

The week that followed was filled with tension between me and Caroline. Each evening, I would sit at the dinner table, my eyes darting between my plate and the woman I'd loved for years. She mostly kept her eyes averted. She spoke of work in broad strokes, dancing around the shadow of the 18 year old intern whose presence had invaded our relationship.

"How was your day, Babe?" I'd ask, my voice carefully neutral with the effort of maintaining a casual air.

"It was fine. The usual, you know." She'd reply, her voice a little too bright. She'd talk about colleagues, deadlines, the office gossip, but the name 'Ryan' wouldn't be spoken. So much so that I would on occasion have to ask directly about him. But each time I broached the subject, her eyes would glaze over, and she'd say airily, "Oh, I've barely seen him."

The week dragged on with a barrier between us that I did not know how to break through. Each day, I would return from my commute, my muscles aching and thoughts racing, hoping that that would be the day for a return to normalcy, only to be met with the same aloofness from Caroline.

Finally, after nearly a week of this, Caroline greeted me brightly as she walked in the door. I immediately perked up simply from her enthused tone."

"Hi babe!" she said.

"oh...Hi!" I replied, trying to match her upbeat tone.

"I brought home some more stuff for you to try." Caroline held out a light blue tote bag, her eyes a mix of excitement and trepidation.

"More stuff..." Then I realized. "Oh...more of that 'new line?' He gave these to you?"

"Yes, 'HE' did" she replied with mock drama. Her face then cleared, and her tone switched to that of a stubborn known-it-all teenager. "I think it was very nice of him."

I took the bag with a sigh, my heart falling a bit at the source of her excitement. I glanced inside to see a collection of fabrics in various shades of light blues, greens, pinks, and purples.

"Thanks, Babe" I said, my voice unsure. I wasn't going to wear these, but I didn't want to ruin this sudden friendliness from Caroline. "They look...nice, but I don't think they're my style."

"Oh, come on Jamie," Caroline said, "you've got to trust us. Ryan said these are perfect for someone with your build." She took out a pair of what looked to be light blue yoga pants and a matching tight stretchy shirt. "Just try them on, please?" Her eyes searched mine, hopeful and eager.

"I thought you weren't seeing much of Ryan?" I asked a bit grumpily.

"Oh he just handed me these on his way out. So? Cmon just try this one on." She insisted. She looked so eager and excited. I hadn't seen her this way in weeks.

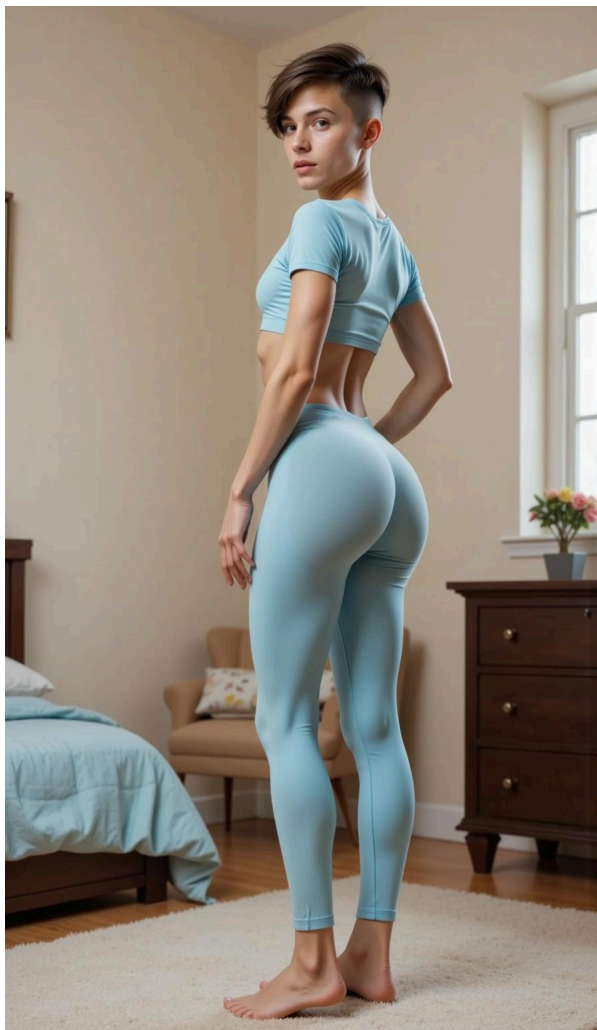
"Fine, if it'll make you happy," I said, taking the bag from her with a sigh. "But I'm not wearing them outside the house."

Caroline looked pleased, so I went to put them on.

I retreated into the bedroom, the full bag of clothes rustling as I pulled them along. I pulled out the light blue yoga pants and held them up, eyeing them skeptically. The fabric was thin and stretchy, though they looked way too small.

But as I stepped into them, something strange happened. The fabric seemed to mold to my body, wrapping around my legs like a second skin. As I pulled them over my butt, I felt it being cupped supportively. The sensation was unlike anything I'd felt before. They hugged my curves in a way that was both surprisingly comfortable and, glancing in the mirror, undeniably flattering (even if they were way WAY too feminine). The pair I had worn over the weekend did not fit like these did - those had been a bit loose or tight here and there. These felt as though they were made just for me...

I stared at myself, watching the way the pants showcased my toned thighs and ass, which now looked somehow softer, more feminine. I pulled on the matching tight shirt, feeling the stretchy material embrace my body, fitting just as perfectly as the pants. The shirt clung to my chest and torso, highlighting my narrow waist and wider hips and butt, while seeming to shape a more feminine silhouette. I took a deep breath. I looked like a completely different person, and the thought was both exhilarating and terrifying. My little bulge pressed out against the tight fabric, but it was so small it was barely noticeable.



Caroline called out from the living room. "Well? How's it look? Are you going to come out and show me?"

Swallowing hard, I stepped out of the bedroom, the new clothes clinging to my body in a way that made me feel both self-conscious and strangely excited. My legs felt longer and more graceful in the pants, and the shirt accentuated my chest and waist in a way that was definitely not masculine.

"Oh...wow," Caroline breathed, her eyes widening as she took in my new look. She looked genuinely surprised, her cheeks flushing a little as I stepped closer. She reached out, her fingertips brushing the material of the shirt, tracing the curves of my body. "I can see why Ryan was so insistent." A wicked smirk flashed across her face, but a second later it was gone. It had happened so quickly, I thought I might have imagined it.

I felt a strange warmth spread through me at her words, and despite the awkwardness, I couldn't help but preen a little under her touch. "They're... not too much?" I asked, trying to gauge her reaction. The way she looked at me, a mix of amazement and intrigue, was both thrilling and unsettling.

Caroline replied: "Absolutely not, babe. They reaaaalllly suit you." Her hand lingered on my side. "Turn around, let me see the back," she instructed.

As I turned, the fabric of the yoga pants stretched taut over my now more pronounced curves, emphasizing the gentle swell of my hips and the roundness of my butt.

"Mmmm...very nice. He'll like this...." Caroline said.

"What?" I asked. "You like it?". I was still confused by all this, but in that moment I needed to know what she thought.

"Of course! You look incredible, Babe." she smiled at me.

"Yeah?" I asked.

"Oh yeah. You're sexy as hell in these. Ryan was right." She smirked.

I smiled at her. But as her words sunk in my smile slipped. It was true; the outfit was doing something to me, making me feel like a completely different person. But why mention Ryan. It rubbed me the wrong way.

"I...I do think it's too feminine though. Like, there's no way I'll ever wear this out." I said, suddenly feeling the need to re-establish my masculinity.

Caroline replied. "Well. I guess that's up to you, Babe. You do look...really good, though. Like, really good." Her voice trailed off as she took a step closer, her eyes searching mine. "It's hard to even believe it's you."

I stepped up and gave her a kiss, trying to push into her to demonstrate power. But she leaned back a bit and seemed to hesitate. Then she kissed me lightly back. As she stepped back, her interest seemed to have subsided. "Alright, well...I guess I'll go shower." She said, walking off.

I watched her go, disappointed. Was that a small sneer she gave me as she turned? As the door closed behind her, I peeled off the tight yoga pants with a sigh, the fabric reluctantly releasing my legs. I pulled on my usual sweatpants and t-shirt, but they felt so...ordinary. My thoughts were a whirlwind of confusion. As I sat down on the edge of the bed, I looked over at the light blue bag of clothes, the bright colors jumping out. I picked up the light blue pants,

feeling the stretchy material between my fingers, then put them back and put the bag in the closet again.

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The weekend passed and Caroline and I slipped back into the anxious and uncomfortable relationship of the last week. It was almost a relief to head back to work on Monday. I looked forward to pushing my anxiety and frustration into my bike.

However, as I tried to start my morning routine, a piece of my bike's derailleur snapped with a metallic crack. I stared at the damage. "Dammit," I murmured to myself, feeling the beginnings of a migraine creep in. My other two bikes were also damaged. The last train of the day had already left as well.

I was going to be late if I didn't get moving. Though I hated running, I figured I could get to the office in about an hour at a light jog. Making the quick decision, I set off, wearing my typical dry fit t-shirt and shorts that I used to bike to work.

The early morning air was crisp and cool against my skin but I worked up a sweat as I ran for about 30 minutes through a mostly quiet trail before arriving in the latter half of my commute, where the path cut through the college campus.

As I jogged through the school's central path, I found myself surrounded by young, fit girls jogging in their tight spandex outfits. Their lithe forms danced in the early morning light, the fabric of their clothes clung to them like a second skin, highlighting every curve and muscle. It was a stark contrast to the baggy shorts and t-shirts I was wearing. The sight was both mesmerizing and a little jarring, given my recent experiences with Ryan's Fe-Male product line. I couldn't help but feel a pang of envy as I watched them move so confidently and freely in their attire, though I tried to shove that feeling away.

These feelings were hard to push away. Because while I was used to flying by these joggers on my bike, I now ran alongside them, and so remained captivated for the remainder of my commute to work.

I found out later that day that the shop wouldn't be able to fix my bike until the following week. Shoot. Needing my daily exercise, this meant I'd jogging to work the rest of the week.

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The following morning, as I grabbed a normal shirt and pair of shorts from the closet, my eyes fell on the light blue bag of clothes from Ryan's product line. I had to admit, the idea of wearing those light blue yoga pants again had been playing in my mind for days, and particularly after running yesterday. I lifted the pants, examining them, and almost could feel the memory of them on the skin of my ass and legs. But no, I fought the urge to slide them on. I was just going to wear my usual t-shirt and shorts. I couldn't let this become a part of me. I tossed them aside and put on my old jogging gear, trying to ignore the pang of disappointment.

However, as I stepped out of my house and approached the curb, a speeding car splashing a muddy puddle all over me. I yelled after the driver but they sped away.

The cold water seeped into my jogging shorts and shirt, chilling me to the bone. I looked down at myself, soaked and dirty, and sighed heavily. I went back in to change. I looked for another pair of shorts but couldn't find them - all in the laundry. My eyes fell on the discarded bag of

clothes. With a deep breath, I grabbed the blue yoga pants instead. I'd still wear a typical shirt. That would mostly cover me up.

The light blue yoga pants felt almost warm against my skin as I pulled them on, the fabric a stark contrast to the cold and clammy mess that was my previous outfit. They clung to me like a second skin, the material seeming to remember the shape of my body from the last time I'd worn them. I couldn't help but look in the mirror, seeing the way they highlighted my toned legs and round ass. It was strange, but I felt...good.

I set off on my run, energized. The material was surprisingly comfortable and didn't chafe at all, even though it was so tight. It was so supportive. As I reached the second half of my run, I couldn't help but feel a little self-conscious as I passed by the same college students in their spandex, their eyes flickering over me. But they didn't seem to take much notice. The shirt I wore was pretty baggy so it covered almost everything. Still, I now felt a strange affinity to the college girls as I ran alongside them. In spite of trying not to, I wondered...did my butt look as good as theirs?

By the next morning, we had done all our laundry and I pulled on a pair of my normal shorts. I grunted in pain though, I wasn't used to jogging yet and muscle groups I didn't work out were protesting. The waistband of my shorts dug in in a painful manner and everything below the my waist just felt unsupported. My eyes wandered back to the light blue bag. I mean...it couldn't hurt to try another pair, just till the pain subsided?

This time I grabbed a sleek pair of black joggers. As I pulled them on, they felt just as wonderful as the prior pair. What's more, the pain in my legs seemed to dissipate with these pants on. Again I threw on a baggy shirt and headed out. While I enjoyed the pants and the run once again, I couldn't shake a quiet disappointment that I couldn't fit in with the other joggers on the path. A naughty part of myself wanted to chat with some of these college women incognito (just chatting of course, I would never do anything to betray Caroline's trust), but I felt I was shooting myself in the foot with the baggy shirt.

So the next morning I grabbed both a pair of tight maroon running pants and...this time...a matching, tapered t-shirt that wasn't super tight. As I pulled the shirt over my head and adjusted it to fit, I noticed how it hugged my body slightly in a way that was flattering without being over-the-top. It didn't cling to my torso, but it did add to my curves. The material was also wonderfully soft. I looked in the mirror and couldn't believe how good my butt looked. I couldn't suppress the thrill of excitement I felt as I stepped out of my front door.



As I entered the college campus, the sun was just beginning to peek over the horizon, casting a soft light across the landscape. I felt a strange mix of nervousness and excitement as I began to jog down the central path, my heart pounding in my chest. Try as I might, I could never help but to check out all the college girls as I passed them as they jogged. Like always, as I approached a pair of girls running together, I looked them up and down. But this time something different happened.

This time, they checked ME out as well.

At first I thought I must be mistaken. But it kept happening. But as my run continued I saw a group of girls sitting in the courtyard chatting as I passed. Their eyes flicked over me from head to toe. One of them even offered a smile before she turned back to her friends.

The girls weren't the only ones; I noticed a few guys throwing appreciative glances at my body too, though I caught some looking away abruptly upon seeing my face and realizing I was a boy. As I approached a group of guys playing frisbee, I noticed that many of their eyes tracked my every movement. I felt the fabric of the purple running pants hugging me tighter as I sped up, my heart racing not just from the exercise but from the sudden realization that I was being watched.

I couldn't help but feel a swell of pride in the way these young attractive people looked at me, their glances lingering on my form in the tight purple running pants and shirt. It was a heady sensation, one I'd never felt before, not like this. In addition to being so supportive, I knew that the fabric clung to me in a way that accentuated every soft muscle and curve of my body.

On my way home that same day, I tried to run among a small group of women so that I could check them out discreetly, but they took an early turn off the path and I found myself alone until I saw a group of boys jogging down the path towards me. They were all shirtless and appearing to come from a boathouse down by the water. Rowers. As the large group neared, I realized I'd have to cut right through them. As I did so, I couldn't help but take notice of their strong and broad bodies....So much different from my own...

They took notice as well, and I found myself being stared at by each passing boy. They grinned at me wolfishly and cat-called. One even slapped my ass as he passed. I looked around furiously but couldn't tell who it had been. Their broad backs jumped and flared with muscle as they ran. One boy on the outside, not close enough to have been the one to slap me, actually winked at me. In spite of my momentary anger, I couldn't help but blush as I turned to keep running.

As the week progressed, my runs grew more thrilling with each passing day. I began taking pride in the look of my body and ran with more and more confidence. Before my run each day, I stood in front of the mirror checking myself out from many angles. Honestly...I looked hot. As I ran, the stares I received grew more frequent and unabashed. However, I did get the occasional mean comment from those who were able to examine my face too carefully and realized I was a guy.

How I observed others changed too. I still stared at all the girls as I passed. But it became less about my obsessive attraction to them and more about appraising them. I found myself comparing my own looks to them, and grew to realize that my ass in fact looked better than most of the girls on campus - Ryan, it seemed, had been right.

After the incident with the rowers, I also began to feel a bigger thrill when hot guys would check me out. I didn't used to think of these college boys as "hot guys." Now though, well I had to admit their attention was flattering in a way that was entirely new to me. It was confusing, but also oddly exhilarating. Some of these boys wore clothes just as naughty as the girls, showcasing their huge muscles and strong asses.

Many of the boys I passed were not strong and not impressive of course. But on occasion when a broad muscular back or thick tree-trunk legs would come into view, I would find my eyes drawn to them. I'd straighten up as I approached, and glance shyly over my shoulder when I passed. On occasion, I saw the hot boy look over his shoulder at me as well. I would smile and sway my hips when I ran a bit more.

At the end of each day, I'd arrive home before Caroline and quickly undress, run a speed-wash, and hop in the shower. After running a speed-dry I'd fold the clothes and stick them back in the light blue bag, all before Caroline got home. During this time I'd feel weird and guilty about the day. But it was just a harmless morning commute ritual. It wasn't even a ritual, I'd stop doing it tomorrow.

But the next day, as I looked at my normal t-shirt and shorts, my eyes would be irresistibly drawn back to the blue bag. And I'd justify wearing them once again, my heart skipping in excitement as I pulled them over my round and waiting ass.



For two weeks I ran as the weather warmed from spring to summer. My bike was repaired and back in my garage, but I had decided running was better exercise.

One morning, I decided it had warmed up enough that I could try the only pair of shorts in the bag - a pair of short black running shorts. Pulling them on was another new sensation. Again the soft material clung to me as they slid up my legs and squeezed my hips, molding to the shape of my ass, which I had grown proud of. The biggest difference was that the seam of the shorts ended almost, but not entirely, down my ass. The shorts seemed to scoop my butt, like a push-up bra would boobs, and give it a rounder, fuller, look. However, the bottom quarter of my ass cheeks were uncovered, and the tight fold under my round cheeks was visible. Turning my back to the mirror I couldn't help but giggle as I shook my butt a bit. It looked amazing and so sexy. My tiny bulge was also barely noticeable because of the dark color of the shorts.

I couldn't help it - I was excited to show off just how good my body looked. To accentuate my round ass, I chose a green tank top, which hugged my chest tightly and showed off my thin torso.





As I began my run, my excitement grew as I approached the college. Soon, I was running past the tight bodies of college girls wrapped in similar outfits as my own. I looked at them, but didn't stare. I suppressed a grin as I observed, girl after girl, there wasn't a single one of them who had an ass that looked as good as my own in the shorts. My confidence grew.

As I made my way through the college, I found myself searching for at least one or two hot muscular guys who'd make my heart race like the rowers had. But every time I rounded a bend it was the same - a sea of girls or average guys and not a single broad-backed, strong-armed, large chested college boy. Sure, many of them checked me out. And that was satisfying. But it didn't give me the same kind of thrill. I arrived at my office and ducked into the side door where kept a pair of sweatpants and a sweatshirt I could throw before making my way to the shower area. As I showered, I remained frustrated at not running into any muscular studs on the run. I looked so good!

For the rest of the day, I looked forward to making my way home, barely able to focus on work. As I left, changing in secret before ducking out, my heart beat hard with excitement.



Just after I entered the college campus this time, I saw a fairly tall and muscular guy heading my way in a black t-shirt and sweatpants. As I approached, I straightened up and tried not to make direct eye contact, glancing at him from the corners of my eyes as he approached. He definitely glanced up and down my body! But then he glanced up and our eyes locked. I started to smile shyly, but he grimaced, looked down again at my shorts. He must have noticed my tiny bump because his grimace deepened and he gave me a quick sneer as he moved past.

I was crestfallen. After a minute of running (practically sprinting) further down the path, I stopped to catch my breath, My hands on my knees. I took shuttering breaths, staring at the ground. What was I doing? That guy was right....I was disgusting.

As I breathed fast and hard, trying to get my emotions under control, Two large feet stepped onto the ground in front of me.

"Look who we have here..." Said a voice. A familiar voice.

Slowly, I raised my gaze from the asphalt path, my eyes traveling along the lines of muscular calves and insanely powerful thighs, each muscle large and defined. He wore tight black track pants that were bunched up at the knee. His bulge was so large it was hard to focus on the rest of his incredible physique. It was... terrifying and fascinating all at once. I didn't know whether to look away or stare in awe at his monstrous hidden package.

As I ripped my eyes away they continued their ascent and I took in a vague impression of a sculpted core outlined by a black muscle shirt, and a broad chest stretching the fabric that was a testament to countless hours in the gym. The guy's arms looked like they could crush a watermelon with a single flex. The veins in his forearms stood out like highways on a map, and his shoulders looked wide enough to bench press a small car. He had the kind of body that you just couldn't ignore—like it was designed to demand attention and respect. It was the kind of body that made me feel both inadequate and strangely...excited. This was exactly the type of boy I was hoping to run into, in fact he was better than I could have possibly hoped for.

Except...It was Ryan.



Fuuuuckkk. If there was one person I did NOT want to run into right now it was this ass hole.

He looked down at me, his eyes sparkling. "I see you're trying out the new line," Ryan said, nodding at my outfit. "How do you like it?"

"I...it's not that...I..." Goddammit! What are the chances I'd run into him here, of all people, I thought. What would I say to him? How could I explain this?

"I was out of other clothes..." I continued feebly. Pathetic...

"Got it." He replied flatly. "Well - spin around for me, Babe. I want to see how you look."

I began to turn automatically, but I caught myself. What the fuck this kid did not own me just cuz he gave me a few items of clothes. And what was with him and calling me 'babe'??

"No...anyways they look bad." I pretended to believe that. "I'm just using them for the run."

"Ha. You don't mean that." Ryan answered pointedly. "You look fucking incredible."

In spite of myself, I blushed and looked to the side. Ryan had just said aloud what I had been wondering as I passed every hot dude on the track. And Ryan was hotter than any of them. Wait...what the hell was that thought...

"I...I have to get home." I declared. Immediately, I began running off.

My legs burned as I pushed myself into a jog, trying to outpace the embarrassment. But I hadn't gone two steps before I heard the thud of sneakers hitting the ground behind me. I didn't need to look back to know it was Ryan, his stride long and easy as he fell into step beside me.

"Wow. Your ass and legs look amazing in those shorts." He noted, his voice so casual it was infuriating.

In spite of the warmth that sped through me at these words, I shot him a glare that could have frozen fire. "What do you want, Ryan?" I panted, pushing my irritation to the fore.

"Just keeping an eye on my favorite project," he said, his grin widening. "But, I must admit, I didn't expect to see you jogging in my fe-male designs on your own time." His gaze swept over me, lingering on my ass and midriff, and I felt a mix of anger and shame.... But as Ryan's eyes lingered on my body, I felt a blush creep up my neck and into my cheeks. And since Ryan wasn't looking at my face, I stole another glance at him back. Damn his shoulders were huge.

I looked forward and picked up the pace, hoping he'd get the hint, but inadvertently showing off my ass once again. But again he kept up effortlessly, his muscular form gliding in beside me like he was born to run. "I'm not your project," I shot back, trying to keep the tremor out of my voice. The way the material clung to me made me feel so exposed - and to such a big man. His eyes gleamed with mischief, and I knew he was enjoying this game. "Besides," I continued, "I'm just using these because my bike's in the shop."

"Oh, I know, I know," Ryan said, his voice faintly sarcastic. "But let's be honest, you look fantastic. Those shorts really do wonders for your... assets." He winked, and I felt another shiver up my spine. I gritted my teeth and took a moment to pause, catching my breath. I had run a bit too fast trying to get away from him. Ryan stopped too, standing in front of me.



"You know, for a bike enthusiast, you're not half bad on two legs," he teased, his tone playful.

At that moment he had said that I happened to have stolen another glance at his body, this time his legs and waist...and massive bulge... I answered without thinking. "Neither are you on your three legs...."



I froze as I heard my own words, mortified. I glanced up at his face and he had a look of pure delight as he stared at me incredulously. Then he started laughing, hard, and came to a halt, hands on his knees to catch his breath as he laughed.

I stopped too, unable to stop myself from grinning as well and waiting for Ryan to recover.

"Wow, Jamie. I didn't know you had that in you." His grin turned wolfish. "But I can't wait to see how you do with this in you." His hand fell to his crotch and my eyes automatically followed. He pressed the shorts down around his cock, outlining its insane girth and size. How was that even possible...

My mouth opened slightly as I stared. But then I heard Ryan chuckling. "Ha! Got you back, babe."

Confused, and recovering from my daze, I chuckled nervously. "Ha...right..."

"Tell you what, same time, same place tomorrow? I'd like to see you in more of the fe-male line. And I can bring along some more samples." As he said this his eyes again wandered

up and down my body. I turned slightly away from embarrassment but I realized that just gave him more to look at.

He continued "I really can't wait to see how you look in the others."

"I don't know, Ryan..." I replied. As Ryan gazed at my body appreciatively, though, I realized that I kind of wanted to give this another go. Maybe just one more...for some new clothes.

He grinned at me handsomely. "I'll see you at 5:30pm at the 20th street entrance to the path. With that he turned and left. I watched his muscular back and ass until he turned the corner, feeling conflicted...and strangely light.