

Mini-Story: Welcome to the New You (Guy to Hot College Gal TF)

By FoxFaceStories

Larry is shocked to find himself waking up in a women's room and wearing women's clothing. Soon, however, he finds reality shifting around him as he turns into the room's new owner . . .

Welcome to the New You

Larry was immediately confused when he woke up. The ceiling was a pale, pastel pink for one, and it also lacked a ceiling fan, which his apartment room was supposed to have. Nor did his bed feel like it was his bed; the sheets and doona were simply too soft and cuddly, and the mattress didn't have a bunch of failed springs in it that left him always lying down at an odd angle. Blinking, the man tried to figure out how he'd ended up in this room, but looking around only added to the mystery. The walls were an even brighter pink than the ceiling, and some rather girly curtains fluttered a little from the cool, calm breeze flowing in through the open window. The walls were adorned in photo frames and posters, the latter for boy bands and a handsome lead actor he recognised from a medical drama, and the former containing numerous images of a very attractive blonde woman in them. She looked to be about twenty years old, and she was very cute, with a heart-shaped face, long golden hair, and a bright, beaming smile. In every photo she had a different outfit on, except for several that featured her as a cheerleader for the Bulls, which was the football team on Larry's campus, and evidently this woman's campus as well.

"Did - did I get lucky last night?" Larry wondered aloud.

He tried to jog his memory as he took in the sight of the dresser to his right with its tall racks of makeup accessories, and the pile of cute plushy dolls and bunnies and the like at the foot of the bed. This was most certainly a woman's room, and *had* to be that hot blonde's. And yet he couldn't remember going out to the club last night. It was too expensive for him; there was a reason he lived off of cheap noodles and rice and lived in a shitty, mouldy little box of an apartment.

"No way did I manage to get lucky with a girl *this* good," he remarked.

So why was he here? And who was she? On the wall nearest the bed he noticed a few certificates, and there were trophies for cheerleading, track running, debating, and a beauty contest all displayed on shells too. Larry leaned to the side a little to read the same name engraved or printed on each of these awards.

Leslie Steward.

“Okay, that’s weird,” he said. Steward was *his* last name, and Leslie was the name his parents *would* have given him if he’d been born a girl. But it was more than that; he’d just realised that the girl in all of the images had a little red birthmark on her left shoulder, visible in the photos where she was in a bikini or wearing a thin-strapped dress or simply a tube-top. She looked like a total college gal hottie, and her breasts were not exactly small, but that birthmark . . . it was *identical* to his.

“What the fuck? Um, is this a prank? Is anyone there?”

His voice cracked a little, squeaking just a tetch. Feeling much more awake now, Larry got up out of bed, but was immediately hit by a new surprise.

“What? I’m wearing women’s clothes! The hell!?”

It was true. Not just women’s clothes, but a vibrant pink dress - a *hot pink* one, to be precise. It wasn’t a club dress, but a loose and flowing summer dress that felt like it was stretched across his form, which while fairly average in appearance was still male, and therefore bulkier than what this dress was supposed to contain. It had thin straps and a low horizontal neckline that nevertheless showed off his fairly unimpressive pecs. Shocked, the man launched himself out of the bed, only to nearly trip on the hem of the dress, which went down to his calves but caught underfoot due to his scrambling motion.

“Shit! It must have been a frat prank. I’ve been trying to join Kappa Theta Kappa. Maybe . . . I had to steal a girl’s clothing while she was away and sleep in her room! And I don’t remember because I was drunk!”

But that wasn’t the case at all and he knew it. He had no hangover, no scent of alcohol on his own breath. And besides, he was starting to remember something about last night; there had been a thunderstorm. Yes, that was it. He’d been running home after his damn car broke down yet again, trying to cover his head with his jacket and failing due to the wind. The storm had been weird somehow, but what was weird about it? He couldn’t recall.

Hurriedly, Larry looked for his actual clothing, or something to cover him while he left so he wouldn’t look ridiculous. But everything in the wardrobe was pretty and female, and when he returned he tripped on the hem again.

“Stupid dress! I can’t believe . . . wait. Did it get longer?”

His voice cracked again, and his scalp was itching, but his main concern was for his height. The dress had grown, but . . . everything around him looked different. Taller. Like he was . . . shorter. But that was impossible, wasn’t it?

“Calm down, Larry. Focus. Check out the rest of the house and - woah!”

Something in his hip gave way on one side, followed by the other. The man fell forward, grunting and then shifting to his back as he held his hips. Larry squeaked in that same higher tone as his hips literally began to spread wider.

“Uhhh . . .”

His ass too, began to push out, becoming cushiony and soft, just like the girl in the photo. At the same time, something weird was happening to his legs, and when he pulled the pink skirt up he saw his leg hair literally pulling back into his body, leaving his lower limbs shapely and soft and smooth, just like a woman's legs. *Exactly* like a woman's legs.

"Oh shit! Oh Jesus Christ! What's happening to me!? Where am I?"

He rose in a panic, trying to remember what had happened to him but coming up short. There had been a lightning storm, and the lightning had looked odd. That's right, it had been a bright purple, and it forked strangely, sticking around longer than it should have and bending at weird angles. It had frightened him, and he'd run faster and-

"Ohhh!" the man groaned, feeling a pressure in his chest. He'd risen up, his back against the wall, but more changes were now occurring, ones that caused his chest to push out in two particular places. The man grunted, cupping his chest as what could only be described as a pair of soft breasts topped by large, sensitive nipples grew outwards. "This c-can't be happening!"

But it was. He grew from little A's to modest B's to a lovely, healthy C-cup that now contained its own cleavage. The man gasped as he looked down at the well-developed bust; he was now wearing a bra! When had that happened? Had he always been wearing it? The questions assaulted him as rapidly and fiercely as the changes did. He managed to stumble his way to the full-length mirror opposite the bed, but poor Larry nearly fainted at what he saw: the young man's face was changing into an exact replica of the attractive college girl in the photos! His jawline was softening, his facial structure widening, his head shrinking a little so it was no longer quite so tall. Soon he had a heart-shaped face with a button-cute nose and bright blue eyes.

"Ohh God!" he moaned, voice now fully female, a gorgeous singing soprano that sounded almost erotic with the way he was whimpering. "I'm turning into her! I'm becoming Leslie! Whoever is doing this, please stop it! I'm not a girl! Ahhh!"

But at that exact moment, fate had other ideas, because his penis and testicles began to slide up into his body. Larry clung to the full-length mirror, shaking his new nice tush and wider hips as new genitalia formed. His feet slimmed, while his hands became dainty.

"This. Can't. Be. Happening! What. Could. Have. Caused . . . THISSSS!!!"

His body was hit by an orgasm as his pussy finished forming, and it made him wail just like a woman in the act of sex. In the crystal clear focus that followed, Larry remembered *exactly* what had happened the previous night. He'd been running to his apartment, trying to evade that terrifying purple lightning, when out of nowhere a bolt had shot from the sky and hit him dead centre. He'd screamed as the purple energy passed through him, but instead of

killing him, it left him supremely light-headed. He'd stumbled inside and managed to make it into his bed, half-delirious, and gone to sleep immediately.

"The lightning did this!?" he cried, but Larry was actually a *she* now, for her body now possessed all the curves and parts of a very attractive young blonde woman; one whose hair was snaking down from her scalp, growing longer and longer until it flowed over her shoulders. Her full lips parted, her perfect teeth showing as she beheld her new form.

Only then did the changes stop, as the new Leslie Steward took in the sight of the very attractive college girl before her. Leslie Steward, head cheerleader. Leslie Steward, member of the debating team. Leslie Steward, studying to be a psychologist to judge from the awards and certificates on the wall. Leslie Steward, who looked damn fine in a bikini and seemed to know it, and who was right now rocking a gorgeously cute pink summer dress that, while breezy, still managed to suggest her amazing figure.

"No!" Leslie cried. "No, this isn't me! This isn't - I gotta go home!"

She ran, stumbling a little due to the fact that her shoes that had appeared on her feet out of nowhere had slight heels. Her hair bounced against her shoulders, but her breasts also bounced, something she was very well aware of, and the configuration of her hips was all wrong. She raced out of the house, ignoring the pink on the other walls, the girly ornaments, the photos of her parents -

Wait.

"Mom?" she whispered, looking at the photo on the kitchen counter. "Dad?"

It was a photo depicting her two parents, one hand each on her shoulders posing for a photograph that was clearly her first day at college. She remembered that exact photo, only it was meant to display Larry, not Leslie!

"Reality has changed," she murmured, her breasts rising and falling with each lungful of gasping breath. "My whole life has changed."

She ran out of the house, which was quite expansive and middle-class, only to find out that she was on the same street as her shitty little apartment. Turning to see the mailbox, she saw it also has the same address: 26 Carson Street. Somehow, the lovely home she had just exited had replaced the dirty apartment she'd been renting.

"I have a whole new life," she said. "And it's better. I'm better off. More successful. Except I'm a fucking girl!"

It was a lot to deal with. The purple lightning had somehow changed her life completely, and she had no idea if she could turn back. Probably not, but that would mean she was now a popular college girl, a total hottie in fact, for life! She'd have to wear bras and dresses, do cheerleading, learn how to put on makeup, cross her legs when sitting, do her hairstyles, have girlfriends and be careful around boys. And that was just what first came to mind. What other adjustments would she have to make?

It was then that her phone started calling from inside. Hoping against hope for answers, the new Leslie Steward ran back inside and grabbed her new pink phone, which was the latest model. She was about to answer it when she saw the identity of the caller.

'Ultra Hotty Boyfriend Dave' it read.

"Dave?" she gasped. "Like, Dave from the football team? I'm going out with a freakin' jock!?"

Indeed, it seemed the new Leslie would be grappling with a lot going forwards, including a relationship with the most attractive man on campus.

The End