

# The Waterboy's Woman

**By FoxFaceStories**

## **A Commissioned Work**

*Eric is a gangly waterboy and poolboy both, serving the Varsity swimming team who see him as a sad figure to be largely ignored. One day, Eric gets the confidence to ask the team leaders - the jockish Sean and loyal Tyrone - to come to his house to try his experimental new drug, hoping it will make him popular enough to be in with their popularity. But things go in unexpected directions when an accidental misstep is made . . .*

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## Part 1

"You're telling me that you, Eric Paldrick, have got a stash?"

The gangly waterboy adjusted his glasses, looking more than a little anxious. He was tall, over 6'1, but lacked the developed musculature of the popular varsity swim team who saw him every day working to keep them hydrated, and on off days, keep the pool clean. Waterboy and poolboy, both. His own introversion and difficulty in talking to girls had made him, if not a total outcast, then one just one of those individuals who is naturally ignored, or simply tolerated for his work ethic.

"Sure," he said, shrugging as if to play it cool. "I have my connections. I have the keys to the chem lab, remember? And I'm top of the class in that subject, *on top* of all the gear I've got at home."

Sean and Tyrone looked at him in slight disbelief. The two were champions of the college swim team, and were among the most popular boys on campus. Their fraternity was infamous for its loud parties and outrageous stunts, but also the wealth and fame of its residents' families, which had given many of them a head start.

"I don't know, I don't believe it," Sean said. He was slightly taller than Eric, but certainly broader and fitter, with short brown hair that was always gelled whenever he wasn't in the water. "A nerd like you with a proper stash? I'd have heard of it. I think you're just trying to push in on our circle, get a little popular by being near to us."

Tyrone put up a hand to stop Sean as he turned.

“Hey, hey, wait back a bit, dude.”

Tyrone was a deep-voiced and black-skinned, with the sculpted jaw of a superhero and a *serious* set of pecs over an equally impressive six-pack. Sean may have been the best on the swim team, but Tyrone had the slightly bigger pull with the ladies. He flashed a grin that could have been good-natured at Eric.

“I wanna see what the kid has to say.”

Eric winced at being called ‘kid.’ Despite lacking their broad-shouldered physiques and manly looks that drove the cheerleading girls wild, he was in fact six months older than Sean and nine older than Tyrone. All of them were twenty-one years of age. Sean looked to his friend, shrugged, and indicated for Eric to continue. The gangly waterboy breathed in, trying to compose the words in his head.

“I’ve made something. By myself. I didn’t want to say it earlier because I know it sounds risky. I had to wait until I’d tested it on myself and knew it was safe. That’s why you’re only hearing about it now. But I promise you, it makes LSD feel like - like - well, like nothing, I guess. Sorry, I’m not explaining this well.”

“Damn right you aren’t.”

“Let him explain, Sean, I’m interested.”

Sean sighed. “Go on then kid.”

Eric could feel the heat rise, the nervousness kick in. If he could get them to see what he’d seen, then he just *knew* he could be as popular as them. Knew he could be allowed to party with them. And knew most of all that if that was the case, if he were invited to a party at their fraternity, then there was no way he’d be leaving as a virgin. If you were in with Sean and Tyrone, then you had some magnetic draw with at least some of the better-looking girls. He just knew it.

“Well, basically, um . . . that’s it. I’ve tested it, and I can’t begin to describe it. I’d tried LSD before, and - well - weed of course. Some other stuff. This blew them all away, and it’s not addictive! At least it wasn’t to me. I just thought you guys might be interested.”

Sean folded his arms. “What’s the catch?”

Here was where Eric knew he had to be honest. If he lied now, they’d never believe this came out of the blue. He closed his eyes for a moment and held out his arms.

“I’m the waterboy, right? It’s how I get by. But it’s embarrassing. I don’t look all that much either; I’m a total beanpole. Your friend Marcus literally calls me that. That and ‘virgin nerd’. Which . . . I am. I know I’ll never be really popular, but I’m sick of guys seeing me as nothing and girls not seeing me at all. So, I-I figure, maybe - maybe if I can do something for you guys, you can do something for me.”

“And what’s that?” Sean said. It was not quite a sneer. The honesty was something, at least, that he approved of.

“I want to come to your parties. If my stash works for you guys it will be a total hit, and if so, I can be popular in my own way too. And everyone knows what can also happen at your parties . . .”

He left the implication dangling. He wished he’d dropped the mop. He looked ridiculous carrying it while making this point.

Tyrone grinned. “Holy shit, you got some *balls* kid. Sean, waterboy here got a *plan* and everything! We at least gotta check out if this is legit!”

Sean considered this, more sceptical than his friend. “Alright. This Saturday. I want to try this stash. But if you try *anything*, waterboy, your ass is mine.”

“I won’t let you down. I promise.”

“Good.” Sean turned to leave, flicking a towel over his bare shoulder. “Oh, and Eric? If this stuff is as good as you say, then you better be a good waterboy and keep us hydrated for the ride.”



Eric’s house was a two-story building out in the suburbs with a small front yard and moderate back. It wasn’t shabby, but it was a far cry from the wealthy closed gate communities the varsity swim boys usually hailed from, particularly Sean, whose father was famously influential. The two swim champions bickered as they approached the door.

“This is stupid,” Sean said, “the kid is yanking our chain. Look at this place. If it was a mansion I’d believe it, if it was an inner city coke den I’d believe, but this is some middle-class suburbia bullshit.”

Tyrone shrugged. “Maybe dude, I’m just saying, kid’s a wiz when it comes to chemistry. Remember those boring-ass assemblies? Waterboy won some real prestige there. I’m talking scholarship type of shit. Worst case, it doesn’t pan out and you make his life hell. But I think he’s the real deal.”

“If you’re wrong Tyrone, you don’t get to make one pass at Betty until I’ve had a run at her.”

Tyrone considered this, and extended a hand.

“You’re on.”

They shook, and then Sean rang the bell. The door opened quicker than expected, and Eric knew instantly that he’d been too eager to please. The two looked at him as if he were a small ant that had reached the notice of unwelcoming gods.

“Uh . . . hey guys. Um, come on in. I’ll show you around first if you want. Either of you thirsty?”

“Just show us the stuff kid, I want a sample, and you’re taking it with us.”

Eric resisted the urge to bow to Sean. The man had a presence.

“Uh sure. Come with me. It’s in the basement - I know how that sounds. It’s a regular basement. It’s actually where I live.”

A raised eyebrow from Tyrone, who was fighting a giggle.

“You live in your parents’ basement?”

Eric paused, stopping suddenly. “No, my parents died a while back. I live alone. Easier to maintain just one area. It’s why I have to work as a waterboy *and* poolboy in the first place. Scholarship wasn’t enough.”

“Oh . . . sorry kid.”

“Eric.”

“Yeah, sorry Eric.”

"Let's just hurry this up," Sean said

They continued, Eric slightly buoyed by his own confidence, Sean silent and brooding. At least Tyrone was partly nice, if condescending. Tyrone commented on the closed door of the end room as they moved to the basement entrance.

"Oh, that's just the master bedroom. I never felt comfortable there. Too much space."

No one commented, and Eric led the two of them down into the basement. Far from an alien looking setup, it was fairly normal; there was a mini-kitchen, a single-size bed, an adjacent sized bathroom, and various cupboards for clothing and storage. Posters of science fiction shows neither of the jocks recognised lined the walls; Sean gave a mocking grin at the one that featured a green skinned alien beauty on the front. Sean blushed red. He should have taken those down. Along with the LEGO Death Star, the collection of DnD figurines (the ones he'd carefully painted but never found any willing players to appreciate), and his collection of fantasy books prominently and proudly displayed.

"Wow dude. No wonder you're a virgin."

Eric could feel his face flush completely red as Sean continued to smirk at his surroundings.

"You gotta admit S, the painted little fighters look hella cool though. You painted them yourself, Eric?"

"Uh, yeah. Took a while. They're for Dungeons and Dragons."

"Hell naww, D'n'D? I used to game when I was like, fourteen. This setup is rad."

"Thanks. You're welcome to play sometime. If you're still into it."

Eric looked at Tyrone with surprise. A flash of annoyance passed from Sean to his friend, and Tyrone quickly adjusted his dark features into an uncaring aloofness. "Yeah, like I said, I liked it when I was a kid. Bit too old for nerdy kid shit now."

It was a deflating moment. Somehow, Eric had the horrible feeling that it was all going inescapably wrong. He wordlessly directed them to the remaining room: his pride and joy, his private chemistry lab. Equipment was carefully stored here, shelves and racks of utensils, beakers, vials, bunsen burners, and, of course, a variety of powders, liquids, metals, and gases.

"This is more like it, waterboy. Show us the stuff."

Eric withdrew a key from his pocket and unlocked a cabinet. A number of pillboxes were carefully labelled with scientific notation. These were a collection of his experiments, some of which were too embarrassing and far fetched to admit.

"Jeez, ya'll got a whole pharmacy down here. So which one is it?" Tyrone asked.

Eric grabbed a yellow box, second from the left, and took it down.

"Here it is. A simple pill. It'll usually last a few hours, but I've made these ones with minor strength: they should only last twenty to thirty minutes or so."

Tyrone nodded. "Kid came through."

"It can leave you a bit parched."

"Then what are you waiting for, waterboy?" said Sean. "Go fetch us some water. Show us you can be dedicated enough to join the Alpha Nu Beta fraternity. Show us you deserve to land a hot babe."

Eric ran to fetch the water.



Eric had done his best to make them comfortable. He'd fetched them both water, gave Sean the best seat while he was relegated to the floor. Tyrone was eased back in a beanbag.

"What do you call it? Your pill, dude."

Eric looked to Tyrone. "I, ah, just call it Relax."

"Well, let's see if relax does what you say, waterboy," said Sean.

Each of them raised the low strength pill to their lips and sat it on their tongues. One by one they settled down and waited.

And waited.

And waited.

And waited.

Finally Sean grew angry, and rose to his feet. "Fuck this bullshit, I'm not feeling a thing. This has all just been a total waste of our fucking time."

Before Eric could react, or even Tyrone, he moved to shove Eric forcefully out of the way.

Only he didn't make it.

Sean fell backwards through reality, collapsing through a kaleidoscope of colour, reverberating sounds of the universe ebbing and echoing all around him. He turned to Tyrone, but his friend had become a marble statue of truth and luminance. For the briefest glimmer of introspection, Sean saw his friend not as his offsider, but a giant in his own right, waiting to break through. A greater power containing an essence he could not recognise, that was alien to him, ready to break through the granite. He looked upon his own hands and found them granite, but then even that vision dissipated as glittering stars floating throughout the room, forming a starlight arc that led to the cabinet of pills, all of which were dancing and dancing and dancing.

Tyrone was equally astonished. Possibilities, potential futures whizzed around him like small galaxies in an endless cosmos. The people he could have been, the paths he could have taken, all the greatest moments of his life condensed and formed around him into the Ideal Tyrone. This Tyrone did not look like him, but he could not understand its shape; it was the shadow, the dark, the Yin, though he did not know what that meant. It stretched forth a hand but before he could take it minutes had already passed as hours of grains of sands and time and falling away on top of the strange pills that danced above and waited and called for more, endless more.

Eric was more used to this trip. He could guide it, centre himself. He allowed himself to flow through it, and control the images it gave him. A sense of strength came to life as he saw rippling muscles along his arms form, and his anxiety scattered like Autumn leaves before a lion in his vision whose name was Confidence. He fought the lion and won its namesake, and among the trees that whistled in the wind around him, he knew he had become its master for only this short respite.



Sean roused himself first. Still absorbed in the tail end of his trip, confused and in awe of the things he had seen, he stood upon wobbly legs and passed a still wide-eyed Eric. The waterboy was scrawny - the pill's effects still raged on him despite his previous use - and Tyrone was enraptured. But Sean could feel the effects slowly fading, and he wanted more.

"Where . . . where are the better pills? I want more of that shit, man. I want the full trip. I want fucking nirvana, man. Waterboy? Waterboy?"

He slapped Eric on the side of the head. The waterboy looked at him, turned slowly, and held up a bottle of water as if it were expected of him. Sean slapped that away too.

"Fucking useless. Tyrone, which pill box was it?"

Tyrone was no good: "*I'm not the person I'm meant to be,*" was all he replied, in a voice full of wonder.

But the trip was fading, and Sean needed more. Stupid pool kid said the pill wasn't addictive, but hadn't accounted for the fact that *an interrupted trip is a fucking tragedy*. He looked at the row of little yellow boxes, all of them dancing and laughing at them - he hated being laughed at - and grabbed one. Large yellow pills - or were they pink? Impossible to tell - were within his reach. He took one, larger in size than the first pill, and sat it on his tongue.

"Found it, no thanks to you assholes. Here you go Ty."

Tyrone opened his mouth as if he were automated, and accepted the pill, and Sean sat back down. He tried to get into the same head space as before, but something felt different. Something had changed. It was like a muscle was pulling on his insides, like he was itching all over. His hair was pulling away from him, his skin sensitive. He felt flushed, hot, and turned on. *Really* turned on. But there was no erection. In fact, he had started to feel very strange down there. He turned to Tyrone, and gasped. His friend's chiselled jaw had shrunk, and his features were softer. It even looked like his hair was growing out.

"Dude," he said through the hit. His voice sounded higher for some reason. "You look like a girl."

Tyrone began to feel his face all over. His fingers were becoming slender, and Sean could feel his own thinning, his muscles deflated and skin softening. "Woah, fuck. My skin is all weird. This is awesome."

Eric had stood up and gotten himself a new pill, not gazing at either of them. Sean puzzled while a strange pulling sensation began in his crotch. Wasn't the pill box he got still on the floor? What was Eric grabbing then? But he was knocked from that thought as the strange heat expanded beneath his bellybutton, as if his organs were rearranging. He moaned, and Tyrone moaned with him, a pair of increasingly high voices. The heat was becoming unbearable, the ache in his bones growing, particularly in his pelvis. His lips became puffy, and a curtain of brown hair obscured his vision.

"What kind of trip is this?" he said, voice cracking up another octave mid-sentence. He looked to Tyrone and couldn't find him, but a beautiful black woman was suddenly seated near him, her features becoming lovelier by the second. She had thick, full dark lips and frizzy dark hair that hung like in a mop around her head, framing dark, wanting eyes.

"Hey sexy, where did you come from?" the dark girl said, then touched her throat in confusion. "The fuck?"

But Sean was no longer paying attention, even as the woman became increasingly beautiful. His pelvis ached with pain, with a loud 'POP' he felt his bones shift on one side of his hips, then the other. It was like they were getting wider. His chest was becoming sore, but the cramped nature of his clothes - which seemed at once stretched and simultaneously too big for him - meant that he could only figure out what was happening by removing his jacket. The heat, the strange want, was still bubbling inside of him, and he felt as if he would die if he didn't get his clothes off in time. Already, the dark woman was doing something similar.

There was just. Too. Much. Damn. Heat.

Sean gasped as he teared at his clothing. The high was too much. It felt too real. His ass had started to feel like an inflatable beach ball, rounded and soft. He pulled his shirt off just in time to be confronted by something else growing as well. Slowly, a deep pressure welling behind them, his chest began to expand. Sean cupped his nipples, which had become darker and larger, and cried in a mix of ecstasy and discomfort as a pair of breasts blossomed from him, growing bigger and bigger despite his attempts to push them back, until they were so large they were literally overflowing his palms. He shrieked in a soprano wail, and his massive boobs wobbled heavily, a noticeable weight on his back.

It was unreal. It was impossible. It was a trip unlike any other, and the dark-skinned woman in front of him seemed as confused and turned on as he was. The last sucking sensation between his legs completed, and in its place there was a slit between his leg that was *begging* to be filled. Sean couldn't understand it, but the yearning was there. He looked to the other woman, whose own bust had expanded to a fun-sized pair, though not as big as Sean's own. The woman bit her lip, a hand descending between her thighs.

They both had the need.

Sean's perception of reality was slipping once more; his mind was a blur of thoughts and sensations and transformations, none of which made sense but all of which felt oh-so-damn-right. His nipples hardened. An unfamiliar moistness developed within his newly formed vagina. It was all too much. He looked around for anyone that could feel the aching need and quench the burning heat his new body was in.

And there was Eric.

As if manifesting out of the blue, the waterboy was there to quench his - *her* - fire. The newly christened woman was desperate, she was gorgeous, and the only man who could give her a good fucking - a fucking she couldn't understand her sudden craving for - was right before her. Eric turned to her, and his eyes went wide.

"W-who are you? I-I don't understand . . ."

But Sean was already moving forward, as was the other woman. The two naked girls, both busty and petite and perfect, moved on Eric like predators to prey. The boy was helpless, happily so, to their ministrations. Never before had he experienced a trip like this; two beautiful, full-breasted women ready to jump his bones. The brunette had a particularly large set of melons, and they wobbled as she crawled over to him and began pawing at his buttons.

“Please fuck me, Eric! God, I - I need you so damn bad!”

The black woman was less curvy than her counterpart, but had a face that was at once playful and seductive, her beautiful hair curling around her bare shoulders.

“No, me first! I need your cock inside of me. It’s so fucking empty and I need you to fill it!”

Already Eric had a raging erection, and it was further stoked as the two girls fought over him. It was not long before he was naked, and the two women were pulling him towards the oversized bed he slept in. He was utterly confused and simply going along with the ride at this point, and the hands that were all over his body, teasing his cock and kissing the nape of his neck, only made him more enthusiastic.

Sean’s body was burning. She had no way of understanding that while she was certainly tripping on the latest pill, her transformation was in fact very well. The same was true of Tyrone, who failed to recognise his friend, and seemed even more eager to embrace her new form. Sean’s heart leapt as Eric took his cock out; he was well-hung for the gawky nerd she’d seen him as. But now she needed his manliness. Needed to drink it in. No, have it *penetrate* her.

“Me first, me first,” she whined, pushing the other woman out of the way.

“Fuck you, I need him too!”

The girls fought, until Eric spoke. “Ladies . . . p-please, I’m sure we can do this all together.”

It was all the permission they needed. Within moments, both women were entangled with Eric. Sean felt himself be entered first. Tyrone was second, but it would not be the last that night for either of them. Both former men moaned in pleasure as Eric thrust, the other woman getting him to play with her tits or finger her pussy. They were rabid. They were possessive. They were insatiable.

Until finally, they were fulfilled, and Eric exhausted, and the waterboy went and fetched them all water. The two magnificent new beauties nestled on either side of Eric, their warm, soft bodies curled up against his, and the threesome fell asleep together. As he went to sleep, the pill only just beginning to wane its effects on Eric, he could have sworn he had seen an experimental pill he’d canned months ago on the ground. The one labelled *Gender Bender*. But thinking no more of it, he fell back to sleep.

The girls had been in heat, and the waterboy had quenched their fires. But they would be in for a surprise when they woke . . .

## Part 2

Eric woke first, dazed but feeling wonderful. Something fantastical and marvellous had happened the previous evening, but it was all a blur of sensations and half-remembered sounds. He shifted in his bed, and in response, there came a lovely and *very* feminine moan to his left, followed by an equally feminine cooing sigh to his right. Eric opened his eyes, and realised that he was not alone in his bed.

On either side of the dorky male, two incredibly beautiful and busty women were pressed up against him, their soft flesh warming him, their legs wrapped around his, their impressive busts squashed against the side of his rib cage. Both smelled of sex, and he had no doubt he did too.

*Holy shit*, he thought to himself, *those women were real? I actually had a threesome with these two hot girls?*

They were indeed hot, hot beyond belief. The one to his right was caucasian, with slightly tanned skin and thick brown hair that ran down the length of her back. Her chest was warm and large, two rounded globes that rested on either side of his arm, enveloping it in cleavage. She was familiar, somehow. Something about the thick eyebrows, the defined muscle of her arms, and a faint scar on her shoulder.

The woman to his left was black, her dark skin unblemished and gorgeous, her face pixie-cute. She had frizzy dark hair that shifted and bobbed with her movement, and while she was smaller chested, her thick thighs had captured his leg, and he could see that her ass and hips were from beyond this world.

*Holy shit*, Eric thought again. *This isn't a dream.*

He could feel himself getting hard, as the two sighing, slowly waking girls nestled ever closer to him. The blonde one groaned, lowering her hand slower until it rested on his firm member. It grew harder still. The still-unconscious woman smiled in her sleep, and began to tease it, gently.

"Ahh, oh that's nice," Eric whispered. Both women stirred a little more. The darker woman also placed her hand down there gently cupping his balls and massaging his stem. God, it felt so damn good. They continued, both purring in self-conscious states, until finally he could not hold back any longer.

"Oh God!" he groaned as he came, the sheets and both girls' hands getting covered in his cum.

That was enough to wake them both.

"What the fuck!?"

"Huh? Where are we? Hang on, the hell!?"

Both flung back the covers, Sean especially, utterly confused at their new forms. Her large breasts wobbled, perfect pink nipples still erect from her semi-conscious arousal. Tyrone was much the same; the number two of the swim team was staring intently at his hands, then his breasts, then his rounded ass.

"What did you do nerd? Fuck, I even sound like some bitch!"

Tyrone, in the meantime, had returned to examining her hand. "Hell naww, is this jizz? The fuck?"

Both looked to Eric, who now felt very naked and very scrutinised upon his bed. It didn't take long for his intelligent mind to make the connect: a busty brunette with a domineering attitude, and a dark skinned beauty with a toned body and vague sense of uncertainty. He was staring, impossibly, at Sean and Tyrone, now rendered as girls so fit and beautiful they could be the headline cheerleaders for the Varsity team instead of their lead sportsmen.

"Oh my God," he said, covering himself with the sheet. "Sean? Tyrone?"

The two looked at each other, jaws dropping, then back to him.

"What," Sean said, teeth grinding, nipples still hard and breasts jiggling as she stepped forward to poke a finger forward, "did. You. Do. To. Us."

"Yeah man, this is trippy. Are we still on drugs? 'Cause I won't lie, this feels pretty weird. I've got tits, and an ASS. Holy hell, this thing is huge."

"Quit looking at your fucking ass Tyrone. This kid's just turned us into a fucking pair of bimbos. Turn us back NOW Waterboy, or I'll pound you."

The meaning of 'pound' had taken on a very different light following the previous night's proceedings, and there was an awkward silence as each was reminded of the all-too-real pleasures they shared. Of being penetrated and sucked upon. Eric was just glad his semi-erection was hidden beneath the blanket.

"Um, I think I have a theory on what might have happened. But, um, you girls - guys! guys, sorry! - you guys should cover up."

Sean and Tyrone looked down at themselves. The former went bright red.

"Shut your fucking eyes, waterboy."

Eric tried not to stare too hard at the girls' gorgeous forms, which they were thankfully covering with fabric around the room. Eric was dismayed to see a set of carefully painted miniatures crash to the ground as Sean ripped a sheet from a table. Tyrone, despite looking somewhat paler than usual and breathing heavily in agitation, made sure to clear away another set of figures before grabbing a sheet. Soon their bodies were wrapped in crude togas, though they did little to concern their fine forms. Eric was tasked with finding their

proper clothing, which took some time - it had been a wild, orgy-filled acid trip. Eventually the two sat, using their togas as crude skirts and wearing their oversized tops. Neither of their pants fit anymore; Sean's were far too big, while Tyrone's hips were far too wide to squeeze in.

"Talk," said Sean. "Quick. I want to know what the hell is going on."

"Yeah," agreed Tyrone. "This is freak as all hell. I always wondered what it was like to be a girl, but this is crazy man. This better be an accident."

"It is," Eric assured, now fully clothed himself. "And I can explain it. I think."

Sean went to say something cruel to the waterboy. Even in her busty form, unfamiliar breasts bouncing in a braless top, she felt the urgent need to dominate him. To make him smaller - who was now taller than her. But as she went to speak, there was a twisting in her gut, and she doubled over.

"The hell? You okay, Sean? Kid, the fuck is happening to - AHH!"

Tyrone doubled over as well, and the two barely managed to keep on their legs as their bodies altered once more. Muscle piled onto slim arms, and their defined shoulders swelled. Bones cracked as they grew taller, leg and arm hairs sprouting, while a terrible itch in their scalps accompanied the retraction of their long, luscious hairstyles. Sean groaned, voice becoming his regular masculine tone, while Tyrone's fell to his deeper, brass baritone. Their breasts deflated back into muscled pecs, while their asses became flatter to match their narrowed hips. Finally, both men gasped, as their manhood sprung forth from between their legs.

After just a minute or so of changing, right before Eric's eyes stood Sean and Tyrone again, as if they had never been a pair of beautiful women at all. Both patted over their forms with excitement, whooping and high-fiving, and Sean especially seemed utterly relieved.

"Thank God, oh thank God. I've never been so happy to have a dick," exclaimed Tyrone. Meanwhile, Sean marched forward to Eric, uncaring as his toga-skirt fell away. He poked a powerful finger right in Eric's chest.

"What the fuck did you do to us, kid?"



"A gender swapping pill? You're shitting us."

"We *just* turned into women, Sean. And I'm pretty sure Eric fucked us last night."

Sean sneered at his friend's flippant comment. "Don't you *ever* mention that gay shit to me ever again, you hear?" He turned back to Eric, who cowered a little under his gaze. "Why the fuck would you have a gender swapping pill? You steal it?"

Eric waved his arms in a placating fashion. "No, no, I would never - I . . . I invented it. I told you, I'm good with chemistry. *Really* good. And I have plenty of free time, plus what I inherited, so I invested in creating my own laboratory."

"That doesn't explain that level of what the fuck, Eric," Tyrone said.

Eric tried to avoid turning red. This part was embarrassing. "I wanted to see if I could make myself better. More popular. So I experimented. Tried different ways of changing myself using different pills I'd made."

Both swimmers glanced over to the nearby cabinet of pills. It was still open and, no longer high, they could read the headings on the boxes:

*Muscle Growth Formula*

*Confidence Booster*

*Athleticiser*

*Party Animal*

"Dude," Tyrone just said.

"Yeah, that is the saddest thing ever," Sean said. "Pathetic, really. So, what were these frickin' gender pills for? You planning to turn all the Varsity swim team to girls and fuck them like you did us?"

He grabbed Eric by the collar.

"N-no! Nothing like that!" His face went bright red. "I just thought . . . maybe if I could be a girl, then . . . well, maybe people would treat me better."

Again, that silence. Sean dropped him back down and huffed, turning away in disgust. Tyrone's gaze seemed to linger on Eric.

"Then . . . why didn't you use 'em?"

Eric looked forlornly at the container labelled *Gender Bender* on the floor.

"It didn't work. I was going to throw them away, actually. Nothing happened when I took them. I have no idea why it worked for you guys but not me."

Sean gave a dark chuckle. "Maybe it takes a *real man* to work with. Maybe the pill thought you were already a girl, beanpole."

Tyrone shot his friend a look. "Sean, why you gotta be like this man?"

"I'm sorry, are you forgetting this little turd just have fucking sex with us?"

Tyrone stood up, raising his hands. "I know, man, shit's weird. But . . . c'mon, we were all tripping. All three of us. That party shit of his, that was *good*, man. And, let's not lie, I'm pretty sure we were *super* into it."

Sean gave his friend a dark look, and stepped closer. For a moment, it almost looked like violence was about to occur. Tyrone seemed a little surprised, but held his ground.

“Okay, okay dude, chill out. I’m just saying, I don’t think it was Eric’s fault. I mean, it wasn’t him that grabbed the pills, was it?”

But Sean was refusing to continue *that* conversation. “Just tell us if this shit is permanent, water boy. Like, it’s not going to happen again. Ever.”

Eric gulped. “I’d need my equipment to make sure, just a blood sample should suffice. But . . . no. I doubt it. It should have any lasting change, only prolonged treatment could -”

“Good. Grab your chem lab shit and grab a sample from us both. Next time I see you at the pool, you give me my water, you nod if there are no problems, and shake your head if there are. The *only* scenario in which you ever get to speak to me again is if there’s a problem. Otherwise, this NEVER happened, you understand?”

He seemed to be speaking to all three in the room, perhaps most of all himself.

“Yeah,” Eric said, “I understand.”

“Good. Tyrone, let’s get the hell out of here. You can forget the parties, kid.”

Sean grabbed his jacket and stormed back upstairs. Moments later, the door slammed. Tyrone, however, lingered a little, looking a lot more introspective than his friend.

“Man,” he finally said, “that shit was wild. Glad it’s over, but . . . that was something. Hey, is that Adrax the Annihilator?”

Eric was momentarily confused by the swimmer’s statement. He turned to see that Tyrone was indicating to the shelf of comics on the wall, along with a series of games.

“Oh, uh, yeah. It’s nerdy shit.”

Tyrone grinned, but Eric was shocked to see it was a genuine smile, not a mocking sneer the sight would get from Sean. “Oh man, I love Adrax the Annihilator. Best member of the Justice Force by far.”

“No way, man, Javan is way cooler. He’s got a harpoon that fires blackholes!”

Tyrone shook his head, becoming more animated.

“Javan is overrated, dude. All edgy and shit. Adrax has got the whole backstory with being a servant of the empire and everything. He’s got the arc.”

Eric found himself engrossed. “You’ve read *Servants of the Empire*?”

“Duh, like three or four times man. I just don’t tell the others because . . .” he trailed off, aware of the implication that Eric had already reached: *nerdy shit*. “Anyway man, I gotta go. Thanks for the trip . . . gonna take a while to process everything else. But, well, yeah, anyway.”

He got up, awkwardly scratched the back of his neck, and left. Eric sighed heavily, alone once more. He was no longer a virgin - in fact, he was pretty sure his acid pill must

have functioned like an aphrodisiac with the stamina he'd had in his remembrances. But . . . it had occurred in the strangest possible way, and destroyed any dreams he'd had of finally making connections and being 'in' with the popular guys. He began to pack away his cabinet once more.

For just a moment, he thought about throwing away the *Gender Bender* pills, but decided against it, for reasons he wasn't quite sure of yet. Instead, he grabbed the vials of blood samples he'd taken from Sean and Tyrone, and set to work examining the results.



Over the next three days, things developed back into a steady rhythm approaching normality. Eric was back to being the waterboy and poolboy both, ignored or simply tolerated by the elite swimming team. Sean avoided him in particular; following the blood test, he'd received a nod of affirmation from Eric - their blood work was good, the feminine experience was just a one-time thing - and had since ignored him, even relaying demands through other teammates just so they didn't have to talk.

For Eric, it was a demeaning existence. He'd come so close with the development of his acid trip pill, but neither man seemed interested in pursuing it. It probably reminded them of what had happened, and he couldn't blame them for avoiding the subject. Occasionally, he saw Tyrone give him a glance. For some reason, he'd always viewed the dark-skinned athlete similar to his white counterpart; a total meathead who got all the ladies and didn't have much in the way of higher thought processes. But that wasn't true at all, and Eric could see the difference just in the way Tyrone occasionally made a small waving motion across the pool to acknowledge him, or said "hey, thanks for the work today, man" when he was the last to leave. And even in just the fact that he was the only member of the team now that called him Eric.

And that might have been the end of the three boys' tales, if that was the simple truth from Eric's perspective. He hadn't gained any further confidence since losing his virginity, and in many ways, a lot of other anxieties plagued him now. But what he was feeling was eclipsed by what Sean and Tyrone were secretly going through:

The night after he turned, Sean spent more time than usual flexing his athlete's muscles in the mirror. He was confident, arrogant even, but there was a tinge of anxiety he didn't want to confront; not just the fear that he might turn into a woman again, but the remembrances of how much he had actually *enjoyed* getting fucked as a woman. To shake the feelings, he decided to hit the clubs, and find a nice one-night stand to reaffirm his alphamale status.

It went well; a hot blonde was quite taken with his slick brown hair and classically square jaw, and she'd always wanted to bed an athlete, which suited him just fine. But even as he thrust into her that night, her crying out in ecstasy as his big cock filled her moist depths, he couldn't shake the memories.

How good it felt to have big sensitive nipples to be fondles.

How wonderful it felt to be penetrated, instead of being the penetrator.

How addictive it was to have multiple, powerful orgasms roll through his body like a storm, electric pulses of pleasure tingling over his form in a way the male body could never replicate. How it felt to gasp and wail freely, legs parted, and to *receive* rather than have to always *give*. God, it had felt good.

He finished in the girl. Of course he did. He was goddamned Sean Basten, he always came, and the girls always came with him. And she was a total babe. But it had taken longer than usual, and the thoughts - those lovely thoughts of being the caressed rather than the caressor - had played a part in that fulfilment.

Ordinarily, he'd have stayed the night, but instead, this time, he opted to go home, despite the woman wanting another round. He'd already forgotten her name. She was just some chick. He just hoped rumours wouldn't spread that he was lacking in performance.

When he arrived home, he looked in the mirror once more, and cupped his mighty pecs.

"The fuck is wrong with me," he muttered, shaking the thoughts free. He made his way to bed, intent on purging these strange feelings from his mind.

He would fail. Big time.



Tyrone's experience wasn't as dramatic, but was just as transformative. The handsome man was between girlfriends, and while he wasn't as big a ladies' man as Sean, Tyrone Johnson was never unlucky. He was still grappling with the weirdness of that night, but another element was also troubling him. He'd left behind so many of his interests and hobbies - his love of comics, gaming, nerdy tabletop gaming - that he had begun viewing as embarrassing once he became a star athlete. A lot of that influence had been Sean and some of the other swimmers. It was, as Sean called it often, "virgin nerd shit." But something about chatting with Eric had been refreshing, like opening a door to a time when he wasn't having to be so performative.

On the way home, he picked up an *Adrax the Annihilator* comic and placed it on his shelf. He couldn't say why, but it felt nice.

Much like Sean, that night Tyrone began to remember more clearly the events of his feminised experiences. The feeling of having a hard dick inside him, of having sensitive breasts, long frizzy hair, and wide hips that were perfect for loving. He'd come harder that night than any other in his life, and the feeling of a pair of firm hands on his soft, rounded ass had driven him wild.

Was that always how it felt to be a woman during good sex? Did they just have it that much better? And more than that, was it just the trip or did he actually feel more . . . free, when he was in that body?

Like Sean, he pushed the questions from his mind, but was unable to stop lingering on them. He took to bed early, bypassing his usual late-night workout. He slipped beneath the covers and thought of that strange, trippy, pleasurable experience, and found himself becoming hard as iron between his legs. After thirty seconds, the feeling had not gone away, and so he eased gently into the thoughts, beginning to tease himself. Masturbation was an occasional thing all guys did, but whereas he would masturbate to beauty, often busty, women, he found himself instead stroking his large penis to thoughts of being ravished and penetrated like a woman. As a woman.

And not just by any man either. He thought of Eric's face, above his, his body thrusting into *her*. And he came.

Immediately afterwards, Tyrone came to his senses.

"The fuck? Jesus, I must still have some of that pill stuff in my, goddamnit."

He washed his hands, took a shower, changed the sheets, and pointedly refused to think on what he'd just jacked off to.

But the dreams came anyway.



These were not isolated experiences. Over the three days of Eric's malaise, both men regularly revisited the memories and needs of that night, the sensations of being a woman in lust. Each night particularly, both men masturbated to feelings of womanhood, and Sean was increasingly finding sex with other women unsatisfactory, a part of him desiring he was in their position. The pill was in the forefront of his mind - more than any acid trip, it was the *Gender Bender* drug that had gained his addiction, and Tyrone's, and like a junkie to a fix, he fought the urge to take it again.

During training, Eric couldn't help but notice that the two swimmers alternated between distraction during training with their teammates, and a borderline ferocious approach to their sport, as if they were venting external frustration. Sean continued his

hostility, but there was almost a slight derangement to it. When a beautiful woman flirted with him, his eyes focused on her impressive cleavage. She giggled, taking pride in her attention-grabbing goods, but she had no way of knowing that Sean, in fact, was trying to surprise his feelings of jealousy. His tits, he remembered, had been even more impressive.

The situation for both men was quickly becoming intolerable. They were becoming stressed, overworked, and their teammates noticed their irritable natures and failing progress as the days wore on. In the end, each man made a decision on his own. Neither, of course, had told the other the feelings they'd been having, for fear they were alone. So it was that Sean and Tyrone, four days after their change, put on thick hoodies and made their way secretly to Eric's place.

They needed one more hit.



Eric was surprised when someone knocked upon his door at 8pm. He rose, rising from his lab to see who was at the door. He was shocked to see that it was Tyrone, wearing a hoodie and looking more than a little sheepish.

"Uh, hi Tyrone."

"Oh, hey Eric. Um, can I come in a moment?"

"Is it about the pill? Because I'm still so sorry about that - I promise everything looks good! There shouldn't be any changes."

"I haven't changed."

"That's great!"

Tyrone shuffled awkwardly. "But . . . can I still come in?"

"Oh, yes, of course, sorry."

Eric let him in, still unsure of what to say or how to respond. Tyrone scratched the back of his head, as Eric increasingly realised was his habit.

"So, man, that shit four nights ago was wild, wasn't it?"

"Feels like it was only last night."

"You've got no idea, dude. Bet you didn't think you'd lose your virginity to Tyrone Jognson and Sean Basten, right?"

Eric chuckled lightly, cheeks blushing. "Yeah . . . I certainly didn't. Look, I'm sorry about -"

"I'm not actually looking for sorries or anything," Tyrone said. "Look, that pill of yours, the *Gender Bender*, did you throw it out?"

Eric hesitated. "No," he admitted. "I will though. I should have flushed it down the - "  
"DON'T! I mean, please don't, dude. Not yet."

Eric was alarmed, and even more so when he saw the nervousness and discomfort on Tyrone's features. He wasn't sure what to say, but both were disturbed as the doorbell rang again. It was Sean, also in a hoodie, also looking desperate. He wasn't as pleasant.

"Where are those fucking pills, dude? Tell me you didn't throw them out!?"

He had grabbed Eric's collar and pushed him inside, slamming the door behind them. But before he could go any further, he looked to see Tyrone standing there.

"Tyrone."

"Hey Sean."

"You too?"

The man nodded. "Yeah. Bad."

"Me too. Fuck!" He dropped Eric to the floor. "I need that pill again man. Just once. Just once. I didn't get to appreciate it before. I can't get what it was like out of my damn mind, it's a fucking nightmare. Just one night as a full woman, and then that's it."

It was an alarming declaration, but by this point Sean was desperate. He *needed* the pill again. He *needed* to be a woman again. To be a busty brunette hottie with ample bust and hourglass figure. He needed to be lusted after, to be feminine and beautiful. To be in another skin that gave him so much pleasure. More than any drug.

Eric was astonished. "Tyrone, you feel this?"

"Fuck man, yeah I do. It's like I'm gonna explode if I can't be a woman again. Like Sean said, just for a bit. I just need to be in that skin, you know, without the acid trip. Just appreciate it. Just the once. Can you do that, Eric?"

The waterboy nodded.

"Then lead the way, waterboy," Sean snapped. He was already imagining the feeling of bouncing breasts and soft curves. It was nearly making him salivate. Tyrone was doing a better job of holding up, but was having to hide his erection just at the thought of having a pussy between his legs again. Thankfully, Eric was so surprised by this turn of events that he didn't notice. They descended once more into the basement that Sean had sworn he'd never visit again, and the brilliant lab student opened the cabinet containing the pills. He'd barely managed to point at the right pill box when Sean seized it immediately, took not just one pill but *two*, and swallowed them straight away.

"Don't be greedy, man," Tyrone grunted, taking one for himself and downing it as well. He breathed easier, knowing at least that the chemical was in his system. For a moment they simply waited.

“This better work this better work,” Sean repeated in almost a whisper. “Grab us some water, waterboy.”

“His name is Eric, Sean.”

The two exchanged a look. “Fine. Grab us water, Eric.”

He did, and by the time he returned both men were parched, sweating. Their impatience had reached a peak, but the pill was taking effect.

“OOOOHHHHHH, I can’t believe I’m fucking doing this,” Sean gasped, “I can FEEEEEL it!”

“M-me t-too,” Tyrone managed, “My dick man, it’s going up inside meEEEEEEEE!”

They both clutched their bodies as the changes began, Eric watching in amazement, mentally taking in this moment. Both men unbuckled their belts as their hips cracked wider, Tyrone’s thighs filling out sexily, her ass rounding out in a way that stretched her briefs to their limits. Sean literally moaned almost in orgasm as her brunette hair came in.

“C’mon, where are my tits? I want my freaking tits already!”

She didn’t have to wait long. With a joyous cry, she fell back onto a nearby couch as her shirt began to tent out, drawing tight over two particular features that rose like pastries. Tyrone’s bust had already developed, and her own reaction was similarly erotic when her pussy finished developing, the feminine folds resting in place while a life-giving womb grew into place within her.

“This - this is the shit I wanted,” Tyrone gasped, voice now sultry.

“Yes, yes, big tits, fuck I love feeling them grow in,” Sean cried. She was cradling her large breasts so that a line of cleavage emerged from the top of her shirt. As her changes finished, she now looked like a perfect centrefold pinup model; a buxom brunette with ‘come get me’ eyes, sharp cheekbones, a playful smirk, and a body that wouldn’t quit. Tyrone looked just as beautiful, but remained standing, simply basking in the glory of her returned female form, both hands on her wide hips, moving to gently cup her bounteous backside.

“Mhmmmmhm, that’s a good, good ass,” she moaned.

Eric was utterly silent, but was unable to hide the incredible erection tenting his pants. “Um, sorry, you’re just - you guys look so . . .”

“Hot as fuck,” Sean said. She was already examining herself in the mirror. “Holy shit Ty, I’m fucking stacked. Your boobs have got nothing on mine. Stephanie Carol doesn’t have tits this big, and she’s fucking *stacked*. God, they feel good. And heavy.”

Tyrone pushed Sean out of the way so she could see her new form. “You can keep those huge tits Sean, look at these hips. Mhmmhm, these are some baby-makers, man! Latishe Haverock looks like a beanpole compared to these. And this hair - holy shit, look at it bounce.” She jumped excitedly, and her frizzy hair did indeed bounce around her shoulders.

Eric was more focused on the way her ass and chest - the latter of which still sizeably busty by any means - bounced also.

“God, it’s like waking up,” Sean said. “I’m really hot too. Damn hot. Fuck, what do I do now?”

Tyrone beamed. For all of Sean’s enthusiasm, she seemed more comfortable in this new skin than Sean, who had simply felt the overwhelming need to adopt it, but was now a bit lost. The dark-skinned girl grabbed her white counterpart by the shoulders.

“Whatever you want, *girl*,” and chuckled. It made Sean give a devious grin.

Unbeknownst to the other two in the room, the mix of two pills rather than one was making Sean’s feminine urges twice as powerful. Images of being pounded by hot men, of spreading her legs wide and enjoying the penetration, of having her huge tits fondled and sucked on was already causing her to become moist.

“I’m going out. I’ve got stuff to do. Like I said, this is just this one time. I’m going to properly enjoy it, rather than in this nerd dungeon.”

“You’ll need a bra. And some clothes,” Tyrone said.

“Fuck, you’re right. Nerd here won’t have anything. My sister! June will have stuff that fits me. She hasn’t got tits like mine, but I can make do and take one of mom’s bras or something.”

Eric startled. “You’re going?”

She chuckled. “What, hoping for a rebound, nerd? I’m not gay, I’m not having sex. I just . . . needed this or whatever. Who doesn’t want to be a chick for a few hours, right? I’ll swing back to stay the night so leave the door unlocked, and when we turn back in the morning, THEN I’m done, got it?”

“Uh, sure.”

“Then seeya, *Eric*. Thanks for the pill. Don’t let it go to your head.”

Already she was mincing up the steps, her perfect pert ass swaying hypnotically with her hips, outlined against the pajama pants she’d brought to accommodate it. The door slammed moments later, and Sean was let loose upon the town. She refused to let Tyrone and especially Eric know how utterly horny she had become, how much her brain was thinking of all sorts of things to let a hot stud do to her body.

It wasn’t going to happen of course. That was all just desire, and she was still a dude down deep, she knew it. She was just going to go clubbing as a girl, maybe enjoy getting hit on. She could humiliate some of the other teammates! Maybe tease them a little. But that would be all. They’d sure love her bit, sensitive tits though. She bit her thumb as she thought of a set of lips on them, and shuddered at the thought.

No sex. No sex. Just dancing and clubbing and enjoying being a girl for a little bit.

Definitely no sex.





“So, you’re a woman,” Eric said.

Tyrone giggled, gesturing to her fine form. “You think?”

“You look good. Amazing. Seriously.”

“You know, I find it hard to buy you haven’t found a woman yet, Eric.”

He found it hard not to stare at her body as she sat next to him.

“Why is that?”

She twirled a bit of frizzy hair. It was clear that Tyrone loved her new hair. “Well, I just think you lack confidence, dude. I mean, you managed to please *two* women on your first try. And maybe it’s my lack of experience being a woman, but I was pretty satisfied.”

Eric looked her in the eyes. “Really? I thought it was just the trip . . .”

Again, that sultry laughter. “Oh, no no no. That was goood. I can confirm that dude. You got all up in there, man. Sean liked it too, but he wouldn’t admit it.”

“Seems there’s a lot he doesn’t admit.”

Tyrone regarded him. The kid was actually pretty cute, but maybe that was her raging hormones talking. A beanpole, yes, but he had a nice face, a bit of muscle on him, and he had a kind affability. A passion that he was embarrassed of, but was certainly there.

“You’re not wrong. Sean’s my best friend but man, dude would trash his car before he admitted emotional attachment to it. I think he has his own shit to work out.”

“And what about you? You wanted the pill.”

Tyrone looked down at her breasts. They were easily a nice C-cup, maybe even D’s. She cupped them in her hands, uncaring how Eric reacted. In fact, it amused her that he had developed a raging boner in his pants. “Yeah, your acid pill may have been non-addictive, but holy shit I’ve never wanted anything so much as this again. That pill of yours is dangerous, man. Sean is actually hitting the fucking town as a woman, can you believe it? What would he look like in a cocktail dress?”

“I’m trying really hard not to.”

Tyrone laughed, and shoved Eric lightly. The move was unexpected, as Eric fell backwards on the couch, and she half-fell, half-deliberately shifted to move on top of him. His hard member was straining in his pants, and her beautiful face, with those perfect dark eyes and wide, massive grin, was directly over his.

“I can feel that,” she said, teasing. “Tell me, who would look hotter in a cocktail dress, ‘Seany’ or me?”

“Oh god, you can’t just say that. This is too much.”

But ‘Ty’ wasn’t letting go. She had Eric pinned, and she lowered herself so that her breasts were against his chest. “Go on. Make a decision.”

“Uh, well, Sean is beautiful as a woman and all. But . . . I mean, you look stunning. Jaw-dropping, even. And . . .”

She was beaming now. “And?”

“And your ass is fucking amazing.”

“You think?”

“Yeah.”

Tyrone’s hormones were raging, but something had changed beyond that. Crystal clear, she felt something genuine in the air. A comfort in this state that she didn’t feel as a man. A joy in being the tease, yes, in having this lust. But more than that, much like during her trip, there was a sense of a true self to her, in the here and now.

“Well, if my ass is so good, why don’t you put your hands there and cop a feel?”

Eric’s jaw dropped. “You’re teasing me.”

“Oh, I am *absolutely* teasing you, Eric. But I still want you to. Like Sean said, we’re just changing for a day. So why not have a little fun.” She pressed herself even closer to the man, and brought her plump lips right to his ear. “Let Sean hit the club. Maybe that’s fun. But right now in this room I saw Warjavelin minis, a Rune Lord poster, and a collection of Justice Star Comics. Sean always made fun of that shit, but being here reminds me of how much I absolutely love this nerdy shit.”

She rose up, still clamping Eric with her thick thighs.

“That’s right!” she declared. “I, Tyrone Johnson, am a closet nerd.”

“I knew it,” Eric said. He could feel his dick riding hard between her thighs.

Tyrone lowered herself once more. “So, what do you say, Eric. Why don’t we have a nerdy night in. You. Me. This couch. That bed. Maybe me against that desk over there so you can see my ass while we go at it. Then, when we’re tired, let’s cuddle up and watch Justice Star: The Movie. I haven’t seen it in forever.” She lowered a soft hand to his belt buckle.

“So, what do you say?”



Sean didn’t return that night. Instead, ‘Shauna’ hit the clubs, showing off her fine form in a slightly-too small dress that revealed all her luscious curves. The effects of two pills

heightened her libido, and she found herself dancing, flirting, and even enjoying the stares and gropes of men, many of whom she recognised. While 'Tina' and Eric made love, her squealing in passion as he mounted her, Shauna found herself going home with an attractive man whose hands were so wonderfully wandering.

Both girls fell to sleep nestled against a male body, utterly fulfilled for the night and utterly spent. Shauna cooed, unbelieving at what she had done but failing to regret it, as she serves as the middle spoon. Her man's hands rested over her large bosom, and the moment was so quietly erotic that she dreamed of sex as well. As a woman, of course.

Tina and Eric curled up in his bed, and true to what she had said, watched Justice Star until they both were so tired they fell to sleep with the TV still on. In the middle of the night Tina woke, having to go to the bathroom. She returned, gazed at the room around her, and felt safe and welcome. All the things she had felt the need to discard as a man lay around her, but now this strange, wonderful man had brought them back. She turned off the TV, nestled in against Eric, and placed a light kiss on his cheek.

"Thank you," she whispered. "Sorry I gotta change back in the morning."

She lay back in peace, more peace than she had known in some time.

It would be that next morning, when Sean returned in a panic, that the peace would shatter.

## The Waterboy's Woman, Part 3

“Oh God, oh fuck! This feels sooooo damn goooooood!”

Tina cried out in joy as Eric took her from behind. The nerdy waterboy couldn't believe that he was actually having sex with this gorgeous, round-hipped woman. Nor could he believe that this dark-skinned beauty with a large appetite for dick was actually Tyrone Johnson, second-in-command of the varsity swim team. He thrust into her, holding her wide hips as she bent over his living room table, allowing him to take her from behind. Her tits juggled, and she fondled them with one hand while moving her hips in time with his.

“Keep going dude, keep going, I'm nearly there!” she yelled.

Eric thrust wordlessly, too turned on to speak. She looked back at him, and he was caught again by her beauty. Both of them locked eyes, neither believing fully what they were doing together.

And then she smiled. That gorgeous, full-lipped smile that seemed to take up half her face. And Eric couldn't help but say something.

“You're. So. Fucking. Beautiful!” he declared, and thrust into her tightness a final time, his balls unable to take the strain anymore of the cum that bursting to be released. He groaned heavily as he ejaculated into his condom, and as pressed himself ever deeper insider her, Tina's eyes rolled back, and the smile turned into a pleasurable grin as her body shook and quaked, large ass wobbling against his hips. She cried out, collapsing forwards and moaning, sending the cups on the table launching onto the carpet with a thud. They stayed in that position, both of them gasping, until finally he pulled out, and she moaned sensually at the retreat.

The two of them looked at the chaos they had created, then back to each other. There was quite a bit of chaos. For a moment, Eric saw regret and horror on her face, until the woman that had been Tyrone erupted into a great belly laugh. He couldn't help himself, he began to laugh too.



“Damn dude, sex as a woman is the absolute bomb.”

Eric chuckled as Tina laid back in bed with him.

“No dude, I'm serious. That was hella righteous. I couldn't even walk after you boned me. My legs were made of damn jelly.”

“It . . . it was good then?”

For that, he received a punch on the shoulder. “Good? Good!? I’m pretty sure my folks on the other side of town hear me cry out. Not that they’d recognise me now. I haven’t had an afro in over six years.”

Eric laughed. He couldn’t believe he’d ever thought Sean and Tyrone were one and the same. The two of them were once again watching an episode of Justice Star, and occasionally he commented on a piece of canon or lore that he recalled. She. She recalled.

“So . . . what happens when you turn back?”

She looked at him, and his heart skipped a beat at the sight of her beautiful dark eyes, her wider nose and full lips, all soft and perfectly formed. He could tell straight away from her searching expression that she had no idea, and was trying not to think about it.

“Fuck man, I dunno. Just four days ago I was perfectly happy being a big black stud, now I’m letting your white ass fuck mine! And the thing is I like it. And I like you too, Eric. You’re an absolute dork, but I think maybe I’ve been denying I am too, you know. I mean, ya’ll got an absolute nerd cave here, and it’s awesome.”

She looked away.

“Let’s just enjoy it while it lasts, man. Nothing wrong with that. We’ll stay here till I turn back, and . . . I don’t know.”

She pressed closer to Eric, kissed him on the cheek.

“What was that for?”

She smiled, all white teeth showing. “It’s not just about sex, dumbass. You’re pretty cool, Eric. Don’t let Sean or anyone call you waterboy again. I’m . . . I’m sorry that I did, dude.”

Eric breathed in, content, as she nestled against him. She was right; the moment was perfect. Why worry about the future? Just by having made the pill, he’d already set off a change of events that had made him more confident in himself.

He was about to drift asleep when Tina’s hand took his, and placed it around on her rounded behind. She pressed her fingers on his, allowing him to sample the supple flesh of her peachy behind.

“Enjoy it while it lasts, big boy,” she said.

He did.

Oh lord, he did.



They were both awoken in the morning by a banging upon the door. Both stirred awake simultaneously, and Eric didn’t need his glasses to see that Tyrone had not emerged; Tina was still very much a woman.

“Hmm,” Tina groaned, her frizzy hair tousling, “I still got tits. What time is it?”

The banging continued, and a high-pitched voice echoed down into the basement.

“LET ME IN WATERBOY OR YOU’VE GOT ANOTHER THING COMING!”

Both were fully awake by now, and Eric launched from the bed, Tina not far behind. The latter didn’t exactly have much in the way of clothes to wear, so she took one of Eric’s shirters and hoped that it was long enough to cover her ass. Eric got dressed in a hurry, grabbed his glasses, and vaulted up to the front door.

On the other side stood Sean. Shauna. And she was quite a sight to see. The former alpha male was adorned in a tight yellow cocktail that hugged her curves and pushed her generous assets up higher, creating two mountains and a deep, alluring line of cleavage. Her brown hair was not exactly styled, and her makeup was . . . interesting, to say the least, but it was undeniable that Sean’s womanly side was an absolute smokeshow, even if she did look like a mess. Unfortunately, she didn’t look exactly pleased.

“Waterboy, what the actual goddamned fuck has happened to me?”

She grabbed him with her small hands, and he was surprised at the strength and tenacity that she still possessed.

“What?” he blurted. She pushed him back into his house, slamming the door behind her as she entered. “What’s gone wrong? Didn’t you want this?”

“I did! Just once!” she yelled. “Because of your stupid addictive pills. I went out to party last night and ended up letting some stranger fuck me in my damn pussy because this body can’t control itself.”

Eric coughed. Tina was coming up the stairs, and was very obviously wearing a shirt with a large Darth Vader print on it. She was also very obviously not wearing any pants.

“Sean. Shauna. What’s going on, man?”

Shauna stared, her brain putting the pieces together until her already-angry expression turned to a sneer.

“Oh, this is just pathetic. You two? Tyrone, don’t you have any standards left at all?”

Tina stepped between Eric and Shauna, and jabbed a finger right in the brunette’s rounded boob. “Standards? You want to talk about standards, bitch? How about the fact that you still have a bit of something on the edge of your mouth, huh?”

Suddenly, Shauna turned pale. Eric hadn’t noticed it, but she did indeed appear to have evidence of dry semen in the corner of her mouth.

“At least Eric and I just fucked the usual way, ya’ll had to go and wear the slutty dress and blow a dude to kingdom come!”

Shauna was shaking in fury and embarrassment. Her fists were balled, and Eric thought a catfight was about to start.

“Look, uh, ladies. Gents. Whatever, I’m sure that -”

“Shut it, waterboy!”

Tina balled her fists, and stepped right up to Shauna. Eric hadn't realised till now, nor had any of them, but Tina was taller than Shauna, and appeared to have retained more of her muscle mass.

“His name. Is. Eric. Got it?”

The tense situation lasted what felt like hours, but was in reality no more than ten seconds. Slowly, Shauna backed down.

“Eric. Sure, whatever. If you two lovebirds think of it that way. I don't care either way; I've held you up this long Tyrone, it's your choice if you want to drop back to bottom. We have bigger problems anyway, like the fact that neither of us have turned back.

That was enough to get all their attention.

“But, it's still morning,” Tina spluttered.

Shauna held up her phone. It had a selfie of Sean with some popular girl on it, and the contrast between the man on the phone and the busty bombshell in front of them could not be more clear. She had bigger boobs than the already 'talented' woman in the photo.

“It's nearly midday, you fucking morons. Or were you too busy screwing each other to notice?”

Tina turned to Eric, her eyes lit up with fear. Eric's brow creased.

“It can't be permanent. The levels don't make sense. Not unless you took more.”

“I didn't,” Tina said. Shauna didn't say anything at all, but the other two didn't notice: Eric was now all business.

“I'll need a blood sample from both of you, again.”



The two former males sighed in relief when the news was given. The effect was still only temporary. It was just that taking another dose so soon had caused the body to continue manufacturing the chemical balance that maintained their form. In layman's terms: the more often they took the pills, the longer the change would last.

“But that's okay. It just means you two need to lay off the pills, and everything will be fine. In fact, you'll probably be turning back any second now.”

Even as he said it, Tina groaned. She clutched her gut, and looked to Eric.

“Uggh, good timing dude. I'm definitely changing again. God, it's a trip, alright.”

They both watched as Tina changed back to Tyrone: her C-cup breasts deflated, her ass became toned and flat, her muscles inflated, and hair shrunk back to become a short buzz-cut. Soon, he was uncomfortably in a shirt too small for him, and a large penis was hanging rather openly.

“Damn, almost forgot what it’s like to be hanging dong like that. Jealous, Shauna?”

She gave him a glare. “We can compare sizes when I change back, nerdfucker.”

“Eric fucker, thank you very much.”

And so they waited. And waited. Even as Tyrone refitted himself back into his clothing, Shauna failed to turn back. She was beginning to whine, always having to bite back insults as Tyrone pushed back against her. But she didn’t turn back.

“What the fuck is wrong with this stupid body? Why can’t I get rid of these?” She gripped her large breasts and grabbed them for emphasis.

“Can you, uh, not do that?” Eric asked.

“Or what, you’re fuck me too? You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

“Hey, leave him alone, man.”

“No Tina - I mean, Tyrone - let me handle it this time.” Eric stood up. “You know what, Shauna, you’d like that, wouldn’t you? We’ve already had sex, remember? And as I recall, you went longer and more times than Tina did! I mean Tyrone, whatever. And you got dressed up to party last night and ended up doing a one night stand. You’re enjoying this more than you care to admit, and you came to me wanting the pill, so don’t complain when you have to wait for its effects to wear off.”

Shauna was stunned and silent. So was Tyrone. Neither of them had ever seen Eric stand up to himself like that. The waterboy looked to Tyrone, who simply grinned and gave a thumbs up. It was odd, but Eric could still see Tina there, in that wide grin and those playful eyes. It was enough that his heart seemed to flutter for a moment.

“The only explanation is that you accidentally took more than one pill, Shauna.”

“I’m not a dumbass, waterb - I mean, Eric.”

“Then maybe it’s just random, I don’t know. The only explanation I can think of is if you double-dosed.

Shauna was trying to figure out another way to lie, when she was forced to clutch her gut and double over.

“Fucking finally,” she groaned, as the changes began. Soon Sean stood there, looking exceedingly out of place in a yellow dress that was threatening to come apart at the seams. He moved to grab his clothes, and seemed almost about to start something, until he shook his head, and instead said “this better not happen again. This ‘waiting around to change’ thing.”

“It shouldn’t,” Eric said, glad the tension was dissipating. “It’ll only be the case if you keep taking the pills a few days apart. You should be fine to try them again - if you like - in about a month’s time, I’d guess. The blood samples should bear that out, but the evidence I’ve already got from them give every indication that this is the case.”

“A month!?” Sean spat, only to realise how it sounded. “Yeah, a month should be easy. Right Tyrone?”

Tyrone just nodded.

“Well, you coming Tyrone?”

Tyrone shook his head. “I’ll catch you in the pool.”

“Don’t forget that.” Sean gathered the rest of his things, taking the yellow dress in a bag, and stormed out, leaving Tyrone and Eric together.

“So . . . I got no idea what to do next,” the dark-skinned athlete said.

“Me either,” the white-skinned geek replied. “I mean, you could always come and play games or watch stuff with me when you’re not a girl?”

Tyrone considered this. “I just might, dude. I just might. See you at the pool, anyway. You take care of yourself, alright.”

“You too, Tina.”

“Yeah, yeah, Tina Johnson. Has a nice ring to it, I won’t be denying. Oh, and good job standing up to Sean. That was real badass, bro.”

Eric smiled as he left, still uncertain how to feel. Little did he know Tyrone, looking cool as a cucumber, felt the exact same way. He felt the pull to take the pill as he left, to be Tina again. To feel the things she did, and to be totally open and at ease with Eric once more.

And if Tyrone felt it that strongly, Sean was already trembling at the thought of becoming a woman again. As the pro-athlete drove home, images of having a curvaceous form, of placing a big hard dick in her mouth and sucking its generous length, continued to fill his mind.

“Gotta be strong. Don’t take the pill,” he muttered, as he drove away.



Over the next two days, the need only grew. Both men side-eyed the other. Something in their friendship had broken, and neither was sure if it could be repaired. Sean continued to swim obsessively, outpacing even his old records, and generally remained disgruntled and distant. The memory of being Shauna was still with him, and though he recognised the addiction, he secretly still longed to be her. The damn pills! If he’d never taken them, he’d never have ended up sleeping with another man - twice! - and subjecting himself to being such a pussy. At least, that was how he thought of it. On the other hand he couldn’t help but think on the fact that had he not taken them, he also would not have known the bliss of being a beautiful woman, lusted after and thrust into. It made him bite his lip, and he increasingly found himself turning down dates with women and instead retreating to the privacy of a

bathroom or his own bedroom, and masturbating to the experiences of the female form. Tyrone too was having similar issues, but mixed with that, he found himself distracted often; waving to Eric, smiling in his presence, and generally pushing the other swimmers to treat him as one of the team.

And so the two young men swam, trained, competed, and generally tried to avoid the nagging addiction in the back of their heads. It would prove to be a lot harder this time around.

Eric could see that something was distracting the two of them, and part of him secretly hoped that Tyrone would change again. Just as they had discussed, the swimmer had indeed come over to Eric's house in the days that followed, and the two found genuine enjoyment in each other's company, not only discussing their geeky passions, but also the upcoming swimming competitions, and where they saw the future lie.

"Chemistry. It's my passion. Once I get a pill to work - one that can pass the testing stages - I'd like to sell it and make a profit. But I need better equipment for that, and to be fully certified."

Tyrone nodded. "Dude, you made a gender changing pill before you've even graduated. I'm sure you'll be on a cakewalk."

Eric blushed, and took another slice of their shared pizza. "What about yourself Ty?"

Tyrone shrugged. "Don't really get much say. Parents got the whole future mapped. Star swimmer, sports scholarship until my college years are done, go to work as a junior partner in my Dad's car dealership."

"Sounds nice."

"Nah, man, it's on the rails. I don't got any choice in what I get to do. My folks want me to be a real big man, destined for great things and all that shit. I won't lie, I'm almost jealous you get your own crib to do what you want in and follow your dreams."

Eric went quiet. "I was always jealous of you, Tyrone. You and Sean. Half of what I've done is a pathetic attempt to be popular. I don't really have many people around me that care for me."

Tyrone punched him lightly on the shoulder. "Hell dude, I care about you! You reminded me of what I love, and you're not ashamed of it. Don't listen to Sean, he tries to make everyone into a meathead. I'm starting to think that dude has some issues."

The two lapsed into silence as they competed yet again in their two-player video game. Eric was astonished that Tyrone won again. The man had game, but he seemed a little on edge. At the conclusion, he yipped in success, and as he placed the controller down, his hand brushed against Eric's. Both pulled away.

Tyrone avoided his gaze for a moment, then coughed. "Hey man, speaking of issues, I'm just gonna come right out and say it. I wanna be a chick again. I wanna be Tina."

Eric looked up at him. "Um, okay. I think it'll be about four days before you should try again. Probably five if you want to play it safe."

Tyrone shook his head. "What if I don't want to play it safe, Eric? What if I want to be Tina, now?"

The other man stood up, astonished. "That's not a good idea Ty. This stuff is addictive, it's the addiction talking."

"Oh, I'm addicted alright." He gave that wide grin that he shared with his Tina form. "But it's more than that, dude. It feels right. All that responsibility bullshit with my parents, with Sean? That all goes away. Look, my folks are away for the weekend. It's Friday now. I don't care if I'm a woman for a few days. And you can admit it, dog: neither do you."

Eric was taken aback, particularly since it was the truth.

"I thought we were just hanging out?"

Tyrone smirked. "Me too. But being here, with you, and knowing all the stuff we did? Tell you don't want some more of that. I know Tina does."

"Are . . . are you sure?"

"Bet my black ass I am. And you like that ass, don't you?"

He very much did. Eric reached for the cabinet, looking back one more time at his new and only friend. Was he really doing this? Wasn't this a bad call? But Ty seemed genuine, and there was far more than a simple biological need behind the pill. It was an escape, and not in the same way a common drug was. It was a chance to be free. Eric opened the cabinet, surprised that he must have left it unlocked, and took out the container of Gender Bender pills. It felt lighter than it should have been; he'd need to keep making more pills for testing anyway.

"Okay, then."

Tyrone swallowed the pill, and quicker than last time, his body warped. His generous C-cup breasts filled in, his hips and ass rounded out, his hair erupting out in a mop of loose black curls. Ty moaned in delight as his waist pinched in, his hips flared out, and his skin lost its hair, becoming smooth and unblemished. Soon, standing once more Eric, was the gorgeous Tina. She smiled, and it lit up his world.

"So, are we going to . . . ?"

He left the statement up in the air, but Tina just shook her head, still smiling.

"Oh no, not that easily, big boy. Yeah, that's right dude, I called you big boy; I can't believe you'd been hiding that monster between your legs. But you're gonna have to keep it contained, because we're not staying here, oh no."

Eric was confused. "Um, then where are we going?"

She grabbed his hand, already pulling him to the door.

“We’re going shopping man. If Shauna gets to wear a cocktail dress, then we’re finding something that shows off this hella great ass of mine. After all, I’ll need it for when you take me out on a date tonight.”

“A date?”

“A damned date, dude.”



As Eric left with Tina, elated at what was happening, and more than a little overwhelmed, he failed to notice the figure outside the house, lurking in the bushes. Shauna - not Sean but Shauna - was terrified of being caught. It had taken effort to break into the waterboy’s house, and a lot of searching while Eric was out getting groceries to find the key to the pill cabinet. And now she was here, busty and female again, and it was like coming home. Just three little pills - there was no harm in that right? Just one more than last time? She could hit the town, enjoy a little female funtime, and by the end of the weekend, no one would be the wiser.

No one could know.



The night, the weekend that followed was one of bliss for all three figures, though in very different ways indeed. Eric and Tina indeed went shopping, and Tina quickly found there was a lot about being female she had to learn, and fast, if she was going to be convincing. For one, women’s clothing was a lot more variable, and finding a set of jeans to match the contours of her hips and behind was more difficult than expected. She struggled getting a bra on, and enjoyed teasing Eric by getting him to help her until she’d slowly mastered it. She even picked a black pushup bra to emphasise her upper body ‘assets’. She grabbed other things as well; some makeup, which she was terrible at applying; skincare products, just to see what they were like; and hair products too, as she had decided to let some professionals style her hair.

All the time, Eric was by her side, astonished at just how heavily Tyrone was leaning into the role, and furthermore how much he was turned on by it. She clearly recognised that fact, as she continually teased him about it, allowing him to watch her wobbling ass as she bent over or walked ahead, hips sashaying sensually from side to side.

That night, they shared a dinner at a nice midrange restaurant, her in a cute black dress that absolutely emphasised her best features.

“They’re all looking at me,” she said, referring to numerous male patrons in the room. “So this is how it feels on the other side. I gotta say, I kinda don’t mind it. The catcalling earlier sucked, but this, I could get used to. It’s like being cheered on for swimming, only I don’t have to be near a pool at all.”

“You deserve it,” Eric ventured, “you look absolutely stunning.”

She reached out a hand and took his. “Dude, you got game. Now let’s get the check so you can take me back to your place and I can fuck your brains out.”

No man had ever called for a check faster, and that night, the two budding lovebirds continued to experiment with her new body. They spend the weekend enjoying one another’s company, beyond just sex. Eric helped Tina re-engage with Tyrone’s old nerdy interests, leading to some spirited debate on comic canon, and Tina - still being an impressively fit woman - decided to repay the favour by starting Eric on a fitness workout.

“I’m glad you decided to be Tina again,” Eric said.

“Me too,” she said, as she allowed him to spoon her gently. “Tomorrow I’ll be Tyrone again. It’s been a damn good weekend. Crazy, but damn good. I dunno how Sean stayed a dude. I guess he’s always been dedicated. Man is crazy.”

In fact, Sean’s reality was quite different. Tina’s need to be filled, to have a man’s touch, paled in comparison to Shauna’s. The hot brunette refused to let anyone know her secret, especially that damn waterboy. Instead, she operated secretly, doing her best to enjoy one-night stands and dates, showing off her delectable cleavage and svelte form. She was a vamp, not some meek and submissive beauty but an aggressive and horny dominator who hunted her targets as eagerly as she pursued her medals. She had thought the victory in the pool had been ecstasy, but that was nothing compared to flirting aggressively with a man in a club, grabbing him by his collar, and demanding that he let her fuck his brains out.

Riding on top was her favourite position. Some vestige of her alpha male personality was able to retain itself in this act of domination. Just as Sean had been a slayer of women, Shauna was a slayer of men, able to command them with the suggestive flicker of a finger, a seductive bit of the lip, a rake of her nails upon a man’s back.

“Fuck me,” she’d command, “and you better do your best work, because I want a good fuck so fucking bad, and there’s a line of men waiting to get this bod in their bedroom if you fail to make me orgasm.”

“Uh, yes ma’am,” one of these men replied. She could only lick her lips and leap at him, pushing him back and playing at his cock until he was about to burst, and only once the condom was on would she get him off, and herself as well.

It was an addiction, and it only got worse when the pills wore off, and she became male once more. Tyrone had already turned back a day earlier, and Sean had to text in sick just to make an excuse. The changes were lasting longer, and that should have scared him,

but instead it only made her more adamant to embrace her femininity while it lasted: Shauna got her ears pierced with golden earrings, her hair done professionally, and began to hang closer and closer around her teammates, as soon as she was certain Tyrone would not see her.

The change back eventually came, and Sean couldn't remove his earrings, his feminine dress, and his other feminine additions soon enough. It horrified him, what he was turning into, and he blamed Eric. The damned waterboy was laughing at him! And yet, he had invented something that had changed everything for the former Varsity swim star. There had to be some way to keep turning female, as often as he liked, but without the damned addiction. If he wasn't careful, he could end up being Shauna permanently, and that terrified him.

"It's just a phase, dammit," he repeated to himself in the mirror, still feeling the pull. "It's just a phase. It's just a fucking phase!"



The pattern had continued for several more weeks, when Eric opened the door. After several days since the last change-back, he suspected who it would likely be. Tina had existed for a full week last time, and it was getting harder for her to conceal herself. People were beginning to ask questions, and it was only Sean's illness preventing him from coming to school that stopped the secret from breaking.

Sure enough, it was Tyrone.

"Hey Tyrone, how's it going? I hope it's not weird after . . . well, all that happened on the weekend."

Tyrone shook his head. "Not at all dude. In fact, it made things clear for me. Can I come in?" His demeanour was calm, almost zen, as if he was totally sure of himself. Eric knew both Tyrone and Tina long enough now that he could see when they felt under pressure. This was the first time the male half had seemed so utterly without anxiety. Eric beckoned him in.

"What's up? I've been keeping the routine up. My arms feel like hell, but you're right, it gets easier."

"That's real cool man, seriously. But that's not why I dropped by."

Eric raised an eyebrow. "Anything wrong?"

"That's just it man, there's nothing wrong! I woke up this morning feeling better than I ever have as Tyrone, because I made a decision: I've decided to become Tina."

The other man shook his head. "Can't do Ty. It was a stupid risk last time. Your change could last weeks at this point; it grows exponentially. Hell, if you took too many pills, the change could become permanent!"

"You don't get it, Eric. I'm not saying I want to be Tina for a day, or a week, or a year. I wanna be Tina, full stop. Permanent. Exactly what you're saying."

His face was genuine, his eyes almost fanatical. Eric had to take a moment; Tyrone had actually thought about this. It was no sudden decision. He truly believed it.

"Ty . . ."

"Listen man, how long has it been since I became a woman that first time? It's been a month. And it's been the best damn month of my life, dude. I don't wanna be the person my folks want me to be anymore. I don't want to be the person Sean wants me to be anymore. I wanna be my own man. My own woman. I want to be Tina, for the rest of my life. And I want to be with you Eric."

"You . . . with me?"

"Yes, stupid. Goddamnit, why is this so hard." Tyrone punched Eric lightly on the shoulder. "Do I have to say it out loud, I -"

"You prefer being that way," Eric blurted. "It makes you feel free. Like you're finally your own person, and can be who you want."

Tyrone was shocked now, but recovered with an enormous grin. He reached forward and grabbed the smaller man, enveloping him in his strong grip.

"I knew you'd get it, you dork. So you understand, I'm not gonna let you talk me out of this. As Tyrone, I know I love you. But as Tina, I feel it, ya know?"

Eric nodded. "I think I understand. Are you sure about this?"

"It's the one thing I am sure of. That, and about you."

"I'll . . . I'll go unlock the cabinet. I don't think I could stop you anyway."

The two made their way to the basement, Eric's nervousness growing. Was this really the right decision? He wasn't sure what to think, except that things were about to change, potentially forever. But while Tyrone needed the pill, Eric had his own addiction. He couldn't get Tina out of his mind. He wanted her, and the selfish, and selfless, part of his brain wanted to be happy, and for his love to be happy too. Was that so wrong?

He brought the container from the cabinet, still feeling lighter than it should have been - had he lost a few pills? - and placed it in Tyrone's hands.

"I won't stop you," he said, and took a step back.

Tyrone eyed the packed. He knew he was giving up so much - how to even explain it to the people he knew? To his teammates? Hell, to Sean?

But before he could commit, the door upstairs slammed opened, and a familiar voice called out: "ERIC! ERIIIIIIIC!? WHERE ARE YOU, YOU DAMNED WATERBOY?"

Sean practically leapt down the stairs, a madness in his eyes. There were dark circles beneath them, and his hair was ragged.

"Sean, what the hell happened to you man?"

"He did!" Sean yelled, jabbing a finger at Eric. "Him and his fucking gender pills! I can't stop thinking about them - even when I go to sleep I dream about them. It's all I can think about, and it's all his fault!"

He reached forward and grabbed Eric by the collar. "Give them to me, waterboy! I need to flush them down the toilet, I need to get rid of all of them!"

"I'm sorry Sean, we're using them."

Sean sneered at Tyrone, whose own face was set in a dark crease.

"Oh, I should have suspected. You and the nerd boy, together again. I should have realised you were too weak to make the cut, Tyrone. Too caught up in nerdy shit and being a pussy to be a real man."

Tyrone crossed his arms, stepping forward to place a hand on Eric's shoulder. "Be a real man, huh? Like you were when you became Shauna? When you got dressed up to show off those big tits of yours, Sean? Real man like that?"

Sean pushed Eric forward and staggered back, clutching his head like a madman. "Shut up! SHUT UP! That's not me! That was never me! It was all him. That fucking waterboy and his experiments. I'm going to flush that shit down the toilet, so it never sees the light again."

Eric hesitated. "Sean . . . you're addicted. You have to resist. I'm sorry this happened to you and I feel responsible, but you haven't had a pill in several weeks, you should be nearly over it."

Sean laughed, and it was a manic laugh that chilled Tyrone and Eric to the core.

"Haven't had a pill? Haven't had a pill!? You know, for a smart kid, you really are as dumb as Tyrone here. I've been breaking in to your house for weeks to get those damn pills of yours. I've been stuck turning into Shauna for fucking WEEKS!"

The revelation stunned the other two into silence. It explained Sean's seemingly mad countenance; he'd spent far more time as Shauna as Sean since that first mishap of a night, and it was clear he was fighting a losing battle.

And he was going full scorched earth to win.

"Now. Give. Me. Those. Damn. Pills."

"Okay, as soon as we're done -"

"NOW!"

Sean leapt forward, knocking Eric to the ground and shoving Tyrone aside with an almost superhuman strength. He reached the cabinet and flung it open, tossing aside container after container as the other two stood, all the while muttering insanely to himself.

“It’s not here, where have you put it? WHERE?”

He locked eyes with Eric, who subconsciously looked to Tyrone. Sean smiled, and it was not a kind smile. There, still clutched in Tyrone’s hand, was the pill box.

“Back down, Sean.”

But Sean was beyond words now. He shoulder charged Tyrone, knocking both to the floor, and scattering tabletop figurines all over the floor. Pills rolled all over the floor, and the two men rolled over them as Sean delivered punch after punch at Tyrone, who was blocking to the best of his ability.

“I’m going to get rid of those damn pills for good! And then, I’m gonna get the waterboy too, just so they never come back!”

But even as he said it, Tyrone got a shot in, and Eric managed to tackle Sean from the side before he could return. The three bodies scattered on the ground, upending another table. Sean swivelled, took in the mismatched situation, and changed tactics. He grabbed as many pills as he could with one hand and, without regard for his own defence, grabbed Tyrone by the face, ramming as many of the pills down his former friend’s throat as possible.

Tyrone’s eyes went wide, and he pushed back Sean. But it was too late; he’d swallowed them, and after so many previous experiences with the change, it came on almost immediately. Tyrone’s muscle mass shrank immensely, and his clothes became ill-fitting. Two breasts tented the front of his large shirt, and his hips cracked wide. His manhood slithered back into his body for the last time, becoming a fully functioning vagina.

Sean smirked in triumph, and wiped the blood from his mouth.

“Let’s see if you can take me now, pussy!”

Tina raised her fists, and readied her stance. She knew there was no way she could take on Sean; she was still tough, but she had no chance against a male in his peak physical condition.

“You were always a shitty friend, Sean.”

“Yeah, well you’re a shitty excuse for a man.”

“Maybe. But I’m not letting you touch Eric. I love him.”

The man roared in anger, rearing up to deck Tina, who refused to back down. But the confession of love stirred Eric to respond. Rising like the wind, moving like lightning, the gangly man found his reflexes kicking in to defend the person he had come to cherish. He swiped a pill of pills and threw a wad of them at point blank range.

Right into Sean’s throat.

The mad athlete coughed, unbelieving. “No, no no fuck fuck fuck no no!”

It was too late; his body was already becoming Shauna's: size deflating, muscles deflating, penis folding up into his body and his figure becoming a perfect hourglass. Two large double-D cup breasts pushed out from his chest, and long brunette hair cascaded down his shoulders.

"How - fucking HOW!? You're a damn waterboy!"

Eric grinned. "And if you'd paid attention to what was in the room, instead of trashing it, you'd see that there was always one sport I was good at: discus throwing."

Shauna looked about ready to explode. Her chest heaved, and her ample mountains rose to form a canyon of cleavage.

"I'LL KILL YOU!"

She made it one step before Tina dropped to the ground, swept her leg in a perfectly executed manoeuvre, and knocked her lights out with a single punch.

"You know," Tina said, breathing heavily, and wiping blood from her lip, "you may have been the tougher man Sean, but I'm certainly a tougher girl than you'll ever be. Get used to it."

Shauna, who was already losing consciousness, closed her eyes. Eric helped Tina up, and the two regarded the sleeping figure on the floor.

"Holy fuck dude, that was crazy. Sean out of fucking nowhere. Is she stuck like that?"

"I'd have to do the blood work to be sure," Eric said, "but I'd say almost certainly. If what Sean said was true, and she's been sneaking out the pills, that was her last chance to not be a woman."

Tina shrugged. "I don't regret making that decision for her. She was going to hurt you, and . . ."

She trailed off. Eric turned to her, taking in her beauty. Her perfect dark skin, her dark eyes that somehow managed to contain so much brightness. The frizzy curls of her hair that bounced and bobbed freely with each movement, as free as she looked. Despite the bloody lip that was already swelling, the cut over her eyebrow, and the hilariously ill-fitting clothes, she was the very image of someone who was finally content in her own skin.

"Hey," he said, "back there, you said you loved me."

She looked away. "Oh, yeah. I guess I did, huh. It was a big moment. A lot going on dude, and you know, I'm sorta knew to this -"

Eric pulled her in for a kiss. Her eyes widened, then closed, and she returned it with as much passion and feeling as he did, holding her body close to his.

"I love you too," he said, as they parted.

Tina laughed. "Thank fuck, 'cause that was awkward, man."

"I thought it was very romantic."

“The ladies always said Tyrone was a romantic. I guess Tina is too. Plus, there was lots of badass action going on to justify it. I had to take down a real bad dude and defend my helpless boyfriend.”

“I wasn’t helpless. I came in clutch there. Disco thrower, remember?”

She punched him on the arm. “Ya’ll continue to surprise, dude! Can I still say dude if I’m a girl for good now? Fuck it, I am. I get to choose who I want to be, right?”

“Right.”

“Then I love you, dude.”

“I love you too.”

They shared a moment, before appreciating once more the carnage around them. Shauna was slowly stirring awake, and the time for romance was quickly ending.

“Well, this just got real, huh?”

“Yeah, what are we going to do with her?”



The next few months were sadly much more humdrum and filled with paperwork and family drama. Tyrone had become Tina, but as much as it gave her the freedom and self-respect she’d always wanted, there was still the matter of getting her new identity in the system. Her family were incredibly disappointed, and for the time being were not speaking to her. Tina didn’t care too much, though the drama at college was a little harder to take; her secret was out, and her former teammates alternated between avoiding her on campus, hitting on her, or making jokes at her expense.

For now, she was living by herself. Eric had offered several times to share his house with her; it was quite empty after all, and they were going steady. Tina let him know she appreciated it, and she would probably move in some day, but for now she wanted to have her own apartment, and learn what it was to be a woman. To be Tina.

That task proved harder than expected. For all the whirlwind of sex and banter and escapades she’d initially had as Tina, the new and permanently female woman found herself forced to be a quick study, especially once her period came. Those light punches on Eric’s arm had to stop when her time of the month came, they hit a little harder than intended, and she felt awful for it. But beyond the annoyances of cramps and choosing between tampons and cups and pads, there was also general feminine hygiene, makeup, hair styling, clothing, and putting up with both the benefits and downsides of being a woman.

It was hard at times, especially when she was catcalled and felt unsafe around a random stranger, or when her opinions were dismissed because she was a very attractive woman. But for Tina, as much as those moments sucked, she was grateful to be who she was. She'd even made a small circle of female friends to help induct her into her new life, and that circle was slowly getting bigger.

But most of all, she had Eric. That shy, introverted, yet deeply kind and patient man, who'd changed as much as she had. He'd emerged from his shell, and she had too, and both were better for it. It certainly made their shared nights together quite passionate; it seems the Gender Bender pills came with the side effect of a heightened libido, and she never backed down from insisting Eric give her a good fucking. Certainly, he never failed to 'rise' to the occasion.

As for Shauna? Well, her path was an altogether different one. No charges were filed due to the insanity of the situation, and Shauna had her own issues to deal with. Ones that both Eric and Tyrone suspected they were unable to help. But while she would never be close to those two, after a month of confusion and self-hate, she too emerged from her cocoon like a butterfly. Like Sean, she never lost her aggression, her need to dominate and always prove herself. Only now, this existed in the bedroom, in her looks, in her ability to command with just her looks and the curvature of her bustline. Shauna was the most popular girl on campus pretty soon, even among her former swimming teammates, but she made sure they all knew in bed who was boss. It was rare not to see her strutting on campus or at night in an expensive dress or shirt that emphasised her best parts. Perhaps it was that something broke in Sean that led to this outcome, or perhaps it was that in fighting it so hard, he was simply denying how much he deeply wanted this new role.

Still, it didn't enter the thoughts of Tina and Eric. A full four months after the change, they lay together in bed, panting in post-coital bliss. Her skin was covered in a light sheen of sweat, and she pressed her soft body against that of her lover, enjoying the ways her sensitive nipples brushed against his chest. He'd continued to work out, and she was liking the results. He'd never be a pro-athlete, but there was a sexiness to him that she just adored. And, of course, she loved the way he gripped her ass during and after sex. It drove them both wild.

"So," Eric said, "that was amazing. As usual."

"Fuck yeah, man," Tina chuckled, "you ain't so bad yourself. Shall we go another round?"

"Sure, I've got enough in the tank. Just let me get some fluids first."

Tina giggled, a wide smile taking over her face.

"What?"

“Oh nothing, just how much has changed, and how much hasn’t. Even after all this time, you’re still my waterboy.”

The two laughed, and Eric went to fetch the water. They’d certainly be needing it that night, and nights yet to come.

**The End**