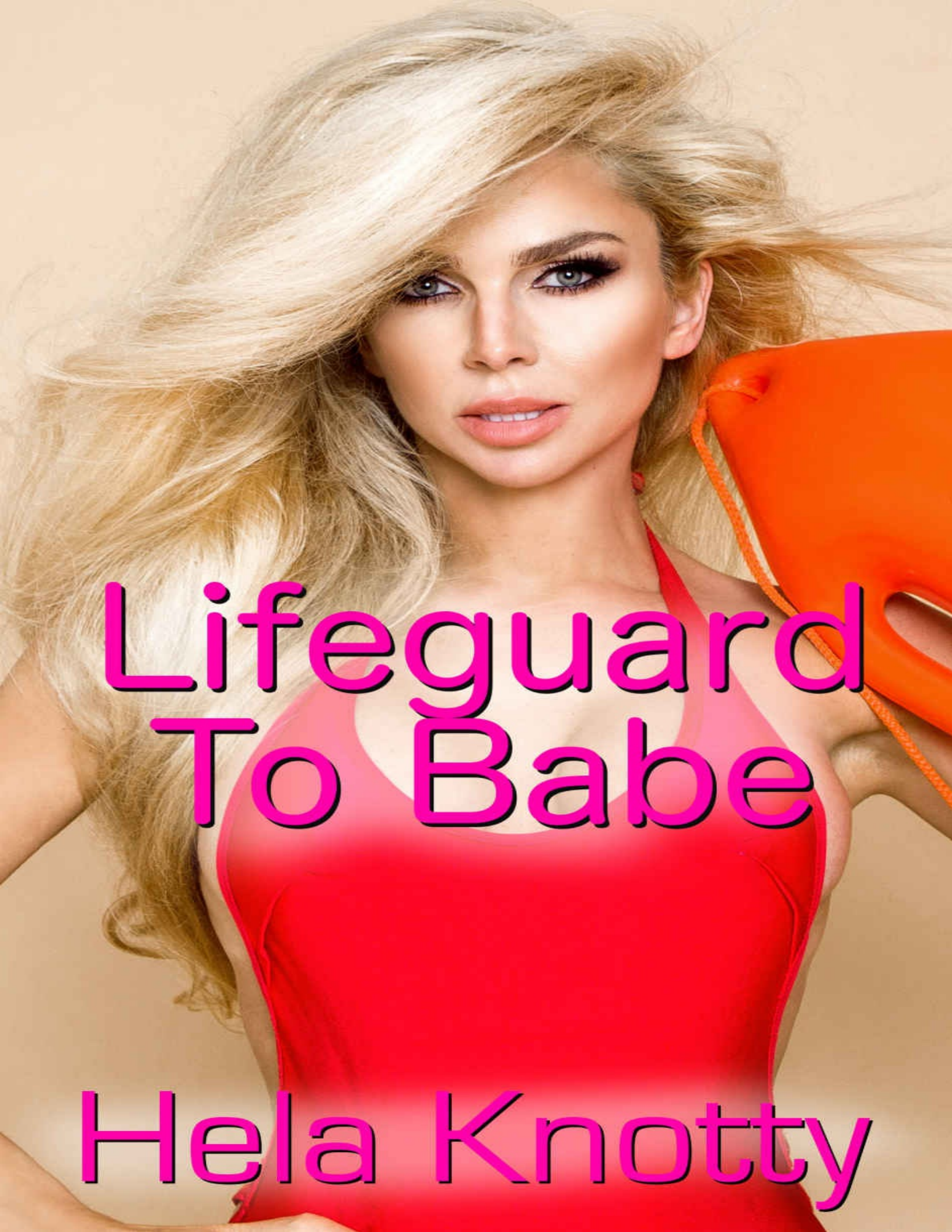




Lifeguard To Babe

Hela Knotty

Lifeguard to Babe

Hela Knotty

Copyright

Copyright © 2018 Hela Knotty
All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means including information storage and retrieval systems, without permission in writing from the author.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. Individuals pictured are models and are used for illustrative purposes only.

Chapter One

It was the perfect day. The sun was brightly shining with the skies perfectly blue. There wasn't a single cloud in the great blue expanse. Below my watchtower, the crowd was plentiful without being too crowded. There were all sorts of people going to the beach, families, couples and most importantly, single women in daring and risqué bikinis.

I fucking loved my job as a lifeguard. I didn't want to go home for spring break but when my neighbor hooked me up for a summer lifeguard gig, it more than made up for missing a vacation with my friends. In the two years since I was gone, my small California town had become a premier beach destination for sexy coeds.

Speaking of which, there was one walking by the beach right now. I turned my binoculars over to her to get a better look. As a lifeguard, it was my job to keep watch over all swimmers who got too close to the sea. No one could accuse me of being a pervert. I was only doing my job.

The sexy blonde had just emerged from the water. She flung her wet hair over her face and onto her back. She looked like a perfume ad coming to life. Her deep blue eyes looked forward, blinking slowly with long lashes. Her mouth was slightly parted as she sucked in puffs of air. She dragged her hands over her wet body.

She wiped the drops of sea water from her hefty breasts, her nipples only covered by thin white triangles of fabric. Her perky nipples peaked from the cold of the sea. I continued my gaze down towards her flat and toned stomach. Her panties were just as thin as the the rest of her swimsuit. The small triangle covering her crotch was held by a thin string tied around her waist.

Looking at her had made me fully hard. I had to drop the binoculars to squeeze my hard cock. When I managed to get my binoculars on again, the sexy blonde had disappeared into the crowd.

Damn. She had been so hot.

"Any trouble?" Blake my roommate and fellow lifeguard called out.

Blake had stayed in community college near our town. He must have been taking an easy course because he obviously spent a lot of time in the gym. His body was impeccably toned with bulging biceps and thick pecs. He looked like twice the man I was.

That was one of the downfalls of being a lifeguard. I was forced to be

shirtless next to Blake. Everyone could see how different our bodies were. My torso was one narrow rectangle. I had no definition of any sort, being skinny and flat.

Blake had offered to give me workout tips but I didn't want the added stress of working out with him. We already spent the whole day together. I didn't need more time with him to feed my inferiority complex.

"Nope. Just scoping out the babes like you asked me too." I winked at him playfully. Blake was the one who taught me to find the hottest chicks. We even played a game where we ranked them based on their hotness.

The sexy blonde had definitely been a ten. She had everything going for her, a hot body and a spicy bikini.

"Here comes an eleven." Blake suddenly called out.

My head whipped so fast to see the hot babe I almost dislodged my head from my spine.

"Awww babe. You're still an eight." Claire, Blake's new girlfriend, smiled at him. She was surprisingly cool with us rating the beach going women. She only added a rule that men had to be subject to the rating as well. According to her, it was for equality.

"Hey Claire." I greeted her on purpose. I wanted to see what she thought of me. The first time we met, she called me a four. Since then, I got a haircut and better board shorts.

"Hey Five. What's up?" Claire winked at me. I knew she didn't say it out of spite, but it still hurt my feelings to be rated so low.

It made me wonder how I could get a higher rating from Claire. I had never seen her rate anybody higher than an eight. Blake was already super sexy by anyone's standards. Together they were like a couple from Baywatch. One time I even watched them running up and down the beach. Both Claire's breasts and Blake's pecs were bouncing up and down. I wondered what it would take for me to be on their level.

"Mind taking over for us a little bit?" Claire asked me. "I'm planning to take Blakey here for some private time."

Like us Claire was also a lifeguard for the summer. She was wearing a bright red swimsuit with a huge cleavage window. When Blake called her an eleven, he wasn't kidding. She had the best set of tits and ass on the beach. It was no wonder Blake practically worshipped the ground she walked on. I would too if I managed to get her as my girlfriend.

"He definitely will." Blake said on my behalf. He looked like as

lovestruck puppy as he looked up at her.

I simply nodded at them. It would be cruel for me to say no.

Men practically threw themselves at Claire's feet. I wondered if she ever had to pay for a drink her entire life. People just bought her things from how gorgeous and sensual she was.

Sometimes, I wondered what it would feel like to be that beautiful. She had the whole world at the palm of her hand just from being a superior example of the fairer sex. She was just so beautiful.

"Is there anything on my face?" Claire asked me. She had a knowing smile on her lips. She always caught me staring at her.

"No." I quickly grabbed my binoculars and looked out at the ocean in shame. It was so embarrassing how much I had been caught.

I saw a flash of movement near the horizon. The person had gone past the safety line designated for swimming.

"Guys. I think we may have a problem." To my surprise, my training immediately kicked in. I handed the binoculars to Blake as I grabbed the lifebuoy. I was on the sand running towards the water by the time I heard Blake and Claire drop down from our tower. If they weren't stopping me, it meant I wasn't just seeing things. Somebody was at the risk of drowning.

The cold water hit my face before I realized what was happening. It felt like my brain was moving on autopilot as I swam towards the edge of the safety line. One of the biggest problems of helping people as lifeguards was locating them. In the big ocean, it was incredibly to find any signs of movement. I climbed up one of the floating towers to get a better view of the ocean. It just took me a second to find the struggling swimmer.

I pointed at the swimmer once I saw Blake and Claire at my heels. They would be able to give me assistance. I dove back into the ocean. I was surprising myself with how assertive I was being.

As I approached the swimmer, I realized it was the same sexy blonde I had noticed earlier in the day. I quickly grabbed her by the waist and tried to keep her head above water. Like most people drowning, she was struggling like a madwoman. Her arms were flailing about reckless from the panic. If I wasn't careful, she could drown me as well.

Her elbow hit me in the head but I stayed firm.

Then I felt a painful sting at my leg. When I looked down I saw a long cucumber like pink jellyfish floating along. It was long and fleshy with two round orbs its end. At the tip, there was a slit-like opening. It looked like a

sexual lovecraftian nightmare. It swam away as I tried to commit more of it to memory. Hopefully, it wouldn't be a venomous species. I focused on getting a picture of it on my mind. I'd need anti-venom later.

"Miss. I need you to calm down. I have you." I yelled out once I managed to get both our heads safely above water. I had managed to get her to latch onto the life buoy. We were both safe.

"I'm so sorry. I was just sleeping on my float." The busty blonde said to me.

"Calm down. You're safe now. I'll swim us back into shore." I told her. She looked at me with panicked blue eyes.

"I saw a weird jellyfish. I don't think it stung me but it was getting pretty close. I was so scared." She pulled me into a hug. Her breasts pressed against my chest.

I ignored how good it felt.

"Let's get you back to shore." I murmured under my breath. I started swimming back.

Blake met us halfway so we could bring her in faster while Claire went back to shore alone to prepare medical supplies.

June, as it turned out, was sleeping on her giant float. She was actually an excellent swimmer which was why she didn't drown yet. The jellyfish had grazed her leg which caused her to panic. The fact that she could talk to me meant she was in no immediate danger. She kept thanking me profusely.

It felt good to save a life. I was proud of myself.

Once we got to shore, June immediately asked us to inspect her body for any bite marks.

Blake and I agreed readily. This was a rare time to get a close up look on such a beautiful babe. Her skin was a golden shade of tan that was perfectly blemish free. Her waist was tiny, being perfectly proportioned. Her boobs were real and bouncy unlike the silicone filled monstrosities of porn stars. And her ass was the most beautiful set of buns I had ever seen. They were plump and round. I wanted to squeeze them in my hands.

Suffice to say, both Blake and I were rock hard after the inspection. June didn't seem to notice our aroused states. She was just thankful she didn't get any bites. She gave me her number with a promise of a free meal as thank you to my.

"Your leg." June suddenly gasped.

"What?" I looked down on my body. On my right thigh was a big harsh

looking welt. It looked patchy and violet as if I had been struck by a large bat. I didn't feel like anything so I didn't notice it.

"Shit. That looks bad. Excuse me." Blake suddenly said. "I'm going to have piss on it."

"No wait." I cried out. But it was too late.

Blake whipped out his cock which was so much larger than mine, I almost thought he had a snake inside his pants. The image was forever seared into my brain when the warm liquid hit my leg. I was supposed to be mortified. But all I could focus on was looking at Blake's thick cock.

I had never seen another man's penis before. He was uncut with his foreskin still wrapped around the head of his dick. Even soft, it was so much girthier than mine. Blake needed to hold it with one full hand to aim it at my leg. And when he needed to get the last drops out of the way, he stroked his cock instead of shaking it due to its enormous size. My cock seemed like only the head of his.

Claire arrived quickly and put disinfectant on my wound.

"Is he going to be alright?" June asked, a crease of worry on her forehead.

"I need you to tell me what kind of jellyfish you saw." Claire asked.

Before I could even begin to describe the phallic yet vaginal sea creature, my mind grew hazy.

And then everything went dark.

Chapter Two

When I woke up, my entire body felt sore. I didn't even know where I was. It took a while for my eyes to adjust to the harsh light. I realized I was comfortably settled in my room at the beach house I rented with Blake and Claire. I searched my memories for what had just happened.

The image of Blake's thick cock immediately filled my mind. For some reason, the image of his appendage made my body tingle with excitement. I had never seen other man's penis before that event. I didn't know they could look so big and imposing.

Then I recalled on why I saw it on the first place. I moved my blanket away from my body and looked at my leg. The terrifying angry purple welts were gone. Left in its place was only smooth although shaven skin. Maybe Claire and Blake shaved my legs to avoid infection. At least I didn't contract anything deadly. I knew some jellyfish were very poisonous. Although I didn't know of anything in California that could be considered deadly. Still with sea creatures, you could never know. There was so many things we didn't know about the deep. We knew more about space than our own oceans. I wouldn't be surprised if that species of jellyfish was a new discovery.

I looked at my phone. I had slept almost twenty four hours. I must have gotten a fever from the sting. Good thing my antibodies fought them all off. I felt gross and sticky. But my stomach growled loudly. Not eating for a day must have really sapped my energy sources.

I headed down to our kitchen to find Claire and Blake eating their dinner quietly. Their faces looked ashen with worry.

"Hey guys. I think my fever broke." It heartened me to see my friends so worried about me. I quickly grabbed Blake's plate of uneaten lasagna. I was too hungry to wait. "Sorry. But I'm super starving. The jellyfish sting really knocked me out."

I stuffed my mouth with spoonfuls of the tasty homemade pasta. That was one of the benefits of living with a girl who could cook. I could eat real food instead of the microwaveable meals I ate at my dorm. I was so preoccupied by eating that I didn't notice the awkward silence until I had finished off Claire's plate as well.

"What's wrong guys? Is there something on my face?" I asked, licking off the pasta sauce from the plate. "Do you have more of this Claire? I'm really

hungry.”

“Jordan is that you?” Claire asked me as if it wasn’t the most obvious thing in the world.

“Yes?” I answered back. When I looked over to Blake to see why his girlfriend was acting so weird, I found him with the same reaction. He was not only staring at me like I was a freak, but his mouth was also gaping open in shock.

“What’s the last thing you remember?” Claire asked me carefully. She handed me another plate of pasta. It looked like she couldn’t take her eyes off my body.

Had I been that sick?

“Blake peed on me because I got stung by the jellyfish because I had saved June.” I said concisely. I still remembered how to make lifeguard reports.

“Speaking of which, she gave me her number but I don’t think I had time to put it on my phone before blacking out.”

It would be a huge waste not to touch base with such a babe. I’m sure she would be willing to give me at least a kiss for saving her life. For a five like me, that wasn’t too bad.

That was weird.

My body didn’t get aroused at the thought of her sexy body. Maybe I was still reeling from the effects of the jellyfish sting.

“Have you looked in mirror yet?” Claire asked, bringing me out of my thoughts.

“No. But I feel like a mess. I think my fever made me sweat a lot. Did you bring me to the doctor?”

“They said you would sleep it off. But you were really burning up. Blake and I have been so worried. Are you feeling better?” Claire asked cautiously. She kept speaking as if there was something unbelievable happening. I knew I had been a skinny kid but was it so hard to believe I couldn’t live through a jellyfish sting. I wasn’t that weak.

“I feel great. In fact, I feel more than great.” I made an attempt to flex my arm. While I didn’t have Blake’s bulging muscles, my arms at least weren’t flabby. Although when I looked at them now, they seemed more toned than ever. I actually felt a lot stronger too.

“Come with me. You need to see this.” Claire suddenly grabbed my hand.

Weird, I didn’t realize Claire’s hands were similar in size to mine.

Instead of heading up to my room, we went straight to hers. She had her own room while Blake and I share a bedroom. Although every night Blake would sneak to her bedroom anyway.

The room was decorated with a lot of feminine touches. The walls were white with accents of gold. There were sketches of elegant clothes on the wall. She even had dresser table with a gilded mirror. She sat me on the chair and forced me to look at the mirror.

“What do you see?”

There was a beautiful blond woman staring back at me. Her skin was luminous and soft. Her bright blue eyes looked at me in surprise and amusement. Her nose was finely sculpted as if the gods had made it themselves. Her lips were red and plump. Looking at them made something stir in my belly. When she pursed them, I knew this woman was an eleven. The sheer sexual energy emanating from just her face was overwhelming.

Why was she looking at me from a mirror?

Then I saw Claire move behind her.

Then I realized it.

That woman was me.

Chapter Three

“Who is that?” I asked stupidly. I couldn’t believe who I was seeing.

“That’s you.” Claire reconfirmed what I knew had to be true.

“I look so beautiful.” I gasped out loud. I realized even my voice had gone a few octaves higher. This had to be some sort of weird dream. It just wasn’t possible to turn into a woman. But as I touched my face, I realized even my fingers had turned delicate and soft. Even my nails had turned from looking mannish and unkept into beautiful almond shaped ones.

“That wouldn’t be the first thing I worry about.” Claire suddenly scoffed. “But you are right. You look so good as a woman. If I had known this was your female form, I would have put make-up on you sooner.”

“This isn’t a trick of some sort?” I looked at my face from different angle. I had such fine cheekbones. My nose was perfectly proportioned. While I had many of my old features, they had all been feminized to the point of beauty. I looked like a fucking super model.

“No tricks. When we brought you back from the hospital the doctors said all you needed was rest. They had no record of what stung you. They couldn’t provide an anti-venom at all. It was all up to your body to fight against the venom.” Claire explained. She reached for my long blond hair. It looked healthy but quite messy. “Mind if I comb it?”

“Please.” I nodded. I never had long hair before. As Claire was arranging my locks, I saw my face change according to my hairstyle. When she put it up, I looked professional. When she let it fall down, I looked sultry and inviting. It was so versatile having long hair like this. I made faces as Claire worked on my head.

“You seem to be taking this fairly well.”

“I guess.” I bit my lip. I knew I should have been worried. I knew I should have been panicking. There were a million other things I should have been worried about. But in that moment, I couldn’t take my eyes off my reflection in the mirror. I was just so alluring to myself.

Claire settled on putting my hair into a neat ponytail. My pulled back locks highlighted my prominent cheekbones and framed my face. It also exposed my elegant neck and nape.

“Is it just me or do I look really good?” I said after looking at myself one last time.

“You are definitely an eleven.” Claire said. “Even your body is banging.

It's the first time I've been jealous of anyone."

"My body." Suddenly I had the instinctive need to cover my breasts. "I have boobs."

"Yes you do."

"Do you have a mirror?" I asked Claire. I had been so focused on my face I had forgotten about my body. The more I tried to feel myself, the more I realized everything had changed down there. My cock had been replaced by something else. It didn't feel like I was missing anything. It just felt different. More intimate.

Claire guided me to her closet where she had a full length mirror.

I normally only slept with boxers on. I was still wearing them, except they were slung low on my hips. My waist had completely transformed. While I had a flat stomach before, now it was flat and toned with a distinct shape. I had the perfect hourglass figure.

I slowly withdrew my hands from my chest. When I gasped, my boobs heaved along with me. They were perfectly round and supple. At the tips were two pretty pink nipples. They had grown hard with arousal.

I could feel the heat course through my body as I examined my new form. I was smoking hot. Now I understood why Claire called me a eleven. I was the most gorgeous woman I had ever laid eyes on.

Claire pulled down my boxers revealing the new mound between my legs. It was shaved clean with a nice clean clit in the middle. I had never before seen a vagina before. It looked so small and tight. I wondered how a cock would fit in there.

Then I remembered Blake's thick cock. There was no way that would fit. Right?

As I imagined myself getting fucked, my clit slowly started to engorge. I watched in fascination as my womanhood slowly transformed. My pussy folds began to fill with blood. The little bean at the top started to get redder and more engorged.

"What's happening to me?" I gasped. I had never felt this kind of arousal before. As a man, all the pleasure was concentrated on my cock. Now it felt like my whole body was on fire.

"Touch yourself." Claire whispered into my ear. She pulled off her own bra and already had one hand down her own bikini panty.

I moaned as my finger grazed across my nipple. I had never felt so sensitive in my entire life.

“Pinch them. Go on.” Claire’s breath was on my ear. I could smell her floral perfume from how near she was.

I rolled my pert nipples across my fingers. Jolt of pure pleasure shot down my spine. Claire pressed her smooth soft body against my back.

“You are so beautiful and innocent.” Claire whispered breathily into my ear. Her lips found my earlobe.

“Oh god.” I moaned from the intense sensation. This was a whole different level of intensity for me. My masturbation sessions as a man held no candle to this.

“Touch yourself down there. Go. Feel it for the first time.” Claire’s voice began to mix in with my own desires. She was telling me everything I already wanted to do to myself.

I touched the tip of my clit. My whole body pulsed with energy. I flicked it again causing the same reaction. It felt so good, I had to do it again.

“Slowly finger yourself this time.” Claire had her hands on my hips. She was so sensual in the way she was encouraging me on. I was touching all my erogenous zones but Claire was guiding me every step of the way. I could feel her soft breasts against my back, her legs rubbing up against me.

“Yes.” I hissed as I traced my fingertip against the fold. I kept at increasing speed. Then I found a small hole.

Did I have the guts to put something inside myself. I had never done anything like this before. The more I thought about it, the more curious I became. What would it feel like to have something go inside me?

The idea seemed so forbidden and unnatural as man. But this was how women experienced pleasure. They let other people like men inside them all the time.

I had to try. I pushed my index finger inside me slowly. I gasped in pleasure. It felt so good. It was nothing like stroking my own cock. All the sexual pleasure came from within me. It felt like my whole body was throbbing in ecstasy.

“More.” Claire coaxed me on. She stepped in front of me. She stuck three of her own fingers into her own mouth. Then she demonstrated the act for me. She reached down and fingered her pussy, strumming her clit like a violin. Once she became breathless, she opened her pussy up, revealing her insides to me. Then she stuck one finger in, then two and finally three. She bit her lips as our eyes met. “Go on try it.”

I copied Claire’s move. The first finger was easy. It slid easily inside me.

It felt so weird knowing the soft texture my fingers were touching was my own inner walls. It was such an odd sensation. My body felt warm, sexy and inviting. It also felt good to be touched from within.

I added a second finger. This time I had to stretch my entrance slightly. To my surprise, I felt my inner walls wrapping around my finger tightly. It felt so good to be penetrated. But there was something missing. I realized my two fingers weren't quite enough to satisfy me. I could feel some sort of energy pool in my belly.

I didn't wait for instructions. I added another finger to my pussy. At three, the stretch was almost painful. My pussy throbbed in a way that felt so satisfying. It was like my pussy was meant to be filled up. I clamped my body hard on my own fingers. I could feel my own pulse from within. It was so warm and soft.

Every time my finger grazed across a certain spot, blooms of pleasures would erupt all over my body. My vision whitened as I dragged my fingers over that spot. It felt so good.

"Faster." Claire moaned into my ear. I realized by now we were both shucking our pussies rapidly.

Suddenly I leaned forward and took her lips into my own. They were so soft. I felt her breath mix with mine. She pushed her tongue inside my mouth heightening our pleasure.

My finger rapidly fucked my own self. I felt so full. And then I just suddenly burst. My pussy started erupting something while making my entire body tremble with indescribable pleasure. It was so powerful and erotic.

Claire held me the whole way. She took hold of my hand and continued fucking me with it. It felt like she was milking every single drop of my orgasm.

When it was all said and done, I couldn't speak from sheer exhaustion. My whole body was satiated by the intense pleasure. It was without a doubt the most rewarding experience in my life.

I didn't realize it but Claire and I were on her bed facing each other. She was tracing my skin with her fingers.

"That was so amazing. You were so sexy. I've never done anything with a girl before." Claire giggled softly.

"Thank you for teaching me." I nodded back at her. My whole body felt so new and foreign. But she was making everything better.

"Let's go take a shower." Claire grabbed my hand.

When I looked at our hands clasped together, I realized it was two females holding hands. I had truly become a woman.

Claire was so gentle with my body. She helped get familiar with each sexy new curve. She taught me how to clean myself properly. She caressed my breasts softly, showing me which parts were the most sensitive. It was the most instructive yet erotic shower I had ever had. By the time we were finished, I was completely aroused yet again. I wanted to have sex again.

I was so horny. Unlike my time as a man, I didn't need a break at all.

I wanted to have Claire again. I wanted to feel her body next to mine. I wanted her finger to go inside me, I needed to feel what an expert touch felt like.

"Hold your horses." Claire giggled as I tried kissing her again.

"I'm sorry." I flushed in embarrassment. In my eagerness, I probably offended her. Then I remembered Blake. Both of them were dating. It was rude of me to impose on them.

This was probably just a one time thing for Claire to help learn about my body.

"I forgot you're dating Blake. I didn't mean to make you cheat." I said shyly. I felt a little jealous of Claire at that moment. Not only was she beautiful, but she had a handsome boyfriend. I couldn't stop thinking of how it would feel to have Blake fucking me. If my finger felt that good, what it would feel like to have a man take care of me.

"Blake won't count this as cheating" Claire laughed as she kissed me on the lips. This one was more playful than sensual. I didn't even know kisses could be so casual and fun. "Besides, I think there's a way for you to make Blake really happy."

Chapter Four

“This feels so weird.” I closed the jacket around my body tightly. I never felt so exposed before. I didn’t know how Claire did it.

“It’s perfectly fine. You’re already wearing more clothes than I am.” She pointed out. She was just wearing the lifeguard red bathing suit. She had unzipped the top part near her breasts to expose her cleavage. Claire didn’t shy away from her sexy body. She wielded it like a powerful weapon.

“Should Jordan really be going back to the water? He, I mean she, should probably rest for now.” Blake said. Ever since he saw my new body, he couldn’t quite look at me. Although I had caught him staring at my body several times, he could not look me in the face. There was a new weird dynamic between us.

I hadn’t been able to say a single word to him myself. We had to talk through Claire which was incredibly awkward. I didn’t know if the tension was because I was a woman or because I had slept with Claire. She had made no secret about what we did inside her bedroom. She even made me spend the night with her, saying it wasn’t right for a man and woman to share a room if they weren’t married.

“I just called the doctor. They simply don’t know anything about what happened to Jordan. As long as he’s alive, we couldn’t possibly make things worst. Besides...” Claire pulled me out the door so she could see my body. “I think this is quite the improvement myself. Don’t you think she’s an eleven Blake?”

For some reason, my chest constricted waiting for Blake’s answer. I wondered what my roommate and friend thought of my new body. Did he want me like he wanted Claire? I didn’t know why that mattered to me so much.

“It’s beach season. We are the only three lifeguards on duty. What would you do if someone got hurt because we weren’t there.” Claire reminded all of us. We got to stay in the beach house for free as long as we tended to the beach as lifeguards every day.

“I’m okay. I can still swim anyway. I feel great.” I said trying to defuse the standoff. I didn’t feel sick at all. When I woke up this morning, I had more energy than normal. It felt like I needed to do something.

“You don’t need the jacket at all. Your body is hot.” Claire reminded me.

“Maybe I’ll take it off later.” I mumbled under my breath.

She had lent me one of her lifeguard swimsuits. It felt so revealing wearing something so skin tight. It did nothing to hide the natural curves of my body. I felt so naked and exposed. With the male lifeguard uniform, it was just a pair of modest shorts. The woman's version seemed designed to attract as much attention as possible.

Blake immediately went to the watchtower. He was clearly avoiding me. Claire took the south side of the beach while I had the patrol of the north side where all the stands were. There was less chance of me doing something dangerous there.

I could feel everyone's eyes on me. It was mostly the men looking at me. Their gaze always fell to my long smooth legs. But they weren't staring at me creepily. As I caught their glances, I realized they were looking at me with desire and lust.

My body grew heated at the attention. Suddenly, it was too hot for me to wear the jacket. I slipped it off. I even pulled down the top zipper of my bathing suit to allow my chest to breathe. It felt so much cooler. And as I looked down at my own breasts, I realized how sexy my cleavage was.

Suddenly there was a loud thunk to my right. I looked over and found a cyclist on the floor. He had hit his head on one of the lamp posts. I resisted the urge to laugh. Instead I walked over and helped him out.

"Are you alright?" I asked him.

The cyclist turned out to be an incredibly handsome man. He was biking shirtless, only wearing a pair of tight cycling shorts. Even seated down, he had a muscular torso that was ridged with well defined abs.

He looked up at me. His eyes immediately fell to my chest. This guy was at least a ten and he was speechless in front of me. He licked his lips as he checked out my body. He smelled of man and sweat.

"Let me help you up." I offered him my hand.

He took it gratefully, his large hand completely swallowing up my own. When he stood up, he turned out to be an entire head taller than me. His body seemed so much bigger than mine. His thick furry chest was well-toned even with all that virile body hair.

"Thanks. I was, uh, distracted. I'm Drake." He said sheepishly. His voice was deep and had a rumble to it. He had an accent that I couldn't place. It was incredibly sexy and sophisticated. It did things to my body that I didn't understand.

The touch of our hands was electric. I could feel my skin tingle where it

had brushed against him. Suddenly I knew I didn't want this to be over. But I didn't know what to say to him.

"Why don't I buy you a cup of coffee as a thank you." Drake flashed me a smile. "I know this great place just a bike ride away from here. It's real Australian coffee not the sweet milky things you American love so much."

I bit my lips wondering what I should do. I quickly explained my lifeguard situation to him.

"Oh that's too bad. Why don't we exchange numbers? Text me when you're free and I'll pick you up." Drake reached for my phone, brushing his fingers under my wrists. He was taking control of the entire situation. It was so hot. "That's my number. Just holler and I'll come running. Gal like you only deserves the best."

Chapter Five

By the time I finished my patrols, I was on cloud nine. I couldn't stop thinking of how sexy and hot Drake was. And he wanted me badly. Could I do it? Could I go on a date with a hot Australian man?

I never thought of men like that before but it was impossible to deny these new urges I had in my body. I guess my desires had completely shifted to men when I became a woman. Then I saw Claire waving at me from the watchtower.

No. I definitely still liked women. But maybe I was bisexual. Even as a man, I did notice how hot and sexy both body types were. Maybe I had always been bisexual and just never knew it.

"How was your patrols?" She asked me.

"It was great. I got the three of us coffee." I grinned at her. I stopped by the coffee shop fully intending to pay full price. I was a regular so I knew exactly what to order. To my surprise, the barista had given me all three for free. He even tossed in a cookie. I didn't even have to say anything. It was just automatic.

Everywhere I went people stopped to compliment me. Women all told me how jealous they were of my figure. Men stopped me to ask me out on dates. I only ignored the men because they couldn't compare to Drake or Blake. Why settle for less when I knew I could have the best?

Speaking of Blake, he was nowhere in sight.

"Where's Blake?" I asked curiously.

"He's getting changed in the showers. Somebody spilled coffee all over his shorts." Claire suddenly realized she was holding onto his pair of red speedos. "Could you give him these? I don't want to go all the way back to the house."

I took the speedos and nodded. It wasn't that far of a walk.

I liked looking at the other beachgoers. Mostly I looked at what all the women were wearing. There was just so many tantalizing style of bikinis. I had never looked before only appreciating the ones that showed the most skin. But now that I was a woman, I could appreciate how different cuts could accentuate a woman's assets. There was also so much sexiness in concealing certain parts of the body. While naked was good, a little mystery went a long way as well.

I particularly like one piece bathing suits that had cut outs strategically

placed all over the body. I could already picture the kind I would wear. It would have to have cleavage at front which meant a stark V shape design. The back would definitely have to be a thong. I needed to show off my great ass. I was getting hot just thinking of it. I would need to ask Claire where I could buy such a swimsuit.

By the time I reached the house, I had completely forgotten about my errand.

Which was how I would up in the living room with a naked Blake. He had slung his towel around his shoulders but was otherwise buck naked. He was frantically looking for the pair of speedos that I had in my hand. He didn't notice me for a long while and I didn't say anything. I was too busy watching this specimen of a man as he showed off his magnificent body.

Blake was completely smooth and tanned everywhere. It was clear he took his gym seriously with broad shoulders and bulging biceps. His back muscles were enormous. All of his muscular torso was supported by a strong set of quads and legs.

Then he turned to me. His soft cock swayed in motion. It was extremely long, looking bigger than mine had been when I was a man. I wondered what it would look like hard.

Suddenly my mouth felt dry. My whole body yearned for his cock. It was impossible to deny. I needed cock. And I needed it bad.

"Jordan?" Blake gasped as he saw. His hands quickly covered his cock. "What are you doing here?"

"Claire forgot she brought your speedo to the shop after all. She told me to bring it back to you." I licked my lips as I watched his body. I was no longer hiding my intent. His cock grew considerably behind his hands.

"Uhhh... Thanks." Blake's face went red. "Mind handing them over?"

"Of course." I walked over to him. I tossed my hair back exposing my neck and ample blossom. I saw his cock twitch underneath him. I was determined to make this happen. "Here you go."

"Thanks." Blake was about to head off to the bathroom to change when I reached out to stop him.

"Why don't I help you? It's nothing I haven't seen before. I used to have one myself." I reminded him. I touched his chest making sure he wouldn't run.

Before he could say anything, I sank to my knees putting me at eye level with his crotch. I didn't know where this brazen attitude was coming from

but I liked it. I liked having power of my friend.

Blake could only swallow and watch me. It was like he was under my spell.

I made him slip his feet into the holes leg holes of the speedo. Then I pulled it up over his muscular thighs. His hands were blocking the way to his penis. So I carefully reached out to move them away. His cock was popped free. It was steel hard and pointed directly at my mouth. I could feel its immense heat from my lips.

“Fuuuccckkk.” Blake grunted, jutting his hips slightly. The silky head rubbed against my lips.

But I wanted to hear him say it. I pulled my head back. A drop of clear fluid appeared at the head. I pulled up his red speedo slowly, forcing his cock to point upwards. The red fabric could barely contain his monster cock. It looked complete obscene as if someone had stuff his speedo with a thick sausage. A dark wet spot had already formed at the tip. If the police saw him walking out like that, he would be arrested for public indecency.

“All set.” I said teasingly. I slapped his hips lightly. But I didn’t rise up from my knees.

“I... uh...” Blake stammered. He couldn’t keep his eyes off my face, particularly my mouth.

“You can’t go to work looking like this.” I reached for his thick bulge. I squeezed it tight causing him to let out a low moan of pleasure.

“I ca-caann’t.”

“What should we do about it?” I pressed my cheek against his hot tube. For some reason, I wanted to hear him say it. I nuzzled the large member, feeling it pulse against my skin.

“Suck my cock please.” Blake begged me. He grabbed my head and pushed me against him.

“Fuck yes.” I groaned as he squeezed my hair. It felt so good to have a man touch me.

I quickly pulled down his speedo freeing his cock. It slipped me hard on the face. I mouthed at the long stem of it.

“You are so hot Jordan. I can’t wait to put this inside your mouth. Fuck.” Blake groaned each time I pressed his cock closer to my face.

I grabbed the base of his cock and aimed it at my face. It looked so big and threatening. The head was still covered by his foreskin. It fascinated me to no end. I never had foreskin before. I wondered what it would feel like,

taste like.

I opened my mouth and took the head in. It felt weird, like a spongy but hard fruit. It tasted a little salty but in a good way. I swirled my tongue over the smooth head. I loved feeling Blake shiver in my mouth. He was completely under my spell.

“Pull the skin back.” Blake said through a hushed breath.

I slipped my tongue underneath it. Blake responded immediately, almost thrusting all the way into my mouth. His moan almost sounded painful. But I held him still. The taste was bit more pungent. I pulled the skin back with my tongue savoring his cock. I didn’t realize how good sucking was. I wanted more.

My own body was beginning to feel hot and excited. I kept my mouth on his cock, but shimmied out of my swimsuit. It wasn’t graceful at all but Blake didn’t mind.

“You have a great set of tits.” Blake said fondly. I could tell he wanted to reach down and fondle them.

“You get to play with them later. Now it’s my time to have fun.” I wanted his focus on my mouth and not my body. Sucking his cock was my pleasure not his.

I swallowed more of him in my mouth. His cock was so girthy it filled my mouth completely. It was so long it reached the back of my throat and I was nowhere near his abs yet. There was still so much for me to take.

“Easy there. It took Claire weeks before she could take all of me.” Blake pulled his cock out of my mouth as I began to gag. He slapped it all over my face, coating me with my own spit and his precum. I felt absolutely filthy and used.

“Let me try again.” I said determined. I was a new woman, I couldn’t give up now.

I swallowed him again. When his cock reached the entrance of my throat, I slowed down letting it stay on my palate. When I knew I wouldn’t gag, I swallowed him deeper. My throat constricted around his massive cock. The walls of my throat wrapping around him like a vise grip.

“Oh my god. You’re so talented. Fuck. I’ve never felt a mouth this good.” Blake grained deep and low. He pushed my face all the way until I met his abs. His cock was firmly lodged deep in my throat. “Fuck yes baby. You have the best mouth.”

I whimpered at his compliment. I was doing such a great job. My nose

was firmly planted in his pelvis, letting me inhale his manly scent. It was so powerful and overwhelming. I knew what had to happen next.

I pulled out slowly enjoying the glide of his thick cock along my throat. I had to gasp once it left my mouth. My throat felt so empty.

“I want you to fuck my throat hard.” I gazed up at him. I don’t want you to hold back.

A hungry grin spread across Blake’s face. He grabbed my head forcefully and then he shoved his cock deep into my mouth. His cock went straight to my throat. His hips started slamming into me relentlessly. He had taken my request to heart. He was fucking my throat as if it was some sort of pussy. He was using me as his fuck toy.

It felt so good. My body was heating up. With him holding my head steady, my fingers reached down to play with my pussy. I loved the feeling of being used. I could feel his body tense with each thrust. I could tell he was close to cumming from how urgent his thrusts were becoming. I rapidly fingered my own cunt. I wanted his everything.

“Take my cum you slut.” Blake’s grip tightened on my head. He buried his cock deep into my throat. It pulsed inside me. Warm liquid poured down my throat. Blake pulled away spraying my face with his cum.

Feeling his seed inside me and on my skin was all I needed to get off. My orgasm consumed my entire body. I cried out as I climaxed on my knees. I had to hold onto him for support.

“Damn that was so fucking hot Jordan. I can’t wait to fuck you tonight.” Blake whispered into my ear as a promise.

I couldn’t wait.

Chapter Six

The day passed without any significant incidents. One kid had fallen into the water from his floaty and made a fuss. He was in no real danger since he could actually stand on the ground. Still, I helped him out and administered fake CPR. He'd have a story to brag about with his friends. He just made out with the sexy lifeguard.

Once it was dark out, we were all officially done with our duties as lifeguards. The minute we entered our house, Claire quickly called me to her room.

Panic surged in my chest. She had been such a good friend to me and I made her boyfriend cheat on her. I felt so guilty all day. I couldn't look her in the eye. I didn't want to lose her as my fellow girlfriend.

"Claire, I'm so sorry. It just happened. I didn't mean for it." I quickly apologized to her. I was actually tempted to go down on my knees and press my head to the floor. But it seemed a little over the top.

"Sorry for what? I just wanted to ask what dress you wanted to wear tonight." Claire raised one eyebrow at me.

Oops.

Now I had no choice but to admit my dalliance with her boyfriend. Of course, I could lie about it. But it would eat away at me like a cancer. I didn't want my new life to have a foundation of lies. I had to come clean.

"I gave Blake a blowjob when I brought back his speedo." I couldn't bear to look at her face. I didn't want to see what my betrayal had done.

"Did you have sex?" Claire asked, her voice without emotion.

"No. We didn't. We stopped at me on my knees. I didn't proceed further. It was just like a haze of lust had overtaken me. I couldn't stop myself. I knew I should have been stronger. Please don't be mad at me. I swear it won't happen again." I rambled endlessly trying to think of what to say next.

Claire suddenly grabbed me by both shoulders. I thought she was about to hit me. I deserved it. I was a bad girlfriend.

"Relax. I don't mind you sleeping with Blake. We're usually exclusive but I can make an exception for you. We played together didn't we? Why shouldn't Blake get to try you out?" Claire suddenly leaned in to kiss me. Her lips were so soft and plump. I moaned into the kiss.

Relief washed over me before being replaced by lust. When I pulled away, Claire's eyes were dazed and happy. I had done that.

“Anyways, just don’t have sex without me. I want to watch you lose your virginity okay.” Claire said.

“Okay.” I nodded. I was actually glad she was volunteering to be there on my first time. It made me feel safer. Suddenly I couldn’t wait to see Blake. Maybe we wouldn’t need to go out. Maybe I could have sex with him right now.

“No.” Claire said as if she was reading my mind. She opened her closet and pulled out some dresses. “We are going out tonight. It would be waste if we kept a beauty like you inside on a gorgeous weekend like this. We have to party.”

Claire winked at me with a playful smirk. She shimmied out of her bathing suit and put on a backless dress. She looked so effortlessly fun.

“That looks so cute. What about me?” I asked excitedly. There was just something about women’s clothes that got me suddenly excited. They were so varied and different. I had so many options to choose from. If I was a man, I was limited to shirt and shorts. If I didn’t have a good body, there was nothing I could do to look good.

But girls were different. Claire changed her outfit into a bikini top and short shorts. She looked like a sexy biker video game character. She eventually settle on an off-shouter white top that showed some cleavage and showed of her stomach. She paired it with tight jeans that showed off her impeccable ass.

I couldn’t wait to see what I would turn out to be. Each item of clothing I tried made me feel girlier than ever. We first started with shirt and pants. But I wanted to show off my legs more. Soon I was the one complaining that I wasn’t showing off enough skin. I had become truly comfortable in my new body.

I eventually settled on a backless dress that tied together at the nape. The dress was small, revealing a lot of side boob and center cleavage. It was clearly designed to tantalize and seduce. The skirt was cut short, letting everyone have a view of my gorgeous legs. If a breeze flew, my silky thong panties could be seen. Add to that a pair of tall heels, men would be falling all over themselves to get a glimpse of my nether regions. I felt so sexy and powerful.

“Why don’t we test it out on Blake? Let’s see if he likes our outfits.” Claire grinned.

We walked out of the room. Blake was just wearing a Hawaiian shirt and

board shorts. His shirt was open revealing his toned pecs and muscular abs. He looked straight at me. His jaw dropped when he saw me. I could see the drool formed on the edge of his lips. His shorts became visibly tented.

I did that.

My nipples hardened through the soft fabric at the thought of arousing men with just the sight of my body. I wondered how many boners I would be responsible for at the end of the evening.

Claire giggled triumphantly beside me. She reached for Blake's chin and kissed him, reminding him she was his girlfriend. Then she whispered something in his ear causing him to look straight at me. He licked his lips.

Had she promised my virginity to him at the end of the night?

"I say mission successful." Claire elbowed me in the ribs. "Let's go get free drinks and play with some boys."

Chapter Seven

I had never been good at going to clubs. The few times I tried partying, I always found myself hiding in a corner wishing someone would talk to me. I just wasn't very good socially. A small part of me was worried that this would happen again tonight.

When I realized we were going to party at one of the most crowded and popular clubs on the beach, I suddenly felt like my old insecure self. There was also a line all the way around the corner. It did not feel like it was going to have good time.

I should just suggest to Claire and Blake for all of us to go home and have sex together. Getting fucked for the first time was more exciting than attending a party full of strangers.

"Let's go back. The line is too long. I don't want to wait an hour just to pay for overpriced shots." I suddenly announced, hoping it would be enough to dissuade my friends from going inside. Blake looked at me like I had just grown two heads.

"Oh honey, I never wait in line. And I don't pay for drinks either." Claire grinned confidently. She pulled down her top slightly and then she strode forward with a subtle sway in her hips. People's attention was immediately drawn to her. It felt like everyone stopped what they were doing to get a good look at her.

I had forgotten how hot Claire was. Of course she could cut in line. But instead of going to the bouncer, she stopped and walked backed towards us.

"You know what, why don't you get us in?" Claire said to me. She grabbed Blake's arm and hid behind him.

"What? I can't get us to the front of the line. I'm not confident like you." I stammered.

"Just try. I think you'd be surprised." Claire grinned. I tried getting help from Blake but he just nodded and gave me a thumb's up.

Fine.

I sucked in breath and adjusted my top. Then I tried to mimic the way Claire walked. I found it surprisingly easy to walk in heels. As my footsteps clacked on the cement, I found my confidence building. I walked up to the big mean looking bouncer. He was at least six foot five and with an incredibly bored expression in his face. I didn't even know what to say to him to let me in.

Then he saw me. His eyes widened as his gaze dropped down to my long exposed legs before stopping at my cleavage. He suddenly reached over and opened the door. His face turned into a welcoming grin.

“Come on in. Have a lot of fun.” The bouncer’s deep voice bellowed out. That had been so easy. I didn’t even have to do anything.

I felt my face flush. Was I really that beautiful?

Blake and Claire went inside ahead of me.

I reached up to give the bouncer a peck on the cheek as a small thank you.

“Anyone bothers you in that club, just holler for me miss.” The bouncer smiled at me with appreciation. I could feel his eyes on my ass as I walked inside.

The club was extremely loud and dark. The music had a pulse that was thrumming to my skin. I quickly found Claire waiting for me by the entrance.

“That was so amazing.” I said to her with glee.

“That’s just the beginning. You’re a hot woman now. Go to bar and get us a few drinks. Don’t bring a wallet.” Claire winked, heading for the lounge Blake had reserved for us.

I nodded at her. I looked at myself on reflective surface. Claire was right. I was hot shit now. I could do what she did and get free drinks. I wondered what the men wanted from me in return.

Does accepting a drink mean I had to give them a blowjob? Would it mean letting them fuck me?

I shivered in excitement. I wondered what kind of stranger I would sleep with tonight.

The crowd at bar parted as I approached. I leaned on the counter. Before I even called the bartender, an old man came up to me. He was not young or handsome. I definitely did not want his attention.

“Can I buy a drink?” He said sleazily. He looked more like my grandfather than anyone I wanted to deal with.

“No.” I said before even thinking about it.

The man looked angry and ready to pester me more when a strong hand appeared on his shoulder.

“You better leave. She’s here with me.” Drake suddenly appeared all tall and imposing. His shirt was unbuttoned at the top, revealing a masculine tuft of hair. His long sleeves were rolled all the way up to his muscular forearms.

The older man slunk away, tail between his legs.

“Drink for you courtesy of the gentleman on your right.” The bartender

suddenly handed me a tequila shot. He pointed to a very muscular handsome guy at the end of the booth. He waved and winked at me.

“She won’t be taking it.” Drake suddenly pushed the drink back to the bartender. He stared the other guy down in a match of alpha males. Drake won handily. “I have access to the VIP lounge. Why don’t we get a drink there?”

Drake reached for my hip and pulled me close to his body. He leaned in to whisper in my ear.

“The drinks there are much better. My treat.” Drake’s breath tickled my neck.

“I’m here with my friends.” I managed to gasp out. My whole body felt like it was on fire.

“Let’s go get them.” Drake squeezed my hip making me almost gasp in pleasure. He took my hand and led me away from the bar. He used his enormous body to block anyone who tried to grab me. He was my stalwart and impassable protector.

Claire and Blake were delighted to go the VIP lounge. The men walked ahead of us talking about cars and other things I had no interest even before.

“I knew you had it in you.” Claire giggled as she brushed her shoulder against mine. “Only millionaires have access to the VIP club. You’re opening doors girl.”

“Yes I am.” I said excitedly. My life was suddenly so exciting.

The VIP lounge was nothing like the downstairs club. Everyone here looked so much better and richer. There were waiters dressed in tuxedos carrying drinks for the customers in barely there beachwear. All the alcohol looked extremely expensive.

Drake brought us to plush couch seating with a view of the dance floor. He ordered drinks for us which came back served in its own ice bucket and expensive crystal shot glasses. We all made small talk first as we drank together. It was an incredibly relaxed and fun vibe. Before I knew it, Drake had an arm around my shoulder and hand around my thigh.

Blake and Claire left us alone to dance.

“I’ve never met anyone quite like you.” Drake said whispering into my ear. His tongue flicked out licking a sensitive spot I didn’t know I had. It was clear he wanted to fuck me.

But I couldn’t let that happen without telling the truth. I explained to him everything about myself, how I had been a man before being stung by that

weird jellyfish. I wondered what he would think about me then.

“Does it matter?” Drake said after my confession. He reached down between my legs and parted them. His fingers found the smooth front of my pussy. “You have this right? To me you’re all woman.”

“Yes.” I gasped. I grabbed his hand and pushed it to my vagina. He accepted everything about me. Drake deserved to take my virginity. I wanted him to be the one to do it.

“Actually, I’m quite familiar with the animal you describe. It’s the Jani Albus jellyfish. Sarubili, my employer, uses it as a propriety ingredient for our transformative gene therapies. If you wanted, I’m sure they could turn you back into a man. I’d put in a good word for you, completely free of charge.” Drake explained to me. He even brought out a picture of the jellyfish that had turned me into this woman.

I could turn back into a man?

I didn’t think it was possible.

But did I still want to?

It was probably the right thing to do.

But deep down I knew I didn’t want to do it.

Here in Drake’s arm, in one of the most luxurious clubs in the world with a body that was absolutely to die for, I realized I was perfectly happy as I am. Turning back would be the biggest mistake of my life.

“What for?” I replied confidently. No. Jordan the man was gone. I was now a full-fledged woman. And I was eager not to waste the opportunity given to me. I reached down and grabbed Drake’s hard cock through his pants. “I have everything I need right here.”

“My thoughts exactly.” Drake leaned in to kiss me.

His beard was rough and masculine. His tongue pushed past my lips and claimed my mouth. His hands pulled me into embrace possessively. It was the best kiss I had ever experienced.

“Let’s go to my private room. I can’t wait to have you.” Drake growled deep into my ear. His finger was already teasing my clit. I could feel myself opening up to his touches.

“You own this club?” I gasped in surprise. He was already so handsome. He was rich too?

“I own everything.” Drake said without a hint of overconfidence. He was just stating the facts.

We weaved through the crowd and headed to a secret room behind the bar.

The minute the door closed, the room was completely silent, insulated from the beating pulse of outside. The decor was probably expensive and luxurious but I couldn't tell, Drake captured my mouth in seconds.

His hands were all over my body. He stroked my thigh, pushing my dress all the way up to my breast. He pulled it over my arms leaving me completely naked wearing only heels. The look of mad desire in his eyes made me blush.

"You are so fucking beautiful. I think you've ruined other women for me." Drake growled. He grabbed me by the waist and threw me down on the bed roughly. He was so dominant and powerful. He stripped off his clothes revealing his muscular and hairy body. He looked like a real alpha male.

He spread my legs wide apart and buried his face in pussy. He licked at my folds making me gasp in pleasure. His tongue was relentless as it seemed to open me wide for the impending arrival of his thick cock. I covered my mouth with my arms to suppress my loud gasp of pleasure.

Drake suddenly grabbed my wrist and put them over my head.

"Don't hide from me. I want to hear how good you feel." Drake said with a growl. He told me to hold the headboard and dove right back in.

I screamed as my whole body was being electrocuted. It sure felt that way as his tongue licked my sensitive inner walls. There was so much sensation and pleasure. After five whole minutes of him eating me out, I was squirming on completely ecstasy. I needed someone to fill me up for good. I needed to be fucked badly.

"Ready for my cock slut?" Drake said as he pulled away. He stroked his thick beast in front of me.

"Yes." I said desperately as I eyed his massive dick. It was much bigger than Blake's. Although Drake's cock was nestled in thick pubic hair, the dark hair did nothing to hide its thick girth and length. The had was already drooling precum.

Drake smeared his transparent fluid all over my folds. Just the touch of his cock on my skins enough to make me dizzy. It felt so hot and alive. My folds gently caressed the purple head of his cock. Drake was nothing if not patient, he rubbed my entrance until my body relaxed enough to accept the head of his cock.

He left me on back legs raised up high. He could see every single part of me. And from the way his cock throbbed, he wanted me badly.

"Do it." I said to him. My body was shivering from intense desire. I wanted to feel what it was like to be real woman. My virginity was the last

barrier to my complete and total transformation to a female human being.

“So beautiful. So eager.” Drake caressed my breasts. He tweaked my nipples between his fingers. He was so patient and controlled.

I squirmed around his cock, my folds bursting against his cock. I arched my back when he pinched my sensitive nipples hard. I wanted him so badly. My body yearned for the touch of this man. I needed to be fucked.

Then he pushed in. It felt like my whole body was stretching apart to accept this foreign invader. His cock was hot and thick inside my inner walls. The feeling was nothing I could have ever imagined. It felt like a big piece of him was pushing inside my entire core.

Drake moved slowly, letting me feel every single inch of his magnificent cock. Each second I felt like I couldn't take any more cock, he moved in deeper once more. I was gasping for breath and squirming around his thick manhood. All my nerves and pleasure sense seemed to hone in on my pussy.

“I'm all in. You are so tight. You feel so good and sweet.” Drake leaned over to capture my lips with his. His furry chest pressed against my breast. I was suddenly enveloped in his strong muscular arms and musky aroma.

I could feel the innate difference between our bodies. He was massive and muscular and strong. I was soft, supple and beautiful. I liked the contrast between us.

My pussy slowly relaxed around his thick girth. Little spots of pleasure bloomed all over my body. Drake hadn't even moved yet.

“More.” I gasped desperately. I wanted to feel everything.

Drake pushed himself off me, holding steady above my body. Then his hips jerked once, driving his cock into me.

“Oh.” I gasped at the sudden surge of sensation and pleasure. It had surprised me how good my body felt. There was no pain any longer. It was all heat and desire.

Drake moved slowly. His hips pulled his cock out and then drove back in. He undulated his entire body with a deliciously slow and sensual rhythm. It was driving me mad how good each stroke felt. It was so slow and teasing. Drake was completely in control of my body. He had a wicked grin on his face. He enjoyed teasing me.

I wasn't going to let that happen. I wanted him to lose control. I wanted him to fuck me senseless. I wanted him to remember me as his wildest sex ever.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled myself up to kiss him. I could feel his surprise at my aggression. I took his hands and placed them over my weighty breasts. And then I squeezed.

I squeezed his cock with all my strength.

“Fuuuck.” Drake growled deep and low. He stilled as I wrapped around him like a vise.

Impatient to wait, I slowly started rolling my hips around his cock, fucking myself on his big dick. I was taking control of the situation. I was pulsing around him, taking control over my own pleasure. I could feel my ecstasy build up. The sexual energy in the pit of my belly slowly beginning to fill.

Drake suddenly grabbed my hands and held them above my face. His grip was so strong I was defenseless against him.

“You want hard? I’ll give you hard.” Drake pressed his face against mine.

Suddenly he was pounding me with all the force his body could muster. His cock felt like jackhammer against my soft pussy. He was pounding at me with no reserve at all. It felt like he had been possessed by pure primal instinct.

It was glorious. I didn’t bother hiding my screams of pleasure. Drake’s cock was hitting that spot in me that was making me go wild. His relentless pace was addictive, making me want more.

I clawed at his back in a desperate act to anchor myself from the intense pleasure. I was getting exactly what I deserved. It felt so good, so overwhelming.

I cried out as my vision whitened out. My whole trembled violently as Drake’s cock pummeled the orgasms out of me. He didn’t stop, transporting me to a pleasurable peak I had never every reached before. It was like my entire body had exploded and I became connected with the world.

I felt him slam into me one final time, his hot warm seed filling my untouched womb. Exhausted he collapse onto me, sweaty and sated. His masculine body was heavy against mine.

“Fuck Jordan. That was so amazing. No one drives me as crazy as you.” Drake said nuzzling into my ear.

“I feel so good.” I admitted. Sex was so great. I didn’t think it could feel this great.

As Drake rolled off and went to sleep, I felt my energy return. I could do

another round of good fucking. In fact, I knew I wanted more. He had opened a new phase in my life. My female body had so many things I had yet to explore. There was no way I was turning back and giving this up.

My life was so much better as a beautiful woman.

For tonight I knew exactly who I wanted to explore with. I reached for my phone and texted Claire and Blake. But tomorrow was yet another whole new world. As woman, my future was absolutely limitless.