

Oral Fixation (Man to Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Colton has a strange dream where a female outline opens her puffy lips for a phallic shadow. Upon waking, he finds himself with a strange craving to suck on progressively more phallic things, and the more he does so, the more his body begins to change shape . . .

Oral Fixation

It was a good dream, if a strange one, not that it seemed strange as it unfolded. Few dreams do, even when they involve curvaceous silhouettes of women opening their full, luscious lips to take in a phallic shadow. Colton grunted in his sleep, weirdly pleased by the sight his mind was apparently conjuring. The shadows fused and merged, becoming an outline of a single woman, far greater than any of the others divided. Even in the low light of this unconscious screenplay, Colton could appreciate her perfect figure, her wide hips and thin waist, her peachy ass and large, naked breasts topped by perfect nipples. Her hair was long, bouncing and swaying with each step like so many other parts of her. But for reasons unknown to him, it was her lips that entranced his sleeping mind the most. They were full, puffy, almost *pouty*, as if they were made for sucking on things.

Things like the large penile shadow that was drawing ever closer to her person. The feminine figure got down on her knees, supplicant for her figure of worship. There was a brief sigh of contentment, and her voice was heavenly and devilish at the same time. The cock was hard, so very hard, and so very big too.

She parted her lips to receive it and Colton stiffened-

Colton woke, incredibly turned on and confused by the contents of the dream. It had indeed been very hot, but not exactly standard for him to feel things from the *female* perspective. His wood was hard and he needed to take care of it, so after a few moments of grogginess he went and got some tissues, stuck his toothbrush in his mouth, went back to bed, and got to work.

“Yeah . . . y-yeah, honey,” he said, his lips forming the words around the toothbrush. “F-fuck yeah.”

He kept his mind on the body of that woman, but part of him continued to think about how her lips had parted to receive that hard, hard cock. It was enough to make his little session of self-pleasure quite the short one.

“Hnngh!” he grunted, quickly grabbing the tissues just in time to avoid making a mess. “Yeah . . .”

He ran his tongue along the toothbrush, feeling the hardness of it, its firm nature. He closed his lips around it and sucked, just a little . . .

. . . only to realise what he was doing and stop.

“What the hell?” he asked aloud once he’d pulled it out. “Why the fuck am I sucking on a goddamned *toothbrush!*?”

He chuckled to himself, realising he must be tired, and returned it to the bathroom as he cleaned himself up and got into the shower. It was a Monday, which despite the stereotype was actually a good day for Colton. He worked at the nearby mechanic shop from Tuesday to Saturday, and was damn good at it too. It paid the bills, allowed him to mortgage his own house, and it had certainly racked up good favours with friends: being the guy who can fix up any car and even soup it up certainly made you the ‘cool guy’ in your group. And given that Colton was in his late twenties, was fit and handsome, and had cool jet black hair and a winning smile, well, it wasn’t too hard for him to find attractive chicks when he hit the clubs either. He had a notion of doing that tonight, in fact, taking the strange dream as a sign.

The shower was warm, and it helped clear Colton’s head. Yeah, clearly he was just lacking contact with women lately, right? He’d been so busy on some major repairs that his love life had suffered. A few one night stands would sort that out. Besides, when was the last time he’d gotten a blowjob? A really good blowjob from a hot chick? It must have been at the start of the year, and it was *August* now. Yeah, that must be the reason for the oral fixation that had come over him. It was probably why he was sucking on that toothbrush again.

Wait, what?

Colton pulled the toothbrush from his mouth and looked at it.

“What in the hell?” he said as the hot water fell upon him. “Why did I put you back in?”

Experimentally, he placed it back in his mouth. Mhmm, but it felt good to have there. Kind of . . . right. He couldn’t exactly say why, either. It was just natural to place it in his mouth. In fact, it was starting to make him a little aroused.

Colton placed the toothbrush away and finished up his shower quickly.

“Okay, I’m clearly in a weird mental space,” he muttered to himself. “I need to go run some errands, obviously. Get out of this place.”

He towelled himself off and did his hair as best as he could with the mirror so foggy. Had he waited just a little longer for it to clear, he would have noticed that his dark hair was a little lighter than it should have been, and his lips fuller too. His facial hair, normally scruffy, had receded a little, and the blemishes on his neck and arms were all gone.

They were only the first signs of many changes to come.

Colton finished purchasing the grocery lot for the week. He didn't need too much, but he decided to pick up some extra bananas this time. He wasn't normally big into them, but again a strange need had come over him, to the point where, without thinking, he opened one up before he had even purchased it. When a store worker informed him that it needed to be weighed before purchased - skin and all - he apologised, flustered.

"Sorry, I guess I was just hungry."

But he wasn't. Not really. He'd had breakfast recently. He just needed the banana in his mouth, for reasons he couldn't quite quantify. As soon as he purchased his items he instantly retrieved the half-open banana, finished peeling it open, and then placed an alarming length of it inside his mouth.

"Mhmmm," he moaned, louder than he'd intended. "Mhmmm. Uhhhh. Mhmm."

People looked at him strangely as his eyes rolled into the back of his head, hit by a dopamine rush of bliss at the act of having his long, hard curve in his mouth. It was girthier than the toothbrush, and while not as hard it had a sort of . . . fleshiness to it, almost. Something about that was just right too.

He didn't eat the banana so much as suck on it, sliding it in and out of his mouth as he exited the grocery store and headed to his car. As he did so, more changes began to sweep over his body. His lips puffed up further again, and his hair extended further, becoming a mid-tone brown rather than the jet black it had been. His shoulders thinned, and his entire height slowly shrank, his limbs adjusting proportions. He was normally six feet tall, but in the time it took him to cross the parking lot he'd already lost three inches. Not that he immediately noticed, lost in the weird craving for the banana, even as his clothing became baggier. He was more concerned with touching his nipples with his free hand; they were starting to distend and thicken, harden and grow, becoming ever more feminine in nature.

"Mhmmm," he moaned again.

"Mommy, what's that weird man doing?"

Colton was pulled from his bizarre reverie as he looked over to see a small girl looking in his direction and pointing, her mother aghast.

“Nothing dear! Some people do inappropriate things in public! Let’s just keep moving.”

The woman scowled in Colton’s direction, leaving him deeply ashamed. He pulled the bananas from his mouth, astounded that he hadn’t set off his gag reflex, and threw it on the parking lot ground.

“What the fuck is wrong with me?” he said, his voice slightly strange. He coughed, assuming it to be a throat bug, and put the car back into drive. He just had a couple more errands to run.

Colton didn’t plan on visiting work today, but he had a few items to pick up for some home repairs he was doing on his own vehicle. The boss always let him, knowing he was trustworthy and dependable. Max was good that way. He waved to him as he approached, his hips swaying a bit more than they should have been.

“Hey Max! How’s it going?”

“Can I help you?” the other man said, a big, burly type who looked a bit confused at Colton’s appearance.

“Boss, it’s me, Colton. I’m just here to pick up the spark plugs and a few other things. You said I could in a message this morning?”

Max gave an expression of alarm. “Colton? That’s you? What, you putting on a new look or something? Why are you sucking on a pencil?”

Colton frowned. He’d only put the pencil in there as a substitute. Whatever this oral fixation was, it was damn addictive. He’d intended to pull it out after parking but the sensation of having it in his mouth was too good. It was a bigger graph pencil too, so its largeness made him imagine . . . well, the dream. That wonderful dream.

“N-no, I was just thinking. You know, pencil in the mouth. What do you mean a new look?”

The man chuckled. “What is this, a bit? Your hair! And you look like you’ve had work done. You’re not going metrosexual on us, are you?”

Colton was getting flustered. Normally, he’d have a witty retort to something like this, but his mind was just . . . blank. He needed that damn pencil back in his mouth. No, something better. The lead in the pencil was a real mood killer. God, he needed something to suck on.

“Look, can I, like, grab the gear or not?”

“Fine, don’t tell me what’s going on. You’ll be a grease monkey tomorrow anyway. It’s in the back office waiting for ya. Hey, are you stooping over or something?”

“No, I’m just . . . short today.”

“Short . . . today? Jesus, get yourself checked out, man.”

Colton giggled nervously. Actually *giggled*, as if he were a high school girl. He nervously moved to the back office, opened the door, and quickly found the gear he was looking for. Max was a good boss to have put it all in a toolbox for him.

“Just get home and sleep this weirdness, like, totally off,” Colton said, his voice getting a slight valley girl edge to it.

And he was about to do just that . . . until his gaze fell upon something rather entrancing and far better than a pencil. It was a screwdriver. That word, *screwdriver*, seemed to suddenly have such a powerful sexual connotation, one that the normally handsome and manly man just couldn’t resist. Checking that no one was looking out on the fixing floor, he crouched down with the screwdriver and placed the handle in his mouth.

“Ahhhh, that’s the stuff!” he moaned after a single suck. “J-just need to suck on this hard, long . . . screwdriver. Uhhhhh.”

It was even more pleasurable than the banana, because this wasn’t going to melt and soften in his mouth. It had felt wrong for something to become *flaccid* while he was sucking on it. Far better to be hard, even if the banana *did* have a better shape. He worked his mouth over the head of the screwdriver more carefully this time, sucking on the end of it before plunging it deeper, using his fingers to stroke the extra length of the handgrip. There was an *art* to this, one he couldn’t quite understand and yet found increasingly intuitive all the same. The dream came to mind again: that feminine shadow ready to place her lips upon the phallus and provide pleasure, and take it in turn.

Colton took it now, moaning in an increasingly sultry tone as the transformation returned to his body. With each suck upon the screwdriver’s head - my, that word *head* was lovely to his ears now - a new change occurred. His hair extended further, now descending past his chin, and it lightened yet again until it was a gorgeous honey blonde. His cheekbones became more prominent, and his eyelashes longer. His jaw shifted and altered to take on a womanly curve rather than a manly squareness, and this had the effect of configuring his jaw all the better to take in this phallic object.

“Mhmm, more! M-more! I want m-more!” he groaned, voice cracking again before sucking on the item once again.

And more he received. His nipples swelled further, and while he could not see them, they had lightened to a perfect pink coloration. The flesh beneath them began to swell, tissue and fat pouring in magically to provide what could only be a set of breasts. They were not large, but still they rose, gaining a softness and sensitivity that was undeniable. The pleasure flooded through Colton’s form as his height reduced yet further, and this had the secondary effect of making the alterations to his hips all the more prominent; there was a

release of bliss as they widened, his entire pelvic region changing shape. His cock, hard in his pants, began to shrink and pull back for the first time, his testicles likewise reducing in size. His body hair fell away, but none of this was immediately noticed by Colton as his eyes were closed. The pleasure was too much, the endorphins racing through his brain. He was vaguely aware that something was wrong, but the addiction was simply too powerful. His brain was already forming new connections and terminating old ones, intensifying his libido even as his understanding of mechanics died away.

He was almost developing a lovely B-cup bust when the door flung open and a mug shattered on the floor, dropped from the hand of one very shocked Max.

“Colton! What in the - what the fuck? What’s happened to you? Are you even Colton?”

The man in question rocketed to a standing position, only to nearly trip over; his pants were so loose that they were nearly tripping him up around his feet. His long hair was almost to his shoulders, and there was a distinct wobble to his chest. And yet *still* he was sucking on the screwdriver’s head, wanting to ‘finish’ it, whatever that even meant.

“Colton? Whoever you are!? What the fuck are you doing in my goddamn office!?”

The transforming man finally spat out the screwdriver, though it was also a damn shame that he’d done so, it still hadn’t tasted *quite* right. Colton looked down at his body as he tried to formulate a response, his brain failing to fire on enough cylinders. It was then that he saw the indentations on his chest, pushing against the loose fabric of his shirt. He could feel his long hair, and even see the blonde strands in his vision. His centre of gravity was lower, his entire figure slimmer. And when he pursed his lips, it was obvious how full they were.

Full, and *empty*.

“Oh God,” he said, voice breathy and far more feminine than masculine.

Something was wrong. Something was very, very wrong.

“I need to, like, get out of here!” he shrieked. He pushed past the very confused Max, nearly tripping out of his far too big pants before pulling them up against his too-wide hips and scampering out of the shop. Several of his coworkers looked his way in confusion, but he paid no mind. Something weird was happening to him. He needed to get home and assess it, maybe even call an ambulance or something.

He ran into the parking lot, searching for his car.

“Like, where did I put it?” he said, that valley girl vacantness creeping into his voice.

“Nice tits!” someone shouted.

Colton looked around to see a young man grinning appreciatively. He looked down and realised that his nipples were seriously flashing, denting against the material of his shirt as if they seriously needed attention.

“Like, shut up and stop looking at my boobies!” he yelled, before catching himself. “Why the hell did I just say that?”

He ran again, trying to find his car. It was all so stressful. He needed something to calm him down. His lips pursed, and his mouth was full of saliva again, as if expressing frustration at not having something to suck upon.

“N-need something. Just for a little bit. Something to s-suck on.”

He found his target. A teen girl had just emerged from an adjacent shop with some candy, including a large lollipop. So very large. And it was the long kind too, not the round kind. The type that looked, and would feel, so wonderfully phallic.

Colton *raced*. “Hey! Hey! You, with the super cute crop top! I need to talk to you!”

The teen girl looked at him with confusion. Colton realised he probably looked like a crazy person, or at least one with a bad sense of fashion for his changing body.

“I’ll give you a hundred dollars for that lollipop?”

“What?”

“I’m serious! Here! Check it out - one hundred - no, two hundred cash! If you give me that lollipop it’s all yours. I mean it! See!”

He thrust the money in her hand. The shocked teen examined it, looked at him like he was indeed insane, but handed over the lollipop all the same.

“Sure, lady, whatever. Go nuts.”

Colton didn’t even waste time putting it in his mouth and sucking, his eyes rolling back from the delirious joy of relief once more. The girl muttered something about her being a ‘weird bimbo’ and moved away quickly, but Colton’s humiliation had already reached its peak. He just needed to suck and suck and suck while he found his car and then found help. Once said relief came, he remembered where he’d parked.

“Mhmm, just need to - uhhh - get home and see what’s - mhmm - happening to m-me!”

He drove all the way home using only one hand to drive. The other hand was either helping pull the lollipop in and out of his mouth, causing his lips to puff up even further, or feeling his new tits, at first in disbelief, and then to further explore their sensitivity. His nipples were so receptive now, sending little pulses of pleasure through him. It was no surprise that as he continued to suck on the lollipop they began to grow, just as his thighs thickened and his waist thinned, as his muscles deflated away and his cock shrunk. He could feel the changes coming and it terrified him, but the dopamine rush of sucking away, of simulating a fucking *blowjob*, was too powerful to resist.

“This is, like, sooooo wrong,” he said, voice now fully female and bubbly. “But it’s sooooo hot. Oh God, I can’t s-stop!”

He parked haphazardly at his house and rushed on in. He didn't want to be seen by anyone. He summoned all of his strength as he reached his trashcan and managed to throw the lollipop in there, shutting it before he could even *think* of retrieving it.

"Oh God," he said again. "My voice. I've got, like, such a bimbo voice now! I can't be like this! How will I, like, replace the batteries in cars and do other mechanic stuff and the like now!?"

He moved to the bathroom, trying to remember what it was that mechanics even actually *did*. He was coming up empty, and the act of thinking too hard was making him hungry for another oral fixation, the only thing that could really calm him.

"F-fuck! I'm, like, a total chick now! A super duper hot one and everything!"

It wasn't entirely true: he still had his cock, as reduced as it was, but as Colton stripped off to examine himself naked, it was obvious that everything was so. Very. Female.

His breasts were large, looking like ripe C-cups, a real pair of palm-fillers that were firm and pert and beautiful. Part of him wanted them to be even bigger, and that thought scared him. His figure in general was wonderful, with a divine hourglass that led down to a pair of absolute babymaking hips. As he turned, his backside wobbled a little, and he could see why; he now had a real peachy backside. His legs were long even if he had shortened down to around five-foot-six or so. They were shapely and sexy, and it made him instantly wonder just how damn hot he'd look in a set of sexy red lingerie if his damn penis would just hurry up and go away.

"No!" he exclaimed, mind jumping away from that clear enticement. "I don't, like, want to be a total blonde bimbo! Right? Right?"

He searched his reflection. God, he was gorgeous. Cute and peppy, with bright blue eyes that were full of enthusiasm and passion but clearly lacking in grit and intelligence. His hair was now upon his shoulders, bright and vibrant, that honey-blond colouring making him look like a true lady of summer.

"Gawd, I'd look soooo hawt in a pink summer dress. Or a bright yellow one. Mhmm, I could get all the cute boys and suck their big cocks and-"

He paused. What the hell was he thinking? For a moment there, he'd even *thought* of himself as female. As a *her*. But didn't he look like a her? A totally luscious her, but for the annoying pubic region which would look soooooo much better with a sexy slit for men to stick their big fat co-

"No! Have to, like, call a hospital or whatever! Someone has to f-fix this! Ugh, but I just don't have anything cute to wear!"

He searched his room, looking for something to put on, his mind distracted by clothing more than his own medical concerns. All the time, that hunger and arousal grew. His

nipples were hard, needing to be touched. He brushed them, moaning as he searched his drawers for clothes that would fit him.

Only to find something very unexpected.

That's right. She had left it here. Maggie, that was her name. That cute girl - not as cute as him now, of course - who wanted to try something a bit different. It had been fun then, but not really his thing. But now, holding that big silicone dildo in his hands, Colton understood the appeal of a good sex toy.

"Maybe j-just one suck?" he said aloud. Part of him knew there was no going back from this moment. But he needed it. He took its enormous length and plunged it down his mouth, to the entrance of his throat, and began to give it the best simulated blowjob he could imagine.

"Mhmmm . . . uhhhhh . . . ahhhhh!!"

It was the greatest pleasure he - no, *she* - had ever received. She cupped her breasts, feeling them expand yet again, then lowered one hand to her penis. It was already withdrawing as she gave in to her oral fixation, pulling back inside her body to reveal an already wet shaft that needed attention.

"Yessss," the blonde bimbo moaned, withdrawing the dildo for just a moment. "Let me s-suck on your big dick!"

She closed her eyes and imagined it, but opened them just in time to notice something else.

That's right, Maggie had also left another thing behind. Perhaps more accurately, Colton had hidden it away as evidence of conquest. It wouldn't quite fit, but perhaps that would be all the sexier for the new, orally-fixated bimbo. But then she was jolted from these thoughts, her first fully female orgasm arriving as she teased herself down there and sucked on the dildo just right. It came as a storm, welling up inside of her and finally putting the bimbo in control. Colton's male ego withered away in the face of it, the new woman moaning and groaning, whimpering and crying out as she collapsed to the ground, now totally transformed.

Any hope of turning back had vanished now, but that was alright, so long as she had something to suck on and a hot body to be pleased in the act. And yet something was still missing. That dream came to her mind again, that womanly silhouette ready to give head to that phallic object. The former male was now quite vacant in the mind, but not so vacant as to not figure out exactly what she needed to suck on next.

It was perfect timing when the postman rang the bell. Colton the man had ordered some spare parts for . . . something. Some mechanic thing or whatever. But Candace the woman was more excited about the man it came with. She was already sucking on a cucumber as she ordered cute outfits online and tried to set up dates. God, she really needed a dick to suck on.

And now there was one right here, and through the looking glass of the door, she could see that the delivery man was pretty good looking himself: in his mid-thirties, fit, and quite handsome in the face. She could only hope that the thing in his hands wasn't the only large package he had brought with him.

"Delivery!" he called from the other side of the door.

"Come right in!" she declared. "I've been waiting for a big strong man to bring a hard package to my door."

Candace opened the door, and his jaw dropped. She giggled, pleased with the effect she'd had. Maggie's lingerie was a bit too snug around the hips and certainly too small for her big double-D boobs, but that just meant her figure was outlined all the more, her huge, heavy breasts threatening to spill out over the cups. She posed sexily, one hand on her hip, the other on the doorframe, her chest thrust out.

"W-wow!" the man said, clearly flustered. "Um, sorry if I've interrupted something."

"Like, not at all," she purred. "I just don't know if I can lift that myself."

"It's, uh, pretty light."

"Mhmm, but I prefer a hot man to do it for me. Why don't you bring it in, and we'll sort out your tip."

The man swallowed. It was clear he already had a raging erection, and Candace liked what she saw.

"I'm, uh, John," the postman said, entering her home.

"Candace," she said in her most sensual tone, "but you can call me Candy."

"You have a lovely place, Candy."

"That's not what I want you to be looking at, or am I not cute enough for you?"

"No, I - I mean, you're very attractive."

"Good," she said. "Because I'm also very, very fucking horny. I'm, like, really wanting to sort out your tip. I'm sure we'll both love it."

He put the package on her table, and the moment his hands were free she was against him, pressing her full chest against his body and kissing his lips. There was only a moment of resistance.

"Holy shit, are you on something?"

"I'm a really horny girl. Do you want your tip sorted out or not?"

The indecision passed. The man's confidence grew as he looked down at her full, sensitive tits against him.

"Absolutely," he said.

His words were ecstasy. Her mouth was so empty. She kissed him again, then lowered herself to her knees and began to unbuckle his pants.

"What are you doing?" he asked, grunting as she released his dick, was quite sizable indeed and very hard. It looked so fucking delicious from her hungry perspective. Ready to be sucked upon.

"I told you, sexy," she said, stroking his length and hovering her full lips over his penishead. "Sorting out your *tip*."

She placed her mouth on his cock, and the moment of fullest satisfaction finally arrived. John the postman was clearly happy too, because he began to murmur and grunt, placing a hand on her head as she stroked his shaft and sucked on his cock. She plunged down deep, taking in so much of his length before bobbing up and down, up and down. This fleshy taste was just what she'd been wanting; the perfect oral fixation solution! She almost giggled with relief. This was far better than fixing dumb cars or chasing chicks. Why would she want chicks when she had somehow turned into the hottest, blondest, silliest, sexiest chick around? She lifted her boobs up, sandwiching his cock between them as she continued to give this man the best blowjob of his life, tittyfucking him at the same time.

"F-fuck! Holy shit, you are s-something else!" John exclaimed.

She mumbled something incoherent, trying to thank this man for being 'her first.' But the pleasure was only rising, the sheer bliss of taking in his length becoming almost unbearably hot. He was tensing too, she knew the moment of climax was near. The idea of tasting his salty, sweet semen nearly made her shudder in orgasm early.

And then his body tensed up. He gripped her hair a little painfully, but somehow that made it all the hotter as his cock throbbed one last time. She cupped his balls, felt them *squeeze* with the motion of expelling their produce, and then moments later her mouth and throat were positively *flooded* with cum.

"Mmhmmmm!!!" she moaned, eyes rolling back yet again. This was a pleasure beyond pleasure, a bliss beyond bliss. This was what her mysterious transformation was for. She was the female shadow, and this man's cock the veiled phallus. Her full lips formed a seal, preventing any excess from spilling out. No, she wanted all this man's cum. She swallowed it down with pride, literally cumming again and again just from giving this man head.

Finally, after some time, she managed to withdraw, licking John's cock clean just to make sure. It felt like the perfect aftercare. It made the new bimbo glow.

"Fucking hell," John said, rebuckling his pants. "That was something else."

She giggled. She felt so free. "Anytime you deliver a package," she promised.

"Damn, I'll make sure to come around whenever I can."

"See that you, like, totally do. But you should definitely go back to work, like, right now."

"I'm not in a rush."

She giggled again, already putting her lingerie back on. "But I am. No offence, but I literally cannot wait for your cock to get hard and your balls full of delicious cum again. I need to make some rounds."

And it was true. Even as the astonished John left, her need was already rising again. She needed more cocks. More dicks to suck. She grinned at herself in the mirror.

And perhaps a little time to accessorise and get a new wardrobe. All the better to draw men to her.

She had a feeling she was going to enjoy her new life. Certainly, it was going to be a lot simpler.

"I can't wait to suck every big dick in town," she exclaimed.

Somehow, she knew she would.

The End