Ben was half a step behind Jake on the downtown sidewalk, gray hoodie swallowing his wrists, jeans cuffed over scuffed sneakers, backpack full of homework for the night. The black limo slid to the curb so quietly the first thing he heard was the rear door unlocking.

A man leaned out of the dark towards the boys. Open collar, camera strap still looped around his neck, and the kind of face that belonged on the other side of a lens. He pulled a silk yellow scarf off the seat next to him and held it out. “Either of you kids want to be a supermodel?”

Jake laughed, already reaching for it. “Yeah, this guy right here.” He snagged the silk scarf out of the man’s hand and looped it around Ben’s neck before Ben could duck. “There. Supermodel.”

The silk cinched.



Heat climbed Ben’s throat under the scarf. His ears popped. The sidewalk seemed to drop.

“Jake?! Take it—” His voice cracked high, then dropped, then cracked again. “Off— hhh—”

Jake’s grin died. “Ben?”



Ben’s scalp prickled. Chestnut hair shivered at the roots and spilled, a honey-blonde wave racing from his crown down one side while the other stayed short and brown. He looked up, dizzy, and the world tilted as his spine pulled.



Inches tore through him. Thigh bones lengthened with a deep sweet ache that made his knees knock. His sneakers split at the toes. The hoodie climbed his stomach, seams screaming, and Jake staggered back as Ben shot up past his shoulder, then past his eyes.

“Stop— nn— Jake, it’s— ah—” The plea broke into a helpless sound, half gasp, half moan. His voice was sliding, rough edges sanding off into something warm and horrified.

Inside, everything rearranged. A new hollow opened low in his belly, organs shifting aside with a slow, obscene stretch as a womb knit itself into the space his guts had owned. The ache there pulsed in time with his heartbeat. Heat flooded his chest. Lactation glands budded under his nipples, female hormones surging through him so fast his skin went slick. He was blushing, sweating, breathing hard, the scarf stuck to his throat, honey-blonde hair still racing longer while the last of the brown gave up.

His chest surged.

He slapped both hands over it and yelled as soft weight bloomed against his palms and squished between his fingers. The undersized hoodie split up the sternum. Cleavage forced through the tear, pale then goldening, nipples dragging across the ripped cotton. Each swell hurt until it didn’t, the tight stretching of his skin turning thick and sweet. His ass followed, hips cracking wider, cheeks rounding until the jeans sawed into the crease and the back seam popped.



“What’s ha— hhhk—” He couldn’t finish. A jolt went through his groin and his knees dipped. Jake made a broken noise and didn’t move.

The boyhood he’d always had throbbed, then drew inward. The bulge in the shredding jeans softened under a pressure that felt like being turned inside out. Testicles climbed, tightening, melting into a deep internal ache as they became ovaries, delicate and horribly alive. The shaft thinned, nerves screaming into a bright little knot that would be a clit, while beneath it his flesh parted. A new entrance formed with a wet, stretching kiss of sensation, folds unfurling, slick already gathering. His womb tugged,

settling. He stared down in dread because it felt good. It felt so good he hated it.



The jeans finished their betrayal, threads leaping into champagne silk that climbed his thighs and tried to become a dress while his cunt was still finishing. Slick soaked through. His knees buckled toward the limo door.

Dominic stepped out at the sound, one hand on the roof, staring.

Ben caught the doorframe and still went down to his knees. One hand clutched his skull as if he could hold his name in. The other shoved between his thighs, palm flat over silk that was tightening around an inverting sex. Juice ran down his inner thighs. His back arched. His head tipped. Hazel irises began to drown in ice-blue, one eye half-shut, teeth clenched, drool at the corner of his trembling mouth, a grimace that was also a moan.

“Please— stop— *ah— I’m not— nnh—*”

His nipples stiffened under the restitching silk. His male essence was dripping out of him between his legs, leaving a brand new void that was yearning to be filled.



The last inch of height settled. Twenty-eight years of proportion locked into him: impossible breasts, a waist that made the dress pornographic, an ass that shoved the silk shiny, legs that didn’t know the sidewalk anymore. He leaned on the limo, panting, one hand in his new hair, sweat dripping down the cleavage he could feel moving when he breathed, and looked down at a body that was not his.



Dominic’s voice had gone careful. “Ready, Serena?”

“I- I’m not-” Ben said, and the voice that came out was low, shocked, alluring, and hers. Jake looked like he might be sick as he watched the new woman step into the limo in a confused daze.

Ben sat in the limo with his knees together because if he didn’t, the silk kissed his new folds and his breath hitched. Dominic didn’t touch him. He watched. That was worse. By the hotel, Ben’s hands knew how to gather the dress when he stood, and he hated that they knew.

The next days were a slow, private obscenity.

In the suite bathroom he sat and stared between his legs at a cunt that would not stop noticing air. Piss came from a place he had to aim by feel, and the wipe afterward made his clit twitch so hard he bit his lip. A box of tampons was already in the cabinet. He tried one because the ache low in his womb said he might need it, and the slide in made his vision white out. He yanked it free, shaking, slick on his fingers, and whispered Jake’s name like a ward.



Morning meant a bra he didn’t understand until his breasts ached without it. He turned, looked back at the huge curve of his ass in tiny panties, and made a boy’s horrified noise in a woman’s throat while his hips shifted like they liked the view. Makeup pencils lay by the sink. His hand lined an eye before he noticed he was doing it, ice-blue staring out of a face that cameras would beg for.



He did his lips. He hated that the color suited him. Downstairs, crossing the lobby for coffee, strangers stared, and some old reflex in the dress made him slow his walk. Dominic was always somewhere in the edge of the room. Ben’s stomach flipped when he saw him, horror first, then a

traitorous settle, like the sight of that open collar was a chair he already knew how to sit in. Jake called. Ben didn’t answer in his own voice anymore. When they spoke, Ben heard himself go breathy on Dominic’s name and wanted to claw it back.



On the third evening Jake caught them in the lobby.

Ben was in the silk again, heels he could somehow walk in, Dominic's hand not quite on his waist. Jake grabbed his wrist. His eyes were red.

"Don't go back up. Ben. You're a boy. You're my best friend, you're not her, you're not a supermodel, that limo wasn't for you. Please. Come outside with me. Right now."

Ben's mouth opened on the truth and closed on a memory that wasn't his: Dominic's hotel key, a shoot in this same lobby, laughing against that same shoulder. "Jake, I—" His voice softened without permission. Dominic was looking at his mouth. Heat climbed Ben's chest. His nipples stiffened under the silk. He should have left with Jake. He stepped toward the elevator instead, sick with how easy it was.

Jake's face broke. The doors shut on his voice.

In the suite Ben said, "We shouldn't," and heard how little it sounded like a stop. Dominic set the camera down. He didn't pounce. He stepped close enough that Ben could smell him, and Ben's new body catalogued it — warm skin, hotel soap, the specific want under the cologne — and answered with a slow, humiliating melt between his legs.

"You're shaking," Dominic said.

“I’m not— I don’t want—” Ben’s hips had already tipped forward. His breath had gone heavy. Sweat gathered under his breasts. He bit his lip and stared, reluctant and starving, ice-blue eyes huge.



Dominic kissed the corner of his mouth. Ben made a boy’s startled sound and a woman’s moan on the same breath. Hands found his breasts and he jolted. It was all too much, the weight, the way his nipples dragged the silk and then Dominic’s palms. “Don’t, I’m not— ah—” His cunt clenched on nothing and soaked the dress. Words fell apart. Dominic walked him backward to the bed, and Ben’s knees did the walking.

Fingers slid up his thigh, under silk, and found him dripping. The first stroke along his new folds ripped a shocked cry out of him. He didn’t have a word for how naked that felt, how the fingertip circling his clit made his spine try to leave the mattress. A virgin three days ago, and his hips rolled like they’d been fucked in this suite a hundred times. Dominic pressed one finger in. Ben’s mind white-noised. Tight, slick, a pressure his body opened for while the boy in him flailed.

“I can’t— that’s not— nnh, wait—”



He was already fucking himself down onto the hand. Speaking had gone sultry without his permission, breathy little breaks, “please” meaning stop and meaning deeper. When Dominic’s cock nudged his entrance, the want to be filled hit so hard Ben’s eyes rolled. The stretch burned, perfect,

obscene, inch after inch opening a pussy that had not existed when Jake looped that scarf. He grabbed the sheets. His breasts bounced, heavy, glistening. Dominic’s hands took his ass and his chest and Ben heard himself moan like a woman who knew this cock.



The boy still driving that body did not understand the climb. Clit throbbing under a thumb, cock stroking some deep sweet spot behind it, pressure stacking into pressure, his womb aching like it wanted. He shook his head. It crested anyway. The climax crashed through him and rewrote the room: pulse in his cunt, slick gushing around Dominic, a wail that was not a protest anymore. Memories poured in on the aftershocks — Milan, the limo, this mouth, this man, twenty-eight years of being Serena Vale, of loving the camera and loving being ruined in hotel beds just like this. His personality tipped, nervousness burning off into languid, teasing certainty. He — she — arched, drooling, heart-eyed, one hand in her hair, and laughed once, wrecked and happy.



In the morning she took Dominic’s arm in the lobby and did not look for Jake. The silk hugged every curve the limo had come to collect. She was twenty-eight, she was Serena Vale, and the elevator opening on another suite felt like coming home.

