Twig's cousin?"

"Maggie." It was the first thing that came to mind. Miss Magnanimous' secret identity was Maggie March. She was the first woman that popped into my head.

"Cool. Like Miss Magnanimous right? You do look a lot like her. I wouldn't mind seeing you in her outfit. I'm sure Keets tried to get you to cosplay as her." Mitch's hand suddenly found itself on my thigh. He was rubbing circles around it. My legs opened by themselves.

Mitch was so smooth. Even though I hated him for all his teasing, right now he was just so confident as a man. It was clear he wanted me. But more importantly, it felt like he knew exactly what he wanted to do with me. There was no hesitation on his part. He was in complete control unlike Keets who was so shy and unsure. I finally realized why women gravitated towards douchebags like him.

I could feel myself doing the same.

Thankfully Dr. Charles arrived in class. I pushed Mitch away and focused on class.

Dr. Charles' eye met mine. He walked over and asked who I was. I quickly explained my excuse. He did offer best wishes to Twig, claiming I was his favorite student and hoping my parents felt better. He told me to tell Twig that I should take all the time I needed. The internship position could wait for me.

I wanted to jump and scream in elation. My idol Dr. Charles knew who I was. I had thought he just saw me as some enthusiastic freshman. I thought he just tolerated me as some geek. But Dr. Charles saw real potential in me. He was reserving me a spot on his team.

I completely forgot about Mitch. Dr. Charles replaced him immediately. Not only was Dr. Charles incredibly intelligent, he was also extraordinarily handsome and fit. His skin was a smooth dark chocolate color. His button down shirts were always stretched to fit around his thick muscles. His slacks wrapped around his butt perfectly. I vaguely remembered Dr. Charles mentioning he used to be a footballer in college. It seemed he maintained his body even in his mid-thirties.

There was just so many thing I was noticing about my idol that I had never noticed as a man. He exuded such a

confident and powerful energy. And he did it without any extravagant showings. In fact, it felt so natural that I was just drawn to it.

It was completely different from Mitch's forced swagger. With Mitch I knew what he was trying to do. He was constantly getting in my space, rubbing his body against mine and looming over me. He relied on tricks to get me hot and bothered.

Dr. Charles was just teaching class. His muscles moved as he pointed at the chalk board. But it was all natural swagger. It was all understated but extremely present. It was big dick energy.

I had heard the term thrown around on campus a few days ago. People were talking about how some men just had it. Dr. Charles had it.

"Modern medicine is a powerful tool in changing our evolution. We all know that some people have a predisposition to alcoholism. If you think about it carefully, the human diet originally consisted of red meat. There was no alcohol involved. This means that after agriculture, fermentation and distillation had been invented and become widespread, humans suddenly developed this mutation which suddenly expressed themselves in our DNA."

Dr. Charles explained. I loved listening to him talk. His voice was deep and melodic. I felt my whole body shudder as he enunciated certain words. I was soaking my panties as I took notes.

"The more we expose ourselves to different things, the more chances of them encoding into our DNA. Our experiences today will define the generations to come. Who can think of something that might be added to our genes?" Dr. Charles asked the class.

Mitch suddenly raised his hand. Dr. Charles nodded at him.

"Sir. There are lots of people claiming to be neither male or female. Next time, will there be a third sex?" Mitch laughed out loud. He was making a joke about LGBT people. It was so insensitive of him. He always loved being macho. Thankfully nobody seemed to side with him.

"Actually a very good question. Now I'm no expert in the gender sciences, but male and female are not as encoded as you think. In India, one of the oldest civilizations for example, there has been a long history of third genders in both the people and their mythology. Mesopotamia had a god who was neither male or female." Dr. Charles narrowed his eyes at Mitch.

"Come on Prof? You can't be serious. Changing genders is just weird." Mitch argued back. Now he looked incredibly uncomfortable.

I was morbidly fascinated.

"Weird? I think not. There are hundreds of species that evolve to change sex depending on their environment and available resources. Fish and frogs and other complex animals have been recorded doing it. The ability to adapt to the environment especially when partners are scarce could very well be an important feature in the next evolution of the human species. Sexual dimorphism has always been an incredible part of our evolution. Who is to say that roles cannot be interchangeable over time? Hormone pills are helping many people find their true selves. What if by taking those drugs, they pass that trait onto their descendants? It's very likely." Dr. Charles said expertly. He seemed to have put a lot of thought into the matter.

Mitch kept his mouth shut for the rest of the class. His joke had turned into a real scientific discussion. I was sure he wasn't too happy about that. He was sulking the entire time. I had never seen him defeated before.

Now I wondered why I let myself be tormented by such a small mind. He had never been worth my time. He had a great body but that was pretty much it.

During the discussion, I also had a revelation. There was one person who could help me figure out what had happened to me. And he was standing right in front of me. Dr. Charles was the expert in evolutionary biology on humans. He could help me understand and reverse the process.

After class, I stayed over to talk to him.

"Hi Dr. Charles. Your class was amazing." I was fanboying hard on my professor. With everyone leaving, it was only the two of us in the classroom. I couldn't stop looking at his handsome face and enormous pecs. "I now know why Twig says this is his favorite class."

"Well, you can tell him he's my favorite student." Dr. Charles said with an easy smile. He folded his arms, making his powerful chest and arms flex. He leaned on his table, showing off his long powerful legs. At six feet four, he had to bend a lot to look me in the eye.

"There's actually something I really want to talk to you about." I didn't know how to breach the topic with him. I didn't want to sound or look like lunatic. "Can we talk somewhere private?"

I fidgeted in my spot. I had never acted this brazen before. But to prove that I had turned into a woman, I needed to show him my body. It wasn't something we could discuss during school hours.

Dr. Charles seemed taken aback but he agreed to my request. He told me to meet him in his office after class in the evening. Work would be finished by then.

I quickly went home. I brought some pills with me. I also changed my clothes. I didn't want to meet with Dr. Charles wearing a T-shirt and jeans. It didn't seem appropriate. I went to the nearest department store and bought a nice blouse that emphasize my breasts. I also picked a skirt that showed off my long shapely legs.

I had stopped taking the pills but my body had grown even more womanly. It didn't seem right to put the wrong loose clothes over them. I also exchanged my boxers for a silky black thong. It rode into my pussy and anus, rubbing against my sensitive parts.

I felt a secret thrill walking around campus knowing my beautiful body was receiving pleasure in front of everyone.

And this time, everybody was looking at me. When I had been Twig, people didn't notice me. Keets and I were always part of the background. Now as I walked across campus all eyes were on me.

People literally stopped to gawk at my new figure and body. One man had even fallen when a breeze blew up my skirt. I felt so powerful and wanted. I had never felt so confident in my entire life.

By the time I was in front of Dr. Charles office, I was riding on a complete high.

Chapter Five

Dr. Charles welcomed me to his plush office. It was at the end of the hall completely isolated from the rest of the building. It seemed all the rooms beside him were just storage closets.

"Usually teachers have their offices nearer the front but it's too noisy there. I requested this old supply closet since it has more privacy. Almost no one bothers me here. It's like my own private man cave." Dr. Charles explained. He had considerably loosened up. He had taken off his jacket and tie. The first two buttons of his shirt were unbuttoned showing me a big swath of his muscular chest.

"It's a very handsome office." I murmured demurely. Dr. Charles had decorated his space in the classic wooden style. I wouldn't have known it was a storage closet if he hadn't told me. It looked like an office a dean would have. Like him, the entire place just exuded authority.

He gestured for me to sit in front of his desk. I realized my skirt was a little too short. When I sat, it barely covered my thighs. My bare ass was rubbing against his seat. I still had a lot to learn about becoming a real woman.

"So Maggie, what can I help you with?" Instead of sitting behind his chair, he sat on his table with his long legs splayed out in front. It was a more informal pose that helped me relax. But I couldn't take my eyes off the immense bulge in the crotch of his pants. His package looked enormous.

"You have to promise not to tell anyone." I said to him. I searched his eyes carefully, trying to find out if I could trust him.

"Maggie, whatever it is, you can trust me. I'm your teacher." Dr. Charles smiled genuinely at me. There was no hidden agenda there. He truly wanted to help me.

"Actually, my name isn't Maggie. I'm actually Twig, I mean Tyler." I blustered through my confession. I could see the confusion in his eyes. I needed to convince him I was who I claimed to be. "I'm actually Twig your student. The first paper I submitted to your class is about dinosaurs and their feathered evolution. We later discussed how current scientist focus too much on their reptilian features. I showed you a picture of how a scientist today would describe a swan if he studied her bones."

Dr. Charles blinked at me harshly in disbelief. I knew it was a lot to take in.

"Ask me anything that would prove I'm actually Twig. Last Friday I realized I was a woman. When you offered me the internship, you asked if I had put on lipstick. I think that was the start of the transformation. Even then you knew something was strange about me." I needed him to believe me. He couldn't think I was crazy.

"Is this some kind of joke?" Dr. Charles pushed up his glasses to his nose. It was a gesture that most of us geeks were familiar with. Ever since my transformation, my eyes had cleared up. Besides turning into a woman, I also felt a lot stronger and healthier.

"No sir. I'm serious. You said drugs could change someone's gene expressions. I was hoping you could help me figure this out." I showed him the small pills I took from Keets. "I took these last Thursday and Friday. On Saturday I was a woman."

"That's not possible. Changes don't happen this quick." Dr. Charles rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Look. I'll prove to you I'm actually Twig." I pulled out my phone and showed him the screen. I logged into all my social media accounts using my old password. "See. It's really me."

"If this is some elaborate prank, it's not funny." Dr. Charles frowned at me. He wasn't kicking me out so some part of him probably believed I was who I claimed to be.

"I don't know how else to prove it you."

I started discussing various interactions we had over the semester. I repeated every essay I took from him. Dr. Charles started asking me a few questions. After a long back and forth, he finally seemed to believe me.

"Alright. I'll pretend to believe it's actually you. I admit the resemblance is close. If Twig were feminized he would look like you." Dr. Charles opened his mouth to say something more but stopped.

"Give me the pills. I'll see if that lab can find anything out." Dr. Charles held his palm open.

I dropped the pills into his hand. My fingers grazed across his palm. I didn't let go. Instead I held his thick fingers against my hand. His were so thick and long while mine had become slender and thin.

"I really can't help you with a lot right now. If what you're claiming is true, it's never happened before. I've never read a situation even remotely similar to yours. I'm not sure I would even know a solution after identifying the problem." Dr. Charles admitted to me. He took his hand back from me. "I'm truly sorry."

"It's okay Sir. I just knew I had to try. Being a woman is so different. I didn't know the other half lived like this." I shrugged. Dr. Charles kept his eyes completely focused on me. He was watching my every move. I suddenly shivered under the intensity of his gaze.

"Are there other changes you're experiencing?" He asked me gently.

"I..." I bit my lip not wanting to admit how horny I was feeling. But he was the one with a PHD. It would be best to tell him everything. "I'm more aware of men now. From Keets, my roommate to Mitch, my bully. I just seem to gravitate towards them. I can't stop thinking about sex. It feels like there's a burning need for me to be filled. It's so weird. I never thought about these things when I was a man. It's like puberty except so much worse. I find myself touching my clit when I see a sexy man passing by. My panties are always so wet that I've just decided to wear thongs to class."

"Oh." Dr. Charles pulled on his collar. His eyes briefly darted to my chest. Was that interest?

He quickly stood up and sat across from me. He crossed his legs but not before I was able to see the bulge in his pants grow. He was definitely interested in me.

"Does it happen with all men?" Dr. Charles tugged at his collar again. I could see the heat seep into his skin. This was making him as uncomfortable as I was.

Except my discomfort was a very kind different kind of unease. I couldn't help but rub my thighs together. We were completely alone. I couldn't stop thinking of him and his big muscles.

"Not all men. Some seem to affect me more than others. I can walk through campus and not be affected. But when I meet a man I want, I feel all feverish and excited." I bit my lips. I unbuttoned the first button of my blouse and fanned my ample chest. I realized my nipples had hardened into nubs now. Since I didn't own a bra, they made an indent in my shirt. "I seem to be searching for a real man who can satisfy my needs."

"I see." Dr. Charles suddenly stood up. "I think you should go now Maggie. I mean Twig. I can't help turn you back right now."

I stood up as well. But instead of heading for the door, I approached him and touched his chest. I pressed my two big boobs against his thick body. "I think you can help me with something else."

I pushed myself up against it. A heady moan left my mouth as I felt how thick and long he was. Keets was nowhere near his size.

"We shouldn't do this Twig." Dr. Charles voice was full of restraint. He didn't pull away. Instead his large hands found their way onto my hips.

"Please Sir. I need someone to answer this burning need inside me. I can't stop thinking about men. It's driving me crazy. There's no one else I can turn to." I whimpered softly. I ground my body against his, needing the friction, heat and contact.

"You're my student. We should do this." Dr. Charles gasped. His grip on my hips tightened. But he didn't push me away or pull me close. He just held me still.

"If you don't do this, I'll need to find somebody else. Please doctor." I looked up at his tall imposing figure.

His restraint crumbled as he looked into my eyes. He suddenly grabbed my ass and squeezed tightly. His fingers touched my bottom under my skirt. I groaned at how warm and strong his hands felt. Suddenly he lifted me up to him and captured my lips against his.

This was how a real man felt like. Dr. Charles was so dominant and sure as he kissed me hard. He pressed my entire body against his, letting me feel how much more powerful he was than me. My legs naturally wrapped themselves around his waist. He had no problems at all carrying me.

"Please." I gasped for air. He started nipping at my neck filling me with ecstasy. "I need more."

He unbuttoned my blouse and took it from my body. He grabbed hold of both of my breasts and started sucking on each nipple.

"Oh my god!" I cried out in pure pleasure. I had never felt anything like this in my life before. My whole body felt so sensitive and alive. I couldn't stop rubbing myself against his thick cock. I needed him inside me soon.

He placed me on his table. Soon we were both naked. I marveled at his masculine body. He was the epitome of human evolution. His ebony skin seemed to glow under the lamp light. His thick cock was bigger than anything I had imagined. It looked too impossibly big to fit inside me.

Yet I still wanted it. I wanted it so much that I was fingering my pussy in urgent desire.

Dr. Charles grunted as he saw my womanly body. His voice was deep and primal. He grabbed my legs possessively and put them on his shoulder. He aimed his thick cock at my entrance. It looked more than twice the size of my vagina. It would split me wide open.

"Are you ready?" Dr. Charles said as he began rubbing the thick spongy head of his cock against my pussy. He was teasing me with how hot his thick cock felt.

"Yes. Please." I was begging this man, my professor, my mentor to fuck me. I needed a real man to sate my needs.

He pushed inside me. The first stretch was magical. It felt so weird to be suddenly opened. As a man, I had never in my life experience a part of someone else enter me. The feeling was nothing like I could describe. His cock not only filled my walls but every part of me as well.

Before I could even make sense of the sensations, he started fucking me hard. His thrusts were quick but long, making me feel every single inch of him. He was pounding into my body hard. Soon I was a quivering mess. I couldn't understand what was happening to me, only that it was the most wonderful feeling in the world. This pleasure could be achieved as woman.

"Oh my god. Oh my god." I moaned uncontrollably. Something was happening. I could feel something want to burst out from me.

"Yes. Come for me baby. I know you want to." Dr. Charles rolled his hips making his cock graze against my overly sensitive clit.

My whole body shuddered as I climaxed more powerfully than I could ever imagine. It felt like my entire world was shaking. I felt his thick cock suddenly expand and throb inside me. Thick warm fluid filled my womb.

"Take my cum. You like my cock don't you." Dr Charles growled at me. He had filled me up completely.

"Yes." I moaned.

I had been wrong about my needs. I thought getting fucked would cure me of my desire. It only made the need stronger.

Chapter Six

After that meeting, I went to Dr. Charles every day after class to get an update on my condition and to get fucked down well and good.

Keets seemed to notice my happier mood and asked me about it. I told my friend everything from the thrilling sex to possibility of me changing back.

“Oh cool.” Keets nodded. He seemed a little disappointed I wasn’t only sleeping with him. But he couldn’t provide me with the dominance I needed. “Don’t forget about the comic con tomorrow. Supposedly they invited a big name comic book writer.”

“Oh shit. I completely forgot about that.” The change to becoming a woman had kept me busy the entire week. I had to buy new clothes, make-up and other stuff to live as a woman. There was so much to do.

“Are you not going?” Keets looked at me worriedly.

“Of course I’m going.” I playfully punched him in the shoulder. This was one thing I wouldn’t miss out on the world. Nothing could stop me from meeting my favorite authors and artists.

“There’s going to be a cosplay contest you know? The prize is like a two thousand dollars. With your Miss Magnanimous costume, I’m sure you could win.”

“No way. I can’t wear that in front of everyone. It’s so skimpy.” I instinctively reached my hand to cover my breasts. Now that everyone was always looking at me, I felt the lecherous stares from a lot of unwanted men.

“That sucks.” Keets grumbled. “I wanted to see you in it.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll wear it soon. Just not today. I’m pretty beat.” Dr. Charles had just fucked me hard. I still had his cum deep inside me. I went to sleep that night exhausted.

When I awoke the next morning, Keets had already left for the con. He always liked attending these things early. He left me a note telling me he would hold my place in line so I could sleep a little longer. Despite ignoring him pretty much the entire week, he was still my best friend.

I looked at the Miss Magnanimous costume again. It was calling out to me. I decided to hell with it and put it on.

Immediately I realized how well the costume fit. It was as if it was made to be worn by this body. The breastplate fit snugly around my waist. It supported my boobs, enhancing my cleavage while boosting the rest up. The bodice fit snugly around my waist. The skirt was extremely short, just barely covering my front but leaving my plump underside hanging.

When I looked in the mirror, it was exactly how Miss Magnanimous looked in the comics. I tried her various iconic poses. I looked like I had just jumped out of the page and into real life. I was every geek’s wet dream.

More than myself, I realized I had to show the world what Miss Magnanimous would look like as real person. I headed out wearing my gorgeous golden costume. Everyone around me stopped to gawk at me. But instead of feeling leered at, I felt their awe at my beauty and power.

Numerous little girls came up to me wanting a picture. I obliged all of them. All the men lusted after me. All the women wanted to be me.

When I arrived at the con, I saw Keets waiting for me in line.

But instead of looking elated, his shoulders were sunk low and he was looking down. He may have had the body of an Adonis but he was still the same shy best friend I had all these years. Mitch Brockman had showed up in the con and was teasing him relentlessly.

I didn’t even need to be near them to hear the words he was using. Keets was so much taller and bigger than Mitch now. He just hid his new growth under baggy shirts and loose pants. Unlike me, he hadn’t embraced his transformation. There had to be a way to make this problem end permanently.

I had to help him out.

The plan slowly started to form in my head. It could just work.

I walked up to them grabbed Keet’s arm and held them against my breasts. I stood on my toes to give him a peck on the cheek.

“Hey honey. Hows it going?” I rubbed my hands all over Keets’ chest. He still took the green pill everyday. His body was becoming bigger and stronger than before.

“Woah. You don’t need to hang around with some loser like him. There’s a real man waiting right in front of you.” Mitch suddenly flexed in front of me, full of swagger and confidence. He had put on the barest of costumes, consisting of a loin cloth and not much else.

“Keets isn’t a loser. He’s my boyfriend.” I said again. I thought by having a hot girl on his arm, Keets would get the respect he deserved. From the way Mitch was looking at me, it seemed like all I achieved was putting myself in danger.

“Come on babe. Look at him.” Mitch gestured towards Keets’ bad posture and hunched shoulders. “Bet he has a tiny dick. Why don’t you take this slab of real meat.” Mitch lifted his loin cloth and squeezed his hard cock.

It was small at least compared to Dr. Charles and Keets. I couldn’t help but start laughing. Mitch had been clearly compensating for his tiny dick by being a complete douchebag. When Keets saw it, he couldn’t help but snigger as well. Mitch was all talk and no weight.

“That thing isn’t enough to satisfy me. Keets is way bigger.” I grabbed Keets package and squeezed the thick tool. He hardened quickly making a tent in his pants that easily dwarfed whatever Mitch was packing.

“You fucking bitch. I’m going to make you suck my dick.” Mitch reached out to grab me.

I was too stunned to move out of the way. I never thought he would be violent.

But his hand never reached me.

Keets had reached in front of me and grabbed Mitch’s wrist.

“Let go you geek.” Mitch growled threateningly.

“Get off.” Keets suddenly pushed Mitch’s hand away. There was so much force that Mitch fell on his ass, completely off balance. He looked at Keets with surprise and awe. “Don’t you ever come near me, Twig or my girlfriend ever again. Got it?”

Keets glared him down. He flexed his muscles. Even I was intimidated.

Mitch quickly scurried away in fear. He didn’t look back at us even once.

A week ago both Keets and I would be scared of this big jock. But now we realized he was just a pathetic loser who picked on the little guy because he could. Now all of that had changed.

Keets stood in front of me protectively. He had stood up and defended himself. He was my hero.

Before I even realized what I was doing, I grabbed his face and kissed him hard. My lips pressed against his. His tongue started pushing past mine. It felt so good and so right to be kissing my best friend.

“You were so amazing.” I gasped. I realized I had jumped and he was holding me up entirely on my own.

“I couldn’t let him touch you.” Keets said breathlessly. His hard cock was pressing against my entrance. I wanted him so badly. “Later. We still have the rest of the con to finish.”

“Of course.” I disengaged from him. I was so hot for him right now. The way he rejected my advances only made me want him more.

“You look so good right now. There’s no way you’re not winning the grand prize.” Keets admired me in my costume. He made me twirl around, showing off my new toned body.

When we both entered the con, we were immediately at the center of attention. Nearly every person complimented me on my beauty and costume. I was the most perfect Miss Magnanimous they had ever seen. Everyone wanted to take pictures with me.

I would have been mobbed but Keets was my bodyguard. He stood tall making sure everyone was respectful of me. Nobody dared to touch me without my permission. He stood as my strong and intimidating bodyguard. He took his shirt off, making sure everyone knew just who they would be messing with.

He looked so powerful and intimidating that I wanted to rip his pants off and fuck him then and there.

The contest started. And just as we predicted. I won the whole thing by a landslide. The other contestants weren’t even bitter. They just wanted to take more pictures with me. I won the two thousand dollars easy. I was even approached by someone claiming to be a studio executive. They wanted me to audition for the role in the movie.

The rest of the con proceeded with just as much excitement. We met all our favorite authors. We got tons of merchandise. I even completed an entire collection of figurines. People were willing to give me tons of free stuff.

It was the best comic con of my life.

By the time we were both home, we were both exhausted and happy.

“I had a great time today.” Keets said as he packed away all our stuff.

I laid on my bed still wearing my uniform. I wondered if he still had energy left to fuck me. I decided to find out. I slipped my panties right out of my costume. I made sure he knew I was wearing nothing underneath the skirt.

“Fuck yes.” Keets was on me immediately. He stripped out of his clothes showing me his perfect masculine form. If the pills had made me the most beautiful woman in the world, they turned Keets into the perfect male specimen.

He was all hard muscle on top of me. I squirmed under his fingers. They were touching and grabbing me everywhere. I was about to take the costume off when Keets stopped me.

“Leave it on. You look so hot. I can’t believe I get to have sex with Miss Magnanimous.” Keets said hungrily. He pushed inside me with his thick cock.

I was screaming in pleasure. He had so much strength with each powerful thrust. His cock was thick and wide, grazing my clit. He pounded my pussy, with his balls slapping against my snatch.

Then he pulled out and turned me over. He was so controlling and demanding. I didn’t know where this Keets

came from, but I loved every minute of it. In this new position, he completely let loose fucking me hard. His hands were tight on my hips, holding me steady as he pounded me furiously.

It was pure raw animalistic sex.

"I'm cumming." Keets cried out. He held me tightly as his cock pulsed inside my pussy.

The spurt of his warm cum was all I needed to climax myself. I trembled powerfully in his embrace. Then we both collapsed on the bed.

"That was amazing," Keets murmured into my ear. He nuzzled my neck affectionately.

"I'm going to feel this tomorrow." I giggled happily. It was the best sex I ever had. While he didn't have the same technique and stamina, I knew with enough practice, Keets could become an excellent lower. I could still feel his cum swimming inside me.

"Did you mean what you said a while ago?" Keets suddenly asked.

"What did I say?" I murmured happily as he spooned me from behind. I felt his long cock slide against my backside.

"Are you my girlfriend?" Keets voice went low and serious.

"Yes." I answered immediately. There was no one I had more fun in my entire life. We shared so many things together. It just felt right to say yes to him. I don't think I could find a man who could compliment me as well as Keets. We just fit together.

"Good." Keets pulled me close to him.

My phone suddenly buzzed. It was a text from Dr. Charles.

I found a cure.

Chapter Seven

“Hmmm... that’s right. By using this chemical as a carrier, we can make the gene therapy much more effective. Your observations and notes are impeccable as always Twig,” Dr. Charles said as he typed on the computer. He had just reviewed the result of my experiment.

I had begun interning for him the entire summer. The main basis for our current experiment was my genetic code. It was a new avenue of research that held promising results in the further enhancement of humans.

“Oh!” Dr. Charles exclaimed suddenly. “I didn’t think about that part. You are right. It’s more like the aberrant gene is in sequence 22.”

Despite only being a freshman, I was quick learner. After a weekend crash course with him, I was able to effectively help him out as a lab assistant.

“Oh fuck I can’t think like this. Your mouth feels so good. You’re getting so good at this” Dr. Charles stroked my long blond hair as I deep-throated him. I loved sucking his long black cock. Whenever we had some down time during research, it was my favorite activity to do.

Despite finding the cure for my transformation, I decided I liked staying as a woman more. In many ways my new life was more fulfilling. I was more beautiful and confident than I had ever been. Making the switch was no hard decision at all.

My life was so busy now, that I barely had time to play video games and read comic books.

School work had become very intensive ever since I took Dr. Charles as a mentor. He gave me all the tools I needed to become an evolutionary scientist. He started me early, giving me tons of books and research to read. My brain was quick to learn all the new concepts. I was like a sponge for knowledge.

It also helped that my reward for doing a good job was an amazing good and deep fucking.

Cosplaying had also begun to take up some of my time. As a woman, I could be Miss Magnanimous incarnate. I had become a professional cosplayer making numerous paid appearances at a variety of comic cons. There was so much fun to be had exploring different cities and meeting new people. It was a path I had never considered before. Keets joined me at every con. He became more confident even cosplaying as the All-American Captain Kindness. We were the powerhouse duo.

And in real life, we started dating. Keets was the perfect gentlemen outside the bedroom and a beast inside it. With some careful instruction from Dr. Charles, Keets had become an excellent lover. He was able to satisfy all my needs.

And he was so kind and understanding, he allowed me to play with other men like Dr. Charles. He didn’t limit any of my experiences. He even helped me explore my new body in ways I couldn’t even have imagined.

I never felt this happy in my entire life. And all of this happened because I had become a woman. There really wasn’t a question at all if I wanted to become a man again.

“I’m getting so close.” Dr. Charles groaned as he started skull-fucking me deeper. He was using my throat as his personal pussy.

I loved every minute of this domination. I squeezed my throat around him tightly. His thick cock spasmed and grew inside. Then he was spurting deep down in my gullet. Dr. Charles collapsed on his chair, his thick cock plopping out of my mouth.

“That was intense. You want me to eat you out?” Dr. Charles offered kindly. He knew how horny I got when I sucked dick.

“Not today.” I wiped his semen off my lips. “Keets and I have a special event coming up.”

“Take care.” Dr. Charles kissed me farewell. He grabbed a handful of ass before sending me off.

When I arrived home, Keets was waiting by the door.

“Is he ready?” I asked him.

“He’s been waiting all day for you. Did everything I asked.” Keets grinned at me wickedly.

One change we didn’t count on was Mitch Brockman.

After the incident at the comic con, we thought it would be the last we heard of him. But after a week, he came groveling back to us. He told us he couldn’t stop thinking about me. Keets had changed so much. He wanted to be like Keets. He wanted to fuck me. He wanted to know our secret. He would do anything for it. He became Keets and myself’s personal slave. He wanted to appease both of us so badly.

In many ways, that must have been what he wanted all along. He had been a secret geek like us but couldn’t explain it because of his macho attitude. It was why he was teasing us all these years. Keets and I decided to give him a chance. He wanted to serve us so we let him.

Today was the final day of his test.

I opened the door to find Mitch Brockman standing up completely naked. He had a collar around his neck and his hands handcuffed behind his back.

“Have you been a good boy Bitch?” I asked him. I flicked his now normal sized cock. I had given pills to grow his penis after a week of good servitude. Mitch had been so grateful.

“Yes. I did everything Keets asked me to do.” Mitch licked his lips as he watched me strip down naked.

“You ready to sink your cock into this soft velvety pussy.” I nudged my vagina against his slick cockhead.

“Yes please.” Mitch gasped. He tried to push forward but Keets had held his hips steady. He was standing behind Mitch looming like a tall tower.

“You know what fucking me means right? Keets won’t have a hole for himself to fill.” I pushed the front of his cock into my entrance. My folds wrapped tightly around his cock. He shuddered in deep ecstasy,

“Please. Keets can fuck me. I want it just as bad. Please.” Mitch begged.

Keets and I looked at each other. Maybe we had a whole new candidate for the pink pill.

Things were going to be fun.