

## Your Ideal Me (Man to Ideal Girlfriend TG)

By FoxFaceStories

### A Commission for Freelancer

*Adrian has come down with a very rare illness that will slowly transform him into a woman. The catch is that what people say about women will influence his changes mentally and physically. Despite trying to control his own changes, Adrian's roommate Rob takes advantage of this, subtly changing him into his ideal girlfriend.*

### Your Ideal Me

You don't need an alarm clock when you have me, Rob. You've trained me well: I always wake up before you, before you need to get up and ready for work. And like always, I lower my hand down to begin stroking that wonderful cock of yours. God, I'm so addicted to it; to *you*. Like always, you start to harden, slowly and first and quickly, until you are throbbing in my hand. It's even better when I stroke your balls, so I do that a little too, playing with them in my hand and massaging you awake.

"Mhmm, good girl," you say to me.

Fuck it turns me on when you call me your 'good girl.' I'm already feeling wet, but you make my pussy like a waterfall, just gushing at those words.

"I love being your good girl," I reply. I make my voice as sensual as possible, just the way you like it. "I'm so glad you made me like this."

The words escape my mouth before I can really think about them. I *am* glad, *and* I'm angry. And I'm horny. And I'm frustrated. And I'm a woman who's super into you. And I'm meant to be a guy who's just your casual roommate. It's always a little war in my head, but as you know, one side always wins out. Your dick is hard and throbbing in my hand, and I desperately need to do something about it.

"Would you like me to suck you off or would you to fuck my wet pussy?" I ask.

You hesitate. I love this. I should hate it, but the indecision is so hot, just knowing that I can drive you wild either way. In the end, you choose the option I was hoping for.

"I want you to ride me," you say.

I giggle in excitement, then moan and you play with my tits. I rise up, still letting my ripe E-cup boobies shake in your face. You grip my hips and let your fingers sink into the flesh of my sensitive ass, and then I lower myself upon your pole.

*Ughhh! Ohhhh God!* Yes, that's the stuff. I sometimes don't even feel *real* at the start of the day until I've had your dick inside me. Crazy, huh? But maybe not, given how well you 'programmed' me. I begin to fuck you, moving my hips in just the right way to milk you to my

fullest. You in turn do what you always do: you play with my tits and squeeze my nipples. I can't even blame you; I've got a dynamite rack thanks to your efforts.

"Yesss, Rob!" I cry, as the pleasure rises. "I love you sooooo much! I wanna be your hot girlfriend f-forever!"

"It's a g-good thing you will be, then!" you exclaim back in that manly voice of yours. "Much better than the guy you were. I never get sick of your body, April, it never quits!"

Your compliments alone cause little bursts of delight in me. I know it's because of your manipulation, but I can't help but be pleased. I live to serve you, to dress up for you, to let you fuck me whenever you want.

And God it feels goooood! It feels - AHFFFH! OHFFH YESSS!

I cry out. We've switched positions; me on my back with my legs spread wide as you shove every inch of your member deep into me. I claw at your back as you *dominate* me. It's humiliating. It's *perfect*. I can't fight this, and I don't want to.

I just want all of your cum inside me, and I'm getting it. Right. Fucking. Now.

It takes minutes for me to regain myself after the experience. You hold me from behind, spooning me, cupping my breast and feeling my nipples, never letting me leave the arena of ecstasy you've constructed for me.

"Admit it, April," you tell me. "You prefer being my April, don't you?"

I should say no. I'm trying to say no. I *can* say no.

I *know* I can.

"Did you hear me, babe?" you asked.

"I heard you," I reply, pressing my ass up against you, savouring the manly feel of you as you hold me. "I just . . . can't believe you did this to me."

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You knew what you were doing from the very beginning, not that I suspected it until it was practically too late. Back then I was just Adrian. Not April. Not 'the hottie.' Not 'Rob's ultra hot girlfriend.' Not the 'sexy brunette bimbo with the big boobs,' as one 'friend' called me, without knowing who I had once been.

No, I was just Adrian.

And you were just Robert.

We weren't exactly friends, but we got along, of course. We were roommates, after all, and both struggling in the job market, working dead-end jobs while we finished our degrees online and tried to make a more profitable future happen. And neither of us had girlfriends, a fact you were far more concerned about than me, given all that happened. Or

perhaps you just had your standards too high until the perfect opportunity arrived on your doorstep.

I'm surprised you saw that opportunity, really. I didn't exactly scream 'potential buxom babe' back when I'd been a man. I was tall, skinny, I had thick glasses and a lot of freckles - and not the cute kind of freckles either. I couldn't even claim much in the way of muscles given how unathletic I was. The only thing people really complimented about my appearance was my wavy blond hair. I recall an aunt once told me that, "it's a pity you weren't born a girl, because your hair would look so good on a woman." I guess she was more right than she knew.

I was also a total nerd. Part of me still is, of course, but I was more independent then, and wasn't having nearly so much in the way of sex, dating, or a general focus upon fashion and keeping my body healthy. As such, I had a lot of time to indulge in watching Star Wars, Star Trek, Stargate, and basically anything else with the word 'Star' in the title, along with a host of other sci-fi shows, movies, games, tabletop RPGs, miniatures, collectibles, memorabilia, the works. I had quite the proud collection, one that often invaded our shared space. Hey, was that another reason you changed me? In which case, I guess I can't blame you for *that* one.

But apart from the occasional dispute over chores (particularly your absolute refusal to cook, which I guess turned out okay for you, Rob, huh?), we never had any problems, did we? I respected your space, and you respected mine. I kept things clean, I didn't bring friends over at unseemly times, and while sometimes your buddies were around and caused a bit of a ruckus (the same buddies you love to show me off to now), that didn't happen all that often. Hell, you could be a bit of a geek yourself with the superhero stuff, and we had some great conversations about that, and our own deadbeat jobs. Not friends, but good acquaintances and peaceful roommates.

Which was why I thought it would be okay to share my diagnosis with you.

I'd been feeling odd lately, rather jumpy and anxious, emotional and weepy for no reason. My skin was hypersensitive, and my nipples were kinda weird too, like they were swollen all the time. In the end, after a lot of emming and awwing, I finally decided to get it checked out. Lo and behold, I had the Gender Flu. It's not even the flu, of course, and not even really called that, but everyone knows it as the Gender Flu, so that's how I thought of it and how I still think of it. Less than one in five hundred thousand people will get the gender flu. And yet, lucky me, I ended up being the one in five hundred thousand lottery winner.

My fucking luck, I swear.

I had to face the truth. I was going to become a woman, but I could at least try to stall it out as long as I could, perhaps even to a month or two, and use my willpower to direct the change. Everyone who knows anything about the Gender Flu knows that it can be altered

sociologically; the people around the victim can change the overall result of the transformation by how they talk about women. A bunch of blue collar workers talking about how much they'd like to bang a back alley slut will end up making one of their own into one of those sluts unless she's careful about her company. A group of college fratboys might be talking about how hot the cheerleaders are, only for their own captain to suddenly transfer to the cheer team. A guy who's coworker can't stop talking about his love of big tiddy goth girlfriends might just be seated next to one soon.

And so on.

So I had to be careful. I had to reduce my time around guys who'd objectify women or talk about how much they loved big tits or whatever, and try to end up just being a female me. I was pretty upset about the prospect of losing my penis, but I figured I could just end up looking a bit like my sister and go on with life, now a female nerd. Put up with some sexism, learn feminine hygiene, deal with gross periods, and try to, I don't know, be a lesbian or something.

Naturally, I felt it important to tell my roommate what's up. Rob, I really did trust you on this. I told you up front my diagnosis; you were the *first* person I told, in fact. I didn't know how to break it to my folks, or my sister Francis, and frankly I figured it would be easy to 'come out,' as it were, once the changes were done. Too embarrassing otherwise, and my Mom talking about how to deal with a 'blooming chest' might only give my body some big ideas. Of course, you gave me some very big, very *ripe* ideas when it came to my chest anyway, so I guess I picked the wrong horse.

"Wow man, I'm so sorry. Jesus, is there anything I can do?"

Those were the words you used when I told you. Were you already planning your move by then? Or were you genuinely sympathetic, and only later realised the power you wielded. I honestly don't know which it could be, but I do know that you were a big comfort to me during that time. You really did have my interests at heart, at least that's what I believed. Now, I know better.

My body was slowly changing. I could tell so because I was micromanaging my changes and sending updates to my doctor to keep track of it all. My hair was growing quicker than it should have been, and my body hair was falling away. I remember you noting this when you walked in on me coming out of the shower by accident.

"Wow, losing the body hair there, Adrian," you told me with a sheepish chuckle. "I guess that makes sense though, right? Girls always have nice, smooth skin that way."

Oh, shit. You didn't just step into the bathroom by accident, did you? Goddamn it, that was your first major step. You wanted to inspect me, you sly hunky man, and see what was changing, and perhaps encourage me to change further with just a subtle touch. Well, it

worked, sexy. Because now I've got gorgeous, blemish-free skin. You love to feel it, and it's so arousingly sensitive at times, I swear.

My penis was also slowly getting smaller, and my entire frame as well. You wisely didn't comment on this, but you did 'just happen' to talk about your time at the club occasionally. About how you struck out with this really cute girl who was five-foot-seven in height. "The perfect size," as far as you were concerned: shorter without being too short, and with lovely full lips "for sucking dick, if you know what I mean."

I should have known what you were doing then, but you often talked about such things before, so I just winced and reminded you about "the rules," and you sent forth a stream of apologies.

"Shit, I forgot you're becoming a brunette girl yourself!" you said. I bet that was to ensure my hair went brown. You love having your brunette bimbo suck you off, and God if it doesn't make me soooooo wet being your brown-haired, brown-eyed girl, honey.

Sorry, I get a bit distracted when I think of you like that. Ahem.

Anyway, over the next few days, I tried to psychologically prepare myself to become a woman. I had a strong mental image in my head. I wanted to stay blonde, but increasingly the idea of brown hair seemed okay to me, thanks to your words. I didn't really want boobs, but if I had to have them, a simple A-cup would be the most I would ask for. Out of sight, out of mind, and certainly no weight on my back. I wanted to remain at my height and generally be unassuming, and just to have better eyesight as a bonus; why not fix the one affliction I could be rid of as a consolation prize, after all? It gave me some comfort to think about this and have this template as my goal. It allowed me to believe that my life wouldn't change so much, especially since this female me would still be into girls. No way in hell would I ever allow my sexuality to change.

Yes, that's rather amusing looking back now, isn't it? Judging from how I practically worship your cock and the feel of it pumping deep within me, anyway. Mhmm, sometimes just thinking about it gets me all hot and heavy.

Of course, I didn't know I would end up like this. I had high hopes of becoming that version of me I just described. Still, my testicles and penis were shrinking. That was hard to deal with. You continually asked me how I was coping, often buying me treats and doing more chores around the apartment to lessen my burden. You offered to watch a lot of movies with me, and that was a real treat. I had no idea yet that you'd done your research into science fiction movies and shows and selected all the ones with absolute hotties in them. God, why did I let you select *The Fifth Element* for us to watch? Yes, it's a great movie, but it has Milla Jovovich wearing *that* outfit, and every man alive with blood pumping in his veins and an appreciation for women knows that there's no way *not* to let that pass. I had to mention that she was a crush of mine, and you 'had' to mention that she had a real hot

figure, and the kind of hips and hourglass shape that drives you wild. Whenever you spoke like that, my body had a little shiver of reaction. I could have sworn that my body even changed in response to your comments, my hips adjusted just that tiny bit, my waist contracting subtly.

I remembered those words. My body did, too. The Gender Flu was in overdrive absorbing your comments and adapting my form in preparation for them. Just a few days later, my pelvis had started to widen and my waist pull in. I'd never been overweight before - quite scrawny, in fact - but now I was getting fatter in all the right places and thinner in all the expected ones. My arms continued to lose muscle mass, my legs too except around the thighs, but my butt was growing bigger, much to my embarrassment.

"It's just a girl thing," you told me casually when I complained about it. "Even if you end up a total pancake-flat ass girl, you'll still have a bigger ass than most guys. Girls just naturally have peachier backsides, dude. It's what makes them sexy. Think about your biggest crushes from when you were back on campus, I bet they all had big butts, right?"

They did, but I just winced; I could feel my ass swell minutely, but swell all the same. "Rob, we can't talk about this, remember?"

"Shit, was that crossing a line? I was talking about other women, not you, but I'll watch it. No more sexy derrieres will be discussed, no matter how juicy or peachy!"

It was just a joke, of course, except that it wasn't. It caused another shiver of growth. You were getting in one last word to keep my thoughts centred on nice, rotund backsides.

And what do I have now? You guessed it, the kind of hot ass you could bounce a quarter off of. The kind that gives men erections just from wearing something tight and bending over to pick something up. The kind of ass you like to pound from behind. Fuck, I love me some anal, now that I'm on the receiving end. Having your big dick in my ass is soooooo fucking hoooooot.

But I digress. My ass is much bigger now, and at that time it was only showing hints of the perfect peach it would become. I was keeping myself shut in, watching my science fiction shows, playing video games, doing my online studies. I was still going to work at the gas station, but that wouldn't last; I'd need to take some time off soon. Still, it was time away from you, Rob, and I think you were worried that it could mess up your plans. That's why you started changing where you filled up your gas, and started talking about how you were really into 'micro refills' for financial reasons or whatever. What it really meant was that you could visit me frequently at the gas station, even stop and have a bit to eat from the deli section, and generally shoot the shit with me before heading on. Hell, I knew you were always a pretty horny guy, into the ladies and all that, despite not having the best odds with them. I thought nothing of the fact that you often bought a Maxim or a Playboy mag, placing it on the counter with the front cover facing my direction.

“Can’t help myself,” you said. “I just like a girl with a big chest, y’know?”

I squirmed, trying not to let your words get to me, despite how much my nipples tensed and my pecs seemed to soften from your words. I even gasped a little, holding my breath from the strange sensations that followed. I guess I rationalised that you were trying to be a good friend, and that you weren’t saying those words about women in general, just your tastes in women, and that was different. Well, it wasn’t for the Gender Flu; you’d done your research there.

More changes advanced through my third week of the Gender Flu. I was looking more androgynous by that point. In fact, when I went out, a few people even called me ‘Miss’ or hesitated as they assessed whether I was a man or woman or something in between. It was fairly humiliating, and I definitely told you a number of times about that. I even had one man rant at me while he was paying for his gas that ‘this non-gender thing has got to stop, the whole world’s become crazy!’ I felt genuinely threatened. Vulnerable, even, in a way that I hadn’t felt before as a man, despite his words not even truly applying to me.

That’s when you stepped up.

God, you were such a good roommate and friend during those times, Rob. You always offered to go out with me to places, like when I needed to do some shopping or deal with the bank regarding my change in appearance and identity, and again at the DMV. When I had another nasty customer at the gas station, you were there once again, stopping by and sticking around to keep me company, and in the end I felt safer with you driving me to and from the station as well during that last week of my work there. I should have taken time off work earlier, looking back, but I guess some part of me wanted to cling to my independence. Either that, or I was kind of . . . liking the way you came around and visited me. It made me feel . . . warm. Yes, warm. The way you make me feel warm now. Well, when you’re not making me feel fucking *hot*.

No doubt this was part of your plan, but given how you protect me now, I like to think it also sprung from genuine affection as well, a desire to protect me and keep me safe. I had been getting shorter for some days at that point. Can you believe I used to be six-foot-one? I didn’t want to end up tiny, but you assured me that you would ‘help me along’ in that regard. You offered to talk about how “hot girls are that are around five-foot-seven, because that’s a little taller than average for a girl but not too tall that they stick out and get weird attention.”

I tried not to focus on the ‘hot’ part there, and instead on the height. Your words made sense; I should want to be a bit shorter, otherwise I’d get looks all the time over how tall I was, and I didn’t want to stick out. You helped me in other ways too, remember? I never liked my freckles, and so you talked about how a “nice looking chick has a real clear face: beautiful and without blemishes. Just real perfect skin.”

I shivered, my skin almost seeming to react to that. I could have sworn that a few blemishes actually disappeared.

“Hey, just watch it on the ‘nice looking chick stuff,’ man,” I told you.

“Oops, sorry! I guess when you keep asking me to help you think about the ideal look for a woman, I just keep thinking about the chicks I try to get with at the club. You know, they’ve got some real pretty faces. Long brown hair, lovely eyelashes, big boobs. There was one brunette just the other day with a hot hourglass figure and a lovely giggle and a real cute-”

“Okay, okay, I get it! You can stop now! Don’t forget the words will affect my Gender Flu, dude! I don’t want to, like, end up some bimbo or something!”

Ha. Ha. Ha. How did that go? Though I guess I’m not the world’s biggest bimbo or anything. I’m just about as smart as I used to be, or near enough. God knows I’m a giggler now, and I like showing off my hot body, especially for you. Still, you were starting to get pretty brazen, Rob, and I think the only reason I didn’t catch you earlier is because of my anxieties about all the other changes. And besides, it was you who helped me with my vision problem.

“Rob! Rob!” I cried out just a couple of days after that incident. “Look at me! Hey, look at me!”

You were at your computer, and shut it off quickly. You later confessed to me that you were looking up photos of hot brunette babes and trying to make a new composite image to mould me into. Damn, you’re one sneaky, sexy bastard, I swear. Good thing you were quick to turn the screen off.

“What’s up, Adrian?” you asked me. “Have you had another change? Oh, shit, don’t tell me after our chat that you’ve started getting big boobs? I’d feel real bad if you got some nice jugs just because I mentioned I’m into that.”

“Huh? No, nothing like that! Don’t even talk about that! Look at my face! What do you notice?”

By that point, in week three, I was already losing my freckles, thank God, and a number of irritating moles, spots, blemishes, and acne scars had also faded. I loved that; maybe I was already developing a bit more beauty consciousness. Still, you stared at me, taking in my eyes, which had turned brown, my hair, which was now reaching to my chin, and my softer jawline. And then you saw it.

“Dude, you’re not wearing any glasses!” you exclaimed.

“Nope!” I replied, cheery despite how much my voice kept cracking higher. “I don’t need ‘em anymore! I’ve got to go to an optometrist appointment to check them out fully, but I’m certain I’ve got twenty-twenty vision. And it’s all thanks to your words. Seriously, I could kiss you man.”

The words had just slipped out. You looked taken aback, then you instantly smirked.

“Put a raincheck on that offer for when you’ve become a lot hotter, Adrian.”

“Hey, shut up!” I said, laughing. Giggling, really. “Anyway, I was wondering if you could drive me to the appointment tomorrow. And, um, to a local clothing store. I, uh, look, this is embarrassing, but I need to get a bra. My nipples are poking through all my shirts, and, well, I’ve got boobs now. Small ones, but they hurt a bit when they bounce too much. I guess I’d just feel safer if you drove me and kept me company. Is that okay?”

God, you must have been grinning inside, but I applaud your performance. You stayed calm, considered this, and then smiled.

“I’ll need to get a shift off work, but I’d love to.”

“Are you sure?”

“Of course, man. We’re not just roommates anymore, we’re friends! Hell, best friends, even!”

It really did feel like we’d become so, too. I can’t say I had many friends, and at that time you really did seem like my best one. I wasn’t really talking to many people as I underwent my change, and you were unavoidable, so I suppose that brought us closer together. Way closer together, as I would soon discover. The kind of together that has me laying on my back with my legs spread wide as you pound my wet pussy. Just in case it wasn’t obvious what kind of ‘together’ I was talking about.

So you took me to the optometrist, and when questions were asked, you were there to help supply the answers. I had to register as being changed by the Gender Flu, and you managed to sneak a little comment in about how I was going to have “wonderful dark brown eyes.” It made me tingle, I can tell you. A little shiver down my spine that excited me to look the way you wanted me to.

Then came shopping, and that was the ultimate minefield. I had just gone there to purchase a bra, and to my embarrassment I didn’t even have to mention to the store lady that I had the Gender Flu: she just assumed I was a young lady with a slightly hoarse throat, and you covered well for me - with a bit of sly scheming thrown in.

“Oh, she’s just got a cold!” you explained when I sounded a bit odd. “You should hear her normal voice! Way different from this. April usually has a really sweet soprano. We always joked that she sounds like a femme fatale, don’t we, April?”

My throat tensed, as if reorganising that very tone. I looked at you with surprise. You were so smooth, how did you think up stuff like that on the spot?

“Y-yes,” I said, my voice going just that little bit higher. “That’s me alright. April.”

It was the first mention of what would become my new name. Do you know the strangest part, Rob? I actually didn’t mind it. In fact, while I was looking for a bra, I even

mused that as far as girl names went, it was the pick of the litter. If I had to be a woman, why not April? Not too far off my old name, but it was also kind of . . . cute.

You clearly thought so too, since it was you who seeded it. You accompanied me bra shopping, asking lots of questions to the store lady, seeding further changes in the future.

“She’s never really bra shopped before. She’s a really late bloomer, so this has kind of taken us by surprise.”

The store lady was sympathetic. “Of course, you poor dear! I was a late bloomer too. I was always so jealous of the other girls having larger chests than me.”

“That’s exactly how April feels!” you countered, all while I shuffled off with my little A-cup bra to try it in the changing booth. I could hear your muffled discussion, and it made me shiver once more.

“She always wished she could have a bigger chest,” you said. “It’s a bit embarrassing to say, but her Mom is pretty big that way, so she’s been disappointed. Hopefully, you know, this is the start of something, I guess. I just want her to have a body she feels comfortable in.”

“Of course, honey! I completely understand. You sound like a good boyfriend.”

I mean, Mom had a bigger chest, but it wasn’t *that* big. It was sort of a weird comment to make, but as you kept talking, I was thinking more and more about what it would be like to have larger boobs. Already my little A-cups jiggled a bit, and that was the reason for me trying to get a new bra. But how much wobblier would they be if I was, say, a B-cup? When the store lady mentioned that B-cups and C-cups were generally the standard, I started to wonder even further. Maybe it *wouldn’t* be so bad just to have a slightly larger bust, right? I wanted to be an average girl, and perhaps one who was too flat-chested would stick out.

I learned how to put on the bra with help from the store lady, and even asked you to check the straps for me. That was when you first touched me. You were playing the role of my boyfriend, having slipped into it so comfortably, and I didn’t even fight you on it. But when your hands touched my shoulders . . .

Mhmmm. Ohhhh . . .

Sorry. I sometimes get just a little aroused thinking about the moment. That first spark that set me off. Your fingers were warm and firm, inviting and powerful. You squeezed my shoulders as if to encourage me, then fiddled with the straps, making sure it was properly secure.

“H-how do I look?” I asked you when I turned around, my cheeks so red it felt like I was turning into a tomato.

Rob, I'll never forget the look on your face. You appeared *dazzled* by me, a broad grin on your face as you took me in. My first real experience with the male gaze. My first of so, so very many, and so many more to come.

"April, you look *wonderful*," you said.

I knew I should have been weirded out by the way you said that, but I couldn't help it. There was a flutter in my chest from the way I'd pleased you. I was smiling so much from your words I was practically *beaming*.

I became used to bras pretty quickly, but as you know, I had to return to the clothing store just as quickly too . . . on account of the growth. I had woken up one morning with a greater weight on my chest, and lo and behold, I now had the kind of breasts you really couldn't hide so easily in a t-shirt. B-cups. Bouncier, fuller, and a little weightier, but certainly on the normal side, which was a comfort. Still, I felt cautious. How had I allowed that to happen?

"Maybe you just wanted bigger boobs?" you said to me rather frankly when I mentioned I was now muffintopping out of my little A-cup bras. Again, just in response to his words, my boobs tensed. I gasped, swallowing I felt them bulge, if just a little.

"Why would I want bigger boobs?"

"C'mon, girl!" you said teasingly, "what guy wouldn't like to experience having a nice big rack to play with? Admit it, we've all thought about what it would be like to have a nice stacked pair of titties to play with."

I cringed, rubbing my soft thighs together, which reminded me of how small my member was starting to become. "Dude, don't say stuff like that. It has a weird . . . effect on me."

"Oh, right. But I'm right, aren't I? About the playing with a big pair of pert tits thing?"

I swallowed. I think this was the moment I almost began suspecting you. "Y-yes. I guess so. It might be something subconscious." I giggled a little, and you laughed too.

"Sorry, you've got such a lovely laugh now," you said. "It's got a girly girl quality to it."

"Yeah, that's exactly why I hate it. I'd rather have my old laugh back."

"Well, let's get you a good advantage with your changes, then. No offence, but you've always been a bit of a pipsqueak, right? Let's get you more athletic. Might as well be a bit of a sporty girl and not *just* a girly girl, right?"

What clever wording that was. It managed to steer me towards the benefits of becoming more athletic and fit, all while still leading me subtly towards being a girly girl. God, you're smart, Rob. Sometimes I wish I was just as smart as I was, but I guess my intelligence is now in fashion, in makeup, in knowing how to diet properly and keep myself fit. I started going on runs thanks to you, and overtime my brain truly did change, as did my body. I developed solid calf muscles, and while my stomach was now trim and pretty - the

kind of midriff I was already thinking about displaying for others to see - it was also obviously muscular. I had a nice set of girl abs when I flexed them, and the same was true of my overall physique.

It. Was. Awesome.

Easily one of the best parts of my change by that point. I was right back in your corner, and you even suggested putting up posters of fit girls that you had found around the apartment so I could look at them and take them in. I agreed readily; sometimes you made these little jokes about “the man making the big decisions, right?” that made me giggle and roll my eyes from the ridiculousness of them, but they sunk in anyway. You began putting up those posters, and what a coincidence, they turned out to all be very pretty brunettes with impressive busts and great asses. They were also petite: fit yet possessing really womanly bodies. I admired their wide hips - mine were still growing out, but now it seemed not enough compared to these women - and a few had some decent butts. I am thankful my rear peach isn't too ridiculous. Thank fuck you don't go for the really out there bimbos. No, Rob, you like me looking fit, sexy, with big boobs but a reasonable hourglass shape. Healthy and pretty and naughty in bed.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

My body started to change faster in response to those images, and to other descriptions you began talking about. My boobs grew again, and soon I had a really healthy pair of C-cups, which were quite bouncy. You were right, of course, I *did* love playing with them, and equally so feeling my hips as they expanded. Part of me just wanted this change done with - I'd left work completely just so I could 'finish up' and not put up with the harassment and questions over my look, but my penis was still there, tiny and pathetic as it was. I daydreamed about having a pussy, and you mentioned that it might even be fun to play with, “so long as you've got the kind of pussy that gets wet and ready easily, so you can have fun masturbating or whatever.” God, it was starting to sound so nice.

You were becoming a lot more brazen like that, complimenting my boobs and recommending we watch some romantic comedies together, and even pure romance films. You were priming me to become more girly, of course, and it was working. I was even wondering what it would be like to start wearing makeup, or to style my hair now that I was getting undeniably pretty. My jawline had softened, my nose had become less angular, and my eyebrows were enchanting, if I do say so myself.

But then you messed up.

It was such a stupid mistake, but I think you were getting so used to me swallowing all of your little comments and praises (just like I so easily swallow your delicious hot cum now, ha!) that you thought you could get away with an obvious life.

It was the pink top, Rob. That tight pink top with the buttons at the front.

“Oh hey,” you said, emerging from the laundry room. “I’m so sorry April - I mean, Adrian - but I accidentally put your white top in with some coloured stuff of mine when I was doing the laundry, and, well, it ended up coming out quite pink. You held up the pastel pink top while putting on your biggest shit-eating grin imaginable, likely thinking I would buy it hook, like, and sinker. Unfortunately for you, I immediately saw through the bullshit.

“Rob, that’s not my shirt.”

“Yes it is!” you said. “Your white button one. It got coloured in the wash, but I don’t think it’ll be a big deal even if it is permanently pink now. It came out looking nice, and frankly it probably shrunk a bit to fit your figure anyway. Hell, you’d probably look great in it! Proper girly and everything.”

“That’s not my top.”

“It is! I know it sounds unlikely, but it is.”

I took the shirt, making some comment about my disbelief, and as soon as you were out I searched through the trash. Sure enough, shoved near the bottom, was my white shirt. You’d tried to trick me, but unlike previous attempts, you’d gotten confident and started resting on your laurels. I was shocked, and I have to be honest, pretty emotional as well. I even cried a little bit, my female hormones working to make me more sensitive about such a betrayal.

Do you remember when I confronted you? I was heading out to buy some more clothes to fit my bigger bust, because all of my shirts were too tight. You followed me out, confused as to why I wasn’t taking you.

“Maybe because you’ve been lying to me!” I shouted, my voice girlier than ever. “You’ve been trying to mould me into a total chick! The kind of chick you like! I can’t believe I fell for it for so long, but that pink top routine was way over the line, man! You’re turning me into a goddamn sexy woman to - what? - be your girlfriend?”

You argued, you pleaded, but as much as I truly wanted to give in and accept your arguments, I somehow fought my increasingly submissive instincts and held my ground. In the end, your shoulders sagged, and you looked at me with honesty on your face.

“Okay, fine! I admit it! You’ve got the Gender Flu, and just like you said, outside stuff can change it. I thought I would make you happier, girlier, and accept who you are. And sure, I’ll be completely honest, I’m kinda keen to get a really sexy girlfriend who I can make happy. But don’t claim you couldn’t have figured this out earlier, *April*.”

“My name’s not April, it’s-”

“You’ve been *liking* the changes I’ve been giving you. I’ve seen you start playing with those lovely C-cup boobs of yours. You’ve started doing new things with that gorgeous hair of yours. You *enjoy* being fitter and sexier, and you like the way I look at you. You’ve been letting me drive you around because being submissive and girly like that turns you on. You

know you're going to be a woman, so why not be a popular, sexy girl who has a loving boyfriend. I know the new you better than anyone, April. You know I'd treat you well. I - I really fucking like you, and you know I'd please you, especially since you're going to have a pretty active libido that will need a guy like me to help you out. Trust me, I'd be a great boyfriend, especially with a hot girl like you on my arm."

My heart beat heavily in my chest. I was betrayed, and yet part of me *yearned* for what you were offering. To have an even bigger pair of sensitive tits, to have a sexy figure, to have men stare at me and be jealous that *you* got to have me. To experience sex as a woman, in multiple positions too! And all those orgasms that I knew women could have . . . God, it was so fucking tempting. The pink shirt was in the living room still; how good would I look with it on? With a bit of knowledge about makeup and fashion I could be such a cutie. My penis was numb, but there was still that pleasurable tingle between my thighs at the sheer thought of giving in and making love as a woman.

"I - I need a moment," I said. I could barely leave his presence at this point. I made my way to the bathroom, as if to see how changed I truly was for the first time. I cupped my boobs as I looked at my reflection. My shoulders were more petite, my hips wider. I trembled as I imagined becoming *perfect*.

"I'm so fucking cute."

The words escaped me so easily. He had transformed me into this, manipulated me, even lied to me. But did I really regret it? I cupped my breasts again, imagining what they would be like if they were even bigger. I know you like them big. Nice, soft, pert, and *large*. Perfect globes upon my chest.

"April!" you said through the bathroom door. "Can we talk about this? You've changed so much, and I know you enjoy a lot of it. You've got such a hot, perfect body, and you're so close to being finished. Don't you want me to finish you off? You could go from being a scrawny nerd without a date to being on my arm, having all the sex you can want, all while I take care of you as your boyfriend. You wouldn't have to worry about a thing, and you know I'd take care of you. You'd be mine. Don't you want that?"

I shivered again. Just his words were making the changes go faster. I moaned, my voice all sweet and sensual, purring as I felt my breasts expand yet again. I wanted this. I wanted to be perfect, no matter what my vestigial male mind thought about it.

"Yesssss, keep g-growing!" I cried, closing my eyes and imagining them even bigger.

I didn't have to imagine long. When I looked down, there was a big pair of Double-D's having grown upon my chest, full and so goddamn sexy, with a perfect line of cleavage when I pushed them together.

"That sounds promising?" came his voice through the door.

“Sh-shut up! Just . . . say nice things about me again. About my body. About my hips and ass this time.”

I couldn't help but grin, and I bet you were grinning too. This stopped being an argument and started being a game. “Beg me,” you said, knowing you had the upper hand again. “And let me watch.”

I resisted for less than ten seconds, then crossed the bathroom and opened the door, letting you see me with my boobs pushing over the top of my bra.

“Goddamn, you look even better. Do you want me to make some improvements?”

I swallowed. I had caught you out, but I was still in your power, as I remain so to this day. The truth was it was so hard to be angry with you, knowing you were right in front of me, looking so handsome and manly, your pants tenting from your erection at the sight of me. It made me want to submit to you so badly, but first . . . I needed to change more.

“Please, change me more,” I pleaded. “I'm begging you, Rob. I want to be your perfect girl.”

You grinned, powerful once more. I couldn't help but love the reversal. You reached out and stroked my flank, making me shiver again.

“You're so close, April, but the ideal you should have wider hips, a real set of babymakers. And an ass that's fit but not flat. I want your hair longer too. But most of all . . . it's time you finished growing a hot, wet, needy pussy. The kind of pussy that aches for me as often as I want you, and makes you orgasm when I thrust into your tight wet tunnel. What do you think about that?”

I sighed, rubbing my breasts as they grew again, touching my hips as they spread wider. My hair descended, and soon my ass was lovely without being too inflated. But the big change, the one I couldn't resist touching almost immediately, was the pussy that was now between my thighs. My penis was gone, my balls gone, all my manhood was gone and replaced with female plumbing.

“Ohhhh, yesss!” I moaned, feeling myself immediately. You were already stroking your cock at the sight of me, making the moment all the more erotic. “I've got a pussy! I've got a dripping pussy, Rob! Mhmmm!”

I didn't feel vindicated as I should have done, having caught you out. You'd seen to that; my mind was too attached to you, aching for my change to be completed. I still, to this day, don't know how much you cared for me before the change. The funny part is I kinda don't really care so much. You saw an opportunity and went for it, and when you're sucking on my big tits or slamming into me from behind, the only thing I care about is that my big sexy man loves *me*, the girl me that I've become. I guess you could say that you totally betrayed and manipulated Adrian, but you only did so to bring about the birth of April.

Still, I wrestled with my feelings. I knew I should have been a man, and that this wasn't the girl body or mind I'd planned to have. And yet, now that I had my far more voluptuous body, I truly do think it was the moment that April was truly brought into this world. Just as you'd often teased and suggested, my libido had grown. I wanted to feel my new pussy, and so I did, trying not to think about *you* as I touched my most private places.

"Keep making me change!" I moaned as I felt myself right before you.

"I want you to have even more sensitive nipples," you responded. "Bigger, too. The kind I can suck on."

My nipples stiffened, my skin responded to my every delicate touch. I now indeed had the sultry, sexy voice of a femme fatale, moaning suggestively as I made myself wet and began exploring the nerves of my tunnel. God, there's no explaining just how alien it is to suddenly have a vagina; a place where things go *in* during sex. I imagined myself, trying to place my mind into the role of the penetrator once more, but that was a lost battle already; I could only imagine myself as the *penetrated*. The submissive woman who clung to a big, strong man as he slid his long, hard penis into her.

"I want you to want me," you said. "To desire me to pin you down and make you a woman."

"Yesss," I moaned, still feeling myself. "I'll b-be yours!"

I hadn't even realised my sexuality had flipped until that moment. Sure, I could imagine hot girls, but it only inspires feelings of jealousy or personal comparison within me. I wasn't aroused by them, except when I placed myself in their shoes, or desired having just *one more* cup size boost. I writhed, using two fingers to imitate the thrusting motion of a man within me. And then the man I imagined, shadowy and incorporeal, was suddenly *you* in my mind.

You, Rob.

You, my loving boyfriend.

You, the man who brings me bliss everyday and knows *exactly* how to please a lustful gal like me.

Yes, I imagined you fucking me, even as you stood there with a hard on before me. I tried not to, but my mind kept on going there. The truth was, I really wanted you. I wanted to be the kind of brunette hottie you'd talked about. I'd always been a beanpole, a nerd, a lanky figure who failed to talk to girls let alone date them. Now I *was* the hot girl, and I felt like showing it off, even if it was just a horny image in my mind. I masturbated to it, getting closer and closer to the moment of climax, and without even thinking I parted my legs, imagining you thrusting into me, your mouth on mine, your hands cupping my boobs.

"Yes! YES! YES, FUCK ME, ROB! MAKE ME YOURS!"

You were witness to this, Rob. You were describing your perfect girl, and I can barely remember what you said to this day. But I certainly remember my boobs grew yet again, and that my libido rose. You said something about 'makeup' and 'lipstick' and 'tight dresses', and I absorbed *all* of it. I pleaded for it.

"Make me your girly girl! I want to like pink! I want to wear sexy dresses for you! I want to show off my big boobs so you could display me like your trophy! Mhmm, it's s-so hot!"

And it was. You had made me so aroused by the very idea of becoming your perfect girl. But in truth, it wasn't just you that really made me yours. You started that process, but I sense I had the power to end it, and maybe even still do. But it was me, Rob. In that moment, I embraced being April over Adrian. I *wanted* to be her, not just for you, but for *me*, too. The smile on your face as you directed my last changes, as you made my lips just that little bit more full so I could "give the greatest blowjobs," as you made my frame smaller to "emphasise those big, perfect tits."

The pleasure was overwhelming. My body shuddered, and my imagined version of myself as I came had even larger breasts, and so they swelled to an E-cup as I finally regained myself from the repeated orgasms you put me through. My bra snapped open, no longer able to contain me, leaving my boobs to wobble heavily before you.

"Ahhhhh," I moaned. "I - I need you."

I approached you, but perhaps that was too aggressive. You put up your hand, even though I know you wanted me.

"No," you said. "This moment has to be perfect. I want you to go to the mall and doll yourself up. Come back as April, the woman of my dreams."

You had a vision of how this would go, and now I had that vision too. I nodded, eager to please you, eager to be your good girl. I could barely fit into my bras, and my shirts were too tight, but that just gave me an excuse to show off more of my midriff. I had to be quick so I could back to you and show you what I'd become. I licked my lips just at the thought of it.

I journeyed quickly, my loins on fire. I stopped by a clothes store on the way, perusing until I found the perfect thing: a pink cocktail dress. You remember it, don't you? I bet the image of it is frozen in your mind forever, a memory you'll never forget. It was the kind of dress that plunged right down to show off my perfect cleavage, and yet had a short hem that displayed my naked thighs. I looked sexier in it than any woman I'd ever seen.

"Oh fuck," I remember saying, looking at myself in the mirror and posing with ease. "I'm, like, the hottest chick I've ever seen."

I was, and you know what, I still fucking am?

And I goddamn *love it*.

I made you wait, you might remember. I didn't want to, but your instructions were clear: become your perfect girl. Besides, I may be your submissive girlfriend, but that doesn't mean I don't like to tease you. It's partly your fault anyway; you wanted a femme fatale girl in a way, right? So I dolled myself up. I had my nails manicured and my hair styled at the mall, and I even had my makeup done by a professional. I'm damn good at doing it myself now, but I still had to learn a lot of that knowledge: the Gender Flu's effects can only go so far. Hell, I even bought myself a totally cute pair of heels and practised walking in them for a while, until I was confident I could strut with the best of them. I love a good pair of high heels; they make my butt stick out just right, and it forces me to stick out my chest with the changed posture. And I *know* you love that.

I drove back to the apartment. I imagine you were soooooo impatient by that point, Rob. I wonder if you thought you might have lost me. No, I was coming back for you. I was aching for you even more than you for me. I was already yours from the moment you told me to return as April. You'd made me the perfect girl, didn't you?

I knocked upon the door. I was embarrassed, a little sheepish. The last echoes of nervousness. I remember rubbing my arm, feeling suddenly so exposed with my boobs pushed up and my thighs getting cold and my figure on full display. Was the ruby red lipstick too much? Did I look like a slut? Part of me kinda hoped so. The fact was that I was getting hornier, and when I got hornier it also meant I got more desperate to play the role you'd trained into me. That was why, when you answered the door hesitantly, I cocked my hip to one side, planted my dainty hand upon it, and spoke in my most breathy, sexually-charged voice while letting you look right down my low-cut dress.

"Hey there, sexy," I said. "I'm back. Miss me, sweetie?"

You were gobsmacked. For the first time in a while, you were genuinely shocked, unable to utter a word. I giggled like a total girly girl, my boobs bouncing from the way my shoulders shook as I laughed, and that too caught your male gaze.

"Well? Are you gonna let me in? I'm cold out here, and I wanna be warm."

"Damn straight I am," you said, still not sure what was happening. "April, you look even better than I possibly could have imagined."

I turned around on the spot, your eyes still wandering over me. Looking back, you were probably going to talk about how hot my body was, but I pulled you into a kiss before you could get anywhere. It was my most aggressive act, and I still love doing it. I'm so submissive in so many other ways - especially in the bedroom - but I can't help but press myself against you when I'm horny as hell. You love it, don't lie. And this was my first taste. I pressed my lips against yours and tasted you, pressed my big boobies against you, savouring the feel of my nipples brushing upon your chest.

“Did I do everything you asked right?” I said.

“More than right,” you responded. “It’s like you anticipated everything I could ever want.”

I giggled. “Then I’m gonna guess what you want next, sexy. You want me in your bedroom, naked and moaning as you fuck me.”

*That* was when you regained your cool, calm, confidence. You had so much swagger as you grinned, lowering a hand to clench my ass, which elicited a soft moan from me.

“Then to the bedroom we’ll go, hot stuff. Ready to become a woman?”

“I’m already a woman. I’ve got a pussy now, a wet one.”

“That doesn’t make you a woman. The next part does.”

And God, did it ever! That evening of passion is simultaneously a complete blur for me and a perfect set of memories. Almost like a series of vignettes, each disconnected yet crystal clear. We made love on the way to the bed, and I invited you to touch every part of my body. You were eager, and needed no further encouragement. I had never felt another person feel me the way you did. So full of passion and excitement, but also so controlling. So fucking *dominating*. It made me so slick that my juices ran down my thighs in anticipation. I gasped as you caressed my big tits, and again when I removed my dress and you unclasped my bra with ease - *that* was hot. I imagine seeing my huge breasts unbound was just as sexy. E-cups. So perfectly sized; big without being *too* big. Large for my body, but not so big as to look ridiculous. You do know how to plan your ideal me, that’s for certain. I’m forever grateful for that.

Still we made out, your tongue dancing with mine as you squeezed my ass and caressed my tits. I begged you to suck on my stiff nipples, and you obliged, sucking *hard*. You flicked your tongue against my nipple, and soon I was begging you, *begging* you to be inside me already. I spread my legs, on my back by this point, hungry for your cock. I needed you, not just for sex but for *everything*. I told you as much, remember?

“I want you, Rob! I want you to fuck me! To fuck your ideal girlfriend! Be my sexy boyfriend and I’ll be your - ahhh! - girl!”

You brushed my hair behind my ear - so damn hot a move, there - and whispered in my ear.

“Of course, babe. I’d accept nothing else from someone as perfect as you.”

Holy fuck, I still shiver when I think of that, and again when I think of that moment when you pressed your cock against my entrance and slid inside of me. I swallowed you whole, your length going in all the way.

“I’m going to cum inside you,” you told me, and that too was just as hot to hear.

That was when the lovemaking turned to fucking. You thrust inside me again and again, and with each thrust I became more and more your submissive girlfriend. There were

still hesitations inside me, still parts that were scared to embrace being girly girl April, a nympho who was utterly devoted to her handsome, dominating boyfriend. But each time you rammed into me, shooting ecstasy through my body, that voice of concern grew quieter and quieter. By the time you came inside me, and I came with you, all hesitation was gone. I squealed in pleasure, orgasm after orgasm coursing through my very veins, shooting pulses of bliss all through my core. I kissed you, never wanting to let you go.

And I haven't since.

That night was an all-you-can-fuck-fest. I was *ravenous* now that I was fully a woman, and you were training me for my future. I rode you, I bent over for you, and best of all, I committed the ultimate act of submission: I went down on my knees before you and sucked you off. I cannot tell you how strange it was to put your dick in my mouth and deepthroat you. How humiliating, and yet how devastatingly *perfect*. It was as if I'd been destined for that moment all my life, and it did not disappoint. When you came down my throat, the taste of you was warm and exquisite. You held my hair, your body shuddering as you ejaculated, and you called me those words that always make me cum extra hard.

"Good girl."

Yes, I'm your good girl. I was, and always will be, thanks to what you did to me.

Before we were totally drained for the night, you held my hips as you took me from behind, admiring my baby makers and making me cry out as you took me against the bed. I love that position; it makes me so . . . dependent on you. Like we're animals, and you're *mounting* me.

Mhmm.

I slept like a baby that night, and when I woke, I was ready to wake you as I always do these days; with my lips and my hands, all to give you a perfect morning. And when you have a perfect morning - a perfect day! - that makes my day perfect too.

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These were the series of events I think about as your question rings in my mind. And not just the story of how I came to be April, but how I've *lived* as her, too. How in the months since we've been together I've made love to you ever. Single. Day. How we've fucked in every room in this apartment, not to mention in clubs, in bathrooms, in hotels, and on the beach. How you bought me my first bikini and I modelled it for you. How I gave you my first titty-fuck. How I delighted in wearing different dresses and cute outfits, adjusting my makeup and hair each day to always match my look. How I enjoyed and continue to enjoy emphasising my big boobs not just for your pleasure but to make other girls jealous and other men want me, all so you can show me off like your trophy.

I love being your trophy girlfriend. Just like I've come to love being a total girly girl in general. It's not just the fashion, or how much I've come to adore pastel and shades of pink. It's also the jewellery, the gossip, the romantic shows and books I get so damn addicted to, no matter how much you tease me about it. I even made my own circle of girlfriends, and even they think I'm way too addicted to you, but they also think it's kinda cute. And as you know, I got way, way too much into social media, posting cute selfies and getting a fuckton of followers because dudes are really into my cleavage. I always let them know I've got you, babe. The man who made me.

"Babe?" you ask me, refocusing me on the present as my entire transformation plays before my eyes. "What do you think? You like being my April more than your old life, don't you?"

Another pause. The answer is right there. I'm right, I *can* say no. I absolutely can.

But I don't want to.

I know who I am, and who I've become, and who I'm so, so much happier to be.

"Of course, my sexy hunk," I said, pulling myself against you and nuzzling against your chest. "I'm your April, and I never want to go back. I'm gonna be yours forever."

You hold me, and I can't imagine a more comfortable feeling. It's like we're two pieces of a puzzle, fitting seamlessly together. I can see my entire future with you; all the future lovemaking, all the generous sex, all the romantic dates and long walks and flirtatious moments where I put on sexy lingerie and bikinis and dresses, all for your gaze. I can see every moment I stare at you and thank you for turning me into the girl of your dreams. I promise I'll do everything to live up to them. But then, of course I will.

I'm your ideal me. It's what I do.

**The End**