



The Full Moon
was a
Bright Shade of
Pink

John Dylena



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The Full Moon was a Bright Shade of Pink

by John Dylena

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a Pink Skirt Press story

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This story contains adult material and was not suitable for readers under the age of 18. It also contains strong language and sexual situations. Most are of erotic nature and contain graphic and detailed descriptions of sex and/or masturbation.

If you, the reader, are of legal age (18+) and are fine with the previously mentioned themed story, then continue.

Enjoy.

It was two in the morning and the club was quiet, except for the handful of regulars: a couple of older men with money to burn and an empty whiskey bottle. On the stage, two women vied for their attention and the money they were eagerly waving about.

They were Autumn, a blue-eyed blonde in a plaid miniskirt and tied blouse, and Jannie with her dark skin in a leather get-up. The bouncer, a balding man wearing a biker jacket, sat on a stool near the entrance smoking his fifth cigarette and the bartender kept cleaning the same glass.

In a booth by himself, a young man watched the two girls dance. It was a Thursday night and the sky was clear and full of stars.

The music shifted and Autumn left the stage. Another girl with brown hair in a tiger-striped bikini replaced her.

Alex took a swig from the drink in his hands, and getting only melted ice water, set it back down on the table and frowned. He looked at his watch and decided to call it a night. He returned the glass to the bar with a small tip underneath and bid a silent goodnight to the bartender.

Walking through a cloud of smoke, he held his breath as he exited the strip club into the cold night air. Fall was giving way to winter and the evening was brisk. He put his hands in his jacket pockets and walked down the sidewalk, stopping once he reached the alleyway.

He instinctively stole a glance into the narrow opening and saw Autumn. She was leaning against the brick wall of one of the buildings and didn't look well. Alex paused a moment, pondering whether or not to talk to her, then eventually gave in.

He visited the club she worked at every so often, and it was the second time he had seen her perform. The last time he'd seen her on stage was weeks prior, and briefly, he wondered why he hadn't seen her more often.

Shaking the thought from his head, he watched her wobble in her platform heels as she tried to exit the alley, holding her head in her hand.

"Are you all right?" he asked her.

“What? Yeah fine,” she replied, brushing him off. But then she took another step forward and tripped. Alex caught her before she fell and he felt a sharp pain in his arm as one of her nails tore into his skin. She stood up quickly, pushing off of him.

“Hey, quit it!” she said as she separated from him. Regaining her composure, she sped off down the sidewalk in the other direction.

You’re welcome.

Looking down at his arm, he noticed a small cut. He looked back for any sign of Autumn, but she was gone.

Ignoring the tiny wound, he shrugged and headed home. Autumn was supposed to be on again tomorrow night, so he figured he would try to catch her before the show and chat. Despite their less-than-pleasant encounter tonight, Autumn was definitely a girl worth waiting for.

The following night was just as clear and cool as the last, only the full moon now shone brightly. Walking through the dark, deserted park, Alex looked at his watch. It was nine p.m. Autumn would probably be on stage soon.

Since the night before, the cut on his arm had been bothering him. At first it was a sharp pain, but as time went by it became dull and throbbing. By now he had gotten used to it and forgot it was there, except now the pain was back and worse than ever.

Squeezing his arm, he made his way to a park bench and sat down. The pain was unbearable and he knew if he kept walking he would lose his balance.

After a minute of agony, the pain in his arm vanished. Breathing heavily, he worried about the mystery cut. In the soft yellow glow of the street lamp, he inspected his arm.

Odd, he thought to himself. It’s completely healed. There’s nothing but a small scar.

He scratched his head and winced when his fingernails caught on his scalp.

“Ow!” He extended his hand and noticed his fingernails were considerably longer and than before. That was even stranger. Alex had always been a nail biter and kept his nails short and messy.

Looking at them now, all ten of his fingernails were long and polished smooth, with bright white tips extending past the end of his fingers.

He stood up in shock, examining his nails from all angles. His focus was cut off by a knot in his stomach. Thinking he was about to vomit, he stumbled into the men’s bathroom close by. Fortunately, it was also vacant. The pain in his stomach soon spread to his bones, and in the bathroom mirror, he watched his body shrink half a foot.

Alex’s shirt hung loose and he had a hard time keeping his pants from falling off as his waistline narrowed. His hips widened and his butt gained some padding. His once toned and muscular arms thinned and his hands became dainty as his fingers slimmed. The hair on his arms vanished as his skin became smooth and soft.

He felt a tingling in his chest and watched as two mounds swelled up, stretching his shirt and stopping when they became the size of melons. He felt a tightness in his crotch, and in a fit of panic, he pulled down his pants and watched as his manhood shrunk up into his body. The pink slit of a virgin pussy took its place.

“Holy shit!” he said in a voice he didn’t recognize. It was high-pitched and distinctly feminine. “Holy shit!” he said again. “I... I have a woman’s voice! And a woman’s body!”

As his face began to tingle, he watched his appearance change. His beard vanished as his jawline reformed—gone was his Adam’s apple. As his face feminized, his hair grew out and lightened, transforming into a vibrant shade of platinum blonde. His eyebrows thinned and his irises changed from dark brown to bright Caribbean blue. His lips plumped and his teeth became perfectly straight and white.

Alex waited a moment, but nothing else altered. The transformation, it seemed, was complete.

“This can’t be happening!” he whimpered, examining his body in disbelief. “I’m like, totally a chick!” He froze. “Did I just say, ‘like, totally’?! Oh-em-gee, I like, totally did!” He covered his mouth with his hands, fearing more vapid words would escape his mouth.

This is not good. The blonde hair, the speech... I’ve turned into a bimbo!

“Excuse me, miss? You’re in the wrong restroom.”

Alex froze. He looked at the mirror to see the man standing in the doorway. He turned to face him.

“Oops! My bad. I was in a hurry and wasn’t looking where I was going,” he giggled. “Excuse me!” He hurried past the man and back into the park.

That came naturally, even the giggle...

In the desolate silence surrounding him his mind replayed the previous day’s events, searching for the reason behind the transformation. Then he remembered the wound on his arm and how much it had hurt right before his body had changed.

Autumn! I have to talk to her. She scratched me yesterday when I saved her from falling.

Alex arrived at the strip club and hesitated. He waited on the sidewalk across the street from the building. Looking down at his watch, which now barely clung to his tiny wrist, he saw that it would be prime time at the club. A couple of people were in line outside, and as the door opened and closed, he could see a full house inside.

I can’t go in the front doors. Maybe there’s a side entrance for the dancers?

He sprinted down the street and walked past the front doors, avoiding any eye contact with the patrons in line. Ignoring the catcalls, he turned down the alleyway he remembered Autumn coming out of. In the glow of an orange light, he saw a metallic door with a sign that said “No Admittance — Dancers Only”. He took a deep breath and opened the door.

The door opened to a narrow, dimly-lit hallway. The walls were clean but barren save for a couple doors leading to other rooms. At the end of the hallway was a large locker and dressing room. There were several girls chatting as they quickly changed into different outfits.

Alex dove back into the darkness of the hallway. The women were stripping down naked without a care in the world. He slowly poked his head into the locker room once more and scanned for Autumn. With the rack of different colored wigs within reach, he looked again to make sure he didn't accidentally skip her.

Shit, I don't see her anywhere. Maybe she's on stage?

He waited in the hallway for another minute or two. A male announcer introduced the ladies and they all left the locker room to go on stage. With the place empty, Alex quickly searched for Autumn's locker.

"Who are you?" he heard a male voice say. Alex turned to see an older gentleman, whom he recognized as Angus, the owner, standing in the hallway. "Well? You gonna answer me?"

"Sorry! I'm a friend of Autumn and was looking for her. Is she here?"

Angus rubbed his chin. "She hasn't come in yet."

"Oh. Well, do you have her number so I can call her?"

Angus dug around his pockets for a piece of paper and pulled a pen out of the other. He started writing, then stopped and squinted at Alex.

"If you're her friend, shouldn't you have her number?"

Uh oh! Quick, think of something!

"I just got a new phone and her number isn't in it."

"Oh, okay." He continued scribbling down her number. Then he stepped forward to hand it to Alex, but pulled back at the last second.

"Hey, before I give this to you, would you consider filling in for Autumn for

tonight? I'm shorthanded at the moment and you've got a great body. Have you danced before?"

"No, I haven't."

"Would you like to?"

No! You have to go find Autumn!

Come on, it'll be fun!

Alex looked around the room for the voice, but the only people there were him and the manager.

A menagerie of outfits dangled from shiny clothing racks and a variety of high heels were lined up below. Angus walked past him and quickly skimmed through the outfits, then grabbed a shiny pink and silver bra and matching miniskirt. Then he dug through a drawer and grabbed a black thong and a pair of shiny silver platform heels.

"Here. I think this outfit is perfect for you. Don't worry, everything is cleaned on a daily basis."

"I, uh..." Alex said, looking at the items in Angus' hands.

Yes, dancing is fun! Bimbos love to dance.

There it is again... Where is this voice coming from?

Alex bit his lip and twirled his hair as he thought about it.

"I'll give you two hundred dollars, plus whatever tips you get."

"Okay! That totally sounds like fun!" he giggled. "No harm in trying, right?"

Wait, what? What the hell did I just say?

Angus smiled as he handed Alex the outfit. "Just knock on my door when you're ready to go out."

Alex nodded as he took the items from Angus.

What are you doing—

Oh, lighten up! This totally sounds like fun, right—being on stage and dancing for all the horny men. Maybe one of them will invite you to do a private dance!

He giggled as he stripped out of his man clothes and tossed them into one of the vacant lockers. For the first time since the transformation, he could see his new body in full view. He turned to the side and looked at his appearance from several different angles.

Yum! So sexy!

“So. Totally. Hot,” he said as he gave his reflection a kiss and giggled some more.

Who are you? Why are you doing this to me?

I’m you, silly. I’m the bimbo trying to come out. Don’t you want to be a bimbo?

No! I’m a guy!

Well, we’ll see about that.

Alex blinked and his body moved on its own.

He walked back to the bench and got dressed. He put on the bra, tying it in the back and then the black thong. He pulled the side straps up so they rode the curve of his hips. He put on the miniskirt and adjusted the thong straps so they could be seen. The skirt left nothing to the imagination, showcasing his panties with little effort.

He sat down on the bench and put on the heels. To his surprise, they fit perfectly. He stood up and was shocked further when he realized that walking in the six-inch heels came naturally.

He sat down at the vanity and instinctively touched up his makeup. Once he

was satisfied, he knocked on the manager's door.

Angus came out and commented on how sexy he looked as he walked down the hallway. "Wait a second. I forgot to ask you for your name."

"Abby," Alex replied.

"Abby... hmm."

"Something wrong?"

"Needs some pizzazz," he said as he scratched his chin. "Got it, your stage name for tonight will be 'Sweet Abby'. How does that sound?"

"It's cute!" Alex replied, bouncing excitedly. A couple of the girls came back into the locker room.

Stop doing this to me!

"Girls, girls, this is Abby. She will be going on tonight instead of Autumn. This is her first time, so help her out some."

"Okay, sure," one of them said, regarding Alex with a smile. "It's pretty energetic out there, so just keep moving to the beat and you'll be fine."

"Yeah," another agreed. "The guys are pretty drunk, so you could be a huge klutz and still do great."

"Boss, what happened to Autumn?"

"I don't know. She hasn't come in yet and I haven't heard from her." The three girls frowned, but Angus was nonplussed.

"Abby, when you go out on stage, you'll take the pole to your left. Make sure you put on a good show! Just wait for me to call you." He winked then disappeared through the curtain.

A stripper in a cotton candy pink wig winked at him. "Yeah, don't worry about it. You've got a great body so I'm sure the guys will eat you up."

"Thanks," Alex replied. He was getting a little nervous.

Outside in the club, the music died down.

“Gentlemen! I have a treat for you tonight!” Angus’s voice echoed over the loudspeaker, followed by hoots and hollers from drunk and horny patrons. “Tonight we have a special guest! Her curves are killer and her face is a real treat!”

Cheers and catcalls filled the club. Behind Alex, the other dancers were waiting anxiously to see how the new girl would perform. He took a deep breath and shook the nervous energy out of his hands.

“I give you... Sweet Abby!”

Showtime!

Alex stepped forward through the curtain and into the spotlight, his heels clicking as he walked to his pole.

Time flew by. Before he realized it, it was nearing midnight. His song came to an end and he gave a final bow before leaving the stage. Stuffed in his bra, thong, and miniskirt were all kinds of bills. He eagerly removed them and rolled them up into a wad, ignoring the glares he received from some of the other women. It wasn’t until he saw the clock on the wall in the locker room that he realized what time it was.

Holy shit! It’s midnight! I just wasted the night dancing when I should be looking for Autumn.

But you had fun instead. That was so much fun, right?

It was... No, wait—it wasn’t!

He quickly changed out of the costume, tossing it into the dirty clothes bin and put his normal clothes back on. He had just put his shirt on when Angus came out of his office.

“Damn, lady! That was a good show. You sure this was your first time?”

“Yup!” Alex replied.

“Here, take my card. If you’re looking for a permanent job, give me a call. I’d love to have you as one of my regulars.”

Alex nodded, taking the card and stuffing it into his back pocket. “Thanks. It was a lot of fun, shaking my butt and like, dancing and stuff. It was like, totally addicting. But I’ve got to take care of some personal stuff first before I decide on anything.”

Really?

Come on, relax a little. Geez!

Angus smiled. He put on a happy face, but his eyes betrayed him; he was devastated. “Be sure to call!”

Alex returned the smile as he walked out the door holding Autumn’s information. The moment he stepped outside, he felt his body become his own again.

Phew! I’m exhausted.

It’s probably too late to go after her. I’ll just head home and find her tomorrow.

He walked out of the alleyway and signaled a cab. Using some of the money he made that night, he returned to his apartment.

Once inside, he did a thorough sweep of his place, checking to see if anything else changed. He sighed with relief when he found his apartment to be exactly the same as he’d left it.

The exhaustion from the transformation and the hours of dancing hit him like a freight train. He wobbled into his room and collapsed onto his bed, falling asleep in his clothes.

What he saw in the morning terrified him.

The sun was shining brightly when he woke. The clock on his nightstand

read 10:43 a.m. He reached out and saw his nails were still long and pink. He inhaled and felt the weight of his body pressing down on his two large breasts as he woke up on his stomach. His blonde hair was disheveled and he pressed his face back into his pillow as he realized he was still a woman.

Mumbling obscenities, he dragged himself out of bed and into the bathroom, putting down the toilet seat in order to relieve his filled bladder. He stared at his reflection as he washed his hands, planning out the day.

First things first: breakfast and a shower. Then I go find Autumn.

His reflection spoke back to him. “I don’t know, maybe we should like, go shopping for some new clothes or something.”

Shopping? Really?

“Totally. Look, I can’t go around the town dressed in man-clothes. I’ll only get a couple of outfits... and some shoes... some underwear... ooh, and a purse!”

Alex mentally sighed, realizing he had no other choice. Fine. Just don’t empty my bank account.

“Yay! I promise—like, pinky-swear promise.”

I’m going to regret this.

A quick breakfast and shower later, Alex hopped in his car and was on the way to the local mall.

He had only been to this mall a couple of times to get a gift for a friend, but never to do serious shopping. Growing up he had his mom and older sister to do all the shopping. They would come home with clothes for him and he would try them on and keep what fit, and they would return what didn’t.

Showing up to the mall now was scary. He didn’t know the first thing about women’s clothes, the different sizes, names, fabrics... any of it. However, like the makeup and the instant ability to walk in high heels the night before, he was sure that this new female mentality would also come with shopping savvy.

It was awkward walking around with a body like that in loose jeans and a baggy t-shirt, not to mention the typical man's wallet in the back pocket, but "Abby" was anxious to remedy that. He had a pretty cushy bank account thanks to a well-paying job with no major expenses, but he had seen how much some things cost, and he was sure if this new side of him was allowed to go crazy with his credit card he'd wind up in debt with more outfits than he'd ever need.

At least, he hoped he wouldn't.

This curse better not be permanent. How am I going to explain this at work?!

He walked into the women's department and looked for a new purse. He quickly found a simple, tan leather one and bought it, throwing his wallet in and moving on to the clothing section proper.

There, no more lame billfold. A lady needs her purse.

Riding shotgun to his bimbo alter ego, what Alex witnessed was nothing short of a montage.

He watched as she tried on outfits of all shapes, sizes and colors. In the end, he walked out of the mall with several complete outfits, including the one he wore: a silver dress with black platform heels. He also purchased a couple sets of undergarments, a makeup kit, some feminine hygiene products, and a few pieces of jewelry. While it did put a dent in his bank account, it wasn't nearly as bad as he'd thought it would be.

It was late in the afternoon when he finally returned to his apartment carrying several bags. He put the clothes away and dug up the information Angus had given him the previous night. Scribbled on a piece of paper was a phone number and address. He picked up his phone and called the number, but it rang out and the answering machine picked up. He hung up, grabbed his purse and headed downstairs.

A quick wave of his hand and a yellow taxi pulled right up. He gave the driver the address and the old cab sped off down the street past the strip club where this all had begun.

In the middle of the day, the building looked completely different. The lights

that advertised the girls and the drinks were off. The place looked hollow, almost sad.

Alex looked away from the club, instead turning his head down. His legs were crossed as the hem of his dress showed off his smooth, toned thighs. His hands rested on his knees, his fingernails still bright pink and perfectly smooth. He had to lean forward slightly, as his breasts blocked most of his vision when looking down.

In his contemplation, he didn't notice the taxi had stopped.

“Miss, we're here.”

He looked outside the window to see a high-rise apartment building in the upscale part of town.

“That'll be \$15.60,” he heard the cab driver say.

Alex handed him a twenty and smiled. He got out of the cab and dug through his purse, looking for the piece of paper with the information scribbled on it. Behind him the cab sped off, disappearing into traffic. Taking a deep breath, he looked at the scribbled note one last time before entering the apartment building.

He kept his eyes forward as he walked across the marble lobby, his purse slung over his shoulder as his hips swayed back and forth. Alex grimaced with each step and the clicks of his heels echoed throughout the nearly empty lobby.

In the corner, two businessmen sat quietly discussing something. Their hushed conversation stopped as Alex walked across the lobby toward the elevator, and despite how much effort he put into it, he couldn't fight the urge to look back at them over his shoulder.

The men were sharply dressed and gorgeous. One had dark hair and eyes and rough stubble covered his cheeks and chin. The other had shiny blond hair and green eyes. Alex could feel the weight of their stares. They visually undressed him, looking past his tight dress to his sensual curves, large perky breasts and plump ass.

Alex bit his lip as he hurried the last couple of steps toward the elevator. He pushed the button frantically and slid in between the metal doors, closing them before they could even fully open. He leaned into the corner of the elevator, letting out a huge sigh.

In the mirrors built into the walls, he noticed his reflection. His body was glowing and his face was flushed. Holy shit. Did I get turned on by that?

You like, totally did! God, you're such a slut.

Alex's eyes widened and he looked about the elevator. There was no one else but him. If he was alone, then whose voice was that?

Isn't it like, totally obvious?

Even though he said nothing, Alex covered his mouth. It was her: the bimbo that had been taking over his brain ever since he first transformed. It was slow at first, but it had slowly become noticeable.

His thoughts became cloudy and he found it hard to focus. He looked at the world differently and noticed things that would've otherwise been ignored. He found his gaze lingering on the men he saw on the street. His mind flashed to the two men in the lobby and he was overwhelmed by a vision of pure erotic fantasy.

Alex was sandwiched between the two men as they fucked him passionately. His body cried out as they filled him to the brim. Their strong hands glided across his velvety smooth skin as he tasted the lips of the man in front.

Yum! Doesn't that feel sooo good?

"No... stop," Alex muttered as he closed his eyes. His hands moved on their own, his right disappeared under the hem of his dress as his left squeezed his breast.

Give in to the pleasure, Alex. Being a bimbo is like, so much fun!

"No!" His eyes opened and he regained control of his body moments before the elevator dinged and the metal doors opened. He took a couple wobbly steps forward as he exited and searched the hallway for Autumn's

apartment.

He returned the note to his purse when he found her door, and taking a deep breath, he knocked.

Moments later, a voice called out to him.

“What do you want?”

Alex cocked his head. The voice wasn't Autumn's, but a man's. “I'm... looking for Autumn. Is she here?”

The door opened slowly, and through the crack of the door, a man looked out at Alex. “What do you want with Autumn?”

“I need to talk to her about something.”

“She's... not in at the moment.”

Alex bit his lip. “Can I come in and wait for her? I really need to talk to her.”

The door closed and Alex frowned. He turned to leave, but then he heard the sound of the chain coming undone on the other side and the door once again opened. The man stood aside and waved Alex in.

Alex looked him up and down as he entered. The guy was young, close to his age but maybe a year or two older. He had short brown hair and dark eyes, and covering his face was several days' growth of what looked like a beard.

“Uh, sorry about the mess,” he said as he ran past Alex to the couch, picking up an empty pizza box and grabbing some magazines. Alex managed to notice the covers before the guy disappeared in the kitchen. They were various adult magazines, from those that contained fashion and makeup tips to how to spice up your sex life.

“Name's Rob,” the guy shouted from the kitchen.

“Al—Abby.” Alex bit his lip, thankful he managed to stop himself and not shout out his male name.

Alex is like, also a girl's name!

He ignored the bubbly voice in his head and surveyed the rest of the apartment. Apart from the mess and the appearance of the man, the rest of the place was very nice. It was obvious that Rob had a well-paying job, based on the quality furniture and the expensive home theater system.

So he's rich, but is he like, good in bed?

Can it, will you?!

Alex sat down on the couch and his fingers lingered when they brushed across a piece of lace fabric. Curious, he fished out the item from between the cushions.

He held the thong in his fingers and giggled.

That's a cute thong.

You're right. It is pretty cute. Wait, what am I thinking?!

“Umm, what are you doing with those?”

Alex pulled his eyes away from the alluring undergarments to Rob. He stood next to the couch with a steaming cup of coffee in his hands.

“Oh, sorry,” Alex said, setting the thong back onto the couch. “Are those yours?”

“What?! No, of course not.” Rob reached down and grabbed them off of the couch, holding them behind his back. “They're, uh, Autumn's. She's my friend.”

Alex opened his mouth to speak, but Rob was already gone. He ran off to his bedroom, mumbling something about going through people's belongings.

You know, Rob is like, really cute.

So? What does that have to do with—

I wonder how big is dick is—his long, hard, tasty cock.

Alex squirmed. His knees rubbed together and he bit his lip as his body warmed. The hair on the back of his neck stiffened, and as he shifted in his seat, his dress brushed against his rock hard nipples. The sensation was wonderful and brought a soft, quiet moan to his cotton candy lips.

He squeezed his thighs together as the thoughts invaded his mind.

Oh, yes. Don't you want to just wrap your lips around his throbbing dick and swallow him whole? To pump him dry and taste his hot cum?

Oh god, yes!

That's right, Alex. Give in to your desires and become the bimbo you've always wanted to be.

“Are you okay?”

Alex opened his eyes to see Rob hovering in front of him. He looked away from his host and his eyes trailed downward until they reached his pants. Alex bit his lip when he noticed the faint bulge in Rob's trousers.

That's it. You like, totally want him. Say it.

No... I can't...

You're a bimbo now, Alex. Admit it.

No... I'm a guy.

Not for much longer. It's only a matter of time before you're mine.

Alex blinked and he stared up at Rob. “Sorry, I'm... a little distracted.” His eyes went back to Rob's cock.

Why can't I take my eyes off of it?

“Not to mention like, super horny.” Alex's jaw dropped when he heard the words he'd just spoken. “Look, I'm sorry. That just sorta... came out.”

That's not the only thing coming out!

Alex stood up, but he tripped on his heels and fell forward onto Rob. They spun around and landed on the couch with Alex on top. His body pressed into Rob's, and moments later, Alex felt something poking into his leg.

Rob turned bright red and Alex's skin changed hues to match his. Alex scrambled to get off of Rob, but he slipped once more and his face landed next to Rob's cock. It poked up through his jeans and Alex's mouth started to water.

Go on, you know you want to. Just wrap your lips around it and like, go to town. He won't mind.

But...

No buts. You're a bimbo. Act like one!

Alex grew lightheaded. He closed his eyes and groaned as his body warmed. He twitched and liquid lust oozed out of his cunt into his panties. It grew harder and harder to think with each passing moment, and no matter how hard he tried, the only thing Alex could think about, and focus on, was Rob's cock.

Alex opened his eyes and giggled. "How about I take care of that for you?" His slender fingers undid Rob's belt with precision, and his cock sprang free of its denim prison once he unzipped his jeans.

Good girl. Now, lick those lips of yours and suck.

Rob showed no signs of protest as Alex wrapped his hot pink lips around his dick and bobbed up and down. He licked, kissed, and stroked the rigid shaft.

Faster. Deeper.

Alex looked up at Rob with his crystal blue eyes as he slid all the way down to the base.

"Oh, god!" Rob whined. "I'm going to cum!"

Swallow it all. Don't waste a drop.

Alex closed his eyes as Rob tensed up, and moments later, ribbons of white hot cum shot out of Rob's cock into Alex's mouth and throat. He swallowed it all, savoring the taste of a man's cum.

Alex licked Rob's cock clean as it turned flaccid. He straightened up and licked what remained off his fingers. His body calmed down and his head cleared up.

Oh, god. What happened?

You embraced your inner bimbo. It was wonderful, wasn't it?

Alex shook his head and rubbed his face.

"Hey, uh, Abby?" Rob asked breathlessly. "I never asked why you wanted to see Autumn."

"Oh, it's... well... Nah, you won't believe me." He looked out the window. The sky had turned orange and the sun was midway through its descent.

"Try me." Rob said as he smiled.

"Something happened to me. I saw Autumn leave a strip club and she scratched me. The following night—last night—I turned into this."

Rob froze and Alex watched the color drain from his face. "Oh... oh, fuck. I knew you looked familiar." He got up off of the couch and paced back and forth.

"What are you talking about? Where's Autumn?"

"I'm Autumn," Rob said. "I was the one who turned you. I'm so sorry."

"What?!" Alex balled his hands into fists as he stood up and marched up to Rob. "What the fuck did you do to me?!"

"You can't fix it. You're cursed, just like me. I didn't mean to turn you. It was an accident!"

Alex grabbed Rob's shirt and pulled him toward him. With his heels on, he

towered over him. “Then why am I still like this and you’re a guy?”

“The first time you turn, you stay that way for the weekend. After that, it’s only the one night. Have you had sex yet?”

“What?! No!” Alex spat.

“You have to. You’ll stay a bimbo until you have sex. And if you don’t have sex by midnight tonight... you’ll stay a bimbo permanently.”

It’s not as bad as it sounds.

Alex sighed and released his grip on Rob.

“Before you ask, you can’t have sex with me. That won’t work.” Rob watched Alex turn and leave. “Where are you going?”

“To get a drink.”

“Thanks for the blowjob!” Rob shouted as Alex slammed the apartment door. He pushed the elevator button and the doors closed.

What, no sly remark?

Alex frowned. It was bad enough that he had to have sex with a man, but the fact that the bubbly voice in his head had vanished scared him. She was taunting him, teasing him. She had egged him on until he’d finally caved and sucked a man’s cock. Now that the deed was gone, she was silent.

Her absence probably had something to do with the revelation that if he didn’t have sex before midnight, he would be stuck like this.

The elevator beeped and he straightened up as he stepped back out into the lobby. The two businessmen were gone, replaced by a young girl texting. Alex clenched his purse as he exited the apartment building. He looked both ways down the street, trying to remember which way he came.

He vaguely remembered seeing a bar not too far from the apartment, and after a quick back and forth, he headed off toward his right. Fifteen minutes later, he stood in front of a bar.

It was still early in the evening when he arrived, and he had several hours to find someone to have sex with. Even so, the bar was full. Alex would have no problem finding a stranger to sleep with.

He sat down at the bar and ordered a drink, hoping the alcohol would grease the wheels and make it easier for him to just let go.

It worked.

Three drinks later, he was feeling no pain. He giggled as he stepped down from the stool, laughing as he fumbled around.

“Whoopsie!” Alex said as he turned around and bumped into a guy.

“Sorry about that,” the man replied.

“Oh my, you are like, really strong,” Alex said as he kept his hands on the man’s chest. The stranger was over six feet tall with wide shoulders and strong arms. He was clean-shaven, his jaw square and his eyes nestled deep in his brow.

He smirked. “You with someone?”

“I am now,” Alex giggled.

The man reached down and squeezed Alex’s butt. “How about we get out of here?”

I’ll take it from here, Alex.

Alex wrapped his arms around the man’s bulging biceps as he led him out of the bar. He wobbled as he walked. The alcohol had hit him much harder than he anticipated. He bit his lip, staying quiet as the man led him to his car. They climbed in and drove off until they found a quiet spot in the park.

They climbed into the spacious back seat, and moments later, the car started rocking. The windows fogged up instantly from the two lovers. Alex watched from inside his own head as Abby went to town on the hulking man on top of him.

He felt everything: the playful squeezes of his breasts; the hot breath of his lover on his neck; his strong hands on his fair skin. The man's cock was bigger than Alex had thought, but in spite of its size, he took it effortlessly. The walls of his cunt pulled the throbbing shaft in further and he rocked his hips to match the man's thrusts.

Alex's body glistened with a thin layer of sweat and glowed from the lust building within him. He felt every bead of perspiration that flowed down the curves of the body, and his honey-sweet cries filled his ears.

This... this is amazing!

The pressure was building rapidly inside of him. Alex knew it was only a matter of time before he finally orgasmed, and from the looks of it, the man fucking him was just as close.

Right on cue, the man tensed up and buried his prick as far into Alex as he could, groaning as he filled Alex with his cum. The sensation pushed Alex over the edge, filling his vision with colors and stars as he moaned in pure erotic bliss.

That's a girl. You did well, Alex. Maybe next time you'll let me stay for longer.

Alex stared up at the ceiling of the car, his body exhausted as he gasped for air. The high continued as the man pulled out of him and climbed out of the car.

The cool night air brought Alex back to Earth and he sat up. The man helped him out of the car and they wordlessly parted. He handed Alex his card before climbing back into his car and driving off.

Alex sighed as he stared up into the night sky. The intense sex had burned off all the alcohol in his system, and for the first time since he transformed, he had a clear mind.

Thank you, Abby.

You're welcome. Enjoy the body, and I'll see you again next full moon.

Thirty days later, a blonde woman walks down the hard dirt path illuminated by the yellow glow of the park lamps. Her long blonde hair floats in the gentle breeze and her hips swing back and forth as she glides in her platform heels.

She tosses her hair back and winks at a passerby. The young man tugs at his collar and looks around before changing direction and following the beautiful blonde toward the public restrooms. He follows her into the men's room and reappears minutes later, tightening his belt and grinning smugly.

The woman follows him out and whispers into his ear before gliding her long pink nails across his forearm. He stares dumbly at her as she walks away, waving and winking one last time before disappearing into the darkness.

The man grimaces and his smile vanishes as he looks down on his arm and notices a scratch.

AFTERWORD

Thank you for reading *The Full Moon was a Bright Shade of Pink*, I hope you enjoyed it!

For updates and more, follow me on Twitter @SashaDylena