

Speed Dating (MtF & FtM TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Story Tier Prompt for Babjie

Lex has had another boring year in a boring job with a boring lack of love life. Determined to make the new year better, he decides to try speed dating. To his surprise, he hits it off with a girl named Kasey, who is way out of his league. At least, that's the case at first, but soon the pair begin to transform, becoming the ideal partner for the other. Only it turns out, this includes some gender changes as well!

Speed Dating

Part 1: Dating Swift

Lex sighed as the fireworks went off. Cheers echoed across the boardwalk and even from the boats out in the bay, but he could only give a half-hearted holler himself. The year 2024 was done, and ushering into its place was 2025, with seemingly just as few prospects as the year that had just passed. Lex was thirty three years old and hadn't dated in years by this point. He made a living reviewing English translations for an overseas marketing company, and it was just as boring and pointless as it sounded. The mix of long hours of sitting in a chair and his own general malaise had left him becoming quite doughy and heavy set over time. He wasn't, at least he hoped, fat, at least not yet, but he was threatening to become so if he continued to be sedentary and on the verge of depression. His once twinkling blue eyes now seemed to be faded, and even his blonde hair was starting to recede prematurely; he just hoped not to have a bald spot until he was at least twenty five.

Perhaps it wasn't all that bad, he considered. Perhaps he just needed to take some time off and try to treat his body better. He was pretty average looking, but he wasn't *bad* looking. Still, a small but fanciful part of himself had hoped to find a tipsy gal with a fun-loving personality, one who at the very least could give him a New Years' kiss and fill him with life. No such luck on that front. Instead, he'd been surrounded by couples doing just that, with him looking a bit embarrassingly single in the throng of them.

"Don't forget your New Year's resolutions, everybody!" cried one woman in a bikini. She looked like she was about to jump into the water, though her girlfriend's were trying to convince her that doing so drunk would be quite unfortunate.

“New year’s resolutions, huh?” Lex muttered to himself. He looked over the boardwalk and the beach beyond, viewing the numerous couples holding one another, kissing one another, just plain *being* one another as the new year began.

“Yeah, maybe it’s time I made one.”

She was nervous. Of course she was. Kasey had never done speed dating before. In fact, she’d thought it was for losers and sad people. Or desperate ones. Or perverts. The last she was particularly wary of; she knew she was not bad looking, but some creeps really went for mixed-race women. “Best of both worlds,” one had told her. “You’ve got an Asian face but a big black ass. Shame about the tits, though.” She’d slapped him, of course. Quite spectacularly at that. But she never forgot that feeling; like being a piece of meat before a hungry, cruel dog.

It was a feeling that had followed her for a long time, and not just from that incident. Somehow, she just really knew how to pick ‘em. She’d had yelling boyfriends, absent boyfriends, boyfriends who wanted sex and no intimacy, and boyfriends who just wanted a mommy. The last were the worst, except perhaps for the ones who “liked them ethnic.” Then again, Brandon had liked them both: “I love a hot submissive chick,” he’d said.

She’s slapped him too, and didn’t regret a damn thing. The only problem was that it had seemingly become a habit for her. A few bad words around the neighbourhood, and some other foul rumours, and she’d found it hard to even *get* a date. Those dates she did get she just kept her guard up way too much.

“Girl, you haven’t dated anyone in over a year!” her friend Jessica said.

“I’m just . . . taking a break from the entire male race,” she muttered.

Jessica had scoffed. “Hey, maybe you just haven’t found the right one, yet?”

“The ones I have found have been pretty bad.”

“You gotta diversify your portfolio, girl! Stop chasing after all these macho men who still need their mommies to tie their shoelaces. Drop any guy who can’t stop railing on about his manly podcast. Find someone soulful.”

Kasey was highly sceptical, but friends can be convincing, and so here she was now, having signed up to a speed dating service of all things, and ready to give it a try. Well, not ready. She got the feeling she’d overdressed: she was wearing a tight black dress that was tasteful and covered up, the sort of thing you took to a work dinner, but it certainly looked good on her. She’d fixed up her dark curls and made sure they were hanging just right, and with a nervous breath headed in. This one was just for Jessica. She wasn’t going to actually date a guy. Like she’d said, she’d had enough of the male race.

But damn, if she hadn't been lonely lately too.

Lex was trying, he really was. It was a nice venue, and the seats were comfy. He'd done his best to dress up nicely; he'd even purchased a nice white button shirt that fit him well and had a nice smart casual look to it. He'd also gotten his hair done, an expense he usually didn't go for. And in some ways, it had definitely boosted his confidence. After a shaky start where he'd stumbled over his work talking to some women, he'd started to develop his sea legs, so to speak.

"Hey, I'm Lex, nice to meet you."

"I'm Sandy, nice to meet you Lex. What do you do?"

And that was the problem. What he did was *boring*. Sure, he had other passions: he loved poetry, he loved to delve into the world of imagination, he loved art in so many of its forms. But that wasn't what people asked for. They wanted to know what you *did*, and what he *did* was mind-numbing, and the women could tell. It killed connections early, and dancing around the question only made it worse.

"Well, it was nice to meet you, Lex," Sandy said. She'd been the seventh person so far in the line, and had been quite beautiful at that. He doubted he'd had a chance with her anyway, but he had struggled to get it. He looked down at the *Dating Swift* app on his phone, the one that he'd had to download to join this surface. It listed him and Sandy and gave only a fifteen percent match. He grimaced, and looked up at the large sign in the venue.

Dating Swift: Guaranteed to Make Your Perfect Match

"Guaranteed my pasty white ass," he murmured.

And then *she* sat down. She was quite pretty. Not knock out beautiful or anything, but with a strong girl next door quality and a nervous smile that made her immediately endearing to him. Besides, while he cleaned up well, he doubted he was going to be advertising for Calvin Klein anytime soon.

"Hi, I'm Kasey," the woman said. She had dark skin and looked to be a mix of African and Asian heritage. Despite the initial smile, she had a kind of no-nonsense look to her, and she plonked into her seat as if she were forced to be here.

"Hey, I'm Lex."

"Nice to meet you, Lex."

"Yeah, s-same."

"Full disclosure, Lex, I'm only here because my friend put me up to it. I highly doubt this promise of a 'Guaranteed Perfect Match' is actually redeemable. I'm not really looking for anything, especially anything series. I have been burnt way too many times."

Lex nodded, trying to keep the disappointment off of his face. "I get that. Well, actually, I have to admit, I *don't* get that. I would sort of *like* to be burnt a few times. It's been, well, it's been a bit of a dry spell in terms of relationships for me. That's why I'm here."

She sighed, putting a hand on her forehead. "Yeah, sorry to kill the mood. Look, we've got five minutes, right? What shall we talk about? What do you do for a living?"

There it was, the question. Lex bit the bullet.

"I, uh, you know those instructions you get on boxes and manuals? With the really obvious stuff on them? The ones you barely use because you already know how to fit the hammock together or use a simple baby toy?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, I'm the guy that translates those into English when they come from a lot of foreign companies."

There was a momentary silence, and he braced for the typical awkwardness. Instead, Kasey actually burst out laughing.

"Oh my God, that's . . . that's so boring!"

He laughed with her. "Right?"

"That's gotta be the worst job ever!"

"It is!"

"Do you work from home?"

"Nope! Gotta be in the office, for some reason."

"Typical. Holy shit, I had no idea this was a thing. I mean, no one thinks about this stuff, right? It's not really, you know, important. No offence."

He put up his hands, still grinning. "Trust me, no one knows this better than me! Pays well, at least."

She shook her head. "Somehow, this is crazy interesting to me. Do you ever get the temptation to change the labels, just a little? Maybe translate it into a dumb message because you know no one will ever read it. You know, something like 'Fuck You Ted', because Ted is your asshole boss or something."

Lex chuckled. "That's not a bad idea! Maybe I'll think about it. Can I ask what you do?"

"Construction. I work the diggers."

"Woah, really?"

"No, you goof! Do I look like I'd last a day in construction? Naw, I work in the gym. I work the floor and sometimes help out as a fitness instructor."

"That's no fair, you can't just go and flaunt your interesting job in my face, especially when I'm one of those guys who keeps talking about *needing* to go to the gym."

She grinned sweetly. She had cute little dimples he had just started to notice.

“Well, you’re in luck, I can get you a discount, mister. Looking to Arnie up?”

“Oh, I could take Arnie. It’s just Stallone I’m worried about.”

“Well, *Adrian*, tell me something actually interesting about yourself. Because there’s no way a guy as witty as you has putting instructions on boxes as his only hobby.”

He put up a finger. “Ah, I’m not so highly qualified as that. I only *translate* the messages to go on boxes. The guys who write them, they’re the real heroes.”

Another snort, but she gestured to him to continue.

“Well, this will sound rather lame, but . . .”

He told her about his love of poetry. He told her about his interest in art, and his own attempts to get into painting and graphic design, and how he hoped one day to get a proper drawing pad to do so. He found himself getting carried away without even thinking about it, and soon Kasey had placed her head in her hands, staring up at him with interest, a broad smile slowly forming on her features. He realised what he was doing and stopped.

“Sorry, I, uh, get carried away, I guess. People don’t usually ask me stuff like this.”

“Well, I’m glad I did.”

“And what about yourself?”

“Music.”

“Music?”

“Love music. Hip hop *and* classical. I know, that’s a wide gulf, huh? But it’s the same as with you, I love the artistry of it. It pumps me up when I’m doing my workout. I also like action movies and romance. Again, pretty wide gulf, right? People are complicated, who knew?”

“Exactly.”

The buzzer sounded. Had it really been five minutes?

Kasey looked down at her *Dating Swift* app. Had it really been five minutes? It had gone so fast! This Lex guy was kinda cute, and had kind of gotten lost in his dreamy gaze as he talked about his hopes and dreams. She couldn’t exactly say she’d met a guy like him before. The app seemed to agree.

“Um, holy shit,” she said. “Is this a glitch or something?”

She held up her phone to him and his eyes went wide. They were listed as a one hundred percent match. Lex brought out his own phone; his app said the same.

“I guess we really connected, huh?” he said, hopefully.

“Y-yeah,” Kasey said hesitantly, even as she got up to go to the next person. “I - I guess we did. Look, I stand by what I said before, but-”

“One Hundred Percent Match Detected!”

It had come from their phones *and* a loudspeaker system somewhere.

“What the -!?”

“Initiating Change. Congratulations, you are to become each other’s ideal partner! Your perfect match is guaranteed with Dating Swift!”

There was a series of whoops and cheers from various speed daters, and some playful music began to ring out from the speakers as well. Both Kasey and Lex exchanged a bemused, and then *amused*, look.

“Uh, I guess we won?” Lex said.

“Yeah, it must be some kind of rigged thing, no offence.”

“Look, so long as I win some chocolates.”

“Please, the chocolates are all mine. *You* take the flowers.”

The other speed daters were shuffling, and they big each other a little wave, preparing to move to their next date. But suddenly there was a loud *ding* from what sounded like an alarm system.

“No need to keep talking. You two are a perfect match! You’re done here! Enjoy your perfect lives! The change towards happiness begins now!”

To Kasey’s surprise, she was practically *pushed* out of the building, and Lex along with her. Members of staff gave their congratulations and wished them well. One even hoped that she wouldn’t “go through anything too extreme, but it always works out in the end, trust us!”

The door closed, and the two were left alone together, out in the cold.

“Okay, that was really fucking weird,” Kasey said. She looked up at the taller Lex. “I’m not wrong, right? That was really super fucking weird?”

“Absolutely,” he said. He gave her an awkward grin that made her smile in return; he had a kind of infectious quality that she liked. “I guess they’re really serious about their matches?”

“You don’t really believe that, right? About the perfect match?”

Lex fidgeted a little. “I mean, we did hit it off okay, didn’t we? We could always, you know, catch up again?”

Kasey considered this for a moment. She didn’t want a relationship, not after all her bad experiences with men, but that ‘Perfect Match’ moment still stuck with her, and she and Lex had gotten along so well, even for just five minutes . . .

“What the hell!” she said. “You got a pen and paper? Wait, what am I saying, we’ve got phones. Gimme yours.”

Lex handed it over, his hand shaking a little. It was kinda sweet. The phone was already unlocked, so she got into his contacts and added a new one: *KC*, she labelled herself.

She passed the phone back to him.

“Give me a call in a day or two, why don’t you?”

His broad grin was, once again, infectious.

“I will. Uh, definitely. Thank you. Thank you so much, Kasey.”

“Well, thanks for being a perfect match. See you around, Lex.”

She waved, and he waved back. She walked away, letting her hips sway just a little to tease him, something she ordinarily didn’t do, and made her way to her car. As she did, those words echoed through her mind

“Lex is your perfect match.”

She grunted a little. Something rippled through her body, and for a moment her muscles tensed. What followed was an incredibly soothing feeling, one that she had to assume was a good feeling from the date. It went all the way from the tip of her head to her curling toes, and she had to grab a nearby lamp pole just to steady herself. She didn’t realise it, but a greater change was just starting. Her height extended just an inch or so, and her face broadened just subtly. Her chest, mostly flat, flattened a little further, and her rather fine rear deflated almost imperceptibly. She bit her lips, which were partly thinner, then got back to her feet properly.

“He better call me,” she said, before getting into her car. She had to adjust the seat. Why had she set it so high?

Lex panted as he got to his car. He felt wonderful. A change was in the air, though one far more literal than he could have imagined. He shook his shoulders, tensing his muscles and relaxing into a wonderful, almost divine state. That had gone well. A date! A potential date with a beautiful woman. Kasey was . . . cheeky. Witty. Passionate. And pretty, he couldn’t deny.

While these thoughts went through his mind, a sly change rolled through his form. It was, in many ways, the reverse of what was happening to Kasey around the corner at that very moment. His shoulders trembled and thinned, and his slightly pudgy middle began a retreat, shedding several pounds in mere moments. His eyelashes grew, and his eyebrows became more defined. Even his hips subtly expanded, while his rear tightened - still a little larger but now . . . almost peachy.

He caught himself, releasing a satisfied breath.

“Tonight is a good feeling,” he said aloud. “A really good feeling.”

With a mighty grin he got into the driver’s seat, pumped his fists in the air in victory, and thanked whatever force out there had given him this chance. He just hoped that Kasey would change her mind, and would be willing to look for something serious. If not, he was just glad to have met her.

“I’ll call tomorrow,” he said. “Or is that too desperate? Two days. Shit, it’s been so long. I’m really out of practice here.”

He could think of what to do tomorrow. If he could even sleep, that was.

But he could feel it. A change in the air, alright.

He just had no idea how big of a change it would be.

Part 2: Dating Slow

Lex examined himself in the mirror for the third time that day. He couldn’t get last night out of his mind, particularly the way he and Kasey had connected. He was worried he was getting his hopes up, but her gorgeous olive-skinned features kept coming to mind, the wry way her dimples turned up when she smiled, her gorgeous dark hair that bounced a little when she pretended to bop to a piece of imaginary music. He’d dreamed of her, and even imagined calling her on the number she’d given him and going on the perfect date. Of course, being a red-blooded male, the dream had also gotten quite raunchy at that point, and as lovely as her figure was, when Lex woke he realised with some embarrassment that his imagination may have upped her a cup size or two. But now, in the daylight of his apartment, he was starting to think he’d had some bodily changes too.

“There’s no way I look this different *just* from feeling good, right?” he asked his mirror reflection. He turned, running his hand down his gut. He’d long desired to go to the gym and lose some weight already, but somehow he clearly had, and overnight at that! It was almost unbelievable; he was so much lighter!

Unfortunately, this miracle was matched by other losses and unusual developments. For one, his body hair appeared to be . . . gone. Not totally, really, but certainly reduced. And his height had shrunk an inch or so and that was one of the few things Lex had going for him as a man!

“There’s no way my ass is bigger. There’s just no way. It has to be some kind of reflection thing.”

And yet it did look kinda peachy. Round. Full. And his shorts were more snug around his hips than he expected. It was like his bottom half had sort of swelled in certain places.

“Weird shit,” he complained to himself. He leaned forward and examined his face. Even that looked softer, somehow. His eyebrows were more defined, his eyelashes longer, his cheeks not as flabby.

“What the hell is going on?” he asked, but his reflection could give no answer. There was only the sight of his slightly changed body, and an undercurrent of hope that went with it. It *did* feel a bit nicer. More ‘him’, in fact, if that even made any sense. It wasn’t a thought he could even really explain to himself, it was as if his body was just that little bit more . . . *right*.

Putting any concerns behind him and embracing this warmness welling within him, Lex pulled out his phone, sighed, and began texting. He simply couldn’t wait.

Kasey had slept more wonderfully than she had in years. Her dreams were filled with the cute man she’d met, the one she was supposedly a one hundred perfect match for. In her dreams, they were both dancing to her favourite hip hop music, him looking dorky and cute as he tried to keep up with her. He was dancing up on her . . . wait, that wasn’t right. No, she was dancing up against *him*. She loomed over him, and he pressed his nice rear against her crotch as they flirted on the dance floor to her favourite brand of hip-hop music. It was an outrageous and strange dream, but when she woke, she was feeling just as full of vitality and athleticism as she ever had.

Her work as a trainer at the gym went even easier than usual. Kasey had some younger clients who were just getting into the gym life, so she was showing them the routine and what weights they could likely take on.

“For instance,” she said. “I’m pretty fit, but I’m still a woman. In time, you’ll be able to lift these weights, but for me it’s a real struggle. See here.”

And then, to her own surprise, she lifted it with ease.

“Uh, I guess I’m doing better in my gains than I thought, huh? But let’s talk about you . . .”

But there were distractions, despite the greater stamina she possessed. Usually when she was close to her period her boobs got all sore and went up a full cup size. Instead, she felt like she’d *lost* breast tissue. Her clothing was still tight, however, and when she inspected herself in the mirror after her various fitness training appointments, she was shocked to see that she was taller. Or at least, that’s how it appeared. In fact, she looked more muscular and just plain *bigger* overall. Her biceps were more developed, her dark skin rippling at her calves, and her midriff was not just stronger, but looked thicker too.

“What the hell?” she said, astonished. “This is just plain weird.”

She went to take a picture of herself to compare against her other selfies, only to notice she had a text from a new number, dating several hours back.

“Oh, it must be him!” she said, coughing a little. Her voice was oddly husky. “Lex!”

Hey there, it read. I hope this is you, KC. It's Lex. Look, I wanted to be all cool and text you two days after you gave me your number, but to be completely honest I had a great time last night and I'd like to see if you were interested in having a proper date, or at least catching up. Shoot me a text if you're interested :)

“Aww, he even texts like he's having to translate a message professionally,” she said to herself. It was kinda cute. But it also wasn't her style. She bit her lip as she thought of how to respond to him; something warm bloomed inside of her at the thought of it.

“Maybe just one day,” she said. “Something fun.”

She still wasn't sure about going out with a man. She'd practically sworn the gender off after being made to feel submissive and dominated. But Lex . . . he seemed different.

Hiya Lex! Would luv 2 CU again. Wat did U have in mind?

The text back came almost immediately. Someone was clearly excited, and it made her giggle.

Dinner and a movie, or is that too cliché?

Waaaay 2 cliché lol

How about mini-golf? It's the only sport I'm good at, and I promise to win you a big plushie. Plus, I can show you some of the signs I helped translate. It's pretty impressive, no lie. You'll finally know how to avoid the swans in a whole new language.

She giggled again. This guy was funny.

Done. Tomorrow night? 5.30pm or so? We can get food there?

The plan was set in motion. Kasey and Lex worked out the details, and when they were done, she returned to the gym for a further workout, which she rarely did after a long day. But she had what felt like new muscles to flex, and she needed to work off the excitement.

When Lex saw Kasey approach at the entrance to the open-air Mini Golf Madness course, his breath was nearly taken away. She was wearing a green t-shirt that was just short enough to show off some of her strong midriff, and a pair of ripped jeans that likewise revealed her powerful thighs. Something about her seemed different from how he'd remembered her being. She looked taller, more muscular, perhaps even slightly manly. And yet . . . it wasn't a disappointing look either. In fact, she somehow looked better. He had decided to go with a smart-casual white button shirt and jeans as well, and he felt like he'd

matched her energy. He had to avoid touching his nipples, which were poking at the fabric more than he'd like, but thankfully the vision of her was distraction enough.

"Lex!" she said, coming over to him. "If it isn't my favourite box factory translation guy!"

"Hey now, I translate more than just box instructions. Sometimes I do whole manuals."

She laughed, and it had a husky quality to it that was endearing. "My hero! Thanks for the invite. I'm sure this will be a fun date."

"Me too. Kasey, you look . . ."

She appeared briefly nervous.

"Absolutely beautiful. I'm sorry if that's too forward, I've not dated for a while, but you really do. That outfit really works for you, and your hair looks fantastic."

She'd done it in cornrows tonight, and it suited her Afro-Asian complexion and appearance. She smiled as she ran a hand over her hair.

"You know, most guys I've dated just stop at calling me beautiful or hot. You actually told me *what I've actually done* to achieve that."

"Is that a good thing?"

She grinned mischievously and took his hand. "It's a very good sign. I told you that I'm not looking for a man, remember? But maybe you can give me a fun little date just for tonight. Does that work for you?"

Lex was disappointed to hear this, but tried not to show it. "I'll try not to disappoint," he said.

"How could you? We're perfect matches, remember?"

"So good we literally got kicked out."

They shared a laugh and entered the Mini Gold Madness course, Lex paying for their tickets and promising the cute elephant plushie - apparently it was her favourite animal.

"I shall get it for you, my lady."

"Oh, I'm a princess now, am I?"

"More like a warriorress. If you don't mind me remarking, you look . . ."

She cocked her head quizzically. "Yes?"

"Um, nevermind."

"Oh, okay." She seemed a bit disappointed, and Lex noticed her eyes roaming over his form. He felt self-conscious about it, but it couldn't be avoided. He was clearly having a reaction to something, and just hoped that his jeans were loose enough to disguise his more swollen backside.

"Let's get this game going," he said, selecting a club.

"Oh, you're on. If I win, you pay for dinner!"

“And if I win?”

Kasey grinned again. “I’ll give you a surprise.”

The pair began to enjoy their mini-golf date, and Kasey found it hard not to fall into that same gooey warmth that preceded all of her previously disastrous relationships. She found it especially cute when Lex was a little embarrassed to find that he’d talked up his skills perhaps a bit too much, because he found his swings either too strong or too weak.

“It’s like my muscles are all changed!” he complained lightly when he failed to get the ball onto the next course.

“That’s what they all say!” she said, sticking out her tongue. But in truth, he perhaps wasn’t entirely wrong. Kasey was struggling with her own changed body, but she could have sworn that Lex looked different too! He had been chubby when she saw him two nights ago, but now his stomach flab was just . . . gone. And he seemed shorter, or she was taller, or perhaps both of them had altered in some way. Even his limbs seemed scrawnier. No, that wasn’t right. They were more like . . . slender. Except for his ass. God, he had a great ass. She really liked it, but he kept moving so as to hide it. It was, she had to admit, *bubblier* than most asses on men, but something about it was holding her attention.

“Blast! I’m normally under par on the circus tent course,” Lex said, after another failure.

The good thing was, Kasey was even more hopeless; at one point she hit the golf ball so hard that it shot over the fence and into the adjacent lake, scaring some swans.

“Oh my God! That was totally an accident, I swear!”

“I don’t believe you,” Lex laughed, getting her another ball. “You just hate those swans.”

“They are monsters, you know. Beautiful, but they peck like hell. I swear, I don’t know my own strength sometimes.”

At this, he looked at her strangely, and she felt his gaze on her height and muscles, on the harder edges that she’d discovered upon her face. The pair only had one final course to go - the dreaded windmill, naturally - but she was starting to feel hungry. Dinner would be soon. And yet, her stomach dropped and forgot all its woes when Lex spoke next.

“Hey, this may seem like a really strange thing to say, and maybe my memory is kinda foggy, but . . .”

She joined his voice, the two of them speaking as one.

“You look a little different!”

“I knew it!” Kasey said, clenching her fists in anxious relief. “I’m not going crazy.”

“Me either!”

“You’re shorter! You lost your, er, stomach!”

“I know! It just happened. And you look taller, musclier.”

“Yes! And it’s super weird, trust me!”

“I mean, you still look absolutely fantastic.”

“And so do you!”

“But what do we do about it?”

Kasey thought about this. “I - I have no idea! I mean, I don’t feel *bad* about the change, you know? Like, I’ve always wanted to be a bit taller, a bit *badder*. Hell, my favourite hip hop song is *I’m a Bad Girl* by the *Neighbour Hoods*.”

“That is a pretty good banger.”

“It is, isn’t it? But how do you feel?”

Lex looked at himself. His nipples were poking through his shirt a little, which amused her. “I feel . . . better too. I can’t explain it. I mean, I lost the fat. But the rest of me is smaller. I’ve always had people comment on my height and never enjoyed it, though. Some girls were intimidated by it too.”

“I’m not.”

He smiled, and again, that warmth. “I’m glad. But yeah, I don’t mind it. I don’t know why.”

“Then let’s finish up this golf course, and we can talk about the whys and hows of what’s going on. *And* since I’m gonna win, you can pay for dinner.”

Lex was so glad that his words hadn’t annoyed her, but the situation only made him more confused. They had both changed, but both were okay with it? What could cause this? He tried to push it out of his brain as they readied for the dreaded windmill.

“Ladies first!” Kasey declared. “Try to enjoy the view.”

It was a very open flirt, and he enjoyed the way she waggled her butt at him before swinging.

“Oof! Got the windmill! Damn.”

It took quite a number of shots to finish, and when she was done, Lex was certain he could win. That was, until Kasey started humming one of her favourite tunes, rocking on the spot, thrusting out her chest a little and wagging her hips.

“What are you doing?”

“Distracting you. Is it working?”

Lex lined up his shot. “Yes. Very much so.”

“Why is it working?” she teased.

“Because, as you already know, you are goddamned beautiful.”

“Shit, how do you *not* have a girlfriend already?”

“Because I’ve been waiting for one to see this shot.”

Lex knocked the ball, and where previously he would have applied too much power, now he hit it perfectly with a kind of delicate control he didn’t know he possessed. The ball went straight through and became a hole in one out the other side.

“Yes! Yes!” he declared, jumping up and down. Kasey rushed forward and embraced him, and he was so surprised he almost forgot to hug him back.

“My hero indeed,” she said. “Looks like you won.”

“I believe there was talk of a surprise gift?”

She smiled. God, she was so damn attractive. Even the parts of her face that were firmer than he remembered only enhanced her looks, somehow.

“Of course,” she said. “And here it is.”

She kissed him. It was more than a peck, but less than a lover’s passionate embrace. But it felt like the most marvellous thing in the world, especially with her arms around his waist. In fact, he almost felt submissive to it.

“How was that?” she asked, parting from him.

“I’ll tell you tomorrow, when I’m over it.”

Suddenly, both of their phones buzzed, a loud chirpy voice emerging from each and overlapping nearly seamlessly.

“Initiating Change. Congratulations, you are to become each other’s ideal partner! Your perfect match is guaranteed with Dating Swift!”

“Woah, what the hell?” Kasey asked.

Lex went to say something witty, only to suddenly feel another sly change roll through his form, but strong enough to notice this time. He staggered back, away from Kasey, grunting and groaning as his waist pulled in and his hips spread out. His ass filled in the bagginess in his jeans, while his height reduced yet another inch, followed by another.

“Ngnnnh . . . ahhhh, Kasey, something’s h-happening . . .”

“I know - mhmm - I can f-feel it too!”

He looked up, and saw her literally grow another inch, her spine and limbs extending visibly. Kasey’s thin waist thickened, and her rear - one of her best features - shrunk in, leaving a bit of bagginess around the waist that *he* had possessed moments ago. Her cornrows, hanging from her head, shortened, but then Lex was distracted by his own blonde hair growing outwards and reaching down to his chin. He could feel the muscles in his face - even the *bones* - changing shape, and this was matched in his shoulders, which shrunk a little inwards.

“Oh G-God!”

The sensations ended just as quickly as they had come on, leaving the pair short of breath, in ill-fitting clothes, each staring at the other. Kasey now looked like quite a mannish woman, with a taller body, strong muscles, wider shoulders, and nearly flat breasts. Lex, on the other hand, could feel a pair of round orbs on his chest, not to mention a daintier yet curvier body. Both of them were wide-eyed.

“What the hell just happened?” Kasey gasped, voice even lower than before.

“I think,” Lex managed, his own voice reedier than it should have been. “I think that speed dating service is changing us, somehow.”

“Shit. Oh shit, it must be. I - I have to get home. I’m sorry! I need to find out what’s going on! I’ll call you, okay?”

Kasey fled the scene, leaving a very confused and quite feminised Lex to look over his changed form. Another date had fallen to pieces, and after it had started so well.

But no date had ever gone wrong for him in *this way* before.

Part 3: Dating Shifts

It was madness. It was impossible. It was a nightmare.

It was *real*.

Somehow, Lex and Kasey were both becoming women. Lex knew this because not only had he felt his body change, but seen Kasey’s change as well. The latter had run off saying she would call, her voice a lot more brassy than usual, and Lex could only look over his own body in shock.

Of course, it was only the first shock of several to come that night. Lex had rushed home, adjusting the seat of his car just so his feet could reach the pedals. He had definitely lost height, and a look at himself in the mirror confirmed it when he got back home.

“Holy shit, I look . . . pretty.”

It was an odd sensation, to realise his changed body wasn’t half-bad. He looked far more woman than man now, his cheeks soft and almost cherubic, his jaw rounded to give him a heart-shaped face. His blonde hair now fell almost to his shoulders. But as strange as the face looking back at him was, far stranger were the other changes to his body.

“Boobs. Actual boobs.”

He removed his shirt and poked and prodded the masses of tissue that now hung from his chest. His nipples had swollen, becoming pink and pretty with cute areolas surrounding them, wider than they had been. But the breasts themselves had to be a B-cup

or so. Not big but not small either. Basically average, which meant they couldn't easily be hidden. He played with them for a bit, cupping them and forming a thin line of cleavage.

"Woah, kind of sensitive."

His skin was, too. All body hair was gone, and his shape had changed; he now had a thinner waist and wider hips. His genitals were also looking very deflated. It was strange, but for a moment he actually felt a sting of disappointment that he didn't have a vulva; so much change to look like a woman but he still had a little micropenis?

"What am I thinking? Jesus, is my mind changing?"

There was, perhaps, a little more emotion there. He definitely had some more estrogen circling about, he reasoned. But he still *felt* like himself.

"What could possibly do this?"

He looked again at his reflection, noting the cute look he now possessed. He smiled a little, pleased at how slim his stomach was, and how petite he had become. Then he bit his lip, wondering why he was smiling.

And why his cupboard, out of the corner of his eye, now had a number of *bras* in it.

Kasey paced in circles. She had energy to burn, far more than usual despite being such a gym nut. She was taller, stronger, with muscles that were much more developed. Her hair was shorter, and her jaw more manly, with a square shape that even looked kinda . . . handsome. She posed a few times in the mirror, examining her powerful pecs now that she no longer had boobs there to cover them.

"Wow, I am super buff. Hang on."

She jumped up and down a few times in front of her bathroom mirror.

"No jiggle! No shoulder pain! God, is this what it feels like to be a guy all the time?"

She shook her head, and there was no drag from her hair. Kasey chuckled, flexing again in the mirror, making all sorts of poses which made her laugh. Then, like Lex, she caught herself.

"Stop it Kasey, this is no laughing matter. You were on the best damn date of your life and suddenly you start changing because of a damn dating app! Because, what, we were a perfect match? Bullshit, perfect matches don't exist! They just . . . don't. I mean, Lex is really cute and kinda looked even cuter as a girl, but . . . grrh!"

She threw her hands up, accidentally hitting her hanging light . . . the one she couldn't reach prior to this night.

“Whoops! Don’t know my own height. Jesus, does this mean I don’t have to get worried walking the street at night? That’d be kinda cool. But it’s not like I can even live like this. All my ID identifies me as Kasey.”

Didn’t it? That was the thought that hit her. If reality could change to alter her body, then perhaps other changes might take place. Slowly, she withdrew her wallet from her discarded clothing, trying to ignore once again the protuberance that was starting to push out from between her legs - she wasn’t ready for *that*.

“Oh my God,” she said as she looked at her driver’s license.

She immediately got out her phone and texted Lex, her heart getting a slight flutter as she remembered the lovely evening prior to this craziness.

‘Hey, we need to meet tomorrow!’

Lex felt a bit embarrassed when he reached the park. No one was looking at him twice, except a couple of guys who seemed to be not weirded out, but kind of interested. It was a strange feeling, but slightly . . . complimentary. This was because last night Lex had discovered that his clothing had changed. *All* of his clothing. He now had B-cup bras and cute denim jeans and blouses and skirts and even a few crop tops. For this warm morning, he’d selected a simple women’s shirt and denim pants that had a couple of stylish rips in them. He’d even tried to do his hair up a bit, and hadn’t done a bad job, all things considered. Still, it was very strange to be going to a public place, for all intents and purposes a woman to everyone else.

But then he saw Kasey, and had to do a double take. Just like Lex, Kasey had changed dramatically, even more than he remembered from last night. The formerly beautiful dark-skinned woman now looked like a handsome, if slightly effeminate, man. He was taller than Lex now too, he could tell even from a distance that this was the case.

The pair had agreed to meet on ‘neutral ground’, and they both gravitated to a space near the duckpond where few others were present. For a minute or so they both awkwardly kept a distance from one another, checking the other out. He really was quite handsome, Lex thought. He’d never noticed how nice men’s shoulders were until this moment, or their forearms; Kasey was wearing a simple black sleeveless shirt and running shorts. It showed off some nice thigh muscles that made Lex gulp a little.

“Um, so this is really weird,” Lex said.

“Yeah,” Kasey replied. “Really, really weird. I thought maybe we had our drinks spiked last night.”

"I thought maybe I was dreaming the whole thing up. You know, being on a date with a gorgeous woman even before a freak bodily transformation will do that to me."

Kasey giggled, her voice more husky. "You flatterer! Um, have you changed . . . down there?"

Lex blushed. He could feel the rosiness rising on his pale cheeks. "Er, not exactly. Almost. I'm . . . pretty small. I swear I was bigger before!"

Kasey chuckled again. "It's okay. I've got . . . a sort of proto-penis, I guess. I seriously had to lie down and listen to some smooth jazz just to cope last night, and I'm not a smooth jazz girl. If I even am still a girl."

"Of course you are."

"Really? I don't look like a girl. I'm not even sure I feel like one. You've got the boobs I used to have!"

Lex looked down at his covered chest. The bumps were obvious.

"They feel weird."

"Bad?"

"N-no. Not bad. Just kinda . . . weird."

Kasey grinned. "You totally played with them last night, didn't you?"

Another blush, but Lex giggled in response as well. "Can you blame a guy? I mean, one second I'm a slightly pudgy dude, then I lose all that weight and get a pair of boobs? What man hasn't imagined what it would feel like?"

"I feel the same about being so tall and male! I actually went for an early morning run just to test how people would see me. I didn't get one catcall, one weird look, and people moved out of *my* way. I felt kinda . . . invincible. I guess you feel the opposite, huh?"

Lex brushed some hair behind his ear. "Yeah, I guess. But I also feel kinda . . . cute, I guess? I mean, some people looked *my* way. Some smiled. Others were courteous. I don't know . . . I've never had people look at me like that before."

"I looked at you like that last night."

Lex beamed. "That was even more special."

"But now I'm turning into a man and you a woman. What on earth is going on?"

"It's the Dating Swift app. It has to be."

Kasey nodded. He was taller now, and it felt a strange mix of intimidating and comforting to see how much bigger he was than Lex.

"I agree. But here's the weird part; I couldn't find anything about them online. It's like their entire business has been scoured. I texted my friends who set me up, and they couldn't find it either."

"I couldn't remove the app from my phone," Lex said. "It just installed itself back on."

"Weird. And it gets weirder. Let's walk together and I'll tell it all."

They did so, moving around the duckpond and starting the walking trail. It was calming, and Kasey kept finding herself looking down at Lex and being struck by the changing man's petite cuteness, even as he explained how much reality had changed. Lex listened attentively, the patient translator in him hanging on every word and sifting it over in his mind, but Kasey lost her place occasionally. Something about those bright blue eyes and the cute blonde hair framing his face did it; he really did look like a cute, slim woman, and almost something like . . . her boyfriend.

Or *girlfriend*.

"So your ID lists you as *Kade*?" Lex asked in that increasingly sweet voice of his.

"Yep! Not the most imaginative name, really. I mean, I figured that I could have remained Kasey. Or gone by initials; you know, *K.C.*"

"Wait, does that mean-"

"You haven't checked?"

"I'm checking now!"

Lex fumbled through his wallet, grateful at least that it was still a wallet and not a purse. He pulled out his driver's license and was shocked at what he saw.

"Woah, I definitely look like a girl here. I'm listed as female. My name hasn't changed though."

Kasey snagged it from him and inspected it herself. "Yes it has, look. It says L-E-X-I. You're *Lexi* now. The feminine version."

Lex clearly had no idea what to make of this, but Kasey found herself grinning.

"What?"

"Sorry, it's just . . . it's sorta cute. It matches the new you."

"Yeah, well, *Kade* sounds pretty strong and masculine. Matches the new you, too."

Kade blushed, grateful at least that his skin colour hid his secret delight, but it was clear from Lex's cheeks that the transforming male wasn't too unhappy either.

"Um, we should probably try to turn back though, right?" she ventured.

Lex nodded, furrowing his brow. "Y-yes! Of course. We should definitely change back. We don't want to be stuck like this. I've been a man my whole life. I'd like not to lose my, you know . . ."

"Yeah, and I'd be happier not to gain one, too!"

But what *would* it feel like, *Kade* wondered. Already he had a kind of strength to him, not just in his muscles but in his very nature. He'd been decisive in messaging Lex rather than waiting, and that had felt . . . powerful, in a way. What would it be like to go all the way,

and to feel a sense of *virility* with it? He looked at Lex, who was cupping his breasts a little and adjusting them in his bra, until he realised what he was doing and stopped, smiling sheepishly at Kasey. It actually made something stir in the transforming woman's pants, and turned her thoughts towards her date.

What would Lex look like if he became *Lexi* in full?

It was agreed that they would both do what they could to investigate the Dating Swift app. Lex was good with computers and online research, but Kasey had a wide social circle and plenty of contacts in town, so together they were able to split their duties and keep one another in the loop. It was slightly saddening for Lex though, because he wanted to be *with* Kasey, even as they both agreed not to meet, because if they had another stirring of passion and connection they would probably change again, and both knew that was not what they wanted.

Except that Lex kept putting off her work to go look at herself in the mirror, or to try on different clothing, or occasionally even took selfies. He now had a dresser of makeup, and was looking up tutorials online. When his boss called regarding an online issue they needed to sort out, Lex tried to lower his voice to sound like a man.

"What are you talking like that for, Lexi? Are you sick, girl?"

Lexi coughed, adopting a much more feminine tone instead, one that was almost bordering on a sweet soprano. "Oh, no! Sorry, just had a frog in my throat!"

It confirmed what Kasey had already texted from her end: everyone apparently remembered her as Kade, including the people she was training at the gym. It wasn't hard for her to put on a more dude-ish voice, and she would occasionally text excited little rambles to Lex that made him leap for his phone, forgetting his translation work or his flailing research into Dating Swift.

'OMG I can seriously live sooooo much more now!!! : D'

'Lexi! I just had 1 of customers FLIRT W/ME! U wood be jelly, haha!'

Lex was, smirking as he read the text, imagining what it would be like to have Kade's arms around her as she used her lither, more womanly body to its full, keeping it toned and pretty and in shape. What would his muscles feel like? What would *she* feel like, being bold and daring in a set of gym shorts and a short workout top that bore her midriff?

She sucked on a pen, imagining that very scenario through her head until her thoughts snapped back to reality with a bang.

“Woah, woah, woah, slow down Lex,” he told himself. “Stop thinking like that. Kade is Kasey. She’s meant to be a woman, not a man. And stop thinking of yourself as a girl. You’re not a girl. You’re *not a girl*.”

But then he looked into the reflection of the computer screen, seeing the pretty face there. It elicited a smile from him. He wasn’t a girl, he knew it.

“Am I?” he asked. “Am I a girl?”

It felt like something hidden inside him had been unleashed, something that had been tucked away and locked inside a cupboard or an egg, and was only just now bursting out. Had it been there all along? The changing man stood, leaving behind the ‘*No Results*’ search that once again had come up when looking for the Dating Swift organisation, and walked over to his full-length mirror, the one that hadn’t existed until he’d started transforming into a woman. He observed the near-woman before him, her cute blonde hair, her B-cup chest, her petite build. He was still human, and really, there was more in common with the sexes than there was different. And still . . .

“I’m . . . this is me,” he said. “I’m a woman.”

Tears formed in her eyes, and a wave of happiness hit her. It coincided exactly with a call that rang from his phone. She snatched it up only when she realised it was Kasey calling.

Kasey had just finished his work for the day. Almost no one had heard of Dating Swift, and the few who had couldn’t find any information on them. It was so strange, being seen publicly as a man, being easily referred to for advice, and not having chuds checking him out. It was only when he’d done his own personal workout once his customers were finished that he realised he was thinking of himself as *male* while he bopped his head to some hip hop tunes.

“Oops,” she said, regaining her female self. “Guess I got a bit too much into the masculine drive there. Ha!”

She went for a quick shower, just to rinse herself off. Plus, she couldn’t deny, she wanted to explore her body a little more now that she wasn’t so afraid of it. In the closed stall at the gym, she found herself missing Lex. He was the first guy she’d really connected to in a long time, and nothing about him seemed toxic or controlling. When he looked at her, it wasn’t just appreciating her appearance, but appreciating *her*. Hell, she’d gone on and on about her favourite music and he’d asked her question after question about it, even though it wasn’t really a major interest or hobby for him. But he’d been interested *because* she was interested, and something about that really lifted her up. Besides, he had a fantastic sense of

humour; while she'd been texting funny jokes about her masculine experiences at the gym, he'd been sending images of his hilarious makeup experiments and attempts with his hair and clothing. Some were messy, some were stylish, and others were obviously deliberately terrible combinations with ridiculous poses, which made her chuckle the hardest in her low, brassy tone.

"God, Lex, you are unlike anyone I've met," she said as she rinsed herself off. Her muscles ached, but in a good way, and she enjoyed the strength of her almost-male body. Her thoughts shifted to Lex, and how his body would be if it finished transforming. Would her bust grow bigger than her own had been? Would he get an hourglass figure or a pear-shaped one? She hoped it was the latter; something about a wide set of hips was pleasing to her, and slowly the extension between her legs hardened, just a little.

"Mhmm," she moaned, feeling her masculinised body. "I bet she'd be so damn hot as a woman. It would suit her. Just like being a man suits-"

She stopped, eyes widening in epiphany. She looked down at her larger, stronger hands.

"Just like being a man *suits me*."

She turned the shower off immediately and dried herself. Before she'd even put on clothing she was grabbing the phone to call Lex.

"Hey, Lexi!" she said - no, *he* said. "Are you free for me to come over? I want to see you."

The voice on the other end of the line caught for a moment, halfway between a gasp and a sigh of relief.

"I want to see you too, Kade. How fast can you get here?"

Part 4: Dating Steady

Kade may have broken some speed limits to arrive at Lex's place to judge from how quickly he had gotten here. Lexi found herself practically bouncing on the heels of her feet, biting her lip as her heart pounded nervously. She really wanted to see Kade, and was excited by the prospect of how much bigger and manlier he might have become, just as she'd become cuter and girlier. And yet . . . that nervousness was still there.

"Calm down, Lexi. You're not getting romantic. You just . . . want to get to know the man he is, and get a sense of the girl you've become. That's all."

Unfortunately, that plan went out the window almost from the moment she opened up the door after his heavy knocks upon it. Kade had indeed grown. He was now a tall black

man with a masculine jaw and extremely handsome figure. Kasey had already been a fit girl, but also quite a short, cute one. Now, their heights were reversed: Kate had a tall stature and broad shoulders and God oh Jesus oh God, he was so damn handsome!

“Wow,” he said, his voice low and brassy. “Lexi, you look even more amazing in person.”

She giggled, brushing a loose blonde hair behind her ear. “You think?” she asked, fishing for further compliments. “I’m not fully done changing yet.”

“Me either,” Kade said.

“Oh, uh, come in!” she said. “Sorry, the place is a little messy. I’ve been . . . going a bit far with it all. I bought some girl clothes on top of the stuff I already magically had. You, uh, you look real good in your clothes too, by the way.”

Kade grinned. “Thanks. It’s kind of strange not being able to wear a dress, but this feels good. Look, Lexi, I . . . I needed to see you.”

“I needed to see you too,” she replied, almost overlapping his sentence.

“This is kinda embarrassing to say, but I’ve always been someone who just acts impulsively when needed and damn the consequences, so I’ll just say it. I feel . . . pretty good like this. As a man. Hell, I don’t know if I want to go back.”

Lexi couldn’t help herself. She exhaled, beaming broadly. “Thank God. I don’t want to go back either, Kade!”

“Really?”

“You saw me trying the makeup on! It made me feel so cute! I feel cute now. All my life I’ve been this heavysset guy and now I’m light and perky and pretty, and I feel like I can finally express my inner self. My love of literature, poetry, of *life* . . . it’s like my outer self reflected my inner self!”

“Exactly!” Kade said, grabbing Lexi’s shoulders suddenly. “I was listening to my favourite hip hop beats out on the street and I was jiving with the music and I just felt *strong and alive and fit and ME*. Like I was always supposed to be a guy and I just didn’t know it!”

They laughed together, and Kade pulled Lexi with ease up into his arms. She embraced him back, unbelieving how wonderful this felt. His arms encircled her, so strong and muscular, their touch warm and . . . surprisingly arousing. She felt her loins tingle, and in that moment something washed over her. Another pressure.

Their phones dinged.

“Initiating Final Change. Congratulations, you will now be your partner’s perfect match for life! Your perfect match is guaranteed with Dating Swift!”

It was unexpected, but Lexi did not fight against the change this time, nor even pull back from Kade. Instead, she pressed her forehead against his as he lifted her up, the two tensing as the changes occurred, but both eagerly embracing them. Her bust began to

expand, her hips as well, but most of all was the change between her thighs as her womanhood finally flowered. She tingled at this rebirth.

“Mhmm!” she moaned. “Finally!”

Kade lifted Lexi so easily, loving the feel of her against him. She gasped as the final message from *Dating Swift* announced itself. The new man gaped in awe as Lexi’s beauty enhanced itself, her face becoming utterly adorable, her eyes dazzling, her hair longer and slightly curly. She moaned as her bust expanded, and Kade’s eyes were locked on the image of her boobs becoming lovely C-cups, larger than his own had been when he’d had them.

“Goddamn,” he said, appreciating the sight. But then his own changes began. Kade grunted as his body transformed, his height increasing yet again, his muscles even more so. Between his legs, his proto-penis extended, a pair of testicles forming in their sac securely behind it. He grunted, barely able to control his arousal as it pushed forward, growing and growing and growing until he was truly packing a pistol down there.

“F-fuck!” he said, trying not to laugh. “I, uh, think my changes just finished.

“M-me too,” Lexi gasped, still behind held aloft by him. “Um, is that a very long roll of quarters in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?”

He realised he was experiencing his first ever erection, and it was a *big* one.

“Uh, I . . .”

They looked at one another, and Kade felt something bloom within him. He’d enjoyed sex with guys often in the past, and hadn’t exactly had a small libido either. But this . . . this was something else. This was a *need*, like a pent-up frustration that had to be dealt with *now*, with the source of his lust right here in his arms. He now understood why men got so damn randy, because by God, he needed to deal with this.

“Kade, are you okay?” Lexi whispered. Her voice was now so soft and sweet, her angelic face full of feminine concern. She raised a soft hand and brushed his cheek. They exchanged a look, and Kade realised that Lexi was feeling very much the same about him as he was toward her.

“Kade?” she asked.

“Lexi?” he responded.

They both moved at once, as if by acting slower they might somehow lose this magical moment. Their lips brushed up against one another, and then they kissed. Lexi flung her arms around Kade’s neck, and he encircled her waist more strongly. The taste of this woman was intoxicating. As Kasey, he’d already found Lex adorable and intriguing, but now

it was like he was kissing the perfect version of Lex - the female her that she was always meant to be.

The kiss seemed to last forever, and yet not nearly long enough. When they parted, Lexi's eyes were half-lidded, her mouth still slick with his saliva, her smile infection as it beamed back at him.

"Was that what you had in mind in coming over here?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'd say so," Kade answered. "I mean, I actually had to get a box label translated from my Amazon shipping package, but I get the kiss isn't so bad."

She giggled, slapping him lightly on the shoulder. "Liar!"

"I wanted you," he said honestly. "This whole Dating Swift thing . . . I don't understand it. I can barely believe it. But it happened, and I'm glad it did, and that we went through it together. Lexi, I know this is really, really soon, but I think I kinda love you."

Tears brimmed in the corners of Lexi's eyes. She was already feeling more emotional as a woman, but she embraced those emotions, clinging to Kade and savouring his touch. She admired his strength, his kindness and wit, this music-loving, workout-obsessed man who had so many hidden layers, just like herself. And the ultimate hidden layer that neither had even known about themselves; that they were always meant to be another gender.

"Kade," she said, trying to keep her voice from cracking. "I love you too. I loved you from that first date, when you laughed about my boring job and listened to me ramble about my love of art and poetry. From when you decided to keep on dating, just because of that one magical first date. I love you. I want . . . I want to be your girlfriend. Is that crazy?"

"It's not crazy at all, dollface."

She cackled. "Did you just seriously call me 'dollface'?"

"Hey, I'm new to this 'being a guy' thing. What about honeyboo? No? Babygirl? Oh, I've got it, sweetie pie!"

"Oh, shut up and kiss me again!"

They did so, holding one another for a long time and only coming up when they finally needed air. And then the two laughed, aroused and excited and full of more love than they could possibly take and utterly *giddy* because of it.

And then Lexi realised that the 'aroused' part was getting stronger by the moment. Her larger nipples were raised and sensitive as they rubbed against her boyfriend's chest, and her new pussy was starting to get . . . hungry. It was wet, and it was ready for him.

"Um, since we've already said we love each other-"

“Yeah, let’s fuck,” Kade said. “Or else I’m seriously gonna be brain dead from where all the blood is going.”

She giggled again, and then he was carrying her back to her room, her guiding the way to the bed, and the two were already keen to tear one another’s clothing off. Lexi’s breasts yearned to be touched, and when Kade helped remove her bra she gasped at their release. His hands were soon upon them, cupping their larger size, running his thumbs over her nipples, eliciting moans of desire from Lexi.

“Oh God, they’re s-so sensitive!”

“You’re about to get a whole education on what it’s like to be a girl,” Kade said, He ran his hands over her pleasingly wide hips, gripping her ass with his hands.

“Mhmm, that’s s-sensitive too! Ahhhh, I think - I think I want to go all the way.”

Kade nodded, serious for a moment. He looked down at the tent in his pants, and for a moment Lexi feared that he wouldn’t want to proceed. But then he began to unbuckle his jeans - a really sexy motion - and Lexi exhaled. They were really doing this.

“Holy shit,” she said as he unleashed the monster from his underwear. “You’re . . . that’s very big. A lot bigger than I was.”

Kade smirked, then helped lower Lexi down onto the bed. “Is that going to be a problem?” he asked.

Lexi shook her head. Truth be told, she was more than a little afraid of it - what would it feel like inside of her? - but she was also excited. Very excited, to judge by how wet her passage was becoming.

“N-no problem! Just - be gentle!”

“We still have time: I know from experience that a girl needs some revving up, sexy Lexi.”

She was about to protest such a lame dirty nickname, but then Kade was playing with her breasts again, kissing her, running his hands over her body. She in turn clung to him, widening her legs by pure instinct, and wrapping them around him.

“Do I have permission to be a bit more daring?” Kade asked.

Lexi would have agreed to *anything* by this point, so she just nodded in quick succession, too aroused to speak properly. Kade lowered himself down and then actually placed his mouth over her left nipple, flicking his tongue over it as he sucked. Lexi ached her back, the sudden course of pleasure too much to take.

“Oh God! Ohhhhh, d-don’t stop that! Mhmm, try the other one! That’s v-very good. You’re p-pretty good!”

“Just pretty good, huh?” Kade said. He lowered a hand and began to rub her new entrance, and that took ‘pretty good’ up to ‘holy living fuck what a sex God this man is’ territory.

"V-very good!" she cried. "I could get used to being a w-woman. Does this f-feel nice?"

She reached down and, after a brief hesitation, grabbed his hard cock. God, it was big. She began to stroke it, gently at first, and then, at Kade's urging, began to tug it harder, using a firm yet gentle touch to tease him. She even reached lower, caressing his balls, finding them surprisingly arousing to touch.

"Fuuuuuuck, you are adjusting *well*, Lexi."

"You too. Would you - would you try putting that in me?"

"What? Oh, you mean . . ."

Kade chuckled. "Sorry, still getting used to this."

Kade was nervous, but something about the testosterone flooding through his system and all the blood going straight to his dick was enough to overcome any anxiety. Lexi squirmed beneath him: she had been cute as a man, in a doughy sort of way, but now she was absolutely breathtaking. He lowered himself, astonished at the reversal of their usual order, and then, finally, he pressed his cock against her entrance.

"This is gonna feel weird," he said. "But I think we're both gonna like it."

"If we don't, I'll leave a bad Yelp review!" Lexi quipped.

"That's my girl," Kade said, enjoying her wit. "I'll try for a five star performance, then."

He slid into her, and Lexi's moaned instantly. So did he; the feeling was so alien and yet so . . . powerful. Lexi's vagina was wet and tight, hugging his cock, its muscles working to milk it even as he reached his full length inside of her.

"Ohhhhhh, yesssss," she said. "That's so f-fucking weird but - ohhh, so good! Keep going - just not too fast!"

"Trust me, this is weird too. But . . . I kinda like it."

Kade started liking it even more as he began to thrust inside of his new girlfriend. He could never have imagined himself in this position, and yet now he couldn't imagine himself in any other. There was a strength to being a man, a sense of dominating his partner, and yet in the most intimate, loving way possible. Kade squeezed her breasts, making his lover gasp with each movement. He tenderly nibbled at her neck, bit lightly at her ear, and when Lexi was practically crying out with each thrust, he kissed her. The sounds of her moans in his mouth was getting him closer and closer to the moment.

"I'm gonna c-cum!" Lexi cried. "I'm gonna cum, Kade! Ohhhh, keep going! I can f-feel myself so close!"

"Me too!" Kade said. "You're so fucking hot, Lexi. I love you! I love you so much!"

“I love you too! I love - Ohhhhh! Mhmmm! YESSS!”

Kade orgasmed mere moments later in response to the way her vagina clamped down upon him, gripping him as he made one final thrust. There was the foreign sensation of his balls tensing, and then an enormous stream of semen ejaculated through him and out of him. It was so different from a female orgasm - it lasted far shorter, and didn't happen multiple times as lucky Lexi was suddenly experiencing - but *God* it was powerful. It rocked him, emptying him, and he collapsed upon his lover, panting heavily.

It was minutes later when he managed to slide out of Lexi and lie down beside her. The two were naked and still panting, and it was clear she had had just as good of a time as him. Kade held her hand, and her fingers interlaced with his. The pair turned their heads as one to look into each other's eyes.

“I think . . . I'd like to keep dating you,” Lexi managed, licking her lips a little as her breasts rose and fell with every breath.

“Yeah,” Kade said. “I think so too. I'll have to tell all my mistresses.”

Lexi laughed, punching him on the shoulder lightly.

“You're lucky you're so hot.”

“And you're lucky you're so . . . you, Lexi.”

Lexi beamed. It was a beautiful smile. “I am lucky,” she said. “Aren't I?”

They both were, Kade thought. And they had a strange, mysterious dating company to thank for it. Where it had gone, he had no idea, but frankly he didn't care.

He had met the love of his love, and had the body he didn't know he always wanted. That was good enough for him.

It was two months later, and Lexi was on a beautiful date with the love of her life. It was still so odd to her, even with all the reality changes, to think that she was female. And yet here she was, walking down the beach hand in hand with Kade, and wearing a pretty white bikini to boot. It looked good on her, and once more she was astounded by the notion that she was *proud* of her body, and truly wanted to maintain it. Her C-cup breasts caught more than a little attention from some of the passing men, but then she really was the whole package now. A good thing she was already spoken for, then.

It had been a whirlwind couple of months. She, who had never really had a lasting relationship in years, was now head over heels and filled with butterflies. And Kade, who had been planning to quit the dating scene for good, could barely keep his hands off of her. Not that she minded. The honeymoon period of constant sex would dim at some point as the realities of life and its challenges set in, but she was happy to postpone that moment as long

as possible. Besides, she had every confidence that they were a perfect match who could handle anything; there was a mysterious magic app that had practically said as much.

And, of course, there was that *other* thing. The thing she hadn't told Kade about.

She was a little nervous about that, even though she knew she shouldn't be. The former man and former woman were living together, sleeping together, watching movies and going on dates together. They were young and in love, and that love had spurred Lexi to pursue her dreams at last. Yes, she was still a boring translator for money, but in the meantime she was finally pursuing graphic design and art, and even returned to writing her own poetry. She had a lot of fresh inspiration now with Kade around, and his music was infectious to say the least, though she liked to think she got him back with the thick-spined classic literature she cast his way.

Yes, things were looking up, even if they weren't what she'd ever expected. Even if there was a lot to come that she never, *ever* expected.

"What are you thinking about, sweetie pie?" Kade asked, his voice low and beautiful to her ears.

Lexi smiled. They'd reached a part of the beach that was entirely empty but for them, up by the bluffs where the waves rolled against the nearby rocks, and the sun was beginning to turn the sky a brilliant afternoon pink. It was deeply romantic, and perhaps that meant it was the right time.

"Well, um, I was just thinking about us, and how amazing this has been."

"Aww, you're so gooey. You really were destined to be a girl."

She giggled, then pressed herself against his side. "You literally cried when we watched *Old Yeller* the other night."

"They shot the dog! It was the saddest thing I've seen!"

"And you somehow had never been spoiled. I'm shocked."

"Not as shocked as I was seeing you in this sexy bikini. Jesus, you look good."

Another grin. "You don't look bad yourself, mister. You were real cute as Kasey, but I definitely prefer all these big, strong muscles." She paused, mid-flirtation. "Um, there was also, well, some other thing I was thinking about. Something haven't told you about, but probably need to soon."

"That's funny, I was thinking the same. You first, though."

Lexi blushed. She was still holding her man, appreciating the feel of his naked muscles, given that he was just in his swim shorts.

"Well, you know how we've been having a lot of sex because we really love each other?"

"I had begun to notice, yes."

“Well, you definitely got five-star Yelp reviews from me. So much so, that I went in for a lot of seconds. And thirds. And that one special night, some fourths.”

She circled her finger over his chest, playing with his body hair.

“Where is this going?” he asked.

“Weeeeeell, I wasn’t really thinking like a proper woman yet, so I didn’t really think about being smart. And you were thinking with your dick, which I am totally okay with, by the way. Buuuut . . . well, you know how I’ve been a bit hungry lately? A bit tired? Complaining about my boobs? And you thought they’d *grown* just the other day?”

Her hand fell down to her stomach, and she rubbed circles around it. Kade’s eyes wide.

“What!? No way!”

Lexi blushed, grinning sheepishly. “Yeah, we’re having a baby, Kade. I - I’m scared as shit, but I’m also excited as hell. I’m having *your* baby.”

Kade didn’t waste any time. He kissed her, embracing her fully, yet holding back in a way she knew was already wary of what was growing in her stomach. She loved him all the more for that.

“Sweetie pie, I love you so much. You’re having my baby.”

She giggled, the excitement growing. “I am! Holy shit, I am.”

“Well, in that case, I better share the thing that’s been on my mind, then.”

Lexi wondered what could possibly stack up to her news, when suddenly Kade went down on one knee, a black box opened in one hand. A little diamond ring sparkled from within it. The former man gaped, shocked beyond belief.

“Lexi, you’re the love of my life. Hell, we know you’re my perfect match, and I promise to always be yours. Will you do the honour of being my wife?”

Tears formed in Lexi’s eyes as she jumped up into his arms and kissed him.

“Yes!” she cried. “Yes, yes, yes, absolutely, yes!”

How could she answer any other way?

The End