



#0074
RATED X
120 PAGES

GENDER CHANGE

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The Diary of
Haylee

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A decade ago, I had no clue that a simple message online would change the course of my life forever.

A man with a bun hairstyle is sitting in a black gaming chair at a desk. He is wearing a dark blue and green striped polo shirt with a white collar. In front of him are two large, white computer monitors. The background consists of light-colored vertical blinds. A purple text box is overlaid on the left side of the image.


At the time, I had been writing TG content online; however, I was just getting into a flow and making a small name for myself. As a result, I was still learning the basics of properly formatting posts and such, which was why Serena had written to me asking about making fonts bigger.

A man with a bun hairstyle is sitting in a grey armchair, looking down at a smartphone he is holding with both hands. He is wearing a red sweater with white and blue stripes on the sleeves. The background consists of light-colored vertical blinds. A purple text box is overlaid on the right side of the image.


Serena was sweet, but then she still went by "Ronald," and we were simply two guys in our late 20s who could empathize with each other's desires towards all things feminine.



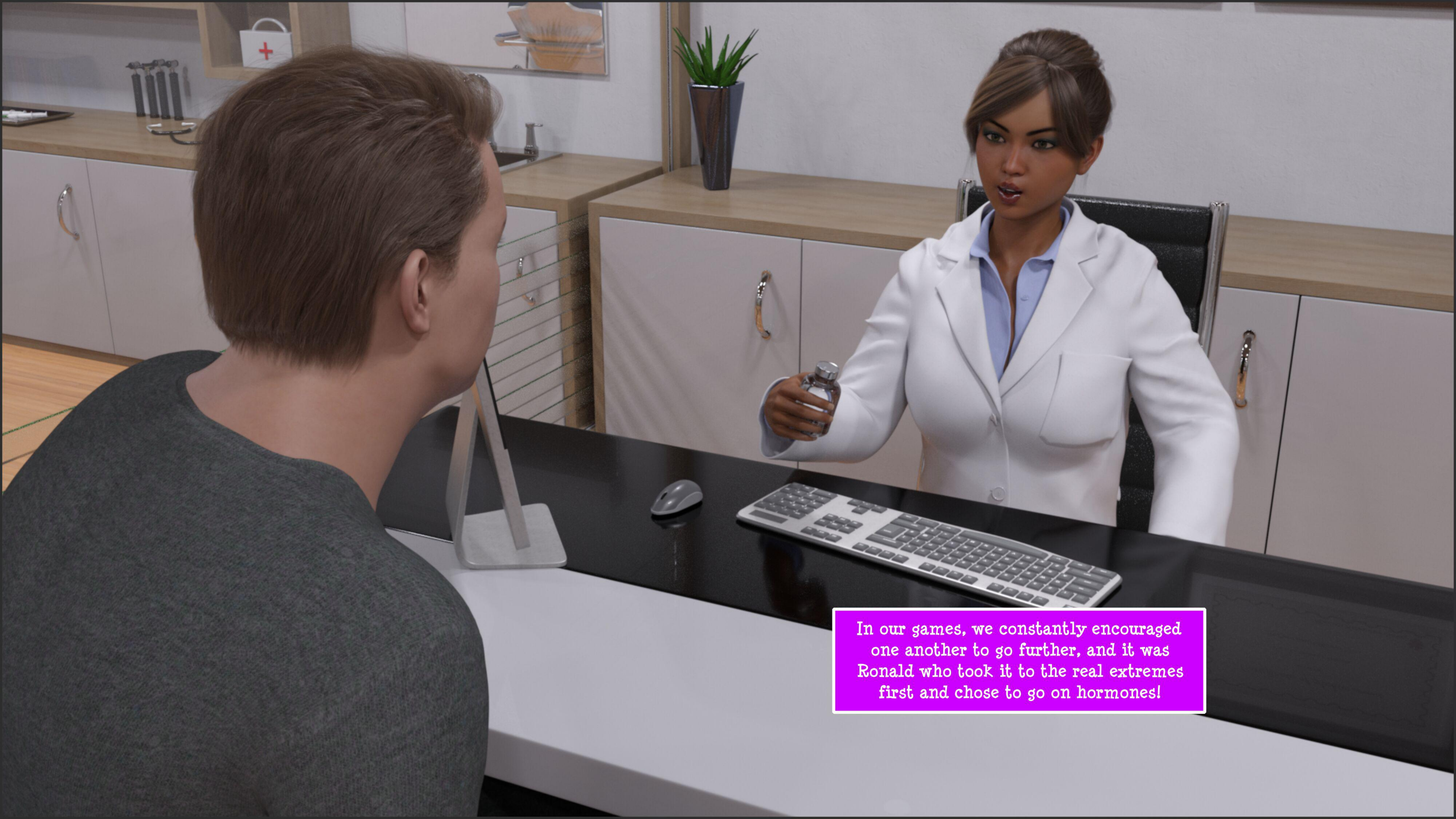
In the beginning, it was simply a pure rush to talk to someone who could understand the longing to wear a corset or possess a set of boobs. That was not all we related on, though, as we had similar upbringings and had a similar set of situations in life.

A man with a beard and slicked-back hair, wearing a grey zip-up shirt, is looking down and to the left. In the background, a woman with blonde hair, wearing a blue and white striped sleeveless dress, stands in a kitchen with wooden cabinets and a marble countertop. Two plates of food are on the counter in front of her. A purple text box is overlaid on the image.

For starters, we both were married and happily so, or so we thought at that time. It was nice to have Ronald get the conflicting love of our wives, but disappointment over not being our true selves. Over time, we grow closer, and our bond gets more intense!



It was only a matter of time till things got a bit more intense between us... and eventually we started roleplaying. Each time we roleplayed, though, guilt plagued us as we did not want to lose our partners, nor hurt them.



In our games, we constantly encouraged one another to go further, and it was Ronald who took it to the real extremes first and chose to go on hormones!


A man with a beard, wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a dark tie, stands in a doorway. He is looking towards the camera with a serious expression. The doorway is framed by dark wood. Above the doorway, a neon sign spells out 'ADULT' in a stylized, outlined font. To the left of the doorway, there are red neon lights in a zigzag pattern and a blue neon light bar. The overall lighting is dim, with the neon signs providing the primary light source.

ADULT

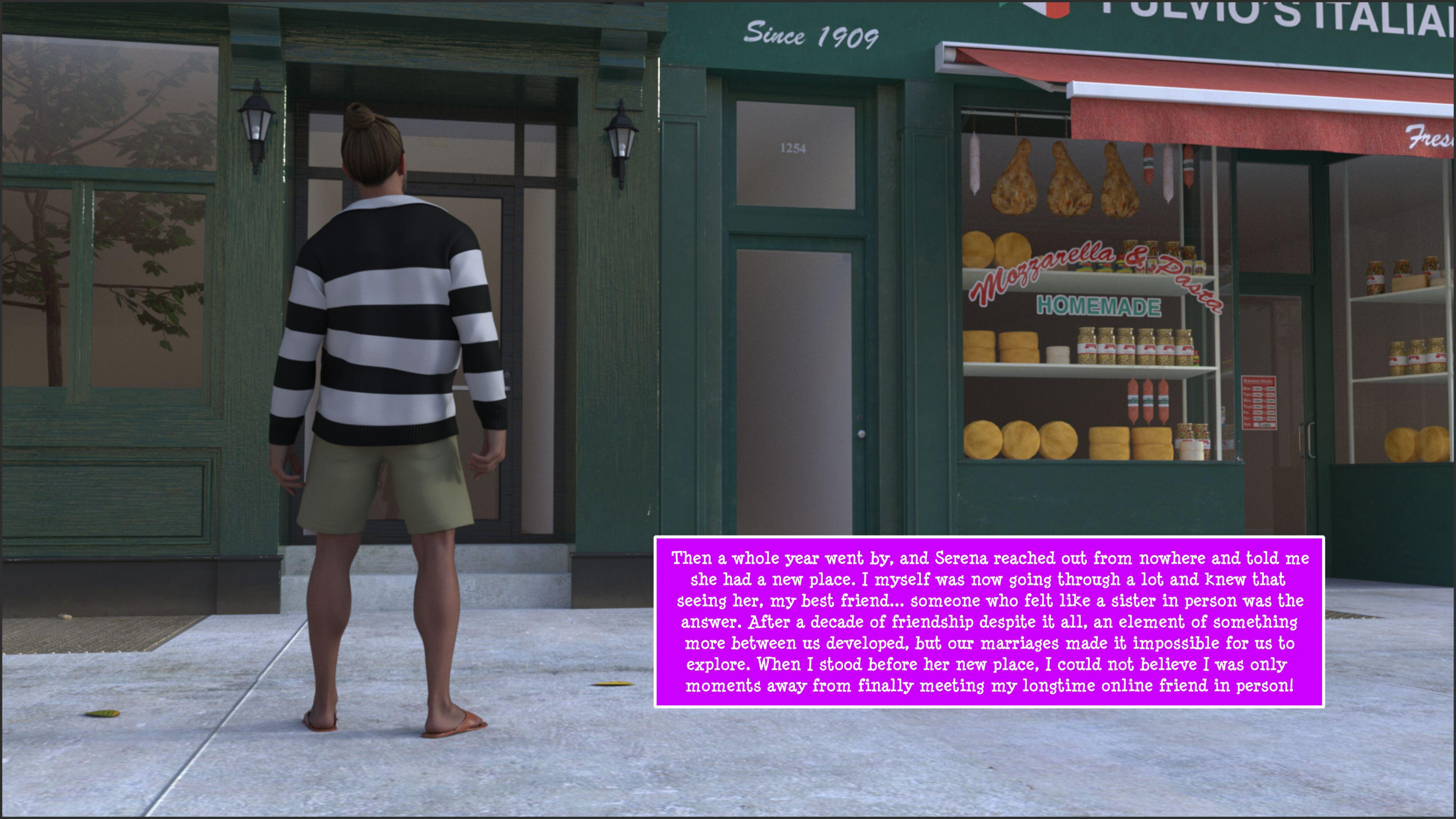
I was not immune to the dares as she was encouraging me to do chastity, cross-dressing, as well as other things. This, though, led to a lot of complications in both of their lives as she kept the dose low, still not sure if she was ready to come out and have visible results, while I was really skirting the boundaries of getting caught. This mattered cause my wife said if caught dressing, we were done.



Being the good friend Serena, as I called her solely now at this point, was pushing me to live out my own truth like her, who was semi-frequently dressing up and going out with her partner. I was simply too scared to make the leap, fearing the loss of my wife, whom I truly did love, and this inaction, over time, made things a bit more awkward, and that was what I had thought drove a wedge between Serena and me.

A man with a beard and short dark hair, wearing a white ribbed tank top, is sitting in a chair and looking down at a smartphone in his hands. The room is dimly lit, with a soft light source from the left illuminating his face and the chair's backrest. The background is dark and out of focus.

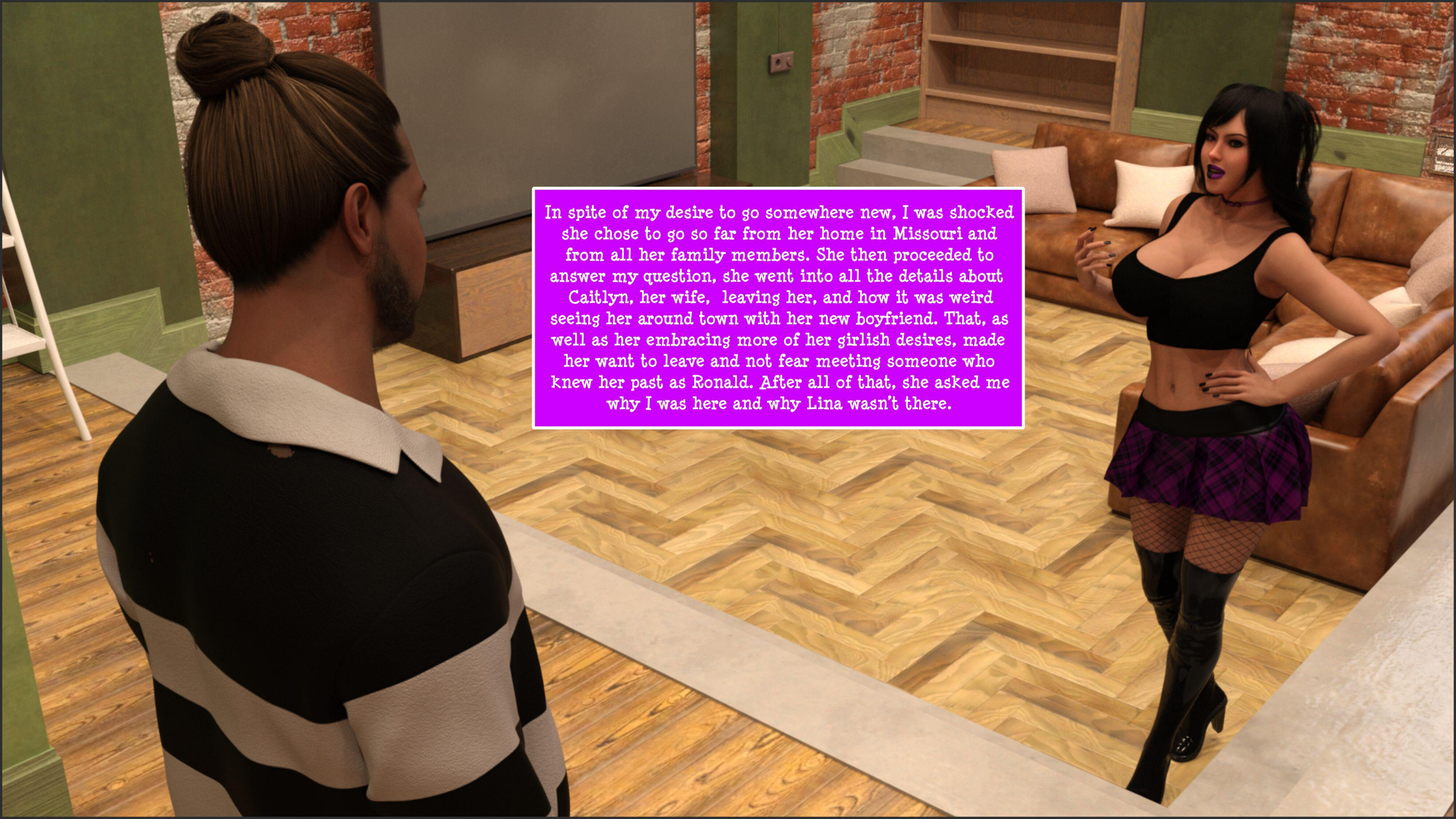
Then one day, the talking just stopped, and I thought it was my fault, but little did I know Serena herself was going through a life change that was far more drastic than our games.



Then a whole year went by, and Serena reached out from nowhere and told me she had a new place. I myself was now going through a lot and knew that seeing her, my best friend... someone who felt like a sister in person was the answer. After a decade of friendship despite it all, an element of something more between us developed, but our marriages made it impossible for us to explore. When I stood before her new place, I could not believe I was only moments away from finally meeting my longtime online friend in person!



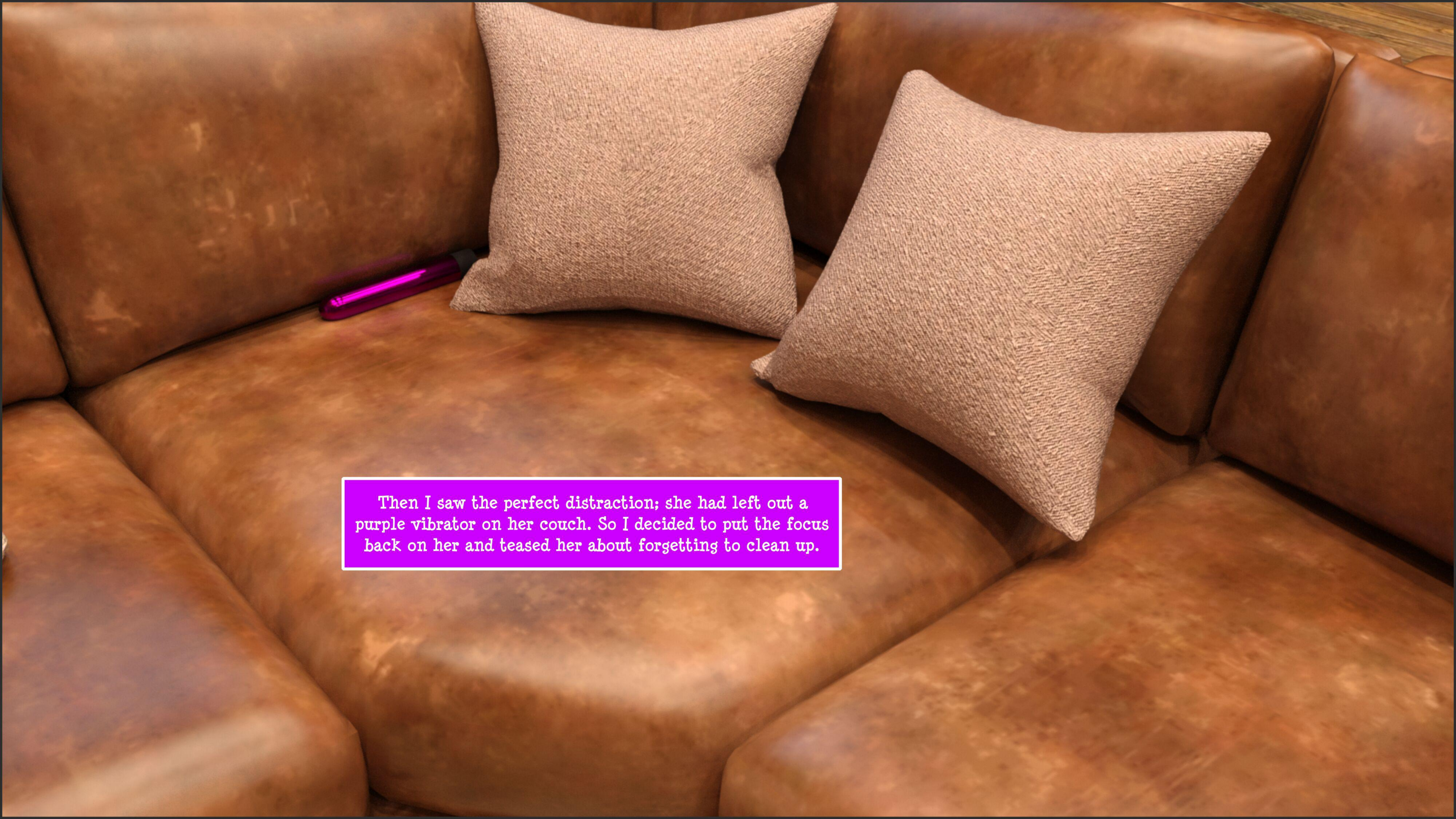
After letting me in and getting over the shock of finally being face to face, Serena started to explain to me about how, after everything she had been through and starting the hormones, she just wanted to start anew in fresh surroundings. This all made sense to me, but no matter how much I tried to focus on her serious words, I could not get over how significant the results of the hormones were to her body!



In spite of my desire to go somewhere new, I was shocked she chose to go so far from her home in Missouri and from all her family members. She then proceeded to answer my question, she went into all the details about Caitlyn, her wife, leaving her, and how it was weird seeing her around town with her new boyfriend. That, as well as her embracing more of her girlish desires, made her want to leave and not fear meeting someone who knew her past as Ronald. After all of that, she asked me why I was here and why Lina wasn't there.




I tried dodging the question from Serena, but she could read through me and kept pressing me for an answer to her question. In a desperate attempt to dodge the question I did not want to answer, so I looked around for anything that I could deflect to and reduce stress.

A close-up photograph of a brown leather sofa. Two beige, textured pillows are placed on the seat. A purple vibrator is lying on the leather surface between the pillows. A text box is overlaid on the lower part of the image.


Then I saw the perfect distraction; she had left out a purple vibrator on her couch. So I decided to put the focus back on her and teased her about forgetting to clean up.

A man with a beard and hair tied back, wearing a black and white horizontally striped sweater, stands in a room with brick walls and a large window. He is smiling and holding a purple vibrator in his left hand. In the foreground, there is a brown leather sofa with several white pillows. A purple text box is overlaid on the left side of the image.


It took me off into a little daydream and thinking about the vivid RPs we would have together and talk about using such toys!




I could not help but tease her more, and I teased her about how she said she would never take it in the backside.




Then Serena's face got serious as I had inadvertently triggered a bit in her. She was not ready to admit it, but she had not actually gotten the results with hormones, and she feared I would judge her for taking a shortcut. So she lied and said that she had had bottom surgery too, which made me even more shocked, as I never thought she would go to such lengths.



Then I realized I may have pressed too hard, and I felt bad for hurting my friend. I did have to know, though, what it was like to have a vagina.



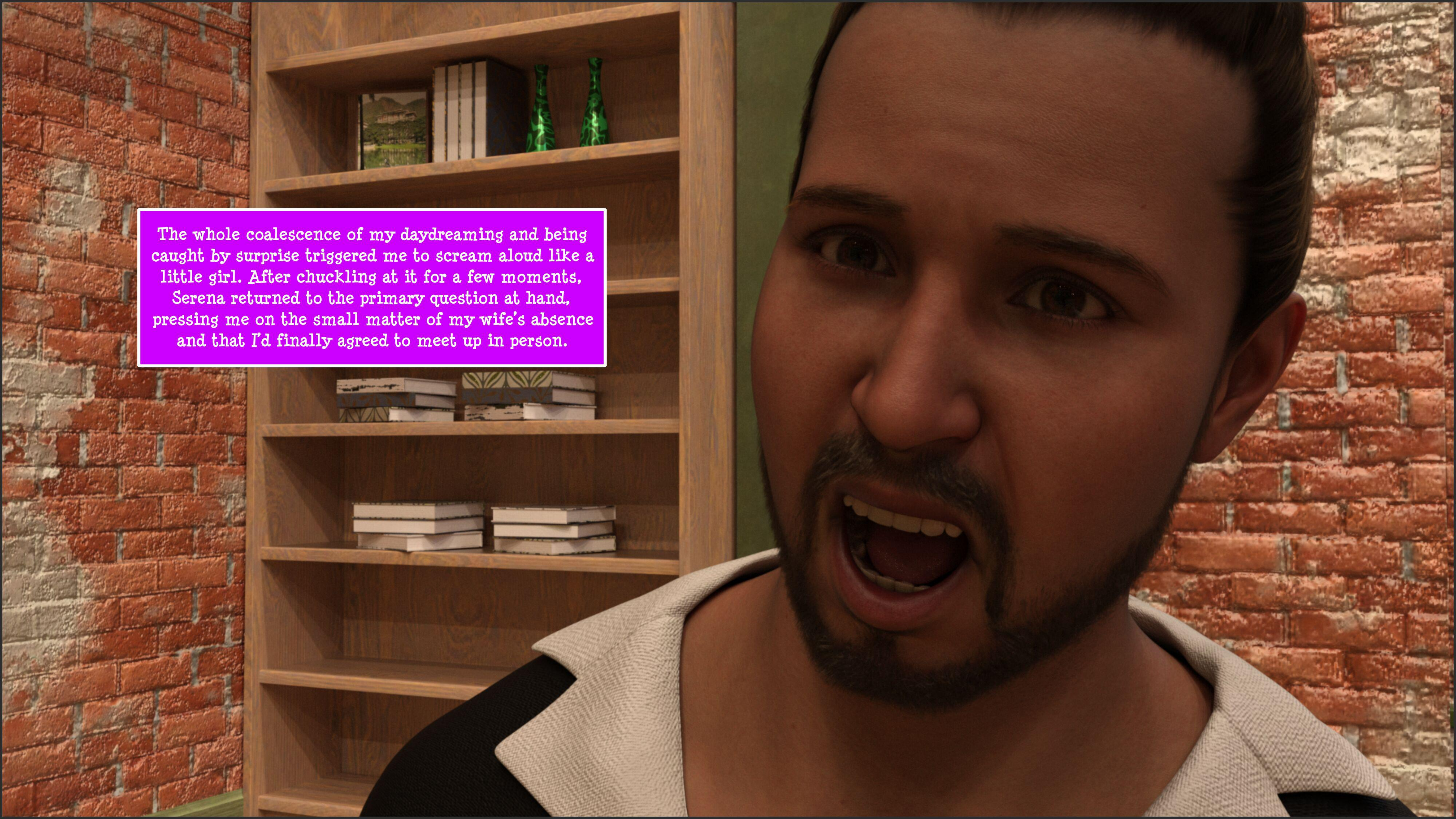
Serena knew me well enough and knew that it was more playful teasing than anything else. For the moment, the “bait” was taken, and she then began to tell me about how amazing the sensations were.

A man with a beard and hair in a bun, wearing a black and white striped sweater and olive shorts, stands on the left. A woman with long black hair, wearing a black top, is seen from behind on the right. They are in a room with brick walls, a wooden floor, and a brown leather sofa with white pillows. A text box is overlaid in the center.

As I felt jealousy towards Serena, she could see it in my eyes. Before she could hit me with this guilt, I was stuck just imagining what it would be like for me to have a vagina too!



My ADHD kept me distracted, but Serena was determined to snap me out of it and yelled at me, which certainly caught me off guard.

A close-up shot of a man with a surprised expression, his mouth wide open. He has dark hair, a mustache, and a goatee. He is wearing a light-colored, textured jacket over a dark shirt. The background features a red brick wall and a wooden bookshelf. The bookshelf has several shelves with books, decorative vases, and framed pictures. A purple text box is overlaid on the left side of the image.

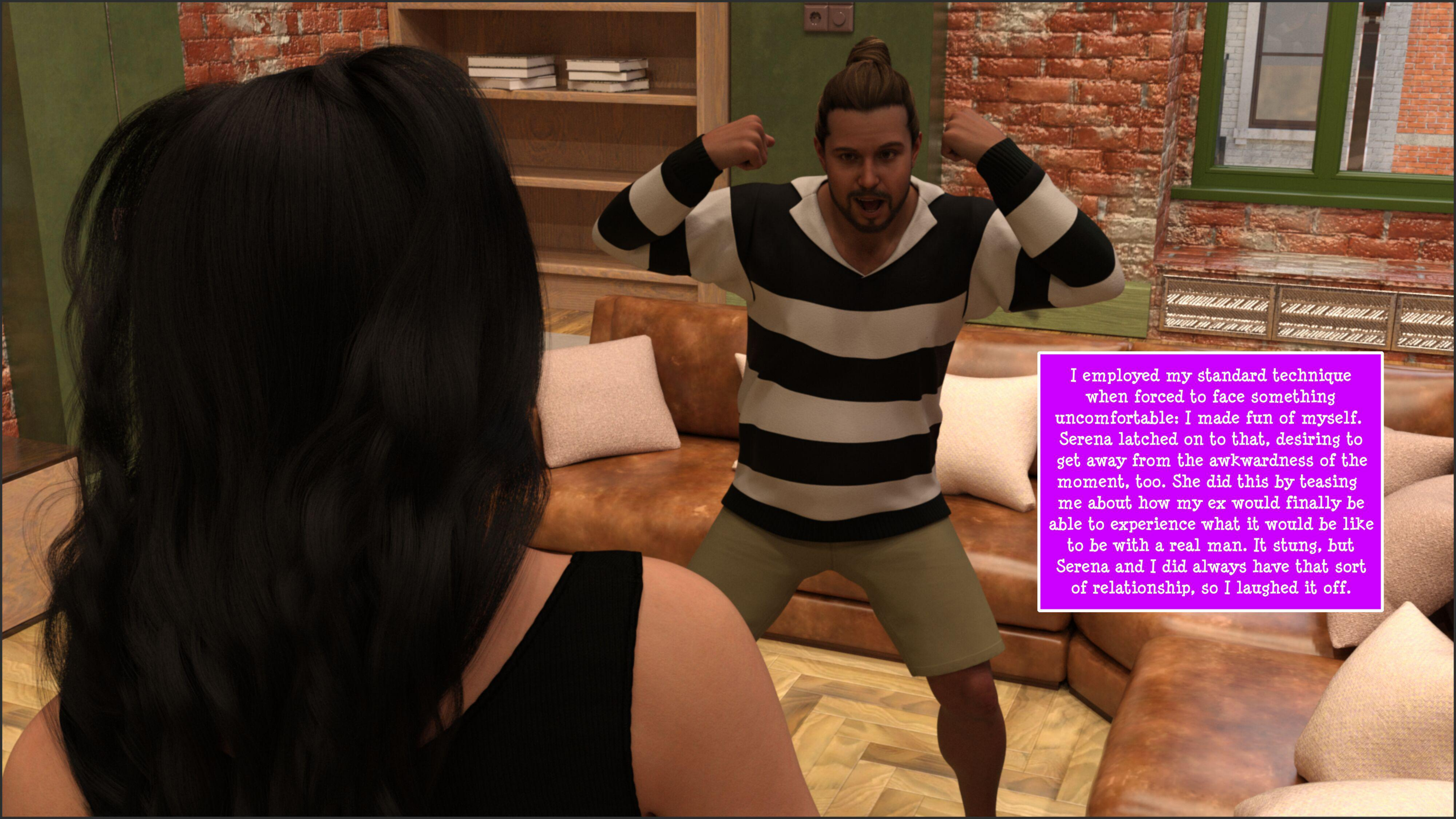
The whole coalescence of my daydreaming and being caught by surprise triggered me to scream aloud like a little girl. After chuckling at it for a few moments, Serena returned to the primary question at hand, pressing me on the small matter of my wife's absence and that I'd finally agreed to meet up in person.



Serena knew I could be a bit impulsive sometimes and feared that I was jeopardizing my relationship by coming to her before we were done. She reminded me that she refused to be the cause of our breakup, but my head sank as I realized there was no way around telling her the truth. I went on to tell her how I got curious again about being a girl and put on some of her clothing, but she caught me. I paused before telling Serena that Lina left me for my own co-worker, whom I myself had introduced her to at a company party.



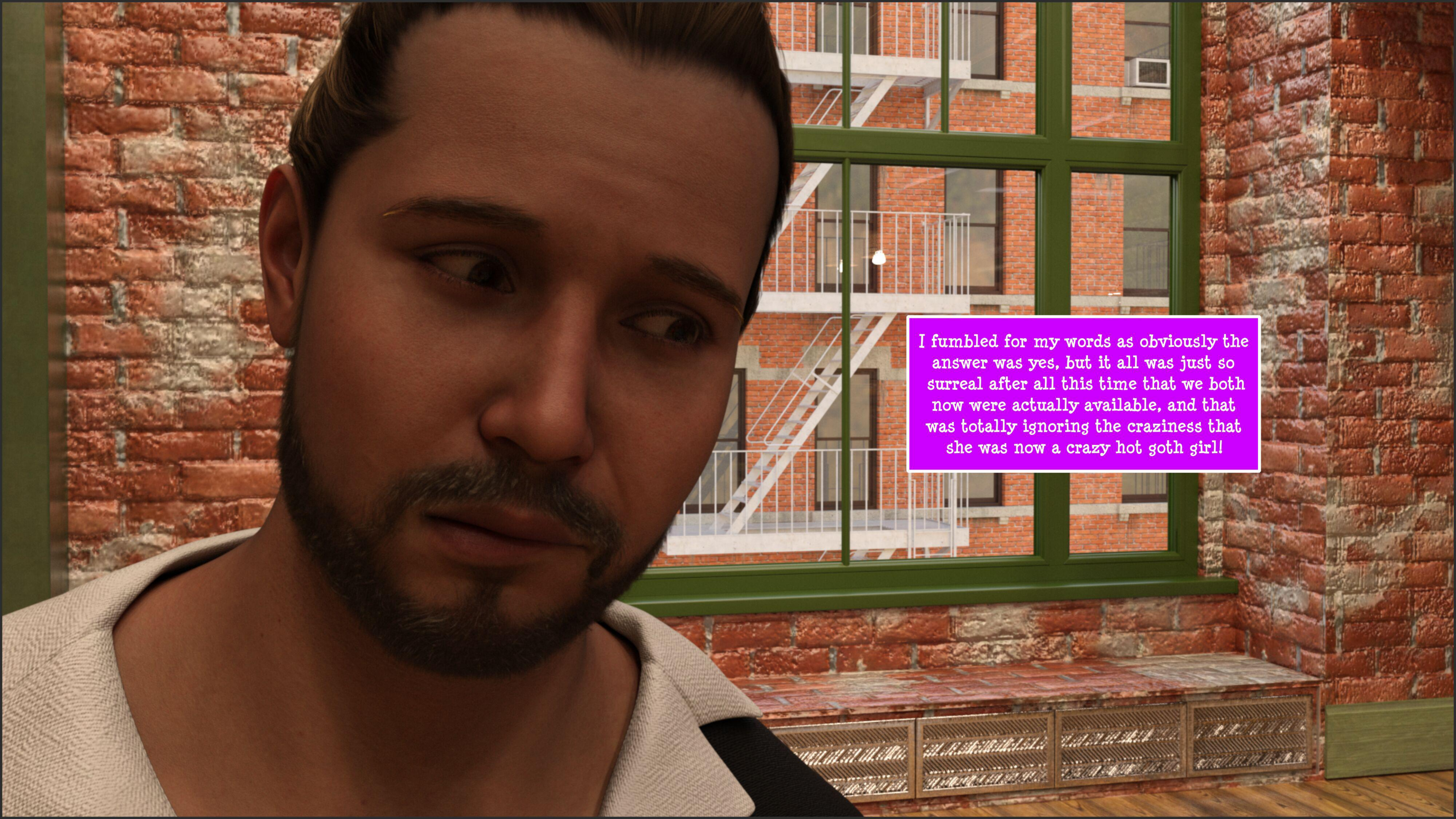
In an attempt to ease the pain and also unable to hold back her own motives, Serena asked if being free was now what I wanted. I did not know how to answer as it was too soon, but I could comprehend what she was getting at.



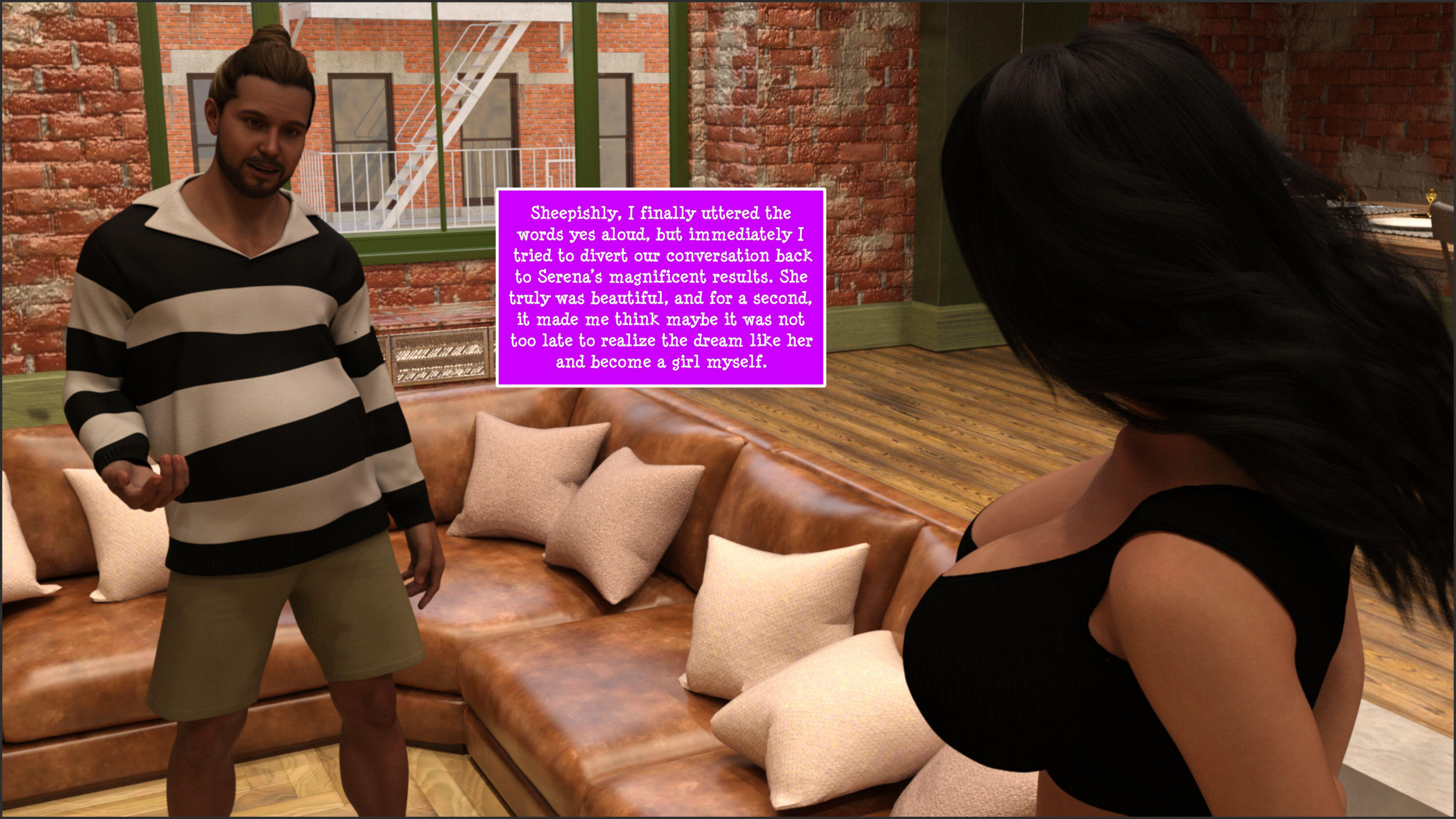
I employed my standard technique when forced to face something uncomfortable: I made fun of myself. Serena latched on to that, desiring to get away from the awkwardness of the moment, too. She did this by teasing me about how my ex would finally be able to experience what it would be like to be with a real man. It stung, but Serena and I did always have that sort of relationship, so I laughed it off.




Serena, though, simply needed to know what my intentions were and asked earnestly if this meant that I, too, was now available to be her.

A close-up shot of a man with a beard and mustache, looking out a window. The window has a green frame and a white fire escape is visible outside. The room has a brick wall and a wooden floor.


I fumbled for my words as obviously the answer was yes, but it all was just so surreal after all this time that we both now were actually available, and that was totally ignoring the craziness that she was now a crazy hot goth girl!

A man with a beard and a bun, wearing a black and white striped sweater and olive shorts, stands in a living room with a brown leather sofa and brick walls. He is looking towards a woman with long black hair wearing a black dress, who is seen from the back. A purple text box is overlaid on the scene.

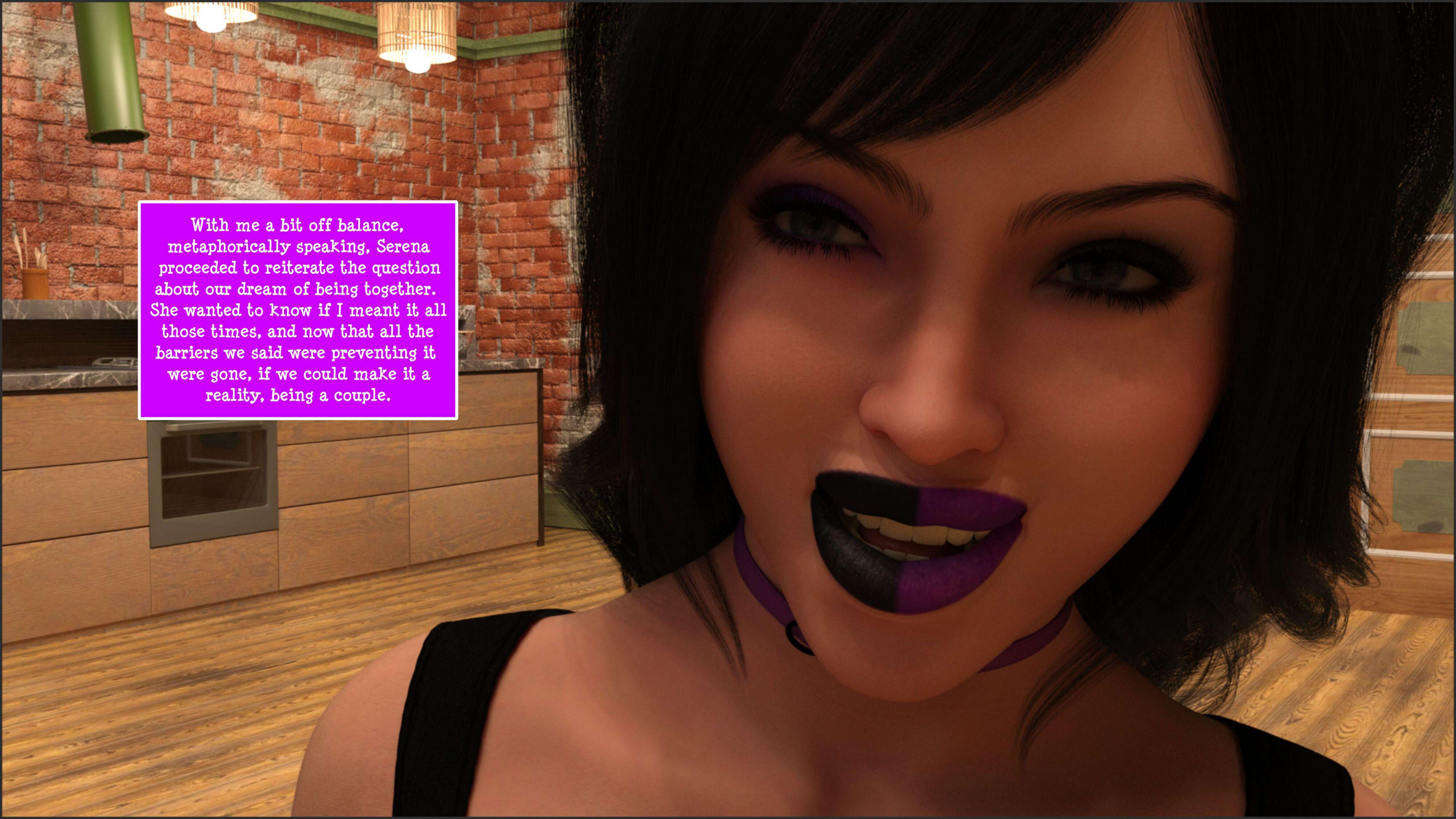
Sheepishly, I finally uttered the words yes aloud, but immediately I tried to divert our conversation back to Serena's magnificent results. She truly was beautiful, and for a second, it made me think maybe it was not too late to realize the dream like her and become a girl myself.



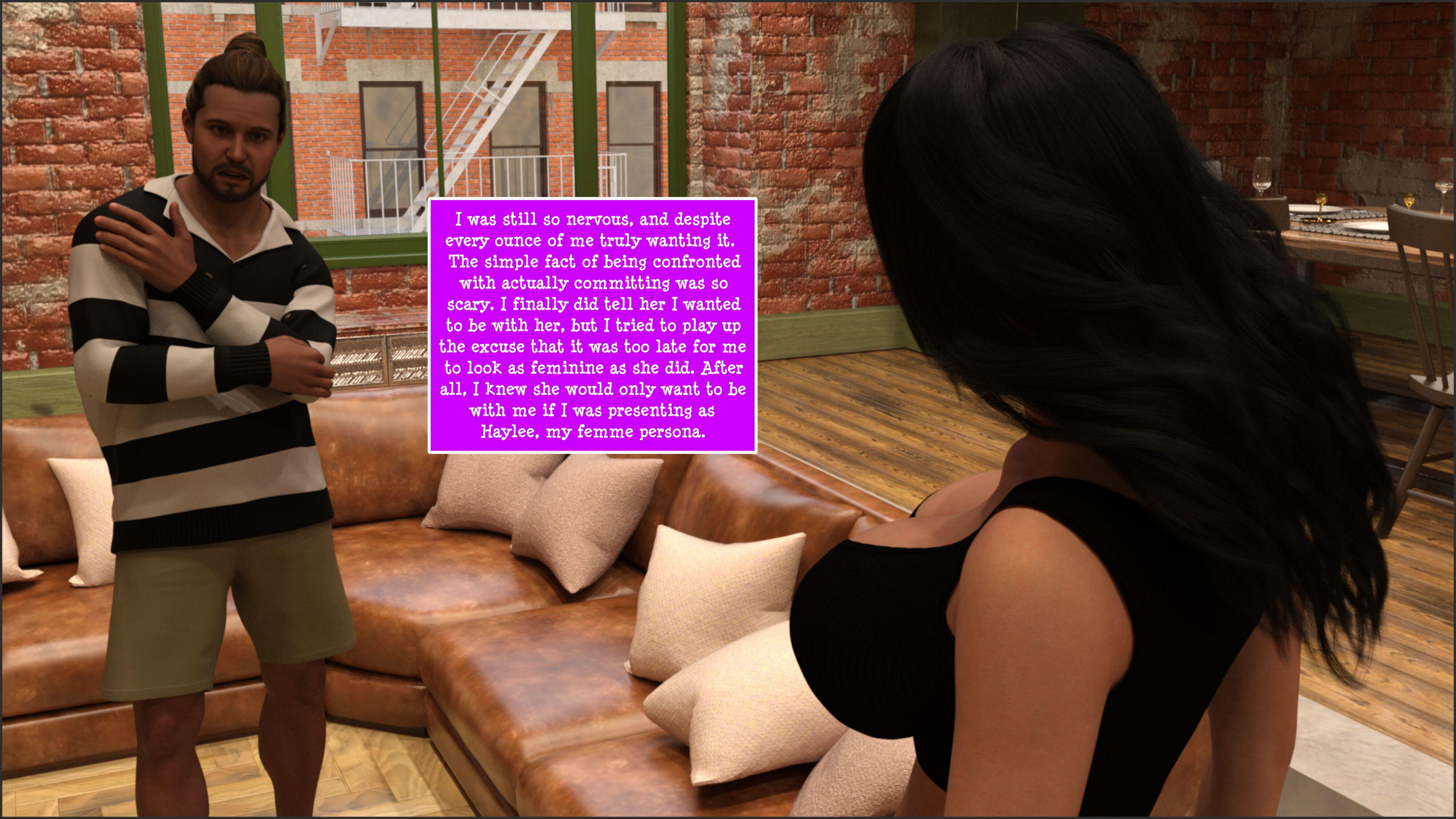
With all this, though, it hit me that the other big piece of Serena's dream was to be with a girl as a girl. Looking like that, I could only have assumed that she had no issue and already landed some hot redhead like she always said she desired. I asked her about her conquests, but she did not bite as she was too determined to stay focused on talking about me.

A woman with black hair styled in pigtails, wearing a black crop top and a purple choker, is looking directly at the camera. The background features a brick wall, a wooden floor, and a wooden door with several panels. A purple text box is overlaid on the left side of the image.


Trying to bait me, Serena did it with another well-placed insult about how insane I was to throw away my marriage, and even joked about how she should take a pass at her now that she was available. I fell into her well-laid trap, which allowed her to proceed with her plan.




With me a bit off balance, metaphorically speaking, Serena proceeded to reiterate the question about our dream of being together. She wanted to know if I meant it all those times, and now that all the barriers we said were preventing it were gone, if we could make it a reality, being a couple.



I was still so nervous, and despite every ounce of me truly wanting it. The simple fact of being confronted with actually committing was so scary. I finally did tell her I wanted to be with her, but I tried to play up the excuse that it was too late for me to look as feminine as she did. After all, I knew she would only want to be with me if I was presenting as Haylee, my femme persona.



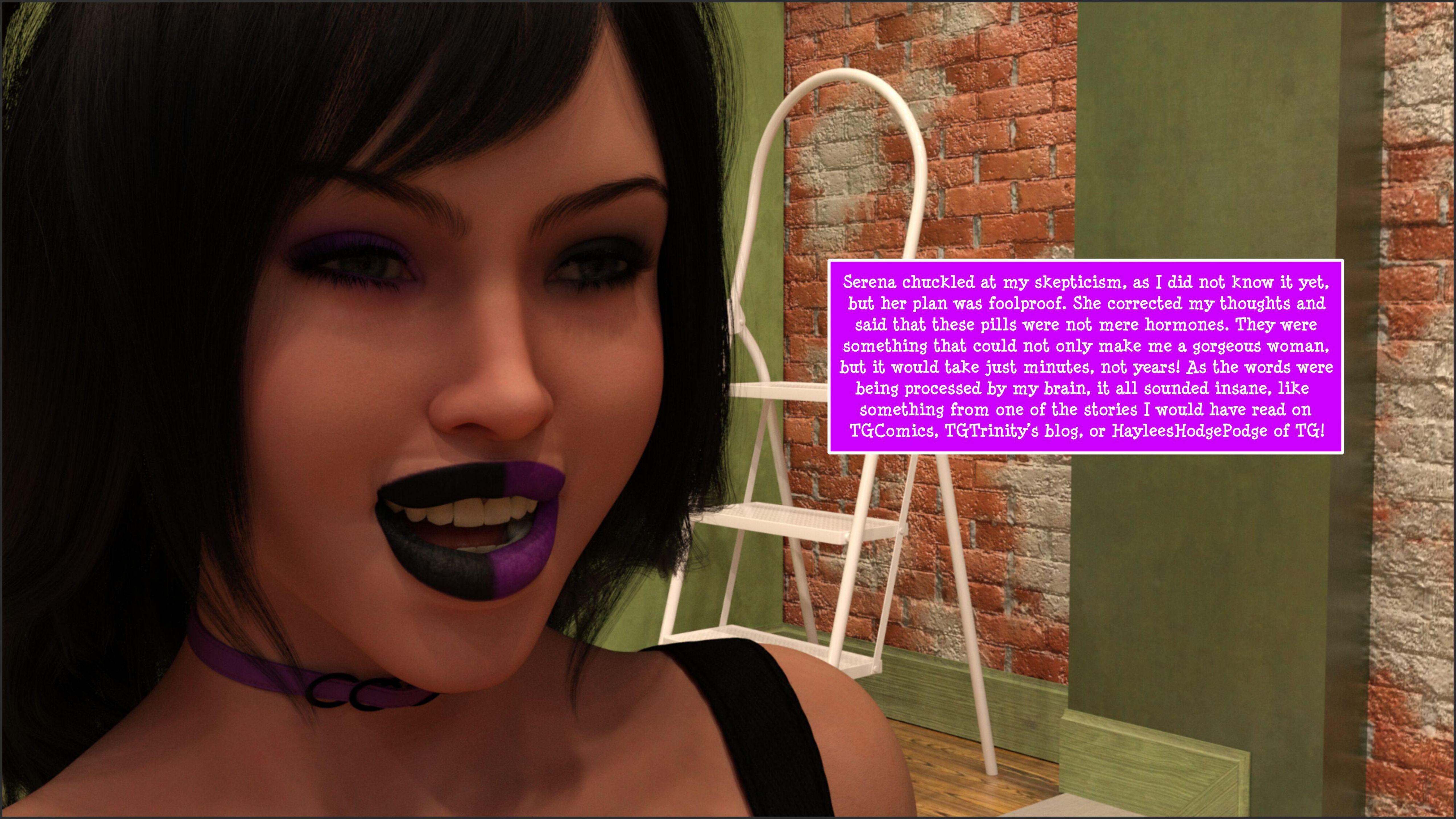
I should have known better by now that Serena knew something I did not know. Before revealing any reason why, she simply told me to forget my concerns and simply tell her if I truly wanted to be with her, like I always said.




I reaffirm to Serena that I wanted to be with her and with more conviction this time, but my narrow mind still would not allow me to move beyond the pragmatic problem that I did not think there was any way to get me looking cute and feminine anytime soon.



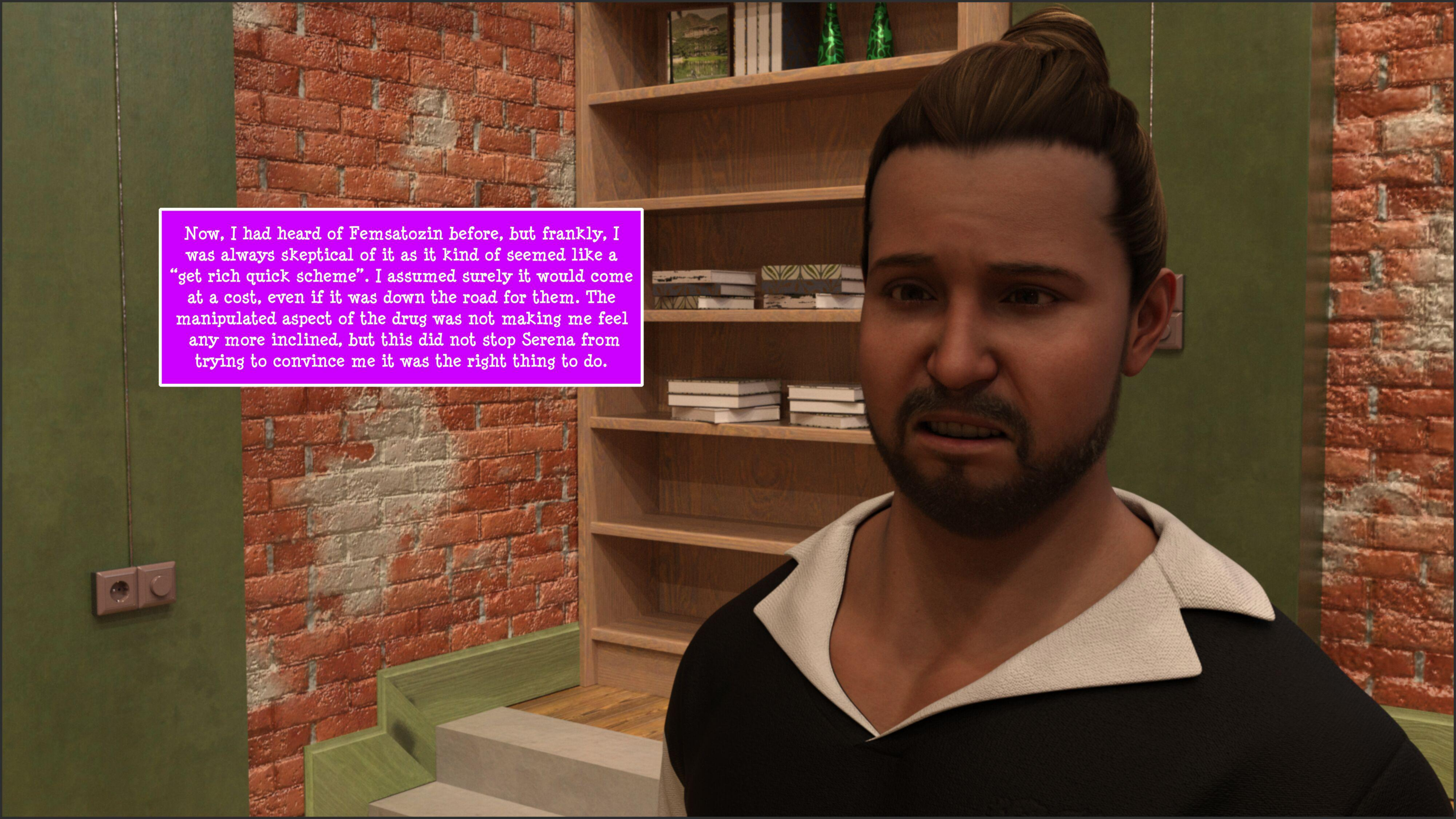
Serena insisted that she had something that could make me into a girl, and when she said it was a tablet, I jumped to the conclusion that her answer was hormones. I thank her for the offer, but I figured at my age of early 30s, the effects would not be as substantial as hers, after all, she had been on it for practically 7 years now.



Serena chuckled at my skepticism, as I did not know it yet, but her plan was foolproof. She corrected my thoughts and said that these pills were not mere hormones. They were something that could not only make me a gorgeous woman, but it would take just minutes, not years! As the words were being processed by my brain, it all sounded insane, like something from one of the stories I would have read on TGComics, TGTrinity's blog, or HayleesHodgePodge of TG!



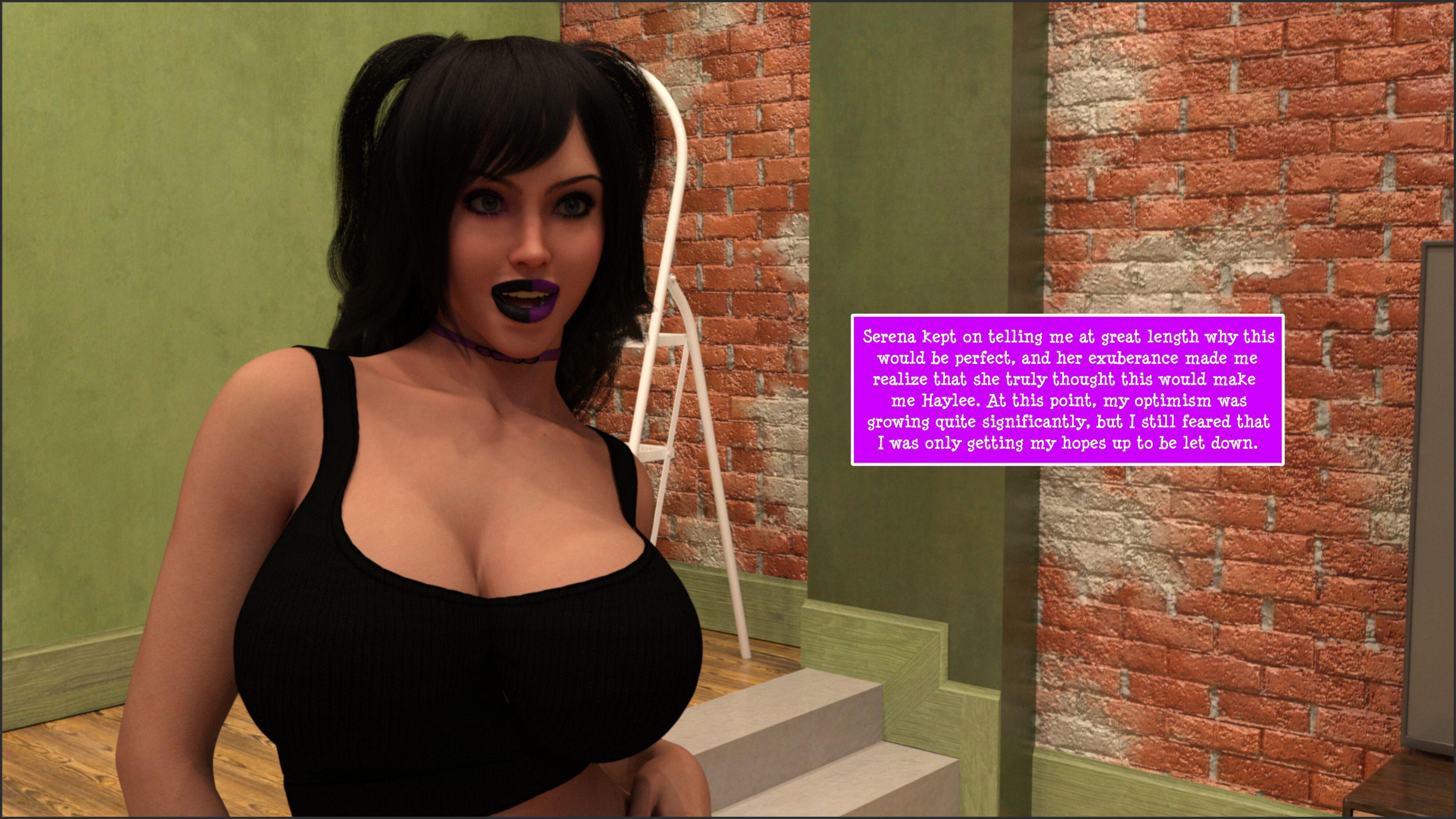
As I was still trying to mentally comprehend what she was saying, Serena went on to explain how there was this modified, designer version of Femsatozin. She explained how this version would specifically make me into a redheaded firecracker, Serena's ideal girl.




Now, I had heard of Femsatozin before, but frankly, I was always skeptical of it as it kind of seemed like a “get rich quick scheme”. I assumed surely it would come at a cost, even if it was down the road for them. The manipulated aspect of the drug was not making me feel any more inclined, but this did not stop Serena from trying to convince me it was the right thing to do.




In an attempt to sell me on the idea, Serena made up a story about knowing someone close who used it and how they had no issues and even changed back after 24 hours. That piece of information was new to me, as I had thought it always would yield permanent changes.



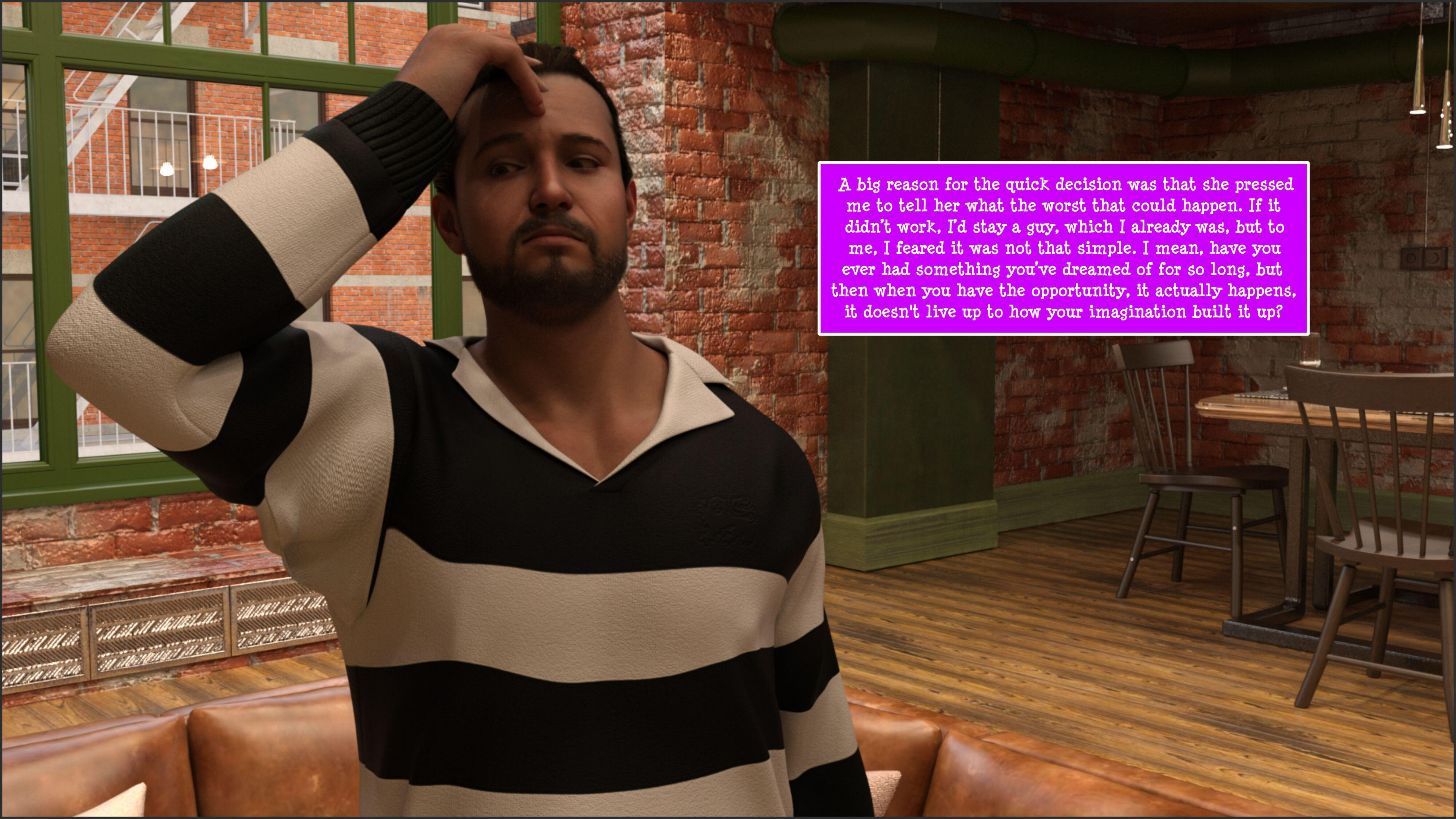
Serena kept on telling me at great length why this would be perfect, and her exuberance made me realize that she truly thought this would make me Haylee. At this point, my optimism was growing quite significantly, but I still feared that I was only getting my hopes up to be let down.




I could not contain my mind from beginning to run off with thoughts about what it would be like if it were true, but my usual luck is not good, so it remained a struggle to trust it. My main concern was not over whether becoming a girl was even possible, but rather what if it did not end up living up to my expectations.

A close-up shot of a man's face, looking slightly to the left. He has dark hair, a beard, and is wearing a white shirt with a dark collar. The background consists of a red brick wall and a green wall with a wooden shelf and light switches. A purple text box is overlaid on the left side of the image.

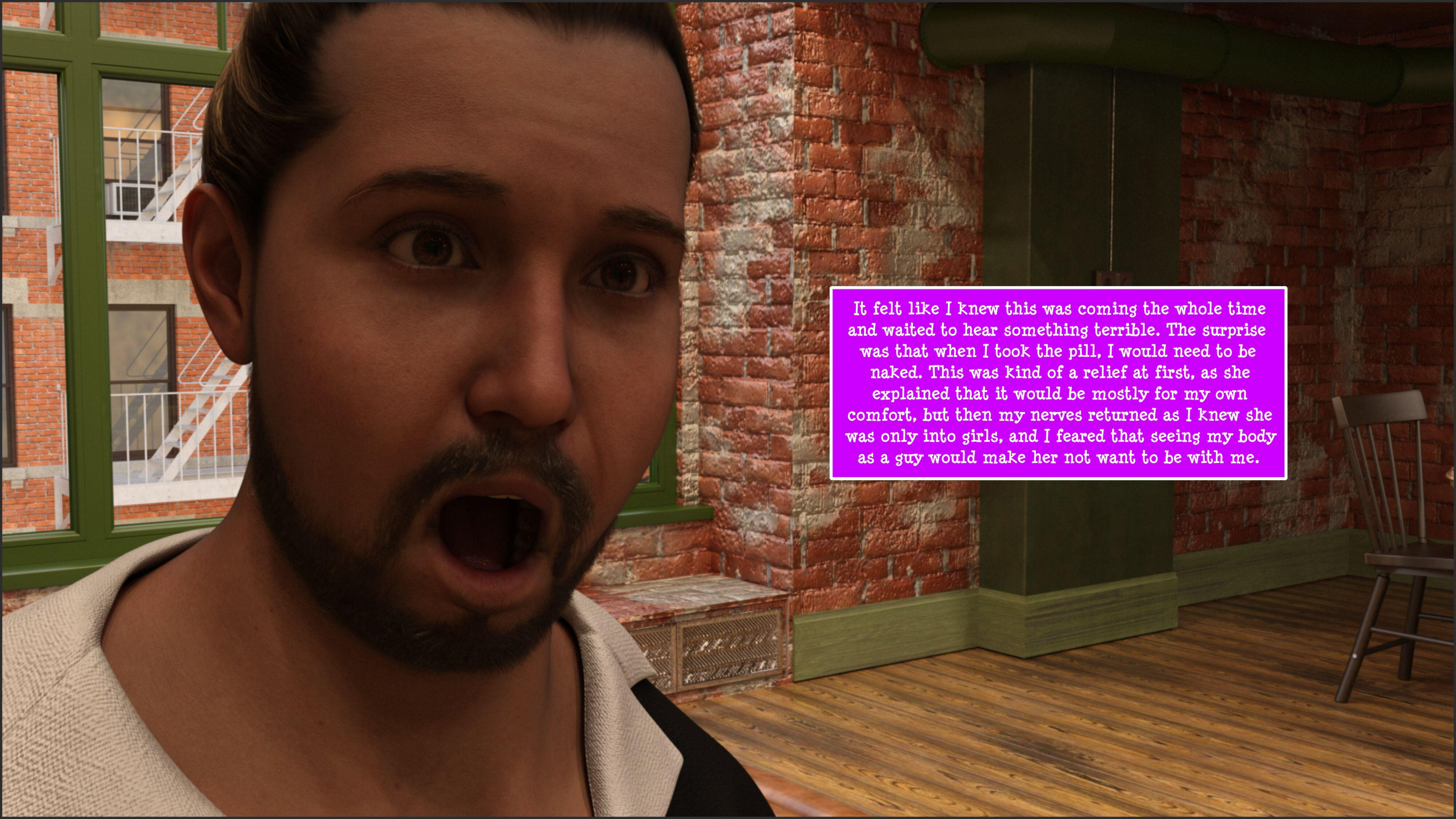
That fear plagued my thoughts, so again I deflected to Serena, asking her to assure me that the changes from the pills were not permanent. Succinctly, she told me it would be, but only if the dose was sufficiently potent. Her brevity seemed weird; however, I did not ponder my decision very long.




A big reason for the quick decision was that she pressed me to tell her what the worst that could happen. If it didn't work, I'd stay a guy, which I already was, but to me, I feared it was not that simple. I mean, have you ever had something you've dreamed of for so long, but then when you have the opportunity, it actually happens, it doesn't live up to how your imagination built it up?

A woman with long black hair, purple lipstick, and a purple choker is wearing a black tube top. She is standing in a kitchen with a brick wall, wooden cabinets, and a wooden floor. A purple text box is overlaid on the left side of the image.


All the back and forth, though, made me realize that Serena was right; there was nothing to lose. With my mind made up, I told her I would take the pills. She naturally was overjoyed, but she decided to reveal now that there would be a catch involved.



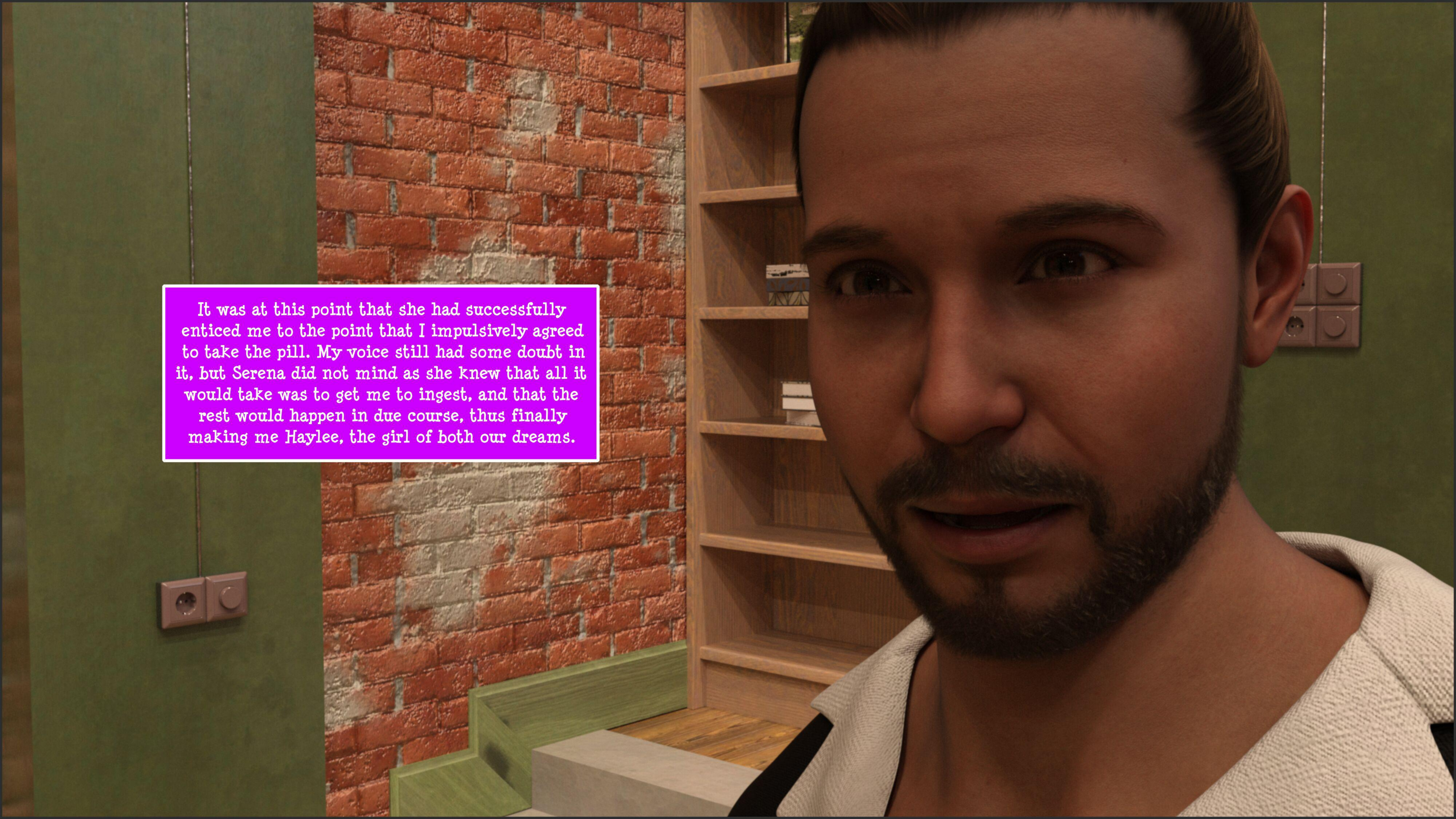
It felt like I knew this was coming the whole time and waited to hear something terrible. The surprise was that when I took the pill, I would need to be naked. This was kind of a relief at first, as she explained that it would be mostly for my own comfort, but then my nerves returned as I knew she was only into girls, and I feared that seeing my body as a guy would make her not want to be with me.



My body language was definitely emitting concern, so Serena decided to redirect my focus and sweeten the deal. She agreed to show me her naked body, too, if I disrobed, so the attention would be on the anticipation of her body being on display and not on mine. The moment she said this, I tented my pants as I could tell she had a physique any girl would be envious of now.



As if my own imagination was not enough, Serena doubled down on the teasing by pointing out that her breasts were G cups, the very size she had always said she dreamed of having. My pants only continued to be strained by this statement and with the blood rushing to my head too, my judgement was clouding as she intended it to.




It was at this point that she had successfully enticed me to the point that I impulsively agreed to take the pill. My voice still had some doubt in it, but Serena did not mind as she knew that all it would take was to get me to ingest, and that the rest would happen in due course, thus finally making me Haylee, the girl of both our dreams.




A few moments passed, and then we were standing there naked but with both of our backs turned to each other. I was trying to get my erection down, embarrassed for some reason, but she spoke up, asking if I was ready to turn around and reveal ourselves. She said to turn on the count of three, and amongst the nerves, I heard the word 3 and just instinctively turned.




It was all before me then, and she was standing right there, in all of her new female glory. There was so much to see and so much to love, I literally felt dizzy from my mind racing across all the parts of her body!



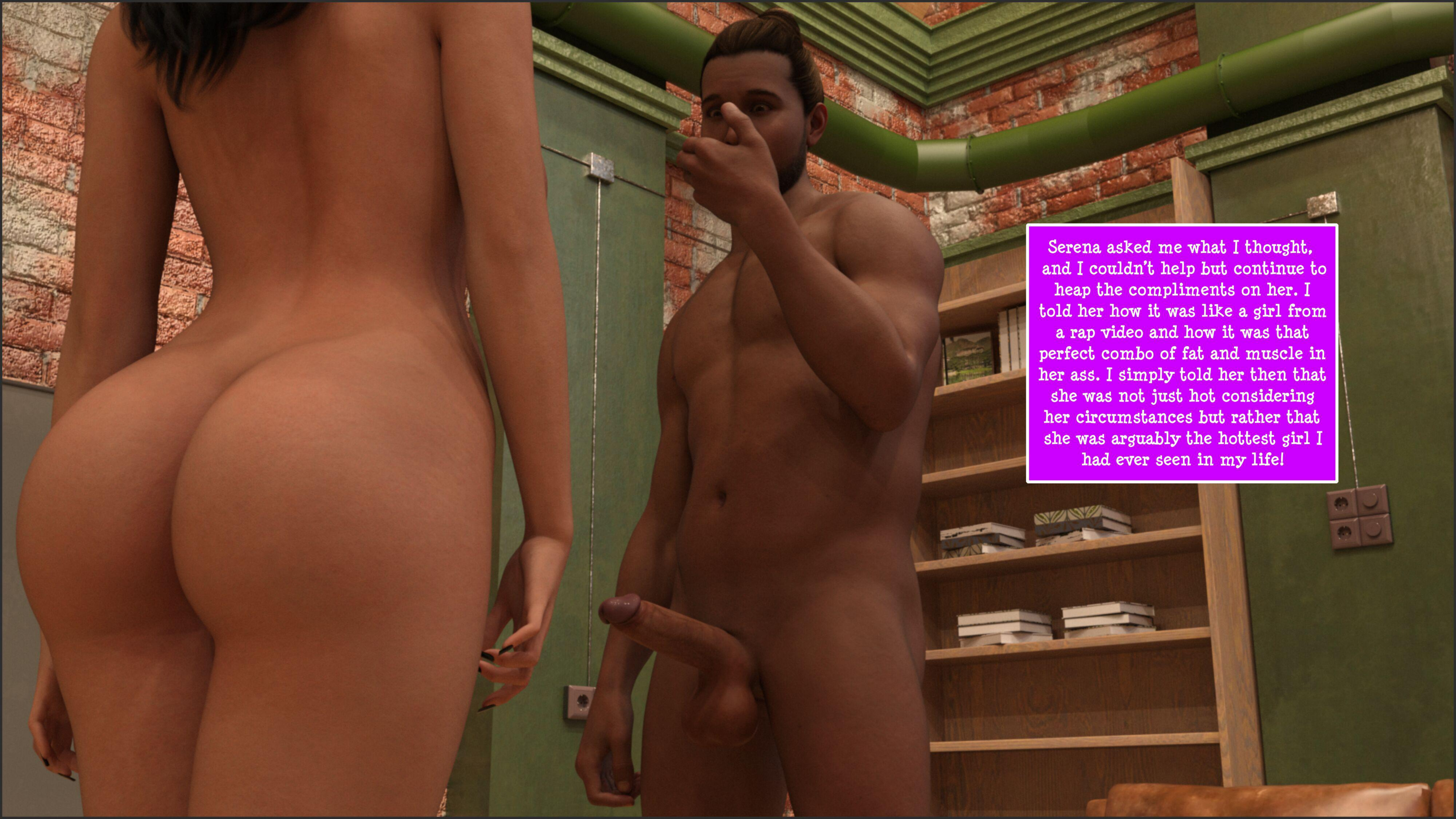
I simply could not grasp the results of the hormones and began to speculate that surgeries may have been involved. This motivated me and removed my apprehension about results, and instead just made me more excited to take the pill and become a woman as well. Serena, for the first time, was now the one showing some nerves and tried to put herself down a bit by joking about being too thick for my liking. I, however, vehemently disagreed and told her that she looked even better than I thought was possible!

A 3D rendered scene of a nude woman in a kitchen. She is shown from the back, standing on a wooden floor. Her body is highly detailed, with prominent breasts and a very thin waist. The kitchen features wooden cabinets, a brick wall, and a green wall. A text box is overlaid on the right side of the image.


Her waist was simply remarkable, and then, coupled with how large and shockingly perky the tits were, I was out of words to say to her. Instead, I just sounded like a pubescent boy just giving the most basic praise of her body. She loved it, though, and was pining for more compliments.

A 3D rendered scene showing the back and buttocks of a dark-skinned person. The person is standing in a room with a brick wall and a wooden door. The floor is made of light-colored wood. A purple text box is overlaid on the right side of the image.

Fishing for affirmations, she turned around and showed me her ass. Just when I thought I was starting to grasp how gorgeous she was, this was simply another surprise to her metamorphosis that seemed to defy what was believable.



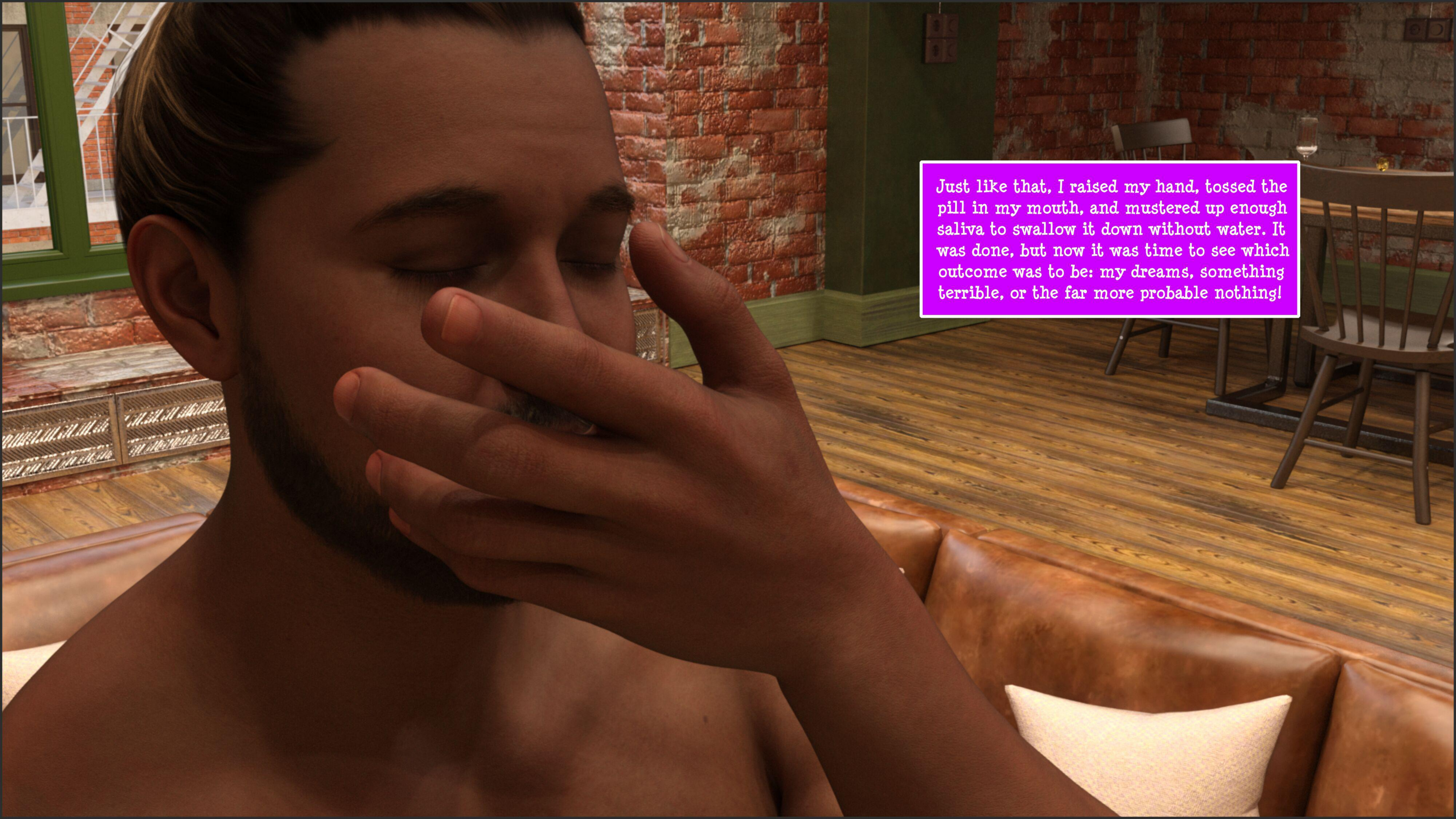
Serena asked me what I thought, and I couldn't help but continue to heap the compliments on her. I told her how it was like a girl from a rap video and how it was that perfect combo of fat and muscle in her ass. I simply told her then that she was not just hot considering her circumstances but rather that she was arguably the hottest girl I had ever seen in my life!

A 3D rendered woman with large breasts and purple lipstick is shown in a kitchen setting. She is wearing a purple choker and has dark hair. The background features a brick wall, a wooden floor, and a kitchen counter with a sink and stove. A purple text box is overlaid on the right side of the image.

Finally, though, she cut off the praises flying towards her and told me that it was time for my part of the bargain. I had totally forgotten that, after all, she supposedly was going to be able to make me look just like her in a matter of minutes if I simply took the pill.



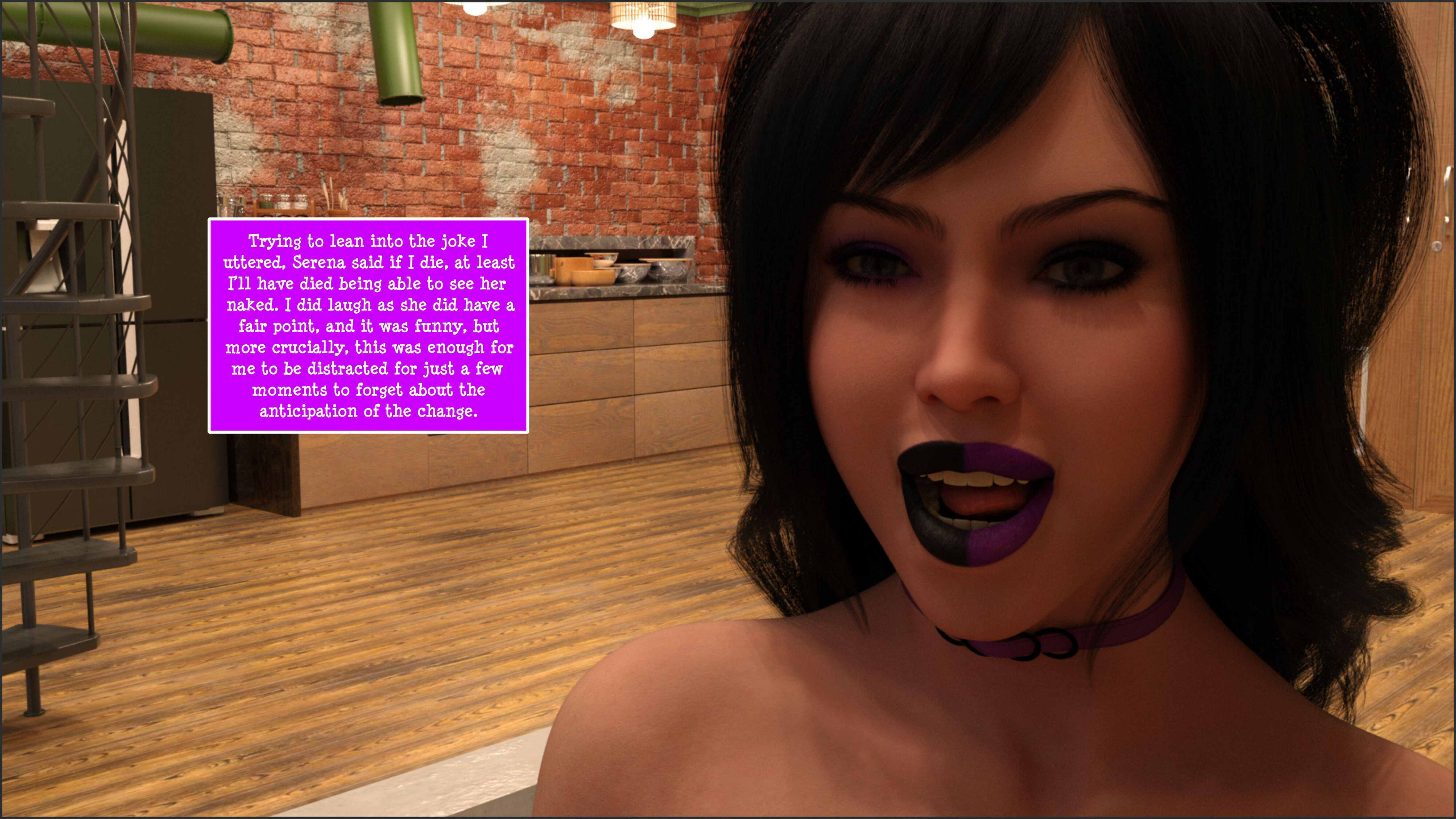
I couldn't stop myself, though, from experiencing one final bout of nerves, and I thought about the chances of things going wrong. I wanted to back out for a few seconds, and she saw it in my eyes, so she cut me off by assuring me it was harmless and not permanent unless I took a sufficiently potent dose. I trusted her and looked down at the pill in my hand and realized this was stupid, and it was time to overcome my doubts.



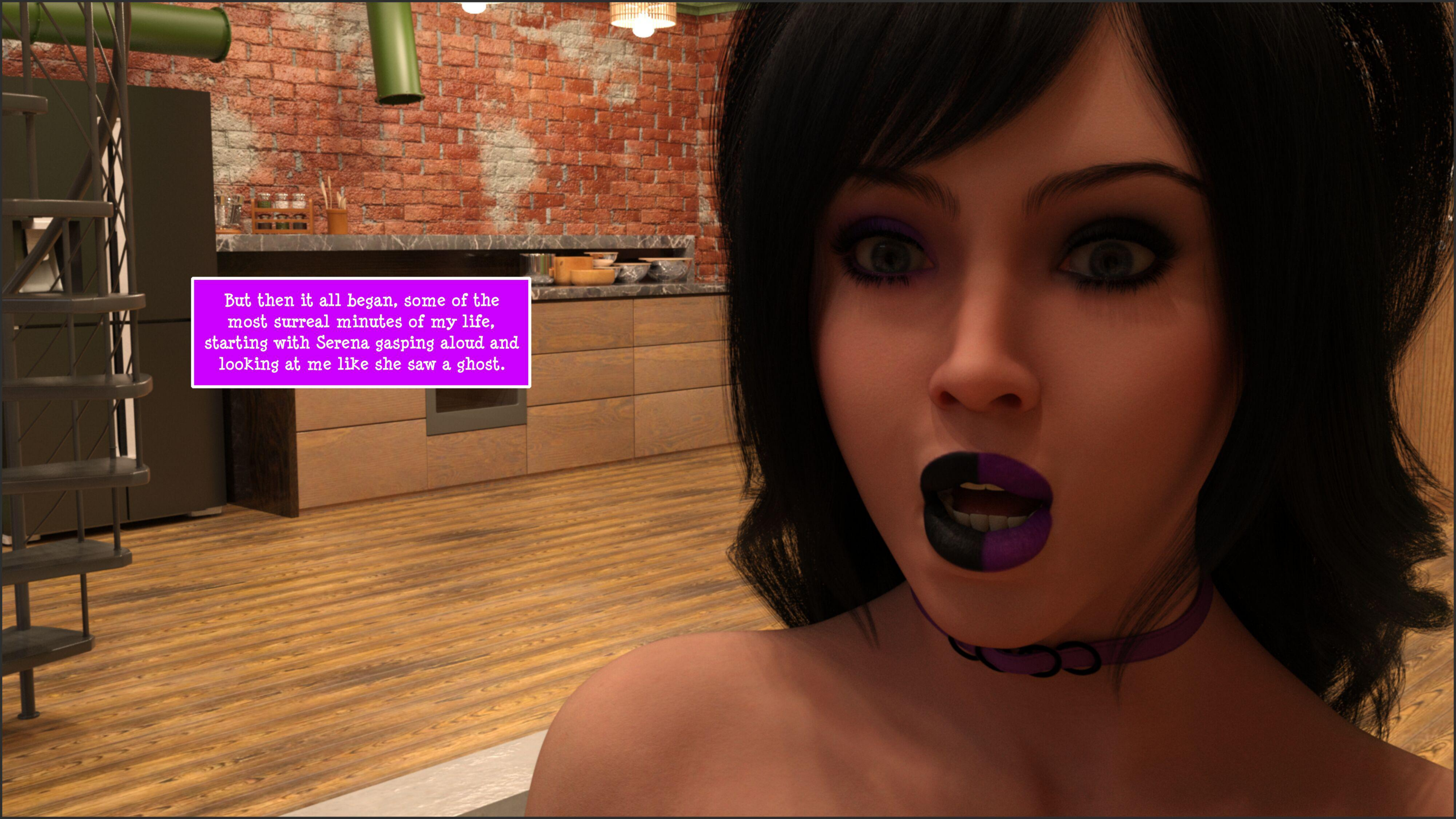
Just like that, I raised my hand, tossed the pill in my mouth, and mustered up enough saliva to swallow it down without water. It was done, but now it was time to see which outcome was to be: my dreams, something terrible, or the far more probable nothing!




Serena was so thrilled to see that I had finally swallowed the pill, knowing that this meant I was finally about to become her dream girl, well, in truth, our dream girl. She did not want to reveal that just yet, though, so instead she played dumb and said that she hoped it would work. I, with my pessimism, simply prayed that I would not die.



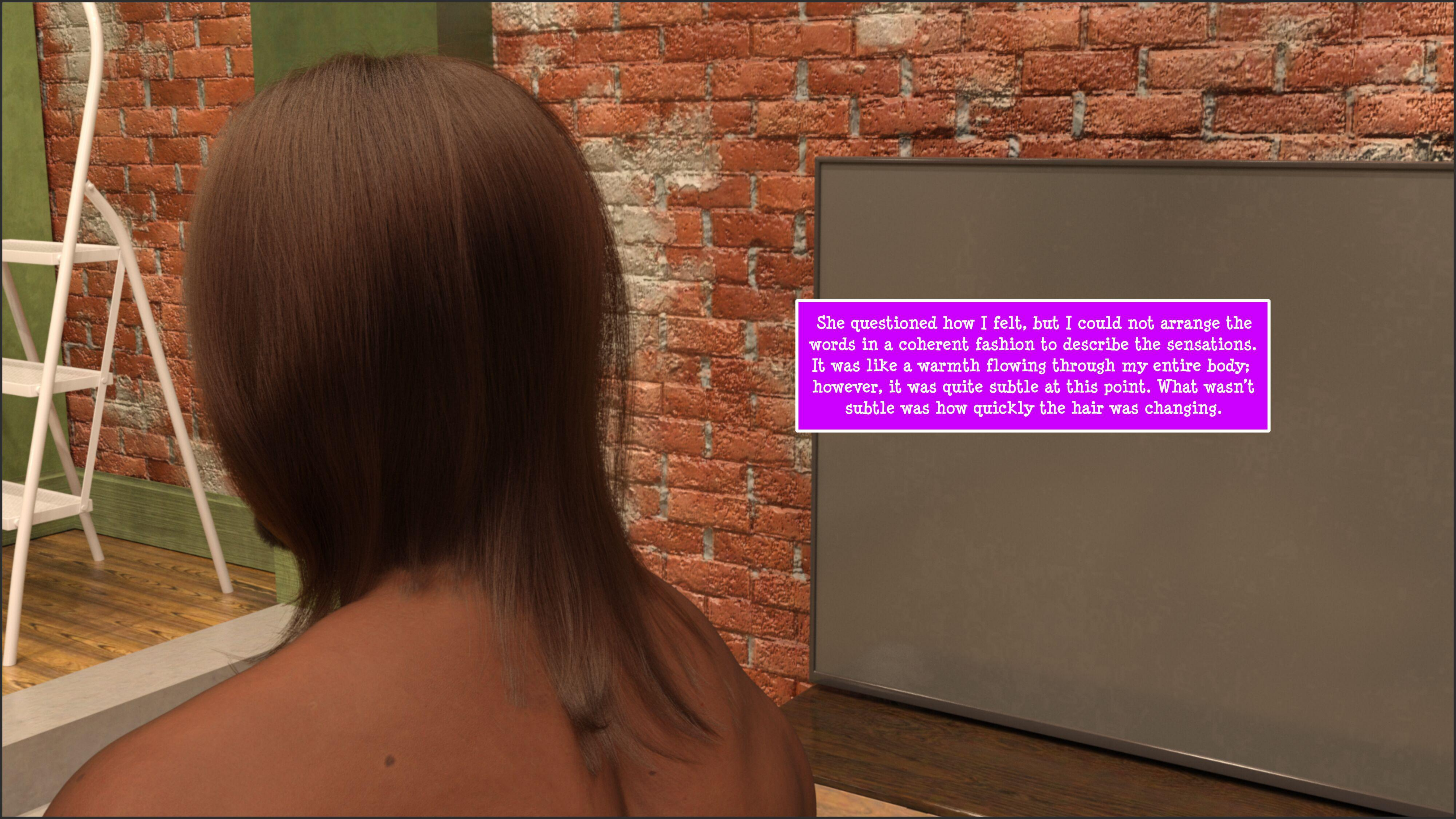
Trying to lean into the joke I uttered, Serena said if I die, at least I'll have died being able to see her naked. I did laugh as she did have a fair point, and it was funny, but more crucially, this was enough for me to be distracted for just a few moments to forget about the anticipation of the change.

A close-up shot of a woman with black hair, purple eye makeup, and black and purple lips. She has a shocked expression with wide eyes and an open mouth. She is wearing a purple choker. The background is a kitchen with a brick wall, wooden cabinets, and a metal staircase on the left.

But then it all began, some of the most surreal minutes of my life, starting with Serena gasping aloud and looking at me like she saw a ghost.

A man with long, straight brown hair and a beard is shown from the chest up. He has a surprised expression, with wide eyes and a slightly open mouth. He is shirtless. The background consists of a brick wall and a window with a green frame. A brown leather sofa is visible in the lower right corner. A purple text box is overlaid on the right side of the image.


Serena points out that my hair had already started to change, most noticeably the fact that it had fallen out of the bun and was now down below my shoulder blades. At first, all I thought was that I could feel an itchiness on my scalp, but I did not know what the cause was!

A person with long, straight brown hair is shown from the back, sitting in a room. The background features a red brick wall and a white ladder on the left. A large, dark grey rectangular area is visible on the right side of the frame.


She questioned how I felt, but I could not arrange the words in a coherent fashion to describe the sensations. It was like a warmth flowing through my entire body; however, it was quite subtle at this point. What wasn't subtle was how quickly the hair was changing.



The feeling was intensifying, and I could feel hair tickling my cheeks, which was foreign considering I always kept my hair up normally. Serena too was feeling things, but in a much different way, and she stood there for the moment, silent, allowing the full effect of the changes be appreciated.

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is sitting on a brown leather couch in a room with brick walls and a large window. She is looking slightly to the right with a concerned expression. The room has a wooden floor and a green door in the background. A text box is overlaid on the right side of the image.

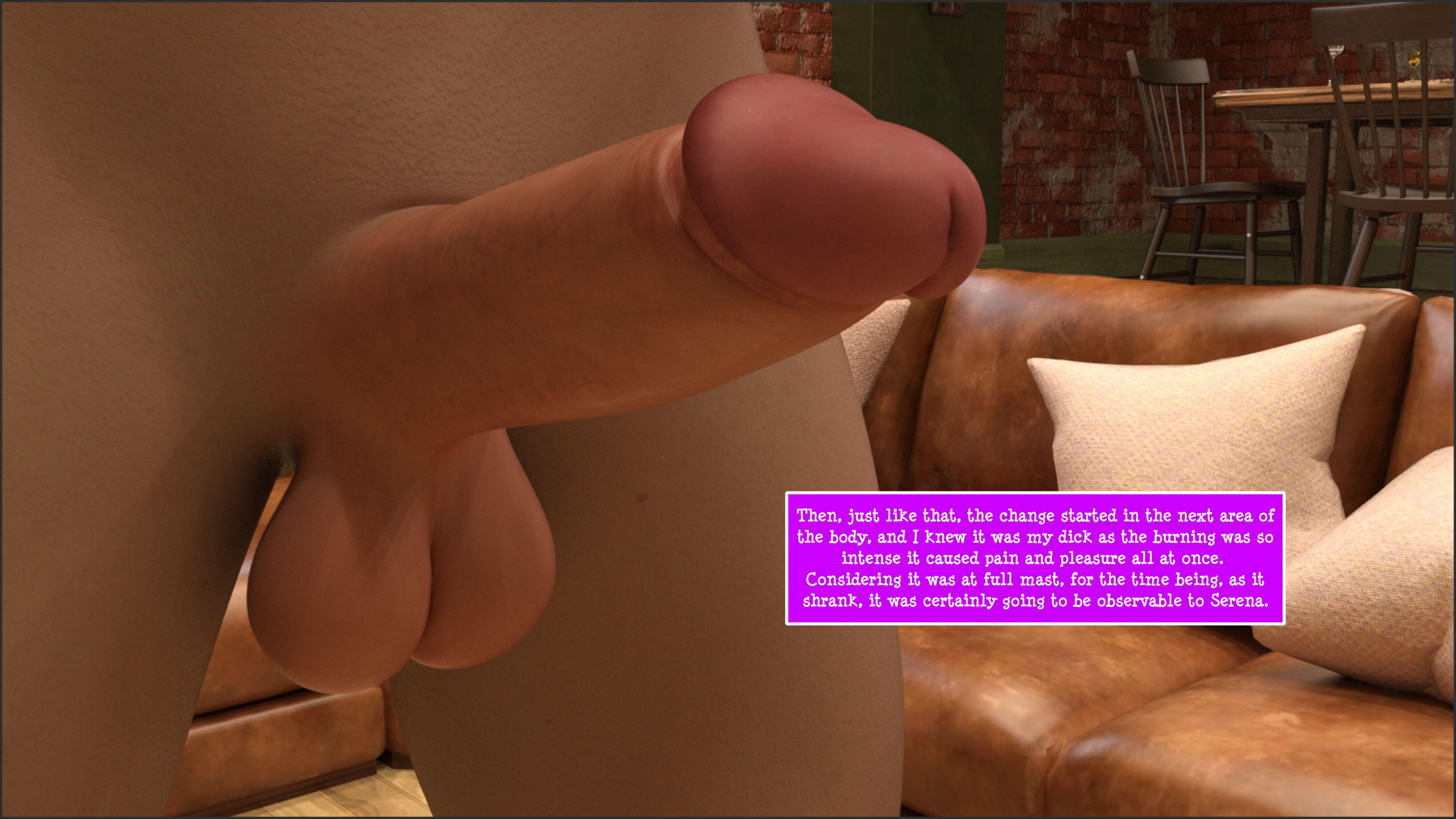
I had been keeping my own thoughts to myself as well, so the face I was making was causing Serena to worry that I was in pain. I assured her that was far from the case as I breathily stated that it was quite pleasant. It was then, though, that I realized not only did my hair change, but my face and my tone of voice were changing as well!

A woman with long, wavy, reddish-brown hair is sitting on a brown leather sofa. She is looking slightly to her right with a neutral expression. The room has a rustic feel with brick walls and a window with a green frame. In the background, there is a wooden floor, a wooden chair, and a small table.

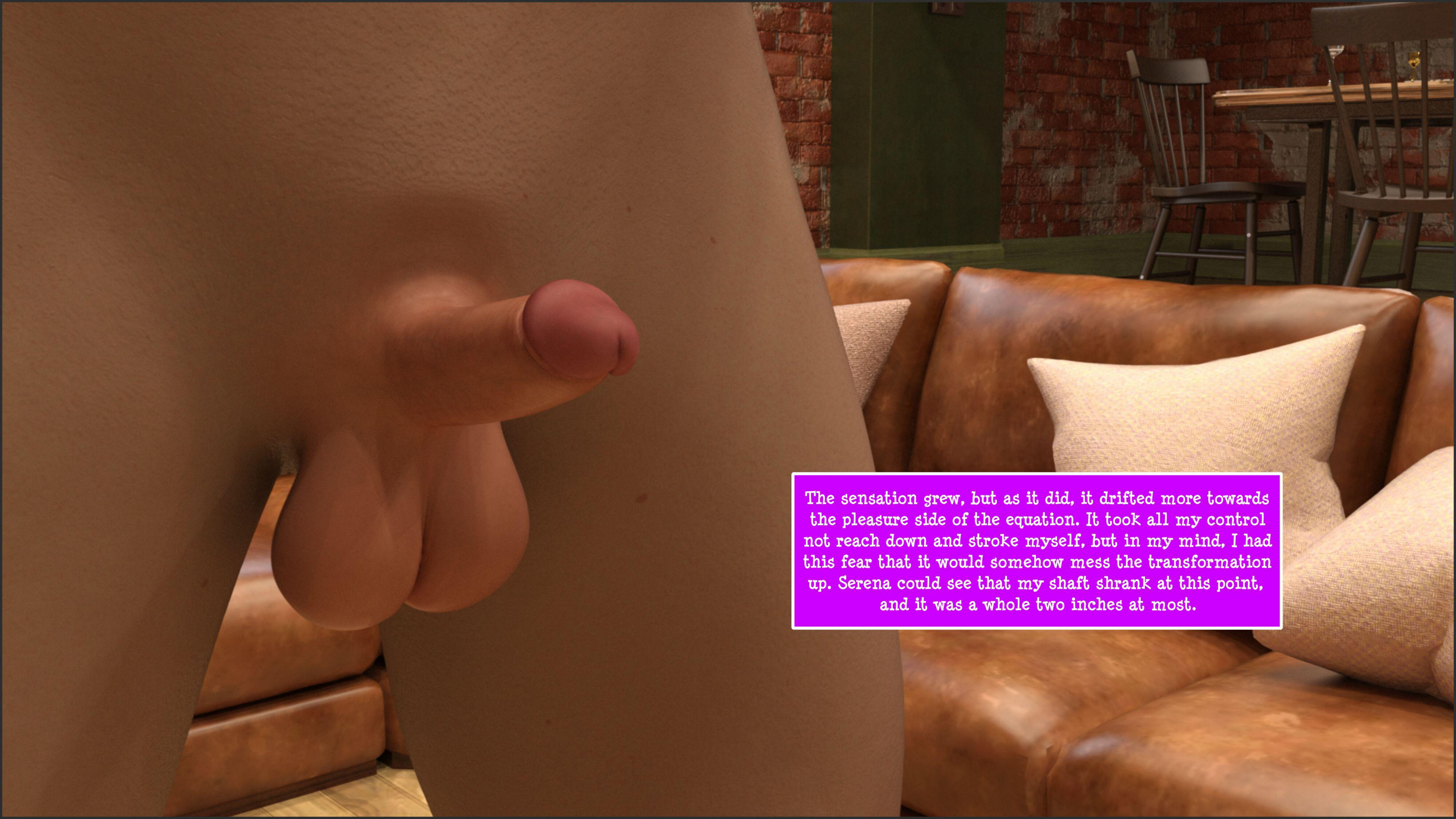
The sound of my voice was mesmerizing as it continued to rise into a lovely, feminine tone. Serena, too, was wide-eyed with the development, but all the while the face just continued to change, and the hair was now a little bit redder.



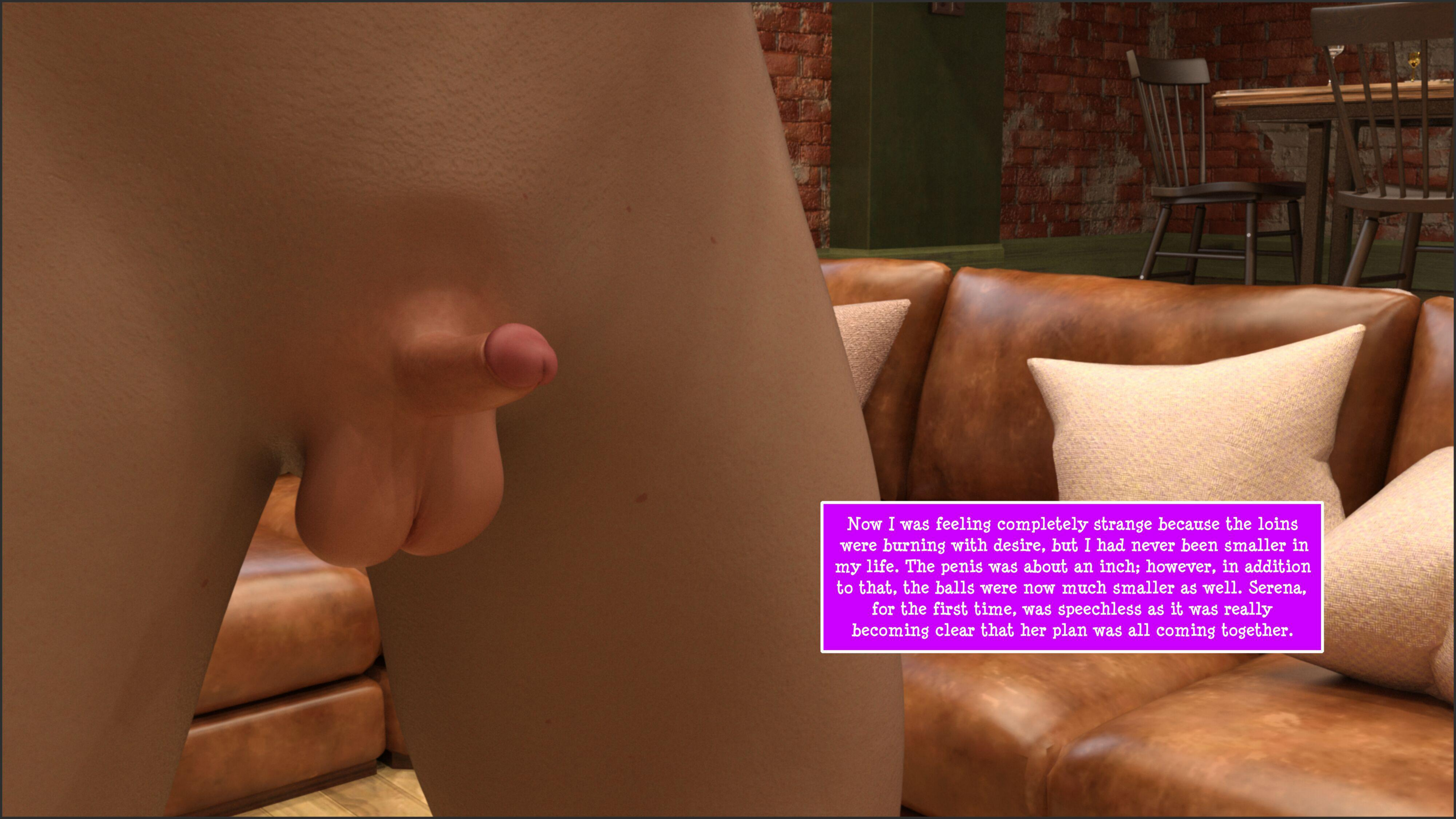
The hair was almost to the final shade of red now, but the concentration of the sensations was now hitting my crotch. It was so intense in that moment that I went silent, and the abruptness of that caused Serena to worry, but one thing she was pleased with was the sight of my long, curly red hair.




Then, just like that, the change started in the next area of the body, and I knew it was my dick as the burning was so intense it caused pain and pleasure all at once. Considering it was at full mast, for the time being, as it shrank, it was certainly going to be observable to Serena.

A 3D rendered scene. In the foreground, a person's buttocks and penis are visible, rendered in a realistic, slightly blurred style. The person is positioned in front of a brown leather sofa with several light-colored, textured pillows. In the background, there is a dining table with two wooden chairs, set against a brick wall. The lighting is warm and indoor, creating a cozy atmosphere.

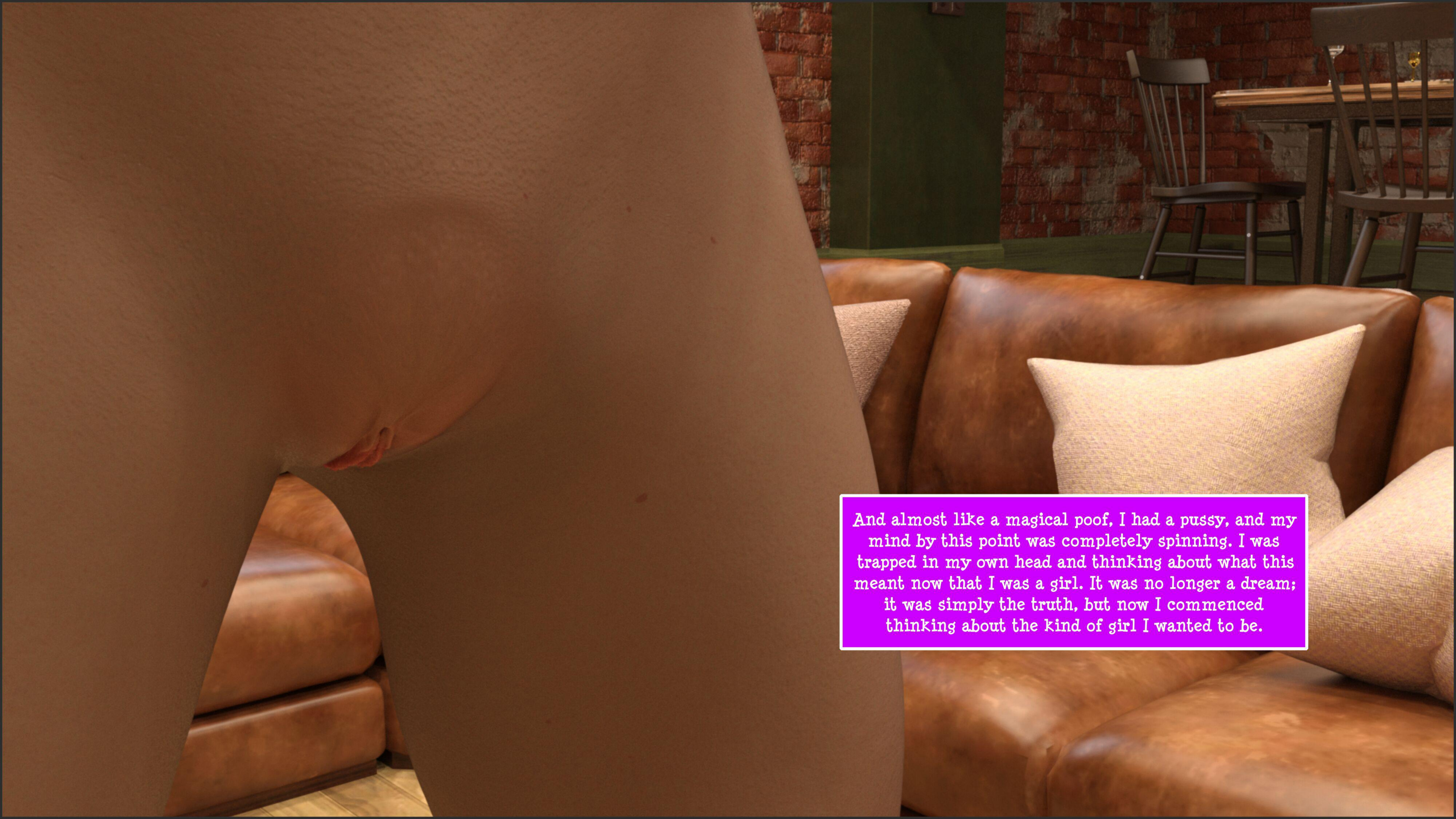
The sensation grew, but as it did, it drifted more towards the pleasure side of the equation. It took all my control not reach down and stroke myself, but in my mind, I had this fear that it would somehow mess the transformation up. Serena could see that my shaft shrank at this point, and it was a whole two inches at most.



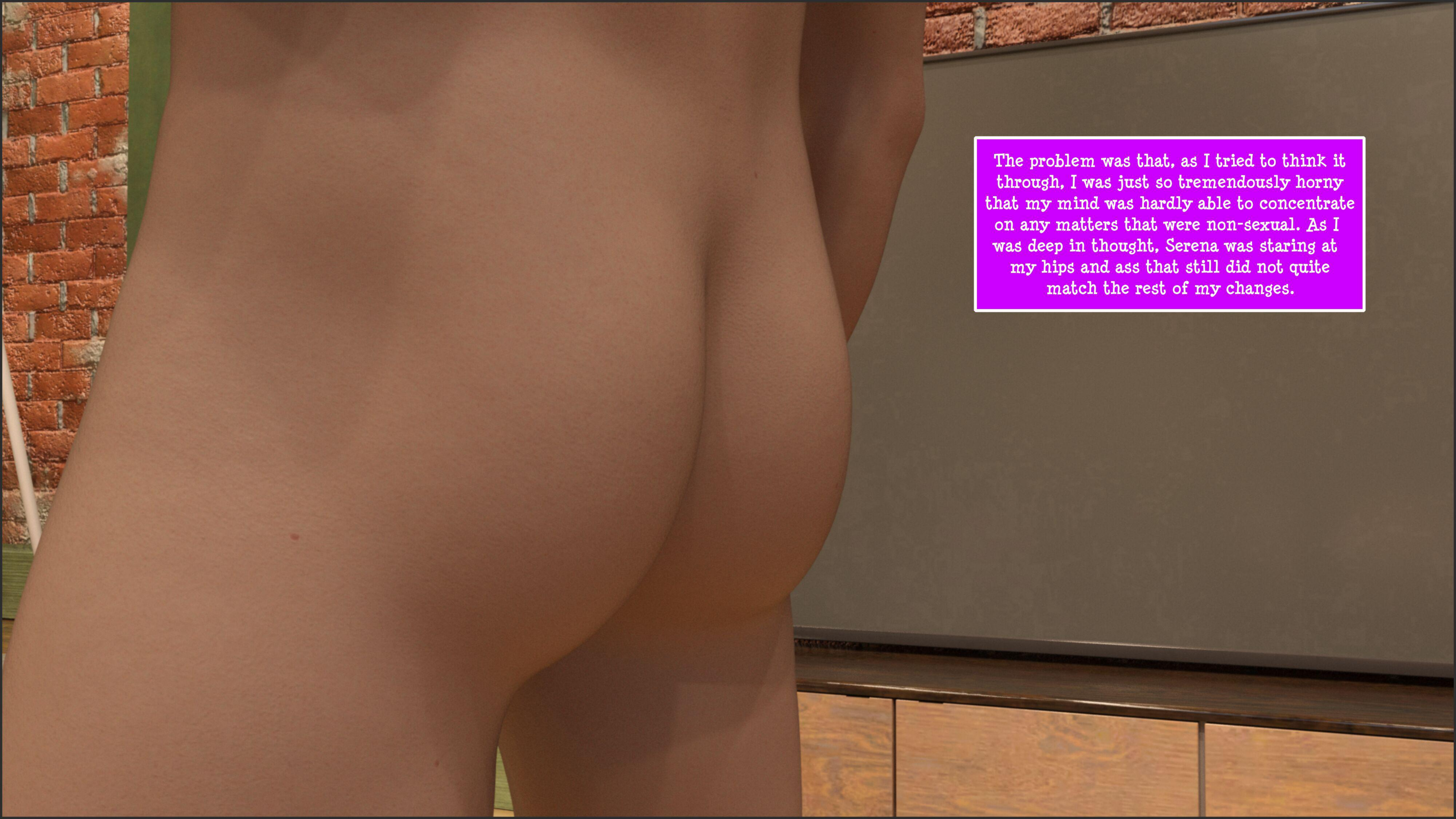
Now I was feeling completely strange because the loins were burning with desire, but I had never been smaller in my life. The penis was about an inch; however, in addition to that, the balls were now much smaller as well. Serena, for the first time, was speechless as it was really becoming clear that her plan was all coming together.

A 3D rendered scene showing the back and buttocks of a person with smooth, light-brown skin. The person is positioned in the foreground, leaning slightly forward. In the background, there is a brown leather sofa with several light-colored, textured pillows. The room has a brick wall and a wooden table with chairs in the distance. A purple text box is overlaid on the right side of the image.

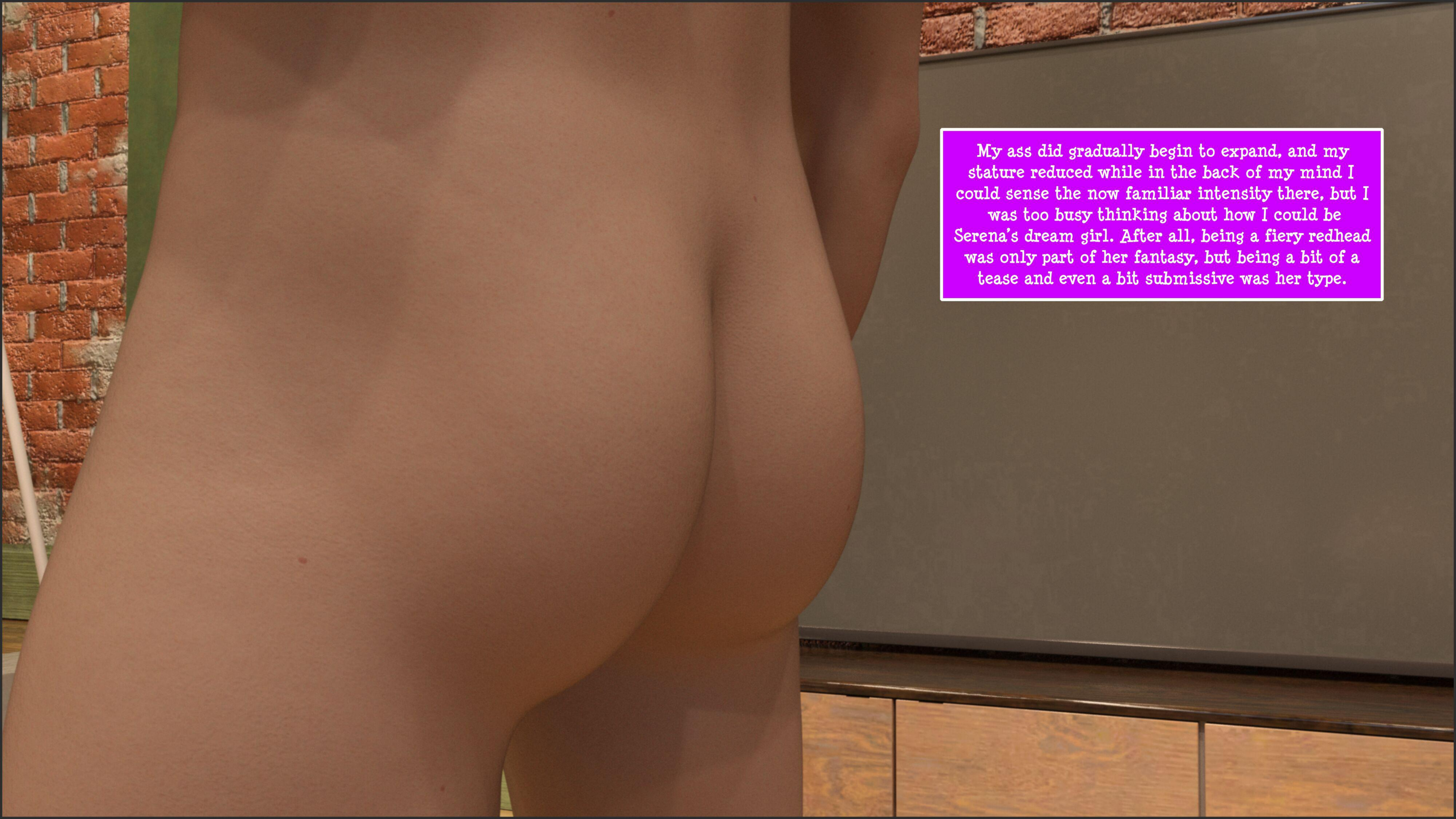
Then I felt it, the feeling of my manhood
absorbing back into me. The shaft
quickly became the lips of my pussy, and
all I could do was allow my eyes to roll
back in my head and breathe heavier
than I think I had ever in my life.




And almost like a magical poof, I had a pussy, and my mind by this point was completely spinning. I was trapped in my own head and thinking about what this meant now that I was a girl. It was no longer a dream; it was simply the truth, but now I commenced thinking about the kind of girl I wanted to be.



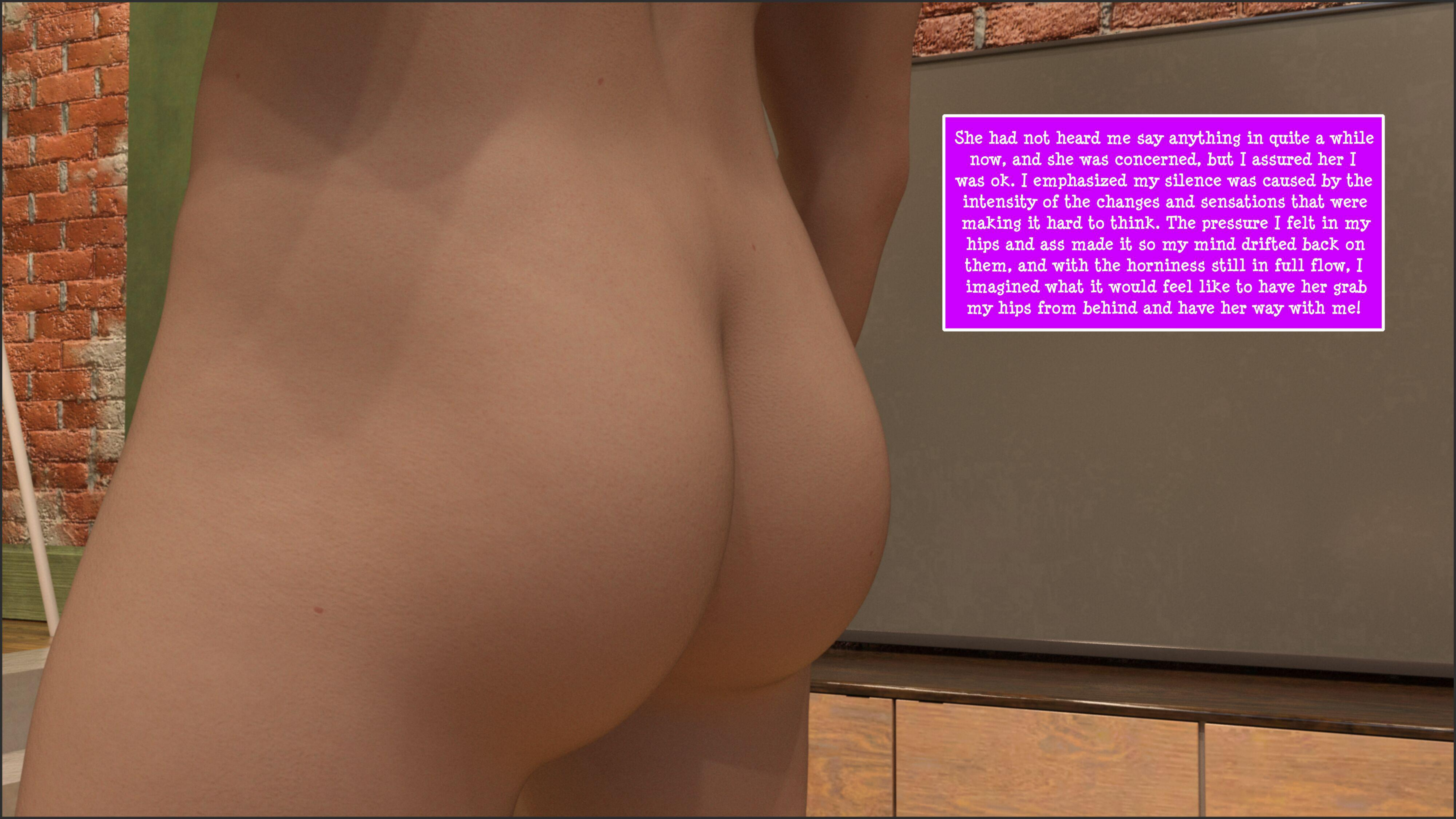
The problem was that, as I tried to think it through, I was just so tremendously horny that my mind was hardly able to concentrate on any matters that were non-sexual. As I was deep in thought, Serena was staring at my hips and ass that still did not quite match the rest of my changes.



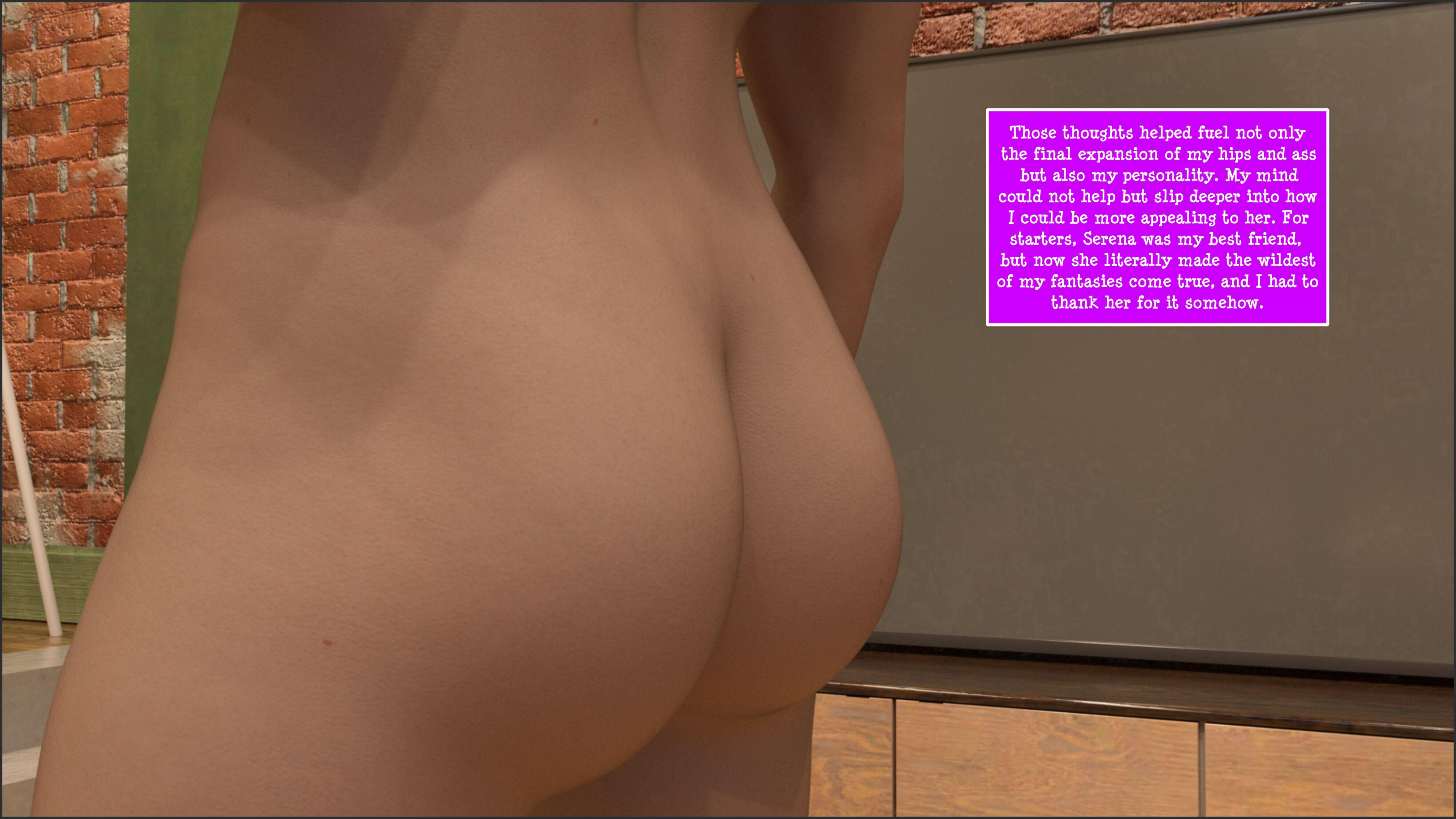
My ass did gradually begin to expand, and my stature reduced while in the back of my mind I could sense the now familiar intensity there, but I was too busy thinking about how I could be Serena's dream girl. After all, being a fiery redhead was only part of her fantasy, but being a bit of a tease and even a bit submissive was her type.



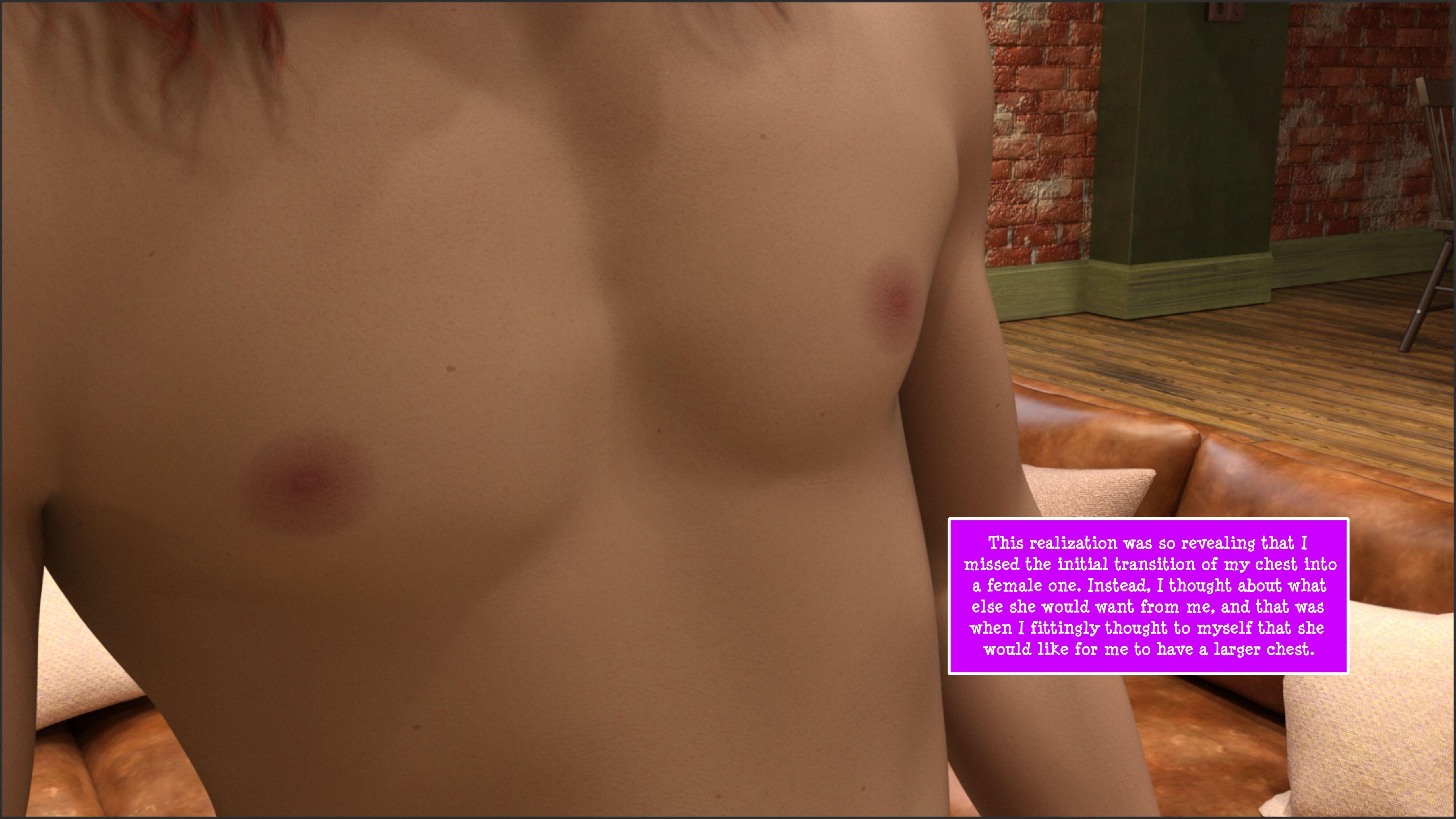
The question was, how do I act
submissive, and what if I was wrong?
Serena could see the body continue to
respond to the chemicals from the pill,
but still, the hips and ass were not quite
big enough to be considered feminine.



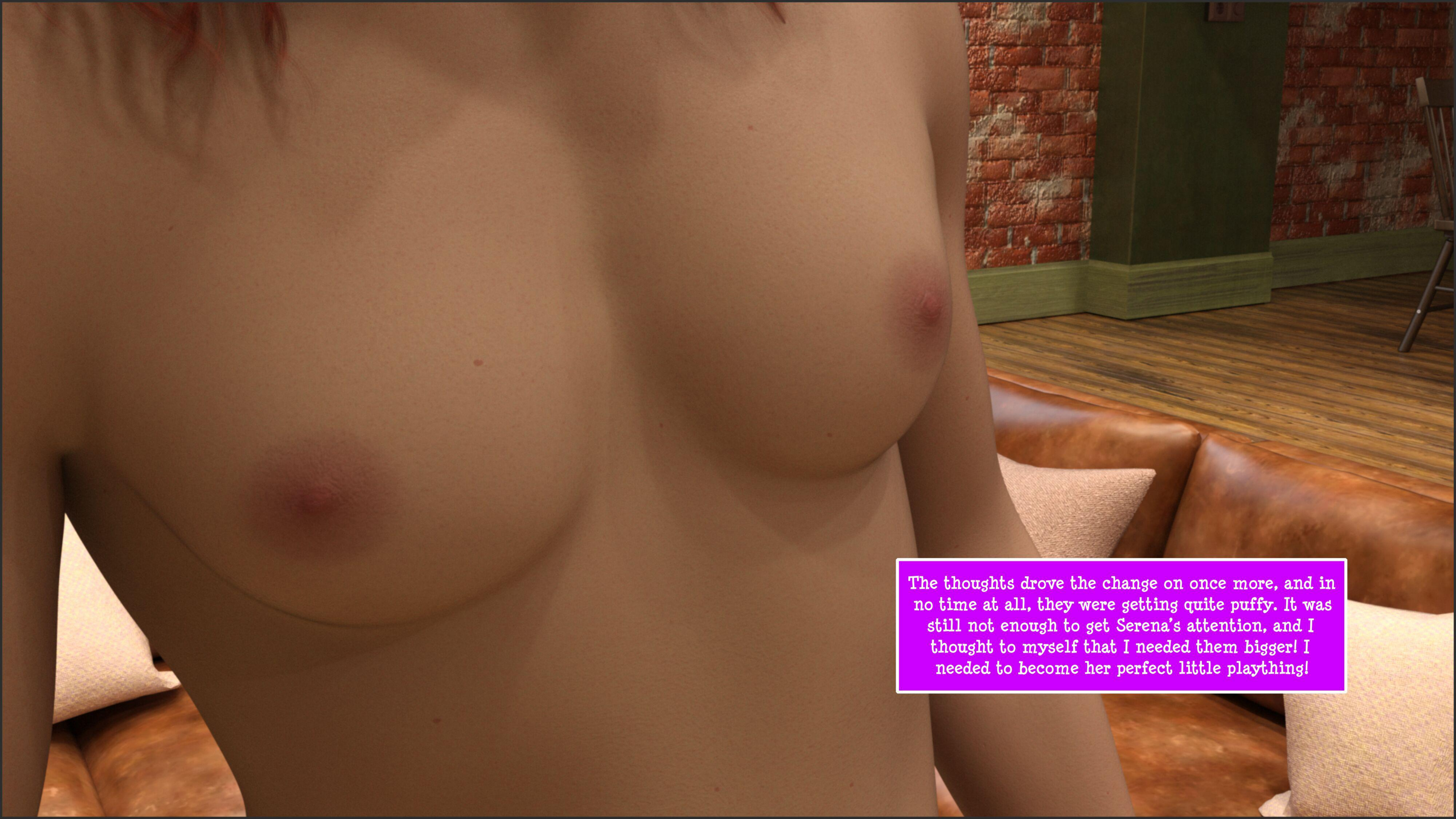
She had not heard me say anything in quite a while now, and she was concerned, but I assured her I was ok. I emphasized my silence was caused by the intensity of the changes and sensations that were making it hard to think. The pressure I felt in my hips and ass made it so my mind drifted back on them, and with the horniness still in full flow, I imagined what it would feel like to have her grab my hips from behind and have her way with me!



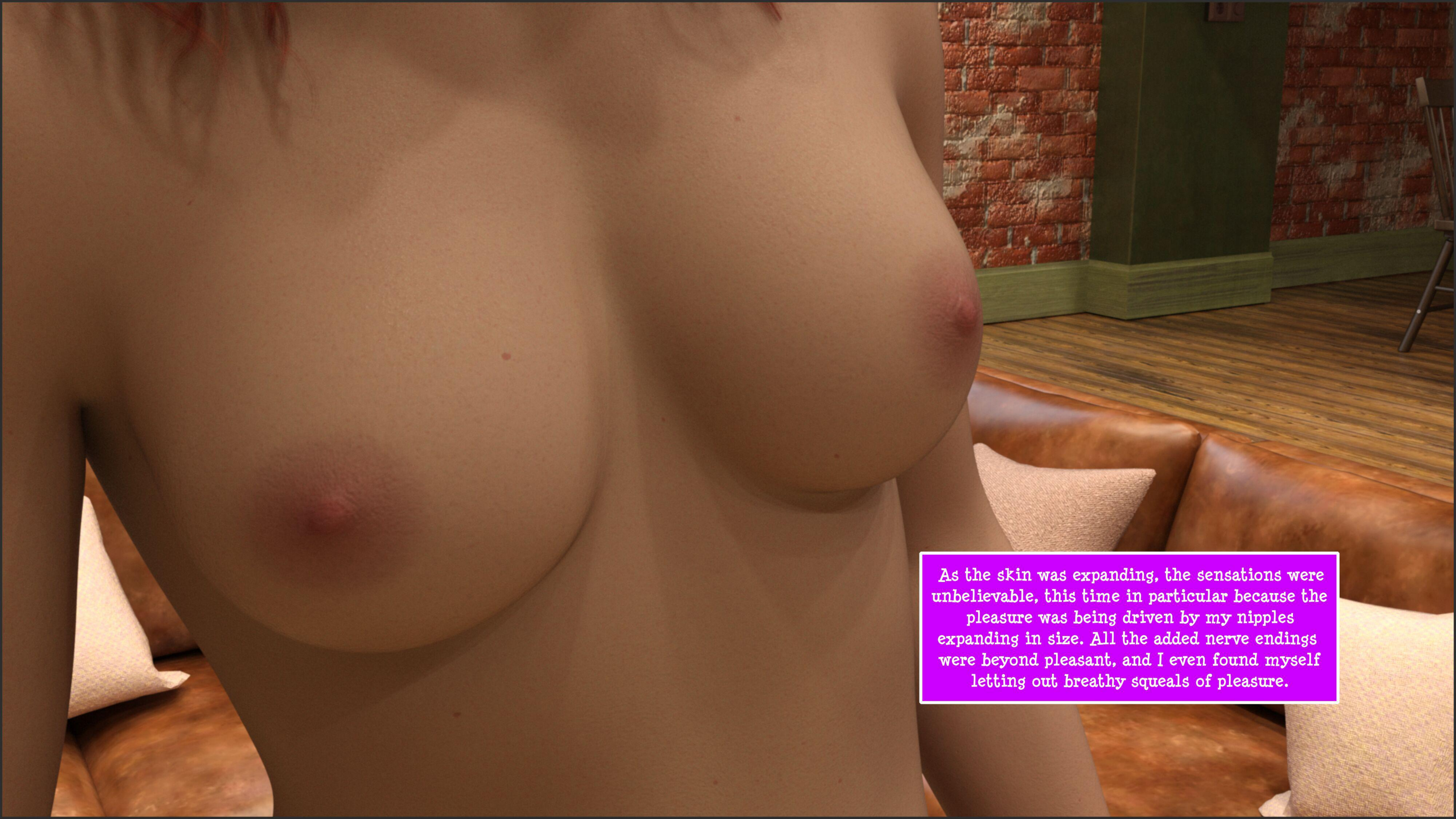
Those thoughts helped fuel not only the final expansion of my hips and ass but also my personality. My mind could not help but slip deeper into how I could be more appealing to her. For starters, Serena was my best friend, but now she literally made the wildest of my fantasies come true, and I had to thank her for it somehow.




This realization was so revealing that I missed the initial transition of my chest into a female one. Instead, I thought about what else she would want from me, and that was when I fittingly thought to myself that she would like for me to have a larger chest.

A close-up, first-person view of a person's bare torso and breasts. The person is sitting on a brown leather sofa with a light-colored cushion. In the background, there is a brick fireplace with a dark green mantel and a wooden floor. The lighting is warm and indoor.


The thoughts drove the change on once more, and in no time at all, they were getting quite puffy. It was still not enough to get Serena's attention, and I thought to myself that I needed them bigger! I needed to become her perfect little plaything!




As the skin was expanding, the sensations were unbelievable, this time in particular because the pleasure was being driven by my nipples expanding in size. All the added nerve endings were beyond pleasant, and I even found myself letting out breathy squeals of pleasure.




Now the boobs were looking great as they were definitely approaching C cups! I felt almost like an entirely different person now, so confident yet in a sense that I knew what I wanted for the first time, and that meant being completely and totally who Serena wanted me to be!




Serena still was laser-focused on my body, and she was practically in as much disbelief at how good I was now looking as I was. She could not make up her mind where to look as my tits, ass, and pussy all looked better than she could have ever envisioned them to be.




The changes now were almost at a critical mass, and I thought the changes would be done because, as far as I could see, the body was fully transformed. The face though still was feeling the flush feeling like everything else had. My thoughts really started to zero in on Serena and on thanking her, and what she would want.

A close-up shot of a woman with long, wavy red hair. Her eyes are closed, and she has a serene expression. She is positioned in front of a brick wall with a window that has a green frame. The scene is lit with soft, natural light, suggesting an indoor setting with a view of the outdoors.


I knew she would want me with some makeup, after all, she wanted a sultry redhead, so I started to envision the cosmetics. As I did, somehow they manifested on me on their own, but I couldn't see that. What I could feel, though, was how I desperately wanted to get down to business and have sex with my bestie!




Was she my bestie, though? No, she was more than that. I was nothing, and she was my everything. She deserved to be worshiped! After all, Serena still was sexier than I could have ever dreamed of being.



She would want me to possess full lips, too, and just like everything else, they began to change as well. I felt so alive, and it was as if I was about to blow, and we had not even begun to have any intimacy yet. It sank in that we were finally going to do this; she was Serena, and I was now Haylee. All obstacles were out of our way, and we could now be happy and do what we said we would!




And just like that, it was all completed, the hips, the lips, the hair, and my mind were all feminized, and Serena did not hesitate to bring me back to reality with the simple phrase, "Oh my God!"

A 3D rendered scene featuring a woman with long, wavy red hair standing nude in the center. She has her hands raised behind her head. The setting is a modern interior with a prominent brick wall on the left and a large window with a green frame. In the foreground, there is a brown leather sofa with several light-colored pillows. In the background, a dining table with wooden chairs is visible. A purple text box is overlaid on the left side of the image.


She called me Josh, but that was not
me anymore, no, that wasn't ever me! I
was then and forevermore Haylee!



Serena thought the way I was talking now was an act, like I would do back in the day when RPing. This time, however, that was not the case; this was the result of her work, thanks to the tablets. I assured her that this was no act, but she still was not fully convinced.

A woman with long, wavy red hair and freckles is shown from the chest up, looking towards the camera. She is in a restaurant or cafe with brick walls and wooden tables. A text box is overlaid on the image.

I could not wait any longer, I had to thank her for giving me these lovely tits! I mean, having them was so much better than I ever dreamed it would be, and I reminded her that now we could finally be together cause I'm the girl she always wanted me to be.



Serena was still a bit unsettled for the moment by the significant results, and she was trying to slow things down. I, however, only had one thing on my mind now, and that was serving her and satisfying her every pleasure!




I tried to get her in the mood, too, by throwing out ideas of all we could do together, but she did not bite yet. I tweaked the tactic and put the ball in her court, telling her to tell me what to do, as I knew she liked being in control!

Finally, Serena responded to all the sustained encouragement I've pushed on her, and she told me that she wanted to feel close to me! I bent over, assuming she wanted to fuck me with a strapon or something, but she wanted something else first.






She instead grabbed my hips and turned me around so we could start kissing in a passionate, close embrace! As we were going at it, I could not believe it was actually happening, but after a few seconds, the heights of pleasure were already at levels I had never conceived of.

A 3D rendered scene of two nude women in a rustic bar. The woman on the left has long, wavy red hair and is leaning towards the woman on the right, who has long, straight black hair. They are kissing. The woman with black hair has her hands on the hips of the woman with red hair. They are standing in front of a brown leather sofa with beige pillows. In the background, there is a wooden bar with several wooden chairs and tables. The walls are made of red brick, and there are several hanging pendant lights. The floor is made of light-colored wood.


That did not mean we stopped, no, we were just getting started as our lips moved seemingly even faster! I just had to see just how high the pleasure could get! Each second did not disappoint, and as the pleasure rose, so too did my desire to be with her and make the changes permanent.



God, even as I recall the feelings now, I remember the intensity! I mean, at that point, my whole body felt like it was on pins and needles, and all I could think about was how I wanted her to do, no, needed her to do even more!



Then, to my immense surprise, I felt waves of pleasure that I thought was my first orgasm as a woman, but in truth, I still was not there yet! Serena did pull away, and stupidly, I thought this meant we were done, as I thought I had finished, and also that she must want to stop, but instead, she told me to wait patiently!



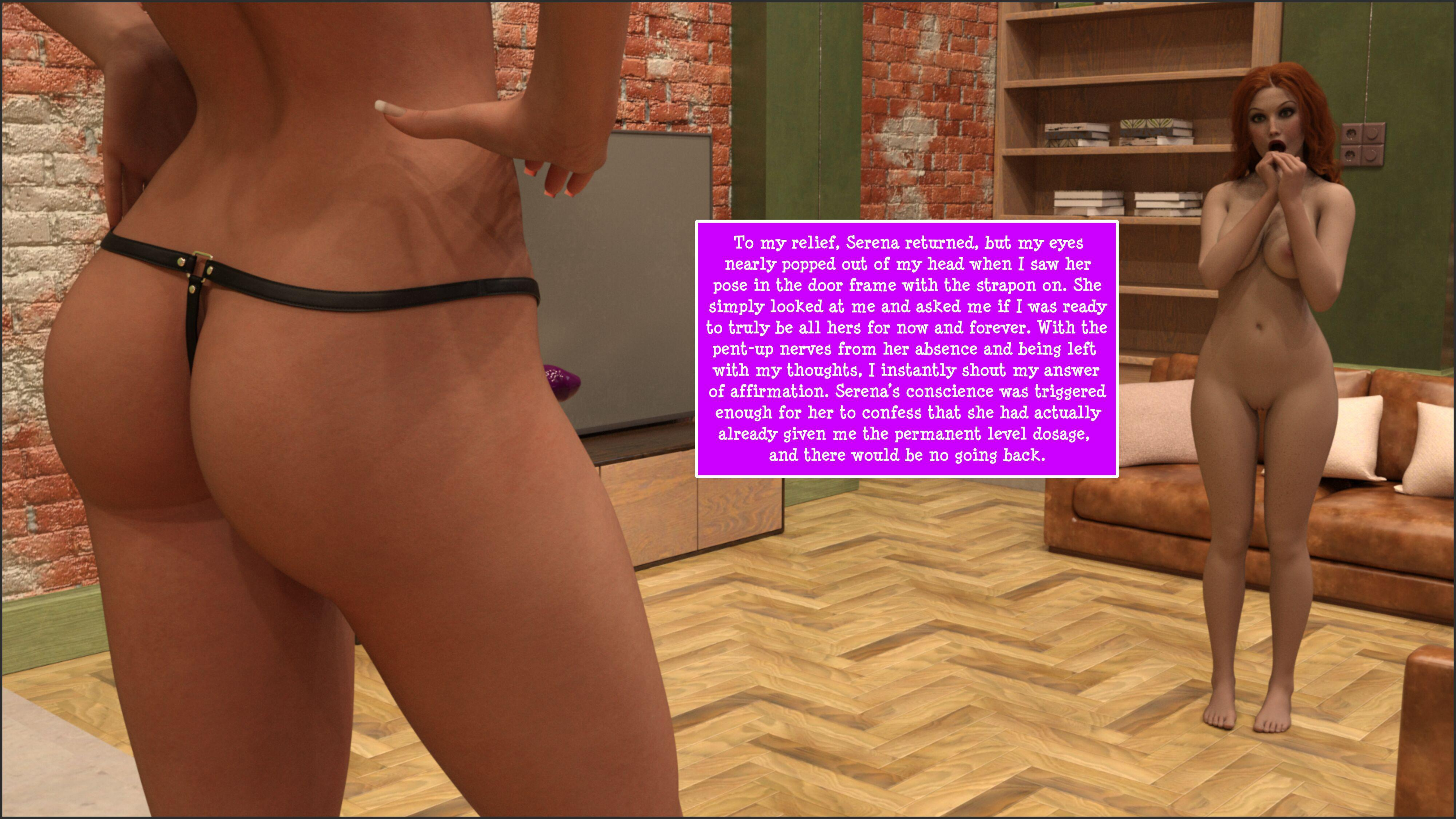
As I was still relatively confused about what was happening, Serena jogged away to go grab her surprise. My mind was panicking as all I wanted was to continue, but I was fearing I had messed it up somehow. I wanted to be with her forever, and I wanted to remain like this, so I concentrated my efforts on being anything Serena wanted me to be!



I did not know it, but she was about to introduce me to my new favorite thing. While I was standing there nervously hoping I had not screwed this up, she was putting on a belt and fastening in her large 10 inch purple dildo to her so she could show me true pleasure and a real orgasm.




Serena had it on, and she smiled deviously as she could not wait to see my response!



To my relief, Serena returned, but my eyes nearly popped out of my head when I saw her pose in the door frame with the strapon on. She simply looked at me and asked me if I was ready to truly be all hers for now and forever. With the pent-up nerves from her absence and being left with my thoughts, I instantly shout my answer of affirmation. Serena's conscience was triggered enough for her to confess that she had actually already given me the permanent level dosage, and there would be no going back.




I was not angry for even a second. I was just relieved that she wanted me and that I was finally going to be in my proper place in a sexual encounter, as the one being fucked, not dishing it out! My mind was already running through the thoughts of being able to serve Serena for the rest of my life and living out my days as her little plaything. As a sign of showing I will be hers, I bent over and eagerly awaited to be penetrated!




I could feel the firm tip pressed up against my new genitalia, and already I could feel my body quiver and get wet between the thighs. Serena, too, was feeling pleasure as there was a little nub of a dildo on the strap up her own pussy. Teasingly, she shouted that she was so glad she tricked me and that she looked forward to making me her little bitch!



Finally, though it was my time to be penetrated, and even though it was only half of the way in, my mind did not truly understand the feelings in my body, but I suspected I was approaching my first orgasm, too.



Then it happened, a pleasure so intense I could not even explain, and riding the wave of pleasure and emotion, I shouted out to her that I loved her and called her my mistress, symbolizing that I indeed was beneath her.



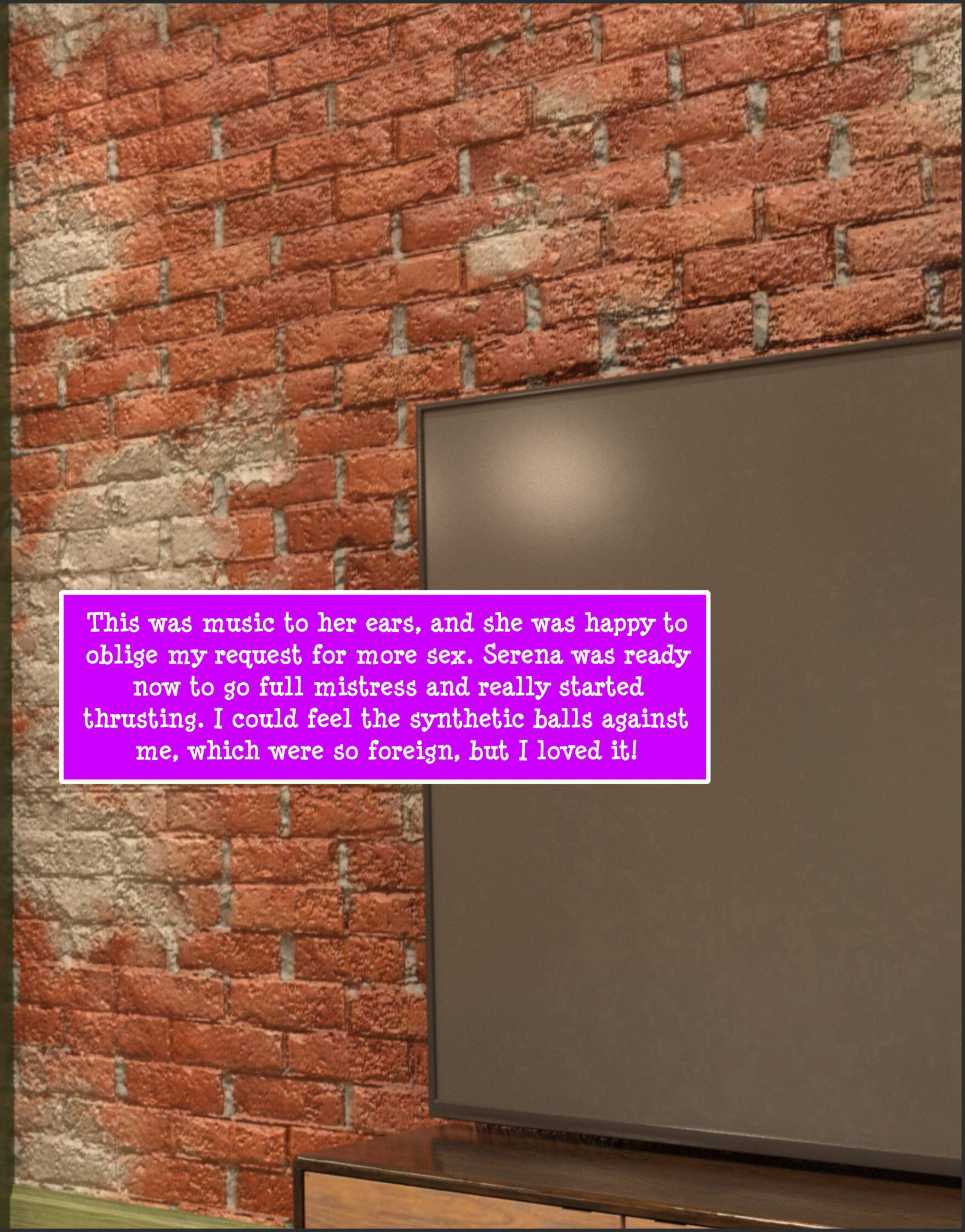
Serena loved the act of submission and called me her pet, which was a sign of her approval. She reiterated to me that she would take good care of me, but I just wanted the fucking to keep going and never let this moment of our wildest fantasies end.



For one last moment, her own insecurities trickled through, and she asked me to promise that I'd always love her and never leave. This was a no-brainer for me, as I had loved her for many years now, even before all of this! I told her yes and to just keep fucking me!




This was music to her ears, and she was happy to oblige my request for more sex. Serena was ready now to go full mistress and really started thrusting. I could feel the synthetic balls against me, which were so foreign, but I loved it!






Then, when I thought it could not get any better, it did! The pleasure was growing, and then it hit me, I had not actually orgasmed, but I was certainly nearing it. The thrusts got more powerful, and I just whimpered and pleaded with her to go harder!



Then I felt it, the orgasm I never knew I was missing in my life, and I was just so glad to be a girl and be in the love of my life's arms, shouting her name aloud.



That, however, was all a year ago, and things have changed oh so much since then!



For a while, it was all kink play, all the time, and a big part of that was from both of us being pent up for so long. One of Serena's favorites was watching me give her a strapon a blowjob. She would love to remind me that I was her little bitch and would remind me of my place as her servant!




The kinks, though, just kept on flowing, and we would do so much; there was cuckolding me and making me be with a man.



Then there were the fetish clubs!



Still, though, this, like many things, evolved, and sure, we maintained a power dynamic where I put her needs before mine, but our relationship “normalized” eventually as we had bills to pay and other totally normal things to do with life.




In fact, we even got to the point where we decided to make it official to all those around us and got married. The day was more enchanting than we could have ever dreamed of, as it was a small affair with just friends and some family.

Naturally, this too changed things, and soon the whole dynamic of mistress and servant faded and was replaced with a loving, nurturing partnership!





Sure, there were ups and downs, but we made sure to remember our roots and just how much work we had put into getting there.

A woman with long, wavy red hair is sitting on a brown leather sofa, reading a book. She is wearing a white sleeveless top and maroon leggings. The sofa has two light-colored pillows. Behind her is a wooden bookshelf with several books. The background features a brick wall and a green wall. The floor is made of light-colored wood.

As I add this to my diary now, I just cannot help but dream about all that lies before us and the potential that will always remain.

The End



THANKS FOR READING!

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