

# Message Switch (MtF & FtM TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

## **A Commission for Nud**

*Steven is surprised when he wins a work lottery for a free couples massage alongside his coworker and friend Michael, who is an FTM trans-man. While there are jokes about them being a 'work couple' now, both are just looking forward to a nice massage. But this is no ordinary massage place, and soon Steven finds himself becoming more of a Stephanie, while Michael's FTM changes are starting to extend right down to the DNA level . . .*

## **Message Switch**

### **The Lottery**

It was another day in the office, the same as any other. We sold computer parts at Computech, but my division was in tech management, repair requests, and customer returns. It wasn't the most inspiring work, not by a long shot, and given the white-stained cubicle hellscape nature of our expansive office floor, one could easily go postal answering calls and listening to tech-illiterate grandmas each day. Thankfully, on our floor at least, we had a pretty good boss, and even more importantly, I had an even better friend in Michael. I had just finished up a particularly long and exhausting call when a rubber band flicked me in the head.

"Hey man, what the fuck?"

Michael grinned at me from his cubicle next to mine. "Just checking to see if you were still alive after talking to that racist old grandpa."

"He wasn't racist," I replied. "Well, I don't *think* he was. I mean, how could he know I was Asian?"

"Dude, we're in tech support. We're *all* Asian."

"Hey, Jess isn't Asian."

"Jess is the exception that proves the rule, Steven."

I rolled my eyes. "Now who's racist?"

For that comment, I got another rubber band flicked at me. This one got me in the arm.

"Ow! You know, I miss when you were Michelle. Guy you is so much more violent."

He stuck out his tongue. "Blame all the testosterone I'm taking. Makes me a total alpha."

"You sound ridiculous."

“That’s the testosterone too. I finally get why guys are so confident about the stupidest of things. You guys really just go for it, huh?”

I chuckled. “I wish. If I could just ‘go for it’ then maybe I’d have a girlfriend by now. You’ve had more luck than me on both sides of the aisle.”

I flicked a rubber band back his way, and he laughed. “Just a dry spell, Steven. Just a dry spell. It’ll clear up. Don’t let that racist grandpa get you down.”

“You know, now that you say it, he did have a kinda racist tone to his voice . . .”

We laughed again. This back and forth shit was a feature of our friendship, as it had been for the past five years we’d both worked at Computech. Of course, when we’d first met, Michael Yang had actually been *Michelle* Yang. She’d been rather pretty back then: small, slim, petite, and with long black hair. I won’t lie, she was exactly the type I liked to go for; the cute girl-next-door who was shorter than my own 5’9 height, her head perfectly able to rest in the crook of my shoulder.

I know that last part because we did actually date. Why not? We’d hit it off pretty much immediately, and we loved to shit-talk and make silly jokes about the calls we received, constructing intricate backstories for them. We were both into sports and tech, so it seemed like a match made in heaven. The sex was good too, which is always a plus. It was not to be, however. There was no one thing that made us split up, just a ton of little things. Small insecurities on her part, a dissatisfaction with her body and constant questioning of herself. When I tried to reassure her how beautiful she was, how she was the perfect woman in my eyes, it only seemed to make matters worse. In the end, we broke it off, and decided to remain amicable about it.

There’s something uniquely amusing about being the guy that finally made your girlfriend realise she’s actually a man on the inside, and has been all along. Even today, I couldn’t tell you if that’s something to be proud of or emasculated by. Either way, I’m pretty pleased to have been the first one Michelle - now Michael - told. She’d really tried to be a woman all her life, but what she told me made it clear how I’d helped her.

“You really were the perfect boyfriend,” she said. “You did everything right. I should have been happy, and I was. But it made me realise that even being in a perfect relationship wasn’t enough. I was still in the wrong body, and I couldn’t deny it anymore.”

And so the transition started. I supported her, of course. Supported *him*. How could I not? We may have no longer been dating, but he was still my best friend. He actually approached me to ask if I was willing to date the new him, but I’m strictly heterosexual, alas. A shame, on some accounts; as Michael began his full transition and eventually got his top surgery, he started to make quite the fine man. Still a short one, given his 5’5 height, and still slim, but he did gain more muscle mass and cut his hair even shorter than mine. The testosterone lowered his voice, though there was still a slight female vocal fry in it.

It was a strange adjustment, getting used to Michelle now being Michael. The weird thing, though? We got along even better. Obviously, we weren't actually into one another anymore, but we were still best friends. He was the bro I'd never known I wanted. People in the office joked that our 'bromance' was closer than any romance we'd once had. Of course, some thought we should get back together - Michael was bi - but I was quick to dispel that. I was definitely one-hundred percent into girls. Still, I had to admire Michael. Who hadn't had thoughts about being the other gender? I know I occasionally wondered what it would be like to be a woman. You know, feeling up your own breasts and having a pussy and all that. How nice it would be to style your clothing more, have longer hair you could do things with, generally be more in touch with your emotions and be able to cry without as much judgement, all those kinds of things.

It was a tempting fantasy, of course, nothing more.

"You know," Michael said, having finished up another call, "maybe you just need me to wingman you again. Give you all the secret girl tips that will drive a lady wild."

"By your own admission, you were 'never truly a lady.' So are these tips gonna be bullshit?"

"Think of me as more like an inadvertent spy into the world of women for the first twenty two years of my life."

I snorted, then took a sip of my coffee. "Very well, sage master and infiltrator of women's spaces. What can you offer me?"

"Don't use shitty male deodorant."

He sat there, flicking his pencil around his thumb as if he'd just dropped the mic.

"That's it? That's all you got for me?"

"It stinks. Try the female stuff. It's actual scents girls like. Trust me, this is good shit."

I was about to flick another rubber band his way, when suddenly our boss' voice called out over the din.

"Okay, everyone! Great day, great day!"

It was five o'clock already? That was nice. I checked my computer screen, but it was actually still ten minutes to. Ah, but it was a Friday. Burt always liked to schedule a little 'team meeting' before we left. They were quick, at least. With a sigh, Michael and I headed over to the gathering of employees on the floor. Burt was actually a pretty cool dude: he had a big gut and a jovial personality, and claimed to 'not see race,' which had us all rolling our eyes, except that it strangely seemed to be true: the dude just rewarded performance and promoted anyone with skill, though it did lead to some comical moments as well.

"Another great week, everyone, another great week!"

That was the other thing. He had this weird speech pattern where he repeated everything.

“As you know, the lottery continues this week! Last Friday, Priya and Lee won some fantastic coupons to Paterson’s. I’m told Lee devoured the entire seafood basket there! Go him!”

We chuckled along, and Lee most of all. He loved his food, and yet never put on weight, the lucky bastard.

“This week, the lottery giveaway is for a free couples’ massage at *Serenity Spa*! I’m sorry it’s a *couple’s* massage, there was a slight mix-up on the phone for this one.”

We all tittered. Michael and myself and many others were both Chinese-American, and much of the floor was a mix of Japanese, Indian, Pakistani, and Sri-Lankan. None of us had any doubt that Burt would be an absolute disaster on the phone with Serenity Spa. They were French-owned, and while Burt may not have *seen* race, the man certainly struggled with *accent*.

“Still, it’s a great giveaway! It’s the most expensive and luxurious spa there is, and I’m sure they’ll accommodate our winners. Besides, it’s not like they’re unaccustomed to a bit of romance between them, or should I say . . . *bromance*?”

At this, I groaned and Michael chuckled. Everyone looked our way, knowing instantly who had won. The laughter rose and so did Burt’s voice.

“Steven Chan and Michael Yang, congratulations on winning the lottery! Please come forward and claim your prize, boys!”

There was an ironic cheer as a pathway was cleared for us to approach Burt. Michael took the winning prize, which was a gift card entitlement to the massage, and in his dramatic fashion he held it up high, leaving me to blush with embarrassment.

“C’mon,” he said to me. “It’ll be fun! More guys should be into massages and spas. Chicks like it, I promise.”

I rolled my eyes. “I could use a bit of a de-stress, I suppose.”

A few more of our coworkers congratulated us. Priya giggled, and made the obvious joke. “I guess you’re going for a not-couple’s massage, hm?”

I sighed and looked to Michael, who put an arm around my waist.

“It’s going to be so not-romantic! In fact, we’re going tomorrow!”

I looked down at him. “Uh, excuse me?”

“Come on, you got anything better to do?”

I . . . didn’t. And he knew that. Damn, I swear he knew me better than I knew myself sometimes. As Michelle, he’d been such a cheeky, mischievous girl, and now he could be a shit-stirring guy. The evolution was obvious, in hindsight.

“Fine, but I get the hotter masseuse,” I replied.

“Was that hotter girl or hotter guy?”

“God, I wish you weren’t bi. You just can’t lose these arguments.”

Michael grinned. "That's because I'm just a cooler dude than you."  
He wasn't entirely wrong.

## Serenity Spa

We showed up at the spa at 1pm. Michael had convinced me to go ahead with this, and even organised the time for us. I felt a little silly, wearing my daggy jeans and casual black shirt. He, as usual, was much more stylish than me. He'd taken to male fashion like a fish to water, and was wearing a set of black denim jeans and a smart button shirt, over which he had an expensive-looking red jacket. It had almost a *Back to the Future* Marty McFly vibe to it, and he pulled it off. Somehow, this former woman was looking hotter as a guy than I ever did, and was likely managing to pick up more girls as well.

"You ready to awkwardly relive what it was like dating me four years ago?" Michael asked.

"Only if you're ready to awkwardly relive how bad I am at all of this stuff."

"Nonsense, you were an ace boyfriend. I was just . . . not quite the right girlfriend. C'mon, let's go get turned into meaty puddles of gooey happiness."

"That doesn't sound appealing the way you put it."

"But it's gonna be amazing."

Serenity Spa was a new place, and it looked damn fine. Most of these massage places were just built into the walls of existing buildings after the previous business failed, but this place had been constructed from the ground up on its own lot. It was large, and even had a lovely garden area you walked past to get to the front door. The building itself was a mix of modern and classical, and clearly was going for a kind of Greek Column style or something; modern windows and construction but with colonnades and an almost temple-like rooftop that sloped upwards, reliefs and all. It was, frankly, *awesome*. And it did feel like a place of serenity, right down to the calming traditional music that played as we entered. A woman stood behind the reception table, adorned in what looked like a toga or stola or whatever it was that the ancient Greeks wore. She flashed us a smile. Her name badge said she was Felicia, and she spoke with a French accent.

"Hello and welcome to Serenity Spa," she said in a voice that was as soothing as our surroundings. "How may I serve you?"

She was a real cutie, red-haired and vibrant, so it was hard not to interpret that request quite liberally with my single-for-far-too-long mind. I could almost see Michael

grinning at me from the corner of my vision, so I made a gentle cough and spoke before he could.

“Um, we’re here for a paired appointment. 11am?”

She looked over the computer monitor in front of her. “Just one moment,” she said with a pleasant smile.

I couldn’t help but take in the lovely scents of this place. It had a strong Grecian aesthetic inside as well; the outer wall decorations and Felicia’s cubicle were constructed with marble, and the lacquer used for the wooden parts made them look slick and professional. I could just spy some of the massage stalls around the corner; some were empty, others closed, and the gentle sounds of soft moans echoed faintly. Clearly, there were some very relaxed and pleased customers here.

“Ah, are you booked in for the, um, couples massage?”

I got a bit sheepish at her gentle probing. “Um, technically we are, but that’s just because of some mix up; we were hoping for separate rooms if possible.”

Michael snorted. I knew he wouldn’t have cared, but I did. Thankfully, Felicia simply smiled and nodded softly, checking on her monitor and making a few taps on the keyboard.

“Not to worry, that thankfully won’t be a problem. Ah, but there is one slight complication. We have two single rooms available during this time, but one is technically on the woman’s side. It won’t affect any part of your treatment, I assure you, but I thought it best to tell you, as some customer’s cultures and beliefs tend to make this awkward, and we would wish to avoid any negative experience for you. If this is the case, we can always re-book.”

“Nah,” Michael said. “No way. We’re here for a nice, relaxing time, and I woke up with a crick in my neck, so I say we go ahead.” He turned to me. “I’ll take the female side.”

“Are you sure? I mean, given your past, I thought that you would, you know . . .”

But he just made a dismissive gesture. “Seriously, it’s no biggie.” He winked at Felicia. “I used to actually *be* a woman. At least, outwardly. So I’m more than used to it.”

Felicia’s eyes went briefly wide. “Oh! I never would have guessed.”

“You’ve no idea how happy it makes me to hear you say that.”

The woman beamed. Damn, Michael really did have a ton of charisma, even more than when he’d been Michelle. Lucky guy. Felicia gestured up the hall, where two masseuses were present and waiting, conversing happily with one another. One was a woman in her early thirties or so, a very attractive Mediterranean lady with warm light olive skin and curly black hair that had been coiled up and held in place with various pins. Her eyes were dark and intelligent, and I liked the look of her immediately. The other was a Caucasian guy with pale skin and a ruddy nose. He was large and impressively buff, more than I could ever hope to be, but his posture was relaxed and his expression neutral but

friendly, his body language completely unthreatening. They both had nametags, and Felicia also named them.

“That man is George, one of our most accomplished and experienced masseuses. And this is Andrea, the owner and founder of the spa.”

“Wait, she owns the place but does massages?” I asked.

“Indeed, it’s her preferred way. She liked to give the personal touch to her business. Do you have a preference for your masseuse?”

“Well, I might as well have a female masseuse for the female side, right?” Michael asked. “Steven, do you mind getting George, or are you too weak?”

I rolled my eyes. “Please, you’re on. I need some serious unburdening after last week’s endless issues with that monitor recall, so I’ll happily take on George.”

Felicia smiled and retrieved two clipboards. “Wonderful. Then please fill out these forms explaining what kind of massage you will be wanting over the next hour, as well as some more spiritual questions, and from there we can begin your Serenity Spa treatment.”

We both took pens and had our usual squabbling and one-upping over what we were each doing. We’d done the same when dating, and it had only gotten more frequent now that we were male besties. In the end, I chose the regular full body massage treatment, and Michael chose the same. We really were a matched pair, I suppose.

“Wait,” I said, halting on the second page. “Does your questionnaire ask you about personal fantasies?”

“Y-yeah,” Michael said, frowning. “It asks a few personal things actually. It asks me about my inner self, my romantic life, all that jazz.”

“Uh, weird,” I said. I stared at the question. This place was meant to be legit, and it was well-reviewed. It wasn’t too new either, so it didn’t seem like a scam to me. Maybe it was just sort of . . . odd. Really into ‘spiritual discovery’ or something. I put my answers down quickly, blushing all the while, and perhaps gave a bit too much detail on the ‘fantasy’ section. Felicia had assured us that she didn’t read the contents beyond the first, more formal page, and damn I hoped that was true. From the blush that managed to penetrate my friend’s olive cheeks, I could tell he’d probably cut loose a bit with the responses too. Maybe it was just something in the incense-laden air that made me lose my inhibitions on those questions, because I’d even answered the one about sexual fantasies. In detail, no less.

God, I hoped this wasn’t a mistake.

I cautiously handed back my chart and Michael followed moments later. Felicia checked them and confirmed the details, thankfully only on the first page just as she’d said, and then gestured for us to follow her. She directed Michael into a stall, instructing him to close the curtain and remove his clothing down to his underwear, then lie on the massage table face down, his face through the opening. He gave me a thumbs up.

“See you on the other side, man.”

Felicia took me to my stall in the corridor over. It was a comfortable place with peaceful music. I couldn't help but notice, however, that the decor on the walls seemed a bit . . . feminine. Painted images of women in various serene poses, not to mention an abundance of beautiful flower schemes. Even the colours were more pastel and feminine than Michael's room had been. I quickly realised that at some point, given that we had picked the same options, Felicia must have gotten us mixed up. The woman was explaining the same process as she had for Michael, then gave a brief bow.

“Andrea will be with you shortly. Enjoy your time at Serenity Spa.”

“Oh, um, okay, but-”

But she was already whisking herself away, the ring of the counter bell indicating that another customer was waiting. I sighed and looked around the room.

“I guess I'm getting Andrea's massage instead. Heh. Seems Michael will be the one getting reduced to a pulp by bodybuilder George.”

I also couldn't complain about the other thing, which was that Andrea really did look very lovely, and having a woman like that run her hands over my back wasn't at all something to complain about. With that in mind, I removed my clothing and placed it in the provided basket, and placed my watch and phone and wallet in there as well. Then, just in my underwear, I got up on the table and lay face down, my head poking through the hole and staring at the floor, which had some representations of flowers for me to look at. Very feminine indeed. Still, I didn't mind it; what would it matter? Besides, the table really was incredibly comfortable . . .

It was not long after that Andrea entered the room. I wasn't really sure of the etiquette for such things, I actually raised myself up to see her. To my surprise, she wasn't wearing much clothing at all. She had a long green skirt with slits on the side that exposed her legs with almost every movement, and a wrap of the same colour that bound her breasts loosely. It looped behind her neck and around her back so that the fabric criss-crossed, and it did wonders to show off her gorgeous figure and her entire midriff, not to mention hoisting her breasts up to show some lovely cleavage. I'd been single for so long that I stared very easily at beautiful women, so I definitely blushed and looked away.

“Um, hi,” I said weakly, cursing myself for how stupid I sounded.

She smiled easily. “Don't be shy,” she said. “You may put your head down again. I know all about you, Steven, from the paperwork you provided. My name is Andrea, and I and my employee George will be here to ensure that you and your friend Michael are not only perfectly comfortable, but that you will become exactly who you are meant to be by the end of the day. It's my specialty, after all, a gift handed down to me from my mother's line, and one that I have shared with the staff. I'm given to understand that you have innermost

desires you wish to have realised. These are necessary to fulfil in order for you to find true serenity. It has always been a joyful thing to people with my talents when someone truly discovers who they are inside. Today, I shall massage you and bring you a peace never known, one that will align your body to your soul perfectly, so that your transition will be fully complete. So please, hush, and allow me to take you on this journey.”

It was a lovely spiel, perhaps a bit *too* spiritual and wishy-washy as far as I was concerned, but my own male pride had to speak up in response to her implication.

“That sounds very lovely,” I replied, “but you should probably know that I’m pretty happy with who I am.”

“Truly? Do you not fantasise about having another form?”

“I mean, I’ve often thought about what it would be like to be a girl, who hasn’t? It’s just an idle thought. I was kinda hoping this would just be a relaxing massage so-”

“Shhh,” she said, running her fingers along my back in a manner that seemed to silence me. “Shhh, hush now. All will be well. There are no judgments here.”

“I get that, but-”

“Hush,” she said, and something in her voice silenced me, almost supernaturally so. “Your job is not to speak during this experience, Steven. Trust me, the work that my hands do, and the ancient arts that they shall conjure. Your job is simply to revel in the experience and to accept the wonderful change it brings, just as my job is to reveal who you truly are.”

Who we truly were? Oh shit, I realised what she was talking about. Clearly this massage had some kind of personal element tied to your written responses on the questionnaire we’d been given. Which meant . . . fuck. She had actually looked at some of the stuff I’d put down. Damn, what had I written?

That I was single.

That I was heterosexual (I wrote it so damn clinically, why didn’t I write that I was into girls, specifically?), and that I’d only had a few romantic dates in the last few years, and even that I struggled because I was so damn introverted. And - fuck! I’d written about how I really, really liked the idea of . . .

. . . of a blowjob. It was my big fantasy. So stupid. So vanilla in so many ways, but I’d never gotten one. It was a sexual dream of mine to have a girl go down on me, willingly and happily, and even swallow at the end, preferably while keeping eye contact. Except from Andrea’s perspective, since I’d just written ‘blowjob’ like an embarrassed fool, she probably thought that meant I wanted to *give* them or something! Ugh, all this because Felicia sent me to the women’s area, and now this lady probably thought I wanted to be one.

What the fuck was wrong with me that I wrote all that down? Why had I done that? I swear, the incense in this place had made me loopy, or way too honest somehow.

“Don’t worry,” Andrea said. “We won’t share details of what you wrote down, Steven. We just use them to inform our special treatments. You can answer this next question: is this your first time?”

I wasn’t sure what she meant by that. First time at a massage? Or . . . I raised my head. She was moving so damn sensually, her perfect body on display in her tight, very scantily-clad outfit. First time for something more, perhaps?

“Um, do you mean . . . ?”

“Just that we wish for you to be happy today. You want to be happy, right?”

“Uhh . . . yeah. I like being happy.”

I raised my head to see her. She was leaning forward, hands on the massage table. She was squeezing her breasts together, some marvellous cleavage on display. It was hard not to stare, and I kinda . . . just did. She grinned at this.

“That’s good to hear, Steven, because I intend to make you happy. Very happy. At Serenity Spa, we fulfil your fantasies. Yes, *your* fantasies. They give you the happiest of endings.”

I shivered despite myself, my member getting a little hard. She *had* to be alluding to a ‘happy ending’ now, right? What else could she mean? My cheeks flushed red with the realisation of what she was implying, but it made me very glad I had the female masseuse in the end. I didn’t really want the same promise from George, though perhaps Michael wouldn’t mind, given how he swung both ways rather successfully.

“Lie back down again, and I shall begin your treatment.”

I obeyed the silken tones of her calming, yet authoritative voice. The massage began lightly, her fingers brushing across my skin and testing points, poking and prodding with a gentle art, running lines along my muscles as if to sense each of their locations and find out where the points of greatest stress were.

“A massage to a man is a sensitive thing,” she murmured. “Heed my words, and listen. A man is a creature of ruggedness, of resolute power, yet also surprising fragility. In the presence of another woman, in private, he becomes flowing water, in need of a receptacle to hold and comfort him. In this way, a woman’s hands are the most important point of contact. They can soothe a man, let him experience touch, and also please him . . . as I sense you are pleased, Steven.”

I blushed harder, though thankfully my face was done through the hole in the massage table, unseen. Somehow, she knew that I had a raging hard-on already. How could I be brought to a state of serenity when this weird lady was making me hyper aroused?

“You purchased your massage together as a couple’s therapy. Did you not wish to be with such a potential deep friend? Does this not stir something in you?”

“Um, we dated once. When Michael was Michelle. I didn’t feel the same way when he transitioned. I mean, we broke up before that. We’re not together now, obviously.”

“Mhmm, perhaps you should be. You have much in common.”

God, she really thought I was transgender. “I’m not a woman.”

“No, I can feel already your doubts and insecurities on this matter. But you have no doubt imagined it, yes?”

How did she -?

“Um, I guess. Occasionally. A few times. I think maybe it would be kinda cool. Just as a thought experiment.”

“I see. Well, this massage shall reveal your true self, not just your body but your true likes and wants. We will peel back the layers of who you are, Steven, and resculpt you as you wanted to be.”

This was all getting a bit much for me. I feel like I ordinarily would have walked out at this point, perhaps feeling a bit violated by it all, but instead I was drawn in. Part of it was Andrea’s immense attractiveness, still stuck in my mind even as I was face down. Another part was simply that her hands were already beginning to work across my back, creating such a sensation of relief wherever they wandered and pressed. And perhaps . . . no. It made no sense, but . . . it was almost like this place wanted me here. I couldn’t describe it, but even as introverted as I was, I would normally have left by this point. But something about me wanted to stay here, and it didn’t seem like just me making that decision. Instead, I adjusted myself for further comfort and closed my eyes.

“Are you ready for the true massage to begin?” Andrea asked.

To hell with it. I wasn’t going to let Michael have all the fun, especially with a promised happy ending on the line.

“Absolutely,” I replied.

“Then let’s start.”

## **Soothing Sensations**

Andrea got to work, and the massage truly began. To my surprise, she lowered her hands down to my rear, folding back my underwear gently and sinking her fingers into my flesh. I tried to avoid giving out a little moan; her touch was heavenly, firm yet gentle in all the right places. She dripped warm oil onto my cheeks and continued to perform her massage, her ministrations probing deeper into the flesh of each cheek, pushing them together and then spreading them out, targeting the muscles beneath the surface. It was strange, but with

every motion it was almost like she was making my butt bigger. I can't explain it, but every form touch seemed to make my rear rise up, my cheeks inflating. I knew it had to be just a feeling, and yet there was this magnificent release, as if a pressure had given away, and my ass wobbled and shifted more with her touch as she worked on it for several minutes.

"I'm surprised you are single," she murmured. "Especially with a nice ass like this. For men, it is important to give attention here. A man's ass should be pert and firm, but a woman's should be soft and voluminous in all the right ways."

"I - ahh. Don't feel too pert and firm right now."

"That's exactly the point."

She smacked my ass lightly, letting the cheeks wobble. They really did feel bigger than they should have been, but perhaps it was just the sheer pleasure of the massage, not to mention her borderline-erotic approach to it that was keeping my hard on going. After asking for permission, she even removed my underwear entirely to finish up the lowest sections of my rear, then placed a towel over the top for modesty reasons.

"You don't look much like a Steven now," she said, moving up to soothe my back with her ministrations.

"What do I look like then?"

"Never mind. Best not spoil the ending. You are here for a reason."

More smoke and mirrors, but I didn't mind while she was working on me. I found myself relaxing more and more, forgetting the weirdness of this strange spa experience. More oil was applied, and she worked her way upon my lower back and then up to my shoulders, alternating her focuses so that nothing went without attention, even sliding her hands up to oil my neck and untangle all the knots of stress that were there. I grunted in approval, occasionally sighing as she destressed me yet further. After carefully ensuring I was in a state of complete peace, she shifted up onto the side of the massage table, her soft leg against mine, and then began to press her forearm and her elbow down on my back, using both of those approaches to knead the flesh more tenderly. I gasped initially, but then gave myself over to this more deep-tissue approach. I could feel my skin smoothing out, and the more she worked on my shoulders the more it felt like they were being unburdened, no longer carrying such a heavy load. Hell, my shoulders actually seemed *smaller* to me, emphasised by the way she pushed them inwards, as if willing them to compress back into my body.

"Accept each change as it comes," she said in her accented voice, pleasant and borderline hypnotic. "You do not need this broadness. It is appropriate that you are already on the slender side, but now we must take you further."

More pressure, upon my sides and around my waist. It was almost like being compressed in several places, like my very form was being reshaped, as if I were pottery

and she was working me upon her lathe. Perhaps something was a little wrong, but it was impossible for me to fight the luxurious feeling, and no doubt that was the same for many others here at the Serenity Spa - I could hear the occasional gasp, grunt, sigh, and even moan from other customers, practically announcing their state of bliss.

“Mhm. This is good,” I muttered, my voice a little cracked.

She gave a light chuckle. “Excellent. Keep indulging in the peace. The Serenity. Let any worries, anxieties, even paranoia and suspicion float from your mind. Just like your body, we shall make you smooth and clean.”

She worked on my legs and arms, even moving down to feel my ankles. The bones clicked, and once more it was as if I were being compressed. Were my limbs that thin before? There was a numbness that she was inducing, so perhaps I was just going crazy. Certainly, with each touch I found it harder to feel the resistance of my leg and arm hairs. Even my back seemed unnaturally smooth thanks to the application of her oils. Andrea seemed to read my mind, because she mentioned this.

“A man had body hair, and so does a woman, of course. But her hair is fine, almost imperceptible. It serves its purpose and has no excess. That is our ideal, and it is the same for your musculature: healthy and fit, but without excess. Elegance and grace in abundance.”

I sighed. The bliss was incredible. It truly was as if my flesh was being sculpted and remade. But something was off, there was no denying that. Something was happening to my body, but it was so hard to even think about it. The music, her voice, her *touch*, all of it magnified that hypnotic effect. It was like trying to get out of a warm bed in the middle of winter, even if you had to pee. Yes, I knew something was wrong, but the existing comfort was a heavy gravity pulling me down. I had to go with the flow. Clearly, this woman knew her art. I was, as she had said, a bit paranoid.

I had to leave that behind and embrace the serenity.

“Are you ready to do the front now, Steven?”

I hadn't even noticed she was finished. My hands and feet were in a state of divinity. Like my limbs, they felt smaller, but each had been attended to with such loving, careful massages. I blushed, still aware of my hard on. I lifted my head to tell her that I might need a minute, only to find myself staring directly into her dark and mesmerising eyes. God, she was beautiful, and bent over as she was, her breasts hung like ripe fruit from her chest.

“Don't be worried, Steven, it's nothing I haven't seen before.”

I stammered a reply, lost in those eyes. “I - ahh, okay, but it's just that I-”

Then she kissed me. No, I'm not kidding: she kissed me. This gorgeous woman planted her luscious lips on mine and kissed me, and she didn't pull those lips away for some long, long seconds. It was the first kiss I'd had in months and months, and the first one

that felt like it had actual passion behind it instead of being from a girl who just wasn't all that interested.

"You're already a natural at attracting others with all that cute blushing you're doing," Andrea teased. "A good trait: the kind of thing that will turn on a dominant partner."

I blushed further, not quite grasping what she was saying but taking the lovely compliment. "D-do you usually kiss your customers?" I asked, venturing to see if this was genuine interest.

"Only the special ones," she said, kissing me on the cheek in such a way that my entire body shivered. Was this even appropriate? Was it just part of the experience? Did I even care anymore?

I decided that I didn't. I move the towel to cover my genitals, then I shifted over to my back. I was aware of my raging hard on, but she simply adjusted the towel to better cover it. Then I closed my eyes as she placed a pillow beneath my head. She adjusted my position and that of my arms and legs, and I allowed her to do so. Michael had been right; it truly felt like I was a puddle of water in this woman's hands, like I could simply melt into a state of pure pleasure.

This experience was only heightened by her next approach. Andrea placed her fingertips upon my neck and began to brush against my cords and Adam's apple. She teased the muscles there, never pushing too deeply, but nevertheless managing to work upon the muscles and release further tension in my neck. To my embarrassment, I actually moaned. And not a gentle sigh, but a sound that was almost sexual in nature. Obviously, someone else agreed with me in the women's area, because they began making some quite girly moans as well.

"Mhm, that's quite good," I said, and a woman nearby must have happened to say the same thing at the same time, because I heard it out loud in a female voice.

Wait.

"Ahhh . . . p-perfect."

It was *my voice*. My voice was the one that was making girly moans and girly sounds. It was *me*. How the hell had that happened? Andrea was still positioned at my head, bending over me. When I opened my eyes, I realised that her rack was hanging not too far from my eyes. It was a tantalising sight, and only embarrassed me further that I was sounding so female while this was in view of me, my dick hard at the sight of it.

"Uh, I mean, that shit is really good, yeah," I said, trying to sound like some kind of alpha male. Only I failed badly, not just in the stupid words that I said but in how I said them; my voice cracked fiercely as if I were a hormonal teenager again, waiting for my balls to drop. Andrea giggled at my tone.

“It’s alright, Steven. Simply be the person you are meant to be. There is no shame in Serenity Spa, only peace and acceptance.”

I took her words to heart and relaxed myself. I gazed at her eyes one last time, enjoying the way her mouth turned into a crook of a knowing smile, and then closed them again. Well, technically I also checked out the way her criss-crossed top pushed up her amazing tits, but perhaps that was another reason I struggled to get a girl; I just couldn’t help but take a peek even if it was really obvious.

Thankfully, her hands then moved up to my scalp. I still had the tingly throat, and my moans and sighs - even my audible breathing - sounded far too female for comfort, but the hypnotic state of this place was simply too wonderful to care too deeply. I let myself enjoy the gentle scalp massage she provided. She even pulled at some of my hair, but instead of this being painful, it felt more like . . . adjustment. Yes, adjustment was the way to put it. My hair had always been fairly short, but she manipulated it so that I suddenly had bangs going down to my eyes, and then further again as she began pulling out strands of hair. Not pulling them out literally - there was no plucking going on - rather, she was literally extending my hair. I could feel the weight of it as it was stretched like taffy, long silken strands that hung off the sides and back of the massage table. Soon it was as much of a hair treatment as it was a scalp massage.

I should have been freaking out. This was impossible, right? But it was like my rational, logical brain had been separated almost entirely from my emotional, pleasure-seeking one. I couldn’t get them to reconcile, and within this space, with this woman and her hands especially, the emotional brain was in charge, and it wanted *more*.

“Such lovely hair. Raven-dark, and with cute bangs. Less and less like Steven now. Do not panic. Do no worry. Do not fear. You are simply becoming who you are meant to be. You can feel it, can’t you?”

I bit my lip. God, I could. I could *feel* it, even if it made no sense. I couldn’t admit that out loud, though, so I simply nodded rapidly, lost in the catharsis she was continually providing me.

She applied further attention to my face, even the structure of my jawline. I sighed in that same feminine fashion, my voice ever sweeter as she corrected the shape of my face, even working her fingers along the bridge of my nose to shrink its size. She ran her tips along my eyebrows, massaging them into what had to be a more pleasing shape, and then worked along my jawline, softening the tissue. The bone made cracking sounds as it was adjusted, and that too felt *right*. Even the sensual way she touched my lips seemed to serve a purpose: they were slightly plumper when she was finished with them, and even the split in my lower lip was gone, the soreness gone.

It was at this point that Andrea shifted around to the side of the table, staring down at me. I'd opened my eyes at this stage, and I followed her gaze down to my lap, where I was very clearly tenting up the white towel that covered my hard member. I felt my cheeks go rosy red, but Andrea just smiled softly.

"Shall I remove the towel? I wouldn't want to miss a very, very vital area in your Serenity Spa experience."

I gulped and nodded, not wanting to speak in that strangely sweet tone. She removed the towel easily, and my erect penis was fully unleashed. Her eyes seemed to sparkle for a moment.

"Very impressive, Steven. You have quite the healthily developed manhood, I see. Very firm, very nicely sized, and lovely in its shape."

I . . . did not expect her to compliment my dick. I mean, I didn't think I was small at all, and more than once Michael had actually said he wished he could have a real dick that was "around my size." But I just figured he wouldn't want to go too big, what with being born biologically a girl and all.

"You know, I don't provide this service to most of my clients, but it would be a shame not to give you one last moment of pleasure with such a specimen, before, well, you know . . ."

I didn't know. Her damn words and movements and appearance were making it so hard to think; my blood was rushing down to my erection, making my penis visibly throb with anticipation. I gasped in a slightly feminine manner as she grabbed my penis, then proceeded to stroke it. As with everything else, her careful movements were perfect, squeezing every bit of sensation she could out of my member. Her grip was steady but not too firm, and with each stroke she summoned forth tantalising little moans from me.

"Good stroking technique is important," she purred. "A good girl knows how to stroke a penis well. Remember this. Be a good boy, Steven. You're a good boy."

She continued to pump away, using her other hand to delicately tease my balls. I could feel them contract a little, just waiting for the moment to expel as much semen as they could once I erupted. Was she really going to take me all the way there?

"Good boy," she repeated as I grunted. She began to speed up, massaging even more firmly, cupping my testicles and fondling them in a highly erotica way.

"Good boy," she repeated. "I bet you want to cum soon. Cum hard, don't you?"

"Y-yes," I managed.

"Good girl," she said.

"Wha - what did you just - ahh!"

"Good girl," Andrea repeated, and I didn't have any desire to contradict her this time. I was caught in an incredible haze as she continued to speak, stroking me from head to shaft

and cupping my balls with her lithe hand. "And since you'll be such a good girl, you'll know how to submit to a man like this, and how to please him. How to stroke him just like this, and how to play with his balls to stimulate his pleasure. You'll know how much this turns you on, and his pleasure will become yours. And -"

She pulled away her hand. God, I was on the verge of coming, and she suddenly stops! I was in damn agony, and it was almost enough for my mind to clear and wonder just what the hell was happening to me and my body.

"And," she said again, grinning mischievously as gestured for me to sit on the side of the massage table, "a good girl knows when to stop and move to the next, even better part."

She lowered herself down a little. Then, it actually happened. My dream. My fantasy. Andrea actually lowered herself down upon me, slowly, never breaking eye contact, and then placed her lips upon my cock, kissing it gently. I stiffened further just from that.

"Ahh," I moaned, cooing like a woman.

"I recommend you pay attention," she said, turning a crank on the table to lower it, allowing her to go to her knees. "This is how a good girl does her work, and it will allow you to seduce any man." She began to undo her top at the back, and her large breasts came free, naked and glorious, her large pink nipples like darling strawberries. "Do all of this, and never lose eye contact with your partner. Follow the lead I give you now."

This had to be her kink. It simply had to be. Her nipples were stiff as she slid them up against my legs, and then she cupped them around my penis, briefly titty-fucking me. I could barely believe what was happening. I was so lost in it that I only just noticed how slim my arms and legs were, how utterly hairless.

But then she began to lower her mouth to my cock again.

"Men love this part," she said, not losing eye contact with me.

"I - I agree. Holy fuck this is hot as hell. Your eyes, keep looking at me. Please."

She grinned, and kept on staring even as she began to suck away. I groaned, clutching her head with my dainty hand. Yes, it looked like a woman's hand, and I sounded like a woman, and my long black hair was down my naked back, as if it were a woman's hairstyle. It was all wrong, and so very right. The haze of pleasure was upon me, and all I cared about was the feelings of pleasure as she sucked me off with an intensity and passion I had never known before.

All of a sudden she stood, forcing me onto the table so that I was once more on my back. I had been so damn close, and even dared to think about complaining, when suddenly Andrea climbed up onto the table. She'd removed her skirt, revealing her naked flesh in all its sumptuous beauty. She had pleasing hips and a damn fine ass, and her breasts bounced as she straddled me.

“Men also like this position. It allows them to access the entire female body. Do not forget this.”

She lowered herself and licked my chest, smearing it with oil even as she sucked on my nipples. They were oddly sensitive, not that I was complaining, and the feelings only rose as she massaged the oil into them. They became oddly alive, stiffening and growing rapidly, expanding outwards to develop wider areolas.

“Mmhhh,” I moaned in my feminine voice. “Y-yessss. Don’t s-stop.”

“I’ll keep going until my job is done, I promise.”

She rubbed and massaged more of my recently-hairless chest. She pressed my pecs together, stroking her fingers around the flesh in clockwise motions. With every touch and feel, a pressure mounted. Just like my ass, my chest seemed to expand, tissue and fat pushing up from behind the nipple to form small cones. It was an exquisite feeling, an experience of total release, and I could help but clutch them as well. She grabbed my hands, working them over my new breasts even as she lowered herself onto my cock. She gripped it again, sliding it deep inside of her, and I cooed at this act of penetration. For reasons I couldn’t explain, part of me was actually jealous of her. Of her pleasure. Of how she could be *penetrated*.

My breasts grew, filling her hands. I had breasts. Actual breasts, and they were wonderful as she massaged them. She continued to bend over even as she rode me, sucking on my tits, causing pulses of pleasure to ripple through my form. God, they were so fucking sexy, why hadn’t I had tits all my adult life!?

I couldn’t be passive anymore. I couldn’t have this simply *done* to me. I was too aroused to turn back, and too eager to finally take charge of what was given to me. I began to thrust up, gripping her hips as I pulled her down upon my cock. Her ass bounced, and so did *mine*, my rounded backside providing excellent padding for our sexual position. I fondled her breasts as she fondled mine, and what followed was a veritable *rage* of passion.

“You’re so big,” she moaned, gripping my shoulders and riding me more aggressively. “So big and wonderful!”

“Do you want m-more?” I asked. “Like this?”

I gripped her hips and thrust harder, causing her to cry out in pleasure. “You’re bigger than George! Cum in me! Cum in me now!”

I couldn’t hold it in anymore, and I certainly didn’t want to. I thrust up one last time, coinciding perfectly with her own downwards movement. Her tight, wet pussy clamped down upon my dick and held onto it for all that it was worth. I shrieked - literally *shrieked* - the pleasure overriding me as a full sense of feminine energy flooded through my body. Another flood occurred: my balls contracted, and moments later I ejaculated harder than I ever had in my entire life. I filled her, my dick pumping again and again until I could barely keep track of

the ecstasy. The edges of my vision started to blur, leaving me to shake and shiver. My world started to turn black, even as Andrea cried out again, her breasts shaking in my face, her pussy still milking me for all that I was worth.

And then, it became all too much. I collapsed backwards, and my vision became a swirl.

I'd cum so hard that I actually passed out.

## Reunion

I was woken from my stupor by hands upon me, hands that were not so careful and delicate as I remembered them being. I almost fell back to sleep until I was fully shaken, at which point I finally opened my eyes to see a fully-clothed Andrea, still looking beautiful but her expression concerned.

"Miss Chan? Are you alright? Miss Chan!"

I blinked. Something was wrong. My whole body was wrong. "I - I'm okay. I think. What's happened to me?"

My voice was so high-pitched and soft. I didn't sound *like* a woman, my voice was a woman's.

"I don't understand," I repeated, clutching my throat as if something was wrong with it. "What's happened?"

"You came in with your friend Michael for a couple's double massage package, remember? We got into it during your massage. It was quite . . . passionate, as you might recall. We helped you find your right self. But I admit, I may have overdone it. Still, now that the massage is over, I hope you enjoy the new you!"

I was beyond confusion by this point. Why was she calling me Miss Chan? Why did I have these weird weights on my chest? Was I naked? I had to think, and it was only then that I remembered everything that had transpired. And this time, it was without that powerful hypnotic effect.

Which made me realise, finally, *exactly* what had happened.

I practically *flung* myself off of the massage table, startling Andrea. My new breasts bounced, thankfully not too heavily. I was still entirely naked, though thankfully the smell of massage oils disguised the scene of sex that would have otherwise lingered in the air. I almost hesitated, my eyes clenched shut, but I couldn't be passive. That was one change I *could* accept.

I took a deep breath, and looked down.

At my breasts.

*My* breasts.

The breasts I now had.

The breasts that were mine.

I cupped them. They were not small, but thankfully they were not big either. I wasn't good with cup sizes - Michelle used to be a simple A-cup - but mine were definitely at least one size bigger than her. So . . . perhaps a B-cup? But they kinda looked bigger than that. Or maybe it was just that looking down and feeling them on *my* chest instead of someone else's, they just seemed all the larger. I could feel the weight of them. God, it was weird just having my nipples be over an inch forward from where they should have been.

My body was thinner. My shape was womanly. My hair was long, and as I touched my face it was obvious that it had changed. My jawline was softer, my lips as well. My nose, my cheeks . . . all of it. About the only thing that hadn't changed was my height, and the fact that I still had my penis.

Wait.

I couldn't feel it.

Andrea must have sensed my realisation, because she tried to say something.

"Miss Chan, this may be a little disorient-"

My hand flew south, so fast it was almost as if it had its own mind, as eager to learn the truth as I was. Sure enough, my dick was gone. I still had pubic hair, but it was different, in shape and texture. I sent my fingers lower, and sure enough, there was my genitalia. My *new* genitalia.

I had a pussy.

An actual pussy. A slit. A cooch. A clam. A vagina. A vulva.

The works. I slipped my fingers inside of myself for just a moment, only to shiver in response to the sensations. My nipples stiffened. Evidently, my body was quite sensitive. My *new* body.

I gasped, pulling my hand away. My new internal passage had become a little . . . moist. It was a good heat, and I had to take a deep breath in such a way that my breasts rose and fell.

"But why . . . why am I a woman? Why am I a *girl!*?"

Andrea gave me a funny look. "As far as I know, you've always been a girl, silly! You're Stephanie Chan! You signed the waiver for our female side of the spa, don't you recall?"

It didn't make sense. "No, I don't! I - what about Michael? Where is he at?"

"Just finishing up in the male stall, of course! We had you split, as you might recall, by your own request."

“But - but is he still a guy?”

Again, that amused expression. “Of course! He’s most definitely a guy, being on the male side. He’s just with George. You’re a lucky one from what I’ve heard, being paired with him and all. I can’t imagine why you two lovebirds wanted to be split up.”

Everything was happening so fast. “Um, lovebirds? What - I don’t understand?”

“I’ll give you a hint,” she said. “You keep yourself close to that man. You keep a man happy and he’ll keep his girl happy. I hope you remember those tips I gave on you pleasing him, huh?”

She winked at me. “Look, it was a solid session, and I’m sorry for overdoing it, but at least we found the true you.”

“The true me!?” I gasped, feeling my body and covering my breasts with my forearm. “You made me into a woman!”

“You’ve always been so! I told you that Serenity Spa would reveal your truest self, and here you are Miss Chan. Miss *Stephanie* Chan.”

“S-Stephanie?”

She gave me a wink. “I’ll leave you to put on your clothes. You can head around and meet your boyfriend at reception.”

“What are you talking about? I don’t have a boyfriend!”

Andrea placed a hand on my slim, naked shoulder. “Of course you do, honey. How else would you complete the couple’s massage?”

Did she really not understand what was going on, or was this a game to her? I pinched my soft skin just to make sure I wasn’t dreaming, but sure enough, this was reality. A changed reality. “Sure, Michael,” I said in a flat monotone, the weight of it hitting me. “My boyfriend . . .”

“Precisely! Well, I hope you feel better soon. I mean, you did say it was your anniversary today, after all. Now I hope you come back and tell me how your night goes after all of that advice. What you do tonight will determine whether you embrace your true self or revert to how you were before the massage. So it’ll all be up to you. Now, I really must fly. These booths have some arcane sound proofing but our ‘discourse’ earlier may have annoyed some patrons. I better go work my *magic* on them, hmm?”

She left before I could say another word, parting the curtains and exiting down the hall. That left me in my new female body. She’d called me *Stephanie*. I had a female *name!*?

I gathered up my clothing as quickly as possible. Only it wasn’t *my* clothing, but rather the clothing Andrea had left me. Somehow. This had to be another part of the magic of this place, because magic was the only explanation for how they’d not only turned me female but left me the exact same shirt and jeans that I’d worn in, only in a far more feminine sizing and style now. The jeans were a lighter blue, with deliberate rips in the knees, and the

shirt left part of my flat midriff on display. Even my shoes were more feminine; pink rather than blue in colour, though at least it wasn't a vibrant hot pink, but a subdued shade instead. I grabbed a scrunchie and put my hair into a loose ponytail, hoping that it would at least keep the hair from my eyes. I had to brush the bangs to either side, of course.

I couldn't think about how ridiculous - or worse, *appropriate* - I looked. I had to run. I rushed out to find Michael, nearly crashing into Felicia as I did so. She gave me a beaming smile.

"Oh, Miss Chan! Your boyfriend finished up before you. He's just waiting by reception. I'll take you there now."

She took me straight to Michael, though I could barely focus given all that had happened to me. My breasts jostled minutely in my bra - which, by the way, had been damn hard to put on - and my hips swayed a little. Not much, but my centre of gravity had changed, and so even walking was a bit different.

Sure enough, Michael was waiting at reception, standing while looking at his phone. I was afraid that he, too, had been changed, but he looked exactly the same. Wait, no. That wasn't true. He looked *mostly* the same, but it was clear that he was a little more built, his jaw a bit more square. Could it be?

But he was still fairly short, and I was still 5'11. So there was that. Maybe he hadn't really changed, and it was a trick of the light. Maybe he would remember the real me?

My hopes were shredded the moment he looked at me. He had a facial expression I hadn't seen on him since our earliest days of dating, back when he'd been Michelle and had looked at me with . . . longing. Desire. Attraction. *Romance*.

"Stephanie, my baby girl! How's my pretty princess feeling after her massage?"

He crossed the short distance between us and enfolded me in his arms, then kissed me on the forehead before pulling back. His hand caressed my cheek.

"Pretty p-princess?" I managed.

"Of course you are," he said. "Jeez, you feel all kinds of relaxed. I bet it was one good massage. Doesn't she look relaxed, Felicia? Like a puddle, right?"

Felicia giggled. "I wouldn't say that, but you certainly both look cute together!"

"Damn straight we do," he replied, hand still around my waist. "Can we get a picture?"

"Of course!"

I was too struck to say anything. When Michael asked if we could use my phone since my camera was better, I brought it out like an automaton without comment. I entered the short passcode, and to my terror saw something else.

My home screen had changed.

It now depicted a wallpaper of the new girl me at a beach. I looked pretty, in a cute girl-next-door way. The kind of woman who was very attractive but certainly not a supermodel. I looked like a real person; pretty and relatable, my hand moving to sweep my black hair away from my eyes in the clear wind. I was wearing a white bikini, and I looked *good* in it. Michael obviously thought so too, because he was with me in the photo, standing behind me with both hands around me, holding my trim midsection. We were both laughing. We looked like an attractive young couple *in love*.

Felicia took the phone from me, and I stuttered some thanks as she took our photo. I think I even gave an awkward, embarrassed smile as she took several pictures. Michael's hand snaked down to my butt and gave it a stealthy squeeze, leaving me to give a girlish 'eep!'

What the hell was happening? How could reality have changed like this?

I could only ponder Andrea's words as an explanation. She'd said that this was the 'true me', for whatever reason, and that my actions tonight would either confirm that change or could revert myself back.

God, I hoped I could revert myself back. No matter what little fantasies I'd had or the occasional day dream, I wasn't meant to be a girl!

Truly!

## Home Life

The drive home was the strangest damn experience and certainly the most awkward ride of my life. Not only had I changed into a woman, but it seemed that for whatever reason, Michael had driven me here, which meant I couldn't even have a panic attack in my own damn car. Instead I had to act normal while he drove me home. I couldn't stop looking down at my chest, or subtly feeling my body, and Michael clearly enjoyed this.

"You really are relaxed, babe. If I weren't driving, I'd be cupping those tits of yours myself, you know."

I grimaced at that, but a small part of me welcomed his comment. It sounds insane, I know, but the magic of the massage had definitely changed me mentally, and I was only just starting to realise it. For one, I was definitely *way* more passive, perhaps even *submissive*. Part of it was definitely shock, but I'd gotten into the car at Michael's insistence, and didn't protest when he commented on how attractive I was. Which was the other major change; despite how truly insane this situation was, part of me got these little warm flashes, like butterflies in my stomach, when my best friend complimented me. In this reality, he was my

boyfriend, something which was way too weird to think about, and yet when he looked at me I felt . . . special.

Ugh, it was all too weird.

It got even weirder when he drove me home. Instead of dropping me off, though, he instead opened the garage door via a remote he somehow had on his keyring, and then drove the entire car in. Mine was nowhere to be seen.

“Um, what are you doing parking at my place?” I asked.

“Well, I thought I’d avoid the dog kennel tonight,” he joked. “Don’t worry, I know it’s your place, even if we’ve been living together ever since we got a shared mortgage on it. After all, every good boyfriend knows his girl is the real master of the household. Now come on, let’s get inside. After that massage, I wanna lie back on the couch with my sexy bae.”

I nodded, almost demurely. It wasn’t that I’d accepted this situation, but that I was overcome by it, and my stupid changed brain was just so much more . . . passive. It didn’t help that Michael’s personality was also changed. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say he was ‘enhanced.’ He had always been confident, much more so after his transition, but now he was positively *invigorated*, opening up the door and urging me through with a charming smile on his features.

“Ladies first!” he announced, before entering my house. It was frustrating, because my body was not responding in the right way. I kept flashing back to the words that Andrea had spoken to me, about how to please a man, and it was filling me with a strange heat. My nipples were tensing in my bra, and that was *not* a sentence I ever expected to think. Damn these stupid female hormones!

“So, uh, this is our place,” I managed.

“Our happy home,” Michael said, moving to the kitchen. “Can I make you a coffee? Pumpkin spice, just the way you like them?”

I was about to protest, but . . . that sounded *delicious*. Had my taste buds changed in the process? I gave a sheepish grin and nodded.

“Thanks, that’d be, uh, amazing.”

“One pumpkin spice latte on the coffee machine, coming right up, my sweet!”

As he got to work on the coffee machine that definitely hadn’t been there this morning, I took the time to look around our living space. It was altered not in any major way, but in all the little identifiable ways that demonstrated that a couple lived here, not a man alone. There were little feminine decorations, more plants, and a larger couch. The kitchen was well-stocked and more organised, and there were little calendar reminders for the both of us - well, the Stephanie me that I was stuck as. There were even photo frames scattered about in the living room, all of which displayed photos of us together, including one with me wearing a dress that was quite stylish and cute at a party or a club. I was holding Michael

and resting my head on his, what with me being quite a bit taller than my short guy. It was a very sweet and romantic photo, and I couldn't remember the last time I'd been that happy. The way I was looking at him . . .

"Here's your coffee!"

I nearly jumped, but instead overcorrected myself and began to fall backwards. With one smooth motion he caught me with one hand while not spilling a drop from the cup. I looked up at him, chest heaving, my breasts rising in my shirt and a little bit of cleavage on display thanks to the loose collar. I swallowed. Since when was Michael so fucking handsome? Since when was he so *strong*? I couldn't resist touching his muscles, just a little bit, my other hand feeling his back.

"Nice catch," I said, though my voice was just a little more aroused-sounding than I intended.

"Hey, it's not every day I get to catch my princess. Besides, this is a good look."

"Speak for yourself - my coffee!"

I took it quickly as he helped me back up, taking a gentle sip before I could say the rather flirtatious statement that had nearly leapt out of my mouth. He just gave me a kiss on the cheek as he left me to have my drink and go make his own.

"Hey, Michael!" I managed.

"Yeah, baby girl?"

I halted for a moment, unsure of how to broach the subject. Hell, I still wasn't even used to my sweet, feminine voice. "Um, has anything changed since this morning? I mean, for us? Do you notice any big differences?"

He cocked his head in an owl-like fashion. "What do you mean?"

"Like, do you notice any differences in me? From this morning. Physically, I mean. Since the massage, specifically."

He nodded. "Oh, I see. Gotcha. Yeah, I see a massive difference. It's pretty obvious."

I sighed, relieved to not feel like I was a crazy man - or lady, rather.

"You're even hotter after the massage," he said, before giving me the finger-guns and a dorkish wink and setting off back to the kitchen for his own coffee. I was left standing there, wildly confused. Somehow, he'd been perfectly translated into this new reality without a hitch, but meanwhile, I had all my old memories but was apparently being courted by Michael! Wait, was it still courted if we were living together? I'd only noticed one bed in the bedroom . . . God. The courting was *done*. We were *together*.

I tried to play along and not be seen as a psycho person, but it was a lot to swallow. Worse, Michael was just so damn *doting*. He made us an afternoon light lunch; delicious chicken-salad rolls with tomato, cheese, cucumber slices, and the exact kind of garlic aioli I liked. It was delicious, and when I moaned after a particularly sumptuous bite, he gave me

an amused look that filled my cheeks with colour. I still had all the relaxed feelings after the massage - not to mention that post-coital pleasure as well - so I found myself quite floppy and wanting to just lie down on the couch. I mean, I'd just turned into a frickin' woman and entered a new reality - or probably just had mine changes - so I needed to gather myself. And yet, as soon as I lay back on the couch, there Michael was with a restful pillow and a comforting blanket that made the experience so very soothing. He kissed me on the forehead again, and I almost shivered in reluctant delight. Something was wrong with me, because my logical side really wanted to fix this, but my new female side wanted to just enjoy all this pampering and also the sight of him working out.

Yes, he worked out in view of me, keeping his grunting to a minimum, but looking damn muscular in his workout top. God, I wanted to touch those muscles again. Even as he worked out, he talked about how excited he was to celebrate our 'first anniversary together.' Apparently, seeing this 'gun show' on display was part of the entertainment for me, and the weirdest part was . . . I was really enjoying it. In fact, I found it hard to look away from his impressive muscles, and he clearly was exaggerating his lifts just to catch my wandering eye.

"I can't believe it took us so long to get together," he said, lifting his weights. "You're just the perfect girl, and I want to do everything to make you happy."

I shivered again, once more thinking about Andrea's words - if I made him happy, he'll make me happy. Perhaps my actions could revert me? Maybe if I did my best to please him, then my happiness would be fully restored as a result of me becoming a man again!

But how to make him happy? Perhaps something simple . . .

"So . . . would you like to play some video games together?" I asked. "Or maybe watch some soccer?"

He came and sat down next to me on the couch, brushing my cheek with his hand. It was a very romantic gesture, and again that kernel of bliss seemed to erupt inside of me. It was hard not to appreciate his firm jawline or his swaggering confidence - which was even bigger now.

"That sounds great, but don't go out of your way, sweetie. You know I love spending time with my babe. I've got some bigger plans for us a little later, but that'll be a surprise. For now, you can just rest up. One thing; I want you looking pretty tonight for me. Dress up special. That's the only thing you need to do - unless you want to do anything else, of course?"

"No!" I said quickly, before smiling sweetly. "Whatever makes you happy, Mikey?"

He grinned. "I love it when you call me Mikey."

It was then that he kissed me again. This time I embraced it more, despite myself. His lips were tantalising, and that warmth spread throughout me. Without even thinking I

touched his arm, my other hand on the back of his neck in order to keep the kiss further prolonged. His tongue entered my mouth briefly, and I dared to enter his with mine. I told myself that it was just to make him happy, in order to turn back, but the truth was that it felt *great*. I'd always imagined what it would be like to be a girl and kiss a guy, just an idle thought I'd come to again and again over the years, and now I was living it. It was just some silly fantasy, but now it *bloomed* something within me.

Finally, he pulled back, as if coming up for air.

"I fucking love you," he said.

I couldn't stop grinning. I didn't say anything back, but I kissed his nose in a moment of spontaneity. Surely that would be answer enough? It seemed to make him happy. And that was all I needed to do, right?

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I did exactly as Mikey - um, I mean *Michael* - had directed. I went to my bedroom, which was *our* bedroom now - and perused what I could wear. I had to psyche myself up for it; I was so damn comfortable on the couch that I actually fell asleep for nearly an hour, and I woke with an even comfier blanket on me, which made me blush at just how romantic and pampering Michael was being. Still, it was quite a shock to wake up to being female again. I inspected myself privately in the mirror for what felt like years, removing all of my clothing to see everything on display. I really did have that cute girl-next-door vibe, my face pretty without being intimidating, my figure lovely but not the kind you'd see on the cover of a magazine.

I was a real person, and somehow that was . . . more beautiful. I was *real*.

It was also worse. If I'd been some blow-up Asian doll with big tits and wide hips and full lips then I would be wanting to escape being some busty bimbo with all of my might. This, on the other hand, was far more tempting. I was like an attractive female version of myself. I cupped my breasts together and felt them, squeezing them together and noting the line of cleavage I could form. Thank God that they weren't too big, but they definitely needed bra support.

"You can do this, Steven," I told my mirror self, my voice soft and more than a little nervous. "You can change back. Just keep him happy."

The thing was, I *wanted* him to be happy. It wasn't even quite a compulsion; nothing was forcing me. I simply . . . wanted my best friend to be filled with joy, even if he was now my unaware boyfriend. I decided to use that energy. I wanted to please him, so, time to dress up in something that pleased him!

I had a shower, inspecting more of my body in the process. It was luxuriating, and my skin was more sensitive. Michael was running some mysterious errands for tonight, giving

me a couple of hours to prepare, and I was getting a little bit excited for some reason. I was glad he didn't join me in the shower, at least, because that would be a bridge too far! Once I got out, I toweled my hair and did exactly as my sisters once showed me; putting it on top of my head around my hair in order to dry it. Once I'd done that enough, it was time to get ready.

I tried on more than a few dresses and outfits. I didn't want to wear something slutty - that would be quite the ask! - but thankfully my new wardrobe tended towards stylishly sexy. Obviously this was our anniversary, so I had to look good. A nice summer dress looked rather flattering on me, but seemed too outdoorsy. A red blouse and jeans definitely made me double-take at how cool I looked as a tall, pretty girl, but it didn't seem quite right. Not feminine enough for this event. Soon I was trying on all sorts of things, and it was making me exhilarated, despite that not being my attention. I tried on dresses and skirts and crop tops, even some lingerie that was clearly intended for the bedroom, and in the end I found *exactly* what I needed to wear: a slim little sleeveless black dress that was stylish and sexy, revealing yet not too much, enough to tease my best friend without being an overt invitation to sex. Well, actually, it kinda *was*, but it was just too perfect! It had a kind of Audrey Hepburn in *Breakfast at Tiffany's* vibe to it, and I even giggled as I posed a little. I won't say I had the biggest butt or anything, thank God, but my tush really did look nice in it too, and with the little dip in the front, my cleavage did look rather nice. Not huge, but very appealing.

I was kinda addicted by this point, so I even spent the next hour going completely overboard. I had to really experiment with makeup and jewellery, but they came more naturally to me than I would have expected. Was it a mental change again, or was I simply a fast learner? Certainly, I'd often raided my sisters' lipstick collections when I was younger, and I wasn't a stranger to things like foundation. More than most men, I'd found use in facial care, at first for my acne and then later on because I liked it. Hell, I occasionally imagined I was a pretty girl just like now.

For the fun of it, obviously. It wasn't like I had wanted to be a girl. This was *not* my true self.

In the end, I finished up. I had cute hanging earrings, gold with little gleaming studs in the centre of them, and a similarly golden necklace that hung down between my breasts, drawing the eye there. I settled on light red lipstick, bordering on but not quite pink, and some eyeshadow for my eyes. Yes, I knew how to use eyeshadow, and the look was wonderful. I'd gone from being pretty to drop dead gorgeous, and I posed several times before I realised Steven was in the room, enjoying the show.

"Holy shit, babe. You are fucking *smoking*."

I turned with a surprised little 'eep!', but didn't cover my body. I fluttered my eyelashes nervously. "So you like it?"

“I do,” he said. “I very, very much do. It makes me want to fuck your brains out right here you’re so hot, but I’ve got plans.”

I bit my lip. He looked damned sexy too. He was still his short self, but his confidence was off the charts, and he was wearing a fine white button shirt and slacks that made him look the perfect compliment to me. He’d even gelled his hair, making it look professional but with little licks that betrayed his cavalier self. He placed his hands on my waist, feeling down before squeezing my butt. I let out an involuntary moan.

“Mhmm, so fucking good.”

“You, um, don’t look so bad yourself. Really, really handsome, actually.”

“I was going for handsome,” he said, going up on his toes and kissing me. It was also kinda sexy to be taller than my man, in a way. Than Michael, I mean.

“C’mon,” he said. “Let me drive you. Time for our true anniversary dinner.”

## **Anniversary**

I gasped as we arrived at our destination. *The Lux* was one of the finest hotels in the city, famed for its amazing restaurants, its luxury treatments, its room-service, its - its everything! And here I was, being led up to my room in this splendid building, dressed up to the nines. Some men had even looked approvingly at Michael as we passed, as if to say ‘well done on scoring her!’

And it made me smile. The art deco design of the building was classic, like something out of the Golden Age of Hollywood, and I was practically giddy by the time we got to our room. It wasn’t just any room, either. Michael must have been saving for some time, because he’d booked the best suite in the house on the top floor; the largest and most luxurious room there was.

“Just for one night,” Mikey said as he used his keycard. “But it’s going to be one hell of a night. They usually do a whole tour and service for us, but I’ve postponed that. I had to come over and organise something more elaborate. I hope that’s okay.”

I didn’t understand what he meant until he opened the door and ushered me in with a “ladies first,” comment. We used to do that jokingly to each other, now it was wonderfully sincere. Even more sincere and romantic was what he had prepared for me: an entire trail of red rose petals leading from the other side of the door and through the entire suite.

“Go on, follow the yellow brick road,” he said. “Or rather, the red rose petal road.”

I swallowed, so nervous. I stepped forward, my heart thudding with anticipation. The suite was amazing. God, there was even a hot tub, and the balcony was amazing! But the

rose petals went around the elaborate lounge area, past the fridge and the complimentary gifts from the hotel, all the way to . . .

. . . to the bedroom.

It was huge, and looked incredibly comfortable. The rose petals went up onto the bed, filling it. On a little round serving table placed beside the bed there was a full wine and charcuterie dinner with a romantic and peaceful ambience not unlike the spa from earlier today. I was so astonished that my jaw simply fell. I had never had experience like this given to me. Not . . . ever!

“Mikey,” I said, not even sure what to follow that up with.

Two loving arms encircled me, strong and sure. He kissed my upper arm from behind, and I exhaled from the sheer delight of his touch. God, this was so romantic.

“Happy anniversary, babe,” he whispered. “I told you I wanted to go out.”

“Mikey, this is something else.”

He turned me around. “That’s because you’re something else. I love you, Stephanie. I have for so long, and I wish I’d asked you out sooner. You’re my tall, beautiful, loving, hilarious woman. I always enjoy my banter with you, how you give it as good as you get it, and yet you’re always as sweet as apple pie somehow.”

I bit my lower lip. I’d always loved that gesture as a man, but now it came automatically to me as a woman. God, no wonder Michael had been such a lady killer; he was so damn romantic and complimentary, and it was making me blush.

“Michael, this is incredible. Th-thank you.”

“You can thank me later,” he said. “For now, let’s eat and drink and be merry.”

“Do we take the wine and food out or-”

“Are you kidding? Honey, we are *not* leaving the bedroom tonight unless it’s to get in that hot spa!”

It was the right call. The bed was more comfortable than anything I’d ever laid on, and I let Michael feed me the best morsels and serve us wine. I even fed him back, and soon our playful banter returned as it had always been, laughing at one another’s little teasing, pretending to share food only to eat it ourselves, giggling over how ludicrously fine this place was and me busting his balls over how in debt he probably now was, only for him to turn around and joke that with all my dresses, I was probably more in debt than him. It made everything feel so natural, even as we fed one another, drank wine, and became more and more flirtatious with one another. By the time we had finished eating, I knew I had to be careful. I’d made him happy so far, but I could have sworn he was making me far more happy, even stuck as a girl! I couldn’t stop looking into his eyes or appreciating how sexy he was in his white shirt and professional pants; they were very well fitting to reveal his muscles. I also had another hunger stirring, one I was a little anxious about. Despite myself,

my new vagina was starting to get moist. I rubbed my thighs together, and tried to ignore how much my nipples were tensing, as if aching for him to touch them.

Calm down, Steph! Calm down! This is just temporary!

That's what I told myself, but I still felt that strong attraction - that *arousal* - anyway.

Of course, with dinner and drinks away, there was a tension now in the air. Michael cuddled up against me, and I could feel his fake phallus - the one he wore as a transgender man - rubbing up against me as he kissed my neck tenderly. I didn't pull away, and instead made little gasping sounds that I'm sure he loved. It was just to keep him happy, of course, even if they were, well, involuntary.

"I love you so much, Steph," he told me. "I want to be together with you forever."

"I - ahh - want that t-too," I said. The words came easily.

"I always did. Ever since we were kids playing dollhouse together. It makes me want to raise a family with you, just like we talked about. A whole house full of kids!" He laughed, pulling back to look into my eyes. "Wouldn't that be incredible?"

I swallowed. "Um, how would we have kids? Are we gonna adopt all of them?"

Michael gave me a funny look. "Um, no? I mean, I'm not against adoption, but I'd much rather put some babies into you with this big, hard dick of mine that can't stop getting hard at the sight of you."

At that, he took my hand and rubbed it against his crotch. I bit my lip again, closing my eyes and moaning softly. God, it was so fucking *hot*. This whole situation was steamy beyond belief.

"But - but I thought you only had top surgery?" I asked. "And besides, that doesn't mean we can have kids."

The funny look increased. "Top surgery? Honey, these muscles are all natural, you know that! And this dick is just as natural."

My look of astonishment must have been genuine, because he broke out into an awkward laugh.

"Steph, babe, you must have been relaxed so hard you were in a coma earlier today. Because I promise you, I may be a short guy, but I'm damn virile where it counts. Maybe I can remind you right here and now?"

He picked me up before I could respond. We were already in the bedroom, but he held me in his arms so he could kiss me. God, he was so damn strong, and despite my greater height, I felt like putty in his hands. With ease, he lowered me back down onto the bed, no longer in the casual positions we'd been in, but my head resting back upon the pillow, like I was . . .

. . . like we were going to have sex.

I was having second thoughts. I'd been pampered by Mikey all day, and this was the expected end result. I could end it, I knew I could. Michael would understand. He was such a gentleman, even if he was a hound dog for sex he wouldn't push the issue.

But no, I needed to make him happy. And more than that, I wanted to *be* happy. I felt so free as a girl, and I wanted to explore it. I'd been so damn passive ever since my change earlier today that it was time for a different kind of mental change.

It was time to take *action*.

"Stop," I said, as he hovered over me.

"Everything okay?"

"I . . . I want to try something different."

He slowly smiled at this. "I'm surprised! You usually like going missionary, not that I'm complaining. You know I love how sexy and submissive you are in the bedroom."

"I want to massage you, first. And have . . . a bit of fun with it. To thank you for all of this."

His eyes gleamed. "Hell fucking yes. Babe, you're the best. I am too, but you're even better."

I giggled, and then set about getting him to trip off his clothing and lay face down on the bed, his arms propped up on pillows so he could rest his chin beneath them. I didn't catch sight of his penis - I was too nervous to look - but I already had the sense that the reality of his body had changed. He was a biological man now, and there were no scars from his top surgery because, in this altered reality, he'd never needed any. I took in the view of his torso instead, and when I wasn't as distracted, got him to lay down.

"I can't promise it will be as good as the one today, but-"

"It'll be far better, because it's from *you*."

I let out a little "aww." Fuck, he was smooth, and my body was feeling it. I whipped out a little towel from the adjacent bathroom and placed it over his buttocks, just so I could remove it. We were in full roleplay mode, and I even talked more sweetly to him.

"Time for your massage, Mister Yang," I told him. I removed the towel slowly. I remembered the order that Andrea had used and recommended for me.

First, the buttocks. I began to massage him there, appreciating how firm and pert his cheeks were. He clearly worked out even more as a man, and I thanked him for that, because he had a damn nice butt. He exhaled happily at my ministrations.

"Stephanie, this is way better than George," he said, shifting to crack a grin at me before resetting his posture. "Mhmm, we need to add this to our repertoire."

"Stay still," I instructed softly. "I need to attend to every muscle."

He liked it. I could tell from his little grunts and exhales. And I liked it too: I was able to feel how firm his ass was, and imagined gripping it while he did other things to me.

Next up, of course, was the neck and back. Andrea had worked these to perfection, and I aimed to do the same. I used my elbow and my forearm as much as my hands, appreciating all the lats and delts. He was indeed broader than he had been, and I was so impressed with my man for all the work he'd put in, because he was *fine*. But then, of course my man would be like this. As I rubbed my fingers into the knots around his shoulder blades, as I massaged this neck and tenderly kissed it, I was filled with pride at knowing this man was *my man*.

Woah, since when did I think of him as *my man*? And why didn't I want to stop?

"Mhmmm," he moaned. "That's incredible. Keep it going. You've got me so fucking hard, sweetie. If you stop I don't know what I'll do."

It wasn't a threat, it was a sexy promise, and I found myself grinning as I massaged his waist. I straddled him like a lover, resting on his firm buttocks and kneading at his flesh. Just as Andrea had done, I then worked my way to the legs, arms, hands and ankles. I appreciated more and more what his own transformation had done for him, making him into his ideal self. He wasn't taller, and part of me found that sexy. I liked being submissive and feminine compared to my strong man, and yet having this one little factor of being taller than him. It was like he was my short king, and I revelled in that, able to lean over easily and treat his shorter limbs. They were more hairy than they had been, not overly so, but enough to speak to his manliness. I spent a particularly long time on his forearms and hands, imagining them encircling me again.

It was then that I got him to turn over. I placed the towel over his crotch before I could look at it, but just as it had been the case for me, he had a rock-hard erection that could not be ignored. It was . . . sizeable. Very sizable, and I swallowed thinking about what it would feel like . . . *inside*.

I focused instead on his jaw. He looked at me as I worked it, his eyes filled with a mix of love and lust. Those smouldering eyes combined with his deeper voice, especially when compared to my own, made my own pleasure rise. I was supposed to be making him happy, and yet I was eliciting aroused feminine gasps as I felt him up. God, I felt like I was about to *explode*.

Which was why it came as a damn cathartic release when Michael could no longer stand the sexual tension growing between us. He pulled himself and practically *pounced* on me, no longer able to keep his lust contained. I let out an excited giggle before he locked his lips on mine. His towel was barely holding on around his crotch!

"I'm sorry, my lovely masseuse," he said between kisses. "But you've made your customer too fucking turned on to continue. He needs to fuck his incredibly hot girlfriend."

He pinned me back, and I was making out with him, shifting my hips a little just to get a feel of that hardness beneath the towel. His touch was everything, and I was putty to it. He began to reach under my dress to pull off my lingerie underwear, but I grabbed his hand.

“No,” I said. “Please. Help me out of it. All of it.”

He grinned, and we shifted positions so that he could get me out of my cute black dress. He unzipped me from behind, kissing my back tenderly. I wiggled out of it, shaking my hips deliberately and then flinging the dress to one side. I had some sexy black lingerie on underneath, and his jaw hung at the sight of it.

“Ta-da?” I said, biting my lip while grinning.

“Oh, you are the best girl. It’s now confirmed. Absolute best girl.”

His words made me even wetter, and again as he unclasped my bra with one hand and flung it away. I pulled my underwear off with his help. God, I already smelled ready for sex, I was so damn wet. What was I doing?

I was finishing what I’d started, that was what!

“L-let me finish my task, dear Mister Yang!” I said, adopting my voice again. “I want you to be happy.”

Reluctantly, he obeyed. I was now naked, and his towel still covered his massive erection, but I was determined to see this through as Andrea had suggested. It would turn me back . . . which was what I wanted. Right?

I began running my dainty hands through his hair and massaging his scalp.

“Good boy,” I told him, and I could have sworn his dick throbbed beneath the towel. This was the time for sexy talk, however, and so I needed to do the next part. The part that made me so damn nervous and yet filled me with excitement. Exhilaration, even. I recalled the most important part that Andrea told me to pass on.

“I’m your good girl, aren’t I?” I asked.

“The best girl,” he repeated from earlier.

My reply was given all the raw sensuality I could muster. “Because I want to be a good girl for you, Michael. I want to be *your* good girl. Can you . . . can you sit on the side of the bed. I want to show you what a good girl I am.”

At this, his eyes flung open. “You mean you’re finally okay with . . . ?”

I bit my lip and nodded. “Very.”

He got up and positioned himself on the end of the bed. I slowly went down to my knees, my heart beating like a damn jackhammer, my excitement off the charts. Slowly, I removed the towel covering his privates.

“You do have a penis,” I said, swallowing. “Quite the penis, Mikey.”

“I’m glad you still like it.”

Were penises this big when I was a man? Jesus, could this monster even fit inside me? It was throbbing and girthy and thick and long and thrumming with anticipation. Somehow, it was sexy. Even his hairy balls, full and ready to expel all their built-up jizz, were sexy. My genitals had never been that big, but I wasn't jealous. Instead, my anticipation rose further.

I began my work, not just as Andrea had but adapting to what I thought my man would like best. I started first with his magnificent balls, cupping them and fondling them carefully, literally busting my friend's balls. I gave him a mischievous grin, and he groaned, knowing that I was teasing him.

"This is torture!" he joked, and only then did I use my other hand to stroke and feel his shaft. From there, I followed the masseuse's techniques, attending to his head all the way to the base of his shaft, fondling his balls and then using both hands on the penis before returning. He grunted, showing his approval and occasionally faltering in breath. His shoulders shook a little.

"Y-yes," he grunted. "A little more."

He was close, just like I had been when I was a guy. Which meant it was time for the next step. I rose up a little and pressed my breasts against his penis, using my cleavage to surround his shaft. I worked up and down, massaging his cock with my tits, and it made my nipples radiate pleasure. He touched them, pinching them a little, and soon I was moaning too.

"Holy sh-shit, you're actually giving me a tittyfuck!"

"You deserve it, Michael," I replied. And he did, for everything he'd done.

I stopped shy of making him cum again, because next up was the most alarming, nerve wracking, and yet most of all exciting part. I lowered myself again, and placed my mouth over the head of his throbbing cock. He exhaled, trying to control himself as I sucked on his deck. Andrea's words echoed in my mind as I concentrated on pleasing him.

*'Make sure to stare into the eyes of your partner like a good girl.'*

I did so immediately, never breaking eye contact, focusing entirely on *his* pleasure as I bobbed up and down. I licked his cock, I sucked on it, I even pressed my teeth lightly against his flesh in a way that I instinctively knew would bring him closer to the very edge. I wanted him to cum. I wanted him to cum into my mouth so I could swallow all of his issue. I wanted to *drink him in and I didn't fucking care that I was a woman.*

God, I wanted this forever.

But then Michael groaned. "Stop! I can't take this anymore - I want to have you now - all of you!"

He raised my head and effortlessly picked me up, throwing me back up onto the bed and pinning me down again. I had been enjoying sucking his big hard dick so much that I

was almost disappointed, until I felt his muscular form against me. Here I was, so dainty and slender, and him shorter and yet so very built. I was really revving my engine, and it got even better as he began to lick and suck on my boobs. He did so expertly, his fingers dipping down to my wet well and stroking my clitoris. How he knew to find it so easily and immediately I couldn't guess, but I was crying out almost immediately, my body at the mercy of his touch.

Maybe it was just because I had only become a woman today, but every touch was so receptive. I spread my legs practically by instinct, and he pressed his penis against my entrance, rubbing his cock against my wet clit just to excite me further. I moaned, and then grabbed his cock and guided him in. I couldn't help myself - I needed it, I was so damn horny!

"HUGHH!" I grunted, eyes wide as I took in what I'd done - as well as took in his penis. It was hard and massive, parting me. I lifted my hips in reaction, even as he slid in all the way. I was being penetrated. I was actively being fucked by his giant cock. There was no pain, simply the wet pleasure of having his hard dick inside of me, triggering every impulse and nerve.

"Oh f-fuck! You're s-so big!"

"Just like how you love it, babe. Let me repay what you just did for me with my own 'massage.'"

I was briefly confused, but then he started kneading my breasts at the same time as he began to thrust in and out of my sopping wet vagina. It was pleasure incarnate, and soon I was bucking my hips in time with his, wanting him to penetrate as deeply as he could. He parted my walls, penetrating all the way, and I moaned so high and sweet that even I felt like I'd always been a woman. He was fucking me, and I was *gripping* him. I even wrapped my legs around him, locking him in tight, and my greater height also meant that he could easily suck and kiss my breasts without issue.

"Yesss!" I cried. "This is the b-best feeling ever, Mikey!"

"I love you so much," he grunted, gripping my breasts and fucking me harder. My orgasms came in less a minute. I was so aroused by the way he fondled my right breast while sucking my left that it hit me by surprise.

"Yes, Michael! Yes, yes, yes! I LOVE YOU! I LOVE - OHHHH!"

I erupted like a volcano, pleasure pouring out of me in great laval streams that seemed to never cease, only growing in power as the eruption continued. I clung to my man, pulling him against my chest and enjoying his face against my tits. I shuddered, gasping, and only after what felt like centuries did I come down from my first ever female orgasm.

It was better than even the one Andrea had given me. That was a male orgasm. This was so much better. It hit me in waves, each one buffeting me back into an ocean of ecstasy,

and every time I thought it was about to pass I was hit by the next wave, then the next. I squirmed in Michael's grip, crying out loudly like the woman I now was, a woman pleased by her boyfriend's continuing touch.

But he erupted also, cumming deep inside of me. I could feel his balls empty inside of me, his dick throbbing as warm seed poured down my tunnel and straight towards my womb. My *womb*. Ohhhh, it was so hot to think I had a pussy and a womb now, and that Michael had just shot his seed through one to the other. I writhed beneath him as he gasped, his sounds bear-like and primal. It was goddamn *hot*.

And then he collapsed on me, breathing hard, the pair of us clutching one another like we were in space and might drift apart if we let go, even for a second. I held him, coming down from that coital bliss, and only when he lifted his head off of my chest did I notice how astounded he looked.

"Michael?" I asked, looking up into those dark eyes of his. "Mikey, are you okay?"

"I remember," he said.

"Remember what?"

"Remember us. Who we used to be. Oh my God, Steven. I just . . . I've got a . . ."

He pulled back from me, and I couldn't help but moan a little as he slipped out of my pussy; it was an erotic sensation in the midst of this confusion. He sat back on the bed, naked and perfect, but he was still clutching his head, clearly in shock. I wrapped myself around him from behind.

"Are you okay?"

"I remember everything," he repeated. "It's like I've got two sets of memories. You're meant to be Steven. Holy shit, I'm so sorry. I manhandled you and everything, I - we even-"

I hushed him. "It's okay," I said, nuzzling against him. "It was crazy at first, but . . . I think this is meant to be. The magic massage place changed us into who we truly are inside. To be honest . . . I've thought often about being a woman. Really often, actually. I think . . . I think I was in denial about a lot. And now here I am."

"You didn't hate what we just did?"

I giggled, shifting around to face him. "Did you *hear* my cries of pleasure just now? Mikey, I *loved* it. I'm just really happy you remember how things used to be so I don't feel like I'm going completely nuts here. I wish I could remember details from this reality change or timeline or whatever, it would make things a lot easier."

He placed a hand on my cheek, caressing it in that way I loved. "I promise, I'll do everything I can to make things easy for you."

I bit my lip. This was what I'd done: by making my man happy tonight, I'd actually made it so that we'd stay like this. I'd made him happier now that he was fully biologically

female, but I'd also unleashed something beautiful and exciting inside of myself. With a little help from Andrea's magic, of course.

"I think that sounds perfect," I said, planting a kiss on his lips.

Michael grinned. It was handsome as hell. "Well, being a former woman, I promise to assist you in anything you need to adjust to this life. I know a thing or two I can signpost."

"I'd really appreciate that. This bra was pretty hard to put on."

"We shall begin your education tomorrow!"

We both laughed, and then a strange silence hung in the air between us. I wasn't sure what to say. I had such a deep warmth in my heart, a need to express it building within me. But I wasn't sure what to say. Thankfully, Michael was there to say it for me.

"Stephanie, this is going to sound like crazy . . . but I think I love you. No, I know I love you. It's not just this new set of memories either, it's the old me as well. I think . . . we're destined to be together. I know that definitely sounds crazy now, but-

"It doesn't," I said, smiling from ear to ear so much it almost hurt. "I love you too, Mikey. I meant what I said during sex. I love you so much, and I'm so glad we're now compatible. Again, I mean."

We both laughed at that, but then Michael rose up off of the bed.

"Look, I promised myself I was going to do this fully clothed at the end of the night, and I know it's a bit more unexpected now that we have our memories of that past life, but what the hell. I'm going all in."

I had no idea what he was talking about, until he produced a small blue box from his small luggage, then went down on one knee with me still on the bedside, naked beside him. I gasped as I saw the ring inside, the one with the sparkling little emerald in it.

"That - Mikey - what?"

"Stephanie, if we truly are destined to be, then I want to go all the way with you. I want you to be my wife. Will you do me that honour, babe?"

Tears began to form in my eyes. Those damn hormones again, though this time it was far, far more beautiful.

"Yes! Yes!" I cried. "Yes, I'll be your wife! God, this is *literally* magical, Mikey!"

He rose and placed the ring on my finger, and I almost swooned to look at it. So much had changed in the last twelve hours, and yet it felt like a fairy tale; the unsure, dateless duckling had become a beautiful swan fiancée. It was a miracle.

We kissed. Oh, we kissed. So passionately, and so lovingly.

And then we both started to feel the heat. It built in me again, and I could feel it stirring against me from Michael's impressive rod. Soon he was positioning me on the bed again, my legs spreading wide to receive him once more. I was already wet, and this time I wasn't nervous at all to feel him penetrate me. I was simply *excited*.

“I love you so much, babe,” he said.

“I love you too,” I said. “Please show me.”

I took his dick into my hand, stroking it softly before guiding it in. Neither of us needed foreplay this time; we simply wanted the joy of the act. I moaned as he entered me with my help, sliding into my depths so eagerly, so *hungrily*. I shuddered at the feeling, but I wasn't caught in indecision anymore. I had a ring on my finger to tell me that I was his, and that he was mine. He was *my man*. And here I was, being dominated by him. I giggled to myself even as he began thrusting, overcome by the joy of it, but then that laughter turned to primal moans of bliss. He worked his way in and out of me, building up a momentum that soon had me wrapping my legs around him. I didn't want him to waste one drop when it came to it. We kissed passionately, our tongues lapping at one another, dancing in each other's mouths. When he felt my breasts and pressed them together I tingled from the little pulses of pleasure that followed, and then groaned outright when he sucked upon them, feeling my nipples and pinching them with his spare hand whenever he moved his hand away. This was not just sex, it was a dance, and while I didn't know all the moves yet, I could feel that I was already better. I was more active this time, letting him take the lead but not being so demure as to ignore his body. I clawed at his back and kissed his neck. I squeezed his muscular ass and held his face as I kissed him. I made all the right sounds to entice him, and moved my hips in a better flow. Soon the tension was building, and I could feel that we were close. So. Damn. Close.

“Lesson number one to master as a woman,” he told me, his member pulling back till he was almost out of me, then ramming back into my pussy's depths. “A woman, properly served, gets to cum as many times she wants.”

Just a few minutes later, and I was doing exactly that, him ramming deep into my tunnel and making me cry out in pleasure while I raked my nails against his back.

“The second lesson,” he whispered in my ear as he continued to thrust, causing yet more orgasm. “Is that I'm going to make you my wife and the mother of my child, *Mrs Yang*.”

“Ohhhh, yes! Make me that! M-make me that, Michael! MHMM!!”

I came so many times I almost blacked out, and I quivered in his grip, feeling like a glorious puddle in the aftermath. He held me, panting, then brushing my hair softly as he spooned me, my body in perfect comfort.

I never wanted to go back to before that massage.

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It was one last little visit to *Serenity Spa*. I had to have closure, and Michael understood it. As I suspected might be the case, Andrea was waiting for me at the desk, and was more

than happy to usher me to the visitor's room for a private talk. I think she could tell from my face that I was absolutely happy in my new life, and that I had discovered my true self, just like she'd said. But if that didn't give anything away, the sparkling emerald on my ring finger certainly did.

"I'm so very happy for you, Stephanie!" Andrea exclaimed. "The magic can work in mysterious ways, but such changes requires sexual energy in the air. Not that you seemed to mind."

"Not at all!" I said with a laugh. "Though I think I swing just for men now. One man in particular."

"Congratulations again, Stephanie," she said, looking at my offered ring. "What a spectacular engagement ring. This has moved even faster than I would have thought!"

"You're telling me! I changed gender and got engaged in one day!"

"Did some of my advice help with that?"

I grinned mischievously. "Well, there were a few things we did on the night of the proposal. A few . . . positions. And some use of my hands and, let me say my *lips*, if you know what I mean."

Andrea winked. "I'm fairly certain that I do."

"Of course, I have to ask, did George give any advice to Michael? Because he did this thing where he hit my g-spot and it just overloaded me completely, I swear. I used to try that with him when he was Michelle, but it never quite worked. He, on the other hand, ended up getting me with it!"

Andrea sipped at her tea. "George's magic is not as sexual as mine, but certainly there are certain enticements he works upon the body to mould it. Suffice to say, the double-memory for Michael was always the plan, since to bring you together one of you needed to feel more at home in their true self, and he was the ideal candidate. But as for his techniques? I suspect you may simply have hooked a good one, my dear."

"The best," I said, drinking from my own tea that she had given me."

I crossed my legs and demurely took a sip, then checked my skirt and flattened it. This prompted an interested look from Andrea.

"I must say, Stephanie, you are absolutely killing it as a woman. Your mannerisms, your manners, your voice . . . you are adapting well."

I blushed at that. "I guess once I accepted this was the true me, I was eager to start adapting. Early days yet, still."

"Plenty of time for . . . exploration," she said meaningfully.

My cheeks turned even redder. "It is a bit embarrassing to be pampered so much as a girl. But Michael is such a gentleman, such a godsend, and . . . the exploration has been very good. Very . . . explosive. Multiply so, in fact."

Andrea seemed very satisfied by this, but otherwise sipped her drink.

“Look, I just wanted to thank you for allowing Mikey and me to find our true selves. It means more than anything, and I’m so in love with him. We’re still busting each other’s balls - not that I have any, anymore - and we’ve got our silly banter. We still watch sports and play games and work together. But . . . there’s love, too. It feels good to not be lonely, and to have this wonderful man beside me. Like the relationship we had years ago is finally perfect now that we’ve switched places. So . . . thank you, Andrea.”

I stood up, and so did she. I hugged her, squeezing tight. It wasn’t quite a return massage, but it was the best I could do.

“A witch senses such things,” Andrea said. “But, I take it I’ve earned an invite to the wedding thanks to all this girl talk and thanks going every which way!”

I laughed. “Consider yourself invited! Besides, who else can I turn to for advice on how to improve my massage techniques on Michael?”

Andrea’s expression turned positively vulpine as she put down her tea and looked me in the eyes.

“Oh, I think I know a thing or two I can pass on for a loving couple . . .”

**The End**