

## Wholesome Family: Dorothy's Time (Man to Woman TG AR)

By FoxFaceStories

### A Commission for Camden Levy

*It's been many years since David, his friends, and his sister were transformed into a wholesome family by a magical house. David was turned into Dorothy, going from a twenty two year old man to a literal baby girl, with his best friend as his mother, and his sister now as his father. Now, nearly twenty years later, Dorothy is in college with her first serious boyfriend. But she still remembers the person she used to be, and it makes her hesitant to take the next step in her relationship . . .*

### Wholesome Family: Dorothy's Time

Dorothy loved the way Ryan looked at her, like she was his whole world, and he orbiting around it. Not to mention, the clear interest in his eyes. The *desire*. She knew she could inflame it, and had done so on several occasions, but she always backed away from it, retreating before things got too hot and heavy.

But God, it was hard to do so now, making out with him on the bed at his apartment, his muscular, dark-skinned body pressed against hers, her shirt off and her bra cupping her lovely breasts. She'd developed quite a nice pair, another irony in a long life that was filled with them, but right now she didn't care: she just wanted *more*.

"You're so fucking sexy," Ryan whispered in her ear before nibbling on it. He lowered his mouth to suck upon her neck, and while it made her gasp, she had to warn him.

"Stop it, you'll - ahhh - give me a hickey!"

"You can wear a scarf!"

"I'm meeting my parents this weekend!"

"Plenty of time for it to fade. But I could always give more attention to *these*."

He cupped her breasts in her bra, making them rise and form two lovely spheres with an impressive amount of cleavage between them. It was so strange for Dorothy, sometimes, to remember that she had once, many years ago, been a man who lusted after women with a ripe pair of tits. And now she *had* them, a pert pair of double-D's that bounced and jiggled when not properly supported and even sometimes when they were. Men looked at them, women showed some jealousy or disregard to her because of them, and she often smiled in the mirror with pride at them. Of course, she'd gone through the entire awkward experience of *growing* them, once. In the end, it had been worth all the gross comments from boys and the snapping of her bra straps by bullies, because now her Ryan worshipped them, and it made her feel just . . . *grand*.

"Mhmmm, don't get t-too invested," she moaned. "I'm not ready just yet."

"Are you sure?" Ryan asked. "Because I'm feeling very turned on by you right now, babe."

He hoisted her up on his lap, turning Dorothy so that she was facing away from him. It allowed him to cup her breasts and even play with the clasp of her bra, undoing it so that it was only his hands and hers keeping it on. He'd never been so daring before. Without even thinking, Dorothy shifted her butt against him, rubbing against his enormous hard on. Once, when she'd been David, a twenty two year old man, she'd made more than a few jokes about girls and their love of 'big black dicks.' Now, she could damn well feel one between her cheeks, and it made her pussy damn with desire at how big and girthy it was.

"I love how hard you get for me," she said, perhaps a little too flirtatiously.

"How could I not get hard for my blonde-haired queen?" Ryan said. "I want you so badly, babe. I know you said you wanted to take things slow, but we've been together for five months now. That's a lot of time for a guy like me to wait. And I *know* you're eager, too. I can smell how wet your pussy's getting."

He lowered a hand down her underwear, teasing his fingers against her feminine folds. It was delight. It was meant to be. It was - oh God, it was too much!

Dorothy shot off his lap, breathing heavily. She quickly fiddled with the clasp of her bra and set it again, then adjusted her boobs into the cups; it had been the first time her boyfriend had caught a flash of her nipples, and even that seemed like things had gone too far. Ryan looked at her with confusion.

"Did I go too fast?"

"No! Yes! I just . . . I'm sorry, I can't do it just yet. I'm close, okay? I'm really close. I just . . . I need a little bit more time and I don't know how to process it all and-"

Ryan was immediately holding her. He was a six-foot-two pillar of a man with impressive muscles and a handsome face, his curly hair short and his face possessing a coarse goatee that somehow felt wonderful against her smooth skin.

"Hey now," he said. "Hey, now. It's okay. It's okay, you hear me? I'm sorry I got pushy. It's just . . . you seemed ready. I thought if I just gave a little nudge-"

"No, I know," Dorothy said. "I'm sorry. I really thought I was ready. God, I feel like such an idiot."

Ryan held her, then lifted her chin to give her a romantic kiss. She half-expected this to be an attempt to make love to her again, but her Ryan was too good for that. He simply comforted her in that kiss, letting her body calm down and avoid hyperventilating. When he pulled back, she had soothed considerably.

"Better?" he asked.

She nodded, smiling a little sheepishly. "A lot better. Sorry."

"You don't have to keep apologising, babe," he explained. "I know something happened in your past. I know it's none of my business. I know someone hurt you, though, or took advantage of you. Or you went through something."

"You have no idea how true that is," Dorothy admitted, hugging herself. "It wasn't . . . traumatic, exactly. It would be easier if it was, I think. Then I could just use it fully as an excuse. But . . . it wasn't entirely. It's left a mark on me though, Ryan. I just . . . God, I struggle with it."

Tears began to flow, and Ryan was instantly holding her again. She felt as if she didn't deserve his kindness and love. She knew he had a healthy libido. Hell, *she* did! She was her mother's daughter, after all, even if her mother used to be her male best friend, and if there was one thing true about Maybel it was that she was a lustful woman! The fact that she'd had four babies *after* Dorothy was weaned spoke to that fact. And now that she was grown, Dorothy definitely wanted sex. God, she *ached* to have Ryan. But this mental block . . . these memories of who she used to be in all her stubborn pride . . . it was a lot to take in.

"I don't deserve you," she told him.

"Yeah, maybe. You know, you're a complete monster."

She laughed at his stupid joke. "I feel like one."

"Nah. You're just a girl I'm head over heels for. I can wait."

But how much longer would he actually wait? Ryan was a good man; a really good man. He was a football star, but unlike so many lunkheads on the field, he refused to let that define his life and his ambitions. He was studying architecture, and planned for *that* to be his real future, and Dorothy had no doubt that he would be a fabulous and successful architect, just like she was really starting to believe she would be a great child psychologist. She was studying hard, getting good grades, but in truth her own experience going through childhood a second time while simultaneously having a connection to her previous adult self gave her an insight that no other person could possibly possess. They were a matched pair; both driven, both attractive and attracted to one another, and both from lovely, supportive families.

But sex *was* important, and she couldn't deny it forever. Ryan *would* leave her if it never happened, and not because he expected her to 'put out' like some of the friends he had ditched had so menacingly put it. No, he was far too good for that attitude. He would leave her because sex was *intimacy*. It was *connection*. As gross as it was to think of her parents having sex, or how her elder brother (formerly her best friend's girlfriend) Harvey was always going full PDA with his wife Sarah, she knew they had such strong connections because sex was part of their lives. It was a constant, even with kids in the picture they found the time, because sex was a way of showing their partner how much they loved them, and how much they found them attractive on every level.

"I promise I'll make the wait worth your while," she whispered to Ryan, blinking away the tears. "I'm close. I'm really close."

He brushed some of her blonde, slightly curled locks behind her ear. "So am I," he said. "Which is why I really need to go to the study and rub one out right now, because you have got me way too aroused right now, babe!"

She giggled as he kissed her again, then felt her boobs one more time.

"Next time!" he promised, kissing each one in an over-the-top manner. "I'm real sorry about this, but I absolutely have to take care of this issue."

She laughed. "I get it! Trust me, more than you know! Go take care of yourself! Think of me!"

"You know I always do!"

He moved to the study, where she knew he'd be quickly masturbating with tissues in hand just to get rid of his pent-up frustrations and arousal. She'd once done the same with a girlfriend who had a low libido, back when she'd been a man. As for herself, she lay back on the bed, feeling humiliated and stupid, and entirely far too aroused herself. She pulled the covers over herself, then lowered a hand down below her underwear. The thought of a man penetrating her was so fucking hot and yet so, so weird at the same time. There was still a mental barrier there after so many years. But that didn't mean she couldn't attend to herself as well with a bit of self-pleasure. She'd gone through puberty a second time, and puberty as a girl had been *rough*. Learning how to play with her pussy had been the one really fun thing between the periods, the sore growing boobs, the teasing from girls and boys, the powerful hormones that made her act like a total teenage bitch to her parents.

"Mhmmm," she murmured to herself, rubbing her folds and teasing her throbbing clitoris. "Ryan. I want you. I - ahhh - w-want you!"

She had to keep her voice muffled as she masturbated, but she closed her eyes and imagined her gorgeous boyfriend upon her, his sexy black skin against her own pale form, his large dick thrusting into her, freeing her from her anxiety fully and finally, leaving her free at last. She spread her legs, pretending to receive him, and soon the desire was all too much. She raised a hand and slipped it under her bra, fondling her sensitive pink nipple.

"Yes! Yes, yesss!" she whispered to herself. Female masturbation was so much more rewarding than her previous male experience, though it had been nearly twenty years ago.

She came moments later, several rolling orgasms passing through her until she had to concentrate with every fibre of her being and every ounce of her will not to let out a scream of delight. It would be far, far too unfair of Ryan for her to do that.

Thankfully, she collapsed back down, licking her lips and murmuring. In the other room, she just managed to catch Ryan's own orgasm, the sound muffled through the door.

"Yeah, Dor! You're so f-fucking hot!"

She smiled, loving the way he really was imagining fucking her. Unfortunately, it also only made her feel more and more guilty. Why couldn't she get over this? Why couldn't she just be the woman she'd been for almost twenty years now, and just accept that she was into men and wanted *her* man to slip his big cock inside her? She knew she wanted it. He wanted it. So what was the problem?

It was everything, of course.

All of it. Right back to the beginning of what had changed the direction of her entire life.

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Dorothy had once been David. That was a fact, though not one many were privy to. As David, he had been a cocky, girl-chasing kind of guy. He'd fucked hot sluts, a fact that had been easy thanks to his good looks at six-foot-three height, not to mention all his gym-going muscles. His best friend had been Mark, a rebellious man he'd known most of his life. He had a strong anti-establishment punk aesthetic, and one could tell from his tattoos and studs. After a lot of discussion with all the difficulties of renting, the two had moved in together, along with Mark's sexy girlfriend Hayley, the hot redhead who loved to tease with her looks and occasionally make David jealous. With pay being uncertain, and rising costs of living, David's little sister Paige had joined them as well. David hadn't been a big fan of this: his sister was the opposite of their aesthetic. While they were wild, she was subdued. While Mark was head-over-heels with his bombshell girlfriend Hayley, Paige had a crush on him despite being a flat-chested wilting flower. She was training to be a psychologist, and they were living day to day without long-term plans at all. It made things awkward, especially since David always teased and, frankly, bullied his little sister for being such a square.

Of course, things would soon change.

A strange man visited after neighbourly complaints about their behaviour. He called himself Mr Till, and told them that the house at 34 Tennyson Drive - *their house* - wanted a more 'suburban' kind of family. A *wholesome* family. They just thought he was a psycho, and David told him to effectively fuck right off.

Except the man was right. The house *did* want a wholesome, suburban family, and soon the quartet were becoming one. The changes were slow at first, but soon began to speed up, and the four were unable to bring themselves to leave in the days and weeks to come. Mark, embarrassingly for such a punk guy, became a beautiful woman in her thirties with blonde hair and a gorgeous figure - the mother of the house: *Maybel*. Paige, getting what she wanted with Mark, albeit not how she pictured it, also accelerated in age and switched genders, becoming the tall, dark, and handsome *Patrick* - Maybel's husband. This

left Hayley to revert in age, becoming the teenage *Harvey*, meaning *he* was now the son of his former boyfriend-turned-mother.

Which left David, who underwent the most humiliating change of all. David reversed in age far more than Hayley/Harvey did. He was subjected to the shame of becoming not only a girl, but effectively a newborn *baby girl*, one named *Dorothy*. By the end of her slow transformation, Dorothy was stuck relying entirely on her former best friend, now her mother Maybel, for sustenance, needing to drink her milk and often crying out for more when she was hungry. She saw her former little sister as her 'Dada', something that Patrick took enormous amusement from, now that he was so much bigger than Dorothy, who had once loomed over his former little sister. Everything was so huge, and she was so helpless. And best and worst of all, she still had all her memories. They were easily ignored, often hard to decipher, but they *were* there, reminding her that she had once been an alpha male but was now an adorable little baby girl clinging to her mother for comfort and hungrily gulping milk from Maybel's lactating breast. It was something both found awkward at first, but soon was surprisingly comfortable.

From there, Dorothy's journey started forwards. Just as 24 Tennyson Street wanted, the family was now wholesome and loving. Dorothy became a delightfully pretty young girl, one who was loving and excitable and always running to and fro. She became ecstatic when Harvey found a girlfriend in Sarah and eventually proposed to her, though it was also humiliating when Sarah found out who Dorothy used to be. Still, she wore dresses, she played with unicorns, she splashed the colour pink everywhere. She was a girl, and came to accept that, even love it, despite occasionally displaying some oddities that were beyond her age and certainly beyond her gender.

Time continued to flow. Dorothy went through puberty a second time, hating it and yet feeling good that she had 'inherited' her mother's impressive bustline. She started to realise she was interested in boys, and *that* had required a lot of journaling under her bed to get through, because her diaries were *filled* with awkward commentary on how she was trying, trying, trying to find girls attractive, but could only see them so through the lens of loving their fashion and looks and wanting to replicate it. She was becoming a sexual person, and the magic that had made her a baby girl had also made her someone who found men, with their muscles and square jaws and *godly* shoulders and forearms, *hot*.

Going out with Ryan had been a big step. In some ways, she had actually been guided by her little sister Tiffany, who Maybel had gotten pregnant with not long after the magic had changed them all. She'd *only* known things as they were, never the 'before time', but she had been told the family's secret. Being only a year and a half separated, Dorothy tried to follow her sister's lead. No one else knew this, but Tiff had confided in Dorothy that she'd had sex at the age of sixteen, rather inappropriately at that. Dor had been jealous as

hell, yet still couldn't bring herself to do the same with her own new boyfriend. It was just . . . the final acceptance that this was her. Which was stupid as hell - she'd not been David for nearly twenty years now - but something about giving her body over to sex with a man would destroy the last, final part of her male ego. That little part of herself that remembered the pleasure of fucking hot blonde babes like *she* now was, with her cute skirts and stylish summer dresses and crop tops.

Some part of her was still David, she knew, and it was all tied up in sex. Mark had accepted being Maybel because her husband had taken her to bed many times (enough to get her pregnant four times, enough for any woman to accept being such!). Patrick, once Dorothy's little sister, had become the leading man of the household for similar reasons. And while Hayley had been reduced in age to Harvey, he still ended up a hormonal teenager, one who got a girlfriend after some adjustment. Dorothy's trajectory was longer, and so the long, slow build up to having relationships had weighed heavily on the older part of her mind.

She knew she had to beat it.

She truly did.

But the only people who could understand her were family.

She considered all of this as she lay in bed, Ryan having gone back to his frat, and she feeling so lonely without him.

"I'll have to call them," she said to herself.

It was going to be the most awkward phone call of her life, but what other option was there?

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She talked to Tiffany first, of course. She was on campus studying history and English as a double major, hoping to be a teacher one day, and despite having no history with her in the 'before time' (or perhaps because of it), Dorothy always confided in her. The two agreed to meet for lunch, and Dorothy turned up wearing a cute pink summer dress with white flower patterns on it. It was very girly, which was exactly her style, something she was quite aware of this morning.

"Dor!" Tiff said, hugging her. "How's it going, sis?"

Tiffany was a brunette, taking after her father, and was more petite than Dorothy. She was stunning, though, a real cutie who knew it, and she'd already had multiple boyfriends, enjoying the full college experience. She wore a simple t-shirt and ripped jeans, and somehow made them look totally stylish.

"I'm . . . having a hard time, to be honest," Dorothy said.

"It's Ryan, isn't it?"

"Yes, and no. Not as you might think."

"You're still together?"

"Oh, absolutely! He's a total dreamboat, I can't imagine someone better than him."

Tiffany grinned. "Or better looking?"

"That too. But . . . there's a thing I'm nervous about. I don't really know who to talk to, because it's about my *other life*, if you know what I mean."

Tiffany grabbed her drink and slurped from it. God, why did she have to slurp so much? Little sisters!

"Got it," she said. "Did you want to move away from the cafeteria?"

"That would be nice."

They went for a stroll across the green behind the campus, where almost no one went. Tiffany waved to a few friends and one boy, and Dorothy got the distinct sense that her sister - who liked to 'bat for both teams' - had taken a few of them to bed, or at least experimented.

"How do you do it?" she finally asked, exasperated.

"Do what?"

"Sex!" she exclaimed. "Doing it with boys!"

"Ah, so that's what this is about. You're still too nervous to go ahead with it. Makes sense, I suppose. You know, Harvey told me that you used to rail all the girls when you were a man."

Dorothy frowned. "Harvey should *not* be saying that stuff. He's a family man now, for God's sake."

"Yeah, but you told me he used to be a total slutty girl, so it makes sense he likes to bring these things up occasionally. Besides, he likes teasing you. So does Dad."

"Ugh, I know. I just . . . I feel like I'm a total girly girl in every way, but this last step is so hard to take. I really want to have sex with him, Tiff. So badly. Really, really fucking badly. But then I get scared, you know?"

Tiff shrugged. "I kind of don't, but then, I was the first member of our crazy family *not* changed by weird suburban magic."

"You are so lucky, believe me."

"Eh, Mom and Dad seem pretty okay with it. Did you know she's pregnant again?"

Dorothy almost coughed. "WHAT!?"

"Just kidding!"

"Oh God."

"But seriously, it's so believable, right?"

"She's literally too old to have babies anymore."

Tiffany shrugged. "My point is, she and Dad adjusted pretty well to it all. So did Harvey. It's just you."

"Yeah, because I became a *baby*. I had to suck on my former best friend's boobs for milk. I swear, I've got a thousand complexes over this."

Tiffany sighed. "No, you don't. You're super well-adjusted."

"What? No, I'm not!"

"Yes, you are! You're just super nervous about sex. Girls get like that. Sabrina Holtz would be the most popular gal on campus if she put out, but she gets all nervous because of her upbringing. That's all it is, sis. You have a weirder upbringing than anyone, so this last step makes you super nervous."

Dorothy brushed some stray blonde hairs behind her head. "Maybe you're right."

"I always am."

"Ugh, you're so smug for a little sister."

"It's crazy to think you're actually twice as old as me, and I'm *still* giving you advice on how to be a girl."

"You're the worst."

"And you're the best," Tiffany said, suddenly hugging her. "It'll be okay. Trust me, sex with the right guy fucking *rocks*. You just gotta trust your body and not your brain on this one, okay?"

Dorothy, strangely, felt like that made sense. "You know, maybe you should be a psychologist."

"Nah, I'm not nearly fucked up enough for that. That's *you*, big sis. Hell, maybe it'll help to imagine all those hot girls you used to fuck and then think about how much *they* enjoyed it. That can be you, now!"

Dorothy briefly realised that all those girls would be in their forties now, probably with kids of their own, perhaps some around her own age. *That* was a strange thought. And yet Tiffany's words helped.

"Thanks sis," she said. "I'll remember that."

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Ryan was busy that night, which gave Dorothy time to call her Mom. She wasn't sure if this was the right call, but she didn't think Harvey would be appropriate, and no way was she gonna call her Dad. She loved her Dad so much, to the point where, being such a girly girl, she often called him 'Daddy' when he was present, but occasionally he liked to tease his daughter and remind her that she used to be his big brother, and she didn't want that energy right now. Besides, a girl always went to her mother for advice on how to be a woman. And

one thing had never changed for Dorothy: whether she was Mark or Maybel, her buddy-turned-Mommy had remained her best friend. Still, it was a hard thing to do.

"Okay, here goes," she said, dialling the number.

True to form, her mother picked up almost a second after she'd dialled.

*"Dorothy! Honey, how are you doing? It's so good to hear from you!"*

"Hey, Mom."

*"Is everything alright? Your father and I have been missing you. So have your other siblings. Liam can't stop talking about how he wishes he was at college with you."*

Dorothy smiled. Liam was her youngest sibling, and for some reason had absolutely latched onto his oldest sister, despite him being only ten years old, which put their age gap at nearly a full decade. She'd absolutely taken to him too, helping him ride his bike, taking care of him during Mom and Dad's dates, and reading to him whenever she could. Like any young girl, she'd had a time where she enjoyed treating a younger sibling like a baby.

"Tell him I miss him too. Are you and Dad well?"

*"Oh, you know,"* her mother said in that sweet, saccharine voice. *"Still raising three little hellraisers! That house really did a number on me, because part of me wished I'd had just one more before it was all too late."*

Dorothy rolled her eyes affectionately. "Mom, you're only fifty two. Still plenty of years to-

*"Oh, I'm well away! I'm planning to enjoy my older years, honey! Mind you, Patrick has been very affectionate as of late. I think he rather likes my body after-"*

"Mom!"

*"Oops, sorry! I still sometimes think of you as my best friend, you know, from the 'before time.' Can't be helped, sweetie. But you called for a reason; what can Mommy help you with?"*

The former man bit her lip, struggling with the words. "Well, it's about what you just talked about, sort of. The 'before time.' I can't really talk about it with Dad, because it's too embarrassing. You know, what with him being my sister in another life and me being his big brother. And he teases me sometimes."

*"I know. Trust me, I give him a sharp tongue when he goes too far!"*

"But . . . look, I'm in a relationship."

What followed was a sharp squeal, one that pierced Dorothy's ears and made her cringe.

*"Tell me everything! How long has this been going on?"*

"Five months. Listen, he's-

*"Five months? And you didn't tell me! Honey, I thought we told each other everything?"*

"We do, Mom, but this is why I'm telling you now. I needed some time to figure things out, and I'm nearly there. He's a really, really great guy. Handsome, tall, he's got a great voice. Footballer . . . smart . . ."

*"Hmmm, sounds dreamy, honey. In fact, it sounds like you're really taken with this young man. Wait, he is a young man, isn't he? Tell me how old he is. If he's too old for you then I've got some advice for-"*

Mom, he's the same age as me! Well, a year older, but that's it! And he's - he's *wonderful*, Mom. I was so hesitant and nervous with him when he asked me out, but he's been so patient and kind. He treats me well, and I just know you'll love him. Everyone will."

*"Well, that's just grand. I'm so happy for you, darling. You deserve happiness after your long, crazy journey. I mean, what a wild pair of puberties you've had!"*

"Don't remind me. At least my boobs stopped growing."

*"Just wait till you get pregnant. That's a whole other kind of crazy for former men like us, though at least you've got the long journey to accept it."*

"I'm starting to think that's the issue. Mom, I'm just gonna come out and say it: I haven't had sex yet. I'm too nervous. I want to, you know I'd be safe about it. But . . . every time I'm about to experience it with Ryan I get all flustered and nervous, and I remember that I used to be a ladies man, and we talked about girls together, and it's all so much."

There was a pause on the other end of the line.

"Mom?"

*"Listen to me, sweetie. I understand completely."*

Dorothy paused. That hadn't been the answer she'd been expecting. "You . . . do?"

Her mother sighed. *"Of course I do, my gorgeous Dor. Just because I'm your Mommy doesn't mean I'll ever forget that you were once my best friend, or that I used to be a man, too!"*

"But you're so . . . so *Maybel!*"

*"Because I was thrust into it, sweetie. I chose Patrick as my husband, and I love him deeply, just like I love all my babies. But don't think it wasn't hard for me at first. You're going through exactly what I did all those years ago. I remember it like it was yesterday: I so wanted to just give in to all my feelings and embrace who I was, but sex was so scary! It was like, if I had sex, I'd be giving up that last piece of me."*

Dorothy exhaled. "That's exactly how it feels, Mom."

*"But the truth was, I didn't. I still have that piece of me, and I always will. Sex was just another stage of life - a rather magnificent one, let me just say - and trust me that you'll come to love it too. So long as you use protection and be appropriate, missy!"*

"Mom!"

*"I'm just saying these things because I love you. It's true though: you never lose that part of yourself. Trust me, sex didn't take it away. And if spreading my legs and giving birth to four babies in seven years didn't do the trick, nothing will! So you go and enjoy yourself in a responsible manner, young lady. I think you'll find that things will work out. It'll be scary at first, and then you'll wonder why you were ever scared at all."*

Dorothy wiped some more tears away. God, she was so emotional at the moment.

"Thanks, Mom. I love you."

*"I love you too, sweetie. Make sure he uses a condom."*

"Gottagosorryokaybye!"

She hung up the phone, red-cheeked thanks to her mother's words, and yet feeling all the better for them. She bit her lip as she imagined Ryan again, and that this wasn't losing herself, but embracing the journey her life had unexpectedly taken.

"Yeah," she said. "I can do this."

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Dorothy had it all laid out. She still needed to calm her own silly anxieties, and for that had meant *planning*. She'd never been a planner in her previous life, and wasn't really much of one now, but growing up a second time as a girl had taught her the importance of a sensitive touch, as well as how to apply a little preparation when circumstances required it. And besides, despite her worries, part of her was growing excited. Bolstered by her little sister's words as well as her mother's (and friend's) words, she was finally feeling ready.

Tonight, she was going to lose her virginity.

To that end, she'd wanted to do it right. She was going to cook Ryan a wonderful meal, and just a little bit of dessert to give him the energy he'd need for what came next. Then, after a bit of flirting, she'd take him into her bedroom and take off her cute summer dress and reveal the very, very sexy lingerie she'd bought earlier that morning to tease him with. The red one that cupped her lovely double-D's and made her already ample breasts look a whole cup size larger. It was the perfect plan, and she had just gotten her lingerie organised and was about to put her summer dress on after checking the oven quickly and-

And then the door suddenly opened, and Ryan was there.

"Hey, babe," he said in his deep, sexy voice, "I finished up work earlier than expected so I hope you don't mind me arriving fifteen minutes early."

He was staring at her, dressed in her red lingerie and nothing else, leaning over towards him as she was about to rifle through a drawer.

She was staring at him, with his broad shoulders and gorgeous dark brown eyes, shocked that he was already here.

“Um, surprise?” she said.

Ryan closed the door quickly. “Holy shit.”

She stood up, feeling the wobble in her breasts - an intended feature of such a sensual article of clothing. A deep blush came over her pale cheeks, and she nervously brushed her blonde hair behind her ear as she looked demurely up at him.

“I, uh, was going to finish up dinner and then we could talk and I’d be wearing a dress and I’d take this off and then I’d-”

Ryan crossed the room and kissed her, swaying her back a little so that she clung to him, to his strength. Her nipples tensed, hardening and stretching out with arousal from his proximity to her. When he pulled back, he looked her up and down. She’d already felt a stirring erection in his pants.

“Put the oven on warm,” he said. “I want to make out with my girl.”

But Dorothy just shook her head, biting her lip with an almost teasing mischievousness. “No. We’re not doing that.”

For a moment, Ryan looked oddly crestfallen, but then she kissed him again, going up on her toes and making sure to press her large breasts against his sculpted chest. She spoke into his mouth, her hot breath upon him.

“I want you to *fuck my brains out*. Tonight.” She licked her lips, then kissed him again. “It’s time.”

His erection was practically *throbbing* now, pressed up against her stomach and making a noticeable tent in his trousers that was arousing to feel and witness.

“Then let’s *definitely* turn off the oven,” Ryan said. He moved, switched it off, and returned to her. “Are you sure? I don’t want you to-”

She jumped up, grabbing his shoulders and wrapping her legs around him. He easily caught her, startled at first as she kissed him again, but then very much making out with her as she thrust her bust into his face. With a happy laugh, he carried her carefully into the bedroom, cupping her ass as he placed her down. She lay in a sexy pose, one leg over the other, pressing her boobs together with her forearms in a way she knew would drive him wild - it always had for her twenty years ago when she’d been a guy. She loved women who could tease back then, though who would have guessed she’d become one, one day!

She was glad to be so, because Ryan pulled off his shirt, revealing his perfect dark abs, then removed his trousers. He came onto the bed with her, making out, kissing her tender breasts, sliding his hands over her smooth legs and back. He squeezed her ass, causing her to giggle in delight.

“When did you get this?”

“This morning. I thought it might turn you on.”

“Turn me on? Babe, if I can’t have sex with you, I might just explode.”

"Then take these off and explode *inside of me*," she teased, pulling at his underwear and rubbing the end of his cock.

Ryan was all too happy to do so, and together they removed his underwear, flinging them over the ceiling fan above. Freed from its confinement, his massive member throbbed visibly, clearly hungry for her pussy. Well, she was wet and ready for it. Dorothy expected to be more nervous, to have to push through yet another barrier, but instead she was surprised to find herself totally committed. Tiffany's words, and even more her mother's, had done their job. She wasn't losing any part of her male self, she was simply accepting her female existence, and the very real lusts that were perfectly okay to delight in. She spread her legs, sighing a little.

"I want you in me," she cooed.

"You better get these off, then."

She wiggled her hips. "They're crotchless, if you want to fuck me *in them*."

Ryan shook his head as if in disbelief. "Tell me I'm dreaming."

"Would you have fucked me in your dreams?"

"I have. So many times."

"Then you're dreaming, lover boy. Now get that big dick of yours inside me."

He gripped her hips, and she took his cock in her hand, admiring its girth. So long since she had had one of these. God, how alien would it feel to have one again? It was almost ridiculous to her, the notion of having a penis. How gangly and silly it would feel!

No, far better to have it thrust into her. Her pussy was moist, practically dripping its juices down her thighs, and she knew he was just as ready.

"Gentle at first," she whispered.

Ryan nodded. He was a good, loving boyfriend, and it was clear that as happy as he was to proceed, he wasn't going to rush things. He wanted her to enjoy this.

"I promise, babe. I want you to cum before I do."

"I want that to-uughh! Oh God, that f-feels weird! Holy sh-shit! Mhmm!"

He stopped as he entered her. "Do you want me to stop?"

But Dorothy just threw her head back, eyes closed, teeth upon her lip as she shook her head. "Mh-nh! No! Just slowly! It's - ahh - a nice weird!"

He entered deeper. To think, she was getting fucked by a big, hot, black guy with a monster dong. It was the kind of situation the male her once would have made dumb, awkward jokes about. Now, it was *ecstasy*. She really, really liked Ryan. Hell, as he slid his member deeper inside of her, she was starting to think she loved him. She'd save the word for later, though, when she had a clearer head. For now, she let him kiss her breasts, undoing the clasp of the bra with one hand (fuck, *that was sexy*) and then shifting it aside,

letting her breasts free to wobble with their motions. All that while entering to his greatest depth.

Dorothy was penetrated.

She was entered.

She was parted.

There was a hard rod inside of her that was lighting up every sensitive synapse in her brain, not to mention all the nerves in her groin, and it was *marvellous*. She slid her hips, and in doing so, gave her boyfriend permission to start grinding, thrusting in and out of her. He did so slowly at first, gaining speed gradually. For some reason, Dorothy thought of those big pistons on those old steamships, the ones that took time to get going, but were full of tremendous power, and only grew in intensity and speed until they were devastatingly strong. She clung to Ryan, gasping as he fondled her breasts. He shifted their positions so he could suck on her nipples, and it made her cry out.

“Ohhh! Why didn’t I b-beg you to suck on them b-before! Keep doing that! Ohhhh, God!”

“I fucking love your big tits, Dor!”

“Then keep going! I love you! Oh God, I love you so much, Ryan!”

He slowed down at those words, and she blushed. So much for holding onto that particular confession until later. But to her surprise, his face erupted into a broad, pearly-white toothed grin.

“I love you too, Dorothy. Fuck, I love you so much. I didn’t want to say it while we were doing this!”

“Me too! It just sort of came out! I mean it - ahhh! - though! I love you! Mhmm!”

They kissed. The passion was so deeply intense. This was life, this was perfection. She’d give up all of her old male self to savour this forever. Technically, she was much older than this man, but in truth, in this moment, she was a twenty year old girl who had finally accepted and embraced her existence.

It was only appropriate, then, that her body positively *erupted* into orgasm just ten seconds later. The former male had never felt such intensity, not even in her wildest fantasies while masturbating. She cried out again and again, and then even her voice died, evaporating away as she clung to Ryan. Her pussy clamped down upon his cock, which brought him over the edge as well. He grunted in a low, brassy voice.

“I’m c-coming!” he declared.

“Join me!” she cried, breathless.

His semen poured into her shooting into her deepest parts. She realised she’d ignored her mother’s words to make him wear a condom or even use protection herself, but she couldn’t even bring herself to care. If she got pregnant tonight, she could only celebrate

at having the baby of the man she loved. She'd deal with whatever came later: right now, she wanted *him* most of all.

Finally, the series of orgasms ended. The pair collapsed, he panting against her, his head resting on her breast, she clinging to him, sliding her hands over his magnificent back muscles.

"Was that good?" he asked.

She giggled, barely able to summon enough breath to reply.

"What do *you* think?" Dorothy replied. "I feel just about perfect."

And it was true. She'd been on both sides of this bedroom exchange, and this one felt far, far more right.

"Scratch that," she said. "I feel *exactly* perfect." With an impish grin, she pulled her boyfriend's head up, so that he could look her in the eyes. "But once we've had some dinner, we should totally try and improve on perfection anyway, right?"

Ryan smiled, and so did she.

**The End**