

Salon Girl

Content: TG, Bimbofication

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Daisy and Meg are two busty but simple girls who work at a high-tech salon, who must try to fix their work ethic or lose their jobs. When a new patron visits their story, their cluelessness and attempt to keep their jobs will change his life - and gender - forever.

Daisy and Meg braced for their bosses' ire. Karen was the unscrupulous and domineering manager of the high tech salon they worked at; *Femme Chic*. A woman in her mid-forties, she still nevertheless carried the good looks and busty figure of a former model, a fact she took great pride in, judging by the many 'Most Beautiful' awards plastered around her office.

"Daisy, Meg, I think we both know I didn't hire you for your smarts."

The two girls winced, their heads down and perfectly manicured hands clasped before them. It was true; neither girl was an academic powerhouse, they were more accurately described as 'bimbos', though Daisy preferred 'perky' and Meg preferred 'sex-positive.' But what the two girls lacked in intelligence was more than made up with by their looks, and their excellent fashion sense, something which Karen pointed out as the meeting unfolded.

"Daisy, you're perfect for this job. With that golden blonde hair and those bright blue eyes of yours, you're perfectly suited to be out front, drawing all the customer's eyes with those cut denim shorts and midriff-baring shirt. And no, I don't mind the uniform code violation with those undone buttons. In fact, I encourage it. With breasts like yours on display, women will be flocking to have an ideal body like yours."

Karen turned to Meg. "And Meg dear, your talents in accessorising and applying makeup are simply unsurpassed. Those dark cheekbones of yours are to die for, and every day you show the world new ways to do your hair - the dreads are gorgeous. Frankly, getting served by a woman with those fantastic thighs and child-bearing hips is what I consider a perfect advertisement of what our services can do."

The two girls beamed, unrealising what was coming next. Karen leaned forward, the tall former-supermodel bending down to face the two bimbo girls.

"But if you don't start getting me more customers by actually remembering basic instructions, then you'll be out of a job, for good! The last girl wanted to be olive-skinned, *OLIVE*. Not black. And the woman before that simply wanted her eyes to be green - not become a full-blown redhead Meg! Our *Femmachine* is an expensive piece of equipment, girls, and not everyone can afford to use it. My expenses go through the roof

when I have to leave the office and correct your mistakes. So start doing the practical job properly - your bimbo bodies will take care of the rest."

Karen poked both girls in the boob, setting both to jiggle slightly as she stepped away.

"Wow, like, that was brutal," Daisy said.

"Totally," said Meg, who was already fixing up her makeup in the nearby mirror. "That was a callout. It wasn't my fault Daisy, those controls are super difficult!"

"Right? They is, like, too many buttons!"

The two girls considered what to do. Thinking was not their strong suit, but thankfully Meg, while not as blessed in the chest as Daisy was, was capable of low cunning from time to time.

"We need someone to help us, a girlfriend who can do the nerdy shit while we do our own magic.."

Daisy's bright blue eyes lit up. "Yes! Yes! Meg, you're the smartest person ever girl! But how can we find this person?"

Meg's gaze wandered to the large device in the centre of the salon. It was a tall silver column with various segmented surfaces that could open up to reveal a variety of intricate functions. It could do wonders, but Meg was wondering at that moment exactly what else it could do.

"Daisy, get your thinking hairstyle on, I have an idea."

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Lee was lost. He was new to the area, and was having trouble finding his apartment block. Normally this would be no trouble, but his phone was dead and his cheap car didn't have a maps program. The gangly Asian man was in his early twenties, but due to a lack of body hair, developed musculature, and soft facial features, he was sometimes mistaken for a woman, much to his chagrin. So it was with some reluctance that he pulled over to step into the salon labelled *Femme Chic* to ask for directions.

Straight away, he was shocked by the interior. It was like no salon he'd ever seen before; pastel pinks, blues, and yellows dominated the walls, and images of gorgeous women of all colours and body types and age were proudly displayed alongside slogans of 'We Can Do It For You!' But what drew his attention most of all was the shiny silver dome in the centre of the room that looked like something out of one of his old Star Trek convention trips. On its side was written, in pink cursive script; *The Femmachine*.

"Huh, I've never seen something like that before," he said.

"Ohmigod, you are just TOO cute!" came a high, valley-girl voice. Lee startled, looking to see where it had come from.

"Wow, it must be karma Daisy, we ask for another member and here one is!"

The second voice was huskier, possessing a sexy breathy quality. Lee turned to see two incredibly gorgeous girls around his age, both of them wearing salon uniforms that did nothing to hide their spectacular figures.

"Oh my god we are so happy to see you!" the blonde one said, leaping forward to hug him. Her very large breasts pressed against his jacket, and he fought against the feelings it was inspiring lower in his body. He could not help but glance briefly down at her incredible cleavage, which was straining against the remaining buttons of her short work top.

"I'm Daisy," she said. "I work here. Oh, you already knew that; the name tag, lol."

Lee had never met anyone who actually said the word 'lol' before, but the woman entranced him anyway as she pulled away and giggled, a playful finger in her mouth.

"Oh, I forgot. This is Meg!"

"Hiya," said the other one, waving suggestively. "We've been wanting to meet someone like you. It's totally ordained, or whatever they say."

Her dark skin was utterly flawless, and she had the face of a model. Her hourglass figure was barely contained by her shorts, and it was clear as she turned that she had a *fantastic* ass. More than that, her makeup was astonishing; she wore purple eyeshadow and had fake eyelashes that gave her an almost Cleopatra-like face, and her lips were a dark, seductive red.

"I love the jacket and trouser look," she said. "It just screams 'I don't care what you think, I'm me and I'm proud.'"

"Uh, I guess so?"

"Yeah, like, it definitely gives that vibe," Daisy said. "Trust me, I'm a total sensor of auras. But yours is a little messed up."

"Yeah, it needs a makeover. And it needs makeup. You've got such a lovely face for showing off your best features."

Lee was confused, but oddly flattered. And while it was probably because they thought he was a customer, there were still two absolute jaw-droppers talking to him, of all people. "Uh, thanks, I think?"

Meg sauntered forward, and placed an elbow over his shoulder. He was reminded again how short he was, even compared to these two women, and could certainly not ignore her sultry smirk or the way her boob was pressing against his back.

"So, what do you say, shall Daisy and I give you a makeover?"

"Oh, uh, I don't have much money -"

"Then it's a good thing you get the daily freebie, honey!" Meg gave him a light shove, and he found himself landing in a salon chair. "Trust me, girl, we need to get you sorted out."

"Yas!" the blonde one cried, punching the air dramatically, "and besides, we totally need the practice. Karen has been riding our perfect asses over it."

"Um, but I was just here for directions," he replied.

"Oh, you're new to town!" Their eyes lit up. "That's, like, so much better!"

"How about this cutie," Meg said, leaning in to strap his legs in, "you let us give you one hell of a free makeover, and then we'll give you the deets?"

Wait, straps? What kind of salon chair had traps? Something was weird, but Lee's concerns were pushed away by the sight of her two delicious breasts hanging low and swaying from her chest as she bent over to place his feet.

"That sounds fair," he spluttered, annoyed at how high his voice was. God, just the sight of two busty babes made him sound like a prepubescent girl. It was humiliating, and yet the girls didn't seem to notice.

"Let's give you a total makeover, girl!"

He would take offence, but he got the genuine sense they called everyone they met 'girl.' Emphasis on the 'girrrrrr!' pronunciation. Perhaps they could actually do something for him? And hey, maybe they did just want to test their skills, but maybe a new look would boost his confidence and even help him land a girl, though he doubted either of these two would be *that* into him. It was already hard enough to make sure his own hardness went unnoticed.

It was then that a slow, rising hum of a large machine powering up began. Lee looked around, restricted as he was in the chair, to see that the *Femmachine* had taken on a soft electric glow, and appeared to be vibrating slightly. Internal mechanisms that were expensive and cutting edge were beginning their start up procedure.

"Uhh, are you sure this is safe?" Lee asked, becoming a little more agitated about his situation. Behind him, a number of external plates opened, and various arms, manibles, claws, and limbs of a metallic nature extended from the machine.

"Yeah, like, it's totes safe," said Daisy, bouncing on the spot so that her large breasts wobbled almost out of her top. "We've tested it on all the girls and we've not had a problem."

"Except when we press some of the wrong buttons, or forget what the customer ordered," Meg pitched in, unhelpfully.

The machine continued to whirl, its powerful whine becoming louder and more vibrant. Various strange lights fell over Lee's form, assessing his shape, his hairstyle, his lack of makeup, his small-size male clothing, and it began to assess its options.

Lee looked up at the two bombshells, now suddenly doubting their ability to remember how to operate such complex machinery. "So . . . you guys know what to put in, right? Like, to make me look better. I don't want any *big changes*."

The girls just giggled, both of them putting fingers against their teeth in a cutesy manner, and began to confer.

"She doesn't want big changes, Meg, what should we do?"

Meg looked at her slightly-dumber friend. "Duh, Daisy! She'll want the big changes when we're done with them, right? Besides, she looks waaayyy too much like a boy right now. Just wait till we make her a hot little bimbo like us. She'll be begging to be our bestie and help us out at the salon! It's the perfect plan!"

And to Daisy, it was. She turned to Lee.

"Trust me honey, you won't believe how sexy you'll look when we're done."

That reassured Lee somewhat. "I'll be popular with girls, you think?" he asked, weakly.

"Honey," Meg said, sidling up to put her cheek against his, "by the time we're done, you'll be popular with *everybody*."

That perked him up considerably. "Well, okay then. Get started. It won't take long will it?"

"Just twenty minutes!"

"And then you'll give me those directions."

"Babe, you walk out on the street looking like we'll make you, and people will *whistle* you directions."

The two girls jumped and high-fixed, and Lee was treated to the sight of bouncing cleavage once more, and also Meg's amazing arse outlined by her tight daisy dukes.

"Okay then Daisy, let's get the controls. We're going to make you the hottest little thing ever!"

The two bimbo workers shrieked in a high tone that made Lee's ears ring, then set to work. The machine was ready, and Meg and Daisy began fussing and chatting between themselves in excited whispers over exactly what to make their newest little pet. Neither of them had cottoned on to the fact that the androgynous Lee was in fact a man.

"This will really bring out those gorgeous Eastern eyes of hers."

"She's so sweet and shy, we should give her loads of pink. For hearts! Heart-shaped earrings!"

"Need some blonde extensions too. That contrast will be totes wild."

"I'm thinking bigger boobies too. Busty Asian cutie!"

"And some curves! Girl needs to have a figure to show off!"

"Shall we make her, like, taller?"

"No, no, that's obvious. She's a smol widdle sexy mascara wearing mall hottie! Someone the guys will just want to carry around and protect!"

"Then she'll need bigger lips to thank them and stuff!"

"Great thinking, Daisy!"

"That's why they call me Double-D Daisy!"

"It's not, but it totes should be, lol."

The two were about to hit the button when suddenly Daisy squealed and grabbed Meg's hand, pulling it back in a way that shocked her friend.

"Hey Daise, what gives?"

"Wait, Meg, stop. Look at her. Look closely. We've missed something. Missed something huge."

Lee looked to both women as they examined him close up. Their impressive pairs of tits hung low as they bent over, and their sexy butts straining against their short shorts.

"Oh my god, you're right Daisy."

"See, how didn't we realise?"

"Exactly, we almost made a huge mistake."

The girls nodded in unison, much to Lee's confusion. Both girls put a hand on his shoulder each.

"We can't give someone a beauty overhaul if we don't know their *name*!" Daisy said, proudly. "That'd like, introduce too much chaos! The look has to suit the aura."

"And the name is part of the aura," Meg said, as if this was sage advice.

Lee got the sense it was his turn to talk. "Oh, sorry, that's on me. I'm not exactly great at talking to people. My name is Lee. Lee Jackson-Zhao."

The girls beamed.

"Pleasure to meet you Lee."

"So nice to help you Lee."

"Oh, it's good to meet you too."

The girls made a few last second whispers and adjustments on the *Femmachine*. As they did, Lee began to feel a weird mix of excitement and anxiety. Something felt a little off, but he couldn't quite place it. Something about the way the girls talked to him, as if they were missing something. It was almost like -

"Done!" Daisy yelled.

"Are you ready?" Meg said.

"Uh, yeah, but I feel like there might be a misunderstanding -"

"Then sit tight, because we are going to make you the hottest Asian cutie in the whole town!"

Lee's eyes went wide, and he moved forward to interrupt. "Wait, hang on, I'm not a wo -"

But he was instantly muffled by a heavy face mask that pushed him back in his seat, clamping onto his features and preventing him from speaking. He railed against the restraints, but dozens of metallic arms were roving over his body, stripping off his shirt and jacket, and tearing at his trousers to pull them off. He tried to scream, but even as he opened his mouth, strange and painful little needles injected into his lips, causing them to puff up and swell. Odd padds massages at his face within the mask, and as he writhed, he could feel a strange electric static buzzing at his scalp, causing the hair there to itch.

"Don't fight it honey, you're gonna look sooooo hawt!"

More mechanical arms roamed his body, teasing at his nipples. Various insertions, needles, and injections were forced into his body, and his eyes teared up as he was overwhelmed with a strange heat, as if his hormones were now seriously out of whack. His chest ached, a low humming of strange suction pads pulling at the flesh, and with each passing second it felt like - impossibly - there was more and more flesh there, and less and less upon his belly and on his arms. He tried to rip his fingers free of strange little devices he couldn't see that were doing something with his hands.

"What is she doing Meg? It's like she suddenly doesn't want it. Did we pick the wrong style?"

"No way, Daisy. She's going to be the hottest woman ever. We clearly just haven't turned up the *fertility treatments* enough. We gotta make this grrl a libido to match her sick new bod!"

"Oh yeahhh, Meg, you're just the smartest!"

Lee tried to yell out 'NOOO!' but already his teeth were being adjusted and corrected by dozens of small implements, and his face being massaged into new, unfamiliar configurations. His scalp was itching even more than before, and within moments he felt his hair literally *pushing* out from his skull and cascading down his back. A strange vibrating pad massaged his throat while another cord leapt down his oesophagus. His discomfort lasted mere moments, but when both pulled back with alarming quickness, his grunts and groans of confusion, horror, and anger had become much higher in tone. Almost . . . no, certainly feminine. Lee tried to think. What was happening to him? What even was this machine? It was doing far more than just applying makeup, though he could feel the strokes of makeup around his eyes and something he suspected were fake eyelashes being applied as well. How far might the changes go?

He got his answer as a number of sharp, tiny needles injected themselves through the chair directly into his buttocks, filling it with matter that encouraged tissue growth and pertness. He moaned, overwhelmed by the hormones flooding his system, feeling himself becoming strangely turned on by his captive, transforming state. His ass

rounded out, and he felt himself swelling up in his seat, his hips cracking outwards as bone-growth and adjustment formula worked its magic, leaving him with an ass that wouldn't quit, and a set of hips that were almost as baby-making as Meg's. Through the mask, Lee could *just* make out the excitement of the girls as they continued to fiddle with the machine's settings and activate its next phase. He tried to get them to see the fear in his eyes, but the mask obscured it too much, and instead both of the bimbos just gave him a clueless thumbs up, as a set of steel pipes that looked like car wash equipment set to spraying his naked skin. Where the spray landed on his skin, blemishes disappeared, arm hair and leg hair died off for good, until only a smooth, feminine surface remained.

Lee's flesh continued to be teased and pulled, adjusted and reduced, or otherwise blown up larger by the numerous growth chemicals invading his system, and aided by the surgical precision of the *Femmachine*. The machine began to slow down as there was less and less work to do, and Lee hoped he could signal the girls before it was too late.

He at least still had his dick. He was still a man. This could be fixed. It had to be. He groaned from behind his 'beauty mask' and tapped on his chest, which was slightly heavier and adorned with a small jiggle from where breasts had grown in. He needed their attention now. But the two girls took his actions altogether differently . . .

"Nope nope, you're right girl, that little chest ain't gonna cut it. We're gonna make you even bigger than Daisy here!"

"Hey, that's not fair! Mine are all natural."

"So will hers be, Daisy. Remember what Karen said; the machine is cutting edge. She'll totally be natural. Besides, she'll never have your tall blonde slut appeal."

Daisy giggled, blushing at what was apparently a compliment between them.

"Oh, all right Meg. Give her some big Double-Es then!"

The girls giggled, pressing another button. The suction cups clamped down on his chest as Lee once again writhed to stop it. This was ludicrous! But sure enough, that awful sucking sensation returned, even as fat and new membranes and ducts were injected into him. Like two great, heavy souffles, his newly-created breasts rose and rose and rose and rose, until even behind his mask he could see a canyon of cleavage. It was horror. Surely, it was the worst thing that could happen?

He received his answer, when, with another yank, his underwear was removed, leaving him totally naked, and revealing a hard, throbbing manhood for everyone in the room to see. The room seemed to freeze. Even the machine stopped whirring, to take in this new information.

'ERROR ERROR INCORRECT GENITAL ARRANGEMENT. PROCEEDING WITH CORRECTION AT DESIRED SETTINGS OF BEAUTY AND FERTILITY.'

The mask began to fall from Lee's face, as long, luscious dark hair fall around his ears. Tears ringed his perfect new eyes, and the feminised man could only gasp in horror as a

large apparatus, like the suction cups that formed his heavy breasts, only infinitely more complicated, began to rise towards his legs. He tried to shut them, but the mechanical arms pulled the restraints far apart, allowing unfettered access to his equipment.

"Oh. My. God," said one girl.

"Uh, Meg. Is she supposed to have a penis. Did we do that?"

Lee glared at them, muffling angrily against the mask that was still slowly peeling away. "I'm a man, you stupid bitches!" the man said, his voice now an almost unbelievably sugary-sweet tone, despite his anger. "Turn the damn thing off! Turn it off now!"

The girls stared in horror, even as the final step of Lee's transformation began. The infernal contraption clamped over his penis, its apparatus suctioning over the region between his legs.

"TURN IT OFF! TURN IT OFF! I DON'T WANT TO BE A WOMAN!"

The girls scrambled, tripping over each other to reach the console. They pushed against each other - Daisy crying great tears of panic - and their trembling fingers hovered over the controls.

"Which button is it Meg? Which one?"

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. I don't know Daisy. I forgot!"

"Is it the green or the red?"

Lee turned his back so fast to face them it gave him whiplash. He went to bleat out 'the red you morons, that's universal language!' but *something* grabbed the length of his penis, injecting it with a preparatory anaesthetic.

"The green!" Daisy said, "it must be the green!"

"Okay, hit it!"

Lee regained his voice. "NOOOOOOO!"

But it was too late. The moment Daisy's finger hit the button, the machine's ministrations began. Lee howled in horror as more and more transformative chemicals were injected *down there*. The final step to becoming fully female was too late to stop.

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When it was done, Lee was voiceless. The machine finished its touches upon his person, as he passively accepted these final adjustments, like a lifeless doll. His eyebrows were carefully tweezed, eyeshadow applied, his figure gently re-clothed, now with an XXL bra capable of containing his - *her* - enormous rack. The machine continued to clothe and perfect the newly-minted woman, providing perfume and a purse, which was placed over the woman's shoulder with zero resistance. Finally, the set rose slightly, and the machine retracted, going silent as it powered down. Its work was finished.

'RADICAL MAKEOVER COMPLETE. SUBJECT IS 99.998 PERCENT PURE FEMALE. INSERTED WOMB IS 100% FUNCTIONAL. OVULATION CYCLE SET TO BEGIN IN 15.4 DAYS.'

Also silent, staring, eyes wide and fingers in their teeth, were Meg and Daisy. Neither of them knew what to say, they could only stare at their creation, simultaneously proud of their masterwork, and overcome with horror at the trouble they might be in.

The silence continued.

Finally, Lee seemed to gather himself. Herself.

"A mirror," she said, voice reedy and high, like something from an Anime. "I need to see myself in a mirror."

The girls nodded, and rushed to her side. They helped her onto unsteady feet, and Lee wobbled, unused to the newly-adorned shoes she had acquired; white-heeled boots that changed even the way she walked. Her steps were now mincing things, uncertain as they were in heels, and without wanting to, her hips sashayed from side to side rather sexily. With each step, her enormous breasts - even larger from her own perspective - wobbled and jiggled, an utterly alien feeling. Long, wavy hair fell against her perfect shoulders.

"That's right, one foot in front of the other, like you're tight-rope walking, only it makes all the boys check you out!"

"I know I know this is bad Lee, but you looked like a girl, and you're already getting the hang of it."

"That's right, even steps. You have great hips, honey. Really, it's sort of an upgrade, really. And those jugs, woman! Daisy here will be jealous, isn't that something?"

Lee was silent, even as the girls tried their best to get him - her - across the room. And then he had made it, still in shock, the mirror right before him. Lee gave a light gasp.

Reflected in the mirror in front of him was the most beautiful, hot, busty, and downright sexy woman he had ever seen.

She was short, even shorter than Lee had been, roughly 5'2 at best. She was still Chinese, much to Lee's gratitude, but with a body that was like something from his hard-driver's hidden folder. She had a cute face with full lips and teasing eyes, and blue eyeshadow giving her a mysterious look that was accentuated by heavy lines of mascara. A shade of subtle pink lipstick adorned her mouth, and this was complemented by her hair, which had been dyed a platinum blonde, and was set in a wavy style with extensions that reached down her back. The woman had been fitted with clothing that concealed little about her bodacious body; a pink long sleeve crop top matched her lips and bared her flat midriff, while also outlining her fantastic tits. A white skirt with a golden belt barely managed to make it to her knees, while golden bracelets were clasped around her wrists, appearing chic and stylish.. Pink was clearly the dominant theme, however; her nails had been given extensions, all a hot pink, and her

heart-shaped earrings contained a pink centre. Her shoulder purse was likewise pink, as were the sunglasses carefully placed atop her cute little head.

Pink pink pink. And a figure to match her bimbo-ish attire.

And, of course, there was a lack. A nothingness between her legs. The strange sensation of feeling an opening, a slit, where once there was a presence, though it was impossible to see past her big boobs.

"I'm a woman," she whispered, stepping forward on heels, still adjusting to them. Her chest wobbled, almost throwing her off balance as she reached the mirror. "My dick . . . you took my dick and made me this."

The girls breathed carefully.

"It was an accident?" Daisy suggested. Meg pinched her shoulder in irritation, causing her to yelp.

Lee whirled, still unused to the heels and having to grab on to Daisy to remain upright. The girl was the same height before, but now stood two feet higher. Lee stared up at her with crazed eyes, fuming.

"An accident? AN ACCIDENT!? You've turned me into a woman, you stupid slut! You took away my penis! I just came here to ask directions, and look at what you've done to me! LOOK! I've got jewellery, and an hourglass figure, and I've lost height, and I've got this massive heavy tits, and I've got - I've got - I've got a DAMN VAGINA!"

Daisy began to cry as Lee continued to berate her. He had never raised his voice in anger like this before, but the formerly timid boy was now livid. In the span of just half an hour his life's course had changed completely.

"That - that THING said I have a fucking womb!"

"We-we thought you were a girl. We thought this is what you wanted."

"WELL YOU THOUGHT WRONG DAISY! I demand you turn me back. Turn me back now. Your manager - your parents - your - your - EVERYONE IS GOING TO HEAR ABOUT THIS!"

It was hard to sound authoritative when she had such a squeaky voice, but something about mentioning consequences, about telling the manager, made Daisy gasp and turn to her friend, who Lee couldn't see behind him.

"M-Meg," she whimpered, "what do we do?"

But Meg was already taking action. She might still make a mistake with the machine, but Karen had told her it had properties that its military sellers had failed to patch out. Only Karen knew which government had made it and how it had come to her, but Meg didn't care about all that weird political-mumbo-jumbo anyway. All she cared about was a feature that had a finite amount of uses, but were indeed very, very powerful. It was how Karen had kept the machine itself from being taken out of her hands. Meg brought up the command screen she had seen Karen enter once, and failed to remember the code. It took another two minutes of Daisy being berated for her to find it on her phone.

"There," she said, as she put it in. "Maybe we'll get our cute little coworker still. That'd be totes great."

Lee was about to move to Meg and berate her next, demanding to be turned back, when the machine came to life once more.

"Finally," she said, "took you long enough. I want my dick back, and then the directions, and then I am never, ever coming here aGAI -"

A machine limb shot out at Lee, and firmly planted a cute little golden collar around her neck, one that perfectly matched her bracelets. Instantly, Lee fell silent. His mind was active, confused, enraged, but it was as if his body was outside his control. Instead, he pulled a sexy pose with one arm behind his back, and another on the impressive curve of his hip. It had the effect of accentuating his new, perfect breasts.

"Ohmigod Meg, what did you do?"

Meg sighed. "Basically, I put a little control collar on her. It's the hyper fashionable thing around her neck, doesn't it look cute?"

Daisy was uncertain. "Yeah, but . . . won't he be angry?"

"Oh, he'll be super-duper angry, but he won't be able to show it. Don't worry babe, it won't last forever. We just need you to chillax a little while we sort this mess out, because it's hella not good."

Lee was decidedly not chillaxing, and was straining to regain control of his altered body, but instead it just took another pose and smiled sweetly at the two girls.

"There we are. She's totally harmless at the moment. Look, we're really sorry for turning you into a woman, that's my bad! I'm so clumsy sometimes!"

Lee tried to glare, but his female body just smiled sweetly.

"You see, we've been under sooooo much pressure. Our manager Karen needs us to do our job better or we're out the door. And we've already mucked up a few customers, you'll sooo be the last straw! But this job is so amazing and we get free makeup and salon care and stuff, and the *Femmachine* does my nails like, seriously, no other salon does. We can't just get kicked out!"

"Do you think you'd want to stay a woman?" Daisy asked, "we were looking for another worker to be, like, way smarter in the brains department anyway." She giggled uncertainly.

Meg pressed a button, and Lee found he could control himself. Well, just his head, his voice, but nothing below the neck.

"This is sick," he said in a birdsong high voice, "you've got to change me back. These tits are huge!"

"I know, aren't they fab?" asked Daisy. "And the pink suits you perfectly, you can totally get it, girl."

"YOU FUCKING TURN ME BACK RIGHT NOW OR -"

His control disappeared again as Meg touched the machine panel.

"Okay, that was a mega-disaster. This whole sitch is. But maybe you're right, Daisy, Lee here can be our new girlfriend at the salon!"

"Yeah, she's angry now, and we're super duper sorry Lee, but you'll forgive us! I know you will. We'll totally braid each other's hair about this next week."

"Exactly! You just need to be shown just how good it is to be a top sexy babe who can pull any guy she wants, and look great while doing it, honey. That way, I might start to relax the controls on you Lee, how 'bout that?"

Both girls waited until Meg remembered she'd left Lee on 'standby.' Lee was given return of his body - his full body this time - even as alien and female and curvy and wobbly and jiggy as it felt. He ran his slender fingers over his form and was shocked at how sensitive his new body was.

"Can you reverse this?"

Meg eyed him. "Like, not really? We've struggled to even turn dyed hair back, so you might be stuck forever. Unless Karen knows something. But that's why it's super important you learn how to be a beauty bimbo like us, babe! Karen will lose it at us, and you too, if this gets out. She'll definitely want to hush it all up rather than turn you back. But if you turn out to be a super-cool salon gal . . ."

Lee breathed deeply, and his new mammaries rose and fell like great melons upon his chest. It was a strange feeling.

"And if I refuse?"

"Nope, nope, nope, you don't get to refuse. We need to make this mess clear so we can keep our jobs, that means you have to learn to live like a woman pronto, and we can be your trainers. Then I'll let you take off the collar."

Lee was silent. His gorgeous reflection was still in the mirror. It was impossible to believe it was now him. She was so . . . busty. So cute. So female.

"Okay, so here's the plan, grrls. We're gonna show our beautiful Lee here the time of her life tonight, and introduce her to what it's really like to be a girl. We're going to teach her how to walk in those fine heels, how to take all the sexiest photos for her new social medias, and what it's like to have a raving fun being the hottest bitches on the dance floor and flirting with all the stud boys. She might even get lucky and enjoy a little makeout time, meow!"

Lee gasped. "No, please not that."

"Oh trust me Lee, you'll love it! The *Femmachine* made you totally straight and super-duper fertile. You've got more oestrogen than Daisy and I together. So you are gonna be getting wet girl! You're gonna be so hawt for all the sexy boys, you won't believe it!"

"I won't let you. I'll go to the police, I'll tell this Karen what you've done."

"No!" Daisy yelled, "stop him, Meg!"

"Don't worry, cutie pie," Meg said, poking Lee in the boob. It actually was quite sensitive. "You're going to behave, or else I'll turn the controls back on. Trust me, just give it a shot and see what happens. Just a week or two or four of being a hella sexy girl - isn't that living the dream most guys imagine? Lol, just think about it, you've got two big tits to yourself to play with! And if after a month or two of helping us out, you can totes go your own way. Because by that point Karen won't have suspected a thing. She might even be able to turn you back, but that won't happen if she goes into a huff when you haven't proved yourself a totally cool worker. Fair?"

Lee spoke through gritted teeth, but his adorable voice failed to convey his anger. "Not fair at all. But deal."

He went to shake, but quickly discovered these girls didn't do 'handshakes' so much as 'boob-squishing hugs'. It would be the first of many new experiences he would have.

"Oh, and you should change your name, so it's girly!" Daisy put forward.

"Great idea, Daisy. What did you have in mind?"

Daisy thought long and hard, to the point where Lee was getting concerned, until finally she lit up with an idea that seemed revelatory to her.

"I know, how about . . . Li?"

Lee just about nearly rolled his eyes out of his new gorgeous head.

"O. M. G. Daisy, that's perfect!"

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'Li' had never felt more out of place or awkward in his - now her - life. With her spectacular cleavage on full display in her cute pink crop top, and a miniskirt that showed off a set of gorgeous thighs, the very outline of her busty new body was there for all to see. Daisy and Meg continued to encourage her, the two bimbo salon workers teaching her how to walk in heels around town.

"Uh huh, that's the stuff Li," Daisy said, clapping, "you're totally getting the hang of it!"

"Then why does it feel like these huge tits are constantly about to burst out of my top? Why do my hips keep going side to side?"

"Grrl, that's just how we walk," Meg said, placing a soft arm over Li's shoulder. Li tried to ignore that the gorgeous girl's touch appeared to be doing nothing for her now, and focused on walking. It was true; every step made her rounded bottom bounce a little, her hips swinging in a way that was already catching the collective attention of a group of whistling construction workers.

"Yeah, baby! Show us what you got!"

"Pigs," Li muttered, and kept on walking. The following whooping and cheering continued, and she realised she was now giving them an absolutely jaw-dropping spectacle of her ass sashaying against the tight miniskirt as she walked.

"You are doing, like, so well at this," Daisy beamed.

Li could only smirk as one of the boys who was looking directly at her mounds of cleavage crashed directly into a post he hadn't seen. Daisy and Meg fell into fits and giggles.

"Told you Li, there's power in being a hot slut like us. Our boobs can literally hypnotise men."

Of course, Li had no idea, being new to the city, that she was being led to the city's best night-club. As she arrived, still dolled up and looking sexy as hell, a crowd of male eyes turned to feast on the visual display that was the three girls together, and a number of females too, though some of those looked to Li, Daisy, and Meg with cattiness.

"No, no, I refuse to go in. This is crazy."

"Nonsense girl, haven't you ever been in a night club before?" Meg asked.

Li shook her head. "I was always nervous. I had no one to dance with."

Daisy grinned. "Tonight, *everyone* is gonna want to dance with you babe."

Li looked up at them both. So beautiful, but again she felt nothing. She looked at the crowd of men gazing hungrily at her, and there was a confusing feeling in her heart . . . and in her loins. It was unsettling. Like she was a piece of meat before a pack of starving dogs, only some perverse part of her liked it. Her nipples hardened, making indents against her bra and outlining against her overly-filled top.

"Fuck, why is this happening to me," she whispered, before turning to the girls. "I don't think we can even get in. It's so busy and the security guy is turning people away. Can't you just show me how to work in the salon?"

Both girls just looked at her and laughed, as if she had said the most preposterous thing in the world. Meg wiped a tear from her eye,

"Oh, honey, you don't have to wait in line if you look like we do! And besides, how can you work in the salon if you don't know how to *work that hot little bod* of yours!"

And with that, both women pushed a reluctant Li forward. She couldn't believe how she was allowing herself to be bullied, even with the threat of the control collar over her. She had always been submissive and lacking in confidence as a guy, but was it so much worse as a woman? She couldn't dwell on it, because suddenly all three of the salon girls were standing before a large gentleman who could barely keep contact with their eyes. He was actually pretty good-looking, and his gaze passed very, very slowly over Li's cleavage, which was straining against her crop top, forming a bust line that was practically a chasm.

"You ladies are welcome to go straight in," he grinned.

Li, shocked, went in with the girls, blushing a deep red as she sashayed her way through to the club entrance. Daisy and Meg laughed and pulled their 'friend in.'

"Let's get this girl drunk and DANCING! YEAH!"

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Li swayed on the dance floor, her large EE-cup boobs wobbling heavily with each step and sway. She giggled to herself as Meg and Daisy danced around her, their own sexy forms attracting lots of attention. She'd never had this much attention on herself, ever. People were cheering on the three girls under the cascading, ever-changing night-club lights, the thrum of the music intoxicating them almost as much as the sweet shots she'd done. Li had always been mocked for liking sweet, girly drinks as a man, but men were lining up to buy them for her now, and what's more, people cheered as she took them! As a man, she'd often been mistaken for a woman or worse, outright ignored. Now, despite the horror of losing her penis and becoming remade as a top-heavy bimbo, she couldn't help but at least bask in the adoring stares and whistles that came her way. It gave her a pride in her movements, and she stepped up her dancing.

Daisy and Meg pulled back, panting and needing a break, and both of them looked at Li in astonishment and joy as the girl continued to drunkenly dance up against others on the floor.

"We've created a monster," Meg said, happily.

"Aww, you were soooo right Meg," Daisy replied, clasping her hands together, eyes tearing up. "She's just perfect. I know it's because we got her drunk, but I really think she's starting to like being a hawt girl!"

"She better, because those hooters of hers are really drawing the eye of tall, dark and handsome over there."

Both of them turned to see a tall and attractive man dancing closer and closer to the tipsy Li. The girl seemed to have let loose all of a sudden, smiling and moving with a motion that was just so damn feminine, that the *Femmachine* must have had something to do with it. Her rounded ass was outlined beautifully against her skirt, and the man began to dance up against her, which immediately knocked her out of her bliss. Li spun and saw the man, and the two girls saw what was happening instantly.

They may not have been bright, but they knew what a woman confronted with a very attractive man suddenly looks like.

"Hey," the man said, "mind if I dance here?"

"H-hey," said Li. She could feel her nipples harden, and a growing feeling between her legs that had been slowly rising throughout the night. "Um, just a moment, okay?"

She turned, and made her way off the floor towards Daisy and Meg, looking like a scared little lamb. Well, if that lamb was a cute Asian girl with a huge set of knockers that were straining to pull free from her top.

"Time to go," she said to Daisy and Meg, who were now looking disappointed, "I've done all you asked. It was awful. Now lets - *hic*! - get out of here."

But Meg simply placed a hand on her petite shoulder. "Oh no, missy, you're not getting out of this one. I saw how you looked at that cute guy. The *Femmachine* made you so full of oestrogen I bet you're about to blow if you don't at least get that yummy man's number."

Li blushed so red it overcame her makeup. "It's this stupid girl body you've given me. I won't to be a man again."

"Awww, but you've loved all the attention all night," Daisy whined. "We had girly drinks together, and have you ever danced like that before?"

Li bit her lip and looked down. "N-no, but again, it's not fair. It's your stupid mistake I'm like this, and your stupid blackmail that put me here. I want to go home."

Meg hugged her new 'friend.' "Okay honey, we'll take you home. But first, at least have the measure to say goodbye. It would be rude not to at least give him . . . a fairwell kiss to remember."

Li gasped. "You wouldn't."

"I totes would, girl. I'm doing you a favour! You gotta learn how awesome it is to have a big muscly man lean down and make you feel like the only woman in the entire world."

Daisy sighed in contentment, imagining it herself. Li just grunted, though it came out a lot cuter due to her high voice.

"Fine," she said, adjusting her top for the umpteenth time that night so she didn't fall out of it. "But one kiss and I'm done."

Daisy and Meg watched from a distance, keeping their own male admirers at bay for a moment, as they watched Li step up and resume dancing for a few moments. The man and Li exchanged some words, and then Li looked back at the girls, rolled her eyes, and turned to the man.

And kissed him.

The girls continued to watch.

The kiss continued to happen.

The man's hand wrapped around her back. The girls sighed.

The kiss continued. The man's other hand cupped her soft neck, while the other fell to her hip, gently caressing the very edge of her rounded ass.

Their bodies pressed together, two mountains of cleavage pressed against the man's chest. Li had never before in her life as a man felt so intoxicated. She was overwhelmed with passion, lifted high on a cocktail of hormones that increased the sensitivity of her skin, the need to be held, the warm flush of heat that spoke of desires of the flesh. Her nipples were hard, and felt so damn *good* against the man's chest, the man whose name was Anthony. She knew it was wrong that a man - a fucking man - had his hand upon her expanded ass, or that she was now accepting his tongue into her mouth, but it was happening all the same, and she was helpless to the moment, her mind addled by her freshly-feminised nature and drunkenness. For a moment, she wished that Meg would activate the control colour so that she could continue kissing him . . . and maybe even more.

The kiss ended, and Meg and Daisy erupted in squeals of delight.

"I've got to go," she said, utterly humiliated.

"Give me your phone," Anthony said. Li gave it, blushing, breathing heavily as she reeled from the experience, the mountains on her chest rising and falling steadily.

"There," he said, handing back the phone. "Now you have my number. Call me. I'd love to see you again, Li."

Stunned, Li made her way back to her tormentors, who each had a boy on their arm.

"Let's get this girl home. That's enough fun for her for one night. But maybe another night you might like to push it further."

"It was all because that's what you wanted, nothing more. I'm only doing it to get this damn collar off and be a man again."

"Yeah, totes," Meg said, obviously unbelieving.

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"Hiya, welcome to *Femme Chic*, the best salon store in the city! My name is Li, and I'd love to help you look like your perfect *you*. So what will it be today?"

Meg and Daisy watched on with Karen as the new girl dealt with another customer ably and professionally. Li was dressed in a store uniform that bared her midriff, which now had a sexy belly button piercing, and revealed her heavy bustline. Her hair was styled in blonde waves, and pink remained her style; the girls took great pleasure in swapping out purses for her new looks, and high heels, as well as a variety of jewellery to suit her look, much to Li's chagrin. At least, she claimed it was with chagrin. She was now the main technician for the *Femmachine*, being the only girl smart enough to run it, but thanks to her the store was booming, which meant that Meg and Daisy could do what they did best; show off their hot bods and latest fashion trends to sway customers into looking girly and trendy.

"So," Karen spoke, sitting comfortably as she drank a tea and eyeing the incredibly busty girl operating the controls of her machine, "this could have been a disaster."

"But it wasn't!" Daisy cut in, then stopped as Karen eyed her.

"But it wasn't, indeed. That hot little thing turned out to be quite the customer draw, and she's still smart enough to operate the machine. And you say the control collar is not being used currently?"

Meg coughed. "Well, we sometimes have to use it to get her to wear something *really* adventurous, or to force her to go on dates with Anthony - that's her totally tall, dark and handsome BF - but we can totally sense she's into him. She just resists because she's still got some of that male pride."

"Yeah," Daisy said, correcting her nail polish, "she's, like, totes got the hots for him. He's definitely made it to at least second base."

"Hmmm." Karen took another sip of her tea. "And she's become quite an investment. Those breasts, that pert bottom of hers, and all the pink, it fits well. And she seems . . . not happy, but only not happy because she's embarrassed to be happy, if you understand me."

Meg flippantly gestured with her hand. "Oh, that's because Lee was a total dork before. He even looked like a girl. She's so much better off now, in just a month or so she'll realise it."

"Especially when she lets Anthony take her for a ride!"

"Yeah Daise, she won't be able to resist after that!"

Karen coughed, and both women fell silent again. "Yes, but have you not promised to turn her back in a month, Meg?"

"I - I said you might be able to do it."

Karen smirked. It was a dangerous smirk. "And Meg, since when were you such a capable *liar*?"

Meg went to protest, but saw the smirk for what it was. "Well, I didn't want to make him too sad. Besides, like I said, by the time she figures out she can't go back, there's no way she'll ever want to!"

Li looked over her shoulder at the three women chuckling. What could they be laughing about? She sighed, continued to set the pattern for a new customer's look, and sat back against the counter, adjusting her top, as she often had to these days. God, how her life had changed in the last few weeks. She had a *boyfriend* now, and her body made her feel funny about that. Especially since he'd let her play with her tits two nights ago, and it had felt *fantastic*. She checked her nails by habit, one instilled in her by her co-workers, and checked herself out in the mirror.

She really was the hottest woman she had ever seen. It was embarrassing . . . but it also gave her a tinge of pride, especially when she stuck out her incredible chest for emphasis. She'd never felt proud of her body as a man. But her face could do with some detail. She adjusted her makeup with several dabs of foundation and some thicker

mascara, and followed up with a curler to make her hair just that little bit more bouncy. The damn change had made her feel so compelled to look beautiful lately, to the point where she could spend hours working on her look on important nights.

It was then that her phone buzzed. Li pulled it from her bright pink purse and brought it before her, and felt herself smiling as she saw it was from Anthony.

'Hey. Wanna come over tonight?'

Li looked around the salon. Meg and Daisy were getting back to work, and Karen returning to her office. No one would see her response, or notice the warm blush that came over her when she answered his texts.

'Sure thing hot stuff,' she wrote, unbelieving she had used the phrase 'hot stuff.'

It was alright, wasn't it? If she was stuck as a woman, she could at least have a bit of fun with it. Meg and Daisy would use that damn control collar on her anyway, so why not get ahead of the game?

Besides, in just one month's time she would be a man again, and this would all be just a memory.

Right?

The End