



GUINEA PIG

PAULA SPICER

Guinea Pig
Gender Swap Romance
By Paula Spicer

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Joe doesn't know what to expect when he takes a job as a test subject at the attractive Dr. Helen Card's laboratory, but it's definitely not a gender swap pill. But that's exactly what he gets.

Joe is a guinea pig for a pill designed for transgender people wishing to transition. Joe's as straight as they come, but the money's good. And the money gets better if he's willing to push his sexual limits and allow Dr. Card to observe him as he has sex with women... and men.

Joe learns that his sexuality is a lot more fluid than he previously thought. His sexuality has no bounds and with his inhibitions out the window, he can make all his wildest fantasies come true.

Author's note: This is a standalone story with a HAE ending! Two bonus gender swap romance stories have been included as a thank you to my readers!

Warning: This 15,000-word novella contains graphic language and steamy descriptions of gender transformation and sex.

Also By Paula Spicer:

Surprise Swap: One Year as a Woman

Instant Swap: Womanizer to Woman

Super Swap: Friday Night Double Swap

Super MPREG Swap: Male Pregnancy

The Reluctant Woman

The Reluctant Wife

The Model Woman

The Woman in the Mirror

Full Moon Gender Swap

Guinea Pig

He's a Lady (Crossdressing)

Breast Man

New Woman (Guinea Pig Book 2)

Chapter 1

Of all times for him to lose his job, this was likely the worst.

Joe needed money, and he needed it badly. It was just bad luck he went in to work, only to be called in by the manager, to be told he no longer had a job. It was a week after he'd gotten his previous month's salary, so he couldn't even ask for more pay. They all but shoved him out the door.

Dammit.

He'd walked around before heading back home, and now he just sat at the tiny table in his kitchen, staring off into space.

Focus, idiot. You don't have the cash to be wasting time.

He shook himself out of his thoughts, frowned at his computer that he already had open in front of him on the table. It had finally come on. He typed the password, and logged on. At least he still had three weeks of internet left.

He could feel the anger grow in his chest as he opened the browser and went online to look at job postings. When he'd gotten the news, he'd been shocked enough to just turn and walk out of there without complaining. If he'd been in his right mind, he would have said something. He couldn't exactly go back just to start a fight, but he'd really been banking on his next pay. He was living paycheck-to-paycheck.

Joe picked up the notebook that sat beside his computer, pulling out a pen from the spiral and laying it open on the table. He looked around a few sites, found a few promising positions, and marked them down. He'd be applying to a lot of jobs, but he wanted to remember what he applied to, and he'd have to look at them all a little closer before even attempting to, anyway. He was looking for jobs listed with the skills he knew he could bring, but he was lacking in that department. He never did college, just a few classes, so his options tended to be limited, and he ended up in cleaning positions or retail or manual labor. It was work, and it got him enough money to live on, but he didn't particularly enjoy any of it.

It wasn't his fault he never got to go to college. If he could fund it, he might have, but he lived alone and his parents were too busy looking after his siblings to pay for him.

Not to mention, he wouldn't dream of taking anything from his

family, not when money had always been tight at home.

It took a few hours, and he was growing frustrated. He only had ten postings written down, and those were ones he was only cautiously optimistic about. Chances were they wouldn't hire him, anyway. In his experience, finding a new job took weeks of effort and a great many applications and false starts.

What the hell was he supposed to do? He'd already spent his last paycheck. Rent was coming up, plus a variety of other bills. He could survive on the food he already had, but his credit card was maxed and wouldn't be helping him weather the storm.

Then, he saw it.

He was just clicking through and he happened to find a posting and stopped to look. The posting was listed as having come up a few days ago, so it wasn't too old. It was from a local lab, and they were looking for test subjects.

It sounded a little odd, but he read on for the details. They weren't looking for anything in particular, just a consenting adult to act as a lab rat. It was certified not dangerous — not exactly reassuring, that they had to add that detail at all, though. All you had to do, according to the ad, was show up, do the tests, and get money at the end of it all. He looked at the approximate pay and just blinked for a second.

This... was the scariest, and the best opportunity, better than he could have asked for. He wasn't particularly up for being turned into a lab rat, but it paid pretty well and there was no experience necessary. He needed the money fast, enough to ignore whatever misgivings he had. He glanced at the notes he'd jotted down, and then reached for his phone.

He stared at it for a moment before checking the contact number on the posting again and dialing. He breathed evenly, trying to calm his heavy beating heart. He wasn't usually so nervous, but this had the potential to be just what he needed. No skills necessary. If he got this job, even just for the month, he'd be able to survive long enough to complete a proper job hunt. The pay was more than what he'd been working on before, and it didn't sound like much work would be involved.

Someone picked up.

"Hello?" said the voice.

His breath froze in his throat for a moment, and then blew out in a gust. His mind scrambled to provide something, he knew he was taking too long to answer. He almost panicked, thinking he'd lost his voice at such a crucial time, when the words flowed out of his mouth.

"Um, hello. I'm calling about a job posting I found online?"

He was surprised he could be so articulate, but he was still nervous, the fingers of his free hand drumming on his thigh as he waited for a response.

"For the test subjects? Have you read all the requirements and warnings provided?"

He glanced at the computer screen then looked away. "Yes, I have."

"Great. If you have the free time, you can come in right now."

... Just like that?

He was too afraid of having the chance taken away from him to actually ask that, though.

"Thank you," he said. "I'll be on my way immediately."

He hung up the call and stared at his phone's screen, even long after it went blank. That... was too easy. Was he going in for an interview or had he gotten the job already? He wasn't going to sweat it. He got up, closed his laptop and picked it up along with the notebook, going to his bedroom. He'd showered and dressed properly in the morning, but he thought another shower wouldn't hurt.

He'd have to walk. It was pretty far. Far enough to make him think twice about it. But he didn't have the money to spend on a cab... And a bus would take longer than walking because he'd have to transfer twice. It would all be easier if he had his own car, but alas...

He got ready and stepped out into the world. It was still only about an hour on foot. He sped up and made it there earlier by fifteen minutes.

There was security at the gate, but they didn't stop him for anything other than ID, and he was walking inside. He used the short walk from the gate to the building to catch his breath. The front entrance was all white walls and minimal furniture. He found it intimidating, like a hospital. Only it somehow managed to be more pristine, and even more intimidating. There was a desk with someone sat behind it, and he reluctantly stepped up. The woman behind the

desk looked up at him, eyebrows arched.

"Um, I called about a job posting and was asked to come in?" he said slowly, hunching in on himself at the intense stare.

She nodded. "Go through the hallway to your right, third door on the left. Dr. Helen Card should be waiting for you there."

She went back to whatever she was doing on the computer in front of her.

He stood frozen for a moment, before going the way she'd told him. The hallway was long, with the doors spread far apart. The third door, down the left side of the hall, was almost all the way to the back. He stopped, and knocked.

"Come in," said a woman's voice.

Joe took a breath and grabbed the handle, twisting it and pushing the door open. He wasn't sure what he was expecting — more white, maybe — but the room was actually a surprise. It was painted and decorated in earth colors, mainly a light and dark shade of brown. There was a plant in the corner, and a window right across the room behind the desk let a lot of bright light into the room. A woman sat at the desk, dark hair tied back casually, wearing a lab coat with a pale blouse underneath it. She looked up, closing a book as he walked in.

"Dr. Helen Card?" he asked.

She rose up, holding out her hand. He crossed the room and shook her hand. Then she gestured him to the seat opposite hers and he sat down.

"That's my name," she said. "And you're..."

"Joe," he answered, nervous.

She nodded, pulled a note pad from a drawer, and wrote something in it.

"Okay, Joe. I'm assuming you're here for the job?" she tilted her head his way, and he nodded. She nodded back. "All right. Now you're here to work as a test subject. You will be taking some different pills meant for transgender individuals. It's a fairly recent pill, but I assure you, you won't be in any danger. We simply wish to test its effectiveness. I can't guarantee there won't be side effects, but you will be compensated in the rare chance that anything unexpected happens, and the side effects are not serious. Are you with me so far?"

To be honest, he was getting a little apprehensive. He'd sort of

made himself ignore the warning in the job posting. Now he was having second thoughts about the whole thing. Still, it was good money — money that he *needed* — so he nodded.

Dr. Card nodded back, seeming pleased. "The pills went through a number of tests, so we're positive they are safe for human consumption, but we need to be sure it's perfect before releasing it. It's meant for trans people, its purpose is to help them transition."

He nodded along as she explained. He wasn't transgender, and he had no desire to be a woman. If he still had a job and steady paycheck to look forward to, he never would have considered something like this, no matter how well it paid. If he didn't need the money, he wouldn't be here.

"Um, am I allowed to ask questions?" he said hesitantly, relieved when she gestured with his hand for him to go ahead.

"I would be worried if you didn't have any concerns," she said. "I'll address every one you have before we move forward."

"How exactly is this pill going to work?"

"The pill is designed to alter the human form, or transform it, if you like. The transformation will be between genders, the subject will change into a healthy member of their opposite sex, with no dangerous mutations."

He blinked. *Okay... wow.* "How long... Well, is it going to be permanent, and how exactly will it affect me, besides changing my gender, if I take this pill?"

"The change is not permanent," she said, "you will return to normal within a few days of stopping the treatments, and you can stop at any time. As to any other effects, there won't be any. You will be able to function as usual, only as a female instead of a male."

It... wasn't the best thing he could have been put through, but it could have been worse. He couldn't picture himself turning into a woman, let alone living that way. But... it was either this, or go look for some other job. If the effects weren't long-lasting, he could do a lot worse. He was getting sick of living paycheck to paycheck. It was such a stressful existence to never be able to stop to catch his breath. He was always afraid to get sick, because it would mean missing work and losing money.

"The only thing we ask of you is discretion," Dr. Card went on.

"You are not allowed to go out there, and talk about any of this. It's a matter of trust. Do you want to ask more questions, Joe?"

He hesitated, but he shook his head. "No, I'm okay. I agree to the terms."

She smiled. "Wonderful. Please follow me."

She got up from behind the desk, waited for him to follow suit, and led him through an adjoining door he hadn't noticed at first. It led to a different room, about as white as the front room, and something of a cross between a lab and a hospital room. There wasn't any equipment he could see besides the examination table. One wall was lined by a counter with a sink down the middle. Closer to the door was a desk, but there was nothing on it.

"Take your clothes off, please," said Dr. Card.

He hesitated a little at the command, but she had turned away to go to a cupboard behind the desk. He removed his clothes, feeling a little awkward, but again, it was a lot like getting an examination.

She came back toward him and handed him two plastic cups, one with two pills in it, the other half full with water. He took them without waiting for her to tell him to, then drank down the water and swallowed.

He felt exposed and embarrassed just standing there, naked, in front of this female doctor, with her just staring at him. He wondered if this drug even worked. Maybe they were pulling some elaborate prank, just to see if anyone was desperate enough to go along with everything...

Joe didn't expect the effects to be so instantaneous. He turned into a woman very quickly, to his surprise. He could feel his skin shifting, his bones. He was afraid to look down in case he could see it happen. It did surprise him that he didn't feel any pain from it, just a little shifting in his stomach, like the feeling when he got on a roller coaster with an empty stomach. He could feel the transformation end, and when it stopped, he looked down, and saw he had breasts. He looked back up, feeling a little freaked out

Dr. Card examined his new body closely and slipped on gloves to poke and prod at him. After some testing — checking his temperature, his eyes, having a swap of cotton take a sample from the inside of his cheek — he was given some women's clothing and told he could go

free.

"But please come back in two days."

... was that it?

"What am I supposed to be doing until then?"

"Just continue living your life."

That... was easier said than done.

Chapter 2

Joe was running low on supplies. He hadn't gotten any money yet, but he was cautiously hopeful of a hefty paycheck — by his standards, anyway — so he was comfortable to do a little shopping. There was a grocery store not far from his place.

He'd been given enough clothes to last him until he had to go back, but he was freaking out at home by himself, and walking out would probably be good for his sanity.

Adjusting to life as a woman had been... eventful ... and it had only been a few hours so far. It wasn't bad, just... uncomfortable at times. Like learning he had to sit on the toilet when he wanted to take a piss. He'd also lost a bit of height, maybe a couple of inches, so he needed a stepping stool to reach top shelves in his kitchen and closet, and it was a little annoying. His own clothes fit awkwardly on his body, and he wondered if he could recycle the few outfits he'd been handed, or if they would give him more. Showering had scared him the most, though. He'd just felt the need to shower when he got home, but he chickened out and was putting it off for later.

He put on one of the outfits and left for the store. It was a bit of a walk, and he was lucky there weren't a lot of people around. There were a few people in the store, but not that many. He picked only the necessities, enough to last him a while, and walked over to the check out counter. He counted out the money from his wallet as the clerk scanned the goods. He looked up to check the total when the clerk stopped, and Joe noticed the clerk staring at his chest.

It took him a moment to understand why. He glanced down, and remembered he had breasts. Not that he could have forgotten, but the difference in his mind and reality left him disoriented at times. It hadn't been nearly long enough for him to be able to align himself with the thought that he was a woman now.

Joe wasn't sure how to feel about it. A man was checking out his... breasts. It wasn't something he'd even thought of before, to be honest. But he was pretty sure that the thrill he felt from it was just a little strange. A lot of women didn't feel that way, not unless they were looking for the attention.

And he definitely wasn't. He had breasts now, and no male anatomy, but in his mind, he was a guy. He was not gay, so getting

excited at a guy checking him out was a little strange for him.

But as a man... he wasn't used to being desirable to anyone, so maybe it was just the novelty of it.

He carried his bags out of the store. He should be able to handle them, he didn't get all that many groceries, but it took him by surprise how much more the bags seemed to weigh with his softer, thinner arms. He hadn't been muscled to begin with, but he was used to handling weight with his arms, weight that he could no longer hold comfortably.

When he got outside, another man, a stranger in the street, stopped right in front of him. He would have thought it was an accident, but there was a lot of space wide open. Joe looked up from his grocery bags in his arms, feeling a little frustrated, only to feel confused when he saw the stranger was smiling down at him.

"Hi there," the man said. "Sorry for just stopping you on the way like this, I swear I don't do it often, but you look like you're struggling with those. Where are you going? I could carry them for you."

He even held out his hands, ready to take the bags like he thought they'd fall right out of Joe's arms.

Joe was amazed. People didn't offer to carry things for him normally. He'd never even offered to carry anything heavy for a woman, because a lot of the ones he knew, or had met, didn't take it so well. Without really thinking it through, he agreed.

"Sure."

The guy smiled wider, taking the grocery bags from him, and then waiting for him to lead the way. They walked in awkward silence, because Joe wasn't quite sure what to make of any of this. He didn't really know what he could say. This guy obviously thought he was a chick. If he came out and said he wasn't, that would be weird, wouldn't it?

As they walked along, though, he realized this was dangerous. He'd lost a percentage of his strength, of what little he had, and here he was letting a man follow him home? The man could be a psycho. He should have thought it through before giving in that simply. What the hell was he doing? A lot had changed, and he had to remember to keep up.

He looked around, trying not to appear as frantic as he suddenly

felt. He saw an apartment building coming up and had the best idea. He caught the guy's sleeve, long enough to get him to stop and turn to look at him, then dropped his hand and pointing at the building.

"Uh, I live right here," he said as convincingly as possible, turning up a smile that wasn't too bright to be looked at as an invite, but just enough to convey he was grateful. "Thank you so much for helping me get back, I guess I should have asked my friend to come with me."

He reached for the groceries, half worried, but the guy didn't hold onto them, just smiled again.

"No problem."

He waited for the man to walk away, and waited for him to get some distance. Then he turned around and hurried to his actual place. It was half a block away, and with the heavy groceries it seemed like the walk took too long, but then he got there and he was letting himself inside, juggling everything, almost dropping a few things, and carrying the stuff to the kitchen.

Then he took a minute to breath.

That could have gone all kinds of wrong, without him even thinking about it. The last thing he wanted was to lock himself up in his home, but... he firmed his lips, resolved his decision. He had to lie low for a couple of days. He was not used to being a woman, and it could invite all sorts of unwanted attention he didn't know how to deal with.

He'd better just play it safe.

Chapter 3

Joe got up early, and got dressed, heading for the lab. He wasn't sure what time he was supposed to be there, but he'd been stuck at home the past couple of days, and he was going a little stir crazy. He couldn't stop thinking about the fact that he was a woman now, and nothing in his home was enough to distract him.

He hurried, but it was still close to an hour when he made it to the facility. He walked straight to Dr. Card's office and knocked, then let himself inside. She was rising from behind her desk, looking up expectedly. He waited for her lead the way to the lab.

When they got there, she didn't waste time with pleasantries. "Strip down," she said.

His body gave a shiver as he did as asked. It was still uncomfortable, but he just looked straight ahead and ignored it. She examined him like last time, looked him over with her eyes, even walked around him. He didn't expect being poked and prodded, jumping at first when she did it with no warning at all. But she ignored him, and he did his best not to react as she went on. Then she pulled away and stood in front of him, meeting his eyes.

"Can you tell me about your experiences? How you're adjusting to the female body?"

He felt his face flush, and clenched his fists at his sides. He bit his lip, hesitating, but at a nod from her, he took a deep breath and thought, *why not? It must be part of the job.*

"It's... different being a woman. Of course, the anatomy is different, but... I lost some size, some height and mass. I'm less strong than before. It's strange getting up in the morning only to realize I have to sit down to pee," he felt his face flush warmer, but she was nodding for him to continue. "It's strange having breasts, I guess I didn't expect the weight? About adjusting... I can't say it's going well. I go about life as usual, but my head keeps getting in the way, I guess. Like I expect things to be as normal, only to remember everything is different now, and my head is working to catch up." He hesitated, before adding in a quieter voice, "I don't like being a woman."

Dr. Card nodded her understanding. She jotted down some more notes as she moved to the desk. She came back with two more pills for him. He took them a little more cautiously than before, but he

swallowed them.

"Would you be comfortable doing some sexual testing under observation?" she asked.

Joe froze, feeling like he would have choked if he hadn't already swallowed down the damn pills. He looked at her, thinking he had heard wrong, but she was serious, and expecting an answer.

Fuck.

He'd never thought about being asked something like that. Truthfully, he hadn't through this whole thing through, had he?

"Can you give me a little more detail on that?" he asked.

"I'd like to see you masturbate in your new body, then observe you having sex in your new body," said Dr. Card.

She said it so bluntly, but he had to keep himself from falling on his ass. His head was spinning a little. That... was seriously intimate crap. He hadn't even looked at the body that much, let alone look... down there. How the hell was he going to pull something like that off? What if he couldn't get off, because the equipment was all wrong? He wasn't sure he wanted to do that with an audience around. And have sex... with who?

He opened his mouth, not sure what he was going to say.

"It pays extra," Dr. Card added.

That made him pause. Then he narrowed his eyes. "How much extra?"

"Thirty percent."

He made the calculation in his head. He thought about it a little, if it would be worth it... It was good cash to begin with. Thirty percent more was pretty generous. And... would it really be so bad? She was looking at him like a clinical subject, so it shouldn't matter...

"Okay."

It wouldn't be comfortable, but it would be a significant amount of money. He might actually be able to go two months without needing another payday. It would seriously bolster his savings. He couldn't remember the last time that happened.

She set him up on an examination table. It had something on it. It was covered in cloth that felt crinkled when he sat on it, but also felt really soft. Dr. Card then handed him a tube. He looked at the label, feeling his face warm when he realized it was medical lube.

"Just in case you need it," she said.

He nodded his head, feeling decidedly more uncomfortable.

"You can proceed with masturbating," she said.

Joe felt like he could choke again. He watched Dr. Card move to a stool that would give her a good view of him, only a few feet away, and sat down with a clipboard and pen in her hands, and watched him.

... *Okay.*

He looked up and breathed for a second, then hesitantly moved one hand to his stomach. He winced as he slid it down. There was a spattering of hair at the juncture of his thighs, and he ran his fingers idly through the short, tight curls. Then he took another breath, parting his thighs, lifting his knees a little and planting his feet against the table. He slid his hand down until he was cupping his sex in his hand. He was surprised, for a second, at how warm it was.

His brow furrowed as he thought about exactly what he was going to do. He didn't think he could slide his fingers inside, that would be too weird, too soon. But he'd had girlfriends before. He knew how to pleasure a woman without going as far as penetration. He moved his hand up, positioned his fingers at his... clit. It felt strange just thinking it. He moved his fingers, rubbing at his clit awkwardly, and realized with the dryness, it would hurt more than anything.

There was a short scramble for the tube of lube with his free hand, and then he was squirting clear, odorless liquid onto his fingers. Then he brought his wet fingers back between his thighs, getting his clit wet. It felt a lot better when he moved his fingers, he wasn't sure why it surprised him. It wasn't... pleasurable, exactly, but he was definitely feeling something. As he moved his fingers, he grew curious, experimenting with pressure, rubbing fast then slowing down, then began to figure out what felt good, and what felt great.

He realized when he added some extra pressure on his fingers and moved them nice and slow, pressing down on the hood of his clit, he felt tingles go through his body. He looked down, surprised to see his nipples had peaked.

Joe knew he was losing himself in the pleasure, when he almost forgot Dr. Card was there, watching him. He caught her in the corner of his eye, but all his focus was where his fingers were, rubbing furiously now. He stopped for a second, feeling his chest heave for

breath as he added some more lube to his fingers.

A little moan escaped his throat. The sound surprised him at first, but then he was letting out another one. His knees rose higher, his feet digging into the soft material on the examination table. Without really thinking about it, he brought his free hand to grope his breast, feeling his breath hitch when the nipple rubbing against his palm made more of those pleasurable sparks run through his body. He alternated between one and the other, fingers plucking at his sensitive nipples, rubbing a finger against the peaked buds as he rubbed at his clit furiously with his other hand.

Little cries and whimpers were escaping his mouth. It was just all so *good*, better than he would have expected. The pleasure he felt was different, but just as good, if not better, than when he was in his real body.

It was unexpected when he came, a moan ripping from his throat as his body clenched, his nipples grew more erect, his body spasmed with waves of pleasure running through his body. He rubbed harder with his fingers, arched his back a little as his heels dug into the fabric under him. When it calmed a little, he slowed down, feeling little sparks every time he ran his fingers over his clit. Then he turned and looked at Dr. Card, breathing a little hard. She was still watching him, and he felt embarrassed again. She scribbled on the clipboard when she saw he had stopped, and there was no sound in the room besides his breaths and the scribble of pen on paper. Then she stopped and looked up.

She smiled at him, and he wondered how she could after what he'd just done as she watched. This really was all about work for her wasn't it? No matter how weird it seemed to him.

"I'll leave some wipes and clothes for you on my desk. After you clean yourself up and get dressed, you're free to go. Please come back tomorrow, same time."

He watched her move, then frowned to himself and wondered what the wipes were for. The lube was drying on his fingers already, now that he wasn't using them. Until he moved, and realized there was something wet trickling between his thighs, and he didn't think it was from the lube. He glanced to make sure she was gone before he got off the table, feeling embarrassed as ever. He found the wipes and used

them, tossing them in the trash bin beside the desk. Then he got dressed, picked the extra outfits that were beneath it and made his way out and back home.

Chapter 4

Joe was feeling a little conflicted.

He was excited by how much he enjoyed himself. He held onto the embarrassment as he walked home, but once he was there, and he remembered just how good it felt, and he was tempted to doing it again. He didn't, though, because he was too scared to go through with it.

He felt mixed on being watched doing it, knowing he might have to do it again. Even more, he didn't like how comfortable he was becoming with the new body. All the little quirks that had freaked him out at first that he couldn't help being so aware of didn't really bother him anymore. He just kind of... went through it only to realize after that he should have a problem with it.

Like when he started instinctively pulling the closest solid object over to stand on when he needed to reach somewhere high. When he went to the bathroom, he remembered to sit down. Having breasts was still weird, especially when he walked around without a bra, but he was growing used to that, too, and also lying on his back with the extra weight on his chest. It had been barely four days.

As he lay in his bed, on his side (after he'd decided it was the most comfortable position), he thought about the next day. He wondered what the second sexual test would be like. He didn't think it would be as simple as self-pleasuring this time. Dr. Card had said he'd be having sex, with who, exactly? He remembered thinking that too at the time, but then she'd mentioned more money, and he'd forgotten to be bothered about that part.

Would he be able to go through with it? It was the last thought on his mind as he drifted off to sleep.

The next day, he was at the lab around the same time, only when he walked inside the office, Dr. Card wasn't alone. There was a woman with her, and they both stood in the middle of the room, neither of them sitting down, like they'd either been waiting for him.

"Is this a bad time...?" he asked.

Dr. Card smiled over at him, holding the woman's arm and turning them both so they faced him.

"Joe, I'd like to introduce you to Ava. She's bisexual, and she'll be your sexual test partner."

It was... an awkward introduction, but the woman, Ava, didn't seem to mind, so he decided not to mind either. They walked into the lab. It was strange, stripping down with two other people in the room, but at least he wouldn't be the only one naked this time. He couldn't help looking over at Ava, felt his body grow a little excited as he watched her pull off articles of clothing bit by bit. Maybe, this wouldn't be so bad.

They both got onto the exam table. It was big enough to hold both of them. Dr. Card brought them a few things. Some lube, like last time, and something that went to Ava. Joe felt his eyes go wide a little when she pulled the straps apart to show the dildo.

Fuck.

He felt his stomach tie up in knots as nerves got the better of him. It was a little more than just nerves, though. He remembered touching himself, and he was a little curious to seeing how getting fucked felt, compared to how he usually did things. Would he like it as much as playing with himself?

Ava pulled the straps around her body, looking like she'd done it before. He felt a little apprehensive, but his curiosity got the better of him.

Dr. Card took the same stool as the day before to observe, but he tried to draw his attention away from her. Not that it was difficult, because Ava was really hot, even while she was putting on a fake cock that she was going to use on him. She was the kind of woman he could never seem to get interested in him.

When she was done putting on the dildo, she held her hand out for the lube. He handed it over, hand shaking a little. They hadn't even talked to each other, and he was going to let her do this to him. For a second, he wasn't sure he could go through with it. But he wasn't sure what he could even say in that situation. It was awkward no matter how you looked at it, and it would be to his detriment if he made it more so.

But then she smiled at him when she noticed he was shaking. It was a small look, but it was reassuring, comforting. He took a deep breath and lay down like he had before, raising his knees and planting his feet wide apart on the make-shift bed. Ava moved so she was between his thighs and he watched, licking nervously at his lips, as she

slicked the dildo with the lube. Then she added more of it to her fingers, and he felt his breath catch when the hand moved between his thighs.

He moaned in surprise when she touched him, lightly at first, then adding more pressure as she spread the wet lube all over his sex, teasing a little at his clit. He hadn't taken into account how much better it would feel with someone else doing it. Especially a woman, who had obviously a lot more experience with the equipment than he'd ever had. He bit his lip, squirming his hips, arching into her hand, another moan escaping him.

Then Ava teased one finger at his entrance, sliding it inside part way, pulling back, then pushing in further. He could feel his body tense up a little. It didn't hurt, and it wasn't physically uncomfortable, though his mind couldn't help but think so. Then Ava moved her other hand to his breast, cupping one with her palm and giving a squeeze. He moaned a little as she did that and slid her finger inside him all the way at the same time, the friction of her palm against his nipple making him arch up into the touch. She caught the peak between thumb and forefinger and gave a light pinch. He almost didn't feel it when a second finger joined the first, then they were thrusting slowly in and out of him.

It was... good. He didn't think he would have felt that way if he'd been doing this to himself, he might have ended up fumbling and hurt himself. But he was making noises he never thought would come out of his throat, moving his hips with her movements, arching his back and thrusting his breasts up for more attention. He didn't realize he'd slipped his eyes closed, until Ava pulled her fingers out of him, and he moaned a little at the loss.

But then something else was taking place of her fingers. Something blunt, thick, and hard. His body fought to tense up, but the hand playing with his breasts moved to rub comforting circles on his stomach. He breathed through the dildo sliding inside of him. It didn't hurt, so at least the transformation hadn't turned him into a virgin, but his mind felt uncomfortable again. Then she was all the way inside, and they both paused for a breath. She seemed to be waiting for him to be ready, so he nodded up at her when he thought he could handle it, and did his best not to tense up.

She pulled her hips back, slowly, and then pushed back in just as slow. She kept the slow pace for a few thrusts as he got used to it. The friction against his walls felt good, especially when she played with his nipples at the same time. And it felt amazing when the fingers of her other hand moved to toy with his clit, pressing down and rubbing furiously as the movement of her hips picked up until she was fucking him, fast and hard.

Joe loved it. It felt even better than getting himself off before. He knew he was being loud, louder than before, crying out every time she thrust her hips just right, her fingers pressing hard against his clit, moaning every time she pulled out and he felt that delicious friction. He loved feeling full. He didn't even feel gay, because he was having sex with a woman. And then he was coming, convulsing around the dildo, and she didn't stop until he was completely wrung out, before pulling out of him and working at the straps tied around her waist.

She slid off the table before he did, his legs feeling a little shaky, he was pretty sure if he tried to stand it would be embarrassing.

"You both should come back tomorrow," Dr. Card told them.

Then she left them alone to get clean and get dressed.

Chapter 5

It wasn't as weird stripping down with Ava in the lab the next day. It seemed kind of pointless to be awkward around her anymore. It was such a strange, unique experience, however... Ava and he hadn't actually exchanged a lot of words — *any* words — but they'd had sex before.

Dr. Card walked over to them with two pills, and Joe thought he would have to take it again, only she held them out to Ava instead.

"Please, take these," she said.

Ava didn't even hesitate, and Joe watched, feeling curious. He remembered undergoing the transformation himself, but he hadn't looked. It had felt too weird, and he might have gone a little crazy if he'd risked it. But he watched Ava, and he could feel his eyes grow wide as she transformed into a man, right before his eyes. It was so strange. One second she was standing there, then the next her features were shifting. He had to blink his eyes a few times, to be sure it wasn't just his mind playing tricks on him. It was weird, particularly, watching her boobs melt into her body as her chest stretched out a little.

But then something that should have been obvious before just then occurred to him. She had stopped transforming, and Ava now had a dick... that was probably going to go *inside him*.

He'd been semi-okay with the dildo, and even got to enjoy it. But he was feeling a little more apprehensive about having an actual penis inside him.

But then he figured... Ava wasn't really a man, so technically, he would still be having sex with a woman. It would be weird, but it was probably weird on her too? Especially since if this was the first time she'd gone through the transformation.

"Please get on the operating table and assume the same positions as before," Dr. Card ordered.

It was a bit awkward getting to fit on the table. Dr. Card handed over some lube to Ava and moved to her seat. Joe watched Ava as she slicked her palm and brought it down to her half-hard cock, taking herself in hand and stroking. After a few stokes, her face contorted with bliss, the organ in her hand hardening under the attention.

Joe tried not to look, but it was impossible not to. He also noticed

the difference between this Ava and the female version. He could see some resemblance in the face, the hair and eyes, but it was definitely a guy kneeling between Joe's legs. She might have gained a little height, her shoulders were lightly broader, and so were her hips because he felt like he had to part his legs wider to accommodate her. Once she got herself hard, Ava got some more lube on her fingers and turned them on him, slicking him up, then sliding her fingers inside, two followed by another. Joe tried to focus this time so his body could stay relaxed, not letting his head rule him, moving by what felt right.

Then Ava was pulling her fingers out, and leaning forward to brace above him with one forearm, using her other hand to position her cock, before she was moving. It was different from the dildo, the flesh just as hard but a lot warmer. He looked up at her face as she entered him, watched her face screwed in concentration as she moved, slowly, until she was in all the way. And then she started moving her hips, and he couldn't help but moan when she pulled back, then pushed back in, slowly but growing in power and speed as she moved.

It felt so different from the previous day. He wasn't sure if it was because of the closer proximity and the change in angle, or just that he could tell it wasn't some inanimate object inside of him. He could practically feel Ava's cock pulse inside of him as she pumped her hips, fucking him. His hands tried to clutch at the fabric he was lying on, but he couldn't. It was too thick for him to catch a proper grab of it. He gave up, wrapped his arms around Ava's body instead. Then his legs followed suit, naturally, going around her hips and tightening and releasing with every thrust in and out of his body, moving his hips up into her thrusts. The sound of his panting, Ava's choppy breaths and the slap of skin against skin filled the room.

In the middle of it, when his head lolled a little to the side, his body overwhelmed by how good it felt, he caught sight of Dr. Card and remembered she was still watching. He didn't know what he should feel exactly, but then Ava gave a particularly hard thrust and he was crying out his pleasure; he felt his eyes roll back into his head a little. But the doctor was still watching, and in normal circumstances he would have been freaking out, but he realized that having Dr. Card watching them was actually making him even more sexually excited.

He didn't think it was possible at this point, but Ava sped up the

rhythm of her hips. Joe could feel the pleasure curling inside him, so close to coming already. Orgasm hit him by surprise, his body tightening and releasing around Ava's cock, again and again. There was a moan above him, a decidedly male sound, and it made him moan some more. Then Ava's movements were out of rhythm, becoming a little erratic, and then she was coming inside him.

Joe sucked in his breath, felt his body tighten further when he felt the hot come filling him as Ava still moved inside him, overflowing until it was leaking down the back of his thighs. Then she collapsed on him, for a second overwhelming him with her weight, until he got used to it. After a few minutes, she was pulling back. He moaned a little when her softening cock pulled out of him.

Then Dr. Card was there, giving them both wipes to clean themselves up. Ava was given clothes and led out of the room. Joe used the opportunity to clean up and get dressed in the clothes that had been left for him. After a moment, the door opened again, and Dr. Card was standing there.

"Ah, good," she said. "You're already dressed. Come in and sit down."

He did as he was told, following her. She walked around the desk and sat down as he took the seat on the opposite side of the desk.

"I'm going to ask you a few questions, and I want you to be as truthful as possible, all right?" she said. "Give me as much details as you can."

He nodded, feeling reluctant, but he could guess what the questions would be, anyway. He'd been wondering about it, if he would get a questionnaire or something, but he had been semi-prepared for an interview for the answers. He wouldn't be a test subject if he wasn't reporting on his side of things. He braced himself for it as she grabbed her pen and held it ready, but instead of the clipboard it was the same pad she'd marked his name in the first time he came in.

"Can you tell me what your experience was with the sexual testing?" she asked. "I want you to tell me your thoughts about the masturbation and both sexual encounters."

He sighed. Yes, he'd been expecting it, but he still squirmed when she said it so bluntly. And then the movement made aware he was a

little sore. It shot a quiet thrill through him, and he felt his face warm up. He wasn't sure if that was how he was supposed to feel about this.

"Well... I guess it was a little weird at first? All three times, because all of it was so new. Touching myself was good, I never expected it to be quite like it was. It felt *really* good. And then being with.... With the strap on, that was stranger than touching myself for the first time. But once I got used to it, once I got into it, I enjoyed myself. I enjoyed each encounter more than the last. Especially..." he felt his voice trail off, a little uncertain.

"Please, go on."

He nodded, swallowing. "Um, just now, I loved it. Better than the last two times combined, I had no idea it could be that amazing from a woman's perspective. I loved having a pulsing cock inside me, knowing it was a part of someone else, not an object like before. I loved being filled, more than I would have thought, and I loved feeling Ava coming..."

He caught what he was saying and felt his face warm up in a blush. He didn't think he could go on if she needed much more detail. His discomfort was more about embarrassment now, but he still didn't think he could just talk so freely. He wasn't such an open guy to begin with. Aside from his few partners, he didn't really talk about sex.

But she didn't seem to want more. She looked a little preoccupied with what she was writing, she didn't even notice the pleading look he threw her way. Dr. Card scribbled some more on her pad, then looked up.

"You're free to go."

It was a clear dismissal, but he didn't care. He wanted out of that place so he could go home, get his thoughts in order, and brace himself for what would come after. He let himself out and headed home, feeling confused.

Chapter 6

Joe was back the next day again. At this point, he had it in his head to be heading in every day unless he was told not to. He left early the same time every day so he could catch the bus, and it cut his walk time down to ten minutes from the stop to the lab. He still waked all the way home when he was let out, since he was always leaving so early, the latest had been early afternoon, but the walk was good for him.

When he walked into Dr. Card's office, he was surprised not to see anyone else there, and guessed they were meeting up alone this time. She gestured for him wordlessly to take a seat, turning back to her book.

She looked up, her face still set in its blank lines, but the corners of her lips rose up a little.

"I've been impressed to watch your progress, Joe," she said. "You're currently the greatest success in the tests. You came in as a straight man and now you're comfortable in a woman's body and happy to be taken, by a man's body." She paused and glanced down, made a mark with her pen, then tapped it on the bottom of the page. "Most men in the tests rejected the third sexual encounter. Normally, the tests are finished at this point." She looked up at him with another small smile. "But now that you've been found to be so pliable, I'm interested in keeping you on as a test subject."

Joe was taken aback. He hadn't realized the tests they were doing before were, well... tests. But her keeping him longer was a good thing for him, because he wasn't up to looking up for more jobs, not with the way he looked. He knew there was no way he could get lucky a second time in his job hunt. This job was... the best he'd ever had?

Besides, it wasn't like he could disagree with her assessments. He'd told her himself how much he'd liked getting fucked, and he'd dreamed about it last night, only to wake up feeling wet between his thighs. He hadn't done anything, still a little uncomfortable about starting anything at home, but he didn't think he could last long.

"Now," she said, "would you be willing to do more sexual tests?"

He felt an involuntary thrill go down his spine. More like the previous times? He didn't even have to think about it.

"Sure," he said.

The smile came back to Dr. Card's face, but she quickly wiped it away as she got to her feet.

"Good," she said. "Now, please step into my lab and I'll join you shortly."

"Do I need to strip?"

"Not this time."

He got up and headed inside the lab. He didn't go sit down on the examination table, besides the desk with the single seat behind it there wasn't really anything else to sit on. Not that he felt like sitting, his heart was beating too fast, so he kept on his feet and had to make himself not pace around.

When the door opened he turned to see Dr. Card walking in with a man behind her.

"Joe, I'd like to introduce you to Eric," she said. "He's a biological male from birth."

He nodded, feeling a little nervous as he glanced at the new guy. He was starting to feel like he should have thought things through again. But he didn't want to back out.

"I want you to perform fellatio on Eric," Dr. Card said, a smile playing at the sides of her mouth.

... *oh*.

He glanced at Eric again, thinking of doing it, getting on his knees and sucking another man off. This wasn't like last time, with Ava. This guy had been born a guy, so he couldn't as easily excuse it. Still, after the days he'd had, the thought didn't faze him like it would have if he'd been asked to do it on his first or even second day at the lab.

Dr. Card moved to the examination table, Eric and Joe following right behind her. She directed Eric to lean back against the table, just enough to brace himself up. Then she put some pads down on the floor and guided Joe onto his knees. The stool had been repositioned so she had a better view, and she went to sit.

He felt a little self-conscious. It was odd, having his face this close to a man's dick. Then Eric was opening the button of his pants, unzipping his fly, and for a second, he felt like he should panic.

But all he could really feel was curious. He watched from less than a foot away as Eric released his cock from under his pants and boxer briefs. He was hard, the thick length jutting out from his body, curving

upwards.

Joe was frozen for a second, just watching the flesh pulse, flushed a dark pink. When he finally brought his hand up, he knew his fingers trembled. He pressed the tip of his pointer finger on the head, right at the slit, and felt something wet. He hesitated for about a second, and then he was rubbing his fingers over the wetness, spreading it on the head of Eric's cock and on his fingers. It wasn't a lot, but he wrapped his fingers around the length, firmed his grip, and gave a slow stroke, then did it again. It was still a little dry, but Eric was leaking more precum and he got it all over his fingers.

There was a moan above him, and he felt a sexual thrill run through his body. Chills spread through his body, he could feel a light throbbing start between his thighs, and he was sure without checking that his nipples were erect.

He was supposed to do more than give a hand job, though. His hand paused for a second, then moved to the base, holding steady as he leaned forward, tongue out, and touched it to the leaking slit at the tip. It didn't taste bad, exactly... he couldn't really think of what it tasted like. Growing a little bold, he nudged the tip of his tongue against the slit. Then he pulled back, licking all over the head, down the shaft, following up the vein on the underside with the tip of his tongue and flicking it against the glans under the head. It got him another moan.

Joe didn't mean to, but he was really getting into it. After getting Eric's cock thoroughly wet, he wrapped his lips around the head and sucked, lightly. He knew exactly what would feel good... He knew what he always wished his girlfriends had known. He kept his lips over his teeth and moved down, taking more into his mouth. He moved slow, taking in the limit he was pretty sure he could without choking. He hollowed out his cheeks as he pulled back, and then repeated the process again, running his tongue around the tip when he pulled back.

He started bobbing his head, using his hand to stroke the length he couldn't fit into his mouth. Spit was slicking his hand, running down his chin, but he didn't give a damn. He was wet between his thighs, and he shifted a little so his knees were wider, hoping to relieve some of the pressure.

Eric was definitely enjoying himself, giving a quiet curse and a

moan, hand going to Joe's hair but not doing anything, just holding on and letting him move. Joe found he liked it when Eric was vocal. Joe got more excited, more enthusiastic, and he would move his head faster, tightening his grip as he stroked, and firmed his lips around the flesh in his mouth. He gave a little moan of his own, and when that only served to drive Eric even more wild, he wanted to do more. He brought his other hand between Eric's thighs and palmed his balls, rolling them in his hand, squeezing gently. He added more suction, increased the strokes with his hands.

He desperately wanted to get Eric to come. And he loved the feeling when Eric exploded, spurting thick, slightly bitter come into his mouth. He didn't care about the taste, swallowing everything he got. He sucked Eric's cock to get every last drop of it out. Then he gentled as the body above his went slack. Joe pulled back to lick all over the softening cock. When he felt a slight yank in his hair, he pulled away entirely.

He sat back on his heels as Eric caught his breath, giving the guy some space. He still throbbed, but now that he'd stopped he didn't think he needed to do anything about it. He moved to his feet and glanced at Eric as he shakily tucked his dick away in his pants. Then he glanced over at Dr. Card to see her jotting down her notes.

"I am very pleased with your performance, Joe," she said.

He could tell. That slight smile was back on her face, and he almost wanted to preen. It would have felt weird in the current context, but they weren't exactly words he heard all that often.

"You're free to leave," she said. "Please come back tomorrow, same time as usual."

He nodded and left the office, feeling a little disappointed that they weren't going to do anything more. He froze in the office when he caught the thought, but then he dismissed it. After everything he'd done up until now, that wasn't really anything.

Joe walked home, marveling at the strange journey he had gone through. Originally, he'd taken the job for the money, but his interest in sticking it out was a lot more than just that now. He didn't know where this ride ended, but he was amazed that he didn't want to stop yet.

He'd keep being Dr. Card's best guinea pig as long as she'd have

him.

The End

Read the Sequel:

[New Woman \(Guinea Pig Book 2\)](#)

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-Paula Spicer

EXCERPT:

New Woman (Guinea Pig Book 2)

Gender Swap Romance

By Paula Spicer

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Chapter 1

He forgot there was an audience until she spoke up.

"Would you please switch positions?" Dr. Card called from where she was seated to the side, observing them.

But then, he'd been Dr. Card's guinea pig for a while now. Having sex while she watched had been weird at first, but he'd found himself getting more comfortable in his new skin. His new body, which was a woman's. He was having sex with a man, and it didn't faze him. This would have seemed strange to Joe mere weeks ago. He was as straight as an arrow back then. He was a man, in a man's body. Now, he was in a woman's body, being fucked by a guy and he was doing his best not to orgasm, because he had a feeling it would take a while, and he didn't want to be exhausted to the point of passing out. He'd already come twice, and they still weren't done.

"Would you please switch positions?" Dr. Card asked again.

Joe groaned as the man, who was thrusting between his legs, immediately stopped. Joe's feet were up on the man's shoulders, with the man on his knees and hands under Joe's thighs to hold him open. Just another day at the office. Besides, the sex felt good, and with a female body's quicker recovery time, he could continue for a while before he was truly tired out. He could feel exhaustion drag at his limbs, but he wanted to finish.

Dr. Card had kept on doing that the whole session, observing from her seat and taking notes, calling out new positions every so often. He wasn't even sure how many different positions they'd been in already. Joe was surprised the man hadn't orgasmed even once yet. Though, looking up at him, he could tell the guy was straining. The man did as was told, pulling out and waiting for further instruction. Joe sighed a little as his legs were released.

"Now, Joe, I want you to turn around and get on your knees, then lean down so your shoulders are braced against the table. Feel free to use the pillow to make yourself more comfortable."

He sighed again, forcing his body to move. The examination table, covered but some thick, soft fabric, wasn't particularly wide, so he couldn't just roll over or he'd risk falling. He pushed himself up then turned so he was on his knees, leaning his upper body down, dragging the pillow he'd had under his head to position it so he had his arms

around it, cushioning his shoulders. He felt hands grab onto his hips as he settled himself, but there was no more movement.

"Proceed."

Joe winced, wondered how she could be so blasé about all this. He was getting used to being watched having sex, but it still weirded him out how she acted like it was no big deal. But then a long, thick cock was entering him from behind, and he had to remind himself to breathe.

He'd been on his knees already at one point, but then she'd had him with his arms up. This position was somehow different. It felt... deeper. And when the man thrust, he realized it was more stimulating. He'd been feeling tired, even though he was still aroused, but getting taken from this position suddenly brought out his enthusiasm. His moans and cries were certainly louder.

His fingers clenched in the fabric of the pillow, his nails digging in until they hit his palms, giving a low whine from a particularly hard thrust, as the cock inside him moved in and out of him faster, harder. The sound of his cries, panting from the man above him and the slap of skin on skin distracted him from the scratch of Dr. Card's pencil. He could feel pleasure coiling low in his stomach, he didn't think he'd last long in this position.

Then he bit into the pillow with his teeth when he felt his lower abdomen tighten in a familiar way, then a burst of pleasure washed over his skin. His light scream was muffled as he orgasmed, again, his body shuddering in convulsions that drove pleasure through his body even as the body above his didn't stop moving. It seemed to last longer this time, then he was left spent and exhausted, his walls twitching because he was still getting fucked. He was so sensitive he thought he might actually come again, even though passing out was still very much a possibility.

"Okay, you can stop now," said Dr. Card. "Please, pull out. Joe, I want you to roll over onto your back again."

Joe did as asked, gladly because his thighs felt weak, squirming around to get on his back. He glanced over at Dr. Card. He blinked a few times when his sight went blurry, fighting back the urge to go to sleep. He couldn't feel it yet, but he knew he'd feel sore later.

Dr. Card marked something down on her clipboard, then looked

up, eyes on his partner.

"You can pleasure yourself using your hand, but I want you to ejaculate on his breasts," she said, blunt.

Joe blinked, thoughts of sleep blowing away.

The other man didn't hesitate, taking himself in hand as he crawled up Joe's body with his knees on either side. Once he got in position, he leaned over and braced against the table with one arm, jacking himself off with his other hand, hard. Joe looked, licked his lips, feeling interested. It surprised him, the satisfaction of watching the guy come on his chest with a quiet groan. He watched the thick, creamy ropes of come hit his breasts.

Joe *loved* it.

But why did Dr. Card tell the man to pull out? This was the second time they had had sex, and she'd told the man to pull out both times, before he could finish. The first time they had sex was just in missionary position, with the man lying on top of him, between his spread thighs. This time they'd changed between several positions. Perhaps Dr. Card was building up to having him come inside Joe.

Or, perhaps there was a danger of Joe becoming pregnant. Was that even possible? Joe knew the drugs made him a woman, but could they really change his body enough that pregnancy was possible?

They both took a moment to catch their breaths, before the man got off the table. He was given clothes and allowed to change. He was directed to where he could go to get cleaned up if he felt the need, then he was out the door.

Joe had managed to get himself upright by then. His body was exhausted. He'd come a total of five times from both rounds of sex, even though they'd been spread apart by over an hour. His muscles had a delicious ache that made his body tremble slightly. He barely had feeling in his legs, and he knew it was a bad idea to try standing so soon. When he sat down he winced, moving so he was on sitting more on one ass cheek, holding himself up on shaky arms.

Dr. Card, seeming to realize he might need a minute, or two, decided to excuse herself.

"Please pick your change of clothes from the desk," she said. "There are sanitary wipes you can use to clean yourself." She gestured with her hand the desk that sat close to the door, before turning and

leaving him alone.

He gave himself a moment to just breathe before he tried moving. His legs still trembled, and he ached between his thighs, but he made it just fine. He wiped off the come on his chest and tossed the dirty wipes in the trash can right beside the desk, then dressed up. His muscles protested, and he almost tripped getting on the underwear. He managed without incident, though.

He left the lab, walking straight into Dr. Card's office. The drastic shift disoriented him for a moment. Her office always surprised him, after the stark whiteness of her lab and the rest of the facility that he'd seen so far. She waited for him, seated behind her office desk, writing down something. He moved to the seat across from her, gingerly sitting down. She finished what she was doing then looked up at him.

"Joe, I'm pleased with your results so far in the tests," she said. "I want to keep you on staff indefinitely, and keep you in a woman's body for the duration of your employment. Is this a development you would be okay with?"

He just blinked for a moment in surprise. He wasn't just *okay* with it, he was happy to hear it. He'd made a lot of money so far. Every two weeks, more money than he'd ever made in a month at any other job was deposited into his account, and he no longer had to worry about his bills. For the first time, in longer than he could remember, he had cash to save, and zero debts.

Dr. Card was still waiting for his answer, and when he could bring himself to speak, he answered with a simple, "I'd love to."

It was the best job he'd ever gotten, considering his lack of qualifications. In a lot of ways, it was the easiest, not to mention the most pleasurable. He couldn't imagine just dropping it and getting a regular job, anymore.

But it had only been a small number of weeks, and during that time, he'd avoided seeing many friends and family. If this was his full-time job from now on, he had to return to his normal life. He'd have to explain why he was suddenly a woman.

He spoke up when it looked like he was dismissed, and Dr. Card was about to return to her work.

"I do have one concern," he said. "I'm going to have to explain to people why I changed, at least my family and a few friends. What am I

allowed to tell them, just how much of what goes on do I absolutely have to keep secret?"

She looked thoughtful. "Hmm. Well, you can inform them about the drugs, that we're testing them, and that you're a paid test subject. As for the nature of the tests, I leave that to your discretion, but don't give any unnecessary details. You are free to use your judgment on this. If any legal issues arise concerning your identification, we will step in if we need to."

"If you need to?"

"Yes," she said. "Your physical form has changed, and your DNA is also different to account for the change in gender, but your fingerprints should still be a close match to your old ones, maybe sized down. I will have to remember to test that. For the long term, of course, there will be a few processes to get you an ID that fits your new body, at the very least to last your employment with us, but it can be taken care of, not something you have to worry about."

He nodded along, even though he felt slightly dazed. Hell, he'd forgotten all about that. The picture in his ID was of his old face. The name wasn't a big deal, plenty of women went by "Joe". Most of his documents, where gender was a requirement, which was most of them, were marked as "male". It wasn't such a big deal just then, he didn't need anything since he walked to and from work, and he could access his bank through the internet, he didn't have to be there physically. He'd need such things eventually, though.

Dr. Card went back to her work, and Joe walked out of her office. It was still pretty light out, but one of the perks of his job was the flexible hours that meant he was in early and out before noon, or early evening. He stopped by the front desk for a drink of water, drinking down a whole glass, surprised just how thirsty he was. Also, hungry. But then, he'd had a busy morning.

As he was leaving the building, he spotted Ava. She was in the parking lot, getting into her car and driving away. He didn't have time to call out to her, not that he would have anyway. It would be strange, wouldn't it? Joe remembered having sex with her in the first round of tests. He remembered how she looked naked. She was a bit of an intimidating woman, but very attractive...

Although, remembering all that wouldn't help him talk to her.

Because he'd never really talked to her directly, which meant she was, essentially, a stranger, even though they'd had sex twice. He wouldn't mind actually talking to her, though. He hadn't really had that much human interaction in the past few weeks, besides going in for Dr. Card's tests, but she was the only one he ended up talking to. At this point he'd had a lot of sexual partners, but he hadn't spoken to most of them.

Joe sighed and put it all out of his mind as he walked. He had more important things to think of. Like what he was going to do to get his life back on track. It was not going to be easy.

Keep Reading: [New Woman \(Guinea Pig Book 2\)](#)

EXCERPT:
The Woman in the Mirror
Gender Swap Romance
By Paula Spicer

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Chapter 1

"You can't think you're going to win this argument," said Greg.

"What argument?" asked Tina. "It's a pretty cut and dried question. I don't see why we're still debating it."

They paused for a second, both breathing a little heavy, and Tina's face was flushed. They were in a coffee shop, and they were probably being too loud, but Greg didn't care. Because Tina was wrong, and he was going to make her see it.

Somehow, a meet up for a chat had turned into a public argument.

Greg wasn't sure how they'd even gotten onto this topic. He and Tina were friends, they rarely argued. But of all things for them to start arguing over, it had to be this? The question about who had it harder in love: men or women.

"I think I have a much harder time." Greg consciously lowered his voice. "Do you have any idea how freaking annoying it is, when women I like give me the run around and go after jerks? This is the kind of thing I've been seeing since high school, Tina. The jerks and the bad boys get all the girls. A nice guy like me, meanwhile, can't get anyone interested."

Yeah, his voice didn't stay down long, that was back to being loud. But he felt he had sufficient reason to be so vehement about this.

He wasn't kidding when he said it was a pattern right out of high school, because it was. Not that he had never dated. That would just be too pathetic at his age. But he usually ended up with the girls the jerks and the bad boys rejected, and he was stuck trying to help them pick up the pieces of their self-esteem. The few times when it wasn't about that, he didn't get past the first date, or second if he was really lucky, before they decided to cut and run. He'd been dealing with that since he was a teenager.

And Tina thought she had it hard? Like hell.

"It's not the fact that you're nice that's keeping you single, Greg," Tina argued back. She just as vehement. She wasn't as loud as him but the sound still carried. "It's the fact that you have so little confidence."

Greg opened his mouth to dispute that, but she talked over him, voice getting just a bit louder as she argued back.

"Women have it tougher because there's so many men after us, we have to be extremely discriminating. Some men are garbage, some will

do anything to get into my bed. It's hard to find a good man. Just because I can have sex almost any night of the week doesn't mean I'm interested in that. But it seems to be all that most guys are interested in. Sex and love aren't the same thing."

He was pretty sure she was missing his point, but he still felt the sting from the comment about him lacking confidence. Like hell he did. All the girls he'd dated, he had been the one to approach them.

He was the one to approach Tina, when they first met. They had tried to date a few years back. He'd been feeling hopeful about it, because she was the kind of girl he liked the more he knew of her, and Tina seemed to be into him, too. Still, it didn't work out, so they went back to being friends.

"My point still stands," said Greg. "Girls can be brutal. And it's not just me, so you can't call bias. I have guy friends. What do you think they like to complain about? Pretty much every guy I know has some horror story involving a woman he was trying to hit on."

"Well, maybe they aren't any better at it than you," said Tina. "Women complain about the guys trying to pick them up, too, you know. I can give you horror stories that would make you cry, Greg."

He threw his hands up. "Are you trying to offend me on purpose or are the words just jumping out of your mouth? Why would you automatically assume I'm bad at hitting on women? I got your attention, didn't I?"

She arched an eyebrow. "You weren't bad, but you weren't exactly amazing. You've told me your track record, remember?"

In the middle of their argument, Greg noticed the barista, a black-haired sort of goth-looking woman with heavy eye shadow, seeming to be listening to their conversation.

Of course she was... It wasn't rush hour yet; there weren't that many people inside the shop. It was just them and three other people who had sat as far from them as possible in the smallish space. He'd known they were being a bit loud, but it still felt awkward now that he knew someone was paying close attention to them. Still, when Tina went on another tangent, he couldn't help arguing back.

"My track record is exactly the issue," he went on.

After about five minutes of fruitless back and forth, they were interrupted by the barista. She brought them over some water with

lemon in the glass. He frowned down at the glass in front of him, because he hadn't ordered it. Actually, he didn't even finish the coffee he had ordered, but it was probably too cold to drink now anyway.

He looked up to tell her, but she cut him off.

"It's on the house," she said, then went back to her post.

He and Tina were both left a little confused. Maybe she was giving them water so they'd drink it and shut up for a while... Tina sighed, pulling the glass closer to her.

"So, how about we table this chat? We're clearly not going to agree on it and we're probably making total strangers uncomfortable." Her mouth twisted in a wry smile.

"Agreed," he muttered. He checked his coffee, just in case, but it was way too cold to still taste good. He pushed it to the middle of the table.

"Why don't you tell me how your week has been?" Tina asked. "Give me something exciting, even if you have to make it up, because mine has been completely boring."

"I got a call from my mom, actually," he said, letting her change the subject, following her lead.

"Oh, yeah? What did she want?"

He let his mouth curl in a grin. "She thought there were ghosts in the house."

Tina gave a startled laugh. "Oh, please, tell me more. Is this the mysterious ghost that keeps showing up?"

He rolled his eyes. "More like it never leaves. It just takes a short vacation."

There wasn't actually a ghost, and Tina knew that. He'd told her about his mom's antics and she always seemed to get a kick out of them. Of course, his mom just conveniently forgot there were mice in the attic even after he'd told her plenty of times to call an exterminator. She hated the thought of killing them, though, and every time they messed with things while she was asleep, she'd call him and start screaming 'ghost.'

He might have exaggerated the story a bit, just to make Tina laugh, but at least they were no longer arguing. They drank the water as he told the story, until Tina finished hers and sat back, pushing her glass to the middle of the table.

"I have to get to work."

"It's fine. You can go ahead, I'll pay."

She smiled as she got up. "You're sweet. I'll pay next time, okay?"

He just waved because she was already rushing out, and drank back the last bit of his water.

Chapter 2

Home sweet home.

Greg sighed to himself as he put his dishes in the sink. His place was fine, but he just didn't like living by himself. He wasn't used to it. He had a pretty big family at home, three siblings with the occasional cousins visiting. When he first moved out, he had a roommate, but that was back in college. He'd been pretty much alone after he graduated.

That didn't usually bother him. There were perks to living alone, definitely. He couldn't cook to save his life, but other than that, he was okay on his own. It would be awesome if he found someone to live with, but he wasn't exactly dying for it.

However...

Greg was starting to feel lonely and emotional all of a sudden. He frowned as he rubbed at his chest, wondering when it became so hollow. Was he sick or something? Because he couldn't think of any other reason why he felt so... empty.

He left the kitchen, going around shutting the door and the windows, then went to his bedroom. He turned on the light so he wasn't in the dark, and moved to the bathroom to splash some cold water on his face. Whatever it was, he was probably just exhausted. Some sleep should help.

He turned on the tap, cupped his hands under the stream of water, and splashed his face, doing it twice before he stopped and turned the tap off. He'd gotten his T-shirt a little wet, but he thought it was still okay to sleep in.

Then he looked at his face in the mirror, water droplets dripping down his cheeks. He wiped at his eyes as a few lodged themselves in his lashes, making his sight a little blurry. Then he rubbed his eyes again, because his vision wasn't clearing. Everything was a little soft around the edges for a moment.

Greg would have worried, but his sight righted itself almost immediately, and he was seeing clearly again. He watched himself in the mirror, and wondered if there was something wrong with him.

He watched as the image of his face in the mirror... hm... transformed was the best word he could think of. His face softened around his chin and jaws, becoming less angular, softer. He couldn't

be sure, but he thought the image shortened by an inch or so in height, the bottom edge of the mirror cutting off below the chest instead of mid-stomach. The hair grew out his head until it went from touching the ears to just brushing the shoulders. The area around the shoulders narrowed down, his T-shirt suddenly baggy, and then his chest was growing what looked suspiciously like breasts. The arms slimmed down, losing muscle, going soft and skinny.

He didn't see the rest of it, but he saw enough.

Finally, the transformation was coming to a stop, things stopped moving around, until he wasn't looking at himself in the mirror; he was looking at a woman that looked a little like him, but closer to his sisters. Had he hit his head or something? Or was he more tired than he'd thought? It was possible he'd just fallen asleep in front of his bathroom mirror... But then he would have fallen, and he would have hit his head...

Ah.

That was probably it. It was either that or he was crazy. Because it wasn't possible for a guy to just turn into a woman.

He thought back to the conversation with Tina several hours ago, and felt something like panic tighten his chest. He reached up with a hand and touched his cheek, watched the woman in the mirror... well, mirror the movement. He moved it up, into the longer hair, touching it at the same time the woman's hand in the mirror touched her hair.

Greg never let his hair grow out so much it reached his shoulders. He brought both hands up to his head, and then held up the slimmer hands in front of him, looking at them in the mirror, a little afraid of what he would see if he looked down.

How did this happen? He was talking about women having it easier just a while ago, and suddenly he's a woman? That wasn't the sort of thing that happened often, even in sci-fi movies.

I'm hallucinating. I have to be.

No way would a transformation like that come out of nowhere. He didn't even feel it. If he hadn't been looking in the mirror, he probably wouldn't have noticed. Shouldn't some pain have been involved if a guy's body was going to switch genders on its own?

His thoughts were growing a little hysterical, so it was probably time to stop thinking. So he turned around and left the bathroom, just

barely remembering to turn off the lights as he went to bed. He would sleep off whatever hallucination or head injury was making him see strange things.

His breasts felt very real, however, heavy on his chest as he crawled onto the bed and moved to lie on his side. But he chalked it up to his hallucination being particularly vivid.

He hoped it would pass during the night.

Chapter 3

Greg woke up the next day and crawled out of bed. He remembered a vague dream he had, or was it a hallucination? Of his body turning into a woman's. He could have laughed, but it was cut off by a yawn. He went to the bathroom to take a piss, glanced at the mirror and found himself still in a woman's body.

He just stopped and stared for a moment. Light was coming in from outside, making the whole room seem a little bright, so he couldn't even assume he just wasn't seeing clearly. Because that was obviously a woman staring right at him, wearing his T-shirt, though it looked a little baggy around her shoulders and slim arms. Her hair was a little long, sticking up in all directions and looking slept in.

Greg blinked at the image a few times, and then backed up and out of the bathroom, closing the door.

Breathing suddenly felt a little difficult, the air stuttering in his throat. He turned around to face the room, looked around for his phone. There was no way this was real. Panic crept at the edges of his mind, but he shoved it aside. He didn't know who he was going to call, but he needed someone to tell him he wasn't crazy, because he was starting to think he might be.

He finally found it, still in his jacket that he'd left on the couch when he came in. Seeing he had several missed calls gave him pause for a bit. He checked.

All of them were from Tina.

Oh, fuck. Oh, no.

Greg called her back right away, pacing as he waited for someone to pick up on the other end. But then he became aware that the heaviness on his chest moved as he did, so he stopped. His breath itched in his throat, came a little faster, panic trying to get the better of him again. He was so relieved when the call was answered, but then he froze at the unexpected voice coming from the other end.

"Hello?"

It was a man's voice. Which was weird, because he knew Tina wasn't dating anybody, so there was no reason for a guy to be in her apartment. And she usually hooked up at the guy's place — she said it was easier that way when things didn't work out, though he'd been to her place a few times when they dated. Even then, she didn't let just

anyone answer her phone for her. He thought about dropping the call and calling her house phone, but gave up on the idea.

"Is Tina there?" he asked. He winced at the sound of his voice, not as deep as it was supposed to be, sounding more than just a little feminine. It was a woman's voice coming out of his mouth, not his. He put it out of his mind; this was no time to freak about it. "It's Greg," he said, only thinking about how odd it would be for a woman's voice to be giving a man's name until after.

"This is Tina," said the man's voice.

He thought his brain shorted out a little. What the hell. He gave a laugh, a little surprised, but mostly hysterical, because this situation was getting worse by the second, not better.

"What the hell happened?" That came from both of them, a little breathy on his part, low and scared from the voice in his ear.

He finally made himself look down. Even though he knew what he would see, it still made him whimper. He had breasts. They were covered by the T-shirt, but they were impossible to mistake. He looked further down and saw the fabric of his pants pooling over his feet, even though his sleep pants were usually a bit short, how had he not noticed that? He lifted the T-shirt, looked at his soft stomach. His normal body didn't exactly have a six pack, but he looked like he had no muscle definition at all. His pants hung pretty low on his hips, but he supposed he should be glad it hadn't fallen off.

Greg was pretty sure he didn't want to look under the pants. He dropped the T-shirt, swallowing.

"Tina, what the hell," he breathed, stumbling back until he was leaning against a patch of wall, and then sinking down onto his butt, clutching at his hair with his free hand and staring straight ahead but not seeing anything. "Tell me we're both freaking hallucinating or something. None of this can be happening. Because I have boobs, and I think my dick is gone but I'm a little worried to check, and you sound like a guy."

Greg waited, holding his breath, hoping the guy on the other end would laugh it off and say something like 'I was joking, you can speak to Tina now.' What he heard was something that sounded suspiciously like a whimper before it was muffled.

A strained laugh came from the other end. "I wish I could, but

yeah. I don't have boobs anymore, and I'm sure I have a dick. I didn't want to look, but I was wearing my clothes, and they were a little uncomfortable when... this happened, so I took them off, and I *saw*."

She sounded a little traumatized. Greg felt a little worried.

"What the hell happened after we left the coffee shop?"

Because yeah, he was thinking this started from there. He couldn't think of anything else that could have caused it, and it couldn't have come out of nowhere. He thought back again to their conversation.

Men vs. women, and who had it better in love.

He glanced down at his chest, shuddered out a breath and watched it move with it. He looked up, staring at nothing again, trying to calm his panicking thoughts. It was too much of a coincidence that they were talking about men and women, and then this freaky stuff happened. It had to be related.

Men vs. women, who has it tougher...

Fuck. I didn't need to know this badly.

There was a sort silence, then: "You go first," said Tina.

He took a shaky breath.

"I was pretty okay when I left that place; I just paid up and walked out, and went through my day as usual," he said. "Then I get home, I'm done with dinner and I'm feeling fucking emotional, so I decide maybe it was time I went to sleep. I go to the bathroom to splash water on my face, and I'm looking in the mirror and my face is changing, my body, and I'm looking at a woman. Tina, I thought I was hallucinating, but I woke up and I was still seeing a woman in the mirror."

His voice grew thinner, higher, as he spoke, his horror and desperation clearly coming through. He tightened the hand in his hair to the point of pain, tightening his other hand around his phone even though it hurt his hand gripping it so hard.

Tina was quiet for a moment.

"Everything was fine for me after leaving the coffee shop," she spoke quietly into his ear, and it was odd thinking *she* because it was still a man's voice even though Greg knew it was Tina on the other end. "My transformation — into a *man*," she told him, even though he could have guessed, sounding strangled, "— happened while I was at work, at my call center job. I went to the washroom after I started feeling strange and I became a man while I was in there."

She stopped so suddenly, he thought the line had gone dead. But then there was a hiccupping laugh, and she continued.

"It was freaky, Greg. My feet were aching, so I took off my shoes, and my feet are growing. Then my chest is flattening out, and I'm growing in my freaking clothes; my arms are thickening, even my hands were changing. I was waiting for it to hurt, but nothing. And then it just stopped.

"I could hardly go back to my cubicle after that, so I just snuck out of work." Another strangled laugh, sounding even more hysterical. "I was a guy running around in women's clothes a little too small for me. It was a quick trip to the car but it felt awkward as hell because there were people outside..."

Her voice grew quiet, and drifted off. He thought he heard a sniffle, and when she spoke again, her voice sounded teary.

"I don't know what to do, Greg. I can't go into work, so I just called in sick. Hell, I don't think I could even step outside. I don't have any clothes that would fit this body. I think I grew, too, maybe a couple of inches. Why is this happening?"

I'd like to know, too.

He didn't say that out loud, because it wouldn't be helpful, for either of them. His did some mental somersaults and took a deep breath to calm his nerves. Then he thought back to their conversation at the coffee shop, and something occurred to him, something he'd almost forgotten.

"Well, this happened after we left the coffee shop..." he said slowly. "So the cause must have come from there. Remember that weird barista? I'm pretty sure she was listening to us argue, I caught her staring at us in the middle of it. What if the barista did something to our drinks?"

"The coffee?"

"No, Tina. Remember, she brought us water?"

"Yeah," she said quietly. "There was a lemon in it. She didn't even make us pay for it; I thought it was nice of her, if a little weird." She paused, made a frustrated sound. "But what the hell could she have put in it that would have this reaction?"

Greg didn't have an answer for that. He didn't have a lot of answers actually, but it was somewhere to start for them.

"We better go back to that shop and find that barista, ask her what the hell she did and how to reverse it."

Keep Reading: [The Woman in the Mirror](#)
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BONUS STORY:

Super Swap

By Paula Spicer

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Bill and Kara were going to spend their Friday night smoking some weed and playing video games. But when their dealer slips them a new drug for them to try, their plans change.

They get two little purple pills. Two magic little pills. Within minutes of taking the new drug, Bill and Kara are sent on a gender trip! Bill becomes a woman and Kara becomes a man.

Being a woman is intoxicating for Bill, and Kara desperately wants to try out her new sexual organ.

After their first taste of gender swapping, Bill and Kara can't just stop there. They're addicted. They make a plan to get more pills.

With their inhibitions out the window, Bill and Kara can make all their wildest and kinkiest fantasies come true.

Author's note: This is a standalone story with a happily ever after ending!

Warning: This 15,000-word novella contains graphic language and steamy descriptions of gender transformation and sex.

SUPER SWAP

FRIDAY NIGHT DOUBLE SWAP GENDER TRANSFORMATION

By Paula Spicer

1.

Bill glanced at the clock. There were just two hours left before quitting time and today was Friday. He begged the clock to go faster before turning back to his computer. He worked for Terra Software and he was plugging numbers into a spreadsheet, bored out of his mind. He desperately wanted to get home.

He had plans to hang out and play video games with his roommate, Kara. He'd given her twenty bucks and she was going to get pizza and weed. They were both working shit jobs and pizza, video games, and weed sounded like a perfect plan for a Friday in the cold, dark winter.

He glanced at the clock again. He got up from his desk and did a stretch. He looked over the top of his cubicle at bored co-workers. Maybe a visit to the bathroom was in order. Waste some time in there.

The two hours passed by slowly, like trying to get ketchup out of a glass bottle. Like watching molasses drip. But finally, the week was over. Bill grabbed his stuff and caught the elevator down.

The wind outside was harsh, blowing snow into his face and stinging his cheeks. He waited for bus, unhappy to be outside, but happy to at least be experiencing a feeling other than boredom.

Finally finally finally, about a half-hour later, he was home. He took off his shoes and went to his bedroom. He threw his bag on the bed and got out of his pants and shirt. Tonight was a night for sweatpants and a t-shirt.

He heard the front door open and close. That was Kara arriving.

"Thank fucking God it's fucking Friday!" she called into the apartment.

"TFGIFG!" Bill called back, pulling on his pants. He walked out into the hallway as soon as he was dressed and greeted Kara in the living room. A pizza box was in her arms. "Oh nice. Quick service, Kara. I guess I should tip you."

She put the pizza box down and punched his arm. "Shut up." Her brown eyes twinkled as she smiled at him and his heart skipped a beat. She was gorgeous. She had short black hair, a great smile, and a body that Bill would have killed to see naked. Over the year they'd lived together, Bill's crush on Kara grew and grew. He thought about her

every single time he masturbated. From time to time, he managed to hear *her* masturbate. She would try to be quiet and often masturbate late at night, when she probably thought he was asleep. But he had heard her orgasm many times, and he loved it.

However, despite living together a year and hearing her orgasms from time to time, Bill had never seen her naked. He desperately wanted to, but he figured it wouldn't happen. They were friends, good friends, and they were roommates too. Only bad things happen when you hook up with the roommate. That tends to be the rule. It's like Murphy's Law.

In the living room, Kara was smiling at him in a way that he thought maybe she might have some of the same thoughts about him that he had about her. Maybe she listened to him masturbate. Maybe she masturbated thinking about him...

But probably not.

"Don't eat without me," she said, walking past him to her bedroom.

"I won't," he said. He thought about Kara undressing in her bedroom. She was naked in there. If he just walked over there and opened the door... He turned to the TV and clicked it on and adjusted the erection in his pants. They'd been friends for three years, roommates for one. If nothing had happened by now...

Kara came back into the room in sweatpants and a flannel shirt.

"Friday night," she said. "Let's get this party started." She opened up the pizza box and pulled out a slice. She put it on a plate and then cracked a beer. "What's on?"

Bill looked at the TV. "Looks like American Pie is on."

"Classic."

They watched the old raunchy sex comedy while eating and they laughed. They'd both seen it before, but not for a while. Bill got another erection during a certain scene and he thought he saw Kara's eyes flick to his crotch then quickly back at the screen, her cheeks reddening.

A little later, Bill asked Kara, "Hey weren't you in band?"

Kara coughed on her beer, laughing. "Yeah, I definitely was. I played the drums. And I totally went to band camp."

"Got any good band camp stories?"

Kara smiled slyly. "I sure do, but you'll never hear them."

"Oh shit, that's cold," said Bill.

They watched till the end of the movie and till the pizza box was empty and till they were both a little buzzed from the beer. As the credits rolled, Bill asked Kara if she'd gotten the weed.

"Shit," she said.

"Nooooo!" Bill cried.

"Sorry, man, my guy didn't have any weed at all. But, he felt bad and he gave me something else... Hang on." Kara got up and went to her bedroom. She came back with a very small baggy with two little purple capsules inside. They were slightly larger than Tic Tacs, but not much.

"What the hell are those?" Bill asked. He smoked weed, but he was not into hard drugs. He'd tried shrooms once and had a terrible trip filled with scary clowns and snakes, and he'd tried ecstasy at a party one time, but he didn't make a habit of straying far from weed. He was sort of afraid of trying other drugs. Movies and books and pop culture had taught him that they were incredibly unsafe. He regarded the colourful purple capsules in Kara's baggy with suspicion.

"Well, I told my guy I needed weed because me and my bro Bill were just gonna chill out and eat pizza and he said he didn't have any, but he did have something else that would be perfect for a laid back night with a friend. He said it's as mellow as you want to be, it doesn't cause hallucinations, it's not a psychedelic... He called it gingersnaps." Kara plucked one of the capsules out of the baggy and held it up to the light. It shone like candy. Like the hard shell candy coating on the outside of an M&M. "What do you think?"

"I don't know what to think..." said Bill. "Still seems mysterious to me." He was a little more comfortable after hearing all the reassurances, but he still had no idea what it was, and wondered if Kara's drug dealer could be trusted with such matters.

"He gave it to me for free," said Kara. He said it was a gift for not having weed in. And I trust the guy. He wouldn't give me dangerous shit."

Bill thought about it a little more. What could it hurt? Maybe he'd only take half of one and see what it was like. It couldn't possibly be worse than the time he'd tried shrooms.

"I'm going to try one," said Kara. "You want to join me?"

"Well, all right," said Bill. "Let's give it a shot."

Kara smiled big. "That's what I like to hear. Friday night adventure, right here in our living room." She put one purple capsule on Bill's hand and he thrilled at the warmth of her fleeting touch.

"Bottoms up," she said, putting another purple capsule on her tongue and sending it down the hatch on a river of beer.

"Cheers," said Bill, doing the same.

With the pills away, Bill got out the controllers for the PS4 and threw one to Kara. He switched the TV over to the console and threw in a game. Time to kill stuff and wait for the pills to kick in.

Bill started up the game, and Kara and he chose their characters. They were moving through a dark warehouse, shooting at zombies and other undead things. But Bill started to feel lightheaded. He drank some beer and felt like he might throw up. His insides were twisting and shifting. Before he could say anything, Kara paused the game.

"I don't feel so good," she said, and got up to run to the bathroom.

Bill watched her go. He put the controller down and got down on the floor, trying to keep down his supper and wait for the feeling to pass.

His heart was beating hard and fast. He put his hand over his heart and felt the strong quick beats. It was like he'd just gone for a sprint. His heart was pounding. But then he felt a strange sensation under the palm of his hand. His chest was changing. With every beat of his heart, something under his skin was inflating. Something under his skin was growing and ballooning. There was a pain as his chest expanded. Twin round breasts grew from his relatively flat breasts.

"What's happening?" he gasped out loud. No one answered.

Bill's t-shirt strained against the round breasts that were now part of his chest. His hands went to them and squeezed them and he tried to pull them off, as if someone had just placed them on his chest to rest, but they were his. They were a part of his body, as hard as that was to believe.

At this point, he remembered the pills he took. Perhaps this was some kind of hallucination and everything would go back to normal once the pills wore off. If he just kept calm, he would be fine.

Then he felt something in his pants like the opposite of what he felt on his chest. Instead of an expansion, instead of a growing, he felt a shrinking. He felt a withering.

"Oh no," he said, his hand going to his penis.

Like sand through his fingertips, he felt his penis shrinking past

his smallest. Past the size his penis was when he got out of frigid water. It went from two inches to one inch to one centimetre to... gone. Totally gone. His testicles sucked into his body and they were gone too.

Bill tried to tell himself to keep calm, but this was too much. He was trying to catch his breath, but he couldn't help panicking. This wasn't stopping. His crotch briefly reversed its actions and gave him something rather than taking something away, but it wasn't his penis. It was the lips of a vagina. A clit. His hips swelled. His hand went to his head and he felt his hair growing longer. His hands felt as his throat only to feel his Adam's apple shrink. The hair on his face, the hair on his arm turned finer and shorter and more invisible.

His head stopped swimming and his insides stopped shifting all of the sudden. It was like being on a boat in a storm and then suddenly pulling into a dock and getting back onto the dry land. His heart was still beating dangerously fast, but the transformation was complete.

He now understood what had happened to him. He went to a mirror and looked at himself in it. He saw a woman looking back at him. She wasn't bad-looking. But there was something disturbing about seeing his own eyes in the head of a woman. Something unnatural about the hair on his head being so long, growing so quickly. Something very upsetting about seeing his clothes struggle to contain a body that had fit into them so easily that morning.

"Shit," he said aloud. It was a woman's voice that escaped his lips.

His eyes went wide. How would he explain this to Kara? Where was she? Did something... like this... happen to her?

3.

Kara ran to bathroom with her head spinning and her insides twisting. She flipped open the toilet and threw up. She couldn't hold her supper down. She breathed hard and went to the faucet, where she splashed cold water on her face and rinsed her mouth.

Her fingertips felt something strange first. There was something abrasive on her chin. She rubbed her cheeks and felt something abrasive there. Prickles. She lifted her head and looked at herself in the mirror. Stiff short hairs were pushing out of her face as she watched. She yelped and jumped back.

She looked down and saw her breasts were shrinking. Her eyes popped at the sight. Her hands went to her breasts and groped and pulled at them, but it was no use. They were sucked into her body and her chest flattened and broadened. Her arms became thicker and grew hair.

"Oh fuck fuck," she cried, trying to wipe the hair on her arms away.

She felt a growing in her underwear. There was pain as something expanded from her crotch without the room to do so. Something was pushing out of her body, straining against the tight fabric of her panties. She pulled her sweatpants and underwear down only to see the head of a penis sticking out of her crotch. It was slowly lengthening. The head pushed out, followed by the shaft. Public hair grew around it and below it. Then a wrinkled pouch of flesh developed, into which two testicles fell. They grew also. They went from marble-sized to the size of small eggs.

She tugged on the penis and felt pain. It was attached to her. She was a man... She went to the mirror and saw her new face.

"Jesus," she said, and she heard a man's voice.

What the hell kind of drugs did that dealer give her, anyway? This was some crazy shit.

She sat down on the toilet and put her head between her legs. She felt almost seasick. When was this experience going to stop? When would this penis go away?

A few minutes later, there was a soft knock at the door.

"Kara?" said a woman's voice.

Who the fuck is that? Kara wondered.

"Yes?" Kara asked, her voice unnaturally deep.

"Uh, it's Bill," said the woman's voice. "Are you OK?"

"Bill?" Kara asked, confused. "Shit. Did... did something..."

"Yeah," said the woman's. "Something weird happened. Uh... you too?"

Kara looked at her hairy arms and her flat chest and at her penis, which was still out of her pants. "Yeah, something weird." She tucked the penis into her pants and opened the door.

"Holy shit," said the woman at the door. Said Bill.

"Fuck," said Kara, looking at the woman that used to be Bill.

"How did this happen?" asked Bill.

"No chance we're both hallucinating? Maybe I'm dreaming?" asked Kara.

"I don't think there's any chance of that... I mean, maybe *I'm* dreaming."

Kara pinched her hairy man arm. "I think I'm awake."

Bill pinched his smooth woman arm. "Me too."

Kara and Bill looked at each other seriously for a good thirty seconds, then burst into laughter. Crazy laughter. They couldn't stop for several minutes. They wept and shook with laughter.

"I don't know how you walk around with one of these things," said Kara as she walked into the living room like she'd just gotten off a horse. Her legs were spread wide and she was ambling along like a cow or something. It was a strange, jerky walk.

"Just walk like a normal person," said Bill. "You don't have to do that."

"I've seen men cross their legs," said Kara, thoughtfully. "How do they do that without crushing their nuts?"

"Try it and see," said Bill.

"This is so weird," said Kara. "This is just so utterly fucking weird."

"I know," Bill said, nodding. "I'm still freaking out."

"What should we do?" asked Kara.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you're a man in a woman's body and I'm a woman in a man's body. I mean, might as well take these things out for a spin, right? Got any recommendations of cool stuff I should do with this thing? I've already done a bunch of effortless push-ups and opened some jars with relative ease. What else?"

Bill laughed. "That's fantastic. That's a great question. I don't know... I mean, have you peed standing up? It's pretty efficient."

"Heyyy," said Kara. "Now you're talking. And what should you try? Uh... I wish I could make you have a period right now and experience the pain of cramps."

"That's... not nice," said Bill.

"Yeah, but maybe then you'd understand PMS. Men don't get it. It would be amazing if you could experience that. Or childbirth! The pain of childbirth!"

"Jeez, Kara, ease up on me!" cried Bill. "Why do you only want me to experience pain?! Also YOU'VE never felt the pain of childbirth!"

Kara laughed. "Yeah, but I might experience the pain of childbirth some day!"

Bill shook his head. "You're bad at suggesting fun female experiences."

"You're right, you're right. OK, OK... Welll..." Kara's male face reddened slightly and she grinned in a mischievous way that Bill recognized as familiar, textbook Kara despite the fact that the facial experience was on a completely unfamiliar face.

"What?"

"Well, they always say that women have better orgasms than men." She said it quickly, spitting it out, embarrassed. She giggled, which was weird to hear in her newly deep voice.

Bill's eyes widened and his heart quickened. "Yeah, I have heard that..." Adrenaline coursed through his body and his hands began to shake involuntarily. Maybe these pills were the answer to his prayers. Something might finally happen with him and Kara. This wasn't the ideal scenario; he'd always imagined that he would be the man and she would be the woman, but beggars can't be choosers. He wouldn't shy away from this gift that was handed to him on a silver platter.

"And, uh, men," he said, "I bet it feels totally different when we..." he trailed off.

"Yeah!" said Kara.

Bill's eyes went down to the crotch of Kara's sweatpants and he saw a growing bulge. *Oh my God*, Bill thought. He felt like he might pass out.

"This is awkward," Kara said, noticing Bill's glance to her erection. "Kind of awkward."

"Now you know how it feels."

Kara covered her erection with her hands. "Sorry. I'm not used to... visual evidence..." Her face was so red. "I'm gonna have another beer. You want one?"

"Yeah, totally," said Bill.

They each drank another beer really quickly and got their buzzes going again. That was a little better. Took the edge off the whole situation. They cracked another beer each after that.

"You know, it's weird," said Kara. "This isn't even real. This isn't mine." She poked at the front of her crotch, at the now flaccid penis in her sweatpants. She pulled her sweatpants down and held the penis in her man hands and it got hard. "It's sort of fascinating."

"... So what do you want to do now?" Bill asked.

Kara grinned. "Let's take 'em for a spin. You do you and I do me..."

"... You mean—" started Bill.

"I mean, let's go sit back down in the living room," said Kara.

They plopped themselves down at opposite ends of the couch and Kara told Bill, "Let's see what the pills gave you. Let's see what you're working with."

Bill's heart beat hard as he took his shirt off over his heavy breasts.

Kara whistled and Bill saw her erection twitch.

Bill took off his sweatpants and boxers until he was completely naked before Kara. There was a certain feeling of freedom. He didn't really feel like he was naked because this wasn't really his body. It really was odd and fascinating. There was a growing wetness between his legs.

Kara took off her clothes and then they both examined each other across the couch.

"Your tits are bigger than mine," said Kara. "Bigger than my usual ones, I mean."

"Huh! Well, I can't say the same. My usual dick is way bigger than that one." Bill was lying.

Kara laughed. "Anyway, maybe you can give me some tips on this for me," she said, grasping her cock in her fist.

"Just... stroke up and down..."

She started moving her hand up and down the penis. "I know this much. I've given handjobs before. But I don't know all the techniques. Although, wow, it's different when it's attached to you... When you can feel it all... When I'm giving a handjob, I'm basically just guessing at what feels good. Right now, I can actually tell what feels good... This is crazy."

Bill's hand moved down to his pussy and he moved his fingers over his clit in circles. A delicious warmth began to flow from his pussy to his nipples and his head. It felt like lightning was crackling in his body. "This is crazy," he said.

"Oh my God," said Kara, pumping her penis faster and faster. "This is incredible."

Bill could barely speak as he rubbed his clit harder and faster. It was like masturbating but on crack. It was like masturbation plus. Masturbation premium. Professional masturbation. More intense. On a higher plane. He rubbed and rubbed at his clit, his moans growing louder and louder.

"Wait," said Kara. "Stop."

Bill opened his eyes and saw Kara over him.

"What?" he asked.

"Do you want to..." she began, gesturing to her penis and his vagina. "Do you want to try this?"

Bill bit his lip. He was suddenly frightened. He had always been a man. He had always done the penetrating. He had never, ever been penetrated. He never so much as stuck a finger in his ass while masturbating. He knew sex could hurt for certain women. He knew he often had to start slow when first having sex with a woman. What would it be like to have a penis inside himself? The idea made him shiver with both anticipation and apprehensiveness. What if it was painful? A penis was an invader...

But he nodded. He wanted to try. It wasn't his real body, as Kara said. It would be a missed opportunity not to try out all that his new

body offered. And, he reminded himself, this was sex with Kara. Not the way he'd imagined it, but it was sex with Kara nevertheless.

Kara slowly inserted her thick, hard cock into his pussy. He was very wet, so she slid in easily, but he could feel his pussy stretching. The deeper she got, the more he felt a dull ache.

"Slow," he said. "Slow."

Kara's stubbled male face smiled down at him. "I know. I know what that feels like... I'll be gentle. At first." She shook her head. "So weird to be on the other side of this conversation. On the other side of this experience."

And then Kara began to slowly thrust in and out of Bill. The pleasure built between them. Bill got warmer and warmer and felt waves of pleasure flow through him as Kara sped up and began to pound him. Bill's pussy had stretched so that he no longer felt the pain, he only felt intense pleasure. His fingers went to his clit to rub himself as Kara pounded him.

His cries grew louder and louder. His own womanly cries turned him on more and more. Kara grunted and faltered.

"Oh God," she said. "I'm gonna come."

"Good," Bill said. "Come inside me."

"Ohhhh," Kara groaned and thrust into Bill harder. She grunted and moaned and Bill felt her cock twitch inside and he felt the spurts of her ejaculate hit his pussy walls. Bill's pussy clenched around Kara's cock and his own orgasm coursed through him, like a lightning strike in slow motion.

When it was over, it was like his mind had been wiped clean for a moment.

"Shit," he said. "That was incredible."

"It was amazing," Kara said.

And then she kissed him. Her prickly stubbly chin rubbed against his smooth skin. It was like sandpaper, but in a pleasant sort of way. Kara's tongue was on his and he felt like he was floating.

The floating, happy feeling didn't last long.

The sick, internal organ squeezing feeling was back. Kara looked at Bill and Bill looked at Kara. Their eyes were wide.

Right in front of his eyes, Bill watched as Kara's face changed its structure. Softer. Feminine. The hair sucked into the skin and the hair on her head grew back out to its usual length. Her man chest ballooned into her usual breasts, which Bill had desperately wanted to see for the longest time.

Despite the strangeness of the whole situation, he managed to enjoy this first look. Her tits were, indeed, smaller than the ones he had grown (and which were now shrinking into his chest) and perky and gorgeous. Her brown nipples were erect and he desperately wanted to suck on them.

She watched Bill's womanly face change back into his cute man face.

Kara had had a crush on Bill when they first met, but he never made a play for her, never showed any real interest, and so she moved on. After this, though, she felt the flame of her crush rekindle. It was a relief to see his usual face. She longed to kiss his face and feel *his* stubble on *her* smooth skin. To feel his tongue in her mouth. To feel his...

Bill felt his pussy turn inside out, pushing Kara's cock out. His cock grew from inside himself and pushed out, into Kara's developing pussy. He didn't move a muscle, but his cock was pushing past Kara's pussy lips into her tight cunt.

Bill felt himself get harder than he could ever remember feeling before. He thought he might explode right then and there. He thought he might ejaculate inside her without a single thrust. He managed to hold on.

Kara moaned involuntarily as she felt Bill's cock enter her. Oh, the delicious feeling of being filled up. Goddamn.

Everything stopped and the transformation was complete. Kara had gone from being a man with her cock inside Bill's womanly body

to being a woman straddling a man, with *his* cock inside her.

Kara locked eyes with Bill. His eyes were full of hunger, just as hers were.

"We're not done here, are we?" she asked.

"Fuck no," he said, grabbing her around the waist and flipping her onto her back.

It was incredible. Bill had just experienced an orgasm in a woman's body and now he was on his way to having an orgasm in his usual man's body, and all within a twenty minute period. And not with just any woman, but with Kara... The girl he'd been pining for for months.

He wondered again if perhaps this might be an extremely vivid dream. He found that he didn't care, as his pumped in and out of Kara's warm, tight cunt. He felt so good, like he didn't ever want to stop. Kara writhed and moaned under him, bucking her hips upward to meet him. Her breasts bounced with every thrust.

Her skin felt so good against his. He grasped her hips with his hands, feeling her smooth warm skin under his fingers. Kara's hand was down at her crotch, her fingertips working at her clit. Her other hand went to her breast and she tweaked her own nipple. The sight was almost enough to push Bill over the edge.

Again, he held on. Barely.

"You're amazing," he said. "God, you're so hot."

She smiled at him.

The air filled with the sounds of their moans and the slap of their bodies meeting again and again. As the pace increased and their moans grew louder, Kara stopped Bill.

"Don't come inside me," she said. "I'm not on the pill."

"OK," he said. "Where do you want me to come?"

She thought about it for a moment. "In my mouth."

Bill continued to thrust until he couldn't take it anymore, then pulled out. Kara got onto her knees and put his mouth before the tip of Bill's penis. One hand was still on her clit, rubbing, and her other hand went to Bill's cock and pumped at him. She moved her fist up and down on his cock and coaxed the come out of him and she sucked it into her mouth.

Bill watched Kara swallow his seed as her fingers flew over her pussy and she brought herself to orgasm as well.

They both fell back, exhausted.

"You want to go on a date with me some time?" Bill asked her.

8.

Bill and Kara took a shower together afterward, cleaning each other's bodies and indulging their desires with makeouts under hot water.

It was weird that this whole situation would have been inconceivable to Bill just a few hours ago. He never would have believed this could have happened. He wouldn't have believed it if you told him point-by-point exactly what was going to happen and how he would react and how Kara would react and everything. The reality of the situation was 100% unbelievable.

Back in the living room, clean and back in their normal bodies, Bill and Kara expressed much the same to each other.

"Can you believe this?" asked Kara.

"No. I can't believe a single thing about this entire situation," said Bill. "Tell me again about these pills. Who gave them to you?"

Kara put her fingers to her chin and shook her head. "My usual dealer! A dude named Craig. He was in my pop culture class in university. I sat next to him, we got to talking, and I noticed he always had the good weed... so I started buying from him. It's been like a year or two."

"So strange," said Bill.

"Why, you want some more of these pills?" Kara asked, grinning.

"Well..." Bill demurred, his face reddening.

"I know what you mean..." said Kara thoughtfully. "I didn't get my cock sucked. There's so much potential... So many thing I didn't get a chance to experience. I can see taking another walk on the man side."

"Yes! Yes," said Bill. "Give him a text... We should go to see him."

Kara looked at her phone. "What, now?"

"Maybe. If he's still out. If not, another time." Bill shrugged.

"I'll see if he's around... 'Hey Craig, me and my buddy had quite a trip on those pills you gave us. You still around? We'd like to get some more.' There. He'll write back in a bit. What should we do now?"

Bill looked to the console. "Let's take another crack at killing some zombies."

"Oh yeah. Good call." Kara jumped off the couch and sat cross-legged on the floor in front of the TV and grabbed a controller. "I'm gonna kick your ass."

Craig got back to Kara the next day.

When Bill woke up, he thought the whole thing had been a dream. But then he realized Kara was sleeping in bed next to him. And the whole experience came back in a vivid rush. It had really happened. And it might happen again.

Bill got up and started making breakfast while Kara slept. It would be romantic and he'd get points... His stomach was filled with excited butterflies. He and Kara were... dating? Or on the way there. Something had changed between them.

Kara walked into the room as Bill was about to drop pancake batter into the frying pan.

"Morning," she said.

"Oh hi!" he said. "I'm making pancakes."

"Awesome, man. Thanks." Kara looked to her phone. "Heard back from Craig. We can meet up with him this afternoon."

"That's great! How'd you sleep?"

"Not bad at all," she said. "Although you have a habit of stealing bed real estate. Your feet were getting all up on my side."

"Sorry about that..." Bill said, chuckling. "I'm a long dude."

Kara burst out laughing.

"Not like... Ah whatever. Eat your damn pancake."

Craig asked them to meet him at his home. He lived in an apartment building about twenty minutes away from Bill and Kara's. It was tall and quite a bit nicer than theirs. At his building, they boarded a shiny elevator that didn't creak and falter and bump, unlike the one in their building. They rode it to the 12th floor, where Craig's apartment was.

Kara knocked on the door and Bill stood back. The guy who opened the door had orange hair and an "I'm a nice guy" smile. The smile made Bill instantly think that this guy wasn't actually a nice guy.

"Hey Kara, what's up? Hey man, I'm Craig. What's your name?" Craig put his hand out to Bill.

Bill shook it and told Craig his name.

"Bill. Great to meet you. Come on in, guys."

The living room was messy, but full of furniture and objects that looked expensive. Leather couch, glass table, giant flat panel television... This drug dealer was clearly doing very well for himself.

Craig sat them both down on his couch and he pulled out a little pill bottle from a cabinet. "I think you guys were asking about these."

"Yeah," said Kara. "What the hell is that stuff?"

"Oh, they're very special," said Craig. "No one else has his stuff and no one else is going to get this stuff. And this little bottle is all I've got. See, I used to get a lot of my pills from a guy who works at this pharmaceutical company. He'd steal stuff from the lab at work. Lab-quality drugs are hard to get. They went for top dollar... Then he brought me this stuff and he said it was experimental and that he wasn't actually sure what it would do... so I gave two of the pills to you, Kara. So tell me about it. Must have been pretty good if you wanted more the same night."

Bill's brow was furrowed. Wait... this guy used them as guinea pigs? He didn't even know what the pills would do before he gave them to Kara? He looked at Kara and it looked like she was thinking along the same lines. She was thinking quickly.

"Well actually," said Kara, "I was just being polite when I texted

you. The high didn't last long at all. You gave us just the two pills as an apology for not having the usual weed and then they didn't last for long at all. I figured I'd text back and see if you had any more, because we were going to need 'em to have a good night."

Craig's eyebrows raised. "Oh, right. Really? What else can you tell me about these guys?"

"They're OK, but I can see why it's experimental," said Kara. "It doesn't do much at all yet."

"Shit," said Craig. "When you said you had a pretty good trip, I thought I might have something on my hands here."

"Sorry, bro," said Kara.

"You thought the same?" Craig asked me.

"Yeah, it was fine, but honestly, weed's stronger," said Bill. "So those pills aren't anything special. Obviously we appreciate the gift, though. We would have had nothing at all otherwise."

"Sure, sure."

"Hey, you know what, though," said Kara, like she'd just remembered something. "My grandmother's been having pain issues and I haven't been able to get her to take weed, because she thinks it's a crazy drug for criminals. Maybe if I get her some of these pills, she'll take them. They look like regular old medicine and they're mild as hell. I bet they could really help her."

"Yeah," said Bill. "I bet you're right, actually."

"How much do you want for them?" asked Kara.

Craig looked back and forth between Kara and Bill. He was stupid, but maybe not quite that stupid. "I might hang onto these for the night. Give them a shot myself. Test them out. I'll let you know tomorrow the price."

Shit.

Kara smiled. "Sure, man. You do you. Got any weed in?"

"Not your preferred strain," said Craig. "I got some of the cheap shit, though."

"Nah, you keep that," said Kara. "Let me know when I can pick up my usual stuff."

Kara and Bill left. In the elevator, they turned to each other.

"The price is going to be really high when tomorrow comes around," said Bill.

"Yeah," said Kara. She was thinking.

Bill watched her nervously. He got the funny feeling that she might be thinking about robbing a drug dealer.

11.

He was right. That's exactly what Kara was thinking about.

Kara and Bill sat in the kitchen at the table with a notebook and Sharpies spread out before them. They were brainstorming. Spitballing. Hypothesizing how they might burgle a drug dealer, if indeed they decided to do so.

"Maybe we can go to the landlord or... we call a locksmith and tell him we can't get into our place. We pretend we live in Craig's apartment. He opens the door, we pay him..."

"Surely the locksmith has to verify somehow that you actually live in a place?" asked Bill.

"I don't know, I've never called a locksmith. How would you verify something like that? Is he gonna ask to see ID? We just tell him our IDs are locked inside..."

"And then what?"

"I don't know... What's your bright idea?"

Bill shook his head. "My bright idea is to drop this... I don't think this is a smart way to go."

"It is if we can find a smart way to do it," said Kara.

"I mean, think about it. Robbing a drug dealer... breaking and entering... we could get into serious trouble..."

"Drug dealers can't call the cops," Kara pointed out. "Criminals have no recourse. As long as he doesn't know it's us, we're golden."

"That's a key point," said Bill. "He can't know it's us. We'll have to steal a bunch of stuff to obscure what our target is..."

"We break into his place..." said Kara. "There are lockpick guns you can buy. You put them in the keyhole and pull the trigger and the door's unlocked in about three seconds. We get in there, we get the stuff, we get out."

"Wearing masks?" asked Bill. "There are probably cameras."

"Masks or wigs or disguises or something, sure..."

Bill nodded. "If we just had the pills already, they could be our disguises."

Kara's eyes went wide and she struck the table in frustration.

Bill watched her carefully. "Why is this so important to you?"

"I don't know..." said Kara. "I just don't like the idea of these pills being put outside of our reach... I want to be able to have the experience I had last night again."

Bill nodded. He wanted to experience having a woman's body again as well, though he didn't want to say it out loud. He didn't feel as strongly as Kara, but there was a certain pull. He thought about the task at hand again...

"Hey," he said suddenly. "If we get one of those lockpick guns, it won't look like we broke in, will it?"

"If we're careful, we should be able to get in without doing damage to the lock," Kara said.

"Well then," said Bill, talking quickly now, "all we have to do is get in and replace the pills with Tic Tacs or something. Then he never knows anyone was there. He takes the replacement pills and nothing happens. Everything works out."

Kara nodded enthusiastically. "This is the plan." She checked the time on her phone. "Let's get over there. You keep a lookout and text me when he leaves the building. I'll get the lockpick gun and meet you there."

"All right," said Bill. He grabbed a baseball hat and sunglasses and a hoodie from his room and headed out the door. He didn't want to be recognized.

Bill stood on the sidewalk across the street from the main entrance and exit to the tall apartment building. He stood in the shadow of a tree. It was a sunny day. His sun glasses, baseball hat, and hoodie kept him looking non-descript, he thought. He was ready to make himself even more invisible if he caught sight of Craig. He was prepared to duck behind the tree.

He listened to the birds sing and watched dog owners with dogs walk by. He was there about forty-five minutes before he caught sight of Craig coming out the front doors. He checked the time. It was 4:34 p.m.

Bill texted Kara, "I've spotted the dickweed."

She texted back, "Be there in 5."

When Kara arrived, she and Bill wasted no time. They headed straight across the street, through the front doors of the apartment building, into the elevator and up to Craig's floor. There was no telling how long Craig would be gone. They only had one shot at this and they had no room for error. They had to get in and get out without being seen and without leaving a trace.

"You got everything?" Bill asked Kara in the elevator.

"Yeah," she said, pulling the lockpick gun out of her bag and shaking the little pill bottle into which she'd poured a bunch of purple Tic Tac-sized candies.

"Looks great... You know how to use that lockpick gun?"

"Oh yeah," said Kara. "I got the full rundown from a friend of mine and he told me it's actually called a snap gun."

"Is your friend a burglar or a locksmith or neither?" Bill asked.

"Neither," Kara replied.

Before Bill could ask another question, the elevator stopped at Craig's floor and it was game time.

"You keep an eye out," Kara told Bill.

"Got it."

They walked to Craig's apartment door and Bill looked up and down the empty hallway. Kara put the business end of the snap gun through the keyhole and pushed another metal tool into the bottom part of the keyhole and jiggled both inside and squeezed the trigger. True to its name, the snap gun was loud. SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP.

Bill started coughing violently to try to cover the sound.

Finally the doorknob turned and the door was unlocked. Kara pushed the door open and jumped inside, followed by Bill.

Kara closed the door behind them and Bill ran to the cabinet where they'd seen Craig remove the pills. Inside the cabinet was a series of holes like a honeycomb and in each hole was a different pill bottle. Each hole was labeled.

"What am I looking for again? What did he call the pills?" asked

Bill.

"Gingersnaps!" Kara called back.

Bill's eyes scanned the various drug names until he spotted the one they wanted. Gingersnaps. He plucked the pill bottle out of its hole.

"Got it!" he cried.

Kara ran over with her fake pills and Bill opened the bottle of the real pills and poured them into his pocket. Kara tipped her bottle of fake fills into Craig's bottle. Bill slammed the lid onto the bottle and shoved it back into its labeled hole in the cabinet and gently closed the door.

"Let's get out of here," Kara and Bill said at the same time.

They nodded at one another and took off for the door. Kara opened the door a crack and peeked out. Then she stuck her head out and looked up and down the hallway.

"Out, out," she said.

Bill and Kara got out into the hallway and closed the door behind themselves.

"Can you lock the door?" asked Bill.

"I don't think so... I'll try," said Kara.

Again, she put the snap gun's business end into the keyhole and shoved the other metal tool into the bottom of the keyhole and pumped the trigger on the snap gun. SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP.

Bill watched, sweat on his forehead, as the lock wouldn't budge. "OK, OK, it doesn't matter. He'll think he forgot to lock the door. Let's just get out of here."

"All right," said Kara, and she yanked the tool out of the keyhole and they sprinted to the elevator. Kara was about to press the button to call the elevator when Bill stopped her.

"Wait, are there stairs?" he said. "Maybe we should take the stairs."

"Good call," she said.

But it was too late. The elevator dinged its arrival and the elevator doors open and Bill and Kara looked into the face of the drug dealer they'd just burgled. Craig stood in the elevator with an open mouth and a jug of milk in his hand.

"What are you guys doing here?" Craig asked in a puzzled tone. "I said I'd get back to you tomorrow, didn't I?" He stepped out of the elevator.

Bill's heart was hammering out of his chest. His voice shook as he answered. "Oh, shit," he said. "I thought I heard you say 'Come back this afternoon.' Sorry, man, my bad."

"I told you he said tomorrow, dummy," Kara said.

"Yeah, it was totally my bad," Bill repeated. "We'll talk to you tomorrow, then." Bill moved to get on the elevator.

"Oh wait a minute," said Craig, turning to Kara. "Your weed came in. That strain you like is back in style."

"Oh kickass," said Kara, without much enthusiasm.

"Come on in. How much did you want?"

"Uh, just a couple of grams," said Kara, following Craig into the hall.

Bill had no choice but to follow as well. The stolen pills bumped against each other in his pocket. He couldn't help but see the snap gun-shaped lump in Kara's pocket.

Craig's keys jiggled as he removed them from his pocket as they stood in front of his apartment door. Bill held his breath as he watched Craig put the key into the keyhole. Kara looked like she might pass out.

Craig turned the key in the lock and the door opened. That wasn't the way the door would have behaved if the door was locked... but if Craig noticed the discrepancy, he didn't say anything. He just walked through the doorway and threw his jug of milk into the fridge in his kitchen and headed for the drug cabinet.

"Let's see, let's see," said Craig. "Green Train. That's the one for you. Choo-choo! Green Train." He pulled a pill bottle out of the drawer. There were little baggies of the herb in the bottle. He uncapped the thing and pulled out two baggies. "Will that do you?"

"Yeah, definitely!" said Kara. "Absolutely."

"All right, cool. That'll be forty bucks."

Kara's eyes went wide. "Sure. Jus a sec." Her hands went to her

pockets, where Bill knew there was only a snap gun, another metal lockpicking tool, and an empty pill bottle. "Shit," said Kara. "I can't believe I forgot my wallet. How stupid could I be?"

"You forgot your wallet?" repeated Craig, unsmiling.

Bill's hands went to his own pockets. Thank God he had his wallet in his back pocket. His front pocket was full of pills. He didn't go anywhere near that pocket. He didn't want to draw attention to it. In his paranoid head, every time he moved his leg, the sound of the pills rubbing against each other was earsplitting.

"I've got some cash," Bill said, pulling his wallet out. He opened it up and looked through it. There was only twenty dollars inside, but it would do. "Sorry, Kara, we'll have to halve the order. Just the one gram."

He stretched the twenty out to Craig and he accepted it. He put one baggie in Bill's hand. "Enjoy."

"Thanks, man," said Kara. "I'll be back for more. I'll bring my wallet next time. Haha."

Craig nodded and went back to his cabinet to put the other baggie of Green Train away.

Bill and Kara made uneasy eye contact while he rummaged. Bill's eyes darted away and looked around the room for anything that might bust them. They were so close to completing this transaction and getting the hell out of this place with their mission accomplished. Bill could taste freedom. Could taste the pills they'd stolen.

Craig returned. "You people want to smoke up here? I'm about to pop one of those Gingersnaps pills we were talking about."

"Sorry," said Kara. "We can't. Gotta get back home. I'm not smoking this tonight."

"Yeah, man, sorry," said Bill. "Rain check, maybe."

"Sure, guys," said Craig. "Travel safe."

And then Bill and Kara left.

In the elevator down to the lobby, they breathed.

"That was close," said Bill. "That was really really close. Fuck." His heart was beating out of his chest. "Never again."

"Never again," Kara agreed.

They counted the pills at home. They'd ended up with forty of them.

"Good haul," said Kara. "Do you think Craig was telling the truth when he said there would never be any more of these?"

"I don't know," said Bill. "I don't know why he would lie. I'm sure he'd rather have more product to sell and more customers to sell to."

"Maybe he was just trying to drive the price up."

"Maybe."

"I wonder if we could get someone to take one of these pills and figure out what's in it and make more. Like, if that's even possible."

Bill frowned. "Not sure."

"Anyway. Thanks for helping me with that whole mission."

"Sure. Any time."

Kara turned one of the pills over in her hand. "Why doesn't anyone ever take a piece of KFC chicken to a scientist? For analysis? How does that work? Or the secret recipe for Coke? Is it possible to tell what's in something after it's all together? Does that science exist?"

"It must," said Bill. "It has to. I heard that a guy did a lab analysis of KFC chicken and it turned out that it only contained four ingredients, not 11 herbs and spices. Apparently there were no herbs of any kind."

"Huh."

"But even if we got some chemistry student to figure out what's in this pill, we don't know how to make pills... How to synthesize medicine..."

"Whatever. We'll cross that bridge when we come to it. When we're down to ten pills left, we'll reassess and figure it out..." Kara trails off. "Anyway, are you hungry? I'm gonna make some supper."

Later that night, after eating supper, Bill was sitting in the living room with his laptop on his lap and he was reading some forums about video games when a man walked into the room. A naked man with a hard cock.

"Holy shit," said Bill, before realizing it was Kara in her male form.

"Hey," said Kara, giving her penis a few strokes. "I want you to suck my cock."

Bill's head swam for a moment and his own penis perked up involuntarily. Something about the situation was very arousing. "You got one of those pills for me?" he asked.

"I don't want you to take the pill," said Kara.

"Oh," said Bill, slightly taken aback. He wasn't gay... but what meaning did that word really have in a situation like this. He wasn't gay and Kara wasn't really a man. Bill had already had Kara's cock inside him when he was in a woman's body. What difference did it make if he was in a man's body. The divisions and limitations were artificial and arbitrary. His own cock was way ahead of him. It was hard in his pants. His brain was lagging behind his cock. It had to be convinced.

Bill had often envied gay men. It would be easier. The same sex drive, the same set of equipment. He'd thought before about the fact that he would probably be quite good at blowjobs and handjobs. He'd know exactly what to do. Exactly what would feel good.

Kara approached and her hand went to Bill's crotch. "You're thinking about it, but your cock already knows the answer," she said softly.

She unbuttoned his jeans and pulled them off him while Bill pulled his shirt over his head.

"Get down on your knees," Kara said, and Bill obeyed.

He was eye-to-eye with Kara's cock, which dripped precome. His head swam. He opened his mouth and used his hands to guide the cock into his mouth. He ran his tongue of the soft skin of the hard

cock. He sucked and moved his mouth up and down the cock.

Kara's moans were in his ears. He worked her cock with his mouth, with his hands, and he found his cock was harder than he'd ever been before. His cock was so hard it was painful. What he was doing felt forbidden.

"Fuck," Kara said. "You're good. You're really good. I'm not gonna last."

Bill popped Kara's cock out of his mouth. "So come in my mouth," he said, before putting her back inside and using his hand to pump at her shaft. He moaned around her cock and he knew she'd be able to feel the vibrations running down her cock.

Kara grunted and groaned and spasmed. She doubled over as Bill sucked as hard as he could. Kara's come spurted in his mouth and hit the back of his throat and Bill concentrated on not gagging. He swallowed and swallowed as spurt after spurt of come exploded in his mouth. He tasted the saltiness on his tongue.

There was a lot of come. It was a struggle not to let any spill over his lips.

"Fuck," said Kara.

Bill kept sucking and managed to get another spasm and another spurt of come before he released Kara from the suction of his lips.

He went to the couch and sat back. Kara joined him, weak-kneed.

She noticed his hard, veiny cock and her eyes lit up. "Your turn," she said.

The next day, Bill and Kara went to their jobs and were too tired at the end of the day for any pill experiments. Bill asked Kara if she wanted to have lunch with him the next day and maybe go to a movie.

She agreed and they had a nice time. They'd had sex several times in multiple configurations of bodies but it was their first real date. At the end of it, they kissed and returned to the apartment they shared. It is strange to begin a relationship with someone you already live with. In the back of Bill's head, he wondered what would happen if they didn't have a happy ending. He would simply have to move out. He hoped it wouldn't end that way.

Kara was beautiful. He longed to touch her skin almost every hour of every day. She was electrifying and she made him want to be a better person.

At home, Bill got an idea. Kara had had her gay man fantasy. Bill wanted his own version of that. He went to the bookshelf, where Kara and he were keeping the pills in a hollowed out book they'd purchased at a novelty shop. He took one and, after going through the still-slightly-unsettling transformation to the body of a woman, he went to surprise Kara in the living room, as she had done to him.

"Hey," he said, a woman's voice escaping his lips.

"Oh hello there, sexy," Kara said, smiling.

Bill went to Kara and pressed his lips to hers. Two pairs of soft, pillowy lips came together. Woman on woman kissing was a collision of softness. Bill found it intoxicating. He was sexually aroused by his own body as well as Kara's.

His hands went to Kara's shirt buttons and he fumbled trying to quickly get her clothes off her. Kara helped. Bill got naked as well and he lied down with Kara on the couch. Their breasts pressed together and the smell of arousal filled the air.

Kara's fingers were on his breasts, tweaking his nipples, as his fingers went for Kara's pussy and probed her entrance. His fingers went to her clit and circled in a firm pattern.

Kara's tongue was swirling his mouth and he felt like his head was

in the clouds. She pushed him back and kissed down his body until he could feel her hot breath on his mound. Her tongue ran over his pussy lips and flicked at his clit. He felt an electric shock course through him. He felt heat building in his cunt. He bucked his hips upwards, wanting more more more.

Kara supplied. Her tongue was better than a cock, better than fingers. Her tongue was skilled.

She was the expert, after all. As he had been good at blowjobs, Kara was incredible at cunniligus.

When Bill's orgasm came, he felt like a wave crashing against rocks. Like a flame burning down a forest. He was washed clean, he was wiped away. And when it was over, he didn't want to stop, and so they didn't.

Kara hadn't had her orgasm yet.

Two women can have sex for hours. Two women can have sex for days.

Bill and Kara went through twelve of the pills by the end of the week. They attempted to explore the full gamut of human sexuality. Everything they could think of to do, every combination, they tried to do. By the weekend, they were exhausted.

And Craig had sent Kara a message. Kara went to Bill and read it to him.

"I've got a price for you for the Gingersnaps. And I've still got Green Train if you want to get more. Let's meet up." Kara looked up from the phone. "What do you think? Should we meet up with him?"

"I think we have to..." said Bill. "He'll get suspicious otherwise. You said you wanted to buy weed and the pills, so there's really no excuse we can make for us not to meet up with him."

"All right... We'll go... He'll tell us his price for the pills and since we switched them, he should realize they do nothing. So he'll give us a price. If it's less than \$50, we'll pay it, right?"

"That sounds right. And we'll buy some weed, get out there and he'll never be the wiser."

Kara bites her lips and nods nervously. "All right. I'll tell him we can meet."

Before leaving the house, Bill went to the bookshelf and grabbed two of the pills and put them in his pocket. Just in case.

Craig was working, so they met up with him behind a convenience store. He was hanging out by the dumpsters and slinging his drugs. When he saw them, he smiled and greeted them.

"How you folks doing?" he asked.

"Not too bad," Kara said. "Long time no see. I've brought my wallet this time."

"Great!" said Craig. "That's what I like to hear. Well, I tried out the Gingersnaps and I'm gonna have to agree with you. They're not very interesting, not very complex. Perfect for your grandma, though. How's a hundred bucks for the bottle?"

"A hundred bucks?! That's pretty steep for what you get," said Kara.

"There's a lot of pills in the bottle," said Craig. "You take two and the high might be halfway decent. This bottle'll last your grandma for the rest of her days."

"Hm," said Kara. She exchanged glances with Bill. Maybe it was worth paying a little extra just to get Craig off their back.

Bill shrugs.

"All right," said Kara. "And the Green Train?"

"Another gram? No problem."

Kara reached into her pocket and came out with her wallet. She picked through her cash and Craig watched.

A split second before it happened, Bill suddenly understood that Craig knew what they had done. Craig brought out a knife and brandished it at Kara.

Kara screamed.

"Shut up!" Craig said, grabbing the wallet. "And you!" He turned the knife on Bill. "Where's your money?"

Bill held his hands up. "In my pocket."

"Hand it over," said Craig.

Bill reached into his pocket and took out his own wallet. He handed over the money.

"And now you two are gonna take me back to the pills," said Craig.

"I know you switched them out... You idiots broke the lock on my door."

Bill and Kara looked at each other. Bill heard Kara's words in his head.

"Drug dealers can't call the cops," Kara had said. "Criminals have no recourse. As long as he doesn't know it's us, we're golden."

Boy, that was working out real well now.

Bill thought about running. If they managed to get away from him, maybe they'd be safe. He didn't know where they lived... But he knew Kara's name... They'd been friends... There was no way to run. Nowhere to run.

"All right, all right..." said Bill. "We'll take you to the pills."

As Bill and Kara led Craig back to their apartment on foot, Bill was feverishly trying to come up with a plan on the fly. Something, anything to get them out of the predicament they were in. Bill was a little angry at Kara for putting them in this situation, but then he knew it wasn't fair for him to think that way. It was his fault just as much as it was Kara's.

Yes, she had spearheaded the plan that got them into this, but he'd signed off on it and he was secretly nearly as eager to get his hands on more of the pills. They'd made mistakes, but they'd made them with open eyes. No use closing his eyes now.

What he needed was a way out. If a police officer could see them... Just walk right up and bust Craig with a knife and plenty of drugs on him. Haul him off to jail. That would solve their problem quite nicely. But a random stop and frisk on Craig was too much to hope for.

Bill felt the two pills resting in the bottom of his pants pocket. He could reach in there and take one out and put it in his mouth and swallow it. But what would that accomplish? Suppose he could take the pill and... transform into a woman... and then... what? Seduce Craig?

He could hand a pill off to Kara and she could swallow it down, transform into a man and then... it would be two men on one... maybe they could overpower Craig. Take away his knife and take back the money... But then what? Craig would still be out there. He'd bide his time and get his revenge. Unless they called the cops. If they fought Craig, knocked him out, called the cops... They'd show up, find Craig unconscious with a knife and drugs in his pockets. They'd take him to jail and that would solve their problem.

Could it be done? A lot of moving parts...

Bill kept thinking. He'd never been in a fight. He wasn't sure knocking someone out was as easy as it appeared to be in the movies.

Suppose they slipped the pill into Craig. He'd take it and then he'd have no idea what was going on when the transformation started. They could take advantage of the sick feeling the transformation gives you.

But how would they get him to take the pill? Impossible. He wouldn't. He'd be instantly suspicious... No, none of these plans were ideal...

Running away and getting the police to arrest Craig, that could work, if they could run fast enough. But who knows if they could keep ahead of Craig?

Maybe if they transformed right in front of his eyes, they could convince Craig he was losing his mind? They'd gotten quite good at not letting the sick feeling show on their faces. They'd probably be able to make the transformation look quite casual...

Time was running out as they got closer and closer to Bill and Kara's apartment. Bill was going to have to just choose a plan and go with it. They had to do *something*.

Bill reached into his pocket and removed the two pills he found there. Bill and Kara were walking side-by-side with Craig behind them, every so often saying something like "Hurry up" and "Don't try anything."

Well, Craig, sorry, but...

Bill put one of the pills in his mouth and bumped shoulders with Kara, slipping her the pill. She looked at him, confused. He shrugged and showed her the pill clenched between his teeth. She shrugged and popped the pill in as well. She was following his lead.

They continued walking until they felt the sick feeling coming on. Then Bill stopped Kara and he turned around to face Craig.

"Who are you?" he asked Craig.

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Craig said. "Turn around and move."

Bill had often heard that one good way to get out of a fight was to act legitimately crazy. This plan was almost the opposite. To make Craig think he was legitimately crazy.

"Excuse me, sir," said Bill. "I don't understand you. What was that?"

"Get moving," said Craig, through clenched teeth. "What the fuck are you trying to pull?" He brandished the knife.

"Do you understand what he's saying, honey?" Bill asked Kara, turning to her.

Her eyes were full of fear but she replied "No. Maybe he doesn't speak English?"

"What the FUCK—" started Craig, before breaking off as the transformation proper began.

In front of his eyes, Bill's hair was growing and Kara's hair was shortening. Kara was sprouting facial hair while Bill was retracting it into his skin. Bill grew breasts and Kara lost hers. Bill's hips widened. Kara's hips diminished. They were turning into different people of different genders.

Bill and Kara watched Craig's eyes get wider and wider and his

mouth made a strange gurgling.

Craig thought he'd been dosed. He was having acid flashbacks or shroom flashbacks or something. He'd never been so unmoored from reality than now, seeing this total and complete transformation. Bill and Kara were no longer standing in front of him. Now there was a different man and woman in front of him and Craig couldn't think of anything to say. He couldn't think of anything that would explain this. He questioned whether or not he was awake.

"Let's go, dear," said the woman who used to be Bill.

"I hope that man will be all right," said the man who used to be Kara.

23.

Kara and Bill looped around the block to see what Craig would end up doing. The lurked in the shadows and snuck up on him. He hadn't moved from where he stood on the sidewalk. He was looking at his hands and up at the streetlights, confusedly. Like he was trying to make sense of the world around him.

The spell would wear off soon. He wouldn't be confused forever.

"Cops?" Bill asked.

"Cops," answered Kara.

She pulled her phone out of her pocket and called the police.

"Hello, I'd like to report a man on..." she looked at the street signs "... Brown Street. I think he might be drunk or on drugs. He was stumbling around and he tried to touch my wife as we walked by him. Yes. Yes. Thank you. I'll stay on the line..." and then Kara hung up. "All right, they dispatched someone. Let's get out of here."

Kara and Bill looped back around the block and continued on their way to their apartment. What a relief. It was over. Hopefully the cops would find Craig with some illicit substances on him and they'd put him away for a little while. And if he chalked up the broken lock to temporary insanity as well, so much the better.

"You know, we could rob a bank right now," said Kara. "These disguises are ridiculous. No one could ID us."

"You *would* want to rob a bank right after we've just barely gotten away from a crazed drug dealer," said Bill. "Please, let's just go home!"

And so Kara put her hand in Bill's and that's what they did.

The End

Thank you for reading! If you liked this story, please leave me a review. It helps more than you know.

If you have comments, questions, or suggestions, please write me at PaulaSpicerWriter@gmail.com. I'd love to hear from you.

Turn the page for another bonus gender swap story!

The Reluctant Wife

Gender Swap Romance

By Paula Spicer

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Tim and his bisexual wife, Lisa, have been having relationship problems and Tim doesn't know how to get the spark back.

Tim is as straight as they come, but when Lisa discovers a new drug that can turn a man into a woman for a week, he reluctantly agrees to give it a shot while he's on a week-long vacation from work.

But the drug lasts longer than expected! A full month. Tim has to return to his old life in a new body and contend with the changes in public.

He starts out hating the whole experience, with Lisa's help and enthusiasm, he comes to love being a woman, and his new sex life.

With his inhibitions out the window, Tim can make all his wildest fantasies come true.

Author's note: This is a standalone story with a happily ever after ending! A bonus gender swap story has been included as a thank you to my readers!

Warning: This 15,000-word novella contains graphic language and steamy descriptions of gender transformation and sex.

The Reluctant Wife
Gender Swap Romance
By Paula Spicer

Chapter 1

"Hey, Tim! Heads up!"

Tim looked up at the call of his name, in time to catch the rag that had been tossed at him. He narrowed his eyes at his grinning coworker, who just turned his back and returned to the break room.

He looked around the shop, realizing several tables needed to be wiped down. There would be no one behind the counter, but then... there weren't that many people to begin with. No one would miss him.

"I'll get you back for this," he muttered under his breath, going around the counter and doing what his coworker was supposed to be doing. He finished up, and went back to his post.

He checked his phone once he got back to his position, freezing when he saw the message that just came in.

Tim thought of himself as a pretty regular straight guy. He'd married earlier than anyone he knew, and he lived with his wife, Lisa. Only, he worked at a coffee chop, and Lisa was a chemist so they tended to work odd hours; he'd be out early, she'd be coming in late. They used to make an effort to be around each other more, but lately...

Yeah.

He sighed, taking his seat. Business was slow; it was around when afternoon bled into evening, so there wouldn't be that many people coming in until around four to five. Just as well, because he didn't think he could handle customers just then.

Lisa sent him a text, telling him she would be late. It wasn't the first time it had happened, probably won't be the last. He wasn't sure how to feel about it, besides quietly accepting.

Lately, he and Lisa had been having trouble in the bedroom. Oh, things would seem like they were going well, he'd touch her like he knew she liked, she would be totally into it. Penetration wasn't the problem, because she still loved it when he used his fingers on her. Then comes the actual intercourse. Everything just suddenly falls apart then.

Lisa was making excuses not to have sex, or when they did end up doing it, she seemed distant and disengaged. She didn't come, or seem to enjoy things as much as she used to.

Tim tried everything he could think of to get her interested, but... nothing seemed to work. He'd get something right, everything would

be great, then she'd just freeze up. He would never force her to do something she didn't want, he loved his wife way too much for that, but he wished she would talk to him and tell him what the problem was instead of running away from it.

His thoughts were interrupted by a light ringing, and he looked up and to the front of the shop. A couple had walked through the door, triggering the bell that hung above it.

All right, this is work. Get up and put your game face on.

He stood up, plastering a fake smile and using the voice that went with it. "Good afternoon, and welcome to Macy's coffee shop. How can I help you?"

After that, people started trickling in, and with the idiot hiding in the back instead of helping out, he didn't have time to think for the rest of his shift.

He strolled casually down the street. He'd ended up closing shop, even though it wasn't his night to, but he would be going home to an empty house, anyway. Lisa had said she'd try to make it early, but she rarely did when she said that.

He got a surprise when he arrived home to see the light on. He knocked lightly on the door, a voice calling for him to come in. So he did, moving slowly, feeling confused. He checked his watch, but it was just close to nine. She'd make it in around eleven some nights.

"Lisa?"

He stood at the kitchen door, staring at her in confusion. She was cooking something, when was the last time he saw that? If he didn't cook, they just had take-out.

"Hey," she threw him a smile over her shoulder. "Glad you finally made it back. Dinner's just about ready."

"Uh, I already ate, actually..." Left over pastries that didn't sell; he thought she'd be back when he fell asleep, so he didn't even plan on cooking.

She didn't seem upset, though.

"That's fine, then. I'll just eat by myself. Why don't you go take a shower? I'll be right up."

Tim stood there a moment longer, but left, his mind reeling. He went to do as she asked, his thoughts running wild.

Should he try something tonight? Lisa was clearly in a good mood.

He felt cautiously optimistic. He finished his shower, went back to the bedroom to find her already there. He froze, one towel wrapped around his hips, another around his neck. But she didn't seem to mind.

"Hey," she murmured, smiling warmly, stepping up to take the towel around his neck and use it to dry his hair.

Tim felt even more confused. Was he supposed to take her actions as a come on, or ignore it? He could feel nervous energy in his stomach, but Lisa somehow didn't notice.

Slowly, feeling cautious, he touched his hand to her cheek. She stopped toweling him, but she didn't pull back, her eyes meeting his. He brought his face closer to hers, hesitating to see if she'd pull back. She didn't, and they were kissing. It was soft, slow; when she wrapped her arms around his neck, he deepened it, making love to her mouth, feeling a groan escape his throat.

It had been way too long since they'd just kissed. He held her face with both his hands, angling her head just right for deeper penetration with his tongue. Lisa definitely liked it, whimpering as her body melted against his, her hands fisting in his still wet hair.

When he stepped forward, she stepped back, until they fell on the bed, breaking off the kiss. She laughed, and it was a little breathless.

Starting to feel eager, he arranged their positions to something more comfortable and took her mouth again. Lisa responded with a moan, her arms wrapping around him again.

But then, he lost himself in his eagerness, grinding his erection against her thigh through the towel.

Her reaction was immediate, body suddenly going taut, her mouth stiffening beneath his. He could feel disappointment taking over his earlier elation as he stilled. He pulled away and met her suddenly cautious eyes.

"What is it?" he kept his voice low so she couldn't read his emotions in the bland words.

Lisa looked uncomfortable, and tried to smile though it was less than reassuring. "I'm sorry, Tim. I'm just feeling a bit tired tonight."

Yeah, because she came home late night after night, a few times even woke up and left earlier than him. He felt a little bitter about it, but he didn't say it out loud.

Instead, he gave her a fake smile, a variation of the ones he used at work, and rolled off her.

"You know what? You're right. I'm feeling kind of tired, too. We should just go to sleep."

Without giving her a chance to speak, he got off the bed, switched out the towel for a pair of sleep pants, and turned off the light before crawling into his side of the bed.

She was still for a while, and he hoped she might say *something*. But she just got up off the covers and slipped into her side of the bed.

Tim wanted to curse, very long and very loud.

Maybe she just wasn't attracted to him anymore. He'd heard that sort of thing happened. He'd been reluctant to think that way before, but what else could explain it?

Lisa was bisexual, so before him, she would date both women and men.

Did she... maybe miss having sex with women? Because he loved his wife, but... he couldn't help her with that, even if he wanted to.

Chapter 2

Tim woke up early to find Lisa sitting at her vanity table, fixing her hair and make-up. She had a bathrobe around her shoulders, slippers on her feet.

"Did you already shower?"

She looked at him in the mirror, gave him a quick smile.

"Morning, babe. Yeah, I was up early so I figured I might as well."

He squinted at the alarm clock on the nightstand. He hadn't even heard it go off.

"Isn't it a little early?"

"I don't want to risk missing the flight, so I'd like to be out before traffic picks up."

He wanted to go back to sleep, he felt so tired. But then, he was the one suddenly pulling late nights, and he still had to get up early on weekdays so he didn't get a lot of sleep. Usually, he slept in on Saturdays, but he didn't have that luxury this time.

Lisa been home early the whole week, because of the upcoming conference she was supposed to attend. Only, this conference was in Japan, and it would last about a week. So they'd decided he'd be going with her. He already talked to his boss at work so he was covered. After pulling extra shifts the past week, he would mind giving Tim the time off.

The truth was... he'd started avoiding Lisa, just a little bit. Or maybe it was a test; and he'd definitely found himself arriving home after she did. They hadn't spoken a lot since last Friday, and he hadn't tried to touch her since.

But here they were, both awake and in the same room, relaxed. He wanted to talk to her, but didn't want to ruin the atmosphere, turn it awkward again. So he slid out of bed and took a change of clothes with him to the bathroom.

He hurried his shower, and by the time he was out, Lisa had already dressed up in a skirt suit and was just pulling on a pair of matching high heels.

"Hey, do you want to make something to eat or should we just have something at the airport, before the flight? I'm not sure what we still have in the kitchen...."

He didn't have to look to know it wasn't a lot. Neither of them had

time to go buy groceries, so they usually bought during the weekend about enough stuff for the week. Lisa went into work most Saturdays, so he usually fit a grocery run into his day then.

But the last thing he wanted to talk about was food. They were going away on a trip together, and he wasn't sure, with the state of their relationship, whether this was a good idea or a bad one. But there was no way he'd just let her go by herself. He trusted her, but...

Yeah.

"Lisa?"

"Hmm?" she looked up, distracted, probably thinking about the breakfast dilemma.

"Can we talk?"

His tone seemed to get through to her, and she froze. She met his eyes and slowly sat upright. He almost thought she looked guilty.

"What would you like to talk about?"

"Us," he said bluntly.

She gave an abortive flinch, making him sigh.

"Seriously, Lisa. We're going to have to talk sometime, you know."

"We've both been busy..." she murmured, and bit her lip.

"It's more than just being busy. Do you think we need, like... professional help? Because lately I just feel like you haven't been happy with us. I would totally be okay if you though we needed to see someone."

"What?" She looked genuinely surprised. "No. Honey, I promise we don't need to see anyone. I'm really..." she trailed off, looking almost guilty again. "I'm just stressed out about work and other stuff. I promise."

He didn't believe her. She probably saw it on his face, he didn't bother to hide how unhappy he was. She sighed, got off the bed and crossed over to him, wrapping her arms around his neck and giving him a quick peck.

"Look, let's just go on this trip, and have some time to relax. Everything will be fine when we get back."

He held still as she tugged his body into a hug. He wrapped his own arms around her, gave a light squeeze, and pulled back.

"Why don't we head on for the airport now?" he smiled down at her, and it if was a little sad, she didn't say anything. "We don't want to

be late. We can just get something to eat before we go into the plane."

She hesitated, but she gave a small sad smile back, and went to get their suitcases from the closet to pack, as he looked for his phone to call a cab.

Chapter 3

Tim somehow managed to sleep through the whole flight, and only woke up when they arrived. But when he woke, he was hungry.

"Do you know where the hotel is?"

He hadn't thought to ask before, but he knew the conference was going to be at some hotel, so he thought they would be staying at the same place.

"Yeah, I know. I have a friend who I had make the reservations for me. He should be coming to pick us up."

"Can we get something to eat first?"

She smacked his arm. "If you'd just woken up in the plane you would have eaten something."

"I was wiped, though."

"Well, it's still light out here, anyway, so I guess it's a good thing..."

"Japan is hours behind our time, right?"

"Yeah, but we travelled through most of the night. It's still early morning Saturday here."

They had to go through a few security checks before they made it to baggage claim, picked up their bags and made their way outside. On the way, he spotted a convenience store, and he grabbed Lisa's arm to make her stop.

"Why don't we get something in there?"

She pursed her lips, but shrugged. "All right." She went to check her watch, then changed her mind and reached for her phone in her purse, slung over her shoulder. "We should have enough time, but I don't want to make him wait too long."

They dragged their bags over there, and the place was empty enough that they felt safe leaving the bags just inside the door. It wasn't so big they wouldn't see them, anyway. Tim went straight for the snacks as Lisa made a quick tour of the store. A lot of the stuff wasn't labeled in English, and he wasn't sure what to pick. He settled for a bag of donuts, that was labeled in English.

Decision done, he looked around for Lisa, and when he saw her, went over. He frowned when he noticed her just standing there, gaping.

"What's wrong?"

She made a noise that was not an answer, and then clamped a hand over her mouth. He moved closer, looking at whatever she had her eyes on. It took a minute for his mind to realize *what* he was looking at, and he felt his jaw drop. He looked sideways at Lisa, and noticed she was shaking.

"Do you think that's actually..." he murmured.

"Its porn!" she whisper-laughed, both hands covering her mouth as she shook a little more.

He picked one for a closer look. It had plastic wrap so he couldn't look inside, and there were Japanese characters instead of recognizable words on the cover, but the drawn cartoon made it a little obvious. Voluptuous female, dressed in a mini skirt, top with a strap falling off one shoulder, looking dazed with pink colored cheeks. Well endowed.

"My friend told me Japan was... um, unique, but I didn't think he meant it like this."

"Do you want to buy it?"

Her eyes widened and she giggled. "No!"

He looked at some of the other covers. "These are probably all drawn comics." There were even a few with couples on the cover, even some with two women or two men on the covers.

Lisa grabbed the book out of his hand, put it back and dragged him to the counter. He handed what he'd picked, and they were allowed to pay in dollars. Then she dragged him to their suitcases and they grabbed them and left the store. She was still shaking in laughter.

They met with her contact outside the airport, Jay Marcel. He and Lisa hugged, and Tim shook his hand. He didn't think he had to worry about him, though. Tim was growing more and more sure that he should be more jealous of the women around him. Lisa was faithful, though. They weren't talking, but behind the insecurities, he really did trust her.

"So what would you guys like to do," Jay was saying. "The conference doesn't officially start until Monday. A lot of the guys arriving early are going out to experience Japan."

"What about you? You've been here since Wednesday, right?"

He grinned. "I've been going around, checking the place out, like everybody else. Would you guys like a quick tour?"

"Of the country or of every place you liked," Lisa said, amused. He laughed. "Whichever, it's more or less the same thing."

"Um, what about our luggage?" he directed the question to Lisa. If she wanted to go, he wouldn't mind. He felt wide awake, anyway.

Lisa turned to Jay to answer the question.

"We can just get to the hotel and have you guys check in. Your bags will be taken to your room and will be waiting for you when you get back."

Plan decided, he got them to the car he was renting and drove them to the hotel where they would be staying. Checking in was quick, all they had to do was show their IDs and receive the key cards to their room.

Then Jay did exactly as he'd promised; took them around his most favorite spots so far. Since they hadn't eaten, they went to a café first. Only, he didn't take them to just any ordinary café.

"They call it a maid café. Trust me, you'll see why."

Tim had heard of maid cafés from a friend that read Japanese manga—the comics—but he'd thought it was a joke, or heavily exaggerated. They walked into a café that didn't look all that much different from his work place, but the waitresses... were all in French Maid uniforms. Black and white, with the occasional pink ribbon; black and fluffy-looking with lots of layers that made the skirt poufy, with ruffles down the front. The skirts were short, with nothing but panties underneath that flashed when they leaned over too far and black shoes and white, knee-high socks completed the ensemble.

Lisa was still breathless from laughing by the time they left. Tim had forgotten all about eating, he'd ordered a coffee that he didn't drink. They walked around a bit, seeing the sights.

For lunch, they went to a different café. In this one, apparently, you can pay to cuddle with someone. Then later on, they moved to a club, but not like any he'd ever heard of. It was a boyfriend and girlfriend club. Named so because the workers would pretend to be your boyfriend or girlfriend.

"So, what do you guys think?" Jay had come back to their table after having a dance on the floor with his 'girlfriend'.

"It's..."

"Interesting," he finished when Lisa seemed at a loss for words.

She just nodded along with a mock serious expression.

"Honey!"

The waitress pretending to be his girlfriend showed up and draped herself sideways over his lap. She spoke just enough English that they could understand each other, and he and Lisa watched on as interested spectators.

Occasionally, Tim would look out the corner of his eye and see Lisa shaking. He knew she was trying not to laugh, and it had gone on all day.

But mostly, he watched the crowd, the strange dynamics of the waiters, Jay and his pretend girlfriend that he'd probably never see or talk to again once they left that club.

Could it be the answer he was looking for?

It wasn't ideal, but it was a new idea he hadn't considered before. Should he try to find a way for them to have a threesome, for Lisa's sake? Not that he wouldn't have fun, but even with another woman in bed with them, his focus would solely be on his wife.

Would she like that?

He watched her out the corner of his eye. She looked the most relaxed he'd seen her in a while, it wasn't forced or fake. She even kept bursting into random giggles when something appeared too funny, or too outrageous. He couldn't remember the last time he'd seen her have this much fun.

He wanted to run the idea by her, ask if she'd like to try it.

Chapter 4

The weekend passed by quickly, and Lisa had to get busy for her conference.

With her gone on Monday morning, and him left by himself with nothing to do, he decided to do a little sightseeing. She would be available for lunch, at least, so he wasn't going far. He borrowed a map from the front desk and set out, but he wasn't going far.

At twelve, he slowly made his way back. He got a text maybe ten minutes away, and he texted Lisa back to tell her he would be there soon. He found her waiting in the lobby, and she smiled at him when she saw him. He felt relieved not to see Jay around, the guy had ended up sticking with them the whole weekend.

"Hey. How was your morning?"

They leaned into each other for a quick peck, but the action was more out of habit than anything.

"Great. How's yours been?"

She sighed, tucking her hand in his arm and leading him back outside. "Long. We didn't do a lot today, so a lot of people were pretty much just mingling. I only knew Jay in there, but the bastard left me half an hour in and I ended up alone."

She dragged him along the street, the opposite way from where he'd gone earlier, but she seemed to know here she was going.

"I thought we were just gonna eat at the hotel." After spending the time going to cafes and clubs where they were too distracted to eat, they'd stayed in Sunday night so they could actually get to eat.

"It's this sushi place. Don't worry, Jay highly recommends it, and he's a picky eater, so it should be okay. He gave me really specific directions."

After twenty minutes of wandering around, they found the place. It was a popular tourist place, so the waiters knew English, at least.

They chatted about inane things, laughed a bit about their adventure on the weekend. When the food was set in front of them, there was silence as they ate. That silence grew awkward when Tim found himself unsure of what to say.

When did that happen? And why hadn't he realized and done something about it sooner?

"Lisa."

She hesitated, just slightly but it was there, a quick pause as she lifted food to her mouth. Her eyes met his, then looked down. He felt a little annoyed when she didn't say anything.

Tim didn't think waiting until they got home was a particularly wise idea. When they got back, they'd both be returning to their busy lives, and it would be back to the evasion tactics.

"We've been avoiding this; I admit to doing it and so should you. We have to talk some time."

"But does it have to be here?"

"Why *not* here?"

She didn't answer, looking up at him with an unhappy frown. He refused to let the look deter him. He'd backed down plenty of times, but it was bad when he didn't know what to say to his own wife.

"I worry about us, if we could even last. You don't talk to me and it's not like I can tell what you're thinking, Lisa."

She sighed, picking at her food and not looking up. "What, exactly, do you worry about."

"That you don't find me attractive anymore, that you want to have sex with women again. I can't help you with that, and I don't want to lose you to another woman."

"Look, I'm sorry you feel that way, especially if I somehow made you think that. I swear I don't want anyone else but you. Whatever life I had before I met you, whoever I slept with. I made vows to you when we got married and I plan to keep them."

He believed her, he knew she wasn't lying. But he could tell she was holding something back. Which was great, she wouldn't cheat on him, and she hadn't said she was thinking about a divorce. But that didn't mean he'd be okay with it if she stayed faithfully married to him and was miserable.

They didn't speak as they finished the meal. Tim got the tab, and they walked back to the hotel, and to their room, silent the whole way. She disappeared into the bathroom as he took a seat in front of the TV, turning it on. She joined him after a few minutes, dressed in slacks and a T-shirt, and slippers, and she sat on the opposite side of the seat from him, curling herself into the corner. All the channels were local, so they ended up watching a strange Japanese show neither one could understand.

Tim wasn't even sure when he fell asleep, but he suddenly snapped awake. He was still sprawled on the seat, in front of the TV. He wasn't sure what he was looking at, at first, but the show was obviously over. It looked like an infomercial, even with a foreign language it was easy to tell. It was advertising some new product.

But then he noticed words across the bottom of the screen. It looked like English subtitles. He read the words, but none of it made any sense. Was something up with the translation? Because what he was reading was they were advertising some cutting edge new pill that would turn a man into a woman, and a woman into a man; a Swap-Swap pill. He watched the commercial with fascination.

Then, he turned to look at Lisa. She still sat on the other side of the seat from him, and she was awake and looking at the TV. By her posture, arms folded on the arm of the seat, her body leaning against them, her hair sticking up on one side. Her expression, when it registered, worried him a bit.

Lisa was opened-mouthed, paying rapt attention.

When the infomercial ended, she suddenly turned to him, and he jumped when their eyes met. He wanted to look away, feeling uncomfortable, but he didn't. Her eyes were alight with something he hadn't seen in a while when he didn't need to work to put it there, and then it wouldn't last for very long, or be so very obvious. Interest, awareness; of the sexual kind.

Tim realized, pretty quickly, that she wanted HIM to take one of those pills.

She didn't say the words out loud, but he could still feel his jaw drop in disbelief.

"No."

"Tim—" she called his name, excited, but it only made him firmer. She was actually thinking about it!

"Be serious, Lisa. Even if something like that actually worked—"

"But they just said it did," she cut him off, rising up in her knees, leaning toward him, looking excited and sounding eager. "Tim, this is it, the answer that would work best for us."

"I thought there wasn't a problem to begin with," he said, challenging.

She flinched, but pursed her lips, firmed her jaw. Her eyes lost

some of the fanatic-ness, but determination had taken its place.

"Tim," she called his name, but her voice had changed to something imploring. It was a tone she used on him when she wanted something, and he would cave to it quickly. It had been a while since he'd heard her use it.

"Tim, please. I love you and I don't want anyone but you, but I have... missed the feel of a woman's body." She bit her lip, sitting back on her heels, folding her hands on her lap. "If we could just try these pills... your brain in a woman's body would be incredible."

"Lisa, I would not feel comfortable. I am a guy."

"The pills aren't permanent, though."

"I didn't read that."

"I woke up when it was starting; you missed some of the beginning."

He sighed, closing his eyes and rubbing at his temples so he wouldn't look at her.

"If you want to... invite someone to our bed, I wouldn't mind."

"But I don't."

He opened his eyes, met hers with a frown. "It solves your problem, doesn't it?"

"No, it's doesn't. I don't want some random woman in our relationship, or to hire a prostitute to have a threesome with." She held her hands together in front of her, virtually begging on her knees, even though she was on a seat and not the floor. "I don't want anyone else. Tim, I want you."

Chapter 5

What. The. Hell.

It was all he could think. He didn't think it had even been ten minutes since he woke up to find Lisa already showered and dressed, waiting impatiently for him to do the same. Then they were out on the street and Lisa was dragging him around, looking for a drug store that carried these magical gender swap pills.

"Are you sure you know where to even find a drug store?" he asked, feeling hopeful that she didn't, and they would be turning back soon.

It was dashed when she shot him a look like he was stupid.

"Jay told you where, didn't he."

She grinned, tugging at him harder as she hastened her steps.

They arrived at the drugstore quicker than he would have liked. He felt too paranoid to look at anybody, not wanting to see what they would think about a couple looking to buy those pills. Who would they wonder was taking the pill, or would they imagine it was both? He let Lisa drag them over to the counter, where she asked for the pills. They must have been popular, even among foreigners, because she had no problem understanding what they wanted once Lisa said 'swap pill'. She left to call someone else, who spoke to them in passable English.

"Please, come this way," he said, the words heavily accented, gesturing them to the side so they weren't blocking the counter for any new customers. He wore a lab coat, his hair was slicked, parted to the side, his smile bright and welcoming.

And then, the questions came. They were a necessity before they were allowed to have the pills, even though they would be paying for them. Tim could feel the blood drain from his face, and almost immediately he felt flushed.

The questions were about their sex life, and they weren't just probing, but weird. Asking for sexual history was... maybe normal, as far as he could tell. But asking about sexual positions, places they'd had sex, kinks... he choked on air when he asked if they had ever invited other partners into the bedroom. The answer was a no, and Lisa was nice enough not to mention he'd been thinking about it.

Lisa was a chemist, she could say everything clinically like she wasn't bothered, but Tim could feel his face flaming the whole time.

His eyes kept bouncing around the room, never resting on any one face or surface. He didn't think he could get anything out without a stutter, so Lisa answered questions for both of them.

Finally, they were allowed to purchase the pills, with a warning that each one lasted about a week. Tim wondered how many Lisa had purchased.

They got back to the hotel, when Lisa's phone rang. She checked her texts, and then suddenly cursed. It brought him out of the haze he'd been trying to hide in.

"What's wrong?"

She was scowling at her phone. "I have to get back to the conference. I almost forgot."

She dropped the pills on the table and rushed to the bathroom. She came back, her make-up and hair touched up, her trench switched for a suit coat. She stepped up to him, gave him a peck on the cheek, and left the room with another curse.

For a moment, all he could do was stand there. Then his eyes moved to the table, where she'd dropped the tiny brown bag that held the pills. He slowly walked over to the couch and lowered himself into it, still keeping his eyes on it.

After another moment, he wanted to laugh at himself. They were just pills, they weren't going to eat him. And... they were probably the only thing that could help his marriage.

Would they even work?

Slowly, he reached for the brown package, picking it up. Maybe... he could try one while Lisa was away. He wasn't sure how this transformation was supposed to happen—would it be like those werewolf movies, bones shifting and painful looking, not to mention kind of disgusting?—he'd stopped paying attention somewhere, then they were handed the merchandise, Lisa was paying and they were leaving.

But he just suddenly didn't want Lisa to be there to see it happen, whether it would be gruesome or not. They were in Japan for at least a week, so it wasn't a problem. They should be heading out Sunday evening, and he'd taken Monday and Tuesday off so he could catch up to the time difference.

Tim left the pills on the table and went to the bathroom. There

was a glass on the counter, and he filled it up with water from the tap and went back. He opened the brown bag and shook it, until one pill fell into his palm.

It was so innocent looking, white, and round, and small. He wasn't sure he was supposed to take it with water. He wanted to find some beer, but that was usually a bad idea; water seemed like the safest option.

"Well," he muttered to himself. "Here goes nothing. Bottoms up."

He threw the pill in his mouth and drank the whole glass of water.

He waited for a few seconds, not sure what he should be waiting for. He even closed his eyes, counted to ten, but didn't see anything different. *How long is this supposed to take?*

He didn't know how long he sat there, when he suddenly yawned. Damn, his sleepless night was taking its toll.

He leaned back on the couch and closed his eyes.

When Tim opened his eyes again, he was lying down on the couch, but he didn't remember doing that? He felt strangely detached from his body as he slowly sat up. He didn't feel quite dizzy, but his stomach felt weird. His eyesight was a little fuzzy, too. He sat on the couch, legs spread wide so he could brace his elbows on his knees and lean his upper body forward. Something felt strange... off, but he couldn't tell what just then. When he felt like his mind had cleared some, he pushed himself to his feet.

He frowned as he looked around, trying to remember what he'd been doing. Then it hit him.

The pill!

He looked at the table, where he'd left the rest of them, and the empty glass of water. So he'd really done that. Suddenly, he shot his head up, not wanting to look down. His body definitely felt... weird. In his mind, he was still a guy, but... physically, he didn't think he still was. He only just noticed his T-shirt—one that fit him perfectly—felt a little baggy around his shoulders. The legs of his jeans draped on his feet, though it still held just fine at his hips.

Slowly, he glanced down, his eyes widening at what met his eyes. His chest wasn't flat anymore, two mounds pushing against the front of his T-shirt. He looked at his hands, and he thought the fingers looked a little thinner, not so blunt-tipped. He brought the palms to

his no-longer-flat-chest, and he jumped, dropping his hands, when he actually *felt* that.

He looked beyond that, to find the legs of his jeans were a little long. He brought his palms to his thigh, feeling suddenly nervous. He was a guy, but his chest was no longer flat. His body was a woman's, which meant... he didn't have a penis anymore. An image floated in his head of it falling off and he couldn't push it away. When he touched the area between his legs, there was no telltale bulge.

He pulled his hand away with a squeak, only to widen his eyes again and clamp his hands over his mouth. He pulled them away, slowly.

"Oh my God." Even his voice had changed, higher in pitch. It wasn't bad, he didn't sound prepubescent, just No longer sounded like a guy.

He could feel the breath catch in his throat as panic tried to overcome him.

Just relax! There is nothing to worry about.

Yeah, right. Even he didn't believe himself. How the hell could he not freak out? He'd lost some height, his shoulders were narrower; his chest was sticking out and he no longer had a dick. Even his voice was gone. It felt... weird.

He rushed out the room and headed for the bathroom. There was a large mirror above the counter, but he didn't want that. There was another mirror, against the wall opposite the tub, beside the shower. It was a full length mirror, and he stood in front of it. It... sort of looked like him. His eyes were the same color, so was his hair. It was even the same length, though he couldn't think why he would have expected it be longer. Even some of his features were familiar.

But he still looked... small. And soft.

Don't be weirded out. You're a woman now... so what? You like women. You're married to one.

It didn't make him feel any better, but thinking of Lisa did.

This is for her.

He nodded, noticed the woman in the mirror doing the same and stopped.

"Fuck, this is so weird."

He took a breath, and reached for the buckle of his jeans. They

barely held onto his hips, and once he took off the belt, they fell off. He stepped out of them, kicking them to the side. He took another breath, and squeezed his eyes closed when as he pulled the shirt off.

Then he opened his eyes and just... stared. He turned to one side, then the other, then all the way around.

"Wow," he murmured in a whisper.

He looked *good*.

Chapter 6

Maybe it was a superficial thing to focus on, but he did look good. His waist tucked in, his hips flared out, his ass was rounder, not as firm. He was soft *everywhere*. And his breasts...

Feeling curious, yet cautious, he brought his hands up again, keeping his eyes on the woman in the mirror. He covered the mounds on his chest with his palms, squeezed a little. His eyes widened, mouth parting on a surprised moan as his palms rubbed against his nipples. He pulled his hands away, and using just one, grabbed a nipple between thumb and pointer finger, and pinched. He moaned again as electrify lit up his body, traveling south to the place between his legs, and he could feel himself grow a little warm there. And a little wet.

He stopped, surprised at how sensitive his nipples were. It did nothing for him when Lisa played with them before. But he couldn't hold himself back, it felt too good. Pinched one nipple, then the other, gasping at the electricity that made him throb between his legs. He widened his stance, one hand moved to cover his sex. It was nothing like having a dick, but damn it was sensitive. He was slick, wet, and he coated his hand in it, rubbing it all over his sex. He lowered his hand further, cautiously probing a finger inside. He didn't feel tight, so he added another finger.

He was panting, the woman in the mirror had a pink flush on her cheeks, her mouth gone slack in pleasure. The friction was amazing, but he wanted more. He slid out his fingers, brought them higher to the hood of the clit, scraped against it with a nail.

He cried out, unable to help it, with the tendrils of electricity that were suddenly everywhere in his body, making his nerves sing and chant for more. Moaning and panting for breath, he rubbed at the spot, spread the slick dripping out of him all over his sex, and focusing all his attention on his clit. He gave a tighter pinch on one nipple, dug his finger firmly into the clit, and he was crying out as his body shuddered in orgasm, tightening and releasing in convulsions that sent waves of pleasure throughout his body. His nipples were erect already, but they tightened, grew a bit more, goose bumps appearing on his breasts.

He just barely managed to keep on his feet. The orgasm was.... A lot different from when he was a guy; stronger, more powerful.

Just as messy, he grimaced, feeling the wetness dripping down his legs. Suddenly, he almost felt ashamed of himself, but when he went to move, and he felt the shakiness of his limbs, he couldn't help grinning.

Orgasming as a woman felt amazing. And he only got himself off touching his... clit. The smile was replaced with a frown when he remembered.

Right.

He wiped himself down, washed his hands, and flushed the tissues down the toilet. He reached for his clothes again, but frowned at the length of the legs of the jeans. As for the T-shirt, the arms and shoulders were wider, but the front still stretched uncomfortably across his chest.

Well, he could always go out and buy a few more stuff, that would actually fit. He wasn't quite Lisa's body shape, and he could remember it with perfect clarity. He went back to his suitcase, found some shorts and a thicker T-shirt. The shorts were knee length, but fell to his shins in this body. He just shrugged, ran his hands through his hair, grabbed his wallet, and left the room.

There was a convenience store he'd found not too far away, and he went there.

It took him a while to get what he needed: Some underwear, tops that would fit better, two pairs of jeans. It was a necessary cost, even as he winced for the sake of his depleting funds. Once he had all he could think of, he went to pay.

The way the aisles were built, the customers in the first and second faced each other, the second and third faced away from each other, and the pattern went on till the sixth. The first line seemed shortest, so Tim moved there.

He wanted to wince again as he saw the price racket up with every item. It wasn't the nice cashier's fault, though. She showed him what he owed, smiling up at him. He smiled back, handing over the money, and waiting as she counted out the change.

But then a sudden feeling that had the hair on the back of his neck sticking up made him look up. There was a man on the next aisle that faced his and the guy was... staring at Tim's chest. He frowned, not realizing why, until he remembered. He was a woman, with breasts, and he wasn't even wearing a bra.

Fuck. Now he was just irritated. It was no reason to just fucking stare. He took his change with a forced smile, grabbed his stuff and held it to his chest as he rushed outside.

Now he wished he could just go back to being a man. The boobs were great, but.... He missed his penis.

Chapter 7

Lisa had been gone all day, and he felt kind of happy about it.

It had all been for Lisa to begin with. But what if... what if, even like this, he wasn't enough? Besides. It had been weird enough, going outside and having strangers look at him funny. They didn't know he used to be a man.

But Lisa knew. She had only ever seen him as a man. And now he... wasn't. He was shorter, softer, a *woman*.

It was weird. There was no way she wouldn't think so.

He spent time pacing in the bedroom, worrying about when she would get back. He lost track of time, and he jumped when he heard the door close and Lisa call for him.

"Tim, where are you? Sorry I was out so long, it dragged forever."

He opened his mouth to speak, but he couldn't. She would tell, by his voice, that he was...

"Tim?"

But he couldn't just not say anything. It would freak her out. After she called out to him a couple more times, each time more worried than the last, he finally cleared his throat.

"Um, I'm in here."

He didn't raise his voice too high, but Lisa must have heard. There was sudden silence in the other room. Then:

"Would you come out?"

She sounded cautious. He didn't want to, at all, but he reminded himself this was for Lisa's sake. For their marriage. He reached for the door's lock, undid it, then turned the handle and just held the door. His hand—his whole body—was shaking slightly.

What if... she doesn't like me? It was what really held him back, embarrassment that even as a woman, he wouldn't measure up. As the thought passed through his mind, he felt a little angry at himself.

Get a grip. Hiding would do nothing. He took a deep breath and slowly opened the door. A last bit of childishness had him closing his eyes, though.

For a moment, there was only silence. Lisa didn't say anything as he stood there trembling. He started to panic. He could feel his breath hitch as he hunched his shoulders, wrapped his arms around himself and ducked his head, trembling harder.

A sudden touch on his cheek made him gasp and open his eyes, stumbling back as his head shot up. Lisa stood a couple of feet away, just staring at him. Her hand, the one she'd touched him with, was still held up. Her mouth was opened in a tiny surprised 'oh,' eyebrows arched.

"Tim...?"

He just stood in place, shaking. He couldn't close his eyes again, there wasn't much point, but he wanted to. When Lisa suddenly took a step forward, he flinched. She froze for a second, frowned at him, and continued forward anyway.

"Tim? What is it?" she spoke softly, like she was talking to a frightened animal.

He grimaced, rocked back a step. "Ah, yeah." He held his arms up from his sides for a few seconds, but folded them around his chest again. "I, ah, took the pill a little early. Went out for some clothes..."

Lisa came to a stop in front of him, still looking him over. Tim was surprised to realize she was actually a bit taller than he was. Her boobs weren't quite as big, her hips slimmer. He twisted his mouth to the side, not sure how that made him feel.

"So... what do you think?" he asked quietly, feeling his face flame.

He didn't expect her to suddenly wrap her arms around him. It froze him in surprise.

"Lisa?"

"Honey, you look beautiful. You're so pretty, I almost didn't recognize you."

"Did you expect me to look ugly?" he joked weakly.

"No!" she pulled back, looking aghast. "I just wasn't sure what to expect. You look... different."

"Different, good, or..."

"Different *amazing*." She held his face in her hands, gave him a light kiss.

The angle was weird for him, even though he was only a few inches taller than she was, she usually had to have heels on to be at his height. But this was Lisa, if nothing else, she was familiar. She soon had him relaxed into the soft kiss. Her hands tenderly stroked his cheeks, slid down his neck and to his shoulders, where she held on. When she pulled back, he forgot all the reasons why he'd felt nervous.

Lisa made him feel safe, always, like he could be himself with her. And he loved that about her.

"Now," she murmured, hands lightly massaging his shoulders. "I had dinner brought up with me. Why don't we sit down and have a talk as we eat?"

He nodded shyly. Lisa released one shoulder, slid the other hand down his arm to grab his hand and tug him along. Food was already served, and he wondered if he must have missed hearing anyone else in his panic, because he only heard the door close. The room had a mini kitchen, with a small dining area in the same space. Lisa pulled out his chair for him, and he sat down as she took her own seat.

"Where did you get the clothes? They don't look like mine."

"Uh," he was wearing some of what he'd bought. He'd changed into the undies and pulled on a top and jeans that fit better than his own clothes right then. "I went outside and bought a few stuff."

"When did you take the pill?"

"I didn't check the time, but it wasn't long after you left. I've been... adjusting." Not that it was easy. He had to pee while sitting and wipe himself down, lying on his chest felt a little uncomfortable now that it was no longer flat. He couldn't lift his own suitcase as easily as before because he'd lost several pounds. Showering, putting on the bra, the rest of it... had been an adventure.

"Would you tell me what the transition was like?" she asked, curious. "I wanted to know what it would be like. I kinda wish you'd waited for me."

I don't.

He could see her eyes turn clinical, looking at his body like she was cataloguing all the changes. He didn't mind, her mind was like that sometimes. Besides, he could see the light in her eyes that meant she was excited.

He didn't remember much of the transformation, though he remembered everything since. He told her whatever he could think of, and he wondered if she really heard him. He could see her excitement grow as they talked, her eyes straying from his face, to his breasts. He felt embarrassed, yet flattered and elated at the same time.

Lisa was done eating before he was, and she decided to call room service to come for the dirty dishes. By the time someone arrived, he

was done. He scurried to the bedroom and waited while Lisa talked to them, pacing in the room.

Lisa joined him not long after. She blindsided him again, walking up to him and kissing him. He stiffened, but leaned into the kiss. When a tongue traced the outline of his lips, he opened his mouth, let Lisa's tongue in to explore, lashed out with his own.

Then he felt a hand that wasn't his grab his breast.

He felt his eyes open as he stumbled back, startled from the touch. "Whoa, Lisa." But she didn't seem deterred, following him. "Wait," he said, a little desperately. "This is weird."

"Just trust me." she smiled at him, sultry; inviting. "You're not the only one who knows how to work wonders with a woman's body."

He felt his breath hitch as he stumbled back another step. He didn't doubt it, even as a guy she'd make him lose control. And when she kissed him again, there was nothing gentle about the kiss. A hand held the back of his neck to keep him still as she ravaged his mouth, and he couldn't help the moan that left his throat, his body breaking out in a light shudder.

It was still weird, but he could feel a slight thrill go through him. His orgasm earlier had been self-induced. He knew it would be better with a partner.

So he kissed her back. He still jumped when she touched his breast again, even through the new bra, but he didn't let it scare him. Instead, he returned the favor, cupping Lisa's breasts through her clothes.

Suddenly feeling impatient, he pulled back. Lisa made a protesting noise, but it quickly turned into a moan when she saw him pull off the top. He did the same for Lisa, and they reached around each other, reaching for the other's bra clasps.

He moaned when their naked breasts touched, then Lisa was pushing him backward. He let out a squeak when he suddenly stumbled back onto the bed.

"Move up."

His breath hitched again at the command, and he did as she wanted, moving so his feet were on the bed. She shucked off her skirt and panties, then reached for Tim's jeans. He let her pull them off, panting as he throbbed between his legs. With the jeans off, he

groaned in relief, letting his legs fall open. Lisa took the opportunity to crawl, on her knees, between his thighs.

Then they were kissing again, and he wrapped his arms around her back to grab fistfuls of her hair, meeting her hard kiss with his own ferocity. He broke off, crying out when Lisa pinched a nipple with her fingers, then lowered her head to take one into her mouth, using her hand to play with the other, then switching.

He was reduced to babbling, moaning and panting, his legs twisting, heels digging into the mattress, as pleasure tried to overtake him.

"Lisa!"

She just hummed, a hand leaving his breast to trail down his abdomen, pausing to dip a finger into his navel, then down between his legs, cupping him with her whole hand. He bucked up into the hand, and he heard breathless laughter come from Lisa.

Then her mouth was following the path her hand just took, even as the hand cupping his sex moved, massaging the soft, wet flesh, driving him wild.

"Lisa! *Please!*"

A finger slid inside, soon followed by another. They started a slow thrusting rhythm, as she nudged the heel of her palm into his clit. He keened, knees hugging Lisa's sides. Her free hand left his breast, slid down his side, then disappeared. He didn't think about where, trying to buck his hips to take her fingers deeper inside. Then a third finger slid in, stretching him deliciously, and thrust in and out frustratingly slow.

He looked down with a light growl.

"Lisa, stop messing with me already. I want to come. Please?"

Lisa just grinned, her look wicked. "Watch me, okay?"

Then she dipped her head to where her fingers were, wrapped her lips around the hood of his clit, and sucked, hard. His back nearly came off the bed as he cried out louder, arching into the sensation.

And she set about driving him crazy again, alternating between licking at his clit, with the flat of her tongue, or firming it and digging in with the tip, flicking it in between licks. The thrust of her fingers increased in rhythm, until all he could do was pant.

When she scraped her teeth over the sensitive bud, he felt like he

would be torn apart. He gave a short scream as his body shuddered hard in orgasm, and he was gasping and whimpering through the waves of pleasure that washed over him, that didn't seem to stop as Lisa took him in her mouth again and sucked. Until he was a spent mess on the bed, his limbs feeling heavy, his legs trembling. He didn't think he'd be able to keep on his feet if he tried to walk just then.

Lisa pulled her fingers away, made him moan when she licked her hand clean, then put her hands on his inner thighs to spread him and lick him clean there, too. Then she was crawling up the bed to lie on her side beside him, looking smug.

"How was it?"

"It... was amazing," he managed to say between pants. It was better than before, when he got himself off earlier. Better than any orgasm he'd ever had. "Shit, Lisa. How the hell do you *survive* so much pleasure?"

After shocks still made his skin shiver. But Lisa just laughed.

"Because it's never enough. You always want more."

He groaned. "If that's a way of telling me you want more right now, I'm not sure I can help you with that. You haven't even cum."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. I got myself off while getting you off." She leaned forward to take his mouth in a languid kiss. "And who says we can't do more, right now? You're a woman, your recovery time won't be as long, and we can go on until we get tired, or sore; whichever comes first."

He felt his eyes widen. He hadn't thought of that.

Lisa was kissing down his neck, down to his breasts, taking a nipple in her mouth and sucking on it, hard. He groaned, wrapping his arms around her again.

"Would you like to continue?"

He rubbed his thighs together at the growing need between his legs. "Do you really have to ask?"

Lisa laughed, pulling away from his chest to kiss him. They didn't talk for a while after that.

And he found the sex so pleasurable, he forgot to wish he was a man.

Chapter 8

Tim sat at the edge of the bed, showered and dressed, but trembling. He trembled in anxiety, because the week was drawing to a close, and it was a little alarming that *his body wasn't transforming back!*

Lisa had suggested it had to be an exact week, but they'd delayed the departure to Monday evening, an exact week from when he took the stupid pill, but he was still a woman. Lisa had gone out earlier looking for answers, then came back looking chipper, acting like nothing was strange.

When she came out of the bathroom, humming and not meeting his eyes, he cleared his throat. Lisa stopped, her eyes meeting his.

"Did you go or not?" he finally asked, exasperated. "And if you found him, what did he say?"

Lisa bit her lip, clearly not wanting to say, but he scowled at her and folded his arms under his breasts. It felt less strange, having boobs, but he shouldn't still have them.

Lisa laughed, sounding strangled, twisting her fingers together. "Okay, so, here's a funny story. The pharmacist that sold us the drugs, the warning he gave was wrong."

"He talked in fluent enough English."

"But he mixed a few things up, and it turns out.... this thing actually lasts a month. Not a week."

Tim just stared. Then blinked. And blinked some more. Then he felt his jaw drop.

"*What?*" his voice was a high shriek, enough to make Lisa flinch back.

A whole *month*? And the guy somehow mistook that for a week?
What the hell!

What was he going to do? They were going back home already.... How could he go back to work in this body? How would he explain it to people?

"C'mon, honey. I can see you wanting to panic, but we can't stay in Japan forever, and there is no cure because the effects wear out on their own."

He was reluctant to go, even whined a little. Lisa just stopped pulling, smiled, and suddenly kissed him. He wasn't in the mood, but

he still sighed into the kiss. It was soft, languid, and went a long way in easing him up.

He let himself get dragged out and to a cab. He was grateful he hadn't gotten to see Lisa's friend Jay again. And then they got to the airport, where some more problems one of them should have thought of arose.

Considering his passport was that of a man, and he was suddenly a woman, it took quite a bit of explaining just to get them past the security checks. He didn't really have much to say for himself, so he let Lisa talk.

It turned out, 'swap pill' was the magic word that let them get through. Of course, this was Japan. The pill was a big thing, so people knew about it. They even had someone go with them, a man that told other security people to let them through. Everyone seemed to know about the pill, so once it was mentioned, they automatically understood what happened. The man that came with them even carried some of their baggage, made sure Tim didn't have any on him.

Oh, God.

If he'd thought that was embarrassing though, being in the plane was much worse. He kept getting smirks and strange looks. Not just from the staff, the news must have leaked to a few of the passengers, or they overheard. Lisa let him have the window seat, but he still spent the flight wishing there was a pill for invisibility.

Chapter 9

This... was getting awkward. Actually, it had gone way past that and was heading into 'weird'.

Tim had gone into work, against her better judgment, but... there was no way she couldn't show up. She didn't want to risk getting fired and she needed the job. Even if Lisa wouldn't mind, she refused to leave their upkeep on just her salary.

"Would you.... explain that to me again?"

Tim rolled her eyes. Darren was a regular customer, and they'd struck up a sort of friendship. He was actually the guy she'd heard the Japanese stuff from.

"I've said it plenty of times, already," she complained, irritated. Then she snapped her fingers in front of the guy's face, pointed to his eyes with her pointer and middle finger, then back to her own. "My eyes didn't fall that low."

Darren winced. "Yeah, sorry about that. It's just... a little weird is all. Because I hear you telling me you're a woman, but you were definitely a guy the last time we meet. It was a couple of weeks ago. You said you were taking a trip to Japan, I'd been here since Monday looking for you to ask what it was like."

"Haven't you ever been?"

He snorted. "You're kidding, right? Do you know what air fare costs? Now come on, explain it to me one more time, because I still don't get it."

Tim sighed. "So, in Japan, there's this pill..."

She'd repeated herself way too many times already. First to her boss, who had her say it like five times, before she was wordlessly dismissed, boss looking like the end of the world was upon them. Now he kept running off when he saw her, avoiding her.

Then she'd had to explain to her coworkers, including that jerk that was always leaving her with everything, then some of the customer like Darren. People kept asking what was going on, and she was having a hard time explaining the whole thing.

Tim sighed again. "It's fine. I took them as a joke, you know? Didn't think it would actually happen. If it did, we were told a week, I would be back to normal. Only, it turns out, it's actually a month."

He almost looked amazed. "Dude, I've heard of that stuff online. It

actually works."

"You're looking right at me and asking that, Darren, really?"

He had the grace to look ashamed.

At least he wasn't as bad like some of the others, looking at him skeptically, a couple like they thought she'd gone crazy. It made her a little angry, because what business was it of theirs anyway? All she did was get them coffee and pastries, her personal life was nobody's business.

Besides, she was getting adjusted to her new body, being a woman. Lisa was happy, and the shambles their marriage had been breaking into were suddenly fixed. She was happy with the turn of events.

The looks were harder to adjust to, but even that she was sure she'd be okay with in time; from people that knew, and those that didn't. She was loving her new body. Even the questions didn't bother her, besides being slightly annoying. Thank goodness it was Friday. She'd have the whole day free tomorrow.

"He's been acting weird since he got back," her lazy coworker cut in, leering, ignoring the glare she aimed at him. "And it's not just the boob job and the lack of dick."

"'She'." It was automatic.

Darren blinked. "What?"

"Its 'she' now."

Her coworker just shrugged, his hands held out to her like she was some exhibit; like she'd just proved his point. When she punched him in the arm, he laughed at her and went away.

She just rolled her eyes. She'd woken up and realized that morning, that even in her own head, she referred to herself as she. she wasn't quite sure when that started.

Tim didn't mind that one bit.

Chapter 10

It happened on a Saturday, so at least she didn't have to go to work. Because after living that way for a month, when she suddenly woke up as a guy again...

She wasn't exactly as happy as she would have thought she'd be.

It didn't even occur to her at first, she just got off the bed feeling groggy, went to the bathroom, and was about to sit down to pee, when she realized she didn't have to, because she already had her dick in hand.

She'd used the bathroom, washed her hands, and gone to look at herself in the full length mirror behind the wardrobe.

She... looked exactly like she used to. Her hair was a bit longer, because she'd been letting it grow out, but not that much longer. Everything was as it had been before the transition.

She didn't want it.

It had been weird for a moment, but it was familiar skin; getting reused to it wasn't a problem. But it felt like something was... missing. Like something was wrong. And she could have stayed at home and freaked over it by herself, because she usually woke on Saturdays to find Lisa already gone to work.

Or she could go find her.

She pulled on clothes that fit the body she wore; longer jeans, bigger T-shirt and jacket, shoes. Tim didn't really like to bother Lisa at work, but when it was a Saturday, since she didn't have as much work then... if Tim really needed her, she wouldn't turn her away.

Lisa was surprised, partly because she was a man, but also because she'd never before taken her offer to go to her work place. She ushered Tim into her office and sat her down in front of the desk, sitting in the chair beside it, and taking Tim's hands.

She felt relief go through her at the worry in Lisa's eyes. She didn't look disappointed to see she'd turned back.

"I'm sorry." It was a stupid thing to say, but the impulse to just suddenly took her.

"For what?" Lisa sounded confused.

Tim felt her warm up, her eyes closing as he shook his head.

"Forget it."

But Lisa wouldn't, releasing her hands to take her face between

her palms. "Tim, don't be like that. It was going to happen sometime, we knew that. We were both prepared for it."

"I know that, but..."

"But?"

Tim opened her eyes, searched Lisa's for the answers she was looking for. All she saw was confusion. She sighed.

"I know that. I know it was meant to just be a temporary change—and I'm not saying I hate being a man," she said quickly. "It's... I *love* being a woman. And... do you maybe..." her voice trailed off as she lost her nerve.

"What, honey."

"I want it to be more of a regular thing. Because I love being a woman. Is that weird?" she finished, her voice small.

Lisa just sighed, getting up and pulling her into a hug as she curled over Tim's body. "Of course not. I understand, but..." she pulled back, held her face, angled up so their eyes could meet. "Are you sure this is what *you* want, not what you think I want? Because I love you either way, you know."

"I do want it. I swear."

Lisa watched her for a minute, before she let go. She went around the desk, grabbed her jacket and purse, then came back to take her hand. "Come on. We might as well go home. There isn't much work around and there are two other people here, anyway. Get outside and wait for me, okay? I'll be right out."

Tim nodded and made her way back out. She'd come with a cab, but Lisa usually went to work in her car. She found where it was parked and waited, leaning against it. Lisa came back quickly, and they were in the car and on the way back home. she waited until they got back to break the silence.

"Exactly how many pills did you buy?" Tim unlocked the door and they both went inside the house.

"Don't worry. We still have five left." She led the way to the bedroom, dropped her things at her vanity table, and went into the bathroom. She came back with the small bag holding the pills, then hesitated. "Do you... want to take one now?"

She bit her lip, nodded. When she went to open the package, Tim held her hand. "I've been thinking... I mean, it's just an idea, but..."

would you take a pill? Just to try," she added quickly.

Lisa looked baffled. "Why?"

Tim blushed. "I've been wanting to try male/female sex. I want to feel how you felt when we were together, before."

Her eyes were understanding. "Let's both take them?"

She nodded, relieved Lisa didn't outright say no. She went and got them glasses of water, got back to find Lisa naked and on the bed.

"Our clothes won't fit," she explained. "And if I'll be gaining mass, my clothes would be too small for that."

Tim stripped too, and sat on the bed next to her, handing her a glass and accepting a pill from her. They both watched each other for a moment, and Lisa took her pill first. She did the same. Tim put the glasses away, and joined Lisa on the bed. They lay on their sides, facing each other. When she felt the familiar grogginess, she let her eyes close.

When Time woke up, it was to the sensation of fingers lightly brushing her cheek. When she opened her eyes, it was to see Lisa. At least, it sort of looked like her. Tim let her eyes wander, took in the square jaw, wider shoulders, flat chest. She might have been taller, but Tim couldn't tell so well, with them both lying down. Her hair was just as long as before, though. And... she had a dick. It curved up her belly in arousal, head flushed a dark pink. Tim could feel an answering desire throb between her legs, her breath hitch in her throat.

She blinked. "Wha..."

But she was cut off, before she could say anything coherent, with a kiss. She parted her mouth to allow entry to a questing tongue.

"I've been watching you lie there for the past twenty minutes," Lisa murmured in her ear, making Tim shiver at the deeper cadence of her voice. "You look so hot, baby."

"Just looking at me made you hard?"

"Hell, yeah. It's a bit strange, how obvious it is," she paused to lick a line down Tim's neck, making her shudder. "And it's really sensitive."

She let herself fall into Lisa's attentions. Then something occurred to her. "Hey, so what do we do once the pills run out? There are, what, three left?"

"Do you want to remain a woman? Permanently?"

"Well, no." There was no way he would explain *that* to his parents. Or hers, for that matter. Besides, "I actually like being a man. I just discovered that I also love being a woman."

Lisa kissed her suddenly, hard. "And I like you any way I can get you."

She was pushed so she was lying on her back, Lisa climbing on top, kneeling her thighs apart. Tim went with it, running her hands up and down Lisa's new body, reaching down hesitantly to grab her erection. It was strange, and the angle felt wrong, but she found she liked the weight of it in her hand. She suddenly, really wanted that in her.

"Lisa, take me. Now."

The body above hers shuddered. Then she nodded.

Lisa reached a hand between them, slid a large palm over her sex, massaged lightly. She slid a finger inside, when she wasn't met with resistance, she added a second. After a few thrusts, she pulled back, and Tim used her hand to position Lisa at her entrance. They both paused, their gazes met, held. And Lisa pushed, slowly, her brow furrowing in concentration as she slid all the way inside, and paused. Then she pulled back, slowly, and slid back inside.

Lisa's breath hitched, her eyelids fluttered, as she threw her head back on a strangled moan.

"That... that is amazing."

"Not as amazing as this," Tim said breathlessly, wrapping her legs around Lisa's waist, grinding her hips to take Lisa's dick deeper, moaning at the delicious friction. "This feels so much better than just fingers. God, baby, you're so *big*."

Lisa gave a breathless laugh, and they both groaned as her body shook lightly with it. And she kissed Tim as they moved together, bodies rocking with the movements of their love making. Tim would pull away to kiss all over every patch of skin she could find, Lisa doing the same. When they came, it was together; and Tim had said it before, but it felt amazing, every orgasm better than the last.

They stayed interlocked as they caught their breath, Lisa with her head buried in Tim's shoulder. She moved her head, just enough to put her lips at Tim's ear, and whispered, "I love you."

She huffed a laugh. Lisa told her the same thing as they made love

last night. She'd fallen asleep before she could say it back.

Tim wrapped her limbs around her, clinging tightly to her, putting her own mouth to Lisa's ear, having to stretch her neck a little. "I love you."

"How do you feel about another trip to Japan in the near future?"

It took her a moment to get it. Then she laughed, louder, sounding breathless. *The pills.*

"As long as it's with you, I love it."

Lisa pulled back to give her a kiss. "Of course it's with me. Always and forever."

She rolled over so they were lying on their sides, and she was soft enough to slip out. Tim didn't care. They'd be doing this a lot if she had anything to say about it. But Lisa's recovery time wasn't the same anymore, and they both felt drowsy anyway, maybe an after-effect of the pills.

She snuggled in, let her eyes close. "We'll plan everything when we wake up."

A hum was her only answer, and then she fell asleep.

The End

Thank you for reading! If you liked this story, please leave me a review. It helps more than you know.

If you have comments, questions, or suggestions, please write me at PaulaSpicerWriter@gmail.com. I'd love to hear from you.

I'm always trying to grow as a writer and make each story I write better than my last. The support of my readers means everything to me.

*

Turn the page for an excerpt from
**Instant Swap:
Womanizer to Woman**

EXCERPT:

**INSTANT SWAP:
Womanizer to Woman
By Paula Spicer**

1.

The door chimes as I enter and the smells of incense and massage oils fill my nose. The older man behind the counter inside raises his hand in greeting. The walls are covered in faded purple paint and strings of beads hang from the ceiling. There's a lava lamp in the room. I'm not proud to say so, but I'm a regular at this seedy old massage parlour.

If you came here for a licensed massage therapist, you'd be coming to the wrong place. They give massages here. The quality of the massages is all over the place, but I've found that most of the girls will go the extra mile for some extra cash. Thirty dollar tip for a rub and tug. I've only been turned down once or twice. When I get stressed out, I come here, pay some money and a pretty girl lubes me up and gets me off. It's simple, it's easy, it works. But I'm not proud of it.

I've been coming to this place more and more. It used to be once a month. Then twice a month. Then once a week. The pressure's been building and building at the office to complete a project by the start of the next quarter and everyone was doing overtime. And then the pressure built more when the lay-offs started. And now it's culminated to this: I've been laid off. I have no job. They just told me at the end of the day and I packed my stuff up in a box, put it all in the trunk of my car, and I drove here. To the massage parlour. I wonder how many days a week they'll be seeing me now that I'm unemployed.

"You do not look good, Rob," says the older man behind the counter.

"Thanks," I say. "Long day. Is Erica in?" These days, I always ask for the same girl because she's really good and she's always up for the job.

"Oh no, I'm sorry," says the man. "She's not... We only have Josh and Natalie right now."

Natalie's one of the few who turned down the extra money for a handjob and Josh... is a man's name. So that's a no go on both counts.

"Shit," I say. "The day's getting worse."

"Listen," says the man, looking around as if checking for nearby spies. "You've been coming here a long time. And I think I might have just the thing for you." He opened a drawer, dug around and pulled

out a little baggie of green powder.

"Drugs?" I said. "No thanks, man, I'm good."

"No," says the man. "Not drugs. Just trust me on this. It's free. Take this into that room over there, dissolve it in water, and drink. I'm only giving you a little pinch, so it'll last just a half-hour."

I frowned. "*What* will last a half-hour? It sounds like drugs."

"Sounds like," he says. "But it isn't. If you don't want it, that's OK. It seems like you're having a bad day and you've been a good customer, so I thought I'd give you a little break. I don't share this stuff with just anyone."

I think it over. What if it is drugs? So what? I don't have work to go to tomorrow. I've got nothing to lose. It's free. I wouldn't trust this guy with much, but he's been solid over the many times I've been here. Never cheated me, never gave me a hard time...

"Fuck it," I say. "Let me have it."

The man smiles. "I don't think you'll regret it."

He puts the little baggy of powder in my hand and points toward a water cooler on the other side of the room. I go and pour myself a glass of water, then dissolve the powder.

"Don't drink it out here. Go in that room and disrobe."

"I don't want the massage," I remind him.

"I know. Disrobe anyway."

I squint my eyes at him. "Is this an aphrodisiac or something? Rhino horn or some shit? I have no trouble getting it up."

"No, no, no," says the man, laughing. "Just go in there and drink it."

I shake my head and step into the next room with the concoction in hand. I'm in a massage room. There's a massage table and a robe and oils and incense burning. I lock the door behind myself, take off my clothes and take the concoction down in one shot.

2.

The strange feeling happens immediately. I feel lightheaded. Maybe I made a mistake and this is some kind of roffie and that guy out there is gonna rob me or kill me or worse...

I go to a mirror in the corner and look at my eyes. My pupils are a normal size. I watch myself and suddenly notice the change that's happening before my eyes. My chest... it's expanding. My relatively flat pecs are slowly ballooning. Growing larger, filling up. They're turning rounder. The hair on my chest is literally receding into my pores.

"What... the fuck," I breathe.

It doesn't hurt; it actually feels good. It's a delicious expansion. It's like settling into a squashy, comfortable chair. My nipples perk up and go hard as my breasts grow and grow. It takes about a minute and then I have a cleavage. I look down at these magical tits that came from nowhere and I feel my cock getting hard at the sight of them.

What the fuck kind of hallucinogen did this old lunatic give me?

Might as well make the most of it, though. I reach my hand down to my cock and start to stroke my head, getting my fingers slick with precome. But something isn't right... I look down to my cock again and see that it's... shrinking. It's getting shorter and shorter.

My heart starts to beat faster and my eyes grow wide with fear. Shit. What the fuck is this? This can't be happening. I go from stroking to pulling. Trying to pull my cock back out of my body. Trying to keep it from receding into me. But I can't do anything to stop its slow progress.

My testicles are shrinking. They've gone from the size of small eggs to the size of cherry tomatoes to the size of grapes. My scrotum is pulling tighter against my body, squeezing my ever smaller balls. My balls get to pea-sized before vanishing all-together.

I feel like I'm hyperventilating. Like I'm about to cry. This is like a nightmare. I can't stop what's happening. The shaft of my cock has entirely vanished inside my body and only the head is poking out of my skin. And then that is shortening as well. It joins my skin. It is sucked into my body. I'm left pinching my stretched foreskin, trying to

pull my cock back out before the foreskin joins my strange Barbie doll-looking crotch. There's nothing but smooth skin there now. I run my hands over it, panicking.

Then something starts to bulge out. Thank God! My cock is coming back. Something that looks like my tiny cockhead is beginning to protrude. Jesus Christ, that was terrifying... I tug on the tiny bulge, trying to coax the process on quicker. Twin thin bulges running vertically down my crotch push themselves out. I realize a few seconds later what is actually happening. What I thought was my tiny cock head reemerging is actually a clitoris. I'm growing lips. I'm developing a vulva. A full vagina appears in my body over a period of about two minutes.

I look back at the mirror, into my face, and I'm startled to see a female face looking back at me. My hair is still as short as it was before, but my face is unmistakably female. Softer. My Adam's apple has receded, and my hairline, which had been receding, has grown back in. My eyelashes are shorter. My stubble has all vanished, replaced by a lighter, softer, nearly invisible peach fuzz.

It's a pretty face I've got, as well. Well-proportioned. Beautiful, really. If I still had a cock, I'd be giving myself a boner.

I step back away from the mirror and take in the full view. I'm hot. I'm an attractive woman. I didn't even notice my curvy hips developing, but there they are. Check out that ass. Looking good.

What the hell happened to me? Did these drugs give me an incredibly vivid hallucination? What did that old guy out there say to me?

"Not drugs. Just trust me on this. It's free. Take this into that room over there, dissolve it in water, and drink. I'm only giving you a little pinch, so it'll last just a half-hour."

A half-hour. It's probably been about six minutes since I drank the concoction... If the man was telling the truth, I'd be back to normal in just twenty-four minutes.

I watch myself in the mirror again. Look at those tits. They're so perky and full. My hands go to them and squeeze. I feel a lightning bolt of pleasure course through me. It goes from my tits to my pussy and I feel a wetness growing between my legs.

I look to the massage table and the oils. Time to make the most of

this.

3.

I lie down on the massage table on my back and pour oil on myself. My hands slick the oil over my breasts and over my stomach to my pussy. I feel my soft pussy lips between my legs and enjoy the new delicious pleasure. My body feels totally unlike my male body. Touching myself as a man never felt as good as this feels right now. Rubbing my pussy warms me all over. By comparison, stroking my cock felt like a numb, localized, dull pleasure. This is the real deal that I'm feeling now.

I open my mouth to moan and when I hear myself, I get wetter. I sound like a woman. I moan like a woman. I love that sound. Right now, I am my own porn. My left hand gropes my own tits as my right hand works away at my clit. My orgasm builds slowly, like a big wave on the horizon that slowly comes with a gentle, relentless inevitability. Then, all at once, it's crashing through me, wiping my mind clean and making all the muscles in my body spasm.

And when I'm done, I'm not done.

I can keep going. So I do.

I get through another two orgasms, filling the room with the overpowering smell of my sex and thoroughly wetting the surface of the massage table.

And then, at the end of my half-hour, the process reverses itself. My breasts sadly deflate like a blimp at the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. My pussy lips and clit suck into my body and a cock slowly reemerges. My hips uncurve. My hair recedes. My stubble returns.

I look in the mirror and I'm not particularly happy to see myself.

4.

With my clothes back on, I reemerge into the light of the front room, where the older man is still standing behind the counter. He watches me as I approach.

"Sounds like you had fun in there," he says.

I cut right to the chase. "How much is it going to cost me to get more of that stuff?"

"Oh," he says apologetically, "it's expensive. The amount you just had was worth three hundred dollars, I'd say."

I shake my head. Jesus Christ. And I'm unemployed, too. "Well, wonderful. Thanks for that. I'll come back when I'm not poor."

"Hey, wait," says the man. "Listen, I didn't tell you about the employee discount."

My brow furrows. "Sorry?"

"You come to work for me here and you'll get some more for free and extra will only cost you fifty bucks."

"Work for you? Doing what?"

The man smiles. "Giving massages, of course. That's my business."

I'm bewildered. "I don't know how to give a good massage. I work in an office." Worked, rather. Past tense.

"You'll learn. All the girls here learn."

"How much do you pay?"

There's a twinkle in the man's eye. "You get paid in tips. You earn your keep here."

My mouth drops open. "Fuck you. You're a sick man."

"Come back tomorrow morning. You'll have a job."

"Go to hell," I tell him, and I leave.

That night, I toss and turn in bed, thinking about the amazing experience of being a woman. It was only masturbation, but it was so much better than the masturbation I had as a man. I was better than being jerked off by a pretty girl. Perhaps it was just the sheer novelty of being a woman. Maybe that would wear off after I had the powder with regularity. It certainly wasn't the case that women from birth were looking in the mirror and getting turned out. Even the lesbians weren't getting turned on looking at themselves in the mirror, probably. Or maybe they were. I'm not sure. Probably not though. You'd think you'd hear about something like that being the case. It would be part of a lesbian stereotype or something.

But there's something that I've often heard about female orgasms: they're more intense and better than male orgasms. That's what I've always heard. And judging by the experience I had this afternoon, it's true. Not to mention, I had THREE orgasms in the space of a half-hour. That would never have been possible as a man. Maybe some other man could do it, but me, my refractory period lasts nearly a full day. I come once and I'm done for the day.

A woman never has to stop masturbating. It's a wonder they ever do.

But that man, the man who runs the massage parlour... he had me try his stuff in an effort to get me hooked so he could exploit me for free labour. That's insane. That's crazy...

But what an amazing experience... Can I really go my whole life with tasting that stuff again? Can I go the rest of my life as a man, when I've had a taste of the other side of the coin?

I realize now that I'm weak. I'm going to show up to the massage parlour bright and early, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, and I'm going to agree to work for free just so I can have more. Just so I can be a woman for a few hours.

Maybe once I get another job, I can come to an agreement with the man... Get myself a deal on the stuff so I can afford to take the powder a few times a month.

I don't even know the guy's name and I'm going to work for his seedy massage parlour.

When I show up the next day, the man greets me with a knowing smile. "I knew you'd be back," he says. "Don't worry, I'm not trying to take advantage of you. You'll make more money here than you did at your last job and you'll have more fun." He holds up a little baggy of the green powder. "Bottoms up."

My eyes widen. "What? I get some already?"

"We need a girl," the man explains. "No one wants to be massaged by a man. There's clothes for you in the room you used yesterday. Your first appointment is in ten minutes."

Despite myself, I broke into a big smile. I didn't expect this. I didn't expect to be turning back into a woman already. If I hurried up and got it down, I might even get an orgasm in before I had to massage some asshole's back.

I hurried into the room and drank the powder dissolved in water. This time, I was frustrated by how slow the change was. Instead of being horrified and trying to stop my penis from being sucked into my body, I was pushing it in, trying to get it to go faster. Good riddance!

When the transformation was complete, I got down to rubbing myself and quickly worked out an orgasm before there was a knock on the door. I quickly dressed in the clothes the man had provided and opened the door.

There was a tall man there. My appointment. I told him to come in and disrobe and lie down on the table. I left the room so he could do that while I waited outside. This is all stuff the masseuses always do for me, exactly the way they always do it.

The man behind the desk looks at me while I wait. I finally remember to ask, "Hey, what's your name, by the way?"

"Ed," he says.

"Ed. Got it."

"You're an attractive lady, Rob. I told him your name is Roberta. Should be easy enough for you to remember."

"Yeah. Roberta. Thanks."

"Get in there and make some tips."

I do as he says. Inside, the tall man is lying on the massage table face-down and naked. I put a white towel over his bare ass. I feel a strange tingle in my pussy at the sight. That's odd...

I coat his back in oils and get into rubbing him. He moans and groans as I feel tension in his muscles and do my best to knead it out. I think of every scene I've seen in a movie of massages, and I think of the feelings I've felt on my back every time I get a massage. I fake my way through it and I think I'm doing pretty well.

I ask him to turn over and start working on his chest.

When it comes to the end, the man does something I'm very familiar with. He says, "How much to get you to take care of this?" and he gestures to the bulge under the white towel.

I feel another strange tingle in my pussy, but I ignore it. "I'm sorry, I don't do that." I say it the same way Natalie, the masseuse who turned me down, had said it.

The man says "Oh," in the disappointed voice, and I finish the massage and leave the room. Outside the door, I can hear him jerking off by himself. He's probably moaning louder to make sure I hear him. He wants me to know what he's doing. He comes, and a few minutes later, he exits the room, clothed. He hands me a five dollar bill and leaves.

It's a shit tip. Asshole. I always tip at least fifteen. Even Natalie got fifteen.

But the thing that freaks me out is how turned on I am. My pussy is dripping, seeing that man naked, being asked to give him a handjob, and hearing him jerk off. I'm not gay... so why am I so turned on? Why did I want to say yes when he asked me to give him a handjob?

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