

A person with long dark hair, seen from behind, wearing a vibrant green, form-fitting bodysuit. They are standing in front of a window with light-colored, sheer curtains. The scene is brightly lit, with light streaming through the curtains. The entire image is framed by a thick black border.

# Remote Controlled Bodysuit

a  
gender  
transformation  
story

by Diana Lane

“Try this on, please.”

Jen held out a pale, flimsy glove. Connor looked closer and saw that it seemed pretty realistic looking. Knuckles and wrinkles and nails.

“What is it?” he asked.

“Just try it on!”

Connor looked at his wife, saw how excited she was. He shrugged and took it, pulling it up past his wrist, all the way to his elbow. Once on, Connor inspected it. The glove was snug, the nails of the glove were lined up against his own underneath. It didn’t seem to have any defining features besides being smooth and realistic-looking – no blemishes.

“Okay,” he said. “Now what?”

He brought his eyes to Jen, who had been inspecting along with him. She smiled at him and picked up her phone.

“Now,” she said dramatically. “We turn it on.”

She tapped her phone and the glove immediately tightened, pressing in from every direction. It wasn’t painful, but it was uncomfortable. Looking at his arm, it looked like the glove was pulling in on his fingers and wrists. They seemed to be getting thinner and smaller as the glove tightened.

But as quickly as the tightening had begun, it ceased altogether. In fact, Connor realized, it didn’t feel like he was wearing a glove at all. He flexed his hand, inspecting the new lines and unfamiliar curves. It was no longer his hand. It wasn’t even a masculine hand. It was much more feminine – long fingers, manicured nails, a dainty wrist, smooth arm.

It wasn’t the hand he was used to seeing, but it was his hand. It responded to his mental commands, he could feel his pants when he rubbed them. He felt his face, the couch, pinched either arm. He turned to his wife.

“What the shit?”

Jen laughed maniacally, grabbing his hand to inspect it. “It works!”

Jen’s laughter and wide smile calmed Connor down. His wife had always been a bit eccentric, it was part of the reason he fell in love with her. Short and thin, she had brown hair, cut into a pixie style. Her eyes were large and

brown, her nose small, her mouth resting in a half smile. Her smile came easily, especially when she played tricks on him, which was often, even though she could never keep a straight face for long.

Early on in their relationship, she had surprised him with how sexual she was. Their sexual relationship was always changing, never boring. Her small breasts hid incredibly sensitive nipples and her hips were disproportionately large. She masturbated more than he did, which he had learned to not take personally. There was just no way he could keep up.

Connor thought of himself as rather unremarkable, although he knew Jen would say otherwise. Half Japanese, his face was long and angular. He was about average height, and his body was slender, but fit. He kept his black hair long, but combed neatly. Connor enjoyed running, but generally stayed away from weight lifting.

“So that was supposed to happen?” he said.

“Yep!” Jen beamed. Connor couldn’t help but smile back. “But that’s not all it can do.”

Jen released his hand, picking her phone back up.

“What are you doing there?” he asked, leaning in.

She leaned back, not letting him see. “You’ll see,” she said. “Don’t spoil the surprise.”

Connor sighed, sitting back. He was about to speak again when his left arm twitched on its own. He looked down, surprised to see that his hand was lifting into the air all on its own. He tried to force it back down but found that he could control only his shoulder movements. Everything below the bicep was beyond his efforts. He tried to wiggle his fingers, and found that he couldn’t. He struggled harder.

“Don’t fight it,” Jen said. “You might hurt yourself.”

Connor considered telling her he didn’t want this. That this made him uncomfortable. It was too weird! But there was another part of him that saw this as strange and exciting, and completely different from how he expected tonight to go. There was one thing about Jen: their sex life had never been boring. He thought back to the first time she tied her down, how lively her

eyes had been, how she had brought him to THREE mind-blowing orgasms. How he had asked her to tie him down again.

Looking into her eyes now, he knew he wouldn't ask her to stop. It had been some time since he had last seen her so excited. He also knew that he would once again be the subject of her experiments, but that she would also be looking after his wellbeing. But the surprises were part of the fun, so Connor resigned himself and relaxed.

Jen was looking at him expectantly.

"Okay," Connor said, looking back down at his feminized hand. "Where did you even find this thing?"

"Not important! You just let me take care of everything," she giggled. "And for my next trick!"

With a tap on the phone, his left hand began to move on its own again. Connor didn't fight it this time. It was surreal, watching his own arm move, still feeling the sensations of the movement, but not in control of it. The arm unzipped and opened his jeans and reached inside, grabbing hold of his penis.

Connor eyed his wife. "What do you have in mind?"

"You'll see."

Connor had to shimmy out of his pants to help it along, but his hand pulled out and began stroking his semi-erect penis. It felt odd, but still pleasurable. More like receiving a handjob than masturbating. Whatever the program that Jen was using obviously didn't know how Connor would himself do it. But it was nice feeling a soft feminine hand on his member.

Jen was watching carefully, occasionally tapping her phone to make his hand increase in speed. Despite the stroking, Connor wasn't close to finishing. He decided to take matters into his own hands.

Leaning in, he grabbed the back of her head with his right hand and pulled her in for a passionate kiss. Her lips met his and she partially melted under him. The whole time, his hand continued to stoke himself.

"Hey," she said when their lips parted. "I'm supposed to be the impartial observer. You're ruining my experiments."

"What if I don't want you to just observe."

“In that case,” she said, smiling. “I’ll have you put this on too.”

From below and behind her, she pulled out a second glove to match the first. With one hand occupied, she easily pushed him back onto the couch, holding his arm down so she could put the next glove on his right hand. Connor could have made it harder for her, but decided to let her have her fun. As soon as his fingers reached the tips of the gloves and the material settled into place, the pressure returned. Wincing against it, Connor watched as his right arm and hand thinned out and feminized itself. A perfect pair.

When Jen released it, it immediately moved to Connor’s crotch, where it joined the other in its ministrations. Connor could do nothing to stop his hands from jacking himself off. It was starting to get to him.

“You know,” he said, his breathing getting a little heavier. “I’d much rather be doing this with you than on my own.”

“You would, would you?” Jen teased. She eyed him up. “I think you’re sufficiently turned on now. You’re so much more malleable when you’re horny.”

With that, she tapped her phone, and Connor was abruptly given control of his hands back. But not for long. Jen stood up to retrieve a medium open box, which she put in front of Connor. He peaked inside, not surprised to find more pieces of clothing that matched his new hands. He turned to his wife.

“You want me to put these on?”

She nodded, smiling wide.

“What will you make me do?”

She leaned in closer. “Whatever I want.”

Before Connor could answer, Jen tapped her phone and his hands began to work again, but this time on her. They pulled her in for a deep kiss, which Connor was surprisingly forced to lean into. While he was kissing, she leaned into him, smothering her breasts against his chest and grabbing his exposed dick, stroking it smoothly. Connor tried to fight the sensations, to stay focused. He knew she was distracting him from something. But she was so damn sexy! She knew just what to do to get him riled up. Before he knew it, he was kissing her even more passionately, lightly moaning at her strokes.

He was getting close and Jen slowed down, and it was then that a small part of him noticed his hands were no longer on Jen, they were on something else, something smooth and clothlike. He opened his eyes to see they were already in motion to pull something over his toes. By the time he reacted, it was too late. He couldn't pull his leg back out. Jen leaned back, still lightly stroking his dick, as Connor's hands automatically pulled the legging up expertly smoothing them out into they settled against his upper thigh.

Even as the pressure of the cloth increased, telling him that another body part would be changed soon, his hands were reaching for the next article of clothing. He started to protest, but Jen moved down onto her knees in front of him, kissing his erection.

"Fuuuck," he moaned, instantly distracted under her powers. He tried to focus on his arms, to stay alert, but couldn't long enough to make a difference. She was just too good. His hands worked around her to work the other legging up his left leg. Again, he felt the uncomfortable pressure. Again, the cloth seemed to pull in on his body, smoothing out his calves, shrinking his feet. His thighs seemed to expand slightly. His legs were smooth and hairless, and he enjoyed the sensation of Jen rubbing up against them as she worked on him.

He was no longer able to move his legs the way he wanted. His hands reached for another set of clothing, this time it looked like a shirt, complete with bellybutton and breasts. He could already tell that they were going to be large. Jen paused to help his betraying hands work the sleeves over his arms and his head through the neck hole. Only being able to move his shoulders was proving less useful than he hoped.

His head popped through and Jen pulled the shirt down so that it rested on his waist. The pressure began again, this time pushing all the air out of his lungs. It felt like someone was pulling a corset over his waist as tight as they could. But it wasn't just his waist, it was his chest, his shoulders, his back. Every ounce of air was squeezed from his lungs as his waist smoothly caved in, his shoulders and upper arms shrank, his back shrinking down a little, his spine straightening. His eyes however, were focused on his chest, which inflated as soon as the pressure had begun. They lifted up, pulling from his chest where everything else was being pushed. His nipples inside the shirt lost their

sensation as the nipples of the suit became more perky, joining its cloth with his skin.

The pushing and pulling ceased, leaving Connor breathing hard. Jen didn't need to continue blowing him because now he had so little control of his body. He looked down at himself. He noticed that there was no seam between the shirt and the gloves. Looking passed the breasts hanging from his chest, the only thing still his below the neck was his pelvis, thighs, ass, and his incredibly hard dick.

Jen sat back as his body betrayed him further, pulling on the shorts that would replace what was left of his manhood. They slid easily over his smooth legs, until they rested tightly on his crotch and waist, matching up perfectly with the leggings and chest.

The pressure resumed, both in and out this time. Underneath him, he felt lifted up as his thighs and ass was forced to expand outwards, becoming what he was sure was a soft and perky bubble butt. His eyes were on his crotch as his hips expanded and his waist caved in even further. There should have been a bulge where his crotch was, but any sensation that he had a dick and balls underneath that realistic skin was rapidly diminishing. Soon, the pressure was letting off and he could feel nothing of what was once his manhood. His crotch was bare, save only a small patch of hair. He knew if he looked, he would see a brand-new vagina.

"Oh my god you're turning out so well!" Jen squealed. He looked over at her, she was obviously turned on. Her cheeks flushed, one hand pressed against her own crotch, absently rubbing. "I think I'll stop you there though."

She reached over to her phone and tapped the screen. Connor's arms fell immediately to his side. He tested them, finding he could move his body again. But he felt sore, like he had just been through resistance training.

He stared at his hands and his arms, marveling at how thin he now was. The signals the rest of his body were sending his brain were so foreign, he was having a hard time grasping them all. He lifted up one breast.

"They're so heavy," he said.

Jen laughed from her spot on the floor. She got up and straddled him on his lap, grabbing his head to pull him into a deep and long kiss. Her body felt

amazing up against his. His new breasts were smashed up against her belly, her breasts compressed against him. Her pelvis was pressing harder and harder into his crotch. His body was heating up, and he found himself responding, grabbing her back and pulling her in tighter.

He tried to push her down to the couch with him on top, but found he wasn't strong enough to do so.

Jen laughed again. "Oh baby," she crooned. "Are you having trouble? Let me help with that."

But instead, she got up and held him firmly by the neck. She sat down beside him, pulling him easily into her lap.

"Hey," Connor started, but the syllables died in his mouth as her lips found his neck. Her hands stroked at his skin lightly, running her fingertips along his arms and stomach.

"Woah," he breathed, flinching slightly under her. His hands stroked her legs. Hers moved up to his breasts, circling them.

Her lips moved from his neck down his collarbone to his other nipple, where they latched on, then licked and twirled. Her hand teased his other nipple. Connor gasped and flinched under her. She moved on, kissing his chest, then his stomach, then his flared hips, down his pelvis and thighs. She switched to the other leg, kissing back up his thigh, spreading his legs out, kissing up his thigh, circling his pussy.

His breath was getting deeper, and he was feeling more nervous the closer she got. What would it feel like?

Connor gasped loudly as her lips met his. Then sucked his breath back in as she kissed him again. She kissed him up and down. She licked the flat of her tongue slowly from back to front, forcing him to lift up his pelvis to meet her tongue. He couldn't vocalize how good this felt. It felt so alien and unfamiliar, completely different than any sensation he had ever experienced.

He gasped and shuddered as her licking turned into twirls and prods. The tip of her tongue found his clitoris and he flinched hard.

"Easy! Easy," he said, grabbing at her shoulders.

She smiled and returned to her ministrations. Teasing and licking. He felt a



kind of pressure building up within him. It was uncomfortable at first, he thought something might be wrong. But something clicked when he realized that this pressure was in itself pleasurable.

That's when Jen started using her fingers as well. She took two fingers and slowly pressed them up against his pussy, slowly pushed them up into him. Part of him wanted to pull back. The other part wanted to push forward. He recognized the position that she was putting him in. He had used the same move on her multiple times before. If he was right, she'd be...

"Oh my godddd," he moaned.

Her fingers crooked upwards in a "come hither" motion, she started pumping her fingers in and out, the tips of her fingers rubbing against... something amazing within him. Her tongue found his clit again and she pumped faster and faster.

That pressure was building and building, he couldn't stand it. He could barely control his body anymore. He felt like he was going to explode!

And explode he did! That pressure released in one gigantic wave that swept over his entire body, emanating from his pussy. He moaned under Jen, who's tongue kept twirling. Her fingers kept pumping. And just when Connor thought his orgasm was abating, another started building up and overtook him, made easier by the previous orgasm. And then another one! And then a fourth!

"Okay okay okay," Connor said. "Slow down please! I can't take anymore!"

Jen did slow down, removing her mouth from his pussy, but her fingers stayed inside him. She smiled triumphantly up at Connor's heaving chest and sweaty face.

"Holy shit!" Connor said again, trying to catch his breath. "Four orgasms! Is that what you feel when I make you come?! Fuck..."

Jen slid up next to him, putting his head in the crook of her shoulder, letting him regain his breathing.

"Babe you were so beautiful and sexy under me," she said. "You've got me all hot and bothered. Catch your breath, because it's my turn next."

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Connor emerged from the bathroom, still shaky. Jen was smiling at him.

“How was going to the bathroom as a girl?”

“It was...interesting,” he said. He cleared his throat, and again realized that this is what his voice sounded like now. He stepped in front of the mirror and examined himself again.

He was about to comment on his appearance when the whole room suddenly shrank around him. His eyes followed his own as he got taller and taller. He didn't stop growing until his head nearly touched the ceiling.

“Holy shit!” He exclaimed. His voice was still womanly, but was slightly deeper now.

Jen laughed, and Connor shrank back down. He noticed that he was shorter now than he had been before.

“Are you going to fix this?” he asked.

“Nope!” Jen smiled.

Connor sighed, smiling, and continued to admire himself in the mirror, posing and doing stretches, watching how his muscles moved under his skin.

“How does that thing work?” he asked.

“With this,” Jen said, walking over to him. Standing behind him, she wrapped her arms around him and handed him her phone. On the screen was an app called **SKNSUIT** and a whole set of menus and options. The dropdown menus were labelled with body parts and attributes and actions.

“Can you change what I look like even now?”

“Yup,” Jen said, pointing at one of the menus. “Click on body, then on a body part. Each part has a bunch of different options. Like if you picked Skin... see? Want to become black? Well now you are!”

Connor marveled as he watched his entire body darken at once, until his skin was smooth and dark brown. It looked odd with his Japanese body shape, but was still incredible to see. Jen changed him back.

“Go ahead,” she said.

Connor returned his attention to the phone, going through the different menu options. Still in the BODY PARTS menu, he selected CHEST. Jen chuckled

behind him, and he smiled, sliding a finger across the screen to the right. Immediately, his breasts began to get larger. They were already fairly big, at least a C cup, but now they grew rapidly passed D cup and up! He kept sliding his finger, and they kept growing. They were practically the size of watermelons! And they were starting to hang down to his belly button. He stopped the slider, and started playing with the other options. One could change the size and shape of the areola, which he made larger to match the size of his boobs. There was a PERKINESS scale as well, which he slid to the right. As he did so, his gigantic breasts no longer sagged, but firmed up, so that they rested on his chest and stomach, his enlarged nipples pointing straight ahead.

“Of course you would play with your new breasts like this,” Jen said. She reached her hands around him, cupping his massive mammaries. He gasped as her fingers strayed to his nipples. They were so sensitive! He was so easily distracted in this body. When he closed his eyes to enjoy the sensations more, one of Jen’s hands strayed away. When he looked down, he saw her tapping on the phone screen. He only saw the word SENSITIVITY before her finger slid all the way to the right.

“Holy shit!” Connor nearly yelled. The sensitivity in his nipples had been turned up to 11! Jen’s fingers rubbed and pinched and Connor could barely stay in his feet! He gasped again and again sexily, and already felt something building within him. Just before it hit, he realized that he was about to cum again! And cum he did! Jen held him up while she kept playing with him, letting him moan and writhe in her arms.

“Holy shit,” he said again. “You just made me cum by just playing with my nipples.”

“Yeah I did,” Jen said. He could hear the pride in her voice. She pulled her fingers away, and Connor was thankful for that. After cumming, his nipples felt even more sensitive, like the head of his penis after orgasm.

“Can you turn that back down?” he asked. “That was fun, but now it feels like I can feel even the slightest breeze in here...”

Jen obliged, but he noticed she didn’t slide the meter all the way back down to where it was before.

Connor shrank his breasts slightly, and began exploring other parts of the app.

“What’s this section?” he asked, pointing at a menu called ACTIONS.

He tapped on it, and found a whole list of menus and submenus. SIMPLE, SHORT TERM, LONG TERM, UNCONSCIOUS, PERSONALITY, SPEECH.

“You’ve already experienced one of these,” she said, pointing at the top one: PUT ON SKINSUIT.

“So this is how you controlled my body?” he asked. She nodded. “What else is on here?”

Jen took the phone from him and sat down on the bed.

“There’s a whole bunch of them! There’s the basics like... SIT DOWN.”

Connor sat down on the floor.

“And DO THE SPLITS.”

Connor expected his muscles to break, but doing the splits while on the floor was as easy as any stretching he had done before. “Wow! I could barely touch my toes before!”

“Right? But there’s also more complicated actions. I could have you... PUT ON HIGH HEELS.”

For this one, his body seemed to know where the closest pair of high heels were. He walked over and put them on expertly. But as soon as the action was over, he felt wobbly and unbalanced while standing on his toes.

“Don’t worry, I got you,” Jen said, smirking. “In the UNCONSCIOUS menu, there are things that can make you move differently. It can give and take away actions that would be learned by someone else over years. Like I can make you an expert at walking in heels right... now!

Suddenly, Connor’s balance was restored. He started walking towards Jen, placing his feet down confidently. He looked up at Jen with a big smile on his face. “This is amazing!”

He turned in a circle and clicked his way around the room. He couldn’t help but notice the way his hips sashayed from side to side.

While he was distracted, Jen took the time to look through some of the other UNCONSCIOUS actions. She flipped a few toggles on, including ABILITY TO DO HAIR AND MAKEUP, FEMININE MOVEMENTS, ABILITY TO PUT ON FEMININE CLOTHES, COMFORTABLE IN FEMININE CLOTHES.

“I have an idea!” Jen said, popping up. “Let’s play dress up!”

Connor hesitated, but realized he was already a full woman. Why stop now? He followed his wife to the bedroom. She threw a pair of underwear at him, which he put on without taking off his heels.

“Hmm, your breasts are too big for my bras,” Jen mused. “Let’s take care of that!”

Connor’s breasts shrank down slightly to match Jen’s. She handed him the bra. Without thinking, he put the bra on backwards, clipped it, and turned the whole thing around, settling his breasts in nicely. Connor looked into the mirror and froze.

He turned to Jen. “How did I know how to do that?”

“Same way you can walk in heels now!” Jen beamed, showing him the phone.

Connor took the phone, seeing the other options that Jen had turned on.

“Wow there’s so many things you can change.” Connor scrolled through silently for a moment before asking carefully. “Can it change the way I think?”

“No, it can’t change how you think,” Jen reassured him. “But it can change how you act. This could make you ACT like a different person, but it would still be you inside.”

“That’s kind of scary,” Connor said quietly. Jen waited. Connor spoke again.

“I trust you, Jen, but this is a lot of power to have over one person. Can you promise me again that I can take this off whenever I want?”

“I promise you can take this off whenever you want,” Jen said reassuringly, grabbing the back of Connor’s neck and pulling his forehead to hers. “You can trust me, I won’t do anything to break that trust.”

“Thanks babe,” he said. Their hair was dangling around their faces.

“If you want to stop, the quickest way to regain your actions is to take off the head,” she explained. “That’s the part of the suit that controls a lot of these actions.”

“Good to know,” he said. They released each other.

“Now put on this dress! I want to see how cute you look in it!”

Connor obliged, pulling the dress on over his head.

“Oh my god you’re so cute,” Jen squealed. “It’s so hard to believe that it’s still you in there! You’re shorter than I am even with heels on!”

Connor twirled in front of the mirror. He had to admit that he was super cute. He was now the kind of woman that would turn him on. He smiled at his reflection, pulling back his hair around his ear like he’d been doing it his whole life.

“How do you feel?” Jen asked.

“I feel... fine! This dress is super comfortable, and I only notice the bra when I’m thinking about it,” Connor mused. “I saw that you made me feel comfortable in feminine clothes. Do I only feel calm because of that?”

“Let’s find out.” Jen tapped the toggle.

“Hm,” Connor looked down at himself. “I feel more aware of the clothes that I’m in, but it’s not exactly uncomfortable. Maybe it just feels less natural.”

“Maybe because the clothes you’re wearing fit your body?” Jen suggested.

“Maybe,” Connor mused. “But I’d rather just be comfortable without thinking about it. Can you turn it back on?”

Jen did so. She began scrolling through the options while Connor admired himself in the mirror. He clicked over, wanting to look over her shoulder but realizing he wasn’t tall enough anymore. Jen laughed, and they both sat down on the bed.

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In this way, the two of them experimented with their bodies and personalities, taking turns trying different body types, different ways of viewing the world, different comfort levels.

After weeks of playing with the body suit, Connor was feeling more and

more comfortable in a woman's body. Jen liked him shorter than her, and weaker, so he would have to ask for her help to reach things, and she'd be able to sneak up behind him in the kitchen and hold him down, her hands snaking down his pants. She convinced him to go out as a woman one night, just for dinner. He wasn't much of a dancer, and she didn't force that on him. He ended up more tipsy than he anticipated, but ended up having a great time.

Another night they DID go out dancing, but only after they slid the personality options for CONFIDENT, BUBBLY, and VOLUME and a bunch of other counters to the right. He felt like a completely different person that night. He WAS a completely different person. Taking the mask off later that night was like coming back to his senses.

Sometimes she'd wear the suit as well and he'd get to change her. Jen found it amusing that he'd end up making her bigger and stronger than him anyways.

One Friday, Connor got ready for work as usual. But Jen stopped him before putting on any clothes. She was holding something in her hand. Connor realized what it was.

"No way," he said.

"Yeah way," she smiled.

"I'll get caught!"

"No one is going to notice," she said. "I'll make your hips and ass the same shape as yours now. The only difference will be your vagina. And your panties of course, but you've already worn those to work, haven't you?"

Connor blushed, thinking back to the week that Jen hid all his underwear, forcing him to wear hers.

"Fine," he said, snatching the cloth from her hand. "Just promise me you'll be mindful of my job. It's important to me."

"You can trust me," she said reassuringly. "I won't do anything to embarrass you. Now put them on!"

Connor ceded, pulling the underwear up over his hips, letting them settle in place. Again, he watched the bulge of his penis ebb away as the clothing

disappeared, leaving him with his vagina and wide hips and bubbly ass.

Jen already held the phone in her hand and Connor felt his ass and hips shrink in. She left them decidedly feminine, but he wasn't able to notice a difference once his panties and pants were on. Jen giggled every time she looked at him. She strode up behind him as he was tying his tie, their eyes met in the mirror. "I put extra panties in your bag," she said.

"Oh? Will I need them?"

In answer, she reached around his hips to lay her hand on his crotch. Connor breathed in sharply as her fingers moved down. His crotch felt so warm in response to her touch. Connor's breath deepened.

Jen whispered in his ear as she let go. "Maybe you'll need two."

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Connor tried to keep his mind on his work, but he was reminded of everything different about his body every time he shifted in his chair. He had an office job, nothing special, but it paid well and allowed him to work creatively. He could deal with office politics for that.

Today he sat at his desk like usual. He worked in an open floor concept office, very little in the way of privacy. Despite his distractions, he was still getting a decent amount done. Lunchtime was approaching when his phone buzzed. It was from Jen.

<Find some place secluded to eat your lunch today.>

Oh man. What did she have in mind? The app was on her phone. Did it have a range limit? He had to assume that she was going to do something to him.

He figured his car was the best bet. Most people left their cars in the garage all day, opting to walk somewhere for lunch. If someone came by he could hide or talk his way out of it.

At lunchtime, his phone buzzed again.

<Check your bag.>

He did, wondering what it was he was supposed to find besides the panties.

"Of course," he said to himself. There on top were both of the gloves.



Buzz. <Put it on!>

Connor sighed, closed his bag and set off for the parking garage.

His heart was pounding in his chest as he sat in the backseat of his car. He put on some music and looked at the glove. Accepting his fate, he slipped it on. The pressure began immediately, leaving him with a woman's dainty fingers. He never thought his own fingers had looked chunky before, but in comparison to what he had now, his fingers were massive. He examined where there should be a seam along his bicep, but instead his muscles seemed to naturally taper off. He hadn't been overly muscular before, but he definitely wasn't now.

His phone rang. "Hi!" Jen's voice rang. "Did you put it on yet?"

"Yes," Connor sighed.

"Great!" Jen hung up.

"What?" Connor said to the phone. His feminine right hand began to move on its own. It reached towards his belt. "Oh."

Of course. Connor wanted to grab his hand, but his left hand was reaching towards something else. What was it doing? It reached into his bag, rummaging around deep towards the bottom until it found what it was looking for. Something long and cylindrical and rubbery. Oh no.

Connor's fears were confirmed. His left hand pulled out his wife's purple vibrating dildo. At the same time Connor realized something was off. He felt hot, like there was a fire building deep inside him. He felt flushed, he realized it was emanating from his crotch.

"Wait wait wait," he said to the hands. But they continued to work. His right hand had already undone his belt and zipper and was snaking its way down inside his underwear. "Fuck wait wait fuck!"

His fingers were making circles on his inner thighs, running their soft tips around his lips but not touching. Connor's breathing sped up. "Please no one see me, please no one see me."

Damn! His thighs were so sensitive! And he was already so wet! His vagina was starting to ache. His breathing was getting heavier. He tried to retain control of his thoughts, of the parts of his body that he could control, but it

was getting harder and harder to think of anything else.

His fingers found his folds and Connor gasped. They traced his lips up and down, exploring deeper into his folds. Connor's hips responded to the touches, rising up to meet his hands.

That's when his left hand came in. Still holding tightly to the purple vibrator, Connor could only watch as his hand plunged into his pants. The vibrator was warm, Connor tried to squirm away from the tip as it slowly parted his lips.

Slowly, his hand pushed in half an inch, then back out. Again, it pushed in, a little bit farther this time, then back out. Again and again he gasped as the vibrator slowly filled him up. After what seemed like ages, he felt more full than he had ever felt before. The vibrator was already inside him. Connor's eyes were closed, trying to grasp his situation and feel everything that was happening to him.

His hand flipped a switch and the vibrator turned on. Connor moaned deeply. He didn't even know he could make that sound. Connor was helpless as his hands worked the vibrator in and out. Over and over, he felt his pleasure building within him, and then his hands would pull back. Just when he would think about catching his breath, it would start again, penetrating him deeply. In this way, his hands teased him, bringing him to the brink of orgasm before pulling him back down. Connor could do nothing expect experience the ride. His mind was blanking, his hips were rising and falling, his chest heaving, his back arching. And finally, finally, his hands didn't hold back. They increased their speed and vibration, penetrating him deeply and strongly, not holding back.

Connor's breathing was getting shallower. He was reaching some sort of peak, but he couldn't see the top. And he was there! Suddenly, he felt weightless, like the second before plunging down a rollercoaster before the gravity seized him and sent him crashing through an orgasm unlike anything he had ever experienced before. Wave after wave of pleasure and pressure were washing over him. He tried to stay quiet, but moans escaped his lips. His hands didn't stop either, they continued their work, bringing him to another orgasm before the last one had even finished. And then another! Connor had stopped trying to maintain control, he could only ride the waves. Finally his hands relented, slowly decreasing speed. He realized after a few

minutes that he had control over his hands again. Slowly he pulled the vibrator out of his still quivering pussy. He set it aside.

His phone rang, he picked it up shakily.

“So?!”

Connor’s voice wasn’t as strong as he would have liked. “Holy shit,” he said.

He could hear her smile on the other end. “Send me a picture.”

And she hung up again. Connor looked at his phone, shaking his head as he caught his breath. He did take a picture though, one from up high, that caught his face down to his open crotch. He sent it off.

That was amazing. But no way is that happening again today. He probably smell like pussy.

With regained control of his body, Connor worked off the gloves, revealing his own hands once more. Checking again to make sure no one had heard him, he then took off his pants and underwear. He considered taking off the suit around his pelvis, but realized he only had a spare set of woman’s underwear, and he knew from experience how uncomfortable those could be around his balls. He found some wet wipes in his bag (thanks Jen), cleaned up and replaced his underwear with a new set. He hoped he didn’t smell too much like pussy.

Just like Jen said, no one noticed any difference. However, his output was far worse in the afternoon than it had been that morning. His mind kept drifting back to everything he had experienced in the car.

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Connor sighed loudly when he closed the door, glad to be home. He realized that his vagina was feeling more natural to him, simply a part of him. He realized he was getting used to this through sheer exposure.

“Jen, are you home?” he called as he kicked off his shoes.

“In the bedroom!” she called back. “I’ve got another surprise for you!”

Connor paused. Another surprise?! He couldn’t help but smile. He should have known.

He peaked in to the bedroom. Jen stood there, naked, hands on her hips. But

it wasn't quite Jen. She was more than herself. She was bulked up. Her legs and one arm, her abs and pecs. Every muscle was defined, streamlined with the curves of her body.

Not to mention the strap-on. This one was new. She must have gone shopping. It was huge! Black and glistening in the light. It even had balls.

"Woah," Connor said. He could feel his crotch warm.

"Hello dear, Jen said. It was still her head and face. "Would you be so kind as to hand me the glove from your backpack?"

Connor nodded, eyes taking her in. She smiled at his silence. He retrieved the glove and handed it to her. He didn't realize he was standing so far away until she pulled him closer, one arm around his waist. He placed a hand gingerly on her arm, feeling the cords of muscle rippling beneath her skin. Why was he feeling so wet?

"Thank you dear," she said, pulling the glove up to her massive bicep. The glove didn't contract like it had for him. Instead it seemed to fill out, matching the muscle tone of the rest of her body. "Much better."

She pulled him closer, wrapping her arms around his body. He realized she was taller now as well. Taller by at least half a foot. He had to raise his arms around her neck. It felt strange, and nice. He was in the arms of someone much stronger and more powerful than he, and felt very aware of it.

"What do you think?" Jen asked.

Connor realized he was staring.

"You look..." he had to clear his throat. "You look amazing."

"Mmm why thank you dear," she purred. "I'm going to need you to take off your clothes now. I want to see that nice little pussy of yours."

Connor undid his belt immediately. Her voice was mesmerizing. He felt so hot, he couldn't get his clothes off fast enough.

"Very good," Jen eyed him up and down. If he still had his dick, he knew he'd be hard as a rock right now. She held out the mask to him. "Put this on."

Connor obliged, pulling the mask down over his head, letting the features settle over his own before the now-familiar pressure and tingling. He opened

his eyes to see hair framing his vision and Jen holding her phone. He reached out for her.

“Stay still,” Jen ordered. “I will tell you when you may touch me.”

Connor lowered his arm. Jen tapped a few times. Connor saw his hair pulling back up to the top of his head. When he reached up, he found that she had given him a pixie cut, shaved on one side. He felt his lips pout out, and more tingling in his nose, eyes, and ears. He had no idea how she was changing him, but he could guess that he looked nothing like himself. He cleared his throat again, startled himself with the dramatic change in his voice. He tested it out some more. It was even more girly than last time!

Jen tapped her phone and words escaped out of his mouth. “I want you inside me.”

“All in due time,” Jen smiled. Connor wasn’t sure if he was smelling her, or maybe his own vagina. He could feel something trickling down his inner thigh. “Just a few more changes, my dear.”

She tapped her phone again. Connor spoke again with his lilting voice, whispering this time. “I’m so horny for you, Jen. I need you inside me.”

It felt true when he said it. He felt empty. A need to be filled grew within him. Jen’s fingers played with her phone and the tingling returned. This time in his hips and ass. They expanded outwards, giving him the bottom curves of an hourglass. He could feel his pussy tingling as well, but couldn’t figure out what she was doing to change him. He was so horny! He was hornier than he had ever been in his life. His breathing was getting deeper, he started running his hands over his hips. They slipped closer to his crotch.

“No touching,” Jen ordered. She threw her phone on a chair. “I’m done now anyways.”

Her eyes roamed over his body. He didn’t know how he looked, but he felt small next to her, vulnerable. The only parts of his body affected by the suit were his head and pelvis area. The rest of him was still masculine, but he sure didn’t feel masculine under her gaze.

“Come here,” Jen said. Connor walked forward. “Keep your hands down.”

Connor struggled to do as she said. Standing close to her, he looked up into

her eyes. She smiled down at him, the same smile he loved from her, a smile he knew he could trust. This was his same Jen, having fun with her toys. And him. She lifted his chin up, kissing his new, very full lips. Only her hand held him up, his knees almost buckled. He felt like he could melt under that kiss.

Jen smirked down at him and kissed him again, harder. Connor moaned. Then pulled back.

“Did I just moan?” he asked.

Jen laughed. “You did. I turned up the sensitivity on your lips.”

She reached down. “Both your lips.”

Her hand stroked the inside of his thighs, and this time his legs did buckle. Jen held him up, then immediately threw him towards the bed, where he landed on his stomach. He was still getting on his hands and knees when Jen’s hands grabbed his enlarged hips.

“Oh babe, I see how wet you are,” she said. He could hear her smile. Her fingers stroked his hips and ass, tracing his new lines down into the inside of his thighs. “Let me show you how hard you make me.”

Something new pressed up against him, pressed against his pussy and he gasped. He couldn’t help it. The base of her dick slid down and down, like she wanted him to know just how big a dick she was about to slide into him. Finally, she held the tip right at the precipice, teasing him, running in circles. And then she pushed in, slowly, letting him feel every inch of her.

Connor lost the ability to control his voice and body. He gasped and moaned and twitched and she slid into him farther and farther.

“How big ARE you?” he gasped before shuddering again.

“You’re going to feel every inch, babe,” she said from behind him.

After what felt like ages, he felt her pelvis up against his, the balls hanging between them.

He couldn’t even move if he wanted to, she had complete control over him, and that’s when she started moving again. She held him tight, slowly pumping her dick in and out of his pussy, the entire length being driven slowly but forcefully into him. All he could do was experience the pleasures emanating from his pussy.

And he could already feel an orgasm building, Jen's pumping getting faster and faster as his breathing got shallower. It built and built and until it hit like a ton of bricks, driving through him, rendering him a moaning, twitching, sweaty half man, half woman. He couldn't think, but he knew he loved every second of this. He wanted more. His hips began moving on their own, timing themselves with Jen's thrust.

Another orgasm was coming. So soon! But this time Jen grabbed him by his waist and shoulders and pulled him up onto his knees, her standing behind him, holding him tight from behind, massaging his nipples, still driving that monster of dick into his pussy. One hand grabbed his throat, tightening, holding him in place. His hands searched for something to grab ahold of, finding only her ass and arms. He was completely at her mercy.

"Tell me you love my cock," she breathed into his ear.

"Oh my god I love your cock inside me," he panted. "I want to feel every inch of you. I want... I want..."

But he couldn't finish his sentence as another orgasm took him, shuddering in her muscled arms.

"Oh my god, fuck me, Jen," Connor couldn't help himself anymore. Any semblance of masculinity was gone. He was hers, and he didn't want to be anywhere else.

Jen obliged, pumping harder and faster, bringing him to one mind-bending orgasm and then another.

When she finally let him go and slid out of him, he was a sweaty mess and couldn't move even if he tried. Jen lay down next to him, smiling triumphantly, but still distracted.

"I can't take it anymore, you turn me on so much," panted Jen. Her hand was beneath her strap-on, her fingers going to town on her own pussy. Her breathing got more and more intense until her own orgasm shook her down to her core, not to mention the bed they were laying on.

Connor finally gained the energy to move himself into the crook of her arm, laying his head on her shoulder, letting himself relax against Jen as she caught her breath. Her strong arm cradled him and he pressed himself up against her.

He fell asleep in her arms.

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The next day, the two of them lay around watching TV and enjoying their Saturday together. Jen had taken off the arms and legs of the suit. Connor opted to put them on. He really was feeling comfortable as a woman, and Jen was very encouraging. She loved him no matter how he looked.

The doorbell rang.

Connor hopped up and answered the door, signing for the package the deliverywoman brought.

He closed the door, carrying in the package. Jen was smiling at him.

“What?”

“You’re so much more confident now,” she admired. “It’s really hot.”

Connor blushed, handing her the box. “It’s for you.”

Jen’s eyes lit up when she opened the box. “It’s here!”

“What?”

In the box was a skin that looked almost exactly like the one he was wearing, but he could tell it was different. For one, this one had a penis.

Jen had bought a male bodysuit.

*To be continued...*