

Miss Hyde

Two roommates have their relationship changed when one reveals he is the descendent of the original Mr Hyde, and that every change in his family is different; his is likely to turn him from a regular joe latino to a spicy hot latina.

Avon's life was good. For a good six months he'd been working at a mega-gamestore, getting to indulge his life's passion of sharing his love of video games with customers, and recommending all sorts of great releases. It was hard work some days, but always rewarding, but the drive to work was longer than he would have liked, and he had to move out soon due to the rent being jacked up.

So it was quite a joyous feeling he had when his co-worker Diego Hyde, who'd been there several years already, asked if he wanted to move into the same rental with him, literally located just above the game store. As Diego explained, he'd never had the 'dorm' experience; his fiercely proud latina mother had basically forced him to stay at home until he was in his early twenties, something which embarrassed him still. Avon, on the other hand, had lived all over town; he knew he was tall, well-muscled, and had a confident grin that made the girls go wild, and that opened places up to you. Not that Diego was un-handsome, with his olive skin, decent muscles, and strong latino heritage, but Avon got the sense the other man was surprised when he readily took up his offer; the truth was, he was trying to save money, and he considered Diego to be a pretty cool guy.

And so the two of them got along like a house on fire; they snuck videogames upstairs to play together, and shared their favourite movies: Avon was an avid fan of action movies with black protagonists, particularly ones with a bit of cheese in them like *Blade* or *Shaft*. Diego on the other hand was able to introduce Avon to the classics of Latin American cinema, such as *Stand and Deliver*, and *Macario*. It was cool to be introduced to a bit of different culture. As Avon put it to Diego, 'all my other friends just want to show me white guy films. And a lot of them are good, but man, it's nice to room with a person of colour for a change.'

Diego just laughed, a little awkwardly at that. Avon wasn't sure why, but the moment passed, and they continued to enjoy whatever it was they were watching.

For several months, things were great. Things changed, however, when Avon came upstairs from his latest shift and caught the tail end of what sounded like a tense, and strange, phone call.

"Are you sure? Matias, tell me you're sure? Shit. And what about Juan? Damn, him too? I was hoping it would skip us . . . yeah, yeah, I've noticed some strange stuff. My skin was a little sensitive a couple of days ago, and my face felt weirdly smooth a month back, but . . . I'm so sorry Matias. What about Carmen, how is she coping? Oh, I'm sorry. She doesn't deserve you man. Okay, okay, I'll keep you informed. Adios, hermano."

He ended the phone call, and slammed his fist into the wall. It was enough to startle Avon, who took a step on a creaky floorboard and revealed himself.

“Avon!” Diego said, looking startled, “I didn’t know you were there.”

“Sorry dude, didn’t meant to eavesdrop. Everything alright?”

Deigo waved it off. “Just fine. A family problem that’s come up. I thought it wasn’t going to happen, but it’s just taken me by surprise.”

It was clear Diego was holding something back, but Avon respected his friend’s privacy. He’d often been cagey about his past, but he figured there were issues with his mom or something that he just didn’t like airing.

For the rest of the day, there was awkwardness between them. It continued into the next day, when Diego had slept poorly, and onto the next, where he was beginning to look haggard. Diego didn’t say much, but always seemed on the verge of telling him something. Finally, after the two ordered take away from their favourite Mexican restaurant, Diego sat Avon down in front of the television.

“Okay, I trust you man. You heard that phone call earlier, and you’ve probably guessed I didn’t want to tell you the full story.”

“Hey dude, you know I respect your privacy.”

“I know Avon, I know. But the thing is, you’re my best friend man. You’re my roomie.”

“Your *hombre*?”

“That’s racist.”

The two chuckled. “Look, what I’m about to show you is more than a little wild, so please just watch the whole thing, and I’ll explain afterwards, okay?”

Avon nodded, not sure where this was going, but trusting Diego. His friend took what looked like an ancient VHS taped and, having rigged a dusty old player to their shared television, pressed play.

A grainy film showed in black and white. On the screen, a white man in his mid-twenties looked grumpily at the camera, which zoomed out to show his whole body, which was clothed only in a pair of underwear. He talked silently to someone offscreen holding the camera, and appeared to sigh. He had a light beard, and appeared to be relatively fit. The man rolled his eyes and proceeded to begin to bite his fingernails, as if by habit, only willingly.

“Okay, I gotta ask, what is this?”

“Shh, just watch.”

Avon did, and in moments his eyebrows raised. At first it appeared just a part of the film grain, but in seconds it was undeniably; onscreen the man’s hair was beginning to lengthen and become lighter in colour. His form shifted slowly, his chest hair falling

away as his skin became softer. His facial features seemed to bubble and rearrange, becoming much more feminine, even as with a silent gasp the figure's hips expanded, his legs becoming dainty and feminine, particularly his feet. The figure hunched over briefly, clutching their chest, until they stood up once more, somehow taller than before by at least a foot, and holding a pretty impressive set of knockers in her slender hands. She had become a tall, blonde beauty with Scandivanian-type features, and the only thing that connected her appearance to the man from mere moments ago was that same expression of irritation, as if this change to his - now *her* - condition was very much unwanted. She stepped forward, cupped breasts wobbling, and appeared to shout at whomever was recording.

The video ended.

"Okay, so, I got just one question."

"Shoot," Diego said.

"What the fuck did I just watch? Some weird porno?"

Diego frowned as he retrieved the tape. "I wish," he said, with total seriousness. "But that was real. That was my grandfather."

Avon chuckled. "C'mon dude, you can't expect me to fall for that shit!"

Diego balled his fists. "I'm serious. That was my great grandfather Michael, and when he hit his mid-twenties, the act of biting his fingernails - up until then a harmless addictive habit - instead began changing him into a woman for periods at a time. All because of a genetic condition passed down my family line. The *Hyde* family line."

Avon stopped, regarding his friend. "Wait, you don't mean -"

"Yes, *that* Hyde. As in, Doctor Jekyll and Mister Hyde. The story you know is based off a real experiment that altered the genetic structure of a real Mr Edmund Hyde, and it affects male descendants of his lineage. The changes are various." He pulled his phone from his pocket and showed the screen to Avon, as if he'd prepared for this very explanation. "My great uncle was like the original Mr Hyde; he became incredibly strong and muscular, but with a crucial difference."

Avon looked at the photo of the strongwoman in the photo, clearly a member of a circus, with an incredibly bosom on her wide frame.

"My great grandfather Michael, as you saw, became a beautiful woman with Scandinavian heritage, and after biting his fingers too many times by habit, he ended up becoming my *grandmother* Melanie for the rest of *her* life: she gave birth to my grandfather, as well as another son and two daughters. Over time, it was discovered that the 'Hyde gene', as we call it, only affects the men, and it occasionally skips a generation. My grandfather and his brother were unaffected, by both my uncles and my 'dad' were. Or as I call her, Mom."

Avon's eyes widened as he took this in. At every stage, Diego had family photos to back up what he was saying; a photo of his uncle who developed massive muscles whenever he became frustrated, but unfortunately lost his intelligence when this occurred. And Diego's uncle was an even stranger change: the latino man shared with his dark-skinned friend a photo of an even darker-skinned beauty, a model with a pert ass and wide hips, and beautiful short frizzy hair.

"Hang hang on, your uncle changed race?"

"Whenever he changed clothes, put new clothes on, or took them off. Yeah, not a lot of wiggle room to stay male. *She goes by Alati now.*"

"Wait, *the* Alati? The supermodel? I knew I recognised her. Holy shit, I had a massive hard-on for her when I was a teenager. Wait, hang on, are you saying that's why you're latino? Your 'dad' changed into a sexy latina?"

Diego gesticulated wildly. "What? No! Ewww! Don't call my mom 'sexy'! No, she's caucasian. My dad is latino, but I got his colour. I'm the real article. But the thing is . . . mom was always overprotective, afraid I would go through what she did. She was worried particularly since she gave birth to three boys. But as my older brothers Matias and Juan aged past twenty-five, we started to believe it was true, the condition had skipped a generation, and we'd only have to worry about our kids. But . . . I received a call this morning from Matias, and he says that his body has started to change. He thinks he's becoming a woman, and there's no telling what will set it off or how long it will last; some extended relatives in my family had their bodies change for *years* at a time. Juan is going through something similar - his hair has already tripled in length, and his chest is swelling."

Avon was fascinated. In truth, he was a little turned on by what he was told. Anyone else would not want to believe this, and would simply think their friend was crazy, or perverted, or playing some extended prank. But Avon had his own secret: he'd always been a fan of stories and images where men were turned into women, and often trawled websites late at night where such new women were helpless but to submit to a sexy black man with a big cock, much like himself. He decided not to tell Diego this, instead asking another question.

"Why are you telling me this dude?"

Diego gave a heavy sigh, and looked his best friend in the eyes. "Because," he said, slowly and with redness flowing to his cheeks, "I've been noticing some changes as well. I've felt my skin getting soft at times, and I can feel a pressure in my chest and . . . in my junk. I'm afraid I might have the condition too."

"Damn, you're really telling the truth. What . . . what's going to happen?"

Diego shrugged. "Hopefully nothing. It terrifies me man. I feel like I'm going to be sick. Ever since that phone call the feelings have gotten stronger, and it feels like I've been keeping these possible changes in check just by sheer will. I've had to concentrate to

avoid changing, at least I think so. I'm still holding out hope I'm being delusional and that I'm actually normal, but . . ."

He let the implication linger, and Avon understood it. *I'm going to become a woman, and I'm struggling to hold it in.* He observed his friend. Diego's normally olive skin was increasingly pale, and there were bags under his eyes. He was destroying himself to stay a man, and fight back against his condition. Avon felt awful for not paying more attention to his friend, and realised he needed to help. With, of course, a little logic taken from the transformation stories he loved so much.

"Hey man," he ventured, "are you sure it's a bad thing?"

Diego looked at him like he was a madman. "What? Of course it's bad!"

"It's weird as hell, dude, I won't lie. But, like, isn't your mom happy? And didn't you say your great-grandad had three kids? Are people with the curse always sad about it."

Diego creased his brow. "Well, not always . . ."

"And isn't it going to happen anyway, the change?" Avon stood, and grabbed his friend's shoulders. "Aren't you just killing yourself trying to ignore it? Because no offence dude, but you look like shit."

Diego regarded his reflection in a nearby window. "Yeah, I know. I-I just need time dude. It's not strong enough yet. I can try and figure something out."

It was two weeks later, and Diego had still not changed. The selfish part of Avon was incredibly disappointed: he wanted to see how a real life gender bender change would look like, and if it would live up to the stories. He found himself reading more and more, getting excited at the prospect of his friend's change, and secretly masturbated to the thought of it.

Diego continued to be exhausted and tired, always holding the change off. The two were playing Smash Bros together at night when the two got a little *too* competitive, and Avon accidentally put his hand on his friend's knee as he coughed back laughter at his friend's unexpected win. Suddenly Diego dropped the controller, and seemed to freeze.

"Hey man, you alright?"

Diego continued to stare ahead, eyes wide, as he placed his hand on the knee that Avon had just touched. "I . . . I think it's happening. I couldn't keep concentrating. I had to drop my focus to win the game and I didn't think. I can feel the pressure. Shit, I need to concentrate again."

But Avon placed his hand on his friend's shoulder. "Dude, you need to let this happen. For your sake. It doesn't have to be a bad thing. Maybe . . . maybe it was meant to happen."

Diego smiled bitterly. "I'm just . . . I'm tired Avon."

"Then don't be. You said once you couldn't really stop it, so why destroy yourself like this? You can change. I won't judge, dude. You know you're my best friend no matter what."

Diego closed his eyes, and appeared to make a decision.

"Okay, okay. Just . . . stay with me, okay?"

"Hey, what are best friend's for?"

The latino man smiled, and stood. "I hope you don't mind if I strip down to my underwear? I don't want this to get messy."

Avon shrugged, trying not to let his excitement show. "Of course, man. We're all guys here. Uh, for now, I guess."

Diego shot him a look, but slowly undressed down to his underwear. He breathed out, and it seemed like his skin became just a little softer around his eyes. And then he doubled over as a wave of nausea and strange pressures came over him.

"Ohhh, oh G-God!" he moaned.

Avon watched with fascination as his friend writhed, pressing his body against the wall as he began to change. Diego breathed heavily, panting as his somewhat thick body hair began to push out of his body and fall gently like dust to the floor. His skin, a little coarse and certainly muscular, softened slowly, and the latino man couldn't help but run his back, shoulders, and stomach all over as his body became more feminine. Those hands were already becoming more slender, a couple of rings fell from his fingers as they shrunk down, blemishes fading. Diego rubbed his fingers as they finished their feminisation, mumbling softly in Spanish in a voice Avon could have sworn was a little higher in octave than before. They shared a glance, and Diego's cheeks turned an embarrassed red just in time for his beard to retract back into the skin.

"Ahhhh, oh that huuurrtts!"

"Do you need help?"

"N-no. There's p-pain. But - but pleasure too. Mhhmm!"

Diego groaned, hands pulling at his hair as if *willing* it to grow. And grow it did. Almost audibly, the man's hair pushed out from his scalp, roots lengthening and extending, pushing through the skin. As it did so, it changed from a roughly combed texture to a lush, shining quality worthy of appearing on a shampoo ad. Even as that luxurious hair grew longer and longer, Diego's face shifted and bubbled, features slowly rearranging. The transforming man bit his lip as his nose shrunk, becoming petite and smooth, while his cheekbones shifted higher with audible cracks, becoming high and pronounced. His thick eyebrows thinned and became neat, though still possessing the full quality of a latina's brow.

"Diego, your face is changing! The condition is real!"

"I t-told you it was the truth!" he said, and his voice was yet again higher. "Ohhh, I can feel the pressure in my hips!"

Avon leaned forward, trying to conceal his growing erection. "Are you saying your hips won't lie?"

Diego managed to roll his eyes, and Avon could see they had turned from a grey-brown to a vibrant, almost emerald green. Sexy and prominent eye lashes were already extending. He moaned, his voice now positively womanly and still becoming more sultry, his lips forming a perfect 'O' as an audible cracking occurred in his hips. He shook them, almost like a seductive dancer, and Avon watched with excitement as they widened gradually but implacably, the skin becoming fatter, contouring out to a slowly bubbling ass.

"Ohhhh that. Feels. So. Good," Diego uttered. His cock was straining inside his underwear, and for some reason that turned on Avon all the more, excited at his friend's changes, and that despite his reluctance, he was *enjoying* it. In fact, Diego couldn't help himself; as his hips softened, now impressively wide, he began to stroke his erect penis with his dainty hand, his green eyes closed as he massaged the remaining vestige of his manhood. His other hand went to his rear, which was swelling and swelling, giving him a magnificent *culo*; a great ass that stretched the elastic of his underwear, and ultimately snapping it free. The transforming man didn't seem to notice as he continued to rub his fully erect penis. With each gyration of his womanly hips, his peachy olive ass bounced. The effect was made all the more hypnotic to his black friend as Diego thrust out his chest; his waist contracted in a simple, sharp movement, leaving him with a perfect hourglass. But it was not that development that Avon was focused upon, but the one he was most looking forward to.

"Ah, ah, I - I can't help it Avon!" Deigo cried, still stroking his almost visibly throbbing penis, "the changes - they'reooooohhh . . . they're getting faster! I think - I think I'm growing breasts! Judging from the p-pressure I think they're going to be biiiig onessss!"

He gasped, placing his forearms across his chest as his nipples increased in size rapidly, and sticking out like two thimbles. Flesh pooled behind them, slow at first, but then gathering tissue quickly enough that soon a hint of cleavage was beginning to show, and in moments they expanded, becoming rounded orbs that were now spilling over his slender forearm, so that he had to lower his hand to cup them.

"F-fuuuuuuck! They feel so good!"

They continued to expand, going from a B-cup to a C, then onto a D, before finally slowing at a ripe pair of light brown melons that must have been a Double-D cup. Diego pulled away his forearm, looking down at them; his large dark nipples were erect and beautiful, sitting upon his teardrop breasts perfectly. His face was now soft and womanly, with sharp cheekbones and a more rounded, feminine chin. His Adam's apple was gone, leaving him with a smooth neck, his tousled dark hair falling down over his shoulders in gorgeous curls. He staggered on his feet as his thighs swelled, becoming thick and beautiful, the perfect latina body that would look gorgeous in denim shorts

and a tied shirt. He was unbelieving of his own body, and, without concern for Avon, lifted his free hand to fondle at his nipple, moaning luxuriously in a voice so sultry he could have been a femme fatale in one of their noir movie watches.

But there was just one thing still tying Diego to his manhood, and that was his manhood itself. Avon, already astonished at his friend's beauty, was eagerly awaiting this last part, and it did not disappoint. His friend continued to rub at his cock, almost furiously so, his balls visibly tensing as they were caught between the ultimate manly act and their soon-arriving womanly state.

"S-so close. So damn c-close!" he cried, still rubbing at his member, "so damn - AAHHHH!"

Diego suddenly came, and the head of his penis erupted as a long stream of ejaculation - far more than could possibly be usual - spurt forth across the room in large white streams. It continued for several seconds as his balls throbbed, emptying themselves of their manly contents as more semen spurt in intermittent streams. Diego arched his back, breasts now wobbling upon his chest, as the last of his masculinity was literally spent onto the carpet. Avon watched, fascinated, as his friend's balls began to shrink back in his body, and his penis shrunk within his hand. Diego fell forwards, gripping the table, eyes going unbelievably wide as he felt his cock dive back into his body and form the inner tunnel of a coming vagina. His remaining hand fell to the small of his soft belly, squirming a little as a womb and ovaries likely were forming within. He continued to rub his genitals in the aftermath of his cumming, and within moments he was no longer a he but a *she*, rubbing at her vulva as her body cooled, and her gasping slowed. Avon was utterly silent, and incredibly, almost *painfully*, erect.

The latina woman in front of him was gorgeous. A busty, wide-hipped, fiery-formed figure of a woman. She looked at him, her beautiful green eyes taking in what had happened, and a cute flush came to her features.

"That," she said, with the sexiest voice Avon had ever heard, "was something. How do I look?"

"You look good."

"I look good?"

"Diego, you look like the hottest woman I've ever seen. Look at yourself in the mirror, seriously."

Diego went to do so, and Avon followed her. As she moved ahead, her rounded pert ass wobbled as her incredibly hips sashayed back and forth. It was almost hypnotic, and the bobbing of her perfect breasts with those beautiful dark nipples only made it all the more intoxicating. Together, they inspected her appearance in the mirror, and Diego could do nothing more than gasp at the sight of herself.

"Holy fucking shit. I'm a knockout."

She teased at her face, held her breasts and let them bounce, and even posed with her hands on her hips, a look that almost made Avon's nose bleed. She was livelier than Diego had been after weeks of misery, as if the curtain of anxiety had fallen, and now seemed only curious about her body.

"I got a big ass dude. You see this dump truck I'm carrying? And look at these tits! Damn, I make a much better girl than a guy. Geez, it's making me feel a little hot."

She continued to make poses, checking her body out, even giggling at his reactions. Several minutes passed as she became accustomed to the new her.

Avon couldn't help himself. He placed a hand on her hip, and let it rest there. Diego looked to him, green eyes sizing his friend up and down.

"You look amazing Diego. You look . . . you look so beautiful."

Diego breathed heavily, and didn't seem to reply, and so Avon stepped closer. He placed his hand on her other hip, and drew closer, looking down on the woman. She'd lost some height from her male self, and it made her all the hotter for having a body that needed protecting.

"Avon . . . oh man, what are you doing?"

He began to lower a hand, feeling at her ass slowly, and raising the other to slowly stroke at her nipple. His penis hard, and he knew she could feel it straining in his pants against her belly.

"I want you. I wanted you so bad, dude. Do you want me to stop?"

She was breathing heavily by that point, her large tits rising and falling with each gasp of air. She bit her lip, closing her eyes as she gave a soft moan in response to his ministrations. She reached a hand out, hesitated, then placed it around his waist.

"N-no. Don't stop."

"Do you want me to continue?"

"Y-yes."

"Good." He placed his lips against hers, and she almost swooned. Clearly, just as he'd hoped, the change had made her sexually wanting a man, and in need of someone like him to provide the service. Her arms went over his shoulders as he hoisted her up, so much lighter now than Diego.

"Oh God, are we really doing this?" she gasped as he began to lift her back towards her bed. "I've been a woman for less than 15 minutes."

Avon smirked. He could tell how bad she wanted this. Her nipples were rock-hard, and she was already playing with his chest hair. "You're not a woman yet. Not till I'm through with you."

"Ohh, I don't know if it's denial, or the Hyde condition, but I want that so bad. God, it feels so weird to be wet but I *need you inside me.*"

Avon placed her on the bed, and she was already spreading her gorgeous legs for him. Those wide, child-bearing hips were waiting for him invitingly, but he was feeling dominant. Triumphant that his dream was coming true.

"Not yet. We need to give you a name."

"Oh, please Avon. Fuck me."

"Not until you have a name that suits your looks."

"Is this how you are with all your girlfriends?"

Avon grinned, and she couldn't help but grin impishly as well. "*Desiree*. My female name is Desiree. Do you *desire* me?"

Avon lowered himself onto her, and answered her question by pressing his hard cock against her outer folds. She gasped, breathing heavily in response to the alien, yet wonderful, sensation of being penetrated by his big, black cock.

"You're going to enjoy this, Desiree," he said, and he began to slowly shift in and out of her. Desiree moaned in pleasure, gripping him with her thighs as he began to speed up. Her large chest wobbled, pressing firmly against his chest. She cried out, body shuddering as he thrust faster and faster, her sweet voice moaning unintelligible Spanish in his ear. His large cock filled her, and he gripped her ass tightly as his own approach came.

"I want you to come for me," he said, more a demand than a plea. He kissed her deeply before she could respond, and thrust further. He could tell that his friend was unbelieving as to what was happening - he was shocked too, especially by how forward he was - but his dominant attitude in bed had always turned on the ladies, and his transformed friend-turned-sex conquest was no different. He was close, but so was she - he could feel it.

"Come for me Desiree. Be my woman!"

"I - ooh - I will!"

"Say it! Say you're my woman!"

She stared at him, and for a moment Avon was afraid he'd gone too far. But instead she grinned, incredibly turned on. Perhaps Diego had been a sub even as a male. She gripped his head and pulled him close. He thrust one final time and then:

"Nnhnhhhngggnn! OOHHHHHH! AAAAHHHH!"

Her thick thighs gripped him like a vice as he shot what felt like a litre of semen into her, but in reality was far less, though still easily twice what he usually expended. She seemed to explode beneath him, squirming and moaning and thrashing, and in the

midst of her chaotic multiple orgasms she raked her fingernails upon his back and nipped him on the shoulder. He liked it.

After a long post-coital moment held together, he pulled himself out of her, and she trembled. They held each other, sweating and hot and feeling incredible, until she had to rise to get his excess leakage out of her. When she returned, she was almost in shock.

“So, we just did that.”

“Yeah . . .”

“And you . . . said those things to me.”

Avon felt a little sheepish. “I did.”

She put a hand on her rounded hip. “So, what do we do from here?”

Avon thought for a moment. Desree was a vision before him; almost literally his perfect woman. “Why don’t you come back to bed, and we think of it in the morning.”

She didn’t even seem to hesitate; they curled up against one another all night.

The next morning, Avon and Diego awoke. Not Desree. Diego. He had returned to manhood again. Neither could quite believe what had happened the previous night, nor what had come over both of them. Diego especially blushed as he looked to Avon.

“So, I’m a man again.”

“You certainly look it.”

“And we had sex.”

“Yeah. Damn good sex too.”

They pondered this for a moment, and Diego hesitated before speaking.

“If I carry the condition, that means there’s probably a trigger to turn me back into Desree now. Something that makes me shift to become her.”

Avon considered it. He looked to his friend, the man who had been the woman of his dreams that very last night. It was telling that he hadn’t left the bed; both men were still very much naked, still very much close together. Diego’s eyes seemed almost desperate, and in that moment Avon knew what he had to do.

“Something that changes you back, huh?”

“Yeah. But it might take ages to figure it out, or not long at - hey!”

Avon had reached his masculine hand out to touch his friend’s penis, and was beginning to stroke it. Diego looked at him in alarm, but Avon shushed him.

“Just lean into it,” he said, with that charming grin, and despite Diego’s shock, the man’s penis began to harden, and rise.

“Oh, Oh, I feel something.”

Avon continued to stroke him, and he grinned all the more as he saw his friend’s hair beginning to extend, his skin beginning to soften, his chest beginning to expand. Desiree was on her way back.

“I think I’m going to enjoy this,” he said, as the member in his hand fell away, and his fingers reached into the dip of a woman’s opening.

Desiree moaned.

“Mmmhmm . . . me too.”

The End