

The Dressing Machine (Man to Woman TG)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Sean is on his way to an important job interview, but he's in such a hurry that he accidentally falls into the mall's Beauty Autocloset Machine. Unfortunately, due to a glitch, the machine is determined to give him a very sexy and very permanent makeover into a sexy, busty babe! Can Sean escape in time, or will he come out looking for a very different kind of job?

The Dressing Machine

Sean ran through the mall. It was the best shortcut he could think of, even though he probably looks ridiculous in his ill-fitting suit and tie, racing through the multi-level mall just so he could get to the other side and make his way to the job interview. It wasn't his fault; his car had broken down unexpectedly, forcing him to run on foot in a mad dash to make it on time. It was just a lowly position in a large accounting firm, but he really needed the work, and it wasn't like he could just start up a popular social media account and make money from home like some people did! He had a forgettable face and dirty blonde hair and a set of whiskers that always threatened to become a beard yet never did, not to mention an overly lanky build. So he had to get himself out there and look professional, even if he was nervous as hell dealing with people.

"You can do this, Sean!" he said to himself even as he ran. "You can make it!"

He dashed around the corner, knowing that the west exit to the mall would lead him out onto the street that the firm he was applying to resided. Except it was closed.

Closed for maintenance.

The entire exit required the crowd to redirect all the way to the south, which was a whole fifteen minute extra walk. Even at a run, he'd be late!

"Shit, shit!" he cried, clutching his head. "Uh, what can I do? I've got to - there!"

There was a store bordering the closure, but it looked like one could slip around it with ease. Better yet, the store was closed down while the mall maintenance was taking place. Sean quickly checked that no one was looking, then he dodged to the side, vaulting over the guard in place to prevent anyone entering and then into the back of the store. It was one of those new high-tech salons, the ones with the beauty autocloset machines that could remake your look once and once only, and at high expense. Sean might have ordinarily found the idea intriguing even if he had no intention of using it himself, but right now he was in a hurry, and victory was in sight.

"Yes!" he cried. "I'm gonna make it, I'm gonna-"

Sean didn't notice the 'Wet Floor' sign, and it was his undoing. He slipped on a puddle caused by a spill from the pipe maintenance, and with a surprised cry he was sent careening off in the wrong direction, sliding on one foot and trying desperately to not slip and crack his skull on the tiled floor.

"No! Whoaahh! Watch out! Someone help me! Oh shit!"

He slid dramatically across the floor, away from his exit and salvation and straight towards one of the beauty autoclosets. It was open, and to his horror the machine was actually whirring and shifting.

'CUSTOMER DETECTED!' the machine cried in a chirpy, sing-song female voice.

"No! I'm not a customer! WHAAAH!"

Sean collided into the autocloset, crashing against it. It had a mirror on one sort of the tight space, a light bulb above to illuminate the space, and pale pink walls that made it clear this was *definitely* an autocloset intended for *female* customers. Sean quickly got back up to his feet and readied to escape, but the autocloset door shut and locked with a click, and that cheery female voice, like that of a valley girl mixed with a receptionist, spoke again.

'Welcome customer! My, you are looking beautiful today, but we can make you more beautiful!'

"I don't want to look beautiful!" Sean cried. "Terminate program?"

'Go ahead with program! Fantastic!'

"No, that's the opposite of what I said!"

'Program confirmed. I just love a woman who knows what she wants!'

"The fuck? I'm late for an interview! This is an emergency!"

The machine whirred, clicked, and then the voice returned: *'Emergency autocloset change organised. Remember, this is permanent and irreversible. Are you sure you wish to proceed with an emergency transformation and beautification?'*

"No! You pile of junk! No wonder this place is closed down; you're a pile of junk!"

'Wonderful. We thank you for using our Beauty Autocloset Technology. It will remake your life, one step of beauty at a time! Be ready, and please remove your clothing in preparation for the change, Miss . . . ?'

"I'm not a miss! I'm Sean!"

'Miss Sean it is!' the machine continued. *'Time for your grand makeover to begin!'*

To Sean's horror, a series of mechanical tentacles began to enter the autocloset, extending out of various lids that had opened in the closet lining. Sean pushed against the door, but it wouldn't give.

'Please avoid damaging the closet! Make sure you remove your clothing, Miss Sean!'

"Fuck you! I'm not Miss Sean! Fuck you and GET ME OUT OF HERE!"

He banged on the door again, demanding his freedom in a variety of invectives.

'Violent behavior detected! Miss Sean, this is not appropriate! You will need to be restrained or else your beautification will be flawed! One moment - let's remove your clothing!'

Sean gasped as the tentacles wrapped around his limbs, keeping him in place. He struggled, but they removed his shirt and pants with ease, holding him in the air in order to do so.

"This is insane!" he cried. "You're clearly glitching out! What kind of fucking technology is this!?"

He held his underwear, but the autocloset removed that with ease as well, far stronger than he was. His clothing was pulled through a series of slots before he could grab them back, leaving the poor young man utterly naked in this space. He clutched himself, humiliated beyond belief, but the terrible transformation was only beginning, because the tentacles released him, only to return with new fittings on their ends; buzzing ones.

"You can't be serious," he said, gaping at the many buzzers.

'Time to remove all that excess body hair! Worry not, our laser treatment will ensure your skin is smooth and womanly, Miss Sean!'

"NO!"

But screaming did nothing. Sean grabbed a metallic robot arm, holding it away from his chest, but two more began to buzz away his chest hair. He squealed, jumping against the wall in this tight space as buzzers reshaped his pubic hair, turning it into the classic inverted triangle bush of a woman. Even his balls were shaved, no matter how much he batted away the arms. Several more arms unfolded out, these ones more like a series of multi-jointed robotics. Red lasers crisscrossed his skin, causing brief spasms and pain where they passed.

"Ouch! What the fuck? You can't take my body hair, you damn machine!"

But it was taking all of it, bar his pubic hair, which was left trim and pretty. His underarms were smooth and would never grow hair again, the same for his face and his chest, his arms and his legs, even his rear and back. More than that, where they passed, they left his skin baby smooth and perfect, without blemish, wart, or visible pore. Sean marvelled, half-unbelieving what he was seeing, at the sight of his now-womanly skin, particularly his legs.

"No way. I'm not dealing with this!"

He kicked at the door, using brute force. He could hear something rattling in there. He was certain he could get free.

'Calm down, Miss Sean! You have to trust the process!'

He was wrenched back as a device landed on his head, like an upside down salad bowl. It suctioned his scalp, and again that warm sensation returned, though not painful this

time. Sean tried to remove it several times, but it just tugged and pulled and did *something* to his scalp, and when it rose he turned and saw himself in the mirror, gasping even as his new hair fell down over his eyes. It was gorgeous, fiery red hair that fell down to his shoulders, shiny and shimmering like it was straight from a shampoo ad.

“You’ve given me red hair? What the fuck!? Change it back!”

‘All changes are permanent, Miss Sean. Remember, this is the body type you selected!’

“I didn’t select shit! I didn’t - ohhhh!”

Large pads extended, pressing into his sides. Several suction cups attached to his ass, to his chest, to his hips and even to his thighs. Small ones pressed into his cheeks, and some kind of addiction device pushed out against his lips, so that the only sound Sean could make was a humiliated and fearful muffled whine. His heart beat rapidly, trying to figure out just what the *hell* the machine was doing now.

He got his answer fairly quickly.

A new sound started; one that sounds almost organic. The semi-translucent piping connected to the suction cups began to fill with a gelatinous substance.

“What the hell is that!?” he managed, pulling free of the lip cover for a moment.

‘That is our New-U Tissue! It will flawlessly integrate itself into your body, resculpting it to have the beautiful curves you always dreamed of!’

“You’re kidding!? You finally understand something I say and it’s *that!*? STOP THIS! SOMEONE HELP MEEEE!!!”

But no one and nothing was coming to save Sean. He moaned, overwhelmed by reluctant pleasure as his body was actively pumped full of new tissue and fat in all the right places. Needles poked into his sides, and suddenly his body went far more limp, suspended only by the technology around him.

‘And this will help change your bones to be far more pretty and seductive! You go, queen!’

The lip cover re-asserted itself more firmly, preventing Sean from speaking. He moaned again, this time in an even more agonising bliss. His hips spread wider, and his ass became positively peachy. His chest grew, expanding forth and growing, growing, *growing*, his nipples likewise swelling and gaining an insane amount of sensitivity that left his eyes rolling into the back of his head.

“MMHHMMM!!” he managed, even as his lips puffed up courtesy of the device attached to them. The struggling man shook his shoulders, a feeble attempt to escape, especially since said shoulders were shrinking down along with the rest of his musculature. Soon his figure was undeniably female, the pads at his side massaging his waist and pushing it in. His breasts - for he could not deny that he now had a big pair of sensitive tits -

grew even larger, massive and feeling like they were the size of overripe cantaloupes and in desperate need of support. The suction cups massaged them, encouraging yet further growth, and it caused Sean's penis to harden into a full erection.

"MWAH!" he cried as the suction device left his lips. The others all left as well, and Sean cried out in shock at his own reflection: apart from his penis, he now looked like a total woman! He had a set of gorgeously wide, baby-making hips, an itty bitty waist and huge head-sized tits. His nipples were pink, large, and perfect. He cupped his breasts, salivating at their size and sensitivity, trying not to moan. Even his feet were being massaged into daintiness, and his hands as well.

"My face . . ."

His features had been reshaped, and two more needles quickly jabbed it, causing his jaw to crack further and leave him with a very pretty, perhaps even sexy face. No, definitely sexy, complete with gorgeous eyes and full, kissable lips.

"I don't even look like me anymore!"

'You look better darling! You have the kind of face that could capture any man!'

"I'm meant to be a man, you freak! I'm getting the fuck out of here!"

The rage and shame that Sean felt had hit its peak. He grabbed some of the robotic arms and ripped them down, tearing at their joints and damaging their circuits. This was despite the fact that his body was now slim and curvaceous. Even his height had been reduced, but he was so determined to escape that he refused to allow even his new physical limitations to stop him.

"Fuck you!" he cried, pushing against the door with his legs and pressing his back against the wall for leverage. Some screws gave way. The door started to bend. Even as an arm applied a patch to his throat that seemed to melt away his Adam's apple, leaving him with a high, feminine whine, he still pushed.

"You can't stop me!" he cried, voice now female and damnably sensual to hear.

'Emergency! You are becoming anxious! We will offer services of pleasure to calm you down for the final transformation! Your beautification is nearly complete!'

"No!" he screamed. "You can't - oh God!"

A new device sprung forth, one that looked like it had a damn *fleshlight* attached to it. It lowered upon his still-hard penis, and a pair of manipulable pads pressed themselves on his breasts while another rose up to cup his buttocks. They vibrated, and Sean could only moan in another bout of extended pleasure as the fleshlight inserted itself over his penis and began to milk him.

"Ohhhh!" he gasped, losing all ability to escape. "Ohhhh, s-stop! Why does this f-feel so - ahhh!"

'Your body's libido is increased, and our mental changes will ensure you are attracted to the most desirable men and move in ways to please them!'

Sean tried to complain, to stop the cap that was landing on his head yet again. It buzzed upon his scalp, altering his brain, filling it with pleasure and a strong female libido, not to mention making him see himself as a *her*.

"N-no! I'm not a woman! Ohhh!"

But *she* felt like one, even as her dick was being pleased by the autocloset's functions. Her penis was starting to go numb from it all, and to the new woman's (at least in mind) horror, she could literally witness the fleshlight shrinking, getting closer to the space between her thighs as it pushed in more and more. The flesh began to slide inwards, and with a dread realisation it all came to her.

"You've giving me a fucking *vagina!*?"

'We must match your inner mind to your outer body, honey! Enjoy your beautiful new cooch! We'll ensure it gives you the most heightened sensitivity and delightful orgasms. Feel!'

It pushed in further, and Sean wailed, crying out in her high womanly voice, struggling against the cheer pleasure. Her vagina formed, a new passage burrowing into her as the fleshlight shifted, becoming a goddamn *dildo*.

"Oh God! Mhmm! Ohhhhhh!"

She was lost in the bliss, unable to fight it. Sean made meagre attempts to push herself out the door, but the pads upon her breasts were cupping on them, simulating a tender squeeze and grope that was driving the new woman wild. Her ass inflated just a little more, her breasts too, just from the sheer attention of it all.

"Mhmm! N-no! This c-can't be permanent!" she exclaimed, stroking her sensitive skin. "This can't b-be me! Ohhhhh! Ahhhh!!"

The orgasm hit her like a fucking *freight train*. Her voice cried out higher than she could have believed, cracking as the next orgasm hit, and then the next, and then the *next*. Each one was a flood, further confirming her new femininity. As she wailed, lost in the throes of her unwanted joy, new arms emerged from the autocloset's walls to fine tune her. They applied glossy pink lipstick to her lips, put light violet eyeshadow around her eyes, teased out her eyelashes and applied a very thin lining of mascara. Her cheeks were left slightly rosy as if she were permanently flushed and aroused, and silvery earrings were pierced through her lobes; hanging ones with small studded jewels, adding to her raw sensuality. Her hair gained curls as the machine attended to it, leaving her looking like a very busty and breathtaking model, albeit a naked one.

Next came clothing. Sean was still murmuring, struggling with the post-coital bliss and her own wobbling legs. She couldn't fight back as the machine put her in tiny silk panties

and a strapless bra, one that was just barely capable of lifting her huge breasts up into a colossal amount of cleavage.

“H-cups?” she managed to utter, noticing the tag just as they were applied. “I - I didn’t know they went that big . . .”

But they were huge in her vision, blocking out her toes. Next came pantyhose and high heels, the latter pink to match the nail polish and toe polish that was being applied at the same time. A mini-dress was hastily pulled up over her legs, one that hugged her impressive hips and rear tightly, and had a low cut that showed off her massive boobs, looking as if they were going to spill out at any second. Her bra was artfully concealed, and with each gyration and turn of the wearied new woman, her huge mammaries wobbled, enough to catch any man’s eye and probably more than a few women too.

“At I-least give m-me different clothes,” she muttered, trying to catch her breath.

‘We also have bikinis and sexy nightwear.’

“Oh God, then just get me out of here!”

‘Certainly! You have been a valued customer, Miss Sean! Enjoy your new and permanent beautification! Have a nice day!’

With that, the door finally opened, and a quick pat from a robotic arm against her behind caused her to vault out of the autocloset. The door shut behind her, and a little image of a pink heart showed on the screen, as if Sean had just been done a favour.

Still in shock, the new woman stepped out of the closed-off shop and out into the mall. Numerous eyes turned her way, especially from a group of young men passing by. None of them were looking at Sean’s eyes; instead, they were trained upon her massive yet pert chest, her gorgeous hourglass figure, and the way so much of her bounced as she walked on her heels, her changed mental state somehow knowing how to walk like a devastatingly sexual creature, and *not* knowing how to walk any other way!

“Check out the hot chick with the huge tits!” a man said to her left, obviously thinking he was being quiet.

“Fuck me, she’s hot,” shouted a teen.

“Can’t believe she’s wearing something so scandalous,” an older woman noted, walking past with someone who must have been her daughter.

“Mom, that’s just what people wear now. Though it does look like she’s struggling to keep herself in it.”

Even a rather attractive blonde whined to her friends. “Eugh, I wish I had boobs like that. Lucky bitch.”

But Sean felt anything *but* lucky. Instead, she cupped her breasts and felt her figure in full view of the mall’s denizens, and then she opened her mouth and *screamed*.

Sean was not a fan of where her life had gone. She hadn't even gotten a damn *settlement* from the auto-closet company, since technically she'd broken in. And the changes really were permanent, just like she was a full woman, with a fully functioning *everything*. And because she'd been late for her interview, she hadn't been hired. Besides, what kind of accounting firm was going to hire someone who looked like they dropped out of a porno?

A playboy bunny restaurant, that's what.

It was the only way to pay her bills now, one that made use of her dynamite figure with all its endless curves. She wore a sexy tight outfit that her boobs were practically spilling out of, and she leaned on her endlessly sensual voice and sexy movements to get good tips. Tips for tits, as they would say. Men liked her a lot, though they barely looked at her eyes. More than a few liked to quickly squeeze her ass and tits when they thought they could get away with it. She just had to accept it as part of the job like so many others.

Just like one other thing, in fact. Because as Sean took out a plate of food to the table of men around her own age, she couldn't help but lick her lips and stare at the more handsome ones, just as they were staring at her. The machine hadn't lied that it had made her both into sexy men and given her a high libido.

Because much as it pained her to admit it, she really, really, really needed to use her sexy, busty new body to fuck one of the guys at this table by the time the night was over. And thought it was only a month since her change, this wouldn't be the first time.

Not by far.

The End