

**FIXING
HIM**

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Only **ADULTS** beyond this point.

All characters are consenting adults at least eighteen years old.

1



During the weekends, I spent more time at Ruby's house than my own. It was the excitement of having my first girlfriend; when any situation presented sex as a possibility, I wanted to be ready for it, and those opportunities were frequent with her parents always being gone. Except I had this little problem. But kind of a big problem. Every young man's worst nightmare, but a hundred times more embarrassing.

Ruby was on the mattress, spread and ready. Her shaved pussy gave me the biggest hard-on. And everything about her body was a dream: her killer figure, her perky tits, and that shoulder-length blonde hair. She looked like an angel showing me the entrance to heaven.

"It won't be embarrassing," she said—as if the last five attempts hadn't happened. I was thankful she still wanted to *try*. "It's actually kind of flattering."

My dick throbbed and throbbed. I eyed the separation between our bodies. She was glistening down there, and I was dripping pre-cum. The scent of her made me dizzy.

"I don't want to disappoint you," I said.

"Evan, just do it."

It's going to happen again, I thought, not trusting my body for a second.

With my hands trembling, I grabbed her thighs and thrust forward. My erection neared that wet portal of tremendous pleasure, and it was everything my mind and body wanted in that moment. I teased her entrance, feeling those velvety lips against my glans. Already my balls were *aching* for release after watching her strip down and present herself to me.

Biting my lip, I pushed inside.

Feeling those slick walls expand around my cock like a sleeve was the most incredible feeling—for that second or two of about an inch of my erection penetrating her. Then the tightness at the base of my balls gave way to an exploding warmth, and I shook and shivered as my orgasm consumed me. I withdrew my cock and, with my usual helpless feeling, watched several ropes of cum shoot across Ruby's abdomen.

"No," I whined, trying to sense the muscles that would hold it all inside me, if guys could even do that. Instead, I painted her tummy with several streaks of jizz before the flow finally slowed down.

It was my worst enemy: premature ejaculation.

For whatever reason, puberty had made me too sensitive. At least once a week, I had wet dreams and creamed my boxer shorts. I used to assume this was normal. However, that extreme sensitivity also had an effect on my day-to-day activities. In high school, I'd

had to drop out of sports completely because any material rubbing against my junk for a few sustained minutes would cause a sticky accident. Other times, I didn't even have to be playing sports. If I saw a hot girl out in public, my body would get cranking on those floodgates. I'd accidentally jizzed in my underwear so many times. Hell, I'd blown a load in a bank once because the teller had a sexy voice.

This handicap also ruined any attempts at actual sex.

Like right now.

"I'm sorry," I said, with my hard-on already deflating. *Yeah, terrific job there*, I imagined telling it. *Time for you to relax now, huh?* In reality, I just felt worthless. Around my sexy girlfriend, I had one job as a man, and I couldn't even do that.

Ruby propped herself up on her elbows, studying the mess. "Maybe you need to see a doctor," she said. "That's what they're for, Evan. Lots of guys have issues like this."

"Oh yeah? How many do you know have the same issue?"

She glared at me. "What are you trying to say?"

"Nothing. It's a serious question. Because I never heard guys talking about it in the locker room."

"Did *you* ever bring it up around *your* friends?"

"Well, no, but I really don't want to talk to a doctor about it. The town doctor knows everyone, including my parents. They'll probably think I'm a disappointment if I suffer from premature ejaculation, and then blame porn, somehow."

Ruby sighed. "Evan, you're blowing this out of proportion. Just eat me out."

At least that was something I could do—although doing so did make me jizz again. My dick was so stupid.

After another bodily embarrassment, a week went by without another attempt at intimacy. I told myself I'd actually search the internet and find more information about premature ejaculation, but I never got around to it. And a doctor visit was a little more risky than my humiliating condition becoming a subject of gossip, regardless of those doctor-patient confidentiality agreements. I was on my mom's insurance plan. She was the type of woman who made spreadsheets about her monthly expenses. Some clinic visit would get noticed immediately, and I'd get interrogated.

The next Saturday, I was all alone at home. Ruby had texted me about coming over, and when the doorbell rang, I knew it had to be her. If she was expecting her boyfriend to successfully achieve intercourse for longer than a half-thrust, she was going to be sorely disappointed.

I opened the door.

Ruby wasn't alone. There was an older Hispanic woman—who was *extremely curvy*—standing alongside her. And immediately my eyes were consuming every detail of this stranger, from her textured leggings stretched around her massively thick thighs and hips, to her cleavage spilling out of her blue top, which was tied underneath to contain those brown *mountains*. She was heavysset, but not in a fat way; she was just ridiculously voluptuous, a woman made of tits and hips.

My poor dick was straining. It was a miracle it didn't make a sticky scene right then and there.

"Hey, Evan," my girlfriend greeted me. "I know you're reluctant about finding help for your *condition*, so I found someone that makes house calls. This is Sofia."

Sofia extended her hand. I shook it. "Hello," she said. "It's a pleasure to meet you. I'm an ejaculation control specialist."

An ejaculation control specialist? I thought. *That's a thing?* It sounded like a joke, as if my girlfriend and this woman were making all this up on the spot. Our handshake caused her magnificent bosom to jiggle and wobble. My dick, once again, nearly exploded. Outside of porn, I had never seen boobs the size of hers. Needless to say, I was entranced and amazed.

They came inside. And Sofia didn't seem to be in on some joke at all—mainly because she immediately *assessed my sexual issues* by groping my crotch. Of course, the reaction was inevitable. After a few seconds of her hand squeezing my cock and balls, and being wordlessly confused about it, the need to unleash a torrent of cum reached uncontrollable levels, and I shook and trembled as my underwear absorbed several splats.

“Oh, we do have much work to do, don't we?” Sofia said, taking her hand off my groin.

I looked at my girlfriend. I wasn't sure if I should be angry at her for telling someone else or appreciative that she was trying to help me. I stood there sort of stunned.

“I did some extensive research online,” she said, taking my hand. “Sofia is here to help, Evan. She's the best professional my allowance could buy. And after she's finished, we can finally have sex. Because we both know I want to feel you inside me.”

Sofia stood next to Ruby, smiling.

“But...” I started. “I mean...uh...”

“Don't worry, Evan,” Sofia said. “I have been treating young men like you for over ten years. There's no need to be embarrassed. I'm going to fix you.”

For that to happen, Ruby was asked to leave. I didn't like that she knew my parents' work schedule well enough to pull a stunt like this, but now that Sofia the ejaculation specialist was here, I didn't have the courage to tell her to leave. Ruby blew me a kiss and wished me luck.

When Sofia and I were alone, she asked where my bedroom was. I pointed, then followed her. Her body in those leggings continued to be unbelievable as I watched her huge ass sway back and forth. It had to be twice as big as my girlfriend's, every step causing a shock wave of ripples across her hips and rear. I had never thought I was interested in women of Sofia's size, but my dick said otherwise. It was already straining against my sticky underwear again.

Sofia sniffed. “Mm, yes. Every male teenager's room has an identical odor,” she said, turning into my bedroom. I followed her in. “The problem you have, Evan, is an erotic over-stimulation.” She gestured to a poster on the wall.

That's just a woman in a bikini, I thought, a fairly tame decoration for guys' bedrooms. And I used to visit a friend who shamelessly covered his wall with topless women—with no complaint from his parents.

Sofia, however, immediately reached up and tore it down.

“Hey,” I said. “You can't just come into my room and start redecorating without—”

“Is this the computer you look at pornography on?”

“Uh, yeah...”

Sofia reached behind the desk and unplugged it. But she didn't stop there; she bent down, removed a panel from the computer case, and pulled out the hard drive. Obviously, I was mesmerized by her skintight leggings splitting her huge ass during this, not realizing what she was doing until she laid the drive on the desk. And I didn't know computers well enough to install it back in.

“Hey, what the hell?” I said. “I have more than porn on there, you know.”

“You will be issued a laptop while you are my patient,” she said, standing back up.

“How does that fix anything?”

“Like I said, you are a victim of erotic over-stimulation, Evan. You are surrounded by sensual imagery of the female body through media that has been brainwashing you since the moment you were born.”

Brainwashing me? I thought. Hopefully my girlfriend had done her research and not hired a crazy woman, but I didn’t like what I was hearing.

Sofia sat on my bed and patted the mattress next to her. Nervously, I sat down. She reached into her colossal bosom and produced a flask of some purple gel. Next, she was unbuttoning my shorts and exposing my manhood. “Tell me about your history of premature ejaculation,” she said, while fondling me.

“Um,” I said. “I don’t know. It started right after puberty. I can’t be with girls because I embarrass myself. Ruby was the first girlfriend I’ve ever tried to go all the way with. But clearly I can’t, because my dick’s broken.”

“Mm,” Sofia replied.

I didn’t know what her plan was, but her hand did no less than jerk me off, and soon I was sporting another erection. Before I blew another load, however, she squirted some of that unlabeled gel into her palm and spread it all over my manhood. It was cool and tingly, and made me squirm a little—at least initially, because then it began to burn slightly. She continued rubbing it around, covering my whole dick in it before it gradually disappeared like a lotion being rubbed in. I was so horny I was trembling.

“I want you to be able to spend quality time with the opposite sex, Evan,” she said. “But some changes will have to be made in your life. If you want this too, please nod.”

I did nod. It was what I wanted. Everyone else was having sex, and it was as important for me as it was for Ruby. I didn’t want to disappoint her. I wanted to stop ejaculating prematurely.

Expectedly, the stimulation of the gel and Sofia’s rhythmic hand resulted in another eruption from my balls. I groaned softly as more ropes of jizz shot forth and splattered on the hardwood floor and my legs. The gel, now absorbed, seemed to burn deep inside me, encompassing my dick and balls. It was kind of soothing.

Sofia: “Now we have begun your healing.”

2



“Well?” Ruby asked, in between sips of Diet Coke from her TOP DOG! cup. It was a pleasant day outside, and the light breeze toyed with her blonde hair. “What exactly did Sofia do?”

She seemed a little crazy, I thought, but didn’t say so. Instead I said: “Her theory was that I was over-stimulating myself, or something. Teenage boys are exposed to too much erotic imagery, and...” I spun my hands. “Lotta technical, medical stuff about my condition.”

“Are you fixed?”

“After one session? I don’t think so.”

Regardless, my girlfriend’s foot reached across under the table, and soon the tip of her sandal was rubbing my groin area. I nervously looked around. The Top Dog! outdoor seating area was mostly occupied on this Sunday lunch hour. But this fact didn’t stop my girlfriend from giving me a unique and discreet masturbation with her toes.

Surprisingly, I felt no arousal from this. Overall, the whole area between my legs felt sort of numb, as if there was some kind of desensitization happening. I wondered again about that strange purple gel. Was Sofia using a trusted medical remedy, or was it some kind of snake oil? I trusted that my girlfriend hadn’t spent only three minutes on the web and picked the first *ejaculation control specialist* that she came across.

I still didn’t believe that such a person existed. It seemed like a scam.

“Any reaction?” she said.

I shook my head. “Not yet.”

“Maybe she did do something.”

I was still pissed about her taking my hard drive. What kind of medical protocol was that supposed to be?

Ruby and I finished our meals and went back to her house—a safer bet, since my folks were currently home and we were giving each other hints about some locked-door antics. Once we made it inside her bedroom, she was all over me, kissing me and groping my crotch. I returned plenty of foreplay with my hands on her tits. She rarely wore bras, and her tight halter top was showing off two erect nipples. That was fine by me. It made this part easier.

After some frantic smooching, she pulled back. Her hand was still on my junk as she laughed. “Uh, Evan? Maybe whatever Sofia did worked a little *too* well. You’re not even hard yet. Usually at this point you’re about to split your pants open.”

“Yeah, that is weird,” I said.

But I *was* aroused. My loins were throbbing and burning after Ruby's passionate aggression, and I was eager for our clothes to come off. She removed her top first. Her perfectly perky tits jutted out, their nipples begging for a mouth to come along and suck them. I was a happy volunteer. However, before that could happen, she unzipped my shorts and pushed her hands against my briefs.

"Evan, seriously," she said. "You're so soft that..." Her expression started to change from happiness to confusion.

"What?" I said.

"I can't even find it. Did you lose it?"

Then it was my turn to laugh. In my head, the way she meant it was that I'd misplaced my manhood somewhere, like my keys or phone. "How would I lose it? I'm attached to it."

By now, our fooling around was on hold. We both looked down at my groin. My briefs displayed no bulge whatsoever. In fact, the material, which was designed for those *extra contents* on men's bodies, was loose and frumpled, with seemingly nothing to push it out. Whatever had happened didn't hurt, but obviously my mind was replaying the scene of Sofia rubbing that gel on my dick over and over.

Ruby lowered my underwear.

She didn't scream, but she recoiled like she'd uncovered a big spider, and her hands flew over her mouth as her eyes—now much larger—fixated on my groin.

I didn't appear to *have* a manhood. There was just nothing. Except a sparse patch of brown pubic hair marking the spot where my dick *should've* been located. Initially, my prediction of this mutilation to my reproductive parts was that I'd been castrated; I was like a doll now.

She really is crazy, I thought, knowing this couldn't have happened on its own. Sofia had, somehow, caused my cock and balls to completely disappear. How was *that* supposed to be a solution to my premature ejaculation problem?

Well, it kind of was. I had nothing to prematurely ejaculate with.

It didn't make me any less furious.

"Evan..." Ruby started. "Oh no."

"Yeah, that's odd," I said. "Everything's gone. There's not even a mark."

"What? No, Evan. You have a *pussy*."

My breath caught in my throat. *Did she just say...*

From my perspective, it looked featureless. But when I reached down there to probe around, I realized my girlfriend's assessment was the correct one. Down where my scrotum should've been, my fingertips touched something that was *wet* and *puffy*—and unexpectedly sensitive as well. I nearly bit my tongue off, fearing what this evidence meant. But sure enough, as I explored more, I felt a *slit* running forward to back, as soft and inviting as my girlfriend's pussy always was. The warmth in my loins gained new layers now as I sensed this opening between my legs, and an *emptiness* inside my lower abdomen.

"That bitch," Ruby said. "I'm sorry, Evan. This wasn't what I wanted. She was supposed to fix you."

She fixed me, all right, I thought. *Like a dog*.

My girlfriend was already getting her phone. I remained standing there in shock and with my underwear down while she called the specialist.

“What did you do?” she demanded, skipping any form of greeting. “You made my boyfriend’s dick disappear! He’s a *girl* down there! This isn’t what I wanted for our relationship, lady!”

I was lucky her parents weren’t home. She was giving Sofia hell.

Meanwhile, I continued focusing on this latest discovery. There was no seam or anything; the vagina I now possessed really was attached to me and a *part of me*, however impossible that should’ve been. I trembled nervously as I felt around, getting acquainted with its sensitivity. Obviously the lips of my new vulva were pretty unmistakable features, and it didn’t require much pressure to stick my finger between them. I did so, but only briefly. It was too damn weird. More fascinating was my *clitoris*. It was by far the most sensitive and reactive part, making me quiver as I flicked my finger across it.

Honestly, the more I explored, the less worried I was. Playing with myself had never been something I was capable of. Watching porn made me jizz my pants in five seconds. But now I *could* touch myself down there without making a mess, and the feelings I got from my new sexual organ were intricate and hypnotic.

I also realized that when eating out my girlfriend I should be playing with her clit more.

Ruby: “There’s a reversal gel? Well, that’s great. You should get over here as soon as possible and use it, because Evan isn’t a girl, and I’m not a lesbian.” Pause. “You *won’t*? That’s ridiculous! How is this part of a lesson? If he’s going to stop ejaculating prematurely, he needs something to ejaculate with, don’t you think?” Pause. “I’m *not* putting him in my panties. Are you seriously insane?”

I wasn’t sure if the conversation reached a conclusion, or if she flat-out hung up on Sofia. Either way, the phone flew away from her ear and she huffed her frustration.

“I’m so going to leave her a terrible review on Google,” she said.

My interest had been piqued a few seconds prior. “What was she talking about?” I said. “She wants me to wear panties?”

“Yeah. *Her* dumb idea is that, like, your male underwear is inappropriate now. It’s too abrasive. You need something softer and silkier. It sounds like a bunch of nonsense.” Her gaze dropped to my altered groin again. “Well, they *would* fit better. They wouldn’t bunch up. But I never thought I should be sharing panties with my boyfriend.”

All the ramifications of this were still entering my mind, some slower than others. I’d have to use the bathroom differently. I’d have to *sit down*. And would I get periods? Did I have a uterus, or was this only an external change? I felt a little woozy.

“I feel like I should call the cops or something,” Ruby said with a frustrated laugh. “I mean, who does this? But she claims this is all part of your healing. So.” She shrugged. “If you want to wear my panties, that’s fine. I’ll loan you some for however long this lasts. Here.” She went over to her dresser and opened the top drawer.

I’d never been lucky enough to see her panty collection. Although I didn’t exactly feel lucky right now. After fully stripping out of my underwear and shorts, I joined her and gazed inside. She had a few dozen pairs, all neatly folded and arranged. For no particular reason, my hands gravitated toward a white silky example that was printed over with hearts. It was undeniably girly, and my heart raced a little as I stepped into it. *This is immoral for guys to do*, my brain was trying to insist, like my masculinity was at stake from one little pair of ladies’ underwear going up my legs.

It fit better than I anticipated. And it was so soft, adhering to my pubic area gently and comfortably. It *immediately* felt nicer than my briefs. I knew I was blushing, but I didn't lie to Ruby when she asked me for my opinion on them.

She partly covered her eyes with a hand. "If I cover your top half, you *almost* look like a girl. Your feet aren't that large. And your legs aren't too hairy."

Being over at my girlfriend's house, my mindset was still in an intimate mood, regardless of what was between my legs. And, well, she was still topless. Maybe I was absent a particular *tool*, but I was still aroused by her naked breasts all the same, and blood still flowed into my crotch, causing a warmth to swirl in and around my new pussy—there was just nothing to inflate. At least not by several inches.

Wordlessly, we resumed making out. While we kissed, I reached underneath her skirt and rubbed *her* mound, finding all those features that were now evident on me. Quickly, the snug cotton began to feel damper as I rubbed her clit continuously.

Not long after, she began to rub me the same way.

I knew this was probably just as weird for her as it was for me, the both of us touching each other's pussies. But she never said anything. And if there was any timidity, it vanished early on. Our tongues mingled hotly and heavily as our fingers got busier, and she became like my instructional guide for reciprocating. My clit started to throb intensely, and all I wanted was *more* as I heard her beginning to pant in a way she never had before.

And then, my problem reared its head.

I came.

My shaking body almost collapsed against her as my loins were engulfed in a tingling warmth, pulsating the strongest right behind my pussy. I jerked and groaned as wetness trickled out, turning my recently borrowed panties into a soggy sponge for the new sorts of juices my body produced. But the orgasm was amazing; it went on longer, and it left me with such a blissful, cozy feeling after, like I'd accomplished something incredible.

Ruby was smiling. "That was pretty fast for a girl," she said. "I think Sofia still has some work to do. So. Um. Do you want to eat me out again? You probably learned a lot from that."

Suddenly my new genitalia seemed less a factor in our relationship as I joined her on the bed and got busy with my mouth and tongue. With my newfound knowledge of those quirky female apparatuses, I made her climax harder than ever before.

3



Sofia's second session filled the afternoon of another weekend—when my parents were conveniently gone. Seriously, I hadn't noticed how often I had the house to myself. Now I wished Mom and Dad stayed in more often. It might've prevented me from losing my dick to this so-called *ejaculation control specialist*.

I was seated at the dining room table. And also naked from the waist down, with a remote-control vibrating egg inserted in my pussy. The sensation of it being stuck inside my new orifice was weird enough; its presence constantly reminded me of how stretchy and damp the inside of my vagina was, and having the nerve endings to *feel* its size and shape made me downright uncomfortable.

Sofia held the little pink remote. I was sweating.

"Please watch the slideshow," she instructed, wearing a red blouse and black skirt, looking like either a secretary or a teacher. Beside her was a relevant laptop.

I sighed. "How long will it be before I get my dick back?"

"The length of the process varies from person to person," she said.

That was vague. And in the way that cops had badges, I really wanted to see some kind of proof that she'd been to a medical school and gotten a degree, so that I could be assured that she knew what she was talking about.

She tapped a key and started the slideshow—which was a generous name for it. Really, she was just manually cycling through pictures in an image-viewer program. The first picture that greeted my eyes featured a redheaded young woman wearing some sexy red lingerie. Being a man with a healthy sexual appetite, my gaze took the tour of the subject's cleavage and figure repeatedly, quenching my horny curiosity.

Sofia said nothing. I said nothing.

What a slideshow.

She tapped the key, advancing to the next picture. Now I was looking at a shirtless man who could've been a model for a Ralph Lauren ad, wearing nothing but shorts and lounging outside with his arms behind his head.

The egg in my pussy started buzzing.

Jesus, I thought, squirming as that stupid thing vibrated against the inner walls of my pussy. It made my whole body cringe and shiver.

Sofia faintly smiled. "A positive sexual reaction to a man. How interesting."

"What?" I blurted. "W-wait a second..." I could hardly talk as I was assaulted with one of the weirdest sensations I'd ever experienced for ten consecutive seconds. Then it

thankfully quit, leaving my whole groin tingling. “That wasn’t a *sexual* reaction. You’re the one in control of the button.”

Sofia didn’t reply and continued on.

I was shown two more pictures: both ladies. One was Megan Fox. Another was either Jessica Alba or Jessica Biel—I always got them confused, but they were both hot and both easy candidates for giving me an erection, if I’d had the proper equipment. In my current situation, the reaction was sort of dull and unclear.

Then another hunky man appeared.

The buzzing returned.

“H-hey, no...” I said, gripping the chair underneath me. The egg’s vibrations were so intense that I could feel them in my clitoris, and there was a tiny bit of juice trickling out of my pussy. Also, it made my nipples hard. “This...*ah*...isn’t *fair*.”

“What’s not fair?” Sofia asked. “This is the healing process, Evan. Your girlfriend informed me that, even without your penis, you still climaxed prematurely. This is how your new genitalia is properly calibrated.”

She’s totally crazy! I thought.

The same theme continued throughout the slideshow. When half-naked women were displayed on the laptop, my pussy was undisturbed. But when *men* were shown—all with gorgeous muscular bodies that I was jealous of, frankly—Sofia hit that damn button again. I started to anticipate it, and she’d purposely wait a second or two between showing me the picture and activating the egg, so my mind would feel the pleasure *in advance* of the toy in my pussy putting out vibrations.

Was she conditioning me to feel an attraction to men?

Was that even possible?

I didn’t know how it could get more ridiculous, but it did. The women went away. Now there were pornographic images of *genitals*. As expected, the vaginas coincided with no reaction, and the cocks brought me pleasure. I cursed that damn woman under my breath, but what she was doing was having an effect on me. And about thirty or so images into this ridiculous slideshow, while looking at an image of a huge erect cock dripping pre-cum, I shuddered as my body climaxed. I went tense in the chair, shaking and biting my lip so as to not let myself moan—albeit a few found their way out. Pussy juice leaked down my leg.

“Looking at men clearly excites you,” Sofia concluded.

“No,” I said. “I’m only attracted to women.”

The pictures continued. At one point, my attention drifted away completely, until I was staring at Sofia’s tremendous rack. Pretty much her entire chest was cleavage, the creamy brown valley stretching from just below her collarbone nearly to probably where her belly button was. I really missed my dick right then. Because if I’d had a dick, I would’ve been rewarded for that wonderful sight; blood would’ve rushed into my groin and given me a big, throbbing erection. It wouldn’t have lasted long, but I would’ve felt like a man for jizzing in my underwear.

“Please direct your attention to the slideshow,” she said, noticing my distracted state.

I sighed, and my pussy buzzed again.

After that torture was over, she led me into my parents’ bedroom. I had no idea what to expect now—and from wearing no pants, having a pussy, and dealing with that

vibrating egg that she might activate at any moment, my expectations were out the window. She opened my mom's closet.

"Pick an outfit for yourself from this assortment of women's clothing, Evan," she instructed.

"But, that's my *mom's* clothes," I argued.

Sofia gave me a stern look.

I was tired of today's session. And I wanted it to be finished as quickly as possible. So I obeyed, but I made sure she saw me shaking my head.

First, I needed pants. Some jeans caught my eye. I pulled them off the hanger, then showed them to Sofia. She shook her head, as if to say they weren't acceptable.

Well, what is? I wondered.

I flipped through the garments and found a white denim skirt. Shortly after, my pussy buzzed. So that's what it was. Sofia wanted me to wear something that showed a little skin, since apparently I was a girl now, who was supposed to like guys—after trying to get some help for my premature ejaculation issue. This *specialist* was out of her mind.

Nevertheless, I put on the skirt. It was nothing fancy, and it had a button and zipper like most pants did. I felt so wrong wearing it, though. But Ruby had been right about one thing: I had very little body hair on my legs, meaning they *did* look sort of girly when dressed in a skirt. And maybe there was some padding at work, because my hips did appear to flare out in a feminine way.

Sofia grunted softly.

I searched among the contents of the closet again. If anyone else ever found out I'd been cross-dressing in my *mother's clothing*, I'd become a shadow underneath that huge embarrassment for the rest of my life. I hoped Sofia really was confidential about all this.

I perused not for my own personal interest but for that buzzer to go off down in my privates. And it did, when I was flipping through the hangers and inspecting one of my mother's blue tank tops. I pulled it out, removed my shirt, and dressed my top half to match my bottom half. I anticipated the tank top to be snug. Women's upper bodies were typically smaller and shorter, but it surprisingly fit me pretty well. I didn't have any breasts to fill it out—a relief. But everything else contoured to my body quite comfortably. It reminded me that I was a little scrawny. I'd played sports, but I'd never been first-pick material for teams.

Sofia smiled. Then she said, "That's the end of our session for today. You may keep the laptop." Then she exited the room. A moment later, I heard the front door open and close.

What the hell? I thought, standing there still dressed in my mother's clothes. Obviously I fixed that immediately and removed that vibrating egg out of my pussy.

It was thoroughly wet. I cleaned it off.

Later, I was lying in bed with my new laptop. I was just glad to have internet access again and something bigger than my phone to watch YouTube videos on. I made my usual rounds on my favorite websites, establishing bookmarks to make it feel like my normal computer.

But I couldn't keep my mind focused for very long.

Sofia's presence lingered. As did her bizarre lessons.

And an arousal that just wouldn't go away.

Having a pussy didn't make me a woman, and I wanted to tend to that arousal in my normal *male way*, with the expanse of infinite pornography at my fingertips. So, I reached down into my pants, started rubbing my clit, and typed in some of my favorite websites for the relevant purpose.

Pornhub didn't load. Instead I got an error message: WEBSITE BLOCKED.

"Blocked?" I said aloud. "What?"

All other adult video sites showed the same thing.

Okay, Sofia's trying to prevent me from looking at naked women, I figured. But rubbing my clit was making me hornier. So, I resorted to some old-fashioned methods.

I went to Google and typed in: PORN.

But Sofia had accounted for this, because the image results were all *naked men*, all with their huge cocks front and center. If I typed in FEMALE PORN, nothing came up. I went back to the previous page, hoping to find a naked woman who might've slipped through the cracks of whatever security Sofia had installed on this laptop, but it was a never-ending gallery of cocks galore, hugely erect and attached to muscular bodies.

"Shit," I sighed, continuing to masturbate anyway.

The urge reached a point where it was uncontrollable, the point-of-no-return horniness that guys like me were familiar with. For a while, I just employed my imagination to get my juices flowing. One hand worked my clit with relentless circular motions, the other rubbed my slit, feeling the old wetness and the new wetness mixing together. My vulva was so sensitive and inviting, the folds *effortlessly* parting around my finger and allowing me access into all that warmth and dampness.

I had closed my eyes.

But *then* I snuck a glance at the Google image search results.

Those big, hard cocks sent a tingle up my spine. It felt dirty and immoral. I was *not* someone who should be sexually aroused by such pictures. However, during my conflictive internal battle, I'd pushed my index finger *all the way* into my pussy, and while it wasn't much girth overall, that feeling of complete penetration made me shake with pleasure that having a dick never had before. I slowly pumped it into myself, the abundant juices making my inner walls so slippery that fingering myself this way seemed entirely natural.

I went hard, fucking and flicking, *multitasking* with both hands while I was only accustomed to doing it with one, reaching pleasures I'd never experienced before as I stared at those cocks while panting harder and faster.

"*Oh yes*," my voice moaned huskily. "*Oh, yes!*"

Another climax arrived, and this one I enjoyed immensely. I'd *wanted* it. And soon my body was vibrating and thrumming as heat surged through my loins. Juice ran out of me, completely soaking my finger. And without giving it a second thought, I brought my finger out of my underwear and sucked it clean, licking enthusiastically until I'd swallowed every drop.

Afterward, I felt amazing.

Male orgasms, despite always being embarrassing, drained me.

Here, I was smiling and tingling all over, actually enjoying my orgasm for once. Regardless of what was between my legs, I'd been missing out.

4



I was so nervous as I approached the shopping mall, almost cowering—as if by shrinking myself down I’d decrease the likelihood of people seeing me. Of course I knew better, but it didn’t stop me from trying anyway. Ruby was waiting by the doors, wearing a sundress that looked slightly transparent when it caught the sunlight just right. She didn’t recognize me at first, not until I was nearly close enough to reach out a hand and touch her.

Her eyes widened. “Evan?” she laughed. “You’re...looking a little different today.”

I adjusted the damn wig again. “It’s Sofia,” I said. “To decrease my sensitivity and blah-blah-blah whatever, I need to go out in public as a girl.” I glanced over my shoulder and spotted the voluptuous Hispanic woman in sunglasses who was tailing me but trying to not be obvious about it. That baby blue dress of hers was insane. It looked painted on.

Meanwhile, my outfit consisted of the clothes I’d picked from my mother’s closet last weekend. The blonde wig had been donated by Sofia. I felt absolutely ridiculous. Maybe, *maybe*, if I stuck to the shadows and avoided people, I wouldn’t be identified as a young man wearing women’s clothing, but I thought my odds were pretty slim. It was a *mall*. There were people everywhere.

“Well,” Ruby said, “you look cute.”

“Thanks,” I grumbled.

“I mean it. You totally pass.”

I thought the point was to stop my premature ejaculation, I thought, wondering how the hell *cross-dressing* was part of the remedy.

We went inside. I kept my head down, which only caused me to swipe hair out of my eyes more often. Every time I looked over my shoulder, Sofia was in pursuit, her body jiggling like a liquid in that dress. I began to hypothesize that her appearance was also a test. Every man within a twenty-foot radius was checking her out. She wanted them to. That was the whole point of the dress. And when *I* sunk my gaze into that insanely low neckline of hers, she was testing me to see if I got aroused.

I never felt a reaction.

But also I was distracted by not trying to embarrass myself.

Ruby walked with her hand around my waist. “Oh, *Evan*,” she said, in an exaggerated girly tone, “we *gotta* get you some underwear, hon. The prettiest, laciest underwear for the prettiest gal.”

“But I have your underwear,” I reasoned.

“I don’t like the scent of another *girl* being in my favorite panties. And you’ve been turning them all into wet messes.”

We passed a trio of older guys—probably college students. I felt their eyes on me, and I knew my disguise wasn’t going to hold up to close scrutiny. I waited for them to call me out as a man in drag, but they never did. When they went by, I felt a buzz inside my pussy.

Damn her, I thought, swinging a look back at Sofia.

The vibrations came in short bursts. For a while, I probably looked like I was walking with a limp. I felt a tickle in my pussy as I was undoubtedly leaking again, while my clit throbbed for attention. I spent the next thirty seconds trembling and concentrating on any semblance of sexual pleasure to go away. This was *not* the time.

However, Sofia continued to flick that button every time guys went by. It didn’t matter if they were around my age or older. I knew what was going on. I’d taken a psychology class. But I didn’t quite have the willpower to ignore it. After about five or six instances of my pussy vibrating, I once again began to crave the pleasure and *look forward* to seeing men come in my direction. There was one time that Sofia was relentless. I had to momentarily grab a bench to steady myself. Ruby asked me if I was all right while my eyelid was twitching.

“S-sure,” my voice cracked. “Just s-super great. Hey, there’s a clothing store.”

We stopped to admire the mannequins in the window.

One was wearing some cute shorts.

Buzz.

Another was showing off a bikini.

Buzz.

My pussy was absolutely on fire at this point. I couldn’t stand still. My knees were visibly wobbling, and I didn’t know how my girlfriend didn’t notice and ask about it.

“Evan, come on,” she said, heading inside.

I followed, taking deep breaths and hoping I could find a secluded corner and maybe take care of business.

Sofia never let us out of her sight. My pussy was buzzing so frequently now that I wasn’t so sure it wasn’t talking to me in Morse code: *bzzt, bbbzzzzzttt, bzzt, bzzt, bbbzzzzzttt, bbbzzzzzttt*. I wanted to hate it, but slowly my male brain was succumbing and outright *seeking* more of those vibrations. Because of this, I was almost eager to head back to the lingerie department, because I knew Sofia would reward me for wanting to explore such *girly garments*. And my prediction was correct. My teeth were almost chattering as Ruby brought me a pile of skimpy underwear. She also wanted me to try on a bra.

“But I don’t have breasts,” I said.

She rolled her eyes. “Evan, have you seen the price of these panties? You’re carrying like two hundred dollars.” Then she whispered into my ear: “Go into the change room, put on the bra, and stuff these panties into the cups. I used to do it all the time.”

“But that’s...”

She squeezed my ass. “That’s what, hon? It’s a way for you to have some cute boobies of your own.”

I didn’t disagree. Ten bucks for a thong *was* damn expensive, for such a small amount of fabric. I bought T-shirts for less.

Ruby covered me while I hurried into the change room with my big batch of intimates. If I'd hoped for a break from the vibrating egg in my pussy, I would've been disappointed; Sofia was laying her finger on that button for long stretches now, making me buzz more often than not. When I succeeded in locking myself in the change room, I dumped everything out of my hands, seated myself on the bench, and hiked my skirt. The damp spot in my blue panties was huge—and it only grew in size as my fingers slipped behind the soggy patch of cotton and began to flick and swirl, as they'd learned to do after so much practice.

"God," I sighed. "Just stop already. I'm masturbating, Sofia. You win."

While fingering my slit, my thoughts inadvertently returned to those guys again. I had sworn they were a moment away from ridiculing me, because there was *no possible chance* of anything else. But the longer I thought about it, and the hornier I became, I had to wonder if they were checking me out. I frantically rubbed my clit as I imagined their dicks getting hard, becoming like those big, beautiful cocks I saw in my internet search results. I didn't want to admit that fantasizing about men turned me on now, but it definitely relieved a tension in my body. When I thought about men, playing with my pussy seemed so much more natural and enjoyable, and penetrating my wet entrance gave me a taste of what their thick manhoods might feel like sliding into my hole and dumping all their semen inside me.

When I climaxed, I had to cover my mouth so I didn't alert the whole store. I moaned heavily, bucking as those wonderful orgasmic jolts racked my body.

I was sore afterward, but the sex toy didn't allow me to recover. Wherever Sofia was, she didn't let me have a break.

Now that my head was slightly clearer, my girlfriend's plan returned to mind. I didn't want to be an accomplice to a crime, but I also didn't want to argue with her. I stood up and removed my tank top. The mirror was kind of funny, and the lights were actually flattering—in the way that they made me look like a girl. Except for my bare chest, which was totally flat. No lights could make that convincing.

The bra was a little difficult, mainly due to Ruby's infrequency of wearing bras, and my infrequency of removing them during intimacy. I had no practice. So I struggled with trying to snap the damn thing for a couple of minutes, only achieving it by sheer luck. Then I smoothed out the straps and positioned the cups over my nipples. There was some minor padding built in, giving me the slight illusion of tiny breasts.

Then I filled the cups with panties.

I would like to wear some of these, I thought, my fingers being caressed by the soft and silky undergarments. Girls' underwear was so much more fun, and there was *variety*. What variety did guys have? Different colors? But *girls* had the privilege of wearing tiny little thongs that rubbed against their pussies all day. I should know. I had firsthand experience. And whenever Sofia changed me back, I didn't know if I could let go of wearing panties. I'd kind of gotten hooked on them.

When I finished stuffing my bra with what was soon to be stolen underwear, I looked pretty ridiculous. My "breasts" were cockeyed, uneven in size, and lumpy. I spent a few more minutes straightening them out, giving them a rounder shape, and hiding the panties as best I could. Then I put the tank top back on.

Having those mounds on my chest was trippy. At a quick glance, I really did look like a girl, and the way the wig framed my face seemed to hide its masculine angles. Plus, I didn't have any facial hair or body hair to speak of. And was I unconsciously

angling my spine in a way that caused my butt to stick out more? Maybe I was imagining that.

The guys in the mall probably liked it though.

Satisfied that I didn't look like a shoplifter, I returned to Ruby.

"Gee, that's too bad," she said, in a slightly raised voice. "I can't believe you didn't find anything you wanted. I guess we should head out now."

I just rolled with it.

No alarms went off, and no employees harassed us. The workers all looked like people our age, supremely bored with their jobs and frequently checking the time as they waited for their shifts to end.

Outside, a man approached me. He was hunky and wearing a faux-leather jacket, and I was admiring the squareness of that bulldozer of a jaw when my pussy started buzzing.

"Hey," he said, with green eyes that scoped me out. "I'm Marcus. You wanna see a movie?"

Over his shoulder, standing against the wall, was Sofia, still wearing her sunglasses—but they weren't fooling anyone. Her hand was inside her purse, and that vibrating egg was continuously on.

I was actually tempted. But also disgusted by how Sofia was manipulating me.

"Did she pay you?" I asked Marcus.

He hesitated, then showed me the wad of cash in his pocket. "Fifty bucks. She wanted me to ask you out."

I huffed angrily and stomped over to where Sofia was pretending to be a lonely mall shopper. "What are you doing?" I said. "You're conditioning me to like girly things, and now you're paying men to come up to me and ask me out? This is *not* treating my problem."

"Evan, please just relax," she said. "Your premature ejaculation was a deeply rooted problem, and it could not have been solved without drastic measures."

"You call *this* solving it?" I said, gesturing to my current outfit.

"Think about it. Your condition would have affected you for your entire life. You would have embarrassing accidents in the workplace, in front of coworkers, and you would never have experienced the full pleasure of sexual intercourse. But now you can."

I threw my hands up in the air and let them slap against my hips. "I don't think I want this," I said.

"Allow me one more week. Then you can make your final decision."

5



Ruby and I were lying in her backyard, sprawled in a pair of lounge chairs next to a clear and sparkling swimming pool. A month ago, I never imagined myself wearing a full bikini, soaking up some sunshine, and enjoying both. The bikini was cute; it made my figure seem more girlish just by being worn, although it had no powers to alter my shape. Also, the flatness in the front of the bottoms sure helped. I rubbed there many times, easily finding my clitoris and anticipating some privacy later—with a laptop showing some well-hung naked dudes.

I still wasn't a girl. Sofia's remedy for my premature ejaculation hadn't changed any perception of my own gender. But having a pussy was pretty fun. And my opinion was starting to come around on girls' clothing, even though I wasn't wearing a wig or trying to present as female.

"So," Ruby said, in her fat sunglasses. "Sofia told me your sessions are about over with. She has a gel that can regrow your dick."

I remembered.

"Or are you too obsessed with boys now to want that?"

I laughed. "Boys have crossed my mind a lot," I told her. "Not for a relationship, but...you know..." I kept fiddling with my fingers. My bikini bottoms felt damper. "What Sofia did definitely gave me a curiosity, I guess."

"If you become a dick-a-holic, it might be over between us."

"I'm not that desperate." Yet.

A little while later, Ruby came to rub suntan lotion on me. I didn't know if it was my imagination or not, but my skin seemed more sensitive lately. On my stomach and with her hands rubbing along my back and thighs, the heat in my loins made it feel ten times more erotic than it should've been. I was almost moaning, and my nipples were painfully hard—a recent thing that was happening more often too.

On my back, and with her hovering over me, it was impossible to hide my arousal. I was visibly shivering. She smiled and paused from her lotion rubdown to give the front of my bikini bottoms a quick little massage. Those fingertips tracing along my vulva produced some squirming results.

"My boyfriend is constantly horny now," she said. "I mean, you always were. You're a guy. But Sofia really fixed you, huh? If you had your dick, you would've exploded already."

I bit my lip. *Is she implying that she prefers me this way?* I wondered. Which greatly confused me. I didn't think Ruby was bisexual, but intimacy with her had

definitely been better since my genital swap. I could last as long as she did. There were no early messes. And although I planned to get my dick back, it made me wonder just a *tiny bit* about staying this way. I could still be a guy. But I'd be a guy with *something special* between his legs.

My girlfriend gestured for the favor to be returned in regard to the suntan lotion. I swung my bare and girly legs off the lounge chair and stood up. She positioned herself as I had, ready to receive a good squirting.

Not only did I return the favor of the lotion; I also snuck some fingers in between her legs and teased *her* pussy. Not surprisingly, I found a damp expanse of fabric that matched mine in size and wetness. The two of us both having pussies and *both* getting aroused the same way was so hot. There was no mistaking our feelings for each other when we both understood the signals.

But then Ruby's crotch began to show signs of a different signal.

In the middle of my hand lightly masturbating her, I detected this growing bump underneath. Initially I thought it was her clitoris. It was in that spot—albeit it was swelling to proportions I had never felt nor seen on her or any other girl. When it reached the size of a cherry, I removed my hand completely and looked down at the very noticeable protrusion, which had become so large that it was casting its own shadow.

"Evan," Ruby breathed. "*Oh*, Evan. The way you touched me felt better than ever."

I leaned back. The anomaly quickly ceased being a *bump* and started being a *proto-appendage* as it swelled outward, more in length than in width. It grew in short bursts, as if my girlfriend's heartbeat were pumping it larger and larger, the *thing* pushing her bikini completely off her groin and curving forward like a banana.

Soon, the fabric lost the battle.

And what it revealed, when it snapped to the side, was a sizable *penis*.

I was just stunned, watching this thing develop out of nothing and mature into a fully detailed male sex organ, with its pink glans, cyclops-eye urethra, and vein-covered shaft. The wrinkly skin stretched over its length, becoming totally smooth as her newest feature reached maximum turgidness. Then it stood plainly erect, swaying and twitching as her groin muscles tried to cope with this girthy growth.

She even had testicles.

"Evan," she sighed, removing her sunglasses. "I guess I can't ignore this anymore. Sofia's been treating me too."

"Treating you?" I said, my gaze refusing to move off her cock.

"I've been unsatisfied with my orgasms too. Yours came way too fast, but mine never did. Every time you thought you heard me climax, I faked it. I realized I can't live like that. I want the pleasure that I've been missing out on, and my pussy just wasn't doing it for me."

This is not a normal conversation people are supposed to have, I thought, but the results spoke for themselves. I had a vagina. My girlfriend, now, had a penis. Underneath the shock I felt, that region between my legs only got warmer and warmer.

Ruby: "Now we can both have the orgasms we want."

This was so bizarre.

And so...fascinating.

Deep in my mind, I remembered those curiosities. Now one of them was quite literally looking at me with its slitted eye, atop a sunbaked shaft towering above my girlfriend's sexy half-naked body. My trembling hand reached toward it and gave it a

light stroke. Feeling her be so *large* and *rigid* did something to my brain, like it was inside a dryer and tumbling and crashing around, disorienting me away from the clear facts.

Ruby softly moaned. "I'm sorry I didn't tell you."

"It sure is a surprise," I said. "But if it helps you experience what you've been missing, I am fully supportive."

"Even if it's a big ol' penis?"

I smiled. My answer was me jerking her off more earnestly.

This changed a lot about our relationship. I demonstrated the advantages of a throbbing hard-on, and hers was throbbing *immensely* as I acquainted my fingers with those six or seven inches of swollen shaft. I hadn't touched a dick in so long that it filled me with something like nostalgia. *Ah, the good old days*, I thought, when masturbating was easier—but arguably less fulfilling. If it had belonged to some random guy, I would've been more hesitant. Equally horny, though. But it wasn't. This cock was my *girlfriend's*, and that just made me more eager to please her.

My hand went rhythmically up and down her shaft, stroking her length and repeatedly setting down upon those aching full balls that were sweating on this warm afternoon. The way her lips contorted was its own pleasurable language. She shivered and moaned from her first handjob.

"It really gets going immediately, doesn't it?" she said. "I feel like...there's just an explosion brewing underneath."

"You still got a ways to go," I said. "It gets even better."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I was pretty familiar with those five seconds between getting a boner and shooting my load. Hopefully it's longer for you."

Understandably, my bikini bottoms were feeling tight and irritable as my own body reacted to the sight of my hand giving Ruby's erection a treat. Thankfully humans had two hands. I reached down and rubbed myself, skipping the gentle phase and frantically attacking my clit. I still did miss the feeling of a massive boner jutting out between my legs, but a clitoris gave me the same pleasure while being a fraction of the size. All those concentrated nerve endings made me moan and squirm. In the valley beneath, I slipped my fingers into all that abundant wetness and puffy folds. The space inside *yearned* more than ever, as if prolonged emptiness was a detriment to my health if I didn't fix it soon.

My fingers took on the task for now. I was so goddamn wet. Meanwhile, my girlfriend began to leak pre-cum. I was partly in awe observing those pearly clear drops oozing from her dick. She was as restless as I was, her body writhing nonstop.

"Evan," she cooed. "I wanna try eating you out. I've been scared to. But now that I have the dick in the relationship, I think it's only appropriate. But *you* have to suck me off. Sound like a deal?"

I thought my heart literally stopped for a few seconds. I swallowed hard.

"Sit that sweet pussy of yours right on my face."

That short walk was treacherous. I was so aroused that it made me dizzy. But I answered Ruby's request by doing exactly what she wanted: I swung a leg over her face and lowered myself until her mouth and my pussy were in kissing range. But she did a whole lot more than kiss; she forcefully swirled her tongue over my tender lips and folds. And when her lips enclosed around my clitoris so she could suck on it, I nearly

passed out. I grabbed the armrests of the lounge chair to support myself, shuddering from head to toe.

But the bargain was supposed to be reciprocal.

My heart was both pounding from arousal and fluttering from nervousness—a combination that made my chest ache—as I leaned forward, with my eyes set on Ruby’s new sexual instrument. She had a different smell now. It was a musky aroma. It was both unusual and weirdly enticing to me. When my mouth hovered over her manhood, I suffered a brief flash of second thoughts.

This is crazy, I thought.

Crazy and also awesome.

I lowered my face and took her glans into her mouth, basically treating it as a warm, fleshy lollipop. I sealed my lips and swirled my tongue around, while the memories of my girlfriend with a wet pussy began to fade behind the new realization of my dick-having girlfriend wanting blowjobs from now on. I hoped I was prepared for the long haul.

Obviously this was all new to me, and taking her huge girth into my mouth wasn’t the most natural thing in the world. But she was facing an entirely new experience herself by giving me oral sex. So I figured I ought to grow some balls.

Figuratively speaking.

I focused on the upper three inches or so, moving my head up and down and forming my mouth into an adequately tight and wet fuck-hole. I couldn’t believe how much her cock was pulsing—and that I could *feel* it. Having her inside my mouth completely redefined intimacy for me. A penis had once defined my entire sexuality and puberty, with frequent short sessions spent in front of my computer shooting loads. Now there was a penis *nearly touching my throat*, with the same capability of shooting a load.

I hoped my girlfriend had some self-control. I was dangerously close to the blast zone!

Her licking definitely encouraged me. But I wasn’t just returning the favor; I really enjoyed tasting her and sucking her off, feeling her sexual desire through her hardness and throbbing—and even the pre-cum which I had no choice but to swallow. It was kind of salty, but not bad. After my orientation, I really got into it, massaging her shaft with my lips and licking her nonstop. It caused her to push me off.

“Oh that’s...” She grunted, and I saw the muscles in her groin go tense. I released my mouth before I might’ve swallowed something warm and gooey. “I think I’m going to explode,” she said.

I laughed. “That’s generally the idea.”

“No. Like my whole body. There’s this energy that needs to be released, and I feel like it’s going to split me in half.”

I stood up. She played with her cock in the afternoon sunlight, and it was quite possibly the hottest thing my young male mind had seen. Pre-cum continued to bubble out of her, the little glistening drops beading down the side of her erection. I wanted her to have that orgasm, and we needed no telepathic communication to know what was coming next.

“Sofia can probably change you back,” I said.

“She can,” Ruby said.

“Are you going to let her?”

She smiled. “You’re asking me that now? Before the whole shebang?”

There were plenty of butterflies in my stomach as I entertained the logistics. With Ruby still lounging and looking absolutely gorgeous—and making *me* horny enough to be drooling from below—I figured I would just take the cowgirl position. So I swung a leg over like before. Only this time it wasn’t her mouth underneath me; it was the thing my pussy was designed for.

I looked at her.

She nodded.

Oh boy, I thought. It felt like I was a virgin all over again, hopelessly overwhelmed by the sights and senses and the feeling that I needed to be confident.

Hell, it wasn’t any different for Ruby now. That eased my fears slightly.

I bent my knees and lowered myself. It was definitely weirder from the female perspective. It was like I was trying to dock us. Ruby held her stiff weapon steady as our swapped genitals made contact. And with a deep breath, I squatted until her hard boner had no other option than to slip inside me.

I’d mentally prepared myself during the lead-up, but imagining someone else’s *cock* inside me was almost nothing like experiencing the real penetration of that hardness and thickness pushing along my inner membranes. I grabbed Ruby’s abdomen to steady myself down, but I was shaking so much and constantly waiting for it to hurt. Her erection was seven inches long and as thick as a banana. The human body didn’t have room for that!

But I was proven wrong.

I sat all the way down, until my butt was on her thighs. We were fully connected—and that felt like the best way to describe it. Her cock throbbed incessantly inside my pussy.

“You sure got a grip on me,” Ruby said.

“Do I?” I said. “I don’t think I’m trying to grip you.”

It was awesome just like that. Just the fullness. An itch had been bothering me for a couple of weeks now, and I’d finally scratched it.

But there was more I could do.

I began the motions of proper intercourse, raising myself up and coming back down. It didn’t feel like I knew anything about what I was doing, but the sensations were really nice, and I let the sensations guide me. That cock of hers *thrusting* deep into my pussy was by far the best feeling, and I concentrated on that: moving faster so I could get more of those thrusts. My wetness made it so effortless, and she slipped on in there repeatedly, our bodies audibly smacking as I picked up the pace and found a rhythm.

Neither of us smiled. I kept falling into this limp-faced mesmerized state, and so did Ruby. We were so focused on what was happening in our groins, bombarded by so much new information and the details of each other’s genitals. My male brain was going to need a long time to process this.

Eventually, I just got so eager. I leaned back and started pounding my pelvis on her crotch, and the intensity and vibrations spurred me on like a racehorse in the last hundred feet before the finish line.

“*Oh yes!*” I squealed. Ruby had close neighbors. But at that moment, we could’ve been having sex in the middle of a crowded city street, and I wouldn’t have cared. “*Yes!*”

And something unbelievable happened: we came at the same time. At the *right* time.

She groaned deeply as her hips lunged upward, slamming her cock into my pussy while I was still trying to come back down. A quick shot of warmth filled my abdomen, and all I pictured were the huge ropes of jizz ejecting out of her cock. More warmth followed, and I moaned and shuddered and tingled from my girlfriend filling me with cum.

The female experience definitely took my breath away. But it did the same to Ruby. We just sat there afterward, reveling in our own pleasures.

This could be normal for us now, if we let it.

Considering that while I was drugged up with happy orgasmic feelings was probably the worst time. I couldn't *imagine* going back to having a penis after all that.

"Finally," Ruby laughed.

"Good?" I asked.

She nodded. Then she said, "So, since you're still the expert on cocks, when can I do that again?"

Epilogue

“It’s been a pleasure helping you both,” Sofia said. “And I’m happy that you’re happy.”

The three of us were at my girlfriend’s house. In the beginning, I had never thought that my premature ejaculation issues could be ultimately solved by having a pussy. But already I was used to that empty feeling between my legs, sitting down to use the bathroom, and no longer having morning wood. Everything about my body just felt *in sync* now. And I also wasn’t displeased when I saw Ruby getting erections.

“Thank you so much,” Ruby said. We both shook Sofia’s hand. “It’s awesome. I know my boyfriend and I are going to have so much fun from now on.”

Before Sofia left, she pulled another vial—this one containing a blue liquid—out of her cavernous cleavage. She whispered something in my girlfriend’s ear before handing over the vial. Then she was off, and, being the man with a pussy that I was, I watched her huge ass shake and jiggle all the way toward the driveway.

I reached into the back of my miniskirt and adjusted my thong. It might’ve been cute as hell, but I still wasn’t used to it digging into my butt crack.

Though it’d probably be on the floor here in about five minutes anyway.

Ruby was staring at the vial.

“So,” I said. “What did Sofia tell you?”

“Well,” she said with a smile, “apparently this one’s meant for you.”

“Oh yeah? What’s this one cure?”

“Something called *stunted mammary development...*”

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