

M2F TRANSFORMATION

THE
NEW
Girl

MWTS

The New Girl

I pull into a shady parking spot next just outside of Zoey's apartment. I kill the engine and look up at her squat, four story building, which I haven't seen in probably six months. Zoey and I used to work retail together, folding the same overpriced clothes every day, steadily growing closer. Then we hooked up at Kevin's going away party. Afterwards there were a few dates. Some more hookups. We were both good in bed. At least, I know she was and I think I was.

Zoey is one of those curvy women that carry some baggage about their weight but is enthusiastic in bed, almost like she's apologizing for her figure. I didn't need her to apologize, though, I loved her figure. Loved fondling her heavy breasts. Loved watching her walk naked to the shower, her ass swaying back and forth. Man, I loved squeezing that ass and hearing her squeal. Though, love is too strong a word because I wasn't really in love. I was in lust. Zoey was nice enough but not the one. She was fun to be with and cute as hell, but I didn't have the same strong feelings towards her that I feared she had towards me. And then I got a new job, an actual job in an actual engineering firm to start my actual career. I used that as an excuse to sort of fade out of her life before we could get really serious.

And now, here I am outside her apartment six months later, responding to her out-of-the-blue text asking for help putting together some furniture. My first instinct was to say no because I don't want to lead her on. But I do have some good memories of us together. And, honestly, I've been having a dry spell relationship-wise and there's a little part of me hoping Zoey and I will hook up.

I try the door buzzer. It goes directly to her voicemail. So I type in the old security code and buzz myself in. As I walk up the three flights of stairs to her apartment those old feelings come flooding back, like a fuzzy nostalgia of someone I used to be. Zoey is sort of the path not chosen and here I am, back on that road.

I'm raising my hand to knock on her door and I'm having second thoughts, like maybe I'll just leave and text her that something's come up, when she opens the door and nearly bumps into me.

"Oh!" She squeaks, jumping back, her hand over her pretty mouth. "Oh, Drew, you scared me. I was just going to let the Ikea guy in. Hi!"

She gives me a hug and my nose is pressed into her hair. She smells like peaches and cream, and the scent brings back so many memories. It's a little awkward because I'm acutely aware of her breasts pressing against my chest and her arms settled comfortably about my back. Soon I pull away and look her over.

"Good seeing you again. I like the hair."

“Oh, thanks,” she says, her brown eyes sparkling as she runs a hand through her chocolate colored hair. She’s cut it into a bob since I last saw her and it really suits her. Her straight hair frames her beautiful heart-shaped face. “Come on downstairs with me.”

I followed her down. And I can’t help but admire the sway of her ass in her tight jeans, and the way her spaghetti strap dress shows off the deep valley of her cleavage, her breasts bobbing as she turns to look back at me, and her face in profile is as striking as ever. I know I’m a cad but I can’t help it. She’s talking and we’re laughing and it’s like we’ve picked up exactly where we left off.

“So are you still at Macy’s?”

“Yeah, I’m Team Leader now.”

“Oh, nice.”

“It’s whatever.” She dismisses it with a wave of her hand. “How about you? Engineered anything I’d know about?”

“You know Hudson’s flagship building downtown?”

“You worked on that?”

“I converted some of the software files from CAD to Adobe so in a very real way...no, I haven’t.” I grin. She laughs. Just like old times. And I’m hoping the day will continue like old times, with her ending up riding me in bed.

The Ikea guy’s waiting at the front door with a trolley stacked with a couple lengths of cardboard boxes. The guy’s by himself, a scrawny stick of a man with scraggly red hair, which he runs his hand through nervously when Zoey tells him her building doesn’t have an elevator.

“But Drew here will help you.” She offers.

“Now I understand why you called me.” I replied.

“It’s those big manly muscles,” she squeezes my arm. Then squeezes again and the way her hand lingers on my arm makes me all tingly. “Ooh. You actually have been working out.” She looks up at me with her lopsided grin and all I can think once again is how much I want to kiss her.

“My office has a free gym so I’ve been going during my lunch.”

“Mmm. Nice. Let’s get to work. And by us, I mean you.”

I give her a little salute and grab one end of a box while the delivery guy grabs the other. They're heavy but we get them up to Zoey's apartment with only a little swearing and a lot of sweating, twisting and pivoting. There are three long boxes and my face is flushed when I finally set the last one down in Zoey's living room.

She offers me a glass of water and I try not to stare down her top. I'm not that tall but she's still a head shorter than me, so when I reach for the water I find I'm looking right down into her perfect cleavage. The deep curves of her breast disappear beneath the white top. I flick my eyes away and hope she didn't notice.

I drink the water gratefully and wipe the droplets from my beard before handing the glass back to her, trying to ignore the sudden physical desire that the merest hint of her breasts has brought out in me. Fortunately, for the next hour or so we're both caught up in deciphering and carrying out the instructions for the Ikea desk and bookcase. There are the usual disagreements everyone has when putting together furniture about what the big arrow with the crossed out circle means, and which hole the screws are supposed to go in, but eventually we get it done with much good natured swearing. I help her hoist it into a standing position though, honestly I'm doing most of the work and together we shuffle it over to a corner. At one point it starts to tip over and I lean into it, grunting, muscles straining, until it rights itself.

"Nice save, Mr. Universe. It looks great."

"No problem. I'll just email you my invoice."

She nudges me playfully. "How about I buy you a coffee?"

Because coffee can lead to hanging out and hanging out can lead to sex, I say yes. She grabs her purse from her room and I follow her down to a little cafe on the corner of a trendy outdoor mall comprised of a mix of little boutique hipster stores and larger chain outlets that are slowly gentrifying the neighborhood.

"What do you want?" She asks.

"I'll have a latte. And those little chocolate chip muffins look good."

"Done. Go grab us a seat."

She orders for us. When her name's called, she grabs our cups and takes them over to the sugar and milk table. She's there for a little while, her back to me, and just when I'm getting worried that she's filling mine to the brim with sugar she turns and comes over to the booth where I'm sitting.

“There you go, muscles.” She says, sliding my coffee and muffin in front of me before taking the seat across from me.

I take a sip of coffee and make a face. “Does yours taste a little weird?”

She sips and makes a show of tasting. “No. It’s hipster coffee, it’s supposed to taste like that.”

“Hmm, guess I’m not trendy enough for this.”

“It grows on you, though. Are you working on anything interesting now?”

I start telling her about the latest project my company’s working on, a loft conversion of these industrial units downtown. Midway through my explanation I feel a shiver of goosebumps run up and down my arms. I’m suddenly itchy all over and my body is alternately too hot and too cold. I pause mid-sentence and I must look strange because Zoey creases her eyebrows.

“You feeling okay?”

“Yeah, I’m just—” I sip my coffee and scratch one forearm. It feels different in some subtle way I can’t quite place. “I suddenly don’t feel well.”

“There’s a cold that’s been going around.”

But the way she says it rings false. There’s a little smile playing along the edge of her lips. I’m fidgety and now the itchy feeling has spread to my face and my head. I’m looking down at my arms, trying to figure out why they feel different when it hits me: they’re hairless. There used to be a light layer of dark hair across my forearms but it’s gone now, along with the itchy feeling. Zoey’s staring at me as I bring my hands up to my face and against my beard, and I swear I can feel my beard shrinking, the hairs retracting into my face, and that’s what the maddening itch is.

“Maybe some fresh air will help,” Zoey suggests.

I nod and stand unsteadily on wobbly legs. We reach the door just as something tickles the top of my ear. I reach up to brush it away but it’s a tuft of my own hair. I keep my hair cut close, and I got a haircut not too long ago so how is it already down over my ears? I follow Zoey out the door, too focused on what’s happening to my body to notice where we’re going until we reach third avenue.

“Zoey, what’s going on?”

Zoey laughs and pulls me across the street. “Come on, I want to show you my street.”

I don’t resist because I’m too busy thinking about myself. And how my hips and waist feel unbalanced, how my chest feels strangely tight. I reach up to scratch it with my free hand and

find two small lumps, firm but yielding to my touch. Zoey's showing me some sort of lingerie window display when I catch sight of my reflection. My face is beardless for the first time in years and my brown hair is nearly down past my ears.

She looks up at me. "Oh, wow. That happened faster than I thought."

"What? What happened?"

"Come on," she pulls me along. She grabs my hand and I don't have the strength to pull away.

As we walk down the street my chest gradually becomes heavier. Looking down at my shirt I can see that the bumps are larger and then it hits me: they're breasts. I'm growing breasts. They're already big enough to wobble with each step. There's an ache in my chest and my stomach, small but growing more insistent. Even my gait is changing. I feel ungainly and off balance. I pause suddenly, and I can feel my rib cage contracting slowly. My jeans are tighter against my hips and ass but looser against my waist. Looking down, I can see there's a sizable gap between my pants and my waist and I have to hold my pants up with a hand that has become thinner and softer. My legs are vibrating, unseen beneath the jeans, but definitely changing structure. My feet are now swimming in my shoes and I trip. Zoey catches me easily and I realize how light I've become.

I stand. "Zoey, you have to tell me--" My voice cracks on the last word, like going through puberty, and a coughing fit interrupts me as my throat seems to buzz. "Tell me what's happening." And, oh god, the voice that comes out of my lips isn't mine. anymore It's softer, a beautiful alto. A definite woman's voice.

I bring a hand to my lips. The contours of my face have changed. My lips are fuller, more luscious and now my hair is down to my shoulders. I grab a lock of it and hold it up. It's beautifully coffee colored, shiny and lustrous. And my fingers...god, my fingers are slender. The knuckles are hairless, the fingertips taper to soft round nails.

"That's simple," Zoey says, "I've turned you into a woman."

I want to tell her that's impossible but the evidence is right here. And then I can feel the changes in my pants. It must have been happening slowly for the last few minutes but now I can feel my dick pressing against my jeans, so much smaller, an erection in reverse. There's much more space in my underwear. I'm aware of the exact second it shrinks into nothingness and I pause on the sidewalk. Even now, decorum prevents me from putting my hands down my pants, but I still look down at myself, as if I could see through my pants to my dick disappearing within my body. As I look down I'm greeted by the sight of a woman's body. I'm swimming in my raggedy shirt, my body so much smaller, but my chest so much bigger, with two breasts tenting out the fabric. Beneath my ill-fitting pants I can feel a vagina forming where my dick used to be, the slit slowly widening. My stomach rumbles as my insides rearrange themselves and I double over in

pain. After a second the pain ends and I stand up. But I just know that I've now got ovaries, that the pain inside was my Fallopian tubes and uterus forming.

Zoey turns to look at me and her eyes go wide. "Come in, let's go in here away from people," She says, pulling me into a store.

I'm too wrapped up in my own changes to notice what the store is. My face feels alive, wriggling like snakes, and the hair is still growing down my back. We're just inside the doorway and Zoey is staring at me, her hands on her mouth. I'm covering my face with my hands, trying to stop the maddening skin-crawling feeling, when suddenly it stops by itself. I drop my hands and Zoey stares up at me.

"Whoa," she says, smiling with glee.

A young sales lady interrupts us, a blonde with a sharp face. "Can I help you ladies find anything?"

She's looking at me oddly and I think maybe it's because my outfit is about three sizes too large for my body now.

"No thanks, we're just looking," Zoey says.

The lady leaves and Zoey pulls me to the back of the store towards the changing rooms. This time when she speaks her voice is harder and she doesn't look at me. "You hurt me, you know, when you just disappeared. I've been thinking about this for a while. I wanted to make you feel the way I did. I wanted someone to break your heart. I hated you and I loved you and I wanted to punish you. So I did."

"I can't be a woman. Zoey, how could you? Please change me back. I'm sorry," I sniff, so close to tears. I'm pleading now but why wouldn't I?

"You don't know sorry yet. I'll give you the antidote when you're really sorry." There's a hardness to her voice I've never heard in all our time together.

With that she shoves me into a changing room. There are mirrors on three sides and I'm confronted with my new image for the first time. I freeze and stare. Holy fuck, I'm gorgeous. The structure of my male face is still there but softer, the lips fuller, the eyebrows arched and slender above beautiful mocha colored eyes. I look like the sister I never had. Brown chocolate waves of silky hair cascade down over my shoulders. Little freckles dot the top of my slender nose, which now has a slight upturn. I run my hands over my cheeks, feel the roundness, the high cheekbones and sleek skin.

Zoey's in the changing room with me, smirking at me, but I don't care at the moment. I'm too fascinated by what's happened to me. I pull off my shirt, then push the hair out of my eyes to

stare at my own tits. Holy shit, I've got tits! Two beautiful teardrop shapes hang from my chest, plump and firm. Tiny pink areolae dot the end. I grasp one in each hand. My little palms hefting them as I explore. They're heavier than I expected. Not massive, but nicely sized. The skin is warm beneath my fingers. I jiggle my breasts, watch them bob and shake hypnotically. Staring into the mirror, watching this beautiful woman playing with her breasts is mesmerizing. Sexy, even. A pleasant warmth begins winding its way through my body. There's a thought that I should enjoy this body while I have it.

I kick off my shoes then yank off my socks, revealing dainty feet. I wiggle my tiny toes, marveling at the change from my old body. My pants are already halfway down my legs, and I kick them to the floor, taking my boxer shorts with them, and suddenly I'm staring at my naked image. My breath catches in my throat and one hand comes up to my tiny mouth in astonishment as my eyes travel up and down my body. Between my legs is a light thatch of brown hair, trimmed neatly into the shape of a triangle that points down to...to my pussy. My mouth is suddenly dry, my heart hammering in my chest. I twist my body and stare down at my ass. Fuck, it's amazing, a soft, little bubble butt. I glide my hands over it, feeling the smoothness, enjoying the sight of this perfect little rear that I can squeeze and fondle whenever I want. If I'd met this woman on the streets I'd be rock hard, and as it is, I feel strangely wet.

The door closes and I realize Zoey has left me alone in the changing room. I'm glad, because what I'm thinking of doing now is best done in private. My emotions are fighting between anger and amazement and absolute lust. Running my hands over my body, feeling my silky smooth skin, lust wins out. I brush my wavy hair back behind an ear as my hands travel up and down my body, squeezing and pinching experimentally, lifting my breasts and letting them drop. The woman in the mirror looks so adorably cute, smiling shyly as she feels herself up. And that's me. Those are my slender hands over my perky breasts. That's my little pussy tucked between my legs. I grip my breasts a little harder, fingers playing over the skin, gently squeezing my nipple. Fire licks between my legs and I slide my hand down to guide it through me. My fingers land on my scratchy pubic hair, follow it down over my slit and I press my finger lightly inside myself for the first time.

"Oh, fuck," I whisper, as my tiny finger finds the hood of my clit and presses gently, growing the warmth between my legs. And now I'm inside myself, finger feeling my delightfully silky folds. The woman in the mirror is so amazingly hot, with one finger inside herself.

I grab a breast with my other hand, heft it and watch it jiggle, while my finger pushes ever harder up against my clit. I can feel myself growing looser, my pussy lips opening for my finger, and suddenly I land on my own wetness. I drag it up over my clit and oh, god I bite my plump lower lip as a burst of warmth explodes within me. I press harder, rubbing faster, revealing a flash of my pink folds as the sounds of my own wetness reach my ears. I fondle myself, playing with my tits and rubbing my pussy faster. And now I'm so wet, my pussy is soaking and my body is on fire. The warm liquid practically drips down my thighs as I thrust inside myself. My cheeks are flushed and my breath is coming fast. My fingers slide harder through my slickness and then the

heat explodes. I lean against the mirror for support, the glass cold against my body but I don't care.

My fingers furiously stroke my clit and I try to stifle my moans. I open my eyes briefly, my face nearly pressed against the glass, and this sexy woman is right there and I cum, fingers sliding deeper inside me, twisting through my wetness. I undulate my hips, pressing up against my fingers, humping myself as the orgasm explodes through me. My mouth drops open and I utter a strangled cry before dropping my tit to stuff my fingers into my mouth. My moans are muffled as I continue pleasuring myself, adding another finger inside myself, slipping and sliding through my pussy, rubbing faster and faster until I cum again. My mouth is open and I'm nearly whimpering with pleasure, tiny girly sounds as I orgasm. My entire body burns with pleasure, the long tail of heat reverberating through me and it still feels so good coming down. The pleasure is slow to release me, unlike when I was a man and an orgasm meant the end of everything. Now my body feels so light, so warm and fuzzy.

When I've finally recovered enough to stand I run a hand through my hair and stare at the enchanting woman in the mirror. Her cheeks are flushed red and her fingers are coated with her own juices. The musky scent of my own pussy hangs in the air. My pussy. That's what I smell like now. It's almost enough to make me want to go again. I start to get dressed, and it's then that I realize Zoey stole my clothes. Shit. She's gone and left me alone and naked. What should I do? Before the panic really sets in someone tosses a bundle of clothes beneath the changing room door.

"Here you go, cutie," Zoey says, "Put these on."

I pick the clothes up off the floor. A stringy white thong. A pink and white spaghetti strap top that looks impossibly tiny, and a matching pink mini-skirt that looks even smaller. The neck of the top is outlined in lace, and the entire outfit has a faint flower pattern. Even the little sandals are tiny. It's incredibly feminine and provocative.

I whisper out through the crack in the door. "Zoey, there's no way I'm wearing this."

Her eye appears in the crack. "Well, Drew, you can either put that on or come out naked. Your choice."

"Zoey." I hissed.

"Oh, you're so cute when you pout," she laughs. "I'm gonna go check out some clothes for myself. Come on out when you're ready, Naked or not."

She leaves me alone to make my choice. My whispered pleas are met only with silence. And I realize there really is no choice.

I step into the thongs and pull them up my long, gorgeous legs. I adjust the front over my pubic

hair and pull the tiny string out of my ass, fingers grazing my hairless butt cheeks. Then I wiggle the miniskirt on. It hugs my waist and makes my ass look amazing, but it barely covers my thighs and threatens to slip up and reveal the bottom curves of my butt. The top is, if anything, worse. It's a crop top that molds to my breasts but exposes my belly button. The spaghetti straps leave my golden arms bare. The top is tight and offers some limited support to my two breasts, holding them in place but I can see the indentations of my little nipples through the fabric. Fuck, the woman in the mirror is stunning and the outfit makes it seem like I'm practically begging for sex. I've never felt so exposed, my body nearly completely on display. I slip the little sandals onto my feet, take a deep breath, and walk out the door. Each step causes my breasts to bounce, my hips to sway seductively. God, I'm a walking sex bomb.

"Oh my god, you look adorable," Zoey says, "Turn around."

I cross my arms beneath my chest and glare at her. "I'm not your slave."

She comes up close to me, so close I can see the little flecks of gold in her green eyes. "If you ever want your dick back, you will obey me."

I swallow and dutifully turn around. She claps. "Wow, you're such a hottie. And look at those tits. God, I bet you'd fuck yourself if you still had your little dick. Come on, I salvaged your wallet and phone." She hands them to me. "You're going to need to pick out a purse for those. One of the curse of women's clothing: no pockets."

She leads me over to a selection of handbags and purses. I keep looking down at myself and adjusting the tiny straps of my top because it feels like my breasts are about to spill out. There's hardly anyone in here and yet it feels like all eyes are on me.

The little purses and clutches on the rack are all so tiny. I have no idea which one to choose. I don't want any of them. I don't want to be a woman and I realize Zoey's trying to humiliate.

"I'll just hold my wallet and phone."

"Oh no, sweetie. A woman's gotta have a nice purse. How about this one? Does it match your outfit?" She picks out a white one with pink trim. I reluctantly sling it over my shoulder and we head to the checkout.

Every time I catch sight of my reflection in the chrome and mirror decoration of the shop I'm reminded of what I look like. The purse string presses against my breast and the top slides against my nipples, causing them to stick out erect.

"Oooh, come here for a second." Zoey takes me over to the perfumes and spritzes me with something fruity and sweet. I close my eyes and cough. Even my cough sounds unbelievably dainty and delicate.

The guy behind the cash register smiles pleasantly, his eyes briefly dropping down to my chest then back up and I realize he's checking me out.

"I'd like to wear these out," I say, gesturing down to my clothes. Too late I realize I've given him an invitation to ogle me, which he does. I blush red and smooth my skirt down over my hips, hands following my thicker curves. Zoey helps cut off the tags and scan them through. The guy takes my card without batting an eye at the fact that the name no longer matches the person standing in front of him. I say thank you demurely, feeling intimidated by his sheer maleness. I can't even meet his eyes. As we leave, I glance back once and see him checking out my ass. And my thong is riding up into my ass crack but I can't pull it out now.

When we're back on the street I turn to Zoey. "How did you do this?"

She takes my arm and miles up at me. I'm still taller than her, though now my muscular physique is gone and I'm willowy and soft. "Magic, Drew. Magic. Though, we can't keep calling you Drew now can we? How about...Jessica? No... you don't look like Jessica. Allison?"

"Natalie," I say, surprising even myself. I have no idea where the idea came from but all of a sudden it seems right that I be called Natalie.

Zoey's smile grows even larger. "Natalie. Love it. Come on, let's go get you all fixed up. Though I have to say, you're much cuter than I would have thought."

We walk down her street and every guy we pass either smiles at me, or their eyes flick away and I know they were just checking me out. I have to change the way I walk, take smaller steps or else my skirt rides up on me. The gentle breeze blows occasional strands of hair across my face, and when I tuck them back behind an ear my fingers glide over my smooth skin. My ass wiggles back and forth with each step and my brain is still fooled every time I catch a glimpse of a pretty girl out of the corner of my eye, look up, and see it's my own reflection in a passing window. Fuck, I've got an ass to die for.

"Oooh, let's get our nails done," Zoey says, pulling me to a stop outside a salon.

"I don't want to get my nails done, I want to change back," I pout. My feminine voice is soft and airy. God, if I wasn't me I'd want to fuck me so bad. I flick my head to toss the hair out of my eyes as I glare at Zoey, hands on hips, stamping my little foot like a girl having a tantrum.

"And you might. If you can be a good girl today. And good girls get their nails done."

We go inside and select our color. For some reason I'm drawn to the pinks, realizing it would be so adorable if my nails matched my outfit.

Where did that thought come from?

Zoey and I take seats next to each other and I have to keep my legs clasped together to prevent the pedicurist from seeing up my skirt. She starts massaging my feet and it feels divine. They pamper us, bringing us cucumber water as they shape our nails and apply the polish.

“That color looks so good on you,” Zoey gushes.

I wiggle my nails at her and giggle. And then I shake my head. Why am I giggling? Why does being pampered and made pretty feel so nice? I'm a guy, I should be, well, not pampering myself. I should be sweating and wearing clothes I just threw on. Not sitting here in a salon with an outfit that makes me look like a total hottie. Certainly not worrying that people will see my panties if I don't sit right.

I stand, and the way my body jiggles and moves reminds me emphatically that I'm not a guy, especially the ripe breasts that bounce with each step. I can't even stop the delicious sway of my hips. The way I flick my head to toss the hair out of my eyes has become a habit already.

Zoey and I head back to her place, me clutching my purse and worrying, her laughing and talking like she's out with her girlfriend. Suddenly, she leans close to me.

“You are so gorgeous, Natalie,” Zoey growls in my ear. She pinches my ass and I squeak and jump before slapping her hand away while she laughs. “I'm actually a little jealous. I didn't know you'd turn out prettier than me or else I might have chosen a different potion. That little ass. Those legs...mmmm.”

Zoey chews on her lip as she eyes me up and down. As does every guy that passes us. I've never been the center of so much attention before. I feel exposed and, honestly, a little flattered. I'm acutely aware of how my body moves, slinky and with purpose, each motion fluid and subtly sexual. And the way Zoey is pressing her body against mine is making me all tingly. What is she doing?

“You are gonna kill it at the party tonight.” She grins.

“No. No, I don't want to go to a party like this.”

“You don't have a choice, sweetie. Don't worry, I'm sure you'll pick up a guy no problem.”

I gulp. But if I ever want to change back I have to stick with her and do exactly as she says. So I followed her back to her apartment.

She gestures to the bookcase. “You lifted those bookshelves up three flights of stairs this morning. I doubt you could even shift them now.”

She's probably right. This new body feels so light and dainty. Before I can even formulate a reply Zoey's taking her shirt off.

"I'm going to take a shower before the party. You want to join me?"

She's in her bra, her huge breasts straining against the satin fabric. Then she unbuttons her pants and wiggles out of them. I find that I'm still attracted to her. I love her luscious curves, the way her body moves, her hips swaying, breasts bouncing as she approaches me. Instead of the tightness within my pants of my dick growing hard, there's a sort of growing looseness, my pussy becoming lubricated as Zoey leans close to me and her intoxicating flowery scent fills my nose.

"Did I ever tell you I'm bi?" She asks.

Her hot breath tickles my ear as her hands roam down my body, up under my skirt and her fingers graze my pussy. I let out a long breath, my body warming to her touch.

"I'm glad you don't have your dick anymore. Oh, Natalie, I'm going to make your pussy so wet. I'm gonna make you cry and moan like the little girl you now are."

"Zoey..." I whisper, but she cuts me off with a kiss and, oh god, her lips are so soft and tender.

Our bodies move closer, breasts pressing together. She tastes like candy and her skin is wonderfully smooth as my nose pressed into her cheek. I reach up and unclasp her bra. She shrugs it to the floor and my eyes are drawn to her breasts, so much bigger than mine and for a second I'm jealous and then her hand presses harder up against my panties and I'm just horny. We kiss passionately, hands roaming across each other's bodies. She pulls up my top, I raise my arms and let her peel it off me. My coffee colored waves fall down on my face and I brush them aside. And then her lips are on my tits and my entire body's on fire. She sucks my sensitive nipples until they rise to tiny nubs, spiking out in pure excitement.

I arch my back and moan, pressing her head against my tits. Her other hand is still working against my panties and I can feel that I'm soaking wet. She walks me backwards towards the bedroom and lays me down on the bed. She's in charge now, standing over me with a hungry look in her eye. I'm the demure little woman, meekly acquiescing to her wants and my own desires. I feel so vulnerable as she devours me with her eyes. She climbs on top of me and kisses my lips again. I want her, no, I need her now.

"Natalie," she whispers. And that's my name now. That's who I am.

She kisses down my neck, my chest, across my tits and down my stomach, each gentle kiss sending a shiver of pleasure through my delicate body. It's so much more sensitive than when I was a man. Like every nerve in my body is attuned to her touch.

"Let's get a look at your pussy," she says, rolling my mini-skirt down.

We both look at my body and, god, I'm beautiful. The little pussy lips are slightly parted, the pink folds swollen in lust, glistening with my desire. She lowers her head between my legs and licks

long and slow. I lay my head back in the pillow and moan, spreading my legs to allow her deeper inside me.

“Mmm. Yummy,” she says, “Tastes so much better than that nasty old cock. Don't you think so?”

She crawls forward and kisses me and I can taste myself on her lips, the musky saltiness that is my pussy. Then she moves back towards my legs and licks expertly, her tongue exploring, mouth kissing and sucking. And then her tongue penetrates me and I thrust my hips up and moan as flames lick my body. Fuck, I can't believe her tongue is inside me, and even more, how wonderful it feels to have my cunt licked. Her tongue presses up against my clit, lapping slowly, increasing in tempo with my body, which is humming with an urgent intensity now. I'm writhing on the bed, sexy feminine moans spilling from my lips. Her tits are resting on my legs as she eats me out, licking my pussy harder, faster, until with a sudden cry I cum, heat exploding through me. I grip the bed sheets and thrust up towards her, crying out in a tiny voice, “Oh, god!” as I convulse in ecstasy.

And she's still going, slowing down temporarily as I cum beneath her, before resuming her rhythm. She knows this body better than I do, knows how I like to be licked, to be touched, and soon my voice is rising in pitch again, impossibly high and breathy. I sound like a porn star when I cum, legs shaking, body twisting and turning, riding the pleasure roiling me. I glance down once, see Zoey's face deep between my legs and then lay back and let the orgasm take me, thrashing hard as pleasure pounds me.

The fire burns inside me for an eternity. I'm still smoldering as Zoey climbs up beside and holds me, her hand resting on my tit, her lips brushing my cheek. And I can still smell myself on her. I turn and kiss her, tongue wandering across her own, tasting myself on her lips.

With a final peck on the cheek she rises. “I'm going to take a shower.”

I nod happily and watch her walk away, her hips swaying back and forth. And yet, even now, I can feel I'm still changing. Her hips don't hold the same fascination. I'm not enchanted by her breasts. I'm more interested in her closet, one door of which is open, letting me see her colorful selection of outfits. As I hear the shower turn on I wonder how I would look in those outfits. How the fabric would feel. Would it suit my figure? I should ask her where she got that cute aqua dress.

Fuck, what am I thinking? I don't care. I'm not going to go clothes shopping like this. I'm going to go to the party, do what she says for the night, and then beg her to change me back. I'll deal with the humiliation knowing that it must end. I need to get my dick back. Christ, I'm already having a hard time remembering what it looked like. I try to picture it in my mind, try to picture my old body. There's the little mole on my chest. There's my dick, protruding from the unruly mass of pubic hair. Mmm, my fingers have wandered down to my pussy as I imagine my cock growing hard and thrusting...

I pulled away, astonished at how horny I was making myself. What's happening to me? I'm becoming more feminine by the hour. Will there be anything left of my old life by the time I change back? The shower shuts off and Zoey comes out a few minutes later, a towel tied around her body.

"You should probably take a shower, too. Unless you want everyone to know what a dirty girl you are," she smiles lasciviously and her hand drops between my legs, caressing me quickly and sending a brief hit of warmth through me. Jesus, this body is insatiable.

She pulls out a bra and panties from her drawers and drops the towel to put them on, completely un-self conscious about being naked in front of me. And now her body holds no interest for me sexually. I find myself comparing our hips, our body types, aware of a creeping jealousy about her cheekbones. I want to ask her about which beauty treatments she uses to keep her skin so healthy and glowing. Instead, I rise and make my way to her shower.

I step in and let the hot water cascade down my form. Zoey's delicious peaches and cream body scrub is on the shelf. I squirt some into my hands and rub it all over myself, exploring my breasts, my tummy, my hips, my ass once more. There's no doubt my body is amazing and the fear has been replaced with a sort of pride. I try to rebel, to tell myself I'm a guy, I should be desperate for my old body back. But my thoughts keep drawing away to how divine this scrub feels, how deliciously girly it smells, how slender and dainty my body is.

I shut off the water and step out. I dry myself down and wrap a towel around my waist, another around my hair in a sort of beehive. My breasts are bare and I eye myself critically in the mirror, wondering if one of Zoey's bras will fit me. I open her bedroom door and step out into the living room.

"Zoey, can I--" I start, and freeze for a second.

There's a guy lounging on the couch mid-twenties, trimmed beard, nicely built, beer in one hand, handsome. This last thought stops me in my tracks for a second. Then his eyes drop down to my chest and quickly away to the side of the room as he blushes red. And I realized I just flashed my tits at him. I squeak and jump back into the bedroom. I can hear Zoey's laughter and she comes in a minute later and shuts the door behind her.

"You didn't tell me there was a guy out there!" I hissed.

She tries to stifle her laughter. "Didn't you wonder why I closed the door? That's Brian by the way. I'm sure he's excited to meet you. Now."

"Yeah. I'm sure."

"I mean, most girls try to hide their tits, but Natalie, you're showing them off on your first day! You must love having tits." She continues.

I'm beet red and I change the subject. I explain the bra situation and we try a few on but they're uncomfortable. Looks like I'm going without again. And my panties are still damp. Luckily, Zoey gives me a pair of hers plain, white cotton and I pull them on. It's not nearly as erotic wearing her panties as I'd thought it would be. I appear to have lost all interest in women. Brian on the other hand...I shake the thought away and grit my teeth. No. I'm a man. I like women. Zoey's wearing a striking red dress that clings to her supple figure and I force myself to think about her, to try to imagine having sex with her. But the thought of my tongue in her pussy just isn't sexy. Not for the first time, I worry about what changes are to come. I get dressed back in the ridiculously sexy mini-skirt and top Zoey picked out for me at the store and head out to the living room to meet Brian.

"Brian, this is Natalie. Natalie, Brian."

"Nice to meet you," Brian says.

"You, too," I say, "And, of course, you've met my boobs."

There's a beat of silence, and then he breaks into a deep baritone laughter that sends a thrill down my spine and makes my heart beat faster. "Ladies," he nods in the direction of my chest, and it's my turn to giggle demurely.

I sit beside him on the couch, remembering to cross my legs. Zoey brings me a beer and I drink slowly as we all talk. Brian's a funny guy. Well read. Easy going. Handsome in a big, cuddly teddy bear kind of way. He regales me with tales of working as a botanist, going on safari to collect and analyze rare orchids. I find myself leaning towards him and being drawn into his expressive brown eyes. He's a natural storyteller, both funny and interesting. And when he looks at me I feel like I'm the only one in the room.

Fuck. I think I like him. But I kind of like it. I don't know, things are confusing. I'm giggly now, reaching out to touch Brian on the arm for emphasis. Zoey swoops in and takes the beer from my hands. Joke's on her because it's already empty and I feel goood. Amazing what one beer in a tiny body will do.

Brian drives us to the party, Zoey in front, me in the back. Brian keeps looking at me in the rearview mirror so often it's a wonder we don't crash. The party's at an impressive two story townhouse in a trendy part of the city. As we walk up the steps - Brian in front - Zoey pulls me aside, a mischievous grin on her face.

"Holy shit, Natalie, you are gonna get so much attention. Every guy in there will just be dying to fuck you." She whispers.

"Fuck you, Zoey. You dressed me like this." I hissed.

“I did. I hope you enjoy having all those eyes on you. I hope you fall hard for some guy who fucks you and then disappears. That’s why I did this. Enjoy it.”

She slaps me on the ass and hurries to catch up with Brian, slipping her arm in his. Seeing that makes me so jealous, like she’s honing in on something that’s mine. I try to push the jealousy away but it’s hard. I do like Brian. I know I was a guy – am a guy. But everything in me right now is yearning to get closer to him.

When we walk in the door Zoey sees some friends of hers and hurries away, leaving me and Brian alone and standing in the doorway. I recognize a few people here, though none of them would recognize me. There’s a makeshift bar in the far corner of the living room where people are serving themselves. The living room is also where the music is coming from, some dance tunes cranked up so loud you have to yell to be heard.

“Let me get you a drink,” Brian yells. “What do you want?”

“Just beer I guess,” I yell back.

Brian gives me a thumbs up and edges into the crowd, nodding his head slightly with the music. I step to the side and hang out on the wall by the stairs. I’m not alone for long. Two guys approach me.

“Hey,” one the blonde says.

“Hey,” I replied.

“I don’t think we’ve met. Ashton.” He holds out a hand, the arm thick with muscle.

“Dr Natalie,” I reply. His hand envelopes my own.

He leans one arm against the wall and starts talking about another Natalie he knows, and what he, himself does, and where he’s been. He doesn’t ask me anything about myself. I know this type. Hell, I’ve been this type. Focused on one thing. I feel almost naked and I shift uncomfortably as he moves closer into my comfort zone. I brush my hair back and smile politely, nodding along to some story I can barely hear over the music. Truthfully, I’m scared. He’s big, but he seems even bigger from my smaller perspective. I feel powerless. The only thing I can do is smile and nod as his eyes rake up and down my body. Thankfully, Brian reappears with two beers in hand and I cling to him, literally. I wrap my arms around his shoulders and press my body against his as I take the beer.

“Hey, have you met my boyfriend, Brian?” I ask.

Brian rolls with it, shaking hands with the two guys as they make introductions which are immediately forgotten. Moments later the two guys make an excuse and peel off, thankfully leaving me and Brian alone.

“Wow, you move quick, huh?” Brian grins. “Should we set a wedding date?”

“Thank you for saving me. My hero. Cheers.”

We clink beer bottles and sip. There are a few attempts to talk, but it's impossible with all the noise and the beer running through my system.

“Let's go upstairs where it's quieter,” I yelled into his ear.

He nods and follows me upstairs. The music recedes as we reach the top and face a hallway with several doors branching off. I choose one at random, which happens to be a bedroom. Brian follows me in and shuts the door. I flop onto the bed, letting the room spin slightly above me. I feel the bed sag as Brian sits beside me. He leans over and his shaggy face appears in my line of sight.

“You okay?”

“Perfect,” I say. I wind my hand through his hair and guide him down towards my lips.

Fuck, what am I doing? I'm moving too fast, he's going to think I'm a slut.

Why do I care? This is temporary so why not have fun?

But I really like him and want to make a good impression.

But I'm not a woman. But I'm already growing wet as the need for him arcs through my body and his tongue meets mine. He tastes like licorice as my tongue skates around his mouth. His beard is scratchy against the tip of my little nose but I like the sheer masculinity of it. He pulls away and takes my beer from me, then puts them both on the side table before turning back to me.

My arms are above my head, my waves of brunette hair splayed out above me, and I gaze up at him as he leans over me. His hand comes down onto my side, gently, the warm palm pressing against my bare flesh, sending a flash of heat through me. Then his lips are back on me and we're kissing with a barely restrained eagerness. I want him so badly, my entire body is on fire. At the same time I'm terrified of wanting him, of fully exploring this delightful female body I now inhabit. But then he pulls away and buries his head in my hair then kisses his way down my neck and I close my eyes and sigh. Every time his lips touch my skin a spark shoots through me, collecting in my center and urging a gentle tension through my body.

I lift my top, letting one of my tits fall out, full and firm between us. I grab his other hand and place it on my breast. He squeezes gently as I writhe and moan beneath him.

“God, Natalie, you're so beautiful,” he whispers in my ear, the glorious susurration of his breath

hot on my skin. And I feel beautiful, delicate and pretty, like a flower. And like a flower, my bud is opening for him. I can feel my wetness forming, my pussy lips beginning to slide against each other as my legs slowly twist back and forth.

Then he kisses his way down my collarbone and latches his mouth gently on my nipple. He flicks my nipple with his tongue, nips gently with his teeth, sucks it into his mouth and gently bites, nearly reaching the threshold of pain before letting go. My body is electrified, each nibble making me yearn for more. It's impossible to stop. My body needs release, consequences be damned.

He shuffles around and climbs on top of me, his comforting weight pressing me deeper into the mattress. The bulge of his pants presses against my thighs. As he continues kissing his way back and forth between my nipples, I reach down and unbutton his pants and push them down. His cock pokes out, hot and urgent against my leg. His breathing quickens, as does mine. My miniskirt is already flipped up, so I pull my panties aside with one hand, spread my legs and guide him against me with the other. I'm oh so wet.

The head of his cock presses against my opening. He stares into my eyes, wide open and yearning for me just as I'm yearning for him. There's a building pressure against my slit as he pushes. It builds, builds, and then with a moan he enters me. My pussy lips part and his cock slides inside and, oh god, it's wonderfully hot and thick. I can feel the walls of my pussy gripping the shaft as he burrows inside me, the head forcing its way ever deeper into my virgin pussy. I spread my legs and whisper his name "Brian" as he glides ever deeper inside, until his body rests against mine and his cock is lodged deep in my center.

He holds himself there for a beat and fuck, I'm so full, so wonderfully full, and then he slides out. And then he's leaning over me, one hand on my tit, gripping and squeezing, staring into my eyes like I'm the most beautiful woman he's ever seen, whispering my name, "Natalie. Oh, god, Natalie," as he fucks me slowly, cock driving in and out of my pussy. I'm sopping wet and he fits me perfectly, driving the tension inside my body higher with every thrust. The room is burning bright and he's the only thing I can see, the only thing I can feel as he penetrates me, fucks me hard and slow and now I'm begging for more, begging for him to go faster, please, please, fuck me, and he obliges, driving harder, deeper inside me, grunting with effort on each downstroke, pounding me, making my pussy ache until suddenly the tension inside me explodes and I cum, grabbing onto him for support, wrapping my legs around him to drive him deep as my body quivers, pleasure running through me like a live wire and I'm sure he can feel me orgasming around his cock and he grunts and explodes and oh, god the heat inside my pussy, the jetting squirts of hot cum filling me make me cum again. My voice is high pitched and needy, crying out his name as he fucks me like the slut I now am, driving his cock into my pussy again and again until he's empty and I have every last drop of his seed. And, oh, fuck, what have I done? And, god, it was perfect.

He pulls out, dripping down my leg, and I almost cry out in anguish at the emptiness inside me.

“Hold me,” I say, hating how needy I sound, how much my body just craves his arms around me, his breath on my shoulder.

To his credit, he obliges, wrapping me in his long arms as my body quivers with aftershock and I slowly, slowly come down.

He takes me home but the ride is subdued. I'm giggly and brimming with love but he's quiet and distant. We trade numbers and I return to my apartment. I can still feel his warmth between my legs, still feel his stickiness on my thighs.

But then he doesn't call. And Zoey doesn't change me back. And then he doesn't return my calls. And I want to be Drew again but I also want to have Brian. And then, three days later, three days of begging Zoey for the antidote, three days of pleading, three days of hoping Brian will call, three days of buying new outfits just to get through each day, Zoey comes over to my place.

I've cleaned it up in the interval. As a woman I couldn't stand the disorganized mess the old me had left. I organized and put things away, bringing order to the chaos.

“I talked to Brian,” Zoey says by way of introduction.

“And?” I hate how much I want to hear that he misses me.

“He wants you to stop calling him.”

My heart breaks and I sag into a chair. “Really?”

“Yeah. You liked him, huh?” There's a trace of sadness in her voice.

“Yeah,” I sigh, “But I guess that will all go away once I change back.”

“Uh, that's the thing,” Zoey says. “There is no antidote. I lied. You're Natalie forever.”

I stare up at her, no idea what to say. “You mean I'm--” I look down at my body, at the perfect breasts, the trim tummy, the wide thighs and the little bubble butt. Mine forever.

She nods. “Well, you'll make a hell of a girlfriend. Platonically, of course.”

“Of course.” And the thing is...I do. Zoey and I became good friends. It takes me years, but when the time comes she helps plan my wedding. She's my maid of honor when I finally walk down the aisle. The second person I tell when I become pregnant, and the only person who ever knows my secret.