

Pin Up Girl (Alpha Male to Sexy Model TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Peter has hired a 'life coach' named Darrell to help him become a more confident person capable of attracting women. But when it becomes clear that Darrell is a sleazy manosphere misogynist, Peter begins to get cold feet. But everything changes when a strange purple lightning storm hits during an outing, and the pinup girls on a magazine Darrell carries everywhere begin to disappear from the pages. Soon the sleazy life coach will be gaining those very qualities, and Peter may get a girlfriend yet . . .

Pin Up Girl

I won't lie, I was nervous. That's part of the reason I finally made this choice to hire a life coach, really: because I'm always nervous. Too nervous to talk to women, too nervous to ask them out, too nervous to even make much of an impression. I've always been this way, but now that I'm twenty four years old, I think it's about high-time I ended it. I'm not terrible looking, at least I don't think I am. I mean, I'm probably pretty average: a joker once told me I had the looks of a background extra in a TV show: "there but no one remembers you." That stung more than a little, but he wasn't entirely wrong. I just kind of look average; brown hair, medium height, slim but not enormously athletic. That's another feature I need to work on.

But I've taken the first step, and that's a good start, right? To actually *start*, that is?

Still, I was pacing around the room anyway, waiting for the knock upon the door, trying to question if I'd made the right decision. When the doorbell finally dinged, I crept cautiously to the entrance, almost hoping that it was just a package being delivered or the Mormons coming to proselytise again - I can never build up the courage to just turn them away.

Instead, when I opened the door, it was him. Darrell Johnston, looking very much like he did in the photo: tall, muscular, a close-cropped black goatee and slicked-back equally dark hair. He was wearing a smart casual blue vest over a buttoned red shirt, and his pants looked more expensive than my entire wardrobe. He was wearing shades despite the currently cool weather, and he grinned with overly white teeth at me, thrusting forward a firm hand.

"Peter Nellis?" he asked, shaking my hand with far more strength than was necessary.

"Um, yeah, that's me."

“Ohhh, that’s far too timid! I can already see I’ve got a bit to work with. You ready to go?”

I blinked. I had thought that we would go inside and discuss things. He evidently saw my confusion, because the much larger and more charismatic man chuckled.

“C’mon, man. You’re paying me to help transform you into a real alpha male instead of some sad beta. That means getting out of Mom’s basement.”

“I don’t . . . my Mom lives interstate. I had to move for my programming job-”

“It’s a figure of speech Peter,” he said. His voice was slick and self-assured. I was already envious. He placed a hand on my shoulder and practically pulled me with ease from my home. “It’s going to be a full day, and today’s only session one. Let’s get going.”

“Grab the magazine out of the glove box,” Darrell told me as he drove. His car was much nicer than mine; a classy BMW, though he claimed to have another five vehicles, all of them Bugattis.

“Um, there’s only a pin up mag in here,” I said, holding up what looked to be a fairly lurid - if still clothed - collection of celebrities, pop stars, models, and even major influencers all posing for my male gaze.

“That’s the one!” he said. “In order to be an alpha male, you need to realise your value, man. Take a look at all those hot chicks. I want you to think real hard about all their best qualities - tits, ass, hourglass figure, big dick sucking lips, feet if you’re into that sort of thing.”

I looked through the magazine. There was a diverse collection of rather beautiful women in there, and I won’t deny that, being a red blooded male, I was pretty damn attracted to the bustier ladies. Megan Kind was in there, and while she was listed as a DD-cup, that was probably industry standard; she had a really nice set of big cantaloupe-sized breasts. It made me blush to be staring at a pin up mag of all things in the presence of another guy, though.

“Aww, he’s blushing!” Darrell declared, heading for a park. “Don’t, dude. My first lesson to you is this: never forget that we men hunted the mammoth, not women. *This* is what they do, and what their value has always been in: they look hot and sexy for us because of their breeding instinct and their desire for a man to protect them.”

I frowned. It seemed a little . . . reductive, especially for women. I mean, I had three sisters, and they were high achievers who definitely had more goals than just that.

“Isn’t that a bit of a simplification?” I asked.

He just shook his head. "Look at that mag again. Find another lady. The purpose of today is getting you to re-align your worldview so you can be more confident. You can't be a real man if you're still stuck in this Beta mindset of thinking being some pussy male feminist or lame white knight will actually get you what you want. You need to man up and be the kind of guy who looks at chicks in a rag like that and goes; yeah, I could fuck those bitches, and I've got the confidence to actually give it a try. If they turn me down, it's only because of them, not me."

A chill ran down into my stomach and settled there like a bad seed. I should have done more research. I had no idea that I'd accidentally hired a manosphere guy. Still, as he found a park, I tried to remain calm. He was coming off strong, but perhaps this was just the way he started things off.

"Here we are," he said. "Take the mag with you. We're gonna get you fitted with some nicer clothing. That's lesson two: you can't impress a woman if you don't look like you've got the money and power to protect her."

I nodded. That seemed to make sense, at least.

We stepped out of the car and into the overcast area of the CBD. Storm clouds were gathering above, making me a little concerned about the weather, but Darrell just waved me forward.

We spent the next hour putting clothes on me. It was awkward, especially since Darrell judged me often, holding up the pin up mag and showing me pics of Jennifer Lillian with her stunning blue eyes and long, gorgeous blonde hair.

"You want a chick like this? Look at her! She's asking for you, bro. But you gotta be worthy of her. Not just confident but looking confident and rich; that's half the battle!"

I blushed, feeling a bit embarrassed, but kept on trying the clothes he threw at me. In the end, I spent over four hundred dollars *on top* of what I was already paying him as my life coach for the day. Still, I won't deny I looked better, and he told me as such, putting an arm around my shoulder as we walked out of the clothes store.

"You see? You gotta increase your personal value. Chicks look for that more than anything in a guy. They've got a sixth sense for power and prestige; why do you think we don't talk about male gold diggers? A woman's worth is in her looks and the fact that only she can make a baby, and she knows it. Look, check out this Sandra Cussing here, right?"

He held up the magazine to show an Asian actress with beautiful legs showing through the thigh slits of a tight red dress.

"She's beautiful," I said.

“Damn straight she is. Five kids. Five fucking kids. She really likes pumping them out. But her husband is a damn CEO. Makes seven times as much as her. She knows her worth to him; she has to keep looking fucking perfect for him. That’s the relationship: he hunts the damn mammoth, and she’s there to keep the bed warm. You see what I’m saying?”

I hesitated. We were walking back to his car, heading down the street, and the storm clouds were gathering now, sparks of purple lightning in the distance.

“Look, Darrell,” I started. “I just kinda wanted to learn how to be a more confident guy and the best ways to have a girlfriend. I don’t want it to be a men vs women thing.”

He just chuckled. “Nah, we just need to redpill you bro, anything else is just a placebo. Look, here’s another one. Maggie Tanton. Look at that ass. Black girls really know how to show them off, and she’s no exception. Tell me you wouldn’t want to fuck her in the ass and make her moan like a whore?”

I did want to do that, but he made it sound so sleazy. “Look, Darrell, maybe this isn’t-”

I never got to finish my sentence, because at that very moment there was a terrific glow in the sky above us, followed by an enormous bolt of bright violet lightning that cracked down right in the centre of the street before our very eyes, booming with powerful thunder. I won’t lie, I screamed, particularly when something really strange happened and the bolt erupted where it hit the street, sending out smaller sparks and arcs of lightning that hit nearby vehicles, windows, street signs. I grabbed Darrell out of instinct, moving to hide, but he just grabbed me in that split-second moment and held me firm.

“A man doesn’t fear!” he yelled over the loud crack of lightning.

But then he yelped too, because an arc of electric purple shot right into the street sign beside him, before a smaller zap sprung forth and got him in the shoulder. It leapt from him to the magazine, and then from the magazine to me, by which point it was substantially weaker, causing my hand to tingle - it had hit the middle digit of my left hand.

“Holy shit!” he exclaimed, laughing it off in a perhaps over the top way. “Am I singed? On fire? My eyes are still in the same place?”

I confirmed this was the case, and he cackled. “There we are. A caveman who fought the lightning. I tell you, you’ve gotta tap into that primal instinct. There’s some podcasts with some real good bro-casters that I’ll link you up to that talk about this. Let’s keep going.”

“Um, shouldn’t we get you to a hospital?”

But Darrell just chuckled. “No point. I rode the lightning and I won. Besides, we have plenty of places yet to go. You gotta be worthy of Maggie Tanton’s ass here, right?”

I could barely believe he was so blase about it, but I followed him all the same. We got into his car and drove away.

“Check out the ass on her, seriously,” he told me, passing me back the magazine. “Think on what I said.”

But it was the weirdest damn thing: when I flicked through all the pin ups, Maggie was nowhere to be seen. There was a page that had her name, but her image was gone, like she had been photoshopped out. I was about to mention it to Darrell when he suddenly grunted and shifted.

“Are you okay?” I asked him.

“Y-yeah. It’s just my ass. Must have gotten shocked there too or something.”

He adjusted his trousers, even loosening his belt as he grunted a little more, then got the car into gear. I didn’t think much of it at the time.

By the time we reached the barbershop, Darrell was already back to talking about hot chicks. Jennifer Lillian had nice hair, but he was telling me that dark-haired chicks statistically are more devoted to ‘high-status males’ because they have less success than blondes and redheads switching partners. I was pretty sceptical, honestly, and wasn’t loving the talk, especially when he talked about how olive-toned women tended towards loyalty due to something genetic, which was definitely nonsense. I should have gained the confidence to argue against him, but the truth was I was too distracted by something else.

His ass, namely.

I kept finding excuses to walk behind the manosphere life coach, because his rear looked seriously enormous. Not fat or anything, but very peachy. It reminded me more than anything of Maggie Tanton’s ass, which was round and full and wobbly while still having a firmness to it, as emphasised in her pinup with her wearing a very, very tight dress that showed it off, her body twisted to emphasise her rear feature to the reader. It looked frankly quite odd on Darrell’s form, and I couldn’t believe I hadn’t noticed it before. Occasionally, he grunted and reached back to pat his rear or even squeeze it, making other onlookers view him with slight amusement. A group of teenage boys even giggled at him. I decided not to tell him, but it did tell me that for all his bluster, he had features that weren’t exactly alpha male.

“Okay, so on the topic of getting you a new haircut and fixing up that godawful facial hair, take a look at Monica Perez here. Fucking amazing here. Best thing to ever come out of Spain, I tell you. Look at that goddamn wave in her hair. Fuck, can’t you just smell it? Her body’s alright, she’s only got B-cups, but she’s on the bottle of every shampoo and conditioner in Europe, and for good reason. Again, this is what I’m telling you, Peter. Women know their physical value, and men capitalise on it when they’re successful, or fall prey to it when they don’t. She wants to control you; she knows her looks entice you. I’m teaching you to recognise she’s hot, to be bold enough to make a move on a woman like her, but not to

fall into the trap of idolising her. She wants a high-status male, but your job is to not only become one, but to be the man in charge. To let the chick know you could leave her at any time, so she better prove her value. She better look nice for you.”

“Honestly,” I replied. “I just kinda want to be more confident. The clothes stuff is good, and I do need a better haircut, but I don’t want to look down on women.”

“If you don’t, they will. Come on. Let’s get you fixed up.”

My hand tingled a little as I passed the magazine back to him, almost like there was a weird connection between it, myself, and even Darrell. Then I was introduced to his usual barber, a consummate professional named Leon, who quickly sat me down in the chair.

“Don’t worry, sir,” he said. “When we are done, you will be a new man.”

“You hear that?” Darrell chuckled, running his fingers through his hair and playing with it idly. “A new man!”

Something weird was happening. I looked much better, there was no denying. No longer a background extra in my own life, but a rather smart looking young man. Who knew that just a change in dress sense and style could make me feel so much more confident?

But as soon as I got out of the chair and faced Darrell, my jaw had dropped.

“What?” he’d asked, running some fingers through his hair. His very long, dark hair, with perfect waves in it. Long dark hair that was almost an exact match for Monica Perez’s own hairdo. More than that, his facial hair was gone completely. It wasn’t just that his goatee had been shaved off, his skin was baby smooth and without visible pores, as if he’d never had facial hair or even any wear and tear at all. Even his eyelashes looked weirdly prominent.

“Your hair! Darrell, it’s bigger. Longer. Are you wearing a wig?”

He snorted. “What are you talking about? C’mon, we’ve got places to be.”

Leon’s eyebrows raised. “He is correct, Darrell. You’ve put on a wig. Did you steal one of our shavers?”

“Nice joking around, Leon! I’ll see you next time.”

He left, his big butt prominent in his overly stuffed pants. I gave one look to Leon who was as confused as I was, then followed Darrell out. His hair was bobbing and shifting in the wind, and it looked more realistic than any wig I’d ever seen.

“Darrell, you’re telling me your hair grew out in just half an hour? That doesn’t make sense!”

“Dude, it hasn’t grown at all, and I didn’t shave. I’ve still got my goatee; trust me, chicks dig facial hair. They know it means you’re a man. It’s the same with chest hair, see?”

He unbuttoned his shirt a little at the top as we reached his car, but there was no chest hair to be found at all. Like his neck and face, his skin was almost gorgeously soft. It made me feel weirdly warm to look at, as wrong as it is to admit. And yet he didn't seem to recognise he'd lost any body hair at all.

"Something is seriously strange here," I said. "That purple lightning may have done something. I think we should go to a hospital."

But Darrell just got into the car. "I charge for the full day even if you pull out. And trust me, a real man never pulls out. Get in, kid. We've got more lessons to impart. Open that mag and we'll talk more about how women used their best features."

I should have walked away, I knew it. This was too strange. But he had the magazine, and something about it called me, just as Darrell's very existence was compelling me. I couldn't explain it, but it was as if the lightning had linked us; nothing else made sense.

I got in the car, once more looking at his hair. It was now over his shoulders, wavy and dark and beautiful, with curls at the ends that gave it a deliberate messiness, fitting for an Iberian woman's hair. He passed me the mag.

"Find me the sexiest woman in there, and I'll teach you how to get your hands on her," he said.

I began to look through as he started the car. This time, it wasn't just Maggie that was missing. Monica Perez was gone too.

I knew where her hair was now, at least.

Darrell didn't quite approve of my choice. In truth, neither did I. I had intended to select Kaley Hart, the influencer who had skyrocketed to celebrity fame in part due to her incredibly bountiful rack. I had masturbated to internet GIFs of her more than once, feeling a bit pathetic afterwards for doing so. But given what was happening to Darrell and my own self-awareness at not wanting to be as shallow as him, I'd chosen Melissa Vernandez instead.

"Bah, she's not bad, but she's got no shape to her!" he declared.

"She's very pretty."

"There's prettier ones," he replied. "Like Lisa Puck. More like Lisa FUCK, am I right? Ha! What's the appeal with Vernandez?"

I struggled to think of something other than generic comments. "She's got nice olive skin. And her makeup is great."

"That's just to try and entice you, man. It makes her a manipulator. But a girl should also wear makeup to prove her value."

I tried to work *that* one out in my head and came up short. “She looks good in motion,” I finally said. “I mean, she’s got nice hips, and if you’ve seen her in her movie roles she’s got a great, uh, strut, I guess.”

He chuckled. “I know the one you mean. Let’s go get you sorted.”

It was cologne time. Apparently if women could use makeup to entice, then a man should use scent. A “masculine musk” he called it. He dismissed any of the helper women in the store who came by to offer suggestions, instead making his own choices. They all had names like ‘*Predator Rex*’ and ‘*Oxen Struggle*’ and ‘*Tiger Dragon Musk*’. I wasn’t sure I wanted any of them; didn’t girls like sweeter scents? Some of these smelled like Axe Body Spray, and that was not a compliment. Besides, I didn’t like having something on my bathroom shelf that had the words ‘Predator’ on it.

In the end, I purchased it all though, and it wasn’t even for lack of self-confidence this time. I was too distracted by Darrell. He was grunting again, rubbing his hips on both sides, and generally wincing. Right before my eyes, even as we made our way to the counter for the purchases, I could see that his hips were visibly expanding, growing wider. As they did so, his big ass looked less out of place, but it also began to bounce and sway more. He was starting to walk just like Melissa Hernandez did during those hot scenes in *Alpha Prime Zero*, an otherwise forgettable sci-fi thriller.

“Um, Darrell, you’re walking a bit weird,” I told him.

He just looked at me, his expression surprisingly hurt. “Weird how, dude?”

“Er, are you swaying your hips on purpose?”

“I’m doing an alpha male strut, dude. Learn to watch and enjoy it. It’s a good show.”

I had to blink a few times and process what he’d said. I requested the magazine from him after we exited the store, by which point he had a wide set of babymakers that had forced him to adjust his pants yet again. When he passed it to me he made another comment about ‘how to manage a woman like Melissa Hernandez,’ but as I suspected would be the case, she wasn’t there when I opened the magazine. There was just her profile, a small description, a quote, and then a whole lot of negative space where her lingerie-clad body was supposed to be. But when I pointed this out to Darrell, he just scoffed.

“It’s an arty fart thing, Peter,” he said, inspecting his nails. “Now go on, find another hot chick. We need to get you ready for your first true test.”

I had no idea what that meant, but I felt a strange compulsion to go along with it. I wanted to get out of the car and ditch whatever weirdness was going on, but Darrell’s presence was like a magnet, like I was *meant* to stay. I looked at his hands and realised they had become quite lady-like; they were even manicured just like Melissa’s, with perfect nails coloured a pale red. He put a hand on my thigh and let it rest there just a little longer than any man should for another man, at least one he wasn’t looking for a relationship with.

“Don’t worry,” he said, massaging my leg. It felt nice. “We’ll land you a proper woman. One who knows how to serve you properly.”

For just a second, part of me hoped that woman would be Darrell. It felt like a thought from elsewhere.

The pin up’s name was Eliza Derra Nessa. It rolled off the tongue in a fun way, but her true appeal on the page were her long, luscious legs and gorgeous midriff. She was dressed like a sexy cowgirl in the pin up, leaning back against a ranch fence and wearing a cowboy hat. Her shirt was tied up below her lovely breasts, which were respectably-sized, and she was sporting denim short shorts and cowboy boots and basically nothing else. Her thighs were wonderful, her pose showing off her skin, and her midriff was perfect; toned and supple but flat. Her mouth was parted, her full lips in a small ‘O’ that made me think of . . . well, let’s just say I felt a bit guilty about those thoughts, because they were the kind that Darrell would vocalise.

And did.

“Fuck yeah, love her legs. But that mouth! I bet she sucks cock like a pro. Remember another lesson, Peter. Never go down on a woman. It’s her way of making you submit. But a woman who goes down on her man often is a real keeper; she knows her role is to please him, and it’s, like, the ultimate submission. Think on the kind of woman who’ll do that, and maybe you’ll find one right now.”

I gulped. He had taken me to a coffee shop named *La Rinda’s*, and it was the sort of place for people to meet socially, with outdoor areas and lots of space for discussion. I knew this was a space for potentially making sparks fly, because I’d been here several times, hoping for that exact outcome, only to chicken out and sit by myself, fiddling around on my phone to try and appear unapproachable, not that anyone would approach me anyway.

“Nervous?”

I looked at Darrell. His hands were on his wide hips, and he shook his head a little to let his hair spill out. Behind him, I could see a few men joking about the ‘guy with the huge ass.’ I decided not to mention this; I was already getting funny feelings looking at him, especially those hips.

“Definitely,” I said.

“Don’t be. Remember, you’re high status. You’re here to approach chicks, and if they turn you down, it’s just because they were low status sluts anyway.”

The clear contradiction didn't seem to register with him, but my own hesitance must have been obvious, because he reached out and grabbed my hand, rubbing it with his own womanly ones. Again, that weird warmth returned to me.

"You can do this, kid. Go out there and be the alpha male. Find a chick with legs and lips like Eliza Derra Nessa."

And with that, he pushed me forwards, giving me a quick tap on the ass. What the hell was up with him? The purple lightning was the only explanation; it had linked me and him and the magazine. But then that meant it had affected me, which explained why I was finding it difficult to pull away from him. Part of me was already hoping for another chance to the misogynistic coach, and not just to teach him a lesson either.

Still, I squared my shoulders, stood tall, and tried my most handsome smile. I searched the venue until I spotted a rather cute chick sitting by herself. She had nice blonde hair - not as nice as Darrell's dark curls - and stylish clothing. She was on her phone, but looking around the room. Perhaps this was an opportunity. Steeling myself, I strode forward.

"Hey there," I said. "Mind if I sit down?"

She looked up, then smiled. "Not at all, if you want. Table's free."

"I'm Peter," I said.

"Natalie," she replied in a sweet voice. "You from around here?"

I told her I was, and that I was a programmer. She was a hairdresser on her break, and that led to me asking about her profession, to which she began telling me. I tried to joke a little bit, even that I only recently had better hair, and she actually recognised Leon's work!

"I don't know who did that guy's hair over there," she remarked. "But it's amazing. The guy with the big, uh, derriere."

She was talking about Darrell, of course, and it made me blush.

"Oh, yeah, I guess you spot stuff like that all the time."

"I do! But you'd be the same with computers, right. I've got my laptop here, and it's buggy all the time. I seriously can't get these ads off of it."

I chuckled, and was about to offer to help her. I couldn't believe how well this was going; we were actually hitting it off! Even if this was just practice, it was working! Darrell was full of a lot of shit, and I was connecting with Natalie a lot more by being respectful to her and interested in her, but he wasn't wrong about improving one's style and physical appeal either.

Unfortunately, there was suddenly a loud gasp from several patrons behind us, followed by a long moan from a low, slightly cracking voice. Natalie gasped, and I looked behind, cringing at what I already knew I would see.

Darrell's legs were changing, and his lips were puffing up. Even his face was changing, his jaw becoming a little softer. He moaned almost sensually, gripping his legs as

his trousers literally receded upwards. I gaped, seeing them literally change material like magic until they had become a pair of tight denim shorts, just like in Eliza's pinup photo.

"Holy shit," I said.

"Oh my God, I have to take a video of this," Natalie said, getting her phone out again.

But I was already giving apologies and moving. A sixth sense directed me; I had to get Darrell out of here, and had to protect him. He was gasping a little, his legs becoming toned and gorgeous, shapely and feminine, and his shoes were not cowboy boots but a pair of sandals . . . just like what I now noticed Natalie was wearing.

"Ughhh," Darrell grunted. "F-feel a bit w-weird."

His voice sounded higher. Feminine. And his lips were indeed the kind of so-called 'DSL's that he so prized in women. For a brief moment, I imagined them locked around my penis, until I pushed the strangely sexy thought away.

"C'mon, let's go!" I said.

He collected himself even amongst the commotion, and I got him out of there before there were any videos taken.

"You struck out then?" he said.

"Darrell, can't you see you're changing! Look at your legs, man! You're wearing denim shorts. You look like a lady from the bottom down!"

He just scoffed. "You're a weird one, Peter. We need to get you a lady so you can recognise one. C'mon, I've got another venue to try out your skills. I'll give you some pointers. Let's see that mag again."

I could only sigh and follow him, my gaze falling on his perfect legs, ass and hips, his lower half perfect as he strutted ahead. Eliza was gone from the pin up mag, and thanks to Darrell's direction, I was already looking at the next girl.

And unfortunately for him, it was Kaley Hart, with her great big chest melons.

I couldn't stop thinking about Darrell, even as he coaxed me to have a go at flirting with a number of chicks at the bar we were visiting. It was getting into the mid-afternoon by this point, and the slow trickle of ladies looking for a good time was only just starting; the prospects were few enough, Darrell explained, that I could make an impression "before the competition arrived."

"You just need to walk with swagger, and let a lady know you're here to give them a good time," he said, rubbing my back in a far-too close manner. I thought about complaining, but once again I couldn't deny that it felt nice. Darrell was scratching his chest idly by this point, grunting occasionally and complaining about a weird pressure. I had a pretty good

idea of exactly what that pressure was going to manifest as, and because of that I could barely take my eyes off of him. The same was true of a number of patrons, who were giving odd looks to the man with soft features and beautiful hair, and what appeared to be quite the female lower half. Hell, those swaying hips were enough to make me a little hard, and that only added to the awkwardness of what followed next. This was not at all like my conversation with Natalie, which had flowed easily. Instead, I sat down at the bar and made small talk with one woman and then another, struggling both times despite initial good starts.

"Are you okay?" a nice brunette named Cynthia asked me. "You keep looking back to that weird . . . man or woman, I can't tell. Do you know, uh, them?"

I became a bit flustered at this point. We had started off well; she was a dental surgery receptionist and I had laughed at a number of her stories about odd patients, and I was starting to even get her to understand my oddball programmer humour, but then I would hear a soft moan from behind me, and I would swivel on my bar seat to see Darrell clutching his chest, pawing at it. And indeed, it did appear to be growing: each time he patted it, there was more *padding*. I had to order another drink just to contain the reluctant excitement that was blooming in me. In the end, Cynthia clearly had had enough, and politely excused herself.

"It's been nice talking to you, Peter," she said. "But I can see your attention is elsewhere. All the best to you."

I had flunked out, but the weirdest part was that I was grateful for it. Despite the fact that I was hitting it off better with women than I ever had, I just wanted to be near Darrell. I got up from my seat and returned to him. He was cupping his chest, and I could see that a staff member was likely about to ask him to leave; he didn't even really look like a 'him' anymore, not with his square shoulders starting to shrink.

"C'mon, let's go," I said.

"But you were doing well! Don't let that bitch get you down, she couldn't recognise high status, dude, not like I do."

At that, he placed a hand on my chest, and I noticed that his forearms were no longer covered; the fabric had shrunk down to reveal slender, womanly arms. Something in me shivered with anticipation; his jacket was sticking out more around the chest despite being loose everywhere else.

"That's . . . great to hear, Darrell," I said. "Um, are you sure you don't feel strange? Your voice sounds higher, and your chest-"

"It's just sore, leave it alone," he said, though he then made the surprising move of putting an arm around my waist. "Fine, if you don't want to stay here, we'll find another joint to go to. I'll show you the best moves to get a lady. Trust me, you'll be balls deep in wet pussy tonight, all the better if we can find a hot babe with a big, bust ch-ugghh!"

He collapsed against me as we reached the street, leaning into me. A few people asked if “she needed help,” but I was quick to hold Darrell. I was shocked to realise he was now shorter than me, and definitely lighter too.

“Ohhh, I f-feel weird,” he said, voice becoming even more purry and sensual, to the point that any male rasp was starting to disappear entirely. He rubbed his chest, moaning in a way that was making it really, really hard not to get an obvious erect. Thankfully, we reached the car, even as he began openly groping his growing boobs. I could see his jacket and shirt getting looser in real time now, except for around the chest, which was obviously tightening. He panted, those dick sucking lips - er, those *lips* - forming a perfect ‘O’ shape as he grabbed my thigh and rubbed it, fingers trailing right up to near my own throbbing member in the driver’s seat.

Which made me realise, for reasons that escaped me, I had automatically gone to the driver’s seat and he to the passenger’s.

“I really think something’s going on, Darrell,” I said. “You’re growing tits. Big ones! Look, Kaley Hart isn’t in the magazine anymore! She’s disappeared.”

“D-damn shame they couldn’t g-get her photo,” he grunted, still cupping his boobs. I really wanted to see them, and it flooded me with shame. “She’s got such big, ripe tits. I bet they’re fucking sensitive. She’d fuck like total whore, and I bet she’d give the best titty fucks. There’s a w-woman who knows her biological v-value. Mhmmm!!”

My erection was stiff by this point; his hand was stroking me idly, pumping me, and I was afraid someone might see. Darrell shook his shoulders, biting his lip and grinning widely. He turned his face to me, and I realised then that I couldn’t even see him as a man anymore; he was simply too beautiful by this point, too changed by the magazine. He had Perez’s dark, Eliza’s lips, Kaley’s gorgeous cheeks and classy cheekbones, and the soft jawline of Maggie Tanton, along with her long lashes. And yet it all came together, composited perfectly, still taking on more and more women’s features. When *she* rubbed her legs - courtesy of Eliza Derra Nessa - together, it was as if she’d been doing that to lure in men all her adult life.

“D-Darrell,” I stuttered. “You look . . . amazing.”

At that, the woman grinned, and something in her gaze just *sparkled*. The connection between me and him - *her* - had never been so close. She looked down to where she was rubbing my crotch and pulled her hand away. For a small moment, I assumed she had finally realised how much she had changed, but instead she just nodded with approval.

“Knew you had it in you, mate,” she said. “A grower, not a shower, huh? We can work with that. Okay, you find another lady in that magazine and it’ll inspire our next bout. We’ll head back to yours. It’s getting evening and the day is up, so it’s time for your final lesson.”

I swallowed. I didn’t want this day to end, despite the insanity of it all.

“What’s the final lesson?” I asked.

She simply grinned wider. “How to please a woman, of course.”

Perhaps I could have stopped myself. Perhaps I could have fought the compulsion to look at the pin up magazine. But the truth was, even if I could have, I *wanted* to see what would happen next. The purple lightning was rearranging reality, but instead of everyone else recognising it, Darrell was the only one *not* to. So yeah, I opened the magazine. Almost a third of the women were missing by this point, but one woman in particular caught my eye. She was a famous British socialite named Juliette Carter, and while she was indeed gorgeous, it was her dress sense that truly elevated her and made me connect my thoughts to Darrell. She was posing on a dining table, wearing a tiny little pink cocktail dress that was almost short enough to show off her panties, and low enough that her boobs were almost falling out, and she was no slouch in the chest department either. She wore high heels and had diamond earrings and a sexy necklace, the pendant hanging down into her cleavage. With her glossy makeup and subtle eyeshadow, she looked like sex personified.

“What I wouldn’t do to have a girl like that!” Darrell cackled, looking at the mag. I’d had to pull over to choose, of course, but then he kept holding the double-page spread up for me, and I felt the energy of the purple storm growing, as if it was already working to correct matters.

Sure enough, the double-page spread began to disappear. I could only look at it occasionally because I was driving, but Juliette was indeed fading off the page quite literally, not that Darrell could see it. Instead, his clothing gradually transformed. The sexy denim shorts that had shown off his ass and hips changed to a pink pair of lingerie underwear, and for just a moment I could tell what I had begun to suspect: his cock and balls were long gone, and all that remained was a very feminine-looking Venus mound.

Then the rest of her clothing altered. Her jacket simply melded into his shirt, which extended in some places, flattened and shortened in others, and did its best to hug every curve on her body. Now I could see Kaley Hart’s tits, full and round and unbelievably beautiful in a tight pink dress they were nearly spilling out of. I almost didn’t slow down in time for a speedbump, but the resulting wobbles made it all the more worth it. Once more the former misogynistic life coach moaned like a woman in heat, clutching her firm breasts and squeezing them together as her dress finalised and her jewellery came in. She even had a stud on her tongue now, which I only noticed because she opened her mouth in a terrific sound of pleasure.

"Holy shit," I said, looking at the hottest woman I had ever seen. Her hips were wide, her waist small, her breasts large yet entirely natural. I wanted to kiss her face for eternity, and other, more impure thoughts were sparking about all the other parts of her body, as well as what else those lips could do.

"Keep your eyes on the road, kid," she finally said, adjusting herself in the seat, her seatbelt now lost in her own cleavage. "We gotta get this final lesson going."

"Y-you're a chick," I said. "A woman! A - a good looking one!"

At that, she just gave a high giggle, adjusting her dark hair. "You're getting ahead of things, but good that you've been paying attention. I'm just gonna playing the role of one. It's part of the gig. Now hurry up and park so I can teach you already. Trust me, it's worth the money."

I parked the car and she and I got out. She marched ahead of me, and so many parts of her now bounced; her ass and tits especially. I opened the door for her, almost tripping over as I stared at her curves. How could she not realise what a hot woman she'd become? Then again, how could I not exit this situation? The lightning had connected us, and the magazine was still in my hands. I took one last look at it; the influencer Lena Lauren was there, entirely naked but covering herself in such a way as to hide the naughty bits, barely. Her big interview quote was quite prominent: *'Oh, I'm always having sex. I just can't help myself!'*

"That's the kind of fucking woman we're gonna be pretending you're balls deep in," Darrell said. "Okay, close the door and hit the lights. Put on some nice music; it's a real pussy wettening strategy. Lost the jacket but not the shirt, yet. Yeah, you want a woman who just fucking craves cock, it's what you deserve, Peter."

As I said this and followed her instructions, she began to breathe heavily, occasionally rubbing her own big tits through her dress, pulling it down a bit to show off even more of her large mammaries, and generally moving in a way that had me hard as iron.

"Mhmmm," she moaned, as I put on some smooth jazz from my speaker. "That's the stuff. Now I know this sounds like a bit, but pretend I'm a woman."

I blinked. "I . . . I think I can do that."

"A hot one. Like a combination of all those sexy sluts in that magazine."

She pointed at the open pin ups on the ground. Lena was no longer on it, but I could see the effect of her on Darrell. She was rubbing her thighs together as if overcome with horniness. It was making me just as aroused.

"I . . . I can imagine that too," I replied.

"I'll be a woman, what's a hot name for a wo-"

"Daria," I replied automatically.

She smiled, licking her lips as she sauntered towards me, shaking her large ass and letting her tits bob.

"That's right," she said, undoing my collar. "Daria. Yeah, I love it. Good imagination, kid. Now, this part might be a little difficult, but it's necessary to make you a ladykiller. You gotta fuck me, okay? Just pretend I'm a woman and go along with it, but I'll teach you the steps. I'm gonna act like one of those girls who is exactly what a woman should be: loyal, sexy, and hella submissive. She knows you're a high-status male, and her job is to look fucking hot and be available to him. Have kids for him when he wants them, be his trophy wife, all of that stuff. Hang off his arm and wear tight dresses so every other man knows what's up. Do you think you can do that for me?"

"I - I can, yeah."

I was struggling to control my own beating heart and racing breath by that point. I nodded, almost whimpering as she drew close to me, her lips almost touching my ear as she whispered into it.

"Good, because I'm gonna act the part now, okay? I'm super horny for you, Peter, and I want you to fuck my wet, dripping pussy. Mhmmm . . ."

Don't blame me. Don't judge me. I'd never had sex before! I was a total introvert, a total shy guy, and here the universe had literally served up this woman on a platter to me, and what's more carved her from a very karmic target. And it wasn't like she didn't desperately want it.

So yeah, I caved immediately. I kissed her, touched her, groped and squeezed her magnificent breasts and let her pull my face right into them, while she giggled and pulled me towards the bed. And then we were all over each other, her craving me and me craving her, touching and caressing one another and getting naked together. She spread her legs, and she was indeed dripping wet down there. I was harder than I'd ever been, my dick throbbing, and she moaned at the sight of it.

"This is j-just for illustration!" she cried. "Obviously you'd b-be having sex with a real woman. But enter here and we'll p-pretend! Ohhhh!!"

She cried out as I entered her, and I couldn't stop gasping either. The sensations were beyond what I could have hoped it would be, and she locked me with her thighs, wrapping her legs around me and bucking her hips in time with mine. She played with her own big, bouncing tits and I squeezed her ripe ass as I thrust into her.

"Oh God, I'm g-going to cum!" I cried.

"Don't! You have to - OHHHH!!!"

And I did. I don't think I even lasted twenty seconds, to be honest. It was the best feeling in the world and I'd fumbled it, so lost in the unbelievable bliss of fucking a goddamn supermodel made of the hottest real life supermodels across the world. In the aftermath, I

managed to roll off of her, still panting, feeling simultaneously elevated and a bit embarrassed.

“Shit, sorry,” I said.

She shifted over to me, pressing her full chest against my side.

“Not quite all the way yet,” she said, “though it was a good start. Hmm, we might have to extend our sessions.”

“I - what?”

She nodded eagerly, hand across my chest and lowering to my groin.

“Well, it was a great first day, but clearly we should work on this for a lot longer. Mate, you clearly need more confidence before you are ready to fuck a real woman, so for now let’s keep this going. I might have to move in, live with you, at least for a while.”

I swallowed, looking over at her, lost in her beauty.

“Um, how long is a while?” I asked hopefully.

“Well, I’m a *life* coach,” Daria said, licking her lips. “So I might just need to hang around for life, and make sure you keep knowing how to please a woman. Free of charge, of course. A guy like me has to look out for a high-status male like yourself, Peter.”

It’s been over a year since the purple lightning storm changed everything. Life is good. Very good, in fact. I’m a much more confident man, with a defined style and a personal drive. It’s all thanks to Daria, of course. She gives me a great deal of confidence, particularly when we go on dates together or she hangs on my arm at work events, making all the other guys completely jealous. How could she not? She’s got a body that just won’t quit, and God knows I can barely get away from her big, ripe tits and delicious booty. Not that I’d ever treat her like she treated and thought of women as Darrell. She’s my gorgeous girlfriend, and to be honest, I don’t want anyone but her, and I plan to take care of her for life.

It’s just . . . she *still* thinks she’s a man, playing the part of my girlfriend. We’ve even got plans to marry, and she just assumes this is part of training me up to be a man with a trophy wife in the future. Even when dressed up in slinky things, or when she gets her time of the month, or when I’m deep inside of her, fucking her love tunnel, she just thinks she’s my alpha male life coach doing me a favour. It’s led to some awkward situations, and I have to remind her out in public and at work events to pretend to be my loving girlfriend. But she *does* love me, I can tell. She is obsessed with making me happy, whether it be sucking me off while on her knees at least once a day, or surprising me with a proper house cleaning, or coming up with ideas for dates and trips so we can spend time together. It’s just a very . . . *unique* kind of love. She keeps talking about me finally finding the right woman, and I keep

reminding her that she *is* the right woman. Maybe one day it will sink in, but she's my life coach for life, and so even if it doesn't, I'm still happy.

Still, I won't deny it's odd to hear my woman give me advice on how to get a girl to give me the right blowjob, only to 'demonstrate' the proper technique herself for the ten thousandth time. Nor is it exactly normal to have your girlfriend point out why women should be subservient to men and wear sexy outfits for them, including pointing out the hottest chicks in public, all while *being* the most subservient, sexily dressed woman I can imagine. At least there are no more changes; the pin up magazine is now proudly displayed in a glass case in our house, a reminder of everything that happened.

Well, that's not quite true; there is *one* more change coming. You see, with all that sex, Daria and I have gotten quite careless. Lately she's been more tired, prone to throwing up after eating, and feeling bloated in the stomach. It doesn't take a genius to realise that I've gotten my insatiable girlfriend pregnant, and God knows she's been talking about how a 'proper woman' is there to reproduce for her man. Maybe we're headed for a big family, given her words. But the thing is, she *still* thinks she's a man, remember? And a man can't get pregnant, only 'roleplay' it for her life coaching purposes.

Perhaps, in a little under seven months, my Daria will finally have a rude awakening.

But at least in that case my pin up girl will have a high-status male already by her side to take care of her. She'd be proud to know she's taught me well.

The End