

Going on the Pill (Curvy Blonde TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for 9630aq

Connor is a nerdy guy in his twenties who is depressed about being dumped by his long term girlfriend for not being 'man enough' for her. Spurned by her comments and a curiosity for 'the other side', he begins taking pink pills that transform him into a curvaceous and busty blonde woman. It's just meant to be a brief experiment, but everything changes when the new woman's co-worker - the dark-skinned, macho Tyrell - comes to visit. Connie discovers, to her embarrassment, that her new body has a surprising libido.

Going on the Pill

Part 1: Not Man Enough

Connor Darby was flabbergasted as he talked into the phone.

"I don't understand, Robyn."

'There's nothing to understand, Connor. We're done.'

He looked around the IT department he worked at, trying to make sure no one was able to hear his conversation. Most everyone had gone home. This call had simply blindsided him.

"But - I thought you were happy. Did I do something wrong?"

'You've done a lot wrong, Connor. I can't believe I've wasted six years on you. I've had a real wakeup call recently. I'm still twenty six years old, I'm still attractive. I can do better than a chubby nerd with too much fat and too little confidence in himself.'

His stomach sank. It felt like a hot knife had passed through his heart. Embarrassingly, he felt tears well in his eyes.

"Is this Bianca's doing? I know your friend doesn't like me, but -"

'It's got nothing to do with Bianca. She put some things in perspective but this is all me, Connor. I'm sorry, but we're done. And you know what? I actually feel fucking great for the first time in far too long.'

More tears. He caught his breath, not wanting to sound too emotional over the phone. "Robyn, can't we meet in person? I just want to understand why this is happening."

'You want to know why, Connor? Take a look in the damn mirror. You're not man enough. You never were. And I'm not just talking about that less-than-average dick. I

deserve a man who'll protect me, who is strong and muscular. You just aren't that, and we both know you won't ever be. And that's long and short of it.'

"Robyn, p-please. I can be that g-"

The call clicked off, leaving Connor in the lurch. His stomach was lurching too, doing backflips in his chubby belly. He took several moments to get in control of his emotions, not that he'd ever been great at that. A wave of disbelief and depression surged over him, and like a dark cloud, it followed him over the course of the next few hours as he packed up, clocked out, checked his phone far too many times for a follow up that never came, and drove home. All the way down the highway, her words haunted him.

'Not man enough. Not man enough. Not man enough.'

When he got home, he slammed the door shut. Krypto ran to greet him, and the golden retriever was enthusiastic as if nothing had gone wrong. It briefly cheered him.

"Hey there, boy. How's it going? Okay, okay, I'll give you a nice snack. I don't think I can take you for a walk today. I know. An extra long one tomorrow, Krypto. It's just . . . it's just been a long, long day."

He fed his faithful dog and retreated to the bedroom with several cans of strong beer, closing the door. Several memories of Robyn were around the room: photos of their time together, from the beach to their interstate road trip to simply some of their date nights. They carried the pall of extinction, the extinction of a relationship, and of his remaining confidence. Looking at them was like a timeline of his weight gain, and it didn't look good. Morose, he gazed at himself in the mirror.

The twenty seven year old Connor was 6' tall, but that height only added to his chubbiness, which had to be vaster to accommodate for it. He wasn't obese, but he had the continual fear that if he didn't change things up, in a few years he would be. It was part of the reason he'd taken Krypto as a rescue dog, to get his steps in each day. Robyn had often called him a 'nerdy hipster' type, on account of his full blonde beard, short but scruffy blonde hair, and his squared glasses. She wasn't wrong, they did indeed give the impression of a stereotypical IT hipster type. It wasn't helped that he basically *was* a massive nerd. His living room was an extensive collection of videogames and consoles going all the way back to the original SEGA, and his display cabinets had figurines from *Cowboy Bebop* and models from *Planetes*, among other anime, as well as spaceship models from *Star Trek* and *Battlestar Galactica*. His prized possession was the one in his room: an intricate custom model of a Romulan warbird from *The Next Generation*, complete with a glowing quantum engine when it was turned on. He often loved looking at it.

Now, though? It filled him with embarrassment.

'You're not man enough.'

“She’s fucking right,” he sobbed, taking another swill of his beer. He’d already crushed down one can, what was one or two or three more? His chubby gut wasn’t going anywhere, right?

‘You’re not man enough.’

“Fuck!” he cried, overcome with that shock, that degraded feeling, once more. There was no fighting it. He really wasn’t man enough. Robyn was thin, and pretty, with her dark hair and mysterious smile, and her ability to fit in any social situation. She had charmed his family completely, particularly his Mom and Dad, and he had always been amazed that she had liked him for who he was.

“Didn’t fucking try hard enough to keep her,” he slurred, moving to the living room and gulping down more of the double-strength beer. “She was always working out, trying to put on muscle. I just put on . . . this.”

He patted his gut, drank some more.

“And spent all my time acting like a fucking weak nerd!”

The Romulan warship, which had cost him seven hundred dollars as a gift to himself, sat in the top display of the glass cabinet in the living room. Without thinking, his mind dulled into a state of self-pity and self-hatred, he opened the cabinet, took out the heavy model, and looked it over.

And then he dropped it to the floor, where it shattered into a dozen pieces.

“Fucking loser,” he said, the comment directed to himself. He sat on the couch, continuing to drink as he turned on the television. Some ridiculous B-movie was on, and he sat back to watch it.

‘Not man enough.’

“Goddamn right, I’m not.”

He took another drink

‘TRY THE PINK PILL!’

Connor woke, his vision blurred. Something loud was stirring him, but his movements felt sluggish. Several beer cans rolled off of his lap and onto the ground.

“F-fuck, what time is it?”

He grabbed his glasses, which had fallen onto his stomach, and adjusted his vision. His watch showed that it was 3am at night. The television was still on, and its loudness along with the bright pink colours must have woken him up.

“What the . . .”

He mentally reconfigured himself as the words of the ad came together. The screen displayed an Asian man and a black man taking some kind of pink pill from a little box, and then their bodies altered, becoming opposite sex versions of themselves. Not unattractive ones either.

'TAKE THE PINK PILL AND EXPERIENCE LIFE ON THE OTHER SIDE! THE PINK PILL WILL CHANGE YOUR LIFE - LIVE SOME TIME AS A WOMAN! BUY A WHOLE BOX TO SEE WHAT IT'S LIKE FOR A LONGER TIME!'

He scrambled, grabbing the remote and turning the sound down.

"Fucking mightnight ads. Who made it so loud?"

The image repeated with another pair: two white men this time. Again, they shifted, the brown-haired one becoming a sexy brunette woman and a ginger-haired dowdy type becoming a larger lass with long red curls.

"As if," he said, readying to turn off the screen. But something kept him from doing so. A strange, midnight curiosity. He still felt a little drunk: he's certainly downed more cans than he'd intended to. It made the ad a little comical, perhaps even more than a bit intriguing. Robyn's cruel words swirled in his head.

'Not man enough.'

He chuckled bitterly, pointing at the screen. "Yeah? Is that right, Robyn? What if I took a pink pill? If I'm not man enough, I guess you're saying I'm a woman, right? Would you prefer me like that, huh? Would it make more sense if I was some chick?"

As if answering him, the commercial continued, displaying this so-called revolutionary pill.

'EACH PILL LASTS 48 HOURS. SOME VARIANCES MAY APPLY DEPENDING ON PERSON. CONTINUOUS PILL USE EXTENDS YOUR TIME AS A WOMAN!'

He chuckled. It was total bullshit. Of course it was. Particularly since it was showing at 3am and not on the evening news. It was the timeslot where miracle boner pills and aphrodisiacs were shown. And yet, in his semi-drunken, half-awake stupor, it didn't seem like the worst thing to consider either. After all, what guy hadn't imagined what it would be like as a woman? Certainly, in his darkest moments, Connor had sometimes wondered if his life would have been better if he had been born a woman like his younger sister. She was consistently a much happier, healthier person than him.

"Jesus, a sad day 'when I'm jealous of you, Katy," he said aloud.

'ORDER YOUR PILLS TODAY, MEN! ONLY 99.99 PER BOX, BUT GET TWO FOR ONLY 149.99, GOOD FOR FOUR WEEKS! SEE WWW.GRASSISPINKER.COM AND ORDER NOW!'

Connor chuckled. "Who knows, maybe I'd be a hot fucking woman. Especially since I'm 'not man enough' apparently."

He rose from the couch, feeling tired, and turned on his computer in his room. He navigated to the site, mostly amused by the prospect, and a part of him oddly curious about it. It was bullshit, obviously. But why not try it? Why not aim for some kind of escape from his dreary life now that Robyn had cut him loose?

He accessed the site, which looked dodgy and 90's as hell in construction, and ordered a box.

"Fuck it, in for a penny."

He ordered the double box special and then, feeling exhausted, still morose, and like he'd probably just wasted one hundred and forty bucks plus shipping, he took himself to bed.

Connor continued to be in a slump over the next week, and had almost forgotten he'd even ordered the pills in the first place. His attempts to contact Robyn had failed, and the one time he had seen her at the local grocery store they both went to, she had simply turned and walked away. To his absolute dismay, a taller, fitter man than he walked out from a nearby aisle, and she took his arm. Looking back to see Connor just briefly, she then stepped up on her toes to kiss this new man deeply, hungrily on the lips. It was another fresh stab in the heart. She'd already moved on, but more than that, it also made him wonder how long she had known this new man, and if there wasn't some overlap towards the end of her relationship with Connor.

It sent him into another spiral, and it was enough to make his friend Tyrell take notice. Tyrell Williams worked in the sales department of the corporate conglomerate that Connor did IT for: *Genar Industries*. Logically, they should not have been friends: Tyrell was a 6'4 giant of a man who was absolutely jacked with muscles. He was African-American, and made no secret of the fact that he liked white ladies, a fact that made many of the girls who worked in sales to declare him the 'office hunk.' In fact, back when *Game of Thrones* was airing, a couple of the interested women liked to flirt with him, claiming he was 'the real Mountain.' He had an obsessive workout routine, and was devastatingly handsome even besides: he shaved his head and had a smart beard of the kind that Connor certainly couldn't match with his more hipster-like one. And while Connor simply worked to live, Tyrell had his interest in scaling up to management, and was a hard worker to match that ambition. The two should have been total opposites in a lot of ways, particularly given that Tyrell was basically the ultimate alpha male, possessing a dominant personality and a natural charisma that fitted his deep, molasses-like voice.

And yet, by chance encounter in a tabletop gaming store, the two had hit it off and became friends very quickly about three years ago. It turned out to be the case that Tyrell

was a massive nerd himself, loving videogames and anime and science fiction as much as Connor did. And while Connor didn't play the game like his friend did, they were both big NBA fans, and routinely bickered and joked and teased about their respective favourite players and fantasy teams. It wasn't long before the two hung out often for bad movie nights, late night gaming sessions, and the like. In fact, when Connor had seen Robyn with another man, the betrayal had at least come with the relief that it wasn't his friend with her: she had sometimes commented on wishing Connor could be more like Tyrell, who by all accounts from the women he'd dated at work was a very . . . big, man.

And so, during the week when the package was going to Connor, it was Tyrell that consoled him a little at work during their breaks.

"Hey, I'm sorry man. That is just shit."

"Yeah," Connor said, eating his ham sandwich.

Tyrell sipped from his usual protein shake. In the background, a new woman to the office - Sarah something - was clearly checking out his strong biceps, which easily showed thanks to his polo shirt.

"She didn't need to say that stuff, Connor man. If she wanted to end it, going the way she did was just . . . being a bitch, no offence."

"She was still my girlfriend, dude."

Tyrell shrugged. "You know I never liked her."

"Bullshit. You liked the way she stared at your shoulders."

The large black man laughed, and it was, as always, a very hearty laugh that came from his belly. The kind of laugh you wanted to join in on. "Okay, okay, you got me there, man. But that's just my ego: these shoulders *demand* to be seen."

"Yeah, they're being seen right now, by that new girl."

He turned, saw Sarah something, and gave a gleaming white smile. She went red, waved lightly back, before giggling with her friends.

"Mhmm," he hummed appreciatively.

"Dude, I'm so jealous you can just have that effect on women."

His friend grinned. "You just gotta join me in the gym, dude. Work off that stomach, put on some muscles!"

"You gonna ask her out?"

"Nah. She's cute, but I don't want to be the office slut. Besides, you know I like girls with nice fat asses, and she's too skinny for me."

Connor rolled his eyes, amused at his friend. He was very upfront about his tastes: he liked white girls with big asses, and he wasn't afraid to admit it.

“Look Connor,” he said, becoming more serious. “There’s a great someone out there for you. Someone who’ll make you happy, that you deserve, dude. Don’t get hung up on Robyn, okay?”

“Yeah, I’ll try. Just sucks to feel so emasculated from a breakup.”

Tyrell nodded. “Look, why don’t I come by on Saturday night, and we can catch up and play that new *Legacies of Rage* game. It’s two player, and I’m keen to see it run on couch co-op mode. It’ll be a distraction from all this self-pitying you’re doing.”

Connor chuckled. “Fine, I’ll try not to self pity. But yeah, that’d be great man.”

“Good, see you Saturday.”

It was that very Saturday when the package arrived. Connor got to his front doorstep after walking Krypto to find it had been delivered that morning, evidently by a private delivery service, since it was a weekend. He didn’t even make the connection about what it was until he brought the golden retriever back inside and opened up the package.

“Oh, huh! I didn’t think they were actually real.”

He felt a little embarrassed he’d actually bought them. They were obviously just some stupid erection pill, or more likely some kind of placebo or something. Still, curiosity did get the better of him. There were exactly fourteen pills in the two boxes combined, which if the advertisement was to be believed, meant it was enough for roughly twenty eight days or a little more. He took a tray of pills from the box, and popped one out. Sure enough, it was indeed a bright pink, and the packaging had the label: *Pink Pill*.

“Well, what do you think, Krypto? Should I try one?”

The golden retriever panted, brushed against his leg, woofed. Connor shrugged.

“I’ll take that as a yes, I guess. Maybe it’ll be a nice sugar candy or something. At least I would have spent like ninety five dollars on something, at least. Besides, weekend is the best time to test it, right?”

The dog offered no response.

“Yeah, these conversations were a lot more fun when Robyn was here. Fine, I’ll just take the damn pill already.”

He raised it to his lips and popped it into his mouth, and savoured the slightly sugary taste. It was indeed like a jelly bean. With a gulp of water he swallowed it, and then nothing proceeded to happen.

“Ta fucking da,” he said. “Nothing happened. Goes to show, Krypto, why you don’t buy weird pills promising crazy gender changes at 3am in the fucking - NGGHH!!”

He doubled over, clutching his stomach. It was churning, and not from a bad breakfast. It was unlike any feeling he'd ever experienced. The feeling rippled out to affect the rest of his body as well, like a series of strange pressures and tugging sensations.

"F-fuck! What did that pill do? Is it a drug?"

Krypto barked in agitation, but he pushed his dog lightly away, stepping to the living room. His heart beat rapidly, and he found himself feeling a little light-headed and sweaty.

"Oohhhh . . . I f-feel really weird, buddy. What was in that p-pill?"

He doubled over again, grabbed the side of the sofa to steady himself. Something was happening to his body: a shifting that made no sense. His eyes bulged as he saw and felt something incredibly and impossible: his stomach began to retract inwards.

"What the -!? How can that - NGNHHH!!!"

The sensations hit him all at once as his body began to shift and alter and transform. He grunted, shocked as the fat of his stomach moved elsewhere, moving under his skin to pool in his ass and thighs. To his astonishment, his thighs plumped up, and his legs seemed to shorten a little. It was Summer, so he was only in a shirt and shorts, but soon the latter was untenable as his hips began to widen. They sort of 'popped' outwards, as if the hip bones were dislocating from his pelvis only to reattach, repeating the process as the bones changed shape. It should have been horrifically painful, but it was only alien and strange, almost tickling.

"MMHmmm . . . what the f-fuck! Oh G-God! Shit! It's actually ch-changing me!"

Krypto barked in concern as his master's body shifted.

"It's oooohhh - it's okay b-buddy! I think! It's - fffffuck!"

He arched his back as more flesh pooled upwards. His body hair fell away, drifting to the floor in little piles, but the hair on his head started to slide out from his scalp, becoming longer and longer. It remained blonde, but became lighter in tone, a golden honey colour that matched its new silky quality. It briefly obscured his vision, and when he pulled apart the curtain of new hair he was horrified to see that his fingers were also in the process of change.

"N-no! This is impossible! I c-can't be a woman! I can't be - NNgghhh!!!"

His fingers slimmed, becoming dainty and womanly. The same was happening to his feet, which slipped loose from his larger men's shoes easily. His hips continued to widen, and his ass swelled, becoming so rounded that he had to pull down his shorts before he tore them apart.

"Such a b-big ass! God! It's huge!"

It wobbled, overwhelming his underwear, the cheeks spreading outwards so that more of his behind was revealed than actually hidden. They wobbled as he shifted about the room, trying to make it back to the kitchen where his cell phone was, so that he could call for

help. Except that he halted at the threshold of the open doorway, moaning in a kind of low budding ecstasy. He so-called 'below average' penis tingled greatly, causing him to rub it instinctively.

"Oh G-God! Why am I getting f-fucking turned on by thi-this!?"

But he was. His dick went hard, even as it began to shrink. His waist tightened, feeling like a great pressure was pinching it inward. His shoulders slimmed, and vertebrae by vertebrae his spinned cracked, shrinking him bit by bit in height until he must have lost three whole inches or more. He wailed in confusion, and at that very moment his voice cracked.

"My v-voice! It's ch-changing!"

Krypto barked in concern again, running to his side and only adding to the general confusion. Connor was feeling weak in the legs as they reconfigured. He gasped, clutching his throat. His Adam's apple was gone! And his jawline was changing too, becoming softer and rounder to match his altering nose. It shrank, becoming more button-like, and his cheeks rounded, taking on a more feminine curve. Pores that had always been too large shrank, leaving him with incredibly smooth skin: running his slender fingers over his face confirmed that.

"Holy shit, I'm getting a girl's face. What the fuck, what the fuck!"

But these were only minor changes to what was coming next. The fat that had shifted from his stomach and arms was beginning to pool under his chest. He gulped, realising what was about to occur.

"The pills are real. I'm g-growing tits!"

As if on cue, his nipples *swelled*. He gasped at their sensitivity, brushing them lightly with his fingers as they tripled in size, developing what felt like areolas under them. Quickly, he tore his shirt off, and was again reminded of his longer blonde hair, which now just reached just a little past his shoulders. He should have been panicking, but that growing feeling of bliss, of arousal, was somehow making it oddly bearable. More than that, the pills were real! A growing excitement was building in him, a desire to see what he would like as a woman, as a fun experiment. He just wasn't ready for how womanly he was about to become.

"Ohhhh . . . that's - that's a l-lot of p-pressure!"

The flesh pooled behind his chest, and soon the pressure was too much to ignore. He placed his smaller hands against his chest, massaging the soreness, the anticipatory aches that were developing there. But then the dam broke, and it all became too much.

And his new tits began to push their way forward into the world. Connor's eyes went wide, and the increasingly womanly man gasped in a high, cute female voice as his chest expanded. Quickly, his sensitive nipples sat atop a pair of A-cups, then modest B's, then ample C's, only to keep on growing.

“Ahhh - ahh - aaah - so much pressure! S-so b-big! AAAIIIEE!!”

He arched his back, feeling his dick throb and shrink, his body overwhelmed with pleasure and sensation. His ass surged back, keeping a counterweight to his expanding boobs. They quickly developed a line of formidable cleavage, becoming full D-cups, then the classic supermodel double-Ds, then well beyond that into the E and then F-territory - at least so he assumed! He realised with a shock that his younger sister's larger chest size was no fluke - she had Double-D cups, hence her popularity back in school. But he was now well beyond Katy's size, and certainly beyond Robyn's respectable B-cups. He couldn't believe how heavy they were feeling, like two big wobbly sandbags bloating up upon his chest. They hung in perfect teardrops, and to match their size his nipples swelled in turn, his perfectly pink areolas expanding.

It all became too much. His penis and testicles tugged, and with a sudden yank they were pulled back into his body, replaced with a feminine opening which flowered into being, lower lips and all. He could see it in the mirror, and at that very moment his new body gave way to a powerful, and very female, orgasm.

“MHMH!!! OHHHH!!! MMYYYYY!!! GOOOOODDD!!!”

He collapsed against the mirror, his lips puffing up, her chest expanded one final, trembling cup size until they finally halted. They looked enormous, hanging pendulously from her chest, and yet only sagging a little due to their weight: they hung lower than a woman with a smaller chest would have, but certainly were very full and pert and rounded, shaped in such a way that was incredibly erotic to his eyes.

He managed to stand back, and Krypto sniffed around his ankles, clearly trying to determine what had happened to his master, and if this was the same person again. Connor managed to recover himself, his heart still beating rapidly, his breath fast, but his mind starting to calm. He bent over and patted his dog.

“It's okay, buddy. It's me. It's Connor. Even if I sound . . . different.”

He sounded sexy. A cute soprano voice that was somewhat alluring, but also kind of peppy. Light. Naturally optimistic and cheerful, unlike his former self. He looked at the mirror again, and realised that as he was bent over to pat his golden retriever, his enormous boobs (H-cups, maybe?) were dangling heavily like twin torpedoes, and his ass was sticking out like a round, peachy boulder.

“Holy shit, my ass is huge!”

He ran a hand over it, feeling its surprising sensitivity and softness. Like his new tits, it was also quite pert and rounded, wobbly and full of healthy fat without actually being fat in a pejorative sense. That kind of description described the rest of him, in fact. He wasn't a slim girl in this new body. Perhaps it was genetics, given that he looked very much like a female version of himself, something you could tell by his eyes and general facial shape. His

jaw was softened, his eyebrows more feminine, but it still looked like him. Just . . . a him that had been born a girl.

A very stacked, very curvaceous girl. He had a slight hourglass figure, but a waist that was thicker than most girls, and a set of hips that flared outwards to look like a pair of absolute babymakers. He still had some baby fat on his arms, and his thighs were quite thick, but he didn't look unhealthy. Far from it, he looked like a smokeshow, just not a thin-in-the-waist stick figure kind of pretty gal. More the full-figured type.

He took off his glasses, but to his annoyance they were still needed. Yep, he was definitely a female version of himself. Even that motion caused his ass and boobs to wobble gently, a movement that took some good seconds to calm.

"Holy fuck," he finally said, ignoring Krypto at his heels. "The pills were real. I'm a goddamn woman. A thick one, but with two 'C's. *Thicc*."

He was what Tyrell would have called a 'total PAWG.' A 'Phat Ass White Girl.' He adopted a feminine pose, one hand on his hip, which he stuck out to the side, and the other flicking his longer blonde hair. It was a look right out of a sexy pinup.

"Fuck, I'm a hot, thicc girl now."

And then, with nervous surprise, the cute, sexy woman in the mirror smiled.

Part 2: PAWG Life

It was strange enough suddenly finding himself female, but now Connor was also struck with another problem: finding appropriate clothing. He now had a pair of tits that were nearly the size of his own feminised head, and an ass that was like two impressive watermelons. His wide hips defined his body shape, and no pair of men's underwear would be elastic enough to encompass those, not unless he was far more horrifically obese than he had thought. Furthermore, while he'd been a big man, he was finding out just how much body shape determined the nature of fitting clothes: his men's XL size shirts should, in theory, easily have been able to cover his figure. Instead, they were wide around the shoulders and waist, settled oddly on his expansive hips, and were positively *strained* around his huge jugs. It was enough to make his large nipples very prominently outlined, and when they rubbed against the fabric, it made him groan in his new, light voice, and not totally from discomfort either.

The final result that formed a working (and a very loosely defined 'working') basis was a pair of old stretchy track pants, a black dinner shirt that read 'May the Forks Be With You' that he'd gotten from an old Comic-Con and was too big for even the male him, and a large jacket that was too big for his new figure, but was held in place thanks to his

prodigious bustline. There was nothing to be done about how much his ass was compressed by the track pants, and he looked like a mishmash of styles, particularly as his hair was quite messy. He got the sense its silkiness meant it would be straighter, but in the aftermath of the stress of the transformation, and his own shock, it looked as spiky as ever.

“I need new clothes,” she said. “I’m going to be like this for twenty four hours, Krypto. Do you fancy a walk to the shopping centre?”

The golden retriever was as eager as any of its kind ever was. Thankfully, it seemed to recognise him. A good thing too, given how fiercely loyal and protective the dog was of him.

“Just be aware I’m probably going to be slower. And more awkward. And generally feeling really, really weird now that I’ve got all these . . . curves. Jeez, they’d be enough that Tyrell would probably cum just at the sight of me, ha!”

It was an awkward laugh, since his body suddenly produced some weird feelings in him. Warm feelings. He felt kind of flushed at the thought, and couldn’t say why. Obviously, his new body was still ‘settling in.’ He felt like he was forgetting something in the rush of his change, but having unexpectedly become a woman, and a quite voluptuous and curvy one at that, his priorities had certainly changed anyway.

“Okay, first order of business. Go and get some clothes that fit me. Might as well grab a few extra things too, right? After all, I ordered these to find out what it’s like to be a woman. And if Robyn thinks I’m not ‘man enough,’ no reason I can’t enjoy being a woman for the weekend, huh buddy?”

Krypto barked approval.

“Right.”

Finding himself suddenly, as he was beginning to think of now, a ‘PAWG’, became even more strange when he was out walking his dog. Suddenly, Connor felt very exposed, not to mention overly warm due to the heat of the sun. The jacket did well to hide his more, well, ample parts, but there was no hiding his hips or wear: the track pants were doing all they could simply to contain him. It didn’t help that with every step his hips swung from side to side, his new pelvic configuration forcing him to adopt a sexier stance and walk.

“Well, Krypto, this is certainly not what I expected my Saturday to look like.”

Even his voice - *her* voice technically, though he certainly didn’t think of himself as a woman deep down - was alien to his own ears. It had a cute twang to it, high and pretty like his sister Katy’s, perhaps even a bit higher on the soprano scale, in fact. It wasn’t half bad though, just odd to hear coming from his own throat.

“Yeah, it’ll be a weird forty eight hours all right. I might even need to take a day off work in case it lasts a little longer than two days. And to get used to my old hips, because these things are wild!”

It was a little embarrassing, in fact. Connor had never gained so much as a drawn eye on his usual walks. He wasn’t particularly attractive, or menacing, and with his hipstery look, there wasn’t a suspicious aspect to him either, just an air of nerdish normality. Now, however, things had changed. His next-next door neighbour Norm, an older man in his fifties, stared at him like he was an interloper. No, that wasn’t right. He was staring at Connor like any man would at a curvaceous young woman as she passed by. It gave her the creeps. He’d known Norm for years - not closely, but known him - and now he was staring at Connor’s ass as he sprinkled his garden, dousing his roses far too much due to the distraction.

“Um, you’re drowning your roses, sir,” he said awkwardly.

“Oh, sorry! It’s just you’re a sight for old eyes, young miss! Are you related to Connor Darby, perchance?”

“Uh, yeah. I’m his, well, I’m his sister!”

He went a little wide-eyed. “He never told me he had a sister.”

Connor couldn’t *imagine* why, given how hard he was clearly staring at her wide hips.

“Well, he’s a private person.”

“I’m Norm, his neighbour. And you are?”

“Uh, I’m Connie.”

“Connor and Connie? Really?”

Krypto thankfully pulled at the leash, and he used it as an excuse to continue forward. “What can I say? The family is a little odd! Sorry, I’ve got to go now!”

He headed down the sidewalk, trying to avoid thinking about Norm’s gaze upon his ass, which he could practically *feel* like a sixth sense. It turned out not to be an isolated incident either. Even covered up, he could feel the stare of another runner as he passed in the opposite direction. A car heading past slowed down to match her pace, and the young asshole of a man wound down the window.

“Hello, beautiful!” he called, wolf whistling.

Connor gave him the finger, pulling his dainty hand through the overly long sleeve to give the gesture, but the man drove off too quickly, yelling further comments about all the things he’d like to do to the transformed male. It was enough to make him feel utterly disgusted. Was this what women really had to put up with? He was suddenly a lot more sympathetic to his younger sister, though even she didn’t have the curves his new body did.

“To think, Krypto, this is the body I might have had! How different life would have been!”

He continued his walk to the local mall, which was not too many blocks away. It was as much a training exercise as a practical objective, since it allowed him to get a little more used to the proportions of his new body, the way his hips moved, how his foot placement needed to be one in front of the other instead of a manly swagger, and to get used to the heavy bouncing of his large breasts.

“Yeah, I definitely need a bra, all right. These things are huge. Of course . . .”

He planted a hand into the flesh of his rear, wincing at the sheer size of his backside, and delighting in it a little as well.

“Yeah, this is even huger. Real thicc. I’ll need some panties that can actually contain these rear melons as well.”

At that exact moment, a young man on a bike rode past.

“If I had an ass like that, I’d never stop touching it either!” he called out as he whizzed passed.

Connor blushed a deep red, adjusted his glasses nervously. “Okay, I should probably start being careful about what parts of this crazy new body I decide to touch from here on out.”

He continued onwards with Krypto on his leash, trying to mentally adjust to the way his new body moved in quite a suggestive fashion.

Entering the mall made him feel like he was definitely standing out. He didn’t aim to be long but just in case he’d left Krypto with the pet sitter service, paying quickly since the young person manning the counter seemed to linger his gaze on Connor’s form. It made him blush, and being over three inches shorter also altered his perspective more than he’d expected: he felt a little more . . . shy. A bit weaker, perhaps because he literally was. He found himself smiling nervously as he walked through the mall, trying to keep his gaze away from the various passerbys. Likely, only a few were looking his way, but it felt like he was some sort of imposter in this new, thicc body, and so it was easy to imagine every eye was trained upon his form, particularly given his male clothing. Certainly, at least two men were definitely checking him out:

“Check out the ass on her,” he overheard one man around his age whisper to his friend.

“Damn, she’s draggin’ a wagon for sure.”

Connor blushed a deep red at that, particularly since he really thought he’d managed to avoid swaying his behind too much, and had obviously slipped back into the more ‘natural’ feminine posture.

As such, it was almost a relief to find his way to the women's clothing department store. It was called *Coquette's*, and it had a solid reputation from what he remembered Robyn saying. He entered, and immediately became quite lost in it all.

"Uhhh, shit," he muttered, biting his cute lip. "I don't know what I'm doing."

A pretty store woman whose badge read *Jemma* approached.

"Hi there," the dark-skinned woman said. She appeared quite stylish, unlike Connor. "You look a little lost. Can I help you?"

"Uh, yeah," Connor said. "I'm looking for clothes. An entire new wardrobe, actually. I was, uh, robbed. Most of my clothes were taken. The rest were damaged. I need new . . . everything, actually."

Jemma's eyebrows raised. "My goodness, I'm so sorry . . ."

"Oh, my name is Connie."

"I'm so sorry Connie. That's terrible. Well, you're not the first to experience this, I assure you. Do you know your sizes?"

Connor shook his head. "Not exactly. I've . . . I put on a bit more weight recently. It's embarrassing."

But Jemma simply gave a dismissive gesture. "Absolute nonsense, Connie. You look to be totally healthy to me. Trust me, I can tell these things. Some women are built curvier, and that's a good thing, and you certainly look gorgeous even in men's clothing! Let's find you something to suit those wonderful curves, shall we?"

Connor nodded, relieved that his lies worked, but also strangely uplifted by the woman's comments about his body. Indeed, he was concerned that his body's fat still looked unappealing on him, but evidently that was not the case. He was curvier and thicker than the average woman, sure, but in the following few hours - much longer than Connor expected to stay at the store - he was increasingly assured of how attractive his figure really was. As Jemma walked him through his measurements, he was shocked to learn just how curvaceous he truly was. It was a good thing his waist was thicker, since he'd look far too waspish otherwise! He was staggered to learn that his boobs were HH-cups in size.

"I had no idea they were so huge!" he exclaimed. "Are you - are you sure they're that big? I mean, they're large, but surely they should be the size of beach balls or something!"

Jemma laughed. "You'd be surprised at the common misconceptions about breast size that even women have. A Double-D is not as big as is often portrayed in media, and even the ABC sizing won't necessarily account for a woman's figure. You've got a wonderful bust you should be very proud of, and because you've got a wonderfully curvy figure, they suit you perfectly!"

Connor blushed awkwardly, looking at how the black bra lifted his breasts rather suggestively, but also gave some much-needed support.

“Well, it certainly feels much better now, too.”

Jemma laughed. “Yes, I can imagine a well-fitting bra is going to change your world, honey! We’ve got some wonderful items to minimise a lot of bouncing and jiggling, though with your size we can’t eliminate it all, I’m afraid!”

Connor giggled. “I guess not.”

“But they will be *very* supportive, and I’m sure you’ll be very happy with how they look. Like I always say, if you’ve got ‘em, you should flaunt ‘em!”

Connor wasn’t so sure about that, but Jemma was so charismatic, charming, and encouraging that he was soon stacking up a wardrobe that went beyond his expectations. Not only was he picking up bras and panties to last more than just the weekend, but he was also even purchasing a rather sexy black lingerie and see-through negligee, along with a bikini, of all things! Jemma walked him through a number of wonderful summer dresses, some casual, some much more formal, and she was an absolute treat at finding the sizes that conformed to her rather curvaceous figure perfectly. And what didn’t fit, she could get *fitted* for free.

“Oh, I don’t know if I have that much time but . . . sure. Actually, why not?”

He couldn’t say why, but part of him was already more curious about spending perhaps another weekend as Connie. The pink pills were an unexpected miracle, and despite the odd stares and comments, the compliments he was getting were more than he could remember in *years* as a man. He felt oddly welcome into the ‘sisterhood’ of female positivity.

And so it was, to his own astonishment, that he ended up having to return to the mall via his car just to get what he had purchased, simply due to how much he had ended up buying. Somehow, the expert salesmanship at *Coquette’s* had convinced him to purchase numerous different kinds of bras, despite the expense. After all, it turned out bras were indeed *fucking expensive*. Women certainly had it bad in that regard, and their body types were so much more variable than a man’s! And yet, he had a lot of money stashed away that he’d been saved, and this was what he’d chosen to splurge on.

“On bras,” he said, marvelling out the clothing he’d dumped on the bed. “On freakin’ bras! What’s gone wrong with me!?”

But then again, the looks and comments he’d gotten when he’d left the store in a new outfit - a cute blue dress that dipped low enough to tease quite a lot of cleavage, and hugged tight around his big ass - made him feel quite warm inside. Proud, almost. Getting a little hungry, he’d stopped to buy some donuts to snack on, and the retail worker serving him looked him up and down and simply said: “I love your dress! It looks great. I wish I had your figure.”

“Oh, uh, thanks so much! It’s my first time trying it on.”

“We’ll, you’re slaying it, queen.”

And while he left, his hips sashaying, a man nearly ran into a pole as Connor passed, his eyes magnetised to the new woman’s ‘wide load’ at her rear. It had actually made him giggle.

The thought of that man looking at him with such evident attraction stayed with Connor even when he got home and settled back in. It was like he was being mentally undressed by another, and it both repulsed and fascinated him. He felt over his soft ass, playing with his big tits.

“Fuck, even my ass is super sensitive,” he said, grunting in unexpected pleasure. He stepped over to his bedroom mirror, and struck several poses, trying to look as sexy as possible. “Damn, I look really, really good in this dress.”

He emphasised his tits in the way girls sometimes did, pressing his upper arms between them to create a crevice of cleavage that disappeared out of view. Then he cupped them, admiring their weight. They spilled over his hands, and soon he was bouncing them up and down, causing them to jiggle uncontrollably.

“This is - nnhn - really fun!” he said with glee.

It truly was. He could understand why even girls liked a big pair of beautiful boobs. They were so much fun to play with! They jiggled and wobbled, and he decided to lift one then the other, like those ridiculous gravity-defying sequences in anime whenever they had those cheesecake beach episodes.

“I’d look so fucking *phat* in a bikini,” he said, emphasising the ‘PH’ part of the word. “Tyrell would go nuts if he ever saw me! Office gals, eat your hearts out!”

With that, he rubbed his hands over his tits, only to be hit by an unexpected jolt of sudden sensitivity. He breathed heavily, chest rising and falling like a great shelf of land.

“Ohhh, I think I got my nipples there.”

Even through the bra he could feel them, and as his arousal increased, so did the desire to play with them a little more . . . sensually. So far, Connor had admirably restrained himself from exploring his body too much. Yes, he’d played with his tits - what guy wouldn’t? - but he’d still avoided exploring the space that now existed between his thickened thighs, or to indulge in more direct fantasies. But now, staring at this curvaceous beauty in the mirror, he decided that it would be ridiculous not to indulge just a little. Just a little.

“After all, I’m a girl for at least a weekend,” he said to himself, removing his tight blue dress and unveiling his cute black bra and panties. “It would be a waste not to compare male and female pleasure, right?”

There was no Krypto to answer, but the cute woman in the mirror grinned. He ran his hands over his form, feeling his slight tummy, grasping his wonderfully huge yet pert ass. He

stroked his venus mound, and the feelings it invoked in him brought him closer to a place of daring.

“Fuck it, let’s get naked, sexy.”

It was like flirting with himself. And it was still himself: he could see remnants of his male face in his very female new one. He did indeed look like an opposite gender version of himself, one that got much more lucky. He reached back and carefully undid his bra, taking a moment to fumble it. Connor exhaled as he removed it, not expecting his bust to droop as heavily as they did.

“Wow, that really was doing a lot of work, huh? Goddamn, bras are important. Mind, these are bigger than Robyn’s ever were, so I can see how I didn’t quite appreciate them as much! Eat your heart out, Robyn! I bet these torpedoes feel better than yours ever - Hmm!”

He lost the words as he began to thumb his nipples. The entire areola region was sensitive, and the feeling of his fat, distended nipples squeezing between his fingers was staggering.

“Oohhhhh . . . that’s more p-powerful than I expected. *Goddamn*. Men are missing out!”

He continued to play with his nipples, squeezing his breasts as he sat back on the bed. His loins began to moisten, a totally alien and yet not unwelcome feeling, and it was only making him more and more aroused. He found that the undersides of his tits were surprisingly delightful to touch as well, and that when he mashed his huge HH-cup tits together while rubbing his mound it made him groan almost deliriously.

“NNGgnhhh . . . ohhhhh . . . yes, Oh God. I need to go all the w-way!”

He pulled off his panties, admiring their size. They had to be large, given the hips and buttocks they were made to cover. He lay back, feeling the wonderful softness of his form, and pushed away the new clothes he’d bought so that the bed was all him. His breasts changed shape as he lay back, becoming no less large but flattening outwards and spilling onto his upper arms as well as pooling up towards his clavicle.

“Holy shit, I could almost suck on my own d-damn nipples!”

He wasn’t about to try . . . just yet. For now, it was his new feminine slit that concerned him. His new genitalia bulged, throbbing with need. He lowered a nervous finger down between his thighs and began to slowly rub with his womanly fingers. The sensations it produced were instant.

“OHHhhhhh . . . ahhh . . . oh, that’s f-fucking great! Oh G-God! Yes! Mhmmm . . .”

Slowly but surely, he began to rub his vulva, circling around his labial lips and teasing his throbbing clitoris. It bulged, almost radiating a desire to be touched, and he gave into that desire. Soon he was using the classic two-finger method: probing his depths with those two fingers, and massaging his G-spot with his thumb. It made him writhe and squirm, and for

Connor, the feeling of his large ass providing such wonderful padding only reminded him further of his new form, and turned him on all the more.

“Mhmmmm, yes! Oh f-fuck! They’re wobbling so much!”

He was beginning to buck his hips as if he were actually being fucked by a man, and it had the effect of making his titanic tits wobble up and down on his chest. From his laid down perspective, his breasts surged forward to meet him, then shot back, then surged forward, then shot back. His nipples flopped about all over the place, and Connor had to stabilise them by gripping them with one arm, which of course only had the effect of rubbing against his most tender new flesh.

“Ohhhhhhh yessss! This was w-worth it! F-fuck, yes! This is the b-best!”

He moaned, uncaring how womanly he sounded, and in fact revelling in just that fact. He fell to panting as he got better and better at ministrating his body, though it was still early days yet. Already he was mentally resolving to become a woman on the following weekend, just to get better at masturbating. It felt wonderful, but there had to be a better way of rubbing his nipples in time to his teasing of his womanhood, and even that could use a bit more work: counter-clockwise felt better, but maybe he could vary it up more? He tried to remember how Robyn liked it when he’d gone down on her, but the effort of concentrating on *how* to go about pleasuring this body almost lost him the prize.

“Who c-cares,” he said. “Just have f-fun. Experiment.”

He gave himself over to that principle instead, and soon his pleasure was rising once more. He pinched and tweaked his hard, fat nipples, giggling at the little pulses of pleasure they shot to his core. He spread his legs wider, rubbed more furiously at his vaginal opening. It felt good. So good. Almost too good to be true. There was something missing, something his body yearned. It was like there was an emptiness inside him suddenly, emphasised by the way he spread his legs wider and wider as if to greet an incoming cock.

“Mmhm . . . why does that t-turn me onnn!?”

But it did, and soon Connor was closing his eyes, imagining what it would be like to feel a big dick enter there. Had the pink pill changed his sexuality or something? He imagined a man, but before going too far down that road, he switched his thought process to see if he could somehow work up the courage to buy a dildo or vibrator. Wouldn’t that complete that emptiness?

“Yesssss . . . that’d be . . . ohhhhhh, so good!”

He refocused his efforts on this very sensitive body. Every part of him seemed to jiggle and shift, like his curves were alive with the bliss of his masturbation. The pleasure grew and grew, and soon Connor could feel an orgasm budding and building. It was getting closer and closer, and so he redoubled his efforts, rubbing his clit and nipples until he could take no more, the coming orgasm ready to crash down upon him.

And then it did crash.

And he cried out, again and again in a high, sensual voice. A wail, really, full of ecstasy and female delight. Like something out of a porn film, only sweeter and more genuinely satisfied. It hit him again and again.

“MMHhmm! OOHHHHHHHHH!!”

He had to shift, literally bite the pillow. It was humiliating - his new body was evidently quite the screamer! He trembled as the next orgasm hit him. His eyes went wide, not expecting a second orgasm. Or a third. They dimmed, and for a moment he was hoping for a fourth, but evidently he still had some ways to go in terms of skill in that department. Still, he'd briefly forgotten that women can get multiple orgasms, and it left him panting.

“Holy shit. Holy shit. That was amazing.”

In fact, it was so amazing that even after having a shower, getting changed, and cooking himself up some dinner, he still felt that rising desire, and resolved to get even better at giving this crazy new body some delightful orgasms. He took Krypto to his kennel, gave him his evening belly scratches, and thanked him for still recognising his master. Then, the new woman headed for the bedroom, intent on undertaking an even more thorough investigation of his body.

He had just started, stripping down to his lingerie and teasing his nipples delicately, working himself into a state of arousal that left him deeply fucking horny. He cupped his bra, feeling his wonderful boobflesh, letting them wobble as he stroked and caressed them.

“Mhmm . . . I'm going to enjoy this,” Connor said, moaning sweetly.

And that was when the door knocked.

Part 3: Tyrell Comes

Connor tried to ignore the knocking at first. After all, it was only his second solo session with this body, and while the first had been absolutely fucking wonderful, he had little doubts that it was a rank amateur effort weighed against the pleasure this body was truly capable of producing. He sighed, began rubbing his nipples again, lowered his hand to his venus mound as well.

Only the knocking kept going. And going.

“Ugh!” Connor cried, jumping to his feet. He swayed, going “Wooagh!” as he nearly toppled over thanks to his boobs swaying heavily to one side. “Damn, I have to remember my new centre of gravity. Thank God for this counterweight.”

He rubbed his ass in joking emphasis, before quickly grabbing his old bathrobe to cover himself. He was still showing a bit of cleavage, but it covers the rest of him. He put his

glasses on so he could see properly and made his way to the front door. Upon opening it, he gasped. Tyrell was on the other side, his beaming white smile turning to an expression of surprise and confusion as the man he'd expected to meet was not on the other side of the door.

"Oh, uh, hey there," he said in his deep, booming voice. "I'm Tyrell, Connor's friend. And you are?"

Connor could have slapped himself. In all the fuss of actually becoming a curvaceous woman, he had forgotten completely that Tyrell was set to come over. Now it was too late to fob him off, and the other man had already seen him.

"I'm, umh, I -"

It was hard to even speak. He hadn't realised how incredibly huge Tyrell was, at least not compared to the average woman. The 6'4 black man positively *loomed* over him like a strong, dark mountain. He was wearing a casual shirt that showed off his muscular arms, and shorts that revealed his tall, strong legs. But more than that, Connor's friend was looking down at the former male's figure, and not even trying to hide that he was sizing up his prominent chest and wide hips. He returned his gaze upwards, having the good sense not to linger, but just appreciate. It made Connor feel quite strange, as if on display.

Thankfully, Tyrell then clicked his fingers. "Oh, stupid me! Of course! You must be Katy, right? Connor's younger sister?"

"No!" he said, a little *too* quickly. "I'm not my si - I mean, I'm not her. I'm Connie. I'm Connor's cousin."

Tyrell gave a confused look. "You're Connor's cousin and you're named Connie? I could have sworn you look just like if you were his sibling. That's crazy. Um, is this a bad time? I thought Connor was in. We had plans to play a game. It's a new one, and he's got the best screen to play it on"

Connor breathed a little heavier than usual, his chest pushing against the confines of the bathrobe. He knew his friend was strong and muscled, but he found himself now truly appreciating just how strong he was.

"Yeah, uh, come in, sure."

He opened the door wider, and Tyrell stepped through, still giving that confident smile. "Thank you. I must say, it's great to meet you, Connie. Connor's going through some hard times, and for me personally, it's nice to see a new face here as well. Do you come here often?"

"No, I, uh, was just passing through. I'm not from around here."

"Well, I hope you stay a while. If you need help getting around or would like a tour of some of the interesting parts of town, I'd be happy to show you."

Another smile, and a little wink that made his heart beat a bit faster. It took Connor a moment to realise that his friend was actually *turning on the charm*. In fact, his gaze was lingering appreciatively upon Connor's ass in a way that felt very, very odd indeed.

Holy shit, he thought to himself, he's actually trying to flirt with me! Sicko!

"Dude! You're flirting with me? What the fuck!?"

Tyrell raised his eyebrows. "Oh, I'm sorry! I didn't mean - I don't usually cause that reaction - I mean, I thought you might be single!"

"Single? Of course I'm single. My own best friend flirting with me is not gonna make me feel better, though!"

Connor paused. Clenched his eyes shut. Sighed. Stupid, stupid. When he opened them, he could see Tyrell making the mental connection.

"Wait, no way. Holy shit. It can't be. Is that you, Connor?"

Connor groaned. Evidently, this new body got embarrassed a lot more easily, and was already pretty rosy-cheeked, because he felt himself go as red as a damned tomato.

"Fuck, that didn't last long. Yeah, it's me, man. It's Connor."

"I knew it! I knew something was weird! You look like a girl version of yourself, and you said your sister was, like, skinny. What's up? And why the hell are you dressed as a girl, dude, especially a fat-assed one? Is it a costume? It looks so real . . ."

He extended a hand to pull at Connor's hair, only for the transformed male to yelp in pain as he pulled it back.

"Woah, what the hell? Is it glued on? What about your boobs?"

He reached out also, and before Connor could stop him his friend's large strong hands were planted firmly on his chest. He shrieked a little, his feminine voice going higher as the bathrobe fell open. Tyrell spluttered at the sight of the two *very full* breasts that greeted him, fully rounding out their large HH-cups and presenting a perfect cleavage between their globes. Connor bit his lip, moaning unintentionally in response to the incredible pleasure. His nipples stiffened, and it was obvious that Tyrell felt that stiffening between his fingers, because his hands flew back, and the giant man nearly collided against the wall.

"Woah what the fuck! That's no suit or anything. Those - those are *real!*"

"I - ohhh - I know, man! Can you not touch my big tits and let me explain!"

Connor hurriedly covered himself with the bathrobe, but the jig was up, and even as he tightened the belt the top spread to reveal much of his enormous chest mounds, which were hoisted high thanks to the wire-construction bra. Even his wide baby-makers were a little displayed, purely from the contouring of the robe.

"This is crazy! You're a chick!"

"I know it's crazy! It's the pink pills."

Tyrell continued to look him up and down, shifting around Connor like a shark circling its prey as he surveyed his thick, curvy body. “The what now?”

“These pills that make you change gender. Robyn, what she said shook me. There was this crazy ad at 3am and I just sort of ordered them on a lark, never expecting them to work. I was drunk as hell and then they arrived this morning and I just decided to try them. I thought they were just placebos or whatever, but suddenly I was turning into this - this -”

“Absolute *queen* of a woman,” Tyrell marvelled. He placed a hand out and rubbed it against the curve of Connor’s hip, then down and around towards his plush ass. He slapped the man away.

“Hey, what the hell?”

Tyrell grinned. “Sorry, it’s just crazy. You’re a total perfect build, you know that right? These pills, you’re not making this up, are you?”

“Of course not, look at me! Hell, listen to me, I even sound like a chick!”

“A hot one, too,” he laughed. “Fuck man, you’re the whole package. Those tits are divine.”

Connor threw up his hands. “Can you turn off your dick for one moment, Mr ‘Office Hunk!’ Oh, I’ll just show you these damned pink pill things!”

He moved to the kitchen hurriedly, and in his quick movements he made the unfortunate and humiliating mistake of bumping the thin little display table that contained an old display vase. It was a gift from Robyn, but now his swaying hip collided into it, a casualty of him still getting used to his new proportions. It toppled to the ground and smashed to pieces.

“Goddamnit,” she cried, turning. “You see what I have to put up with?”

“Sorry, did you say something?” Tyrell asked. His vision was *still* on Connor’s ass, and once more those funny feelings returned. That moistness in his new pussy was still present, and for some reason it was returning under Tyrell’s gaze. He pushed the feeling down. It was only because his friend had interrupted his self-pleasuring sensation. Nothing more.

He ended up showing Tyrell the pink pills. The enormous, handsome, and incredibly muscled man seemed to possess a much more intense energy now that Connor was a woman, and seemed only to interject to ask further clarification. He perked up immensely when Connor let slip all the clothes he accidentally purchased, including the bikini.

“Dude, you bought a bikini? Seriously?”

Connor rubbed his arm, not realising immediately that he was pressing his breasts together and making his cleavage more prominent beneath Tyrell’s gaze. “Yeah, I kind of went out of control. I figured if I wasn’t ‘man enough’ for Robyn I might as well have some fun as a woman.”

That made Tyrell grin.

“What?”

The man raised an eyebrow. “Oh, you know. ‘Fun as a woman.’ You have, haven’t you? Had fun as a woman?”

Connor realised what he meant. Instantly he felt that rush of hormones again, that steady thrum of desire course through him, centred in his loins and extending out into his breasts, thighs, buttocks. He bit his lip, trying to avoid blushing yet again in front of Tyrell. It was getting harder not to stare at the man’s forearms. They were doing things for his new female body, things he didn’t want to admit. His nipples got a little harder. Throbbing. Aching.

“I - yes. I did.”

“Did you enjoy it?”

“Yes, I did. Look, you have to promise not to tell anyone about this! This is our little secret.”

“Sexy.”

He slapped him on the arm, and realised at once that he’d opted for a more feminine approach, rather than the masculine punch. Tyrell seemed to realise too, because he laughed. “Okay, okay! I won’t tell anyone. But this is just crazy, so don’t blame me for looking at you from time to time, alright? You know I just love short white girls with fat asses and big tits, and you fill the bill something *fierce*, girl.”

Connor rolled his eyes. “Fine, but don’t be too weird about it! It’s still me in here, dude. I just happen to look like your dream girl. Doesn’t mean I’m becoming it or anything. Just try to ignore it and we can play our game.”

“Sure thing,” Tyrell said. He stood, and so did Connor, but as he walked away Tyrell slapped him lightly on the ass.

“Dude, what did I *just* say!?”

His large, handsome friend laughed again. “Just wanted to cop a feel! Don’t worry, you can cop one right back.”

A sudden desire to do just that seized Connor, and he had to retreat to the bedroom to privately put his dress back on. When he was done, he went to the living room and started setting up the console for their local co-op gaming session. Tyrell took a seat on the couch while Connor put the disc in and set the controllers up.

“Okay, so have you thought about what character you want to play?” he called back.

But Tyrell didn’t answer. And when Connor craned his head back, it struck him with great embarrassment that he had bent over in such a way that his prodigious rear was sticking right out, heavily outlined against the blue fabric and displaying itself in a very suggestive fashion for Tyrell’s gaze.

“Dude, are you staring at my ass?”

“Yes,” Tyrell said flatly, his expression one of awe. “I am. Holeeee shit.”

“Ugh, you’re the worst!”

“No lady has ever said that!”

“Not a lady!”

“You could have fooled me.”

Connor felt that urgency again. That horniness. It was only getting more unbearable. “Just shut up and let’s play,” he said, backing up.

And then the unthinkable happened. Whether driven by his body’s hormones, or perhaps a sheer accident resulting from his much bigger-than-usual behind, he sat directly on Tyrell’s lap.

“Woah,” Tyrell said. “Now *that* I didn’t expect.” He reached out his hands and squeezed Connor’s hips, causing the ex-male to moan in response to the pleasurable sensations. Something hard pressed between his large melon-like cheeks, and he jumped to his feet again, big boobs jiggling.

“No! No no no no! That was an accident!”

“Oh, really? An *accident*?”

Connor sat down next to him. That thing was *huge*. He could see it, outlining against Tyrell’s shorts, looking ready to burst through the seams.

“Can you calm the snake, bro? It’s . . . distracting.”

“You like the look of it, do you?”

Connor shuffled a bit further away. “Just stop looking at my tits and play the game.”

For the next hour or so, they did just that. Tyrell lost far more than he reasonably should have, and each time it was for the same reason: he kept looking at his friend’s ass, at his chest, even lingering his gaze on Connor’s now-cute face. Each time Connor told him to focus already, but in truth the stares were making his hormones go into overdrive. It was hard not to see that enormous erection that occasionally rose. Tyrell would shuffle awkwardly, but to Connor’s frustration his big black friend seemed to have no desire to really hide it, and seemed in fact to enjoy letting Connor feast his eyes on it.

“Okay, let’s get back into the game,” Connor said. I’m sick of these distractions.

“I’m not. But how about this - if you want me back in, we make a little wager?”

“I’m listening.”

“You win, you can get me to back off. I win, you have to sit on my lap for a round.”

“No way.”

“You said you’re better than me, right?”

Connor grit his teeth. He was better. He knew it. “Fine asshole. I’ll show you.”

Unfortunately, he didn’t. Suddenly, a switch had flipped for Tyrell, and the mountainous man was playing as if his life depended on it. Soon, Connor was sitting on his

friend's lap every round, trying to ignore the blissful sensation of that hard, throbbing cock sliding against the backside of his dress. It made him whimper silently, desiring to feel it within his loins, and then trying to ignore that exact desire. But soon, neither was able to focus much, and as the matches dragged out, Tyrell drew closer and closer, until his manly scent became thoroughly intoxicating. After a match that ended in a draw, Tyrell simply put down his controller, reached over, and patted Connor's thigh. When Connor didn't immediately push away his friend's hand, Tyrell began to caress it.

"Tyrell, man, wh-what are you doing?"

"I'm just thinking . . . why don't we?"

He drew closer, and to Connor's surprise, placed his arm around his body, fully reaching around his shoulders.

"Wh-why don't we what?" Connor said, feeling warm and flushed.

"Have some fun, *Connie*. After all, you're a sexy fat-assed white girl, and I'm a big black stallion who knows how to show a girl a good time."

Connor recoiled, but couldn't will himself to push him away. Not with the man's hand slowly caressing the side of his sensitive breast, or the other hand reaching further and further up his thigh.

"N-no. You're joking."

"I'm not. You're built like exactly the kind of woman I deserve, *Connie*."

Connor pulled out of his grasp and went to the television. He bent over again, turning off the console and ejecting the disc. But to his shock, a pair of large, strong hands landed upon his hips, and Tyrell was suddenly behind him, pretending to rub his crotch against Connor's backside. No, not even *pretending*. Actually *doing*.

"Ohhhhh . . . s-stop it. What are you d-doing!?"

"I'm just showing you how much I'd love to get behind this perfect ass. You can't tell me you don't want to find out what it feels like, do you?"

"I don't. I mean, I had some fun with myself earlier, but I'm not having sex with you, dude. It's too damn weird."

"You already sat on my lap. You already moaned when I touched that perfect boob of yours. And if you haven't noticed, you're not pushing me back away from your amazing ass."

Connor realised he hadn't even tried. In fact, he was *enjoying* the sensation.

"I can. I was just - I was just . . ."

Tyrell stepped around, practically swaggered. God, he was so fucking handsome and strong, and Connor's system went into overdrive with passion at the sight of him. He was like a god, and suddenly the transformed man didn't feel much like one, even deep down.

"You were what?" he said, stroking her hip, then lightly caressing her breast as Connor stood. "Tell me."

"I was . . . ohhhh, that f-feels . . . that f-feels . . ."

"Feels good, right?" he said, beginning to massage her tits further.

Connor nodded, biting his lip and trying to bring himself to tell his friend to stop. But his body *burned* to have a man inside it. His sister Katy was reportedly quite the popular one with the boys, and now he was finding that his own libido had also superseded his sister.

"Mhmmm . . . yes. It feels good. Oh God, you can't imagine it, Tyrell."

"Call me Ty."

She nodded hastily, even as he lowered one hand to fondle her soft ass.

"T-Ty. What are we doing? Mhmm - we shouldn't - ahhh!"

Her little squeal was caused by him squeezing her tits. "Just let it happen, Connie. I know you want it. Let's have a little fun. Take your mind off Robyn. I know how to treat a girl right. I'll treat you like a damn queen. That's what you are right now: a beautiful, full-figured queen with an ass that drives me wild. The kind of woman perfect for a guy like me, don't you think?"

Connor should have fought, but he didn't want to fight anymore. It was too exhausting, and besides, his sensitive neck was being kissed by Tyrell. His huge breasts pressed against the man's muscular chest, and that hard muscle made him feel protected, safe, and goddamn *turned on*.

"B-bedroom!" he stammered.

"Just what I was thinking. I'll lead the way, sexy."

They made their way there quickly, Tyrell fondling Connor's ass and rubbing him all over in general. Their passion rose, and Connor was soon lost in it. His new vagina was freaking moist, wet with desire. That aching emptiness was back, and before he knew what was happening Tyrell was slipping him out of his dress and revealing his gorgeously curvy figure in black lingerie.

"Mhmm, that's what I deserve to see," Tyrell said, running his arms all over Connor and eliciting a series of whimpers and moans. "A gorgeous girl with a figure to die for."

"It's - ahhh - quite a sensitive figure too!"

Tyrell kissed him. Connor's eyes went briefly wide and his heart leapt, but soon he was kissing back, moaning into his friend's mouth as they mounted the bed together. Tyrell tore Connor's lingerie off, sliding the panties away and expertly undoing the bra. Something about it was deeply sexy, but it was even more enticing to see the dark man naked as he removed his own clothing. And then Connor looked down.

"Holy f-fuck! That's huge!"

His big black cock had to be eleven inches long at its fullest erection. It was fucking massive, and for the merest moment Connor snapped back into reality. Would it even fit inside him? But then his arousal won out. He needed to be fucked so damn bad, and Tyrell

knew it. The enormous man positioned himself over the short, voluptuous woman and began to nibble and suck at her breasts. Connor was reduced to a moaning bitch in heat. He truly was an expert at making love to women, because the pleasure was already greater than even the self-inflicted orgasm Connor had reached before.

“Ohhhhh - y-yess! Suck my big titties! Suck on them, and fill me up with your big black cock!”

“That’s right,” Tyrell said. “Beg me. I love it when they beg. Show me how much you need my big cock.”

“I n-need it, dude! It’s this stupid body. Just f-fill me up already!”

“Yes, my queen,” he said, looking reverently at her body.

And then he did as she pleaded and demanded, and slid his huge cock into Connor’s womanly depths. Connor froze as if briefly broken. The feeling was utterly foreign. Totally wrong. But God, it felt so damn right. His overdeveloped body parts all jiggled as he was reduced to the role of penetrated, rather than penetrator, but that was nothing compared to the extended feeling of the cock continuing to slowly enter further, further, and *further* into his waiting depths. It was like being parted by a freight train, only the slight discomfort was easily overwhelmed by the bliss of being filled. His wet pussy walls clung to the huge cock, and finally it reached the apex of its insertion, just shy of Connor’s new cervix.

“H-holy sh-shit! You’re s-so b-big! Sooo big!”

“I know, you love my big black cock, don’t you?”

Again, Connor could only nod, moan like the woman he now was.

“Then you’ll love this next part. I’m going to make you cum more than you ever have, my fat-assed queen.”

He began to pump in and out of Connor, sliding his huge thick cock ride to the point where he was almost full out of his tunnel, only to ram his manhood right back in again. The effect was immediate: Connor was instantly overwhelmed, and could only grip Tyrell with his thighs and hold on for dear life. He squeezed Tyrell’s strong black body with his thick thighs. Tyrell in turn arched his back to plant his face in Connor’s tits. He motorboated the new woman, causing Connor to giggle. But those giggles soon gave way back to gasping. It felt like he was being stretched to the limit. His ass bounced with each bucking of his hips. The feeling of that huge cock pumping in and out of him was too much to resist, and soon he was thrashing, moaning, crying out. He bit into Tyrell’s shoulder, suppressing a cry as the first orgasm came over him. It only intensified as Tyrell gripped his ass with his spare hand.

“I love this big fucking ass of yours!”

“It’s s-sooooo big! It’s t-too - Oh God, I’m cumming! Tyrell, I’m about to c-cum!”

He kissed her deeply, gripped her rear even more powerfully.

“Cum, my sexy white queen. Cum, and I’ll cum in you too.”

His deep, manly voice was the final thing. With one last thrust, Connor's body erupted. At that moment, he didn't feel like Connor at all anymore, or a man. *She* felt like Connie, and Connie wailed in female orgasm, and then again, and again.

And then just as the pleasure was dying down, suddenly Tyrell thrust again. His dick throbbed within her, and she felt his balls tense between her thighs.

"Oh fuck y-yeah!" he grunted.

Suddenly he ejaculated within her. She pulled him against her very full chest as his dick shot out stream after dream of his seed inside her. It just kept coming. It felt like actual *gallons* of the stuff, there was so much. It was warm and wet and sticky and *perfect*. She bit her lip again, and utterly failed to suppress a smile. They stayed in that position a long time until he had spent his entire enormous load inside her, and then they collapsed together, his face upon her pillowy chest and one hand still holding her ass.

Connor could hardly believe it. His male pride slowly came back to him in the aftermath, but he was near catatonic with shock. He'd just been fucked by his best friend, and he'd loved every second of it. He held Tyrell's body, admiring its warmth and strength, and moaned in post-coital pleasure.

"Oh G-God . . ."

Part 4: Friendly Dating

Connor woke and was briefly confused. For one, his body felt all strange, particularly his chest and his ass. He felt bigger and smaller at once, and also deeply, *deeply* comfortable. More comfortable than he had been in bed for a long time. Part of that reason was the warm arms draped around him, the naked body pressed against his backside.

That was when his eyes opened fully, and he stirred a little.

"Oh my God," he breathed, under his breath.

Two heavy H-cup breasts, one piled atop the other, were upon his chest, one big pink nipples revealed by the blanket which had been pulled to one side. The other would have been revealed, if not for the next shocking realisation. A black-skinned arm cradled him, a large masculine hand firmly planted over her big left boob, cradling the soft flesh and gently rubbing his nipple. It made him sigh a little in pleasure, it was so wonderfully sensitive. The man who was sleepily stroking her large breast grunted, shifted against her. Somehow, Connor managed to make his eyes go even wider as he felt an entirely unfamiliar sensation: the pubic hair and cock of his best friend pressing against his peachy ass cheeks.

He breathed faster as the memories of the previous night came back to him. He'd been so horny, and they'd - holy shit they'd fucked! *Really* fucked. Connor had allowed his

hot, sexy, curvy body be fucked by his absolutely jacked friend. And he'd *enjoyed* it. In a similar way to how he was reluctantly enjoying the warmth and strength of Tyrell's body. He was literally the little spoon to Tyrell's big spoon. And what a big spoon it was.

Again, Tyrell stirred, and this time Connor felt something else. Something slowly hardening between his cheeks.

"Oh, God!" he cried. He made to get up. To leap out of bed. But instead, he stayed. Biting his lip, he felt how absolutely *huge* his friend's big black dick was. It was hard as iron, and when Connor shifted, it wedged between his cheeks perfectly, throbbing slightly. Tyrell grunted again.

Why am I not pulling away? Connor thought. He needed to pull away, stand up, stop being so weirdly aroused!

But instead he began to slowly but surely rock his hips, letting Tyrell's cock rub up and down between Connor's big ass cheeks. The feeling was heavenly. So, so wrong. But fucking *heavenly*.

"Mhmmm, are you still horny, my Queen?" came a smooth, deep voice.

Connor gave a light squeal. "I was - I was just adjusting."

Tyrell lifted a hand, and then used it to smack her lightly on the ass. She moaned.

"Sure you were. Do you mind if I adjust like this, *Connie*?"

He began to grope his boob more thoroughly, the freshly awakened man already playing with Connor's big, sensitive tits once again.

"T-Tyrell. Last n-night. It was a mistake. We have to - oohhh - we have to stop!"

But then Tyrell kissed him on his soft neck, and Connor let out a sound that could only be described as a 'coo.'

"You don't sound like you want to stop. C'mon, Connor. *Connie*. You've got a big fat ass right up against my hard cock. Are you really telling me you don't want to try at least one more position while you're the sexiest girl I've ever seen? Or felt?"

Connor's mind burned with humiliation . . . and horniness. Already, his new pussy was getting damp again, and nipples tingled, aching with greater need.

"M-maybe," he said. "Maybe just the - ahhh - once!"

Tyrell kissed his soft back, lifted Connor's face so that they were looking at one another's eyes. "Don't worry, this big strong man will be nice and gentle, sexy."

He kissed Connor on the lips, and Connor found himself reciprocating. They held that kiss for a long time, even as Tyrell fondled Connor's fat, sensitive nipples again. And then he readjusted, kissed him on the back of the neck, and helped lift Connor's leg up a little.

"Oh God!" Connor gasped, as Tyrell's penishead pressed against his outer folds.

"No, not God. Tyrell, remember? But when I'm done with you, you'll feel like the Queen of heaven."

He entered Connor, and soon the former man was crying out loud in pleasure, and soon after in waves of orgasm. Just like the previous night, Tyrell's came deep and hard inside him, flooding his newly formed tunnel with sperm. It was warm and wonderful, and Connor couldn't help but sigh in contentment. It took ten minutes of laying there for them to finally shift to clean themselves up. Connor gasped as his dick slid out of her, still so damn long. He went red-cheeked at the sight of that long black dick.

How had it fit inside him? And how come he was already thinking about doing that again?

It was clear that Tyrell was very proud of himself. Connor had had a shower, and to his shock the mountain of a man had joined him. His friend was not exactly a gentleman with his teasing and prodding of Connor's form, but he didn't step over any lines Connor had set either. But then, really, the new woman hadn't even thought to tell him to leave the shower at all, just to "look and not touch." And Tyrell certainly looked, a fact that made Connor blush.

Afterwards, the two had gotten dressed. He decided to wear women's clothing again - not only would his male clothing not fit him, but he wasn't going to let his friend's playful teasing stop him from enjoying the female experiment he was taking part in. He wore a cute pink top button top that he had to leave the top two buttons undone for, as well as some wide denim shorts to accommodate his hips.

Tyrell gave a wolf whistle, coming up from behind to grip Connor's thighs.

"Well, well. You certainly are built just right for a man like me. Few women are."

"Dude! It's still me in here, remember!"

He grinned. "Yeah, but it was *me* in *you* last night and this morning, remember?"

Connor couldn't be redder if he tried. He also couldn't think of a response that wasn't an awkward, "yeah, but . . ."

"You're right, your butt is amazing. Seriously so."

No, he was wrong. He could *definitely* go redder.

"This was a mistake. This was a crazy silly mistake. I should go. I'll flush those pills down the toilet or put them in the trash or whatever and just be done with it, wait this change out privately. Robyn was right, I'm not a man, but I'm not a woman either! I'm just a weirdo who took a pill from a crazy 3am advertisement and now - and now -"

Tyrell put a powerful hand out onto Connor's shoulder. "Hey, hey. It's okay, Con. Don't worry. We had fun. I know I did, and I'm certain you did. Don't listen to Robyn. You can enjoy this as long as you want to."

Connor gave a half-sob, half-chuckle. "Yeah, I bet you're okay with it, staring at a body like this with its huge boobs and big hips."

"And phat ass. And I mean that with a 'P' and a 'H.'" Connor rolled his eyes, but Tyrell continued. "But I mean what I said. You wanna explore this, dude? Go for it. Plus, we seemed to have fun. Like I said, you've got the body of a real queen."

Connor looked away. It made him swell with a strange pride to be called that, though it would be impossible to admit.

"Well, what do you suggest I do?"

Tyrell grinned. "Why don't we go out on some dates? No, I'm serious! If you really don't want to - though you know I'm up for it - we don't have to have that sweet action again. But just to really show Robyn, and have some fun, we can hit the sights of the city. And if you really don't like it, we'll just be doing it as buddies, like we always have!"

"I don't know . . ."

"C'mon! I'll even pay for it. Those pills couldn't be cheap."

"Well, they actually were, weirdly so. Like the company was unlicensed or getting rid of stock they never tried, I don't know. Or maybe just blowing up?"

Tyrell launched on this. "Well, you've certainly *blown up* in all the right places."

"Dude, stop it! And my eyes are up here!"

"Sorry. Look, I'll pay for everything. It's just for today, right? And if you really enjoy it . . ."

He left the implication hanging in the air: "If you really enjoy it, you'll want to stay as a woman a little longer." Connor wasn't dumb. He couldn't miss it. But he also felt increasingly intrigued by the idea. As embarrassing as his new curvaceous body was, it also looked hot as hell, and for all of Tyrell's teasing, his worship of it was definitely genuine.

"Okay, okay, you're wearing me down. Is this how you get all your girlfriends?"

"Oh, you're a girlfriend now, are you?"

Connor sighed. "No dancing! That's my one deal."

Tyrell couldn't have hidden his joy if he'd tried, and he clearly wasn't interested in trying. "Great! I'll get us some breakfast. Anything for a lady like you, Conn."

He squeezed Connor's ass as he went past, and he batted at his friend's hand. A shiver of delight ran up Connor's spine.

"Shit, that felt really hot," he whispered to himself.

"Rollerskating? Skating? Are you serious?"

Tyrell laughed as he 'helped' Connor out of the car. He refused his friend's muscular help, even if he wasn't quite used to manoeuvring in a way that didn't cause his big boobs to flop around everywhere.

"Technically, it's rollerblading. But what better way to learn how to move than to skate? You'll adjust to that new centre of gravity in no time."

Connor crossed his arms beneath his bountiful chest. "Good, because I still can't figure out if my centre of gravity is higher," he gestured to his H-cup tits, "or lower," he gestured to his ass. He smirked a little at Tyrell's breath of excitement, as if overwhelmed. "C'mon then. If I do have to stick this ass out while skating, then at least I can confirm my new shoe size. Plus, I was always a better skater than you."

Tyrell conceded the point. "Ladies first."

"Bite me."

"You bit me, remember? Last night!"

Another flush of embarrassment, and they entered together. As promised, Tyrell paid. He went even further, and fitted Connor's shoes for him. Connor would have complained, but thanks to his prodigious chest, he literally *couldn't* see his feet. He was wearing a pretty cute tight turquoise top that emphasised his bust without revealing too much, and a pair of jeans that, while intended to cover him up nicely, were apparently right up Tyrell's alley with how shapely they made the new woman's rear.

"Okay, let's hit the rink. Just wait till I show my new moves."

"I've already seen your moves. I liked them."

"God, you're a fucking tease! I'll thrash you tonight when we play co-op together."

Tyrell suggested another bet, but all bets were truly off, because seconds later they entered onto the rink. Connor briefly stumbled, only to fall back into the wonderfully muscular, massive arms of his friend. He stuttered briefly, thanked him, and tried not to think about how *wonderful* those arms felt.

And then he was off.

To Connor's surprise, it actually turned out to be a fun 'date' of sorts. Yes, Tyrell was still flirting, and doing his level best to show off his 'mad guns' (that is, his biceps) as he skated past, and yes his body insisted on being attracted to his friend, but it was a silly and inventive idea on the part of Tyrell. Moreover, it also allowed Connor to get used to his body, figure out his new centre of gravity more clearly, and also not feel so embarrassed in public. Sure, a number of the men, especially the teen boys, all looked at him with quite a clear amount of lust, particularly when his boobs wobbled, but he was still treated well. He even got some compliments from a group of girls around his age, who were laughing and giggling amongst themselves, and were impressed with his skating skills.

It was enough of a good time that Connor even allowed Tyrell to take him out for a little wining and dining experience later that night. They'd had a nice walk in the park, got some ice cream together, though Connor accidentally dropped some on his cleavage again. Tyrell offered to lick it up, and the former man just about pushed him over! But it felt quite nice, to talk and walk and get used to this new body, all while spending time with his friend, chatting about games, and movies, and all sorts of nerdy stuff, and taking Krypto for a walk, who was as enthusiastic as ever. So Connor took the risk again, and accepted the invitation out to a nice seafood restaurant.

It was embarrassing, getting dressed up in a cute blue dress that hugged his curvaceous figure. It did well to provide support to his big breasts, and it went a little below his knees which made him feel a bit more secure. He tidied his hair as best as he could, and decided that he in fact really did look cute with his glasses on, unlike the dorky look they gave him as a man. He was almost tempted to try some lipstick, but didn't have any on hand. Turning in front of the mirror and sighing at his rear, he decided that Tyrell wouldn't care too much about his lips anyway, given how much his hips and rear were emphasised by it.

"So damn big, but at least it looks real and not like a Kardashian ass or something," he mumbled to himself.

Tyrell simply whistled when he saw him. "I told you. A total queen. Let me drive you."

"I can drive myself."

"Yeah, but a woman like you deserves to be given the gentleman's treatment."

Connor chuckled. "Fine! You are paying, after all! Next you'll open the door for -"

Tyrell was already doing so, extending a hand out to help him.

"Damn dude, no wonder you pull so much."

"I'm not just muscle!"

And so, with Tyrell himself looking jaw-droppingly handsome, huge, and powerful in his smart casual shirt and slacks, they went to *Renee's*. Tyrell pulled Connor's seat back for him, and ordered drinks for the two of them: including a girly one for Connor. The new woman didn't complain, though did tease back at the expectations Tyrell was putting on him. Something about his new taste buds made him crave something sweeter and girlier.

"You look ravishing, by the way," Tyrell said.

Connor bit his lip. "Er, thanks. It's a little weird for me still, out in public, you know."

"That was half the point of this, remember?"

"Yeah, but a lot of people are looking at me and I'm scared they'll realise I'm actually Connor right now. I recognise one of my coworkers over there: Debbie. You know her. She thinks you're quite the hunk."

Tyrell chuckled in that deep, low voice of his, the one that was making Connor squirm a little in arousal. He couldn't believe how horny his female body was. "Trust me, she doesn't recognise you. Who could, with a wild body like that?"

"Then why is she looking at me like that?"

"Because she's jealous," he said. "She looks good, sure, but *you* look *great*. Especially with that fine ass and those nice juicy tits on display."

"Oh my God, you're embarrassing me, let's just order!"

"Yes, my queen."

"And you can stop that too!"

Still, for all of Tyrell's commentary, it was a lovely dinner. Connor slowly became a bit more adjusted to having this body in public, even if the dress, while not exactly showing much cleavage, did little to hide the size of his breasts. He even laughed with Tyrell when a waiter left the table, having stuttered as he took the womans' order: he was clearly enamoured with his curves.

"See? It's not just me!" Tyrell said. He took Connor's hand unexpectedly.

"What are you doing?"

"Just showing everyone that right now, we're a couple. After all, wouldn't want anyone else but me to flirt with you, right?"

Connor sighed, a little embarrassed, a little in thrill at how possessive his friend was being. "I guess not. Besides, you're already too much man for me."

"Well, you're exactly the perfect amount of woman for me. It's a shame you'll be turning back. Think you'll reconsider? We could have some fun after dinner again. Maybe try a new position?"

Connor nearly coughed on his girl drink. "What? Oh God, yes. I mean no! I mean, no. I think once was enough."

"Twice."

"Twice as much enough, then. This was just . . . I don't know, an experiment. A way to try something new. Maybe give in a little to what Robyn was saying, and accept that I wasn't really a man just like she said. Self-deprecation, you might call it. Self-pity, perhaps more accurately. But I'm not staying like this. It's . . . too weird."

Tyrell was obviously saddened by the news, because he asked Connor several more times if he was really sure, even when he paid and drove his friend home. Connor couldn't stop peeking at his friend's muscles, and he tried to ignore how horny his body was for that big black dick already. But he was adamant on not giving in. He'd had his fun, and it had been wild and strange and weirdly self-affirming amidst some of the humiliation. But now it was time to go back. He managed to part ways with Tyrell with just a light kiss on the cheek.

“To remember ‘Connie’ by,” he said, before going red as a tomato and running from the car to the door.

“I hope to see her again!” Tyrell shouted. “But you know what they say about leaving: I hate to watch you go . . .”

“Yeah, yeah!”

But Connor still wiggled his ass just for Tyrell’s benefit, flaunting that asset one last time. He went to bed thinking about his friend’s muscled, naked body, cursing the orientation his new body had given him.

“Oh fuck it,” he eventually said, stripping down. “I’ve got till tomorrow morning. I can enjoy a bit of masturbation while it lasts.”

He moaned deep into the night, enjoying it far more than once. And each time, he couldn’t help but lick his lips at the thought of Tyrell’s strong, dark, perfect body, and the way it had made him feel.

Part 5: The Dark Side

The pills wore off, and Connor returned to normal the next morning. He’d scheduled to arrive at work a little later than usual. Thankfully, as a member of the IT team, he had a little latitude on this. It was a truly alien experience, feeling his humongous breasts deflate, his thighs thin, his ass and hips shrink. It was even strange still to experience the fat redistributing across his form, leaving him with a fatter belly and puffy cheeks. His height shot back up, and the audible crackling of his extending spine was not something he liked to hear again. His hair reeled back in like a fishing line, and his fingers fattened like sausages. And a certain other sausage appeared between his legs also. Krypto jumped and barked, but otherwise seemed unperturbed by it all.

“Well, I guess that’s that,” he said, in his deeper voice. He coughed a little, unused to it. Like getting on a bicycle you had when you were younger, and while able to still ride it, it feels a little off.

And so it was that he went to work in the humdrum office, and did his level best to get used to being a man again. He organised the general software updates (“yes, you’ll need to restart your computers”), dealt with a laptop issue (“yes, it just needs turning off and on again”), and sent reminders regarding a recent email scam on the system (“no, it’s not the Congressional Library. No, you shouldn’t subscribe, especially with your card details”). It was a perfectly ordinary workday, and he’d never particularly minded those. He wasn’t one for personal escapism in daydreaming on the job, that was what fantasy and sci-fi *after* work

was about. Yet, for the first time in a long while, Connor found himself feeling totally out of it, as if he *were* dreaming his way through work. Part of that he just chalked up to adjusting to his new height, redistribution of fat, etc. Several times he even went to grab his chest when he moved quickly to stop it from flopping about, only to realise how unnecessary such a movement was now. But otherwise, he couldn't quite explain it. No one looked at him differently. He was just ordinary Connor, same as he'd always been. It was just *him* that had changed, literally and figuratively, and he imagined what it would be like to be Connie at work, too.

Tyrell was a constant reminder throughout the week. While Tyrell was in sales, the two crossed over when Connor visited his department to install important software or check a hardware issue, and also during lunch when they caught up to chat over a coffee. While Connor had hoped that his friend's powerful feelings for Connor's now-gone curves would be similarly gone, it was clearly not the case. In fact, the mountainous man seemed to ignore the repeated flirting of other women, even the new woman, Sarah. He hung around Connor more than usual, and was quick to remind the born-again male of his formerly female status.

"I gotta say, while it's nice to have my regular friend back, he's not as appealing to the eyes, you know."

Connor rolled his eyes instead. "Dude, we're at work. Why are you flirting with me?"

Tyrell gave a broad, handsome grin as he folded his strong arms, leaning against the nearby work fridge. "Just saying the honest truth. Besides, the fact that you keep leaning further over to pour your coffee tells me that you're still not used to being flat-chested again."

"I still have my little moobs!" Connor replied, a little self-deprecatingly.

Tyrell laughed. "Okay, that's a good point! Still, I liked those big ole G-cups even more."

Connor blushed, checked to make sure no one was listening. "Um, they were H-cups actually."

"NO! Really!?"

He smirked a little, feeling a bit proud. "Yep."

"Jesus. Then yeah, I certainly do miss them. Big portable pillows."

"You didn't have to feel them on your chest. They were heavy."

"Mhmm, even better."

"And they bounced, all the time."

Tyrell took a drink and made an exaggerated moaning noise. "Dude, none of this sounds bad to me."

"It was bad for my back."

"And this wasn't?"

He poked Connor in the belly, and Connor pushed his hand away. "I'm eating alone today, you're being weird."

"I'm sorry. No, dude, seriously. I'm sorry. I thought you enjoyed it. You seemed to like it a lot when you were . . ."

"When I was a woman, I sort of did. It was embarrassing, but it wasn't *bad*. Kind of funny at times. More than Robyn ever complimented me." Connor fidgeted. "It's just . . . I don't know if I want to do it again, you know? I have all those pills lying around at home, and I know I spent money on clothes - but it was too much! I need to return them."

Tyrell nodded, and for the rest of the day that was that. In fact, for the rest of the week he didn't make any flirty comments or even cross by Connor much. It should have left Connor relieved, and perhaps he was for just half a day, but soon he began to feel an absence. He missed his friend's presence, but a small submissive part of him also craved those comments, desired the return of them. He even went to bed imagining what it would be like to turn on the spot at work and have those wonderful breasts bounce in full view of his friend, or to bend over to sort out an issue with the water cooler, but actually to show off his amazing rear for Tyrell to gaze at. He imagined such scenarios, and slowly stroked his manhood at the thought of them, ultimately giving in to the urge to fully masturbate in the privacy of his home.

And when he came, he imagined not that he was a man, but that a man was cumming into *him*.

It made him continually hesitate to return that clothing. It had been purchased with his card, after all. He could claim to be the brother of 'Connie', maybe even that he'd taken her in but she had money problems or something. But in truth, when he picked up that H-cup bra and those wide-set shorts, he instead became nostalgic.

"On Saturday," he told himself. "I need the cash. I was crazy to buy so much. Bras are damn expensive! I'll return them on Saturday."

But Tyrell headed him off at the pass. For the first time in a couple of days his best friend was waiting for him in the staffroom, and pulled him off to the side.

"What's up?"

"I want you to be my queen again," Tyrell said.

"I already told you that -"

He shoved a letter into Connor's hands, and the pudgy man's eyes went wide at the realisation of their contents. There were several hundred dollars in there.

"Dude, I'm not a hooker!"

Tyrell looked a bit embarrassed. "Connor, keep your voice down. It's not to 'buy' you. A woman that looked as fine and *phat* as you did could never be bought. But it's to help you

out. To pay for the clothing you bought. If it's a financial consideration, then let's just say I've got a promotion coming up between you and me. Gotta provide for a good woman, after all."

He gave a wink and a nudge that left Connor feeling a bit weak. He wasn't *attracted* to his friend per se, now that he was a man again, but he remembered the attraction, and such good memories lingered.

"Well . . . I appreciate it. You don't have to do this."

"But I am. If you choose to be a woman again, you'll be making one tough stud like me very, very happy. And I promise to make you happy. I'll pay the expenses needed, but don't think I'm *buying* you. Like I said, you're priceless how you are. Were."

"But we're still friends."

"Dude, if you don't be a woman again, I'll still kick your ass at *BattleQuest* any time, and watch *Measure of a Man* and *Inner Light* over and over again. But I'm just saying if you do decide, well, maybe we can be best friends and enjoy a nice date again."

He playfully patted Connor on the bottom, but this time Connor didn't smack his hand away or do something drastic. Instead, he remembered just how good that had felt when his rear was all feminine. And sensitive.

"Fuck it," he said to himself as Tyrell walked away. "Maybe just one more time. After all, I've got a few weeks' time to enjoy the other side, and it's not like Robyn was wrong. I do make a pretty poor man."

He saw the mental image of his reflection, and sighed.

"But I make a pretty damn hot woman."

Connor took the pill first thing on Saturday morning. He found himself oddly giddy with excitement. This time, at least, he was prepared for the change. He'd eaten a full meal beforehand, as the box recommended, in order to smooth the transition, something he'd not really taken seriously the first time around. This time, he followed the instructions, including the recommendation to sit on a solid surface to avoid becoming dizzy and falling. It all led to a much smoother transition, though as before, it left him feeling a rush of euphoria that was almost akin to sex. His hair burst out from his scalp, flowing to his shoulders. His face morphed, becoming a softer, more feminine version of his own with quite kissable lips. His hips widened, shuddering outwards even as his ass filled out, making his 'seating' more comfortable. His breasts bloomed, and bloomed, and *bloomed* so that they were almost equally impressive to his ass, and provided a solid counterweight to it. Lastly, like before, his dick pulled into his body, leaving a moist tunnel that made him giddy with excitement.

"Yes - oohhhh, yes! I m-missed this! I'm g-glad I'm b-back!"

His voice rose higher and higher until it was the cute-as-hell soprano it had been before. Suddenly, 'Connie' was back, and 'she' felt more confidently female than ever.

"Ohhh, that was much better than last time."

He spent several minutes looking over his changed body, appreciating that nothing had changed. It was a marvel: he was the same Connie as he had been before! Even his hair was the same! It filled him with an almost schoolgirl-esque excitement, one that was difficult to express: certainly, as he shook with excitement, many other parts now shook with him. It didn't take long for him to work up the courage to send a selfie to Tyrell, once he'd changed of course. He decided on a cute blue halter top that showed his bare shoulders while still hugging his impressive bosom, and a pair of jeans that fit his figure well. Raising the camera, he even dared to purse his lips a little, winking behind his glasses.

'Guess who's back?' he texted.

The reply was almost instantaneous.

'FUUUUUUCK YEAAAAH

My Queen is BAAAAACK

You want me to cum over?

Sorry, got that spelling wrong.

Connor giggled, texted back.

No you didn't you weirdo.

And no, I wanna spent some time alone

The 'message being written' icon appeared.

Ohhhhhhhhh got ya,

'Alone time.'

Nice.

Maybe look at this while you enjoy it.

He proceeded to send a self of his own, posing shirtless with his arm showing its full muscle. He was giving a grin that said 'hey, how's it going?', and Connor couldn't lie, it was a turn on. His friend was huge, and all muscle. So big and strong and damned hunky. But he didn't need to *tell* Tyrell that.

Gross. Must've skipped arm day.

No, Im taking time to get to know this body.

Maybe a date again?

The reply was again instantaneous.

YES

I have the perfect idea.

Trust me you'll love it

Its not even pervy. In fact, its worthy of an Amazon like you

Connor giggled again, his heart fluttering. Darn, these female hormones were surprisingly strong, particularly after the contrast of his glum existence as a man. Robyn could eat her damn heart out. At least if Connor was going to 'not be a man', he could be more woman than she would ever be. There was just a small matter to take care of, of course. And that matter was makeup.

For much of the day, when Connor wasn't taking the occasional selfie, trying on clothes, or just mastering how to avoid having his boobs hit the counter when he made a coffee or the sink when he brushed his teeth, he spent his time watching Youtube video after Youtube video on makeup. He tried to cover all of it.

Eyeshadow.

Eyelash definition.

Foundation.

Lipstick application.

Highlighting.

Priming. Concealing. Bronzing. Powdering. Blushing. Moisturising.

The list of possible techniques and combinations was positively endless, and for an hour it put his head into a spin. But eventually he stumbled onto a series of videos by a woman calling herself *Hannah J*, and something about her style just *clicked*. She was one of those 'How-To' Youtubers with clearly explained steps for dummies and newbies, and her focus was on the basics of makeup all the way to expert techniques and even using makeup as art. Connor was fascinated, and soon he was down the rabbit hole, using his face as a canvas to practice the many styles she promised. Naturally, he had to run to the nearest makeup store to purchase said items, but it was all on Tyrell's bill anyway, right? And besides, it helped build his confidence moving about in public, even if one road worker made a loud 'hubba hubba!', necessitating the use of his middle finger as he walked away.

The day passed like lightning. Tyrell was thirsty, asking each hour if Connor wanted to catch up, or if he had another selfie to share. And so he did, sending a small trickle of photos in different outfits, including one where he lay back on his bed, a little red-cheeked in embarrassment at the way his boobs flattened to make a crevasse of cleavage at his clavicle. He was starting to feel a power of his own, one in which he wasn't physically strong, even less so compared to Tyrell, but instead more transparent and undefinable. Tyrell was a dominating presence, and Connor felt submissive in his presence, even as a man sometimes, but just over the text he could tell that his friend could be wrapped around his dainty finger with a few teases and a slightly sexy selfie.

"I must be like Luke, and not allow this temptation to lead me to the Dark Side," he said with a grin.

But he sent another selfie anyway, this one with his breasts muffin topping just a little over the tight cups of his dress. Sometimes the Dark Side was a gateway to many abilities, after all . . .

Part 6: Shooting Stars

Tyrell rocked up in his car, himself looking incredibly handsome. He'd gone for the smart casual look again, this time with a pale blue button top with the first two buttons undone to show off his pecs a little, and some smart dark denim jeans. Connor didn't want to say it out loud, but he was a little disappointed that Tyrell hadn't worn pants that would better show off his powerful thigh and calf muscles.

'Well, someone looks good,' he said, stepping out the front door to get to Tyrell's car. Tyrell was briefly unable to respond as Connor got into the passenger seat.

"Holy shit, you're wearing a full-on dress."

Connor laughed his cute laugh. "Like it?"

Tyrell looked over the dress, his eyes focusing on the quite impressive amount of boobage it was displaying. Connor had spent a long time deciding on exactly what to wear, and in the end had decided to continue this new streak of boldness he'd never before possessed and wear a cute revealing dress. He'd selected a black article that dipped quite low in the chest, and had a gorgeous see-through series of what he could only describe as 'miniature ruffles' at the shoulders and hem. It was the kind of dress one wore to a fancy dinner, and he matched that with his fairly successful makeup: dark red lipstick to match smokey eyeshadow and foundation work to emphasise his cute, slightly chubby cheeks. The effect was very clear.

"Holy fuck, I'm starting to think you're an actual queen. Or a goddess."

Connor blushed. It was a habit this new body didn't shy away from. "Well, I figure why not look nice for a date, right?"

"You look more than 'nice'. You look like perfection. And that dress showed off your body so well."

Tyrell leaned over and kissed Connor on the cheek. Connor froze, not expecting it, but it left a warm impact, and he turned deeper red as he touched his cheek.

"Now, let's go," Tyrell said.

"Where are we heading?"

“That’s a mystery, sexy. But I’ll tell you this. You may now be the hottest white chick in existence, but you’re still a damn nerd like me. I think we’ll both like this.”

He put his hand on Connor’s thigh as he started driving, sending little tingles of excitement through the woman’s form.

Connor didn’t move it away.

When they arrived at the hill overlooking the city, Connor was initially confused.

“Um, not offence buddy, but you’re not taking me out in the middle of nowhere to kill me, are you? Now that I’m a woman, I’m getting real ‘young woman’s body found in the woods’ vibes here.”

Tyrell chuckled. “The only slaying that might be happening is your pussy.”

“Oh God, that was terrible.”

“Well, it’s been slayed twice before. And I recall you enjoyed it.”

Connor looked away. “Just . . . tell me what this is about.”

Tyrell exited the car and came around to Connor’s passenger side. He opened the door and extended hand. “My lady.”

Connor chuckled, but took the offered hand. It was strong and inviting, and overwhelmed his own dainty one.

“You’re lucky my boobs are so big that I can’t see the ground beneath my feet and thus need your help here.”

“I’m lucky in a lot of ways, but then so are you to have someone like me.”

Connor sighed as Tyrell opened the trunk of his car. His friend had always been egotistical, but this was too much! At least, that’s what he thought until Tyrell pulled out a picnic basket and fine wine, along with a blanket to place upon the cool grass.

“Okay, this is looking a bit better now,” Connor said. “Starlit picnic. Pretty clever. I admit: girl me is impressed. But I fail to see how this is a nerdy date.”

Tyrell smirked, winked, and then took out the last item, one that made Connor’s jaw drop.

“Told you I have spare capital now that I’m a manager,” he said, unveiling an impressively expensive astronomer’s telescope, complete with a proper mount for rugged terrain. “I thought we could do some stargazing. Maybe see if Vulcan is out there.”

“The mythical planet of the home of Spock?”

He shrugged. “Why not both?”

“Okay, now *this* is a date I can get behind. Just don’t expect sex.”

“I never expect anything,” he said as he set up the telescope. He reached out and rubbed Connor’s thigh, letting the dress ruffle lightly. “I *earn* it.”

Another flutter. Another jolt of arousal that made Connor’s big nipples harden. He was adamant that this wouldn’t end in sex, but obviously no one had told his body that.

Over the next hour, they had what could only be described as an *amazing* date by anyone, whether it was between friends or lovers or the weird mix in-between they currently were. Tyrell had done right: not only was the location a breath of fresh air for Connor, who sometimes felt stifled by the usual romantic locations due to their association with Robyn, but looking at the various constellations, and even looking at Jupiter and Venus, was a wonderfully geeky fulfilment. The telescope’s adjustments easily accounted for his flawed vision, a fact he appreciated. He didn’t even care that while he was looking through the telescope, he kept catching Tyrell looking at his boobs or his ass: the latter especially when he adjusted to a squat to look further up in the sky. And when Tyrell came up behind and held Connor like a lover, positioning him to find a patch of shooting stars, Connor was too busy enjoying the sight and sensations to ask him to stop. He didn’t even want to.

All the while, the two ate breads with cheeses and dipping sauces and fruit and homemade pasta. The last made Connor particularly impressed, as he knew Tyrell was not a great cook, but he had clearly done his research. He moaned when he tried the cheeses, they were so sumptuous.

“That’s a great sound to hear again,” Tyrell teased.

It would have made Connor shy back up a bit, were it not for the infusion of alcohol that was making his girl body even bolder than brass. As the two sat looking up at the perfect night sky, Connor was discovering that his female form became inebriated a whole lot more easily now, and soon he was bubbly and giggly in a freeing way, unrestrained by any humiliation. He was rosy-cheeked and beautiful and curvaceous and he knew it. The two had talked about everything from their favourite episodes of *Cowboy Bebop* to their disappointment with the latest *Star Wars* movie, to how *they* would have adapted *Lord of the Rings*. They geeked out over their planned builds for *Battle Quest*, and which console would run it best, and debated the best kind of rig for a PC, specs and all. They laughed, drank, threw teasing comments each way, but increasingly their chat became more and more flirtatious, and Connor shifted his body closer and closer. He lay on his side, eating grapes like a Roman hedonist, and allowing his boobs to sit upon one another, nearly slipping out of his top. With his dress draped as it was, it also showed the sheer expanse of his child-bearing hips, and Tyrell grew bolder as well.

“Fuck if you don’t look like the sexiest goddess in existence,” he said.

“Mhmm, you really mean that? I sometimes can’t believe this is the female me.”

Connor shifted a leg, allowing his hip to cock more, all while shifting slightly forward so that his breasts wobbled, hung like two overripe fruit. He took a grape, sucked it with his full lips before eating it.

“Dude, I’m seriously tenting here. A man - especially one as manly as me - can only take so much.” Tyrell shifted also, drawing closer. He wasn’t as tipsy as Connor, but both their inhibitions were lowered. “And I have a whole lot of manhood to offer you.”

Connor giggled, moving so that his breath was on her face. She took his hands, and pulled them around to plant on her wonderfully soft behind. She groaned slightly, biting her lip. “Mhmm, well I guess you *did* show me a perfect date. So I suppose I *do* owe you. And coming from girl-me, you *do* look really fucking sexy right now.”

“I knew it.”

“Mhmm . . . why don’t you kiss me? I liked it on my cheek, but I want you to appreciate my make up.”

“It does look amazing. Like a queen’s. And I know just how to treat royalty.”

His confident, almost cheesy words still made Connor feel wonderfully submissive to him. He squeezed her ass, causing her to squeal in delight, and then he was upon her. They kissed deeply, his tongue probing her mouth and hers probing his. She was hit, utterly his in that moment, and ever more belonging to him as he caressed her soft curves, rubbed her slightly chubby belly, before working his way up to grope her soft titties.

“Mhmm! Don’t - ahh! - stop! I need this so badly! I’m s-so fucking horny, you’d never understand!”

He took her hand, placed it against his crotch. With a gasp, she felt that he was about to break out of his jeans. His eleven-inch cock was hard as diamond, and she instantly knew what to do. She unbuckled his pants, released the monster, and then gently but firmly adjusted him so that he was sitting back. Then, in front of him and out in public - a fact which made it feel only sexier - she carefully removed her dress, then unclasped her bra, freeing her monsters.

“Oh my God.”

“Goddess, remember?” she replied. She shimmied out of her panties and threw them out of the way. Leaving herself completely naked before him. Vulnerable to this strong man. It made her already-wet pussy become positively *drenched* with arousal. “Hold me,” she said. “Show me how strong you are.”

With his help, she placed her thick thighs around his waist and faced him, so that her immense tits were right in his face, and she upon his lap. His cock entered her, and gripping to his powerful muscular form, Connie began to rise and fall, rise and fall. His huge dick entered her, and he bucked, keeping at least one hand planted behind him so he didn’t fall back, but free to use the other to squeeze her perfectly huge ass.

“Holy shit, I’m in heaven,” he moaned.

“M-me too! S-suck on them! I need you to suck on them, Ty!”

He obeyed instantly, taking charge. She may have seduced him with her positioning, but in this moment she felt nothing but a desire to please this dominating presence. She was his, yielding to him, and it was only as he began to raise his hips to greet her own, shoving his member even deeper into her, that she realised something. She wasn’t thinking of herself as a ‘he’ anymore. She was Connie. In this moment, as he fucked her with such tenderness and care, she was Connie.

“C-Connie!” she gasped, holding on to his broad black shoulders as they fucked. “I’m C-Connie! Call me it!”

“Connie,” he breathed, pressing his face into her incredibly full chest. “My Connie.”

“Y-yours! Right now I’m yours!”

“That’s damn right. You’re my goddess, but I’m your god. And I’m going to take you to the heavens, baby.”

“Pffff! That’s so - nnggh! - fucking corny! OOHhhhhh! Oh God! Oh f-fuck! But true! S-so true! Shit, that’s t-true! Don’t stop!”

It really was true, because soon she felt like she truly was getting fucked into another existence. His dick was massive, but her vagina could handle it. She received him, the penetrated instead of the penetrator, and that itself felt empowering. All her life, she had been passive, but now that passivity was a reward, a strength of her new self. She was Tyrell’s woman in that moment, receiving his cock like a gift, and wailing in pleasure at its blessing. Naked upon the hill, the wild forest to their side, she truly did feel like a nature goddess of astounding beauty and fertility. As he sucked on her nipples and sank his face into her immense cleavage, she yearned to feel him cum inside her. As if reading her mind, he spoke.

“I’m c-close! Fucking close!”

“Don’t hold b-back!” she stammered. “Cum inside me! I want you to cum in me! I want to - OOHhhhhh - I want to cum with youuuuu!!”

He did, and she did. Only three more thrusts, and she couldn’t take his immense penis any more. It was too wonderfully large, splitting her open and laying her bare to all its pleasure. A wave of euphoria hit her at the exact moment his cock twitched inside her. In moments, his balls tightened against her entrance, and a rush of his warm seed came flooding from his fountainhead. She grabbed his head and pulled it straight into her cleavage, so that he was practically suffocated in her enormous, soft rack. He continued to shoot his load into her, and she moaned in a surprisingly high tone, still gyrating her hips a little squeeze him as dry as possible. To feel his sweating body against her own.

“Yeah . . . that was good,” she finally said, after minutes of holding one another. “You were good.”

“Oh, just good? I’ll have to do better next time.”

She snorted. “Next time?”

The next time proved to be later that same night, back in Tyrell’s place. They fucked against the bed; her leaning against it, him taking her from behind. Her huge boobs wobbled and bounced on her chest, and she had to steady them with one forearm and hand. It didn’t matter: all the pleasure was centred on her hips, her ass, and her womanhood. Tyrell, being still under the limit, had driven them back, and her flirting had continued to skyrocket, even pulling her dress down and trying to distract him with her cleavage: thank God he was more sensible than she was!

When they reached his place she couldn’t keep her hands off him. Her arousal was peaking, and he was ready to go another round too. She had once been jealous of how virile and manly her friend was, now she was incredibly thankful for it, because being fucked by him truly was heading. He rammed his enormous cock into her from behind, and with each thrust she grunted.

“S-so big!”

“Eleven inches, my beautiful white queen. And I want you to feel every part of that length. And girth.”

Another thrust, and she whined again.

“Definitely f-feeling the g-girth right n-noooowww!!! But I - ahhh! - I like it! It’s j-just a I-lot! A LOOOOOT!!!”

He gripped her hips in a way that made her feel *possessed* by him, utterly *his*, and it was perhaps one of the most fulfilling sensations she could experience. As he came, she came with him once more, and he flooded her once more. She collapsed against the bed, and he slid out of her, dripping cum on her legs. He lay against her, holding her like she was his queen, and he her king.

“I th-think I might stay Connie just a little longer,” she mumbled into the bedsheets.

“What was that?”

“I said I think I’ll - oh God I can’t feel my legs - I said I think I’ll stay Connie just a little longer.”

He kissed her soft back, hugged her tightly.

“You know buddy, I was hoping you would say that.”

Part 7: Robyn Returns

Three months passed. Connor couldn't believe that what had started as a drunken order and payment, then an interesting experiment, had progressed to become his weekend ritual. He was like the world's lamest superhero in his mind: Connor by weekday, and Connie by weekend! Not that Tyrell minded. The two continued their weekly dates, and soon these took up the entire weekend. More and more, Connie slept at Tyrell's house, though 'slept' involved a lot more than just snoring. After all, Connie's female body insisted on being incredibly attracted to Tyrell's mountainous, manly form, and Tyrell in turn was just as attracted back, and knew exactly how to manipulate the former male's body in order to make her cum hard and often.

Which was not to say that all they did was fuck. After all, despite his appearance, Tyrell was a huge nerd. They went to the midnight opening of the new Batman movie, had a screening night of bad films while eating popcorn and laughing, even went laser tagging (Connie discovered that her more curvaceous body was surprisingly harder to hit given its shorter height, but Tyrell still laughed when she tried to run, causing everything to wobble), and so on. True to his word, Tyrell paid for many of these dates, even ones as simple as taking a picnic basket to the town park and spending ordinary couples' time together. He also paid for more of the pink pills. A couple of times Connie even asked him if he wanted to try one, 'just for fun,' but Tyrell wasn't interested.

"Babe, I'm perfectly happy with how manly I am, and besides, you're the perfect woman, so how would I compare? Nah, I got it all perfect right now."

The reply made Connor blush. It was embarrassing to be so lavished on, even months on, but it always made him feel good. Or *her*. She was starting to think of herself as female more and more when she was Connie. It was only as Connor that the male pronoun returned. And even then, she often went through the motions, looking forward to Friday, when she could call herself a woman again and have her friend become her lover once more, and feel her big juicy tits and make her moan.

As they continued these dates, something troubling did occur though. Connor had always been overweight, but Connie looked a lot more healthy. Just a bit . . . pudgy, in a cute way. It helped fill out her curves, and goodness knows that a lot of Connor's fat went to Connie's ass and tits instead of her belly. But thanks to Tyrell's endless insistence on going to nice restaurants (he had indeed secured that promotion, and enjoyed throwing about more money) she was starting to put on more weight than she wanted. She brought up that exact point on their most recent date when she asked Tyrell to take her to the local courts to play some one-on-one basketball.

“You know,” Tyrell said as she bounced the ball before him, “I’m not complaining about seeing you in a casual shirt and gym shorts. I mean, you look like straight fire, and I love how your boobs bounce just like the ball. But why basketball?”

Connie leapt, hurled the ball. To her surprise, her own aggressiveness in the move took Tyrell by surprise, and the much larger man failed to stop her from scoring a goal.

“Holy shit, that was awesome.”

“Thanks!” she said with a grin. “I think I won’t get that luck again. I’m too short to get away with it!”

They both chuckled.

“I just figured we’re both big basketball fans, and besides we’ve got the game tonight on our couch.”

“*Our* couch?” Tyrell said with a grin.

“Whatever. We have a date with the game.”

“Among other things.”

Connie cursed her blushing cheeks. “Yeah, I’m keen for that too. But I also wanted to be a bit more active. Thanks to all these dates I’ve been putting on the pounds. I feel too chubby, it’s embarrassing!”

“Just more of you to love, babe.”

“Well, it’s affecting my male body as well, and it is *not* looking or feeling good. I’ve got a man’s appetite, and it’s putting me out of whack.”

Tyrell stopped bouncing the ball.

“I didn’t realise. Yeah, okay. You know you’re still beautiful to me though, right?”

“I - of course, Ty. But I don’t want to blow up.”

The other man nodded. “Okay, we’ll talk about what we can do about this. I like you just as you are, but my queen deserves the body she wants. I’ve got to head to the toilets, but you stay here and keep practicing. Who knows, maybe you’ll repeat your lucky shot, Connie?”

He headed off to the public restrooms across the park, leaving Connie to keep practicing. She was quite used to her H-cups, and her very wide hips, but she didn’t want her already ‘thicc’ waist to just become plain ‘thick.’ She decided to run back and forth on the court and try to sink some hoops, when suddenly she bumped straight into someone else that had entered the court with their own ball.

“Oof!”

Connie was knocked down onto her ass. It wasn’t a feeling she was used to, given how big she was as Connor.

“Oh my God, I’m so sorry! I just came to sink some hoops as well, I didn’t see you there.”

“No, no, it’s my fault,” Connie said, holding her head. “I wasn’t looking. I’m sorry.”

She looked up at the woman who was helping her back up, and suddenly she froze, eyes wide. It was Robyn. Her ex, Robyn. The woman that had split up with Connor for not being ‘man enough,’ who had ripped out his heart and squashed it flat, ripping it to shreds a further time via text, and then ghosting him to make it all the worse. And now she was right in front of Connor. And he was Connor again, in Robyn’s presence. An imposter, not a true woman. Just a failed man.

“Are you okay?” Robyn asked. She had dark hair and similarly dark eyes. She’d cut the hair short into a pixie cut since the last time Connor had seen her, but otherwise looked just as pretty before. She had angular, slightly androgynous features, ones she knew exactly how to dress to. It gave her a swagger and confidence Connor had always lacked.

“I’m - I’m fine, thanks Robyn.”

“Uh, I didn’t tell you my name.”

Her eyes narrowed, staring into Connor’s. He tried to shy back, think of some excuse as to how he should know her. But then her expression turned to shock.

“Holy shit, *CONNOR!?*”

She practically shouted it. He briefly squeezed his eyes shut, as if he’d been physically attacked. It was bad enough that he was female in front of her, but looking now slightly pudgy and clearly wearing a sportsbra beneath her white shirt? Her hair tied back in a professional ponytail? Makeup on her face to make her feel a bit pretty?

No, to make *him* feel pretty. He couldn’t be anything but Connor in Robyn’s presence.

“Holy shit,” she said, “it *is* you. What the actual fuck.”

“I - I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

But Robyn had turned from kind to cruel in mere seconds. Her features twisted into a grin. “Oh, you know *exactly* what I’m talking about. You’re literally wearing that stupid Marvel bracelet on your wrist. The limited edition one you always bragged about like a sad sap.”

Connor turned red. Shit. She was right. Why the fuck had he worn it? Because Tyrell liked it, that was why.

“And I recognise your face!” his ex continued. “It’s you, but like a female you. But a female you with big stonking tits and hips. How are you shorter? I know it’s you and not Katy, because she isn’t nearly as curvy as this, holy shit. How do you not topple over?”

Connor stumbled. “Robyn, I don’t know what y-you’re talking about. I don’t know-”

But as she had often in their relationship, Robyn liked control. And that meant riding roughshod over him.

“Oh my fucking God, it’s those pink pills, isn’t it? The ones on television.”

“How do you know about them?” he asked.

She briefly lost her words, and for a fraction of a moment Connor couldn't interpret her expression. But then she composed herself like nothing had happened.

"They're niche, but getting more popular. Weird shit for sad men. So I've heard of them. And now it turns out that the exact reason I dumped you is what you've now embraced! This is hilarious! Do your family know about this? Your friends?"

"They - they don't. Please Robyn, don't -"

"I bet they'd find it soooo embarrassing to have their son and brother living in a body that looks like *that*. Jesus, those hips look like they've popped out a few babies already. Mind, you look a little pregnant too. Don't tell me the female you is just as overweight as the male you?"

Connor struggled to know what to say. In fact, with his feminine hormones, he was struggling not to cry. Robyn saw this, and chuckled.

"Awww, don't cry. Still getting used to being a woman? I guess you're better at it than as a man, huh?"

"Stop it! Robyn, just stop it!"

"Is everything alright, babe?"

The two 'women' turned. Tyrell was approaching, and Connor was similarly relieved and horrified. Robyn's eyes gleamed.

"Babe? *Babe*? Wait, that's Tyrell. Oh my God, you've become Tyrell's girlfriend? Your best friend Tyrell. The one who's way hotter than you? This is hilarious!"

Tyrell folded his arms. He wasn't stupid: he clearly recognised the score straight away. "Robyn," he said.

"Tyrell. Long time."

"Not long enough. You hurt my friend."

"Oh, *this* friend? She seems more than a friend now, judging from how she looks."

Tyrell loomed over her. "I think you should go."

Even Robyn was intimidated by that display. Connor instinctively hid a little behind his boyfriend. His ex sighed, adjusted her top, and took her basketball.

"Company could be better anyway," she said. "You watch that weight, Connor. You look like your new man here has gotten you all knocked up. Don't worry, I'll be sure to let your friends and family know all about this big change in your life! It's for the best. You know it's the right thing to do!"

She left, and Connor became overwhelmed with emotion. Tears bubbled up in his eyes, and Tyrell held him, letting the feminised man cry against his shirt for as long as he needed.

"G-God, that was s-so h-humiliating."

“It’s okay,” Tyrell said, his deep voice soothing her. “It’s okay. She sucks. I can safely say this man, you’re a way better woman than she is.”

She chuckled, then laughed more fully at the absurdity of his comment.

“You always know how to make me laugh, man.”

“Hey, sometimes my queen deserves a handsome jester.”

“And how to make me roll my eyes.”

Tyrell kissed her on the cheek, and she realised she felt like Connie again. Like a woman. “Shall we keep playing?”

But she shook her head. “Let’s just go home. I want you to fuck me so I can forget about this. I have to plan what to tell my friends and family. I have a feeling things are going to get super awkward soon.”

Part 8: Visitations

Connie wasn’t wrong. Things did blow up, and a lot sooner than she thought they would. She foolishly thought that Robyn would at least wait till she got home, which was a longer drive out of town, and that she would hold off a little. Maybe not even go through with it. Instead, even as Connie squealed in pleasure and gripped Tyrell with her thighs, whimpering as his enormous load shot deep inside her, her phone was going off. She’d barely had time to clean herself out - a practice she was embarrassingly very used to by now - when Tyrell brought her the phone.

“Babe, I think you should see this.”

“Who is it?”

“Um, it’s everyone.”

She snatched the phone from him, her heart pounding in her chest.

“Oh God! Oh shit!”

It turns out Robyn hadn’t just sent messages. Without Connie realising it, she’d also sent *photos* she’d taken. As such, her family and friends were blowing up her phone.

Mom: honey, just got msg and call from ur ex Robyn. I didn’t realise she was ur ex but bit concerned bout what she had 2 say. Can u visit soon pls?

Dad: Connor. Your mom tells me your dressing as a woman. Sent me a photo. I try to be accepting but did not know this was part of you. Can we meet? Not sure I know my son and want to make sure your okay.

She groaned, closing her eyes. Tyrell came up behind her and held her around her waist. She continued.

Katy: Big brother! Big in other ways now, huh? What's up? Can we meet up? I never knew you were trans but I'm sooooo proud of you for coming out! Wish I had realised. You look gorgeous! Just had to beat me in the tit department though, didn't you?

Connie was at least a little heartened by her younger sister's response. Even a little overwhelmed. She had always been a gem, even if she liked to tease. But others were also replying. Several friends of hers from outside of work, particularly belonging to the old Dungeons and Dragons tabletop group, were inquiring curiously. God, Robyn must have scoured Connor's social media just to make the announcement.

"This is the woooooorst," Connie moaned, leaning back against Tyrell.

"I know. I'm sorry babe. She's a real bitch."

"The biggest bitch. Except for me, with this stupid flab."

She gestured at her stomach, but Tyrell just leaned down and kissed it, making her giggle. "Stop it. This is serious."

"I know. We'll handle it together though. You'll want me by your side."

She bit her lip. "But it'll be embarrassing. I mean, you by my side."

"Do you want me there?"

She didn't even have to think about it. She had always been a more passive person, but as a woman, she felt so wonderfully submissive to her friend. Even during the week, she wished she could feel that calming receptiveness, that comfort in his strong arms that would only come from the weekend pills again.

"Yeah, I want you," she said.

"In bed."

"You are the worst!"

Tyrell just grinned, began stroking her right breast, her bare nipple, and making her coo. "C'mon, let's go one more round to take your mind off all this. It'll calm my queen down, and then we can go around and visit everyone and make this all official."

"N-no, can't be thinking about s-sex," she moaned.

But it was a total lie. Her horny, busty body was always up for it. And several minutes later, Tyrell proved himself right as he came inside her from behind, banging her against the bedroom dressing table. It really did calm her down a bit.

"Oh G-God! You know how to m-make me feel better! MMHPPH!!"

The first stop was Connie's mother and sister for dinner. The invitation had been elaborated on: Tiffany was always cooking dinner and welcoming others, and her wonderful chicken and duck roasts were always an excuse to have people around, as well as soothe tempers and

anxieties when serious matters needed discussing. This was such an occasion. Connie leaned against Tyrell as they got out of his car. It was the same day as meeting Robyn, which had happened that morning, and so this was one of Mom's classic 'emergency roasts.' Connie just hoped *she* wouldn't be getting roasted. She'd decided to stay female - it was time to be honest, after all - and even wear something a bit feminine. Not too flashy, but an attractive but modest summer dress that clung well to her figure while not clinging *too* well in the way Tyrell was always up for. It had a cute red and orange and gold flowery pattern upon it, and she liked the way it swirled about her ankles. She was even wearing women's sandals, and was shocked at how comfortable they were!

Still, even armed with all her femininity, including the light touches of makeup she'd applied to her face like warpaint, she still felt vulnerable. As awkward as it would be to explain, she was grateful to have Tyrell by her side. She took his hand in hers, took a deep, bosom-rising breath, and knocked upon the door.

Connie's Mom instantly answered it, swinging it open as if she'd been waiting there.

"Oh my God, it is true. Connor . . . I don't even know what to say. Um, come in. Come in. You too Tyrell. It's, well, it's good to see you. Mind the door."

"Good to see you too, Tiffany."

She gave a slight smile and welcomed them into her living room. Katy was there, wearing a casual summer crop tee and denim shorts. Her eyes lit up at Connie's appearance.

"Ho. Lee. Shit. Connor, you look amazing!"

She ran straight for Connie, her own double-D boobs bouncing in her top, and practically *smushed* them into Connie's own tits as they embraced in a hug. A flood of relief poured through the transformed woman.

"Katy, it's good to see you. It's been too long since we caught up."

"I can see why! Did you have an operation? This is crazy, you even sound like a total woman, doesn't she, Mom?"

It was obvious Tiffany was not as exuberant, or at least a little more hesitant. "She, well, she does Kat. That's for sure. I've got to be honest Connor, this has all come as just such a shock. I don't really even know how to respond." She instantly composed into her 'Mom mode'. "But I've made a beautiful duck and chicken roast that's just to die for, and Katy has pitched in as well, and it's going to be a lovely family dinner, plus Tyrell of course. You're practically family anyway."

He grinned in that charismatic way of his, ducking at the old shorter doorframe.

"Thank you Tiffany, it's wonderful to be here."

"Well, how lovely has the weather been?"

Connie and Tyrell exchanged a glance. It was classic Tiffany. Katy just giggled in the corner. Connie loved her sister, but she was such a shit-stirrer at times! They all settled in to relax while Tiffany finished up the roast and readied to serve it. Katy was full of questions: how did she become a woman? Were the tits real? Why so big? Since when did Connor know she was really a Connie? Had she changed her name? Why didn't she tell her, she could have helped! The dress is lovely, where did it come from? Is she gay or straight, and if so, is she looking for a boyfriend? Oh, is *Tyrell* the boyfriend!?

It was a lot to take in. A veritable minefield. And while Connie did her best to deflect, evade, and ask questions of her own to Katy - "yes, Brad and I are still together", "nah, I'm taking a gap year for a bit, finding myself", "yeah, I'm thinking maybe Fiji or something?" - but her little sister was dogged. She always had been. Popularity brings confidence, and while Connie was incredibly curvaceous and attractive in her own right, she felt a little oddly jealous of her sister's slim yet voluptuous figure. Like that of a sexy cheerleader.

"I'm definitely getting a *bit* of a vibe from you two," she said with a wink.

Connie stammered, looking to Tyrell for guidance, who simply shrugged.

"Your family," he said, chuckling.

She rolled her eyes, punching his arm lightly, but thankfully her Mom's call for dinner was a good distraction. They all sat in their usual places, though space was made for Tyler around the circular table. Mom, being a traditional individual, had them say grace before tucking in, and for a time Connie was able to simply enjoy dinner like the good old days and not have to worry about explaining her new form. That was, until finally Tiffany put down her knife and fork and diplomatically gestured towards her.

"So, Connor, would you like to tell us all about your new look?"

Connie looked to Tyrell for support. Under the table, her weekend-boyfriend - as she liked to call him - placed his strong dark hand upon her pale thigh. It gave her the courage to speak.

"Well, it's a short story and it's a long story. But at the centre of it, I guess, is this."

She placed a solitary pink pill on the table, and Tiffany and Katy both leaned in close to look at it. "It's the pink pill, and it's why I'm a woman at the moment. Fully, biologically a woman, right down to the genetics. This is literally me if I'd been born a girl, Mom."

"What? I don't think I understand."

"I'll give the full story, but rest assured I can go back to being the regular Connor you know and love and fuss over any time I want. I'm just . . . having a bit of an experimentation, I guess you could say. But I'll explain it all."

It was a long-winded explanation in the end, and interjected several times by both women. While Tiffany was more concerned with the mechanics of it all, and the whys and hows, Katy was far more interested in teasing her older 'sister' with various minutiae.

“So how did you go putting your first bra on?”

“It was . . . a struggle. I needed help. But I’m used to it now.”

“Are they really F-cups?”

“Erm, they’re actually H-cups. HH, technically.”

“Holy shit! Have you had a period.”

“No. I could have one, but because it’s a weekend thing only at the moment, I haven’t had one yet.”

She scoffed. “Lucky you! And sex?”

Tiffany’s eyes went wide. “Katy!”

“What? We’re all girls here. And Tyrell, though he’d never be mistaken for a girl.”

“Uh, thanks?”

“So tell us, have you done the dirty Connie? And is it better as a woman?”

Connie turned brighter red than she could ever have imagined. Despite her mother’s pride and sense of good taste, she could tell she was genuinely interested in the answer.

“We-ell, as you can see, Tyrell and I are an item, sort of. On the weekends, I mean. And yes, we’re dating. And dating means, uh, romance. And romance means . . .”

There was a pause, and then Katy leapt to her feet, causing their mother to squeal.

“I KNEW IT! Was it better?”

Connie blushed. “Um . . . it was good. Very good.”

“I’ll be, with that hunk of a man.”

“Uh, thanks?” Tyrell repeated, before cracking up laughing. “I can certainly say my impression is that she enjoys it!”

“Traitor!”

Connie couldn’t believe it, they were all ganging up on her!

“I must say, it is a lovely dress,” Tiffany commented. “I never expected my son to wear one, but you pull it off with your figure, dear.”

“I quite like it. Thanks, Mom.”

“Yeah, I bet you could wear something even racier though, like I do! Get this woman in a crop top, Tyrell!”

“Oh God, I’m never going to live this down, am I?”

The women of the table laughed, and Tyrell joined them, and soon Connie as well. The ice was broken, and the awkwardness slowly dissipated as they asked all sorts of questions, and the conversation even steered around to Tiffany and Katy and how they were going, and Tyrell’s promotion.

“You can buy my new sister a nice bikini for a resort holiday now!” Katy teased.

“You are the worst younger sister!”

“Well, I for one am finally grateful to be relieved of the burden of carrying the heaviest tits in the family. Enjoy your backbreakers!”

“I am! I mean, they’re not all bad.”

“Ha! I knew you liked them! You see that, Mom!”

Tiffany sighed. “We can have a girl chat later, Connie. I’m still your mother, and I won’t let your devilish younger sister introduce you to matters feminine you should probably know.”

Connie sighed, amused and overwhelmed and feeling giddier than expected. Despite the jokes and teasing, things were going well. She held Tyrell’s hand under the table and squeezed it gently. They shared a smile.

“AWWWW CUTE!” Katy declared, snagging a photo.

Dinner was disrupted by Connie trying to grasp the phone away from her younger sister before it ended up all over the family feed.

If Tyrell had been a comforting presence for the visit with her Mom and sister, then he was absolutely necessary for the visitation to Connie’s father, Jacob. He was a more quiet, reserved man, traditional in many ways. Her parents had split when she was a young teenager, and while it was largely amicable, with the two simply not seeing eye to eye on things, she’d never been as close to her father as she had with her Mom. In fact, there had been the occasional argument, particularly when it came to her weight and personal habits: her Dad didn’t understand the appeal of pop culture, seeing it as weird, and he was a big proponent of exercise and staying slim. The man somehow managed to get up at six am each morning to go for a several miles run, something Connie would not do even for a year’s salary.

“Just be warned,” she said. “This could get dicey.”

“Got it. You sure you don’t want Katy here as well?”

“I don’t want to drag her into it. Plus, I love her, but she’ll say something provocative and step in it.”

After all, she’d just received a text not ten minutes ago saying *‘Good luck with Dad! 10 bucks says he notices the nail polish, LOL!’*

“Never change, Katy. Never change.”

Tyrell put a hand on her back, kissed her lovingly on the cheek. “Hey, regardless of how this goes, I’m proud of you. You’re a damn fine woman, and if your Dad doesn’t see that, then know I do. And besides, however he reacts, I’m going to take you back to my place and fuck you silly with my big black cock as a reward, how about that?”

Her arousal lit up. “God, that sounds fucking good. Jesus, who would have thought girl-me would be such a cock-hungry slut?”

“Not a slut. A goddamned queen.”

She grinned, buoyed by his comments, and walked across the yard to the front door. Unlike with her mother, she had to knock several times before a solitary shadow on the other side of the stained glass lurched forward and opened the door. Her father, a fairly rugged and old-fashioned man with grey hair and clean-shaved but craggy face, simply gave an ambivalent nod.

“Hmm. It’s true, then.”

“Um, yeah. It’s sort of convoluted. How’s it going, Dad?”

“Well, I’m getting a bit confused in my old age, Connor. I’ve got a memory issue. You see, it seems I thought I had a son instead of a second daughter.”

Connie grimaced a little. “Well, I’d be happy to explain.”

“Over a beer. You do still drink beer, right?”

“Uh, I drinks sweeter stuff these days, but -”

“Ah, gotcha. Well, I’ve got a few that aren’t Dry’s left in the fridge.”

Tyrell tried not to chuckle as the old man turned and motioned them to join him.

“Old school,” he said. “I can see why I didn’t meet him before. Wait, he didn’t even say hello to me. He ain’t racist, right?”

Connie shook her head. “Oh lord, no. Dad’s old school. He fucking *marched*, man. But he’s also a total sour puss.”

They got a couple of drinks and joined Jacob out on the back deck. The garden was barely maintained, but he seemed to sip his drink and look at it as meditatively as a Japanese samurai warrior resting on his lands.

“So, I suppose you should introduce me to your boyfriend, here.”

Connie’s eyebrows raised. “Uh, yeah. He is my boyfriend, actually. Did Mom tell y-”

“I can see just fine, kiddo. You too are practically giving each other lovey dovey eyes.”

“Well, this is Tyrell.”

“Good to meet you, sir,” Tyrell said.

Jacob chuckled, shook his hand. “No sirs round here, son. Jacob’s just fine. That’s a damn fine grip you got there, Tyrell. You army?”

“No, just like working out.”

“You run much?”

“Time to time. I like the early morning run.”

“What’s early to kids these days?”

“Round eight, I’d say.”

Jacob chuckled. "Amateur hour! How many miles?"

"I try to go for three to five."

Jacob considered this, nodded, took a sip of beer. "That's nice. That's good and consistent. Nicely done. Nice to know whether he's male or female, my son keeps good company. So what's this all about, Connor?"

Connie explained it, pausing occasionally while her father mulled over several details. True to her father's way, he demanded it told simply, plainly, and with no extra detail. There was no questioning or teasing like Tiffany and Katy had provided. It made her, somehow, even more aware of her own curvaceous body, and she felt that perhaps her casual shirt and denim shorts were perhaps still a bit too conforming to her general womanly shape. In a word, she was self-conscious. The fact that her father occasionally looked her up and down and frowned was a bit awkward for her as well. Still, he was silent until she'd finished the story, and explained the pink pill, as well as Robyn's part in it.

"Wait, hold up kiddo. Walk me through what Robyn said. Word for word."

It was the only question he'd had. Not about her body, or why she'd done it, or the mechanics of the pill. Just the Robyn part. Connie again explained what her ex had said, and what she had repeated at the basketball court in the park. And for the first time, Jacob gnashed his teeth, furrowing his brow.

"Never did like that woman. Glad you're cleared of her." He took a heavy breath. "So now you're a woman, and you're happy with Tyrell here?"

She steadied herself, placed her hand in his. "I am."

"Good. You treat my kiddo right, son."

"I will. I am. I wouldn't do anything wrong by her."

"I know you wouldn't. Else there'd be a misunderstanding. And you're staying like this, Conn?"

"I mean, it's just the weekends, but—"

"Why?"

"Huh?"

Another sip. "Why just the weekends?"

She paused for a moment, trying to reconfigure this unexpected direction in the conversation. "Well, I've still got to go to work as Connor. And I'm not *really* Connie, I mean. It's just a bit of fun."

"Is it?"

Another shock to the system. "Uh, I'm pretty sure it is."

Jacob set the cup aside, glanced at Tyrell knowingly, a sort of male stare of understanding. "How do you know if you're not willing to commit to it? I didn't raise a kid who would half-ass something."

Connie almost spat out her beer. She had no response to it.

“Anyway, your Mom’ll be happy to have another daughter. Always wanted one. Me? I couldn’t give a shit either way, so long as you turn out right. But all this doesn’t matter anyway, not when we’ve got something much more serious to discuss.”

He turned to Tyrell, and fixed the mountain of a man that withered him so that he might as well have been a mouse. Connor’s dad had a way like that.

“So, Tyrell . . .”

“Um, yes Jacob?”

“Do you play a good game of pool?”

Tyrell chuckled, the tension evaporating. “Put a stick in my hand and I’ll teach you a lesson, sir.”

“No sir in sight here, but just you wait youngster. Connor, Connie, whatever you go by: set us up a board. I aim to test this man of yours.”

Connie’s friends raised a glass at the local pub.

“To Connie’s big tits!”

“TO CONNIE’S BIG TITS!”

“May they never sag!”

“HEAR HERE!!!”

Connie groaned, rolling her eyes even as the entire group gave a drunken laugh.

“You guys are worse than my sister!”

“Hey, I am your sister!” Katy shouted.

“Fine, as worse as my sister! She’s a bad influence!”

It was Sunday, the final day of her weekend as a woman, and Connie was out with friends. She couldn’t believe things had gone as well as they had with her Dad, and so she’d gone along with Tyrell and invited anyone who could make it to a drink up. A few couldn’t - after all, it was Sunday - but most were intrigued enough by everything Robyn had posted that they were perfectly willing to call in sick just to hear about it. Suffice to say the sight of Connie as Connie, dressed to the nines in a cute green dress that showed more than a little cleavage and hugged her wide hips well, was more than a little shocking. Perhaps even more shocking was that Tyrell, her best friend for years, was now so obviously her boyfriend.

As with her family, she went through the round of questioning. But because Katy had a slight friendship crossover with some members of the group - particularly Bianca and Gabriel - she helped lead the discussion, which grew increasingly more tipsy and daring over the night.

“Details man!” Gabriel demanded. “How good are the orgasms!?”

“Plenty good. Way better than as a man.”

“HA! SUCKS FOR YOU, BOYS!” Bianca drunkenly shouted. “We claim Connie as our own, and her big tits!”

“Hell yeah!” the other woman exclaimed. Several of them wrapped their arms around Connie, and Abby naturally cupped the undersides of her HH-cups and lifted them up for show, much to Connie’s embarrassment.

“They’re not that big!” she complained, only for them to laugh harder. “Okay, fine, fine. They’re huge. But it’s these hips that are ridiculous!”

“Stop showing off!” Katy laughed. “The boys are already hard-pressed for where to put their eyes.”

“Guilty!” Daniel called.

Tyrell put a protective arm around his ‘weekend girlfriend.’ “Well, you’ll have to go through me to get to her. Connie’s too much woman for you guys.”

There was an ‘OOOOOH!’ from the girls, and several of the boys put up their arms in mock submission. Connie couldn’t quite believe it, but everything was going well. Sure, her body was overdeveloped enough for her to be rosy-cheeked at every other comment, and the girls had all chuckled in understanding when the waiter clearly sneaked a few peeks down her top (“Get used to it! It’s the female experience, Conn!”), but after ripping the bandaid off with her father and finding out he was far more of a good man than she ever knew, coming ‘out’ to her friends as a part-time woman wasn’t so daunting.

Especially when the women of the group had practically *adopted her*. More than once she’d been pulled aside for gossip, to see if she knew her stuff about bras, and advice on what areas of town to now avoid as a woman. She was given advice on how to handle her flow - if it ever came - as well as makeup and styles that would work for her features, and clothing styles that would match her tone and figure. It was all a little overwhelming, like suddenly being initiated into a club that had previously had its doors closed to you all your life. And with her weight concerns, the five women present had several dozen different dieting recommendations altogether to recommend. And beyond diets, certain . . . ‘advice’, for the bedroom. The last Connie pretended to fob off initially, but quickly made her interest clear, much to their raucous laughter. While Tyrell was distracted watching a game on the bar television with the other boys, Abby and Bianca gave all sorts of advice on how to get the greatest pleasure from a man. And how to give it.

“And is it true what they say about black guys?” Abby asked, hungry for knowledge.

“I’ll never tell,” Connie giggled, but her smile gave that away too.

“That means yes!” she screeched. “I gotta find me a big beautiful black guy like you got!”

Connie looked over at Tyrell, who was eagerly chatting with Gil, a total nerd. The two couldn't be more different: a mountain and a molehill, strong and dark, pale and thin, but the two were bonding over their love of the film *GATTACA*. She felt a tingle in her heart, not just in her loins. She smiled a long time, even as the girls continued to pepper her with questions. Tyrell met her gaze for a moment, smiled back. She felt lost in that smile.

It was only when Abby grabbed her tits again and the whole group descended into laughter once more that she regained her attention.

"Hey! The girls are officially off the table!" she called. "Unless someone buys me another drink!"

It was a hilarious mistake. Everyone made the offer. Thankfully, Tyrell paid first.

And later that night, as they fell drunkenly into bed together, he exercised that privilege liberally. Not that she minded one bit.

Part 9: Working Woman

Connor was too hungover, naturally, to go to work. While still Connie, she woke up with Tyrell, kissed him goodbye, and gathered her things to head home. He stirred only a little, getting comfortable before falling back into a deep sleep, if he'd even woken. She couldn't help but beam at the sight of him. He was so perfectly manly, and something about how gentlemanly and supportive he'd been with her family and friends, while also being his same confident, hilarious self, just touched her deeply. Of course, she'd never suspected that he'd so easily charm her Dad, and not only that, but nearly go toe-to-toe with him in pool! The two men had hit it off that Jacob had even invited Tyrell around to watch some games with him and introduce some of his friends. Tyrell had accepted, a little smug that Connie/Connor had not even been invited.

Well, it was a men's event, after all. Jacob was big on the man cave concept.

Still, something he'd said had followed Connor, even as the pink pill wore off, and his body returned to the taller, flabbier, and certainly more masculine body that was originally his. Jacob had told Connor that he'd been 'half-assing' it as Connie, or at least implied it. That if he was enjoying himself, and clearly enjoying his many dates with Tyrell, that he should commit and actually spend more time as a woman.

That morning, gently packing away his things despite the horrible hangover, Connor decided that his father had been right. He spent much of the day relaxing, doing some work from home - the work his headache allowed - and generally spent some time to himself, playing some video game and mulling his decision over. Several times Tyrell asked about

what the next date would be, when he would be Connie again, if he planned to go back, if they even planned on catching up at all while he was male, and so on. Connor decided to simply type back “we’ll chat at work about it during lunch.” And that was that, as far as Tyrell was concerned.

But for Connor, the decision had been made. Already, his friends and family knew, and they had accepted him, even if many of them still found his experiences as Connie a little strange or surprising. And their opinions matter to him the most, not those of his coworkers. The only coworker whose opinion truly mattered was Tyrell’s, and they were already fucking like rabbits each weekend anyway! Hell, she was even thinking about exploring what it was like to give a blowjob soon . . .

He realised he’d fallen into a female pronoun once more. It felt too right these days, and that too was part of his decision. It was time to be Connie for more than just idle weekends. With a smile upon her face as she went to bed, the currently-male Connie took a pink pill and swallowed it. She sighed in relief as she welcomed the changes, savouring the moment her big beautiful boobs, her wide hips, her longer blonde hair all came in. She looked over herself, feeling more right in this body than she did in the other.

“I can’t wait to surprise Tyrell at work tomorrow,” she said to herself.

It was hard to sleep, she was so full of nervous energy. A quick round of masturbation while thinking of sucking Tyrell’s big dick off took care of that, at least. She fell asleep, and dreamed

There was certainly more than a little confusion as Connie headed into work. Rather than her ordinary dowdy look as a man, she was instead wearing a cute blue low-cut blouse, a tight pencil skirt that emphasised her wonderfully wide hips, and her first time wearing a dark pair of work stockings that completed the look. She even had dark professional heels, and wore makeup that was smart and just a little sexy, while still being appropriate for the rest of her work attire. She waltzed in, her heart beating fast and her skin shivering with nervousness, but maintaining a neutral, smart look upon her face. A number of the women gave her odd looks, and more than a few of the men were looking her way, several with barely-disguised lust. It actually gave her even greater confidence.

But what made it all the better was when Tyrell, in his new professional manager’s attire, saw her sashay into the staffroom while he was conferring with a colleague. He had a coffee in his hand, and to her amusement actually spluttered on the portion he’d just drunk, spilling the drink onto his prized shoes. His colleague helped him clean up, another running to see if he was choking (he wasn’t), by which time Connie had simply given him an amused

wink and headed straight for the Human Resources department. After all, she had some important stuff to clear, at the top of the list being her new female status.

To say her boss, one Mark Linehart, was shocked at her appearance was an understatement. The man's eyes practically boinged out of his head at the sight of Connie.

"Um, hello miss. Can I help you? I don't believe I have any, uh, appointments."

He adjusted his tie, practically sweating in the attempt not to lower his gaze down to her impressive bust, or the way the skirt hugged her impressive rear.

"Well, that's the thing I wanted to talk to you about, sir. I'm Connor. Connor Darby. I've had, well, as you can see I've had some 'work' done."

Her boss wasn't the cleverest man at the best of times, being more a result of nepotism in his connection to the founder of Genar Industries than anything else, and so it took him some long seconds to realise who was being even discussed.

"C-Connor from IT? Big Connor?"

She nodded eagerly. "That was me."

"Well, I guess you're still kind of -"

His secretary gave a very loud "AHEM!" followed by a cough. She was Mark's warning signal. Someone had to stop him from causing another sexual harassment lawsuit.

"Er, I mean you're still kind of . . . why don't you tell me about this, Connor. We'll need some proof of identity and change. Not that it isn't obvious you've changed! I mean, it's right in front of me when I look at -"

"AHEM! COUGH!"

"Right, well, let's get down to brass tax."

Connie couldn't even blame him. While she'd put on a bit of unfortunate pudge, she still had nice curves in all the right places. She wasn't dressed immodestly, but as she well knew from being a man, a nice blouse could suggest all the right features on a woman. And she had a number of features that were staring him right in the face. Two big round ones in particular.

In the end, it didn't take long to sort out, not nearly as much as she thought it would. In fact, the biggest delay was simply the amount of spluttering that emitted from Mark, and the occasional comment that bordered the line of sexual flirtation but thankfully didn't cross fully into it. He wasn't the worst boss in the world, simply a ladies' man who liked the comfortable life, and the women of the office clearly knew how to deal with him. Now, Connie would too.

"There you are, Connie. Connor. Connie! You are now officially registered as female in our files. Everything will be sorted fully out in a few days, and you'll need to drop into HR again in the coming days for some papers I'll have for you. But apart from that, you're all fine! Very fine, in fact."

He gave her a wink. To her surprise, she winked back, then sauntered out of the room, letting her wide hips sway enough to brush against the doorway. What was a little tease, after all? It would only make him that much endeared to her - maybe he'd actually recognise her in the future. He always mispronounced Connor's name, or even forgot that the IT department even existed!

"Plus, it might be fun to make Tyrell just a *little* jealous and protective when his male coworkers comment on me," she whispered to herself with a ready smile.

That turned out to be the monkey's paw wish, however. Connie really should have seen it coming. Having HR being run by a chauvinist was a joke by itself, but it was when Connie stepped back into her actual workplace - the ICT department - that she realised the issues that might create. After all, if there was one simple truth about almost all IT or ICT departments the world over, it was this:

IT staff are almost all male, nerdy, and fucking horny.

Suddenly, instead of being one guy among many, Connie was the only female in her area, and a distraction to the rest of the team. Darren kept looking over at her. Jasper, who was twenty years her senior, giggled again and again as he passed her desk. And while Barry was the nicest of the bunch, his younger age meant that he was constantly apologising, tripping over his words, and failing to explain himself well in her presence. The dynamic had totally changed, even despite going through what had happened to her and answering all their questions.

"It's still me, dudes!" she exclaimed. "I'm still Connor, the person. I just go by a different name now, and I'm a woman."

"But - but you've got boobs now!" Darren said.

"Dude, you can't just say that."

"But it's true! You remember how we all talked before about girls. Jasper even has a rating system. We talked about that hot topless scene in the original *Piranha*. Can we still do that?"

"Uh, I guess you can. I mean, as I said, I'm still me!"

"It's not the same," Jasper said. "If you're a lady, there is stuff we just can't say anymore! And you look so . . . distracting. No offence but holy cow what a bod, Connie."

She placed her hands on her hips. "What about my bod, Jasper?"

Mark's almost-comments were easily stopped, but she knew Jasper. Give him an inch and he'd take the whole fucking horizon.

"Er, it's just that -"

She leaned over further. "Go on."

"Ah, never mind! You all know what I mean, though."

“So long as you don’t say it,” she said, smirking. She was much shorter, but she found that in the right situation, a woman could still *loom*. Unfortunately, leaning over made her boobs dangle against her top, which made Barry go practically cross-eyed.

“Eyes up here, Barry,” she said.

He turned a bright red, looking away while the other two laughed and laughed, cackling like schoolbox. She stormed back to her computer.

“This is going to be a long fucking adjustment,” she said. “None of you better add me to the wall!”

She pointed out the wall where a number of sexy female characters had been placed. Nothing too unprofessional, but who even visits the lowly ICT department anyway?

“No promises,” Darren said. “Particularly if you keep wearing skirts like that.”

She grinned like a predator. “That sounds like sexual harassment, Darren. I might have to have a company chat unless, oooh say, you get me a nice coffee?”

His eyebrows shot up, and he looked to the other two for support. But they just laughed, and it was clear that though things had greatly changed, enough to make it a little weird, she could still shoot the shit with them. And the only thing mates like that like more than a hot girl among their midst was getting the chance to stir up each other.

“I’ll have a white, two sugars!” Jasper called, returning to his work.

“Milky for me too!” Barry replied.

“Yeah, lots of milk around with -”

“And I’ll get you to take care of the cover sheets on the TPS reports for me. Because that’s strike two.”

He gave a sheepish grin. “You’re no fun as a woman!”

“Oh, I’m plenty fun. In fact, I’m having fun right now. Two sugars, please!”

But while HR and her own workspace was a bit of navigation, an entirely new world was opening up to Connie: the world of women. Specifically, the women of Genar Industries who had a whole sisterhood of relations, gossip circles, advocacy groups, support networks, and circles of friendship (and even occasional rivalries). Connie had barely stepped into the staffroom to grab her lunch and see Tyrell before Sarah - the one that had been hard into Tyrell - took her hand and practically *dragged* her to the big circular table where many of the women liked to sit and chat. And if Connie thought she’d been peppered with questions before, she’d been wrong.

“Oh my God, you look lovely in that! How are you already good at women’s fashion?”

“Is it true that you’re Connor Darby? How on earth!?”

"I wish I had your figure! Well, uh, don't take this the wrong way, but a reduced version of your figure! How do you deal with such big boobs?"

"Don't be rude, Denise. Have you seen her behind in a pencil skirt? A girl for one day and she's *working it!* Are you enjoying it?"

"I tell you who's enjoying it: Mark Lineham, the dog. You're not flirting with him, are you? Big mistake."

"No way, Tyrell was talking about his girlfriend and it matched Connie here. Give us the goss!"

"As if, really? Holy shit, that's so not fair! Tyrell is literally the office hunk. There's a *waiting list* to ask him out."

Connie simply tried to keep up, feeling utterly flustered. "I - I didn't realise there was one," she said meekly. But Sarah, kind, slim Sarah who couldn't look more different from Connie if she tried, just put her arm around the former male.

"Don't listen to them, they're just jealous. I mean, I totally am too, but I'm not bitter. Is he a good boyfriend?"

"He's - yeah, he's wonderful. Really so, actually."

There was a gentle "awwww," from the group, causing her to get even rosier in the cheeks, but then conversation collapsed, fragmenting into numerous different conversational topics, including upcoming work responsibilities, what to do on the long weekend, upcoming babies.

"I bet you two would make the cutest babies of all, Connie!" one of the women said, a receptionist named Danielle. Several of the women agreed. "You can make them right - a few of us have heard of the pink pill: it changes everything, right?"

"Oh, uh, wow. I've never thought of that. I'm - I'm not sure if I can have babies."

"Not knowing if you can is the surest way to end up with one!" Candace joked. "Just ask my eldest! And my youngest!"

Connie awkwardly laughed with them, but the thought stuck in her mind. It was true. She could possibly get pregnant now. Actually give *birth*. The notion of carrying Tyrell's child . . . it was crazy! He was her best friend for years, a wonderful and sexy nerd - at least she saw him that way now.

It made his approach her way a bit more confronting than expected.

"Oh, look who's coming over!" someone exclaimed.

"Jealous! If I was twenty years young . . ."

Connie chuckled, stood, adjusted her blouse to make sure she wasn't accidentally bearing any midriff, and then went to him. Her hunky black boyfriend loomed over her, grinning down, and it was obvious he was enjoying her office look.

"Find a new fetish, did you?" she asked.

“Oh, I always had a thing for women in a nice pencil skirt and blouse, but you’ve elevated it.” He leaned in close. “You’ve elevated something else too.”

“Those poor slim trousers.”

“I know. But when I get out of them tonight . . .”

He leaned in for a kiss, and she received him. A few girls rolled their eyes at the table, but others like Sarah just gave encouraging looks. In fact, while she wasn’t planning on being too much of a PDA-monster at work, it felt nice to be *his* office girl. After all, for all that Tyrell was a complete gentleman, there was no denying from the way he held her, kissed her in that moment, that he liked to be the dominant partner to her submissive. Finally, he drew back, leaving butterflies to dance in her stomach, and her nipples doing their best to make an impression through her bra and against her blouse.

“Woah, that was almost work inappropriate.”

“Your body is work inappropriate.”

“You should hear what the ladies say about yours!”

Tyrell laughed. “I’d like to hear it!”

“I can’t tell you. Secret women’s business. It’s an exclusive club.”

He regarded her for a moment. “Is this just for the day, or . . .”

“I’m staying like this. I don’t know how long, but Dad of all people convinced me. I’ve been enjoying being Connie. Hell, I *think* of myself as Connie more often than anything. So why not give it a real shot. I know *you* won’t be complaining.”

He kissed her again, lightly and professionally this time. “Not at all. Far from it, my queen. But I better let you go. The woman might claw at me.”

“Oh, you have *no idea* the things they want to do to you,” she said. Then it was her time to rise up on her toes. “But I’ll do them first. Including something new tonight?”

He grunted, and she left him there, giggling at the notion that he was stooping a little lower, trying to hide his very, very large erection.

Maybe being the hot office lady would actually be pretty fun?

Unfortunately, their planned date that night had to be halted. Connie had started to feel a little bloated, and by the end of her workday she was irritated by a soreness in her boobs and cramping in her lower stomach. She had planned a whole thing: dressing in a slightly sluttier version of her work outfit, letting Tyrell rub his big cock between her tits as she unbuttoned her blouse, calling him ‘sir’ and ‘boss’ and playing the whole role of the sexy submissive secretary. Sure, it was going further than she usually went, but she’d been getting bolder with their budding romance, and the two were increasingly comfortable playing

to each other's fetishes. After all, it was no secret that Connie *loved* being dominated during intercourse.

"I hope you get better soon, babe," he said to her. "Are you sure you don't want to sleep at mine?"

"No, you perv."

But Tyrell looked at her seriously. "I'm not talking about sex. I told you, you're my goddess, babe. I want to take care of you. Make sure you're comfortable."

She couldn't help but glow in response to his comments, but she still chose not to take him up on the offer. She wasn't stupid. Now that she'd gone girl for good (or at least a while), it didn't surprise her that even a single day's shake up had altered her chemistry.

So when her period came, it wasn't a surprise. But it was *agony*. Connor had often mocked his sister when growing up for her overreaction to her painful periods, but now as a woman she felt the deep need to apologise to Katy. It turned out women were not exaggerating about the pain, or the exhaustion, or the irritation over dealing with tampons.

"These things suuuuuuck!" she complained when her mother visited.

"I know dear, I'm sorry."

"I'm not," Katy said, who was simply along for the ride. "How's it finally feel, sister!?"

"Awwwwwwful," Connie said, groaning on the couch, an icepack against her stomach. "I was wrong. I admit it! I was wrong!"

"Ahhhh," Katy sighed, "that feels good to finally hear. But seriously, sorry sis. We're a family of heavy flow-ers."

Tiffany nodded, a compassionate look upon her face. "It's true honey. You've just got to take some good pain relief, and settle in I'm afraid."

"Or get knocked up," Katy said idly.

Connie groaned. "I'd almost consider it to end thisssss!"

Connie was grateful to be past the period. It almost made her want to be a man again. Afterwards, she was excited to spend some time enjoying being a woman again. Certainly, Tyrell was happy to see her again, though disappointed her couldn't help her through her first period.

"Don't take it personally," she said, rubbing his back. "I just wanted my Mom and sis there. Like a womanly right of passage, I guess."

"I guess I can understand that."

“I’ll tell you what,” she said, clinging closer to him, enjoying his presence again after three days of very much not-fun times. “I’m sick of this extra flab, and I’m very turned on by the idea of watching you work out. Why don’t you show me how to lift, bro?”

Tyrell grinned like a schoolkid. “Okay, that sounds amazing. Though ‘lift bro’ is like, the kind of sentence I never expected Connor or Connie to say.”

It wasn’t the kind of thing Connie ever expected to do. Certainly, the loud music of the gym was not something she was used to, or wearing a sports bra and yoga pants. A number of men looked her way, but she was paired with Tyrell all day, and that made her feel wonderfully comforted, particularly since he himself was such a damn alpha male with his workouts. Even as he taught her how to work the machines and what sets were and ideal lifts for her body type, she couldn’t help but enjoy watching his bare muscles, and looking over to see him lift. Conversely, he was often distracted by her, coming over to help steady her, or adjust her weights - being a woman had made her weaker than she thought. But it was an enjoyable experience, and as with many things, she felt it bringing them closer together. She resolved to give him something that night that he’d never had before as thanks.

She knew he’d enjoy it.

Tyrell groaned in the best kind of agony: the kind that was overwhelmed with the impending need of sexual release. He was sitting on the side of his bed, and Connie was on her knees, wearing some sexy lingerie that enhanced her curves, particularly hugging her ass. He fondled her with one hand, but left the other at the back of her head, gently caressing her hair.

His monster of a cock was in her mouth, and she was doing everything she could do pleasure it, particularly his big, sensitive penishead. It practically *throbbed* in her mouth, sticking so far in that she was almost to the point of deep throating him. And yet his eleven-inch dick was so big it still left her plenty of room to rub his shaft with one delicate hand, all while gently massaging his balls with the other.

It was sheer torture, and she delighted in it.

It had taken courage to work up to, and of all people it was her sister that finally told her “hurry up and do it, sis! Every guy is in the palm of your hand when you promise to suck them off. And I gotta be honest, it *tastes* pretty nice too. You know, if the guy works out. Which I think we all know Tyrell does.”

And so here she was, only a week after deciding that she wanted to stay being a woman - for however long she still didn't know - and now sucking on her boyfriend's big black cock.

And loving it.

There was something so fucking hot about being submissive to him, and yet as Katy said, totally having him at her mercy. He was dominant, claspng the back of her neck just tightly enough to make her feel like *his*, and the words he spoke attested to this.

"That's right, suck my big cock, Connie. Take it in, take in as much as you can! I want you to - ahhh - to swallow when I come, okay? And I'm going t-to c-cum a lot! Oh f-fuck! Don't stop!"

And yet, for all that she was deeply aroused at being on her knees, pleasing her boyfriend, loving the feel of her tits against his thighs as she bent over him, looking up at into his eyes and unable to even verbally respond as she sucked his cock . . . she still felt a power. A rush. A thrill at being the one that *controlled him*, in a way. Passive, penetrated, and yet powerful for it. She thought of that quote from the romantic movie they'd watched the other night: "the man may be the head of the family, but the woman is the neck, and she can turn him whichever way she wants."

And *my* was she turning him. Turning him *on*. He clenched, his powerful pectoral muscles visibly tensing as she brought him closer and closer to fruition. She shifted, removed her bra, cupped her huge boobs and placed them on either side of his massive cock. His eyes gleamed as she began to tittyfuck his huge manhood, rubbing her soft flesh against it in such a way that her own arousal continued to peak. She never stopped sucking, sucking, sucking, running her tongue over his penishead even as she stroked his shaft with her huge breasts.

"Yes! Oh, f-fuck Connie! I'm s-so close! I'm gonna come! Get ready! I want you to swallow! I'm gonna fucking c-com! AAAGGHHHH!!!"

He exploded within her. She felt his balls tense, then his prodigious reserves of semen shoot up through his massive mast before erupting into her mouth. It was hot, sticky, and surprisingly salty, and yet strangely sweet at the same time.

And it kept. On. Coming.

Literally.

Her cheeks were pretty full by the time she finally swallowed it all down, but she made sure to let him watch just so he could get a little further off it.

"That. Was. Fucking. Amazing."

She smiled. "I'm gonna go rinse, but that was a lot of fun."

"I'd love for you to do it again, sometime."

She sauntered away, letting him see her wide hips swing. “Only if you go down on me. I’d like to know what it feels like.”

“Oh, I will *absolutely* send you to heaven, babe. You know I love you.”

She stopped at the threshold of the bathroom. For a moment, she was simply silent, taking stock of what he’d just said. She could tell he was surprised too. But his shocked expression resolved itself into a confident one, and he repeated the words.

“I do love you, you know.”

And then, to her own surprise, accompanied by a flutter in her chest, she repeated the words back.

“I love you too, Ty. I really do.”

She ran into his arms and kissed him.

Part 10: Beach Anniversary

Connie couldn’t believe it. An actual, factual beach resort. And not a cheap one either. The absolute ritz. It had the kind of facilities she would have been over the moon about as a man, but now as a woman the massage parlours and beauty treatment rooms elevated the entire thing to another level. And it was all thanks to her loving boyfriend. It was a surprise from Tyrell, a secret celebration of their six month anniversary, and one that was a gesture of genuine love from the man she had come to adore.

“I can’t believe this! It’s too much, Ty. Far too much. You never even spent this much on your PC gaming system.”

“What can I say, my queen is worth more than my gaming system. I worship her that much.”

As per usual, he had a remarkable talent for bringing out the blush in her. He took her to the check-in, being the impressive gentleman that held both their suitcases with ease. The receptionist checked him out quite clearly, staring at his muscles. When Tyrell moved to pass the suitcases to the porters, the receptionist took a moment to grin Connie’s way and give her a secretive thumbs up.

‘Well done!’ she mouthed.

‘Thank you!’ Connie mouthed back.

‘Hot as hell! I’m jealous’

‘I’m so lucky!’

‘He is too! You have fun!’

It was an exchange that made her feel all the giddier, knowing that other women saw him for the total alpha male he was, and could be even playfully jealous over that fact. It was a remarkable revelation for someone that used to be a man, and occasionally still dreamed of being one. But she had her pills in her case, and Tyrell always carried emergency ones just in case. No, she planned to stay a woman for a while. Maybe even as long as she could.

“This is amazing!” she cried as she entered their room. “This is like the deluxe suite!”

“Technically the gold class. It has its own tub.”

“You’re kidding!”

He smirked his handsome smirk. “My reasons are nefarious. I want to see you in a bikini. And I want to hear you moan as I fuck you in it as well.”

“Mhmm,” she moaned. “That does sound nice. I’m still a bit nervous about bikinis though, especially in public. I’m a . . . well, I was a bigger guy, and I’m a lot more attractive now. But I’m still a bigger girl, really.”

Tyrell came up and hugged her. She enjoyed resting her head in the crook of his neck, though even that took some tippy-toeing.

“You’re not chubby, you’re just curvy. And besides, that chub you were actually worried about months ago you’ve managed to lose! Now that you’re no longer spending time as Connor *and* you’re working out in the gym, you’re looking trimmer than ever.”

Connie gave an amused smile as she looked down at her chest and then back down at her ass. “Trimmer in the stomach and thighs, maybe. Everywhere else . . .”

Tyrell just laughed, lowering his hands to cup her behind. “Everywhere else is fucking good as far as I’m concerned. You just kept all the best bits nice and meaty.”

He leaned in for a kiss, and she accepted it. His hands wandered further, as did hers. And with her arousal growing for him, she signalled with her eyes the plush double-bed in their room.

“Want to break it in?”

“You know it. I want to make you know just how beautiful you are, gorgeous.”

Not long after, she knew. Multiple times, in fact.

Connie blushed a little as she walked beside her man. It was funny, thinking of her best friend as ‘her man,’ but after six months of steady dating, and a confession of love from both parties, it was difficult to see him as anything but. Just as she saw herself as ‘his woman.’ Given how wonderfully dominating he was in the bedroom and while on dates, the more submissive latter term was perhaps even more strong in her mind.

And so it was from him that she drew confidence as she swayed her hips from side to side while they walked down the beach. It was her first time in a full bikini in public, and even by the standards of some of the outfits she wore, it was quite revealing. She'd chosen a cute white bikini - it would be a nice 'measure' against the hope of a nice tan across the next week. The cups were full and the band of her bikini bottoms wide, but her huge HH-cup boobs still spilled a little out the bottom of the cups, and there was no hiding her impressive asscheeks. As such, she was experiencing a lot more wobbling than usual, though thankfully it was confined to the bits Tyrell loved, and none of it to her now-slimmer stomach. She'd grown her hair longer, and it waved softly in the wind. All in all, she knew she looked like an absolute knockout, a feast for the eyes.

But it still felt quite embarrassing to be so 'on display.'

"Relax, babe," Tyrell said, wearing just his blue board shorts and showing off his tall, strong black body. "You just look like any other woman here on the beach. Only a whole lot sexier."

"I'm well aware, not to boast. Half the men on this beach are looking at my tits. Goddamn, I did not realise these cups were so small."

A laugh. "They're not! You've just nice full titties, my queen."

Connie smiled. She was pretty proud of her boobs, even if they were cumbersome at times Tyrell always made the experience worth it in bed.

"I guess I'm still just a little overwhelmed. In all our years of being together, Robyn never did anything like this with me. Hell, I think I even planned a trip to a place just up the road - cheaper but still nice. She wasn't interested."

Tyrell paused, his black body perfectly framed in the midday sunlight. "Hey, don't think about her. It's just us, okay. And your crowd of admirers."

She giggled. "Whatever will I do with them?"

"I could beat them all up for you? Prove that you're taken."

Connie giggled again. Something about his manly presence always made her giggle. "Maybe. Or . . . I could do this."

She took a chance to be daring, and pressed her body against him, allowing her big beautiful boobs to squash against his chest. She drew him into a kiss, making him lean over slightly to meet her lips, and they held the pose for a long time, running their hands over each other in a spectacular display of total PDA.

Someone wolf-whistled. "Get a room, you two!"

They laughed, pulled apart.

"Well, that also worked," Tyrell said, scratching the back of his head. "Only, I have a massive raging erection now, and I'd rather not have the whole beach imagine what my naughty bits look like."

Connie rolled her eyes, indicating her massive melons and her incredible behind. “That must be sooo unfortunate for you, Ty. I can’t imagine what that’s like.”

“Hey, you chose to be a lady!”

“And don’t you forget it. I’m putting up with a lot because of how awesome you are as a boyfriend. And also because I’m pretty cute. And also because of those ‘naughty bits’ of yours. And really? Naughty bits? Are you twelve?”

Tyrell laughed, kissed her again. “Fine. Let’s get me cooled off in the water, how about that?”

“I thought you’d never ask.”

They enjoyed a lovely time at the beach, spending nearly three hours there. They splashed each other in the water, and Tyrell easily carried her, even swam a little with her on his back. They flirted, continued to show more public displays of affection, and she gained further confidence in her bikini, even started to revel a little in how gorgeous she obviously looked. Certainly, Tyrell took waaaaay too many photos of her swimming about in a bikini.

“What? I’m taking photos of a masterwork of nature here!”

“You just like how my boobs look in this.”

“That’s not fair . . . I also think your ass looks amazing, babe.”

“Pfft. Way too showy. But at least my boobs aren’t so heavy when I relax in the water.”

“They’re like ballast!”

She splashed water at him for that particular comment, and soon the two were laughing.

Eventually, they took a nice walk down the resort beach together, hand in hand, talking about all the things they wanted to do at the resort. Which, given how horny Tyrell still was, became a conversation about all the things he wanted to do to *her*.

Connie didn’t mind hearing them one bit. She’d come far from the nervous first-time girl, and was starting to fully flower into a much more confident womanhood. When Tyrell teased her about her voluptuous body, she was increasingly firing back with her own. After all, with Tyrell’s sheer height, size, and enormous muscles, it wasn’t hard to have a little fun teasing his self-obsession and gym-mania.

Finally, it was time to leave and get ready for dinner. Connie still had some ways to go before regular bikini use, especially since her boobs ‘popped out’ in the water a couple of times, but she was getting there. She almost wanted to stay longer as they headed back to the resort.

Dinner was lovely, even if the doorman was obviously gossiping with his coworker about the 'busty woman with the great ass' from a distance when they'd left. Tyrell had given him such a stare down that he almost withered. It had made Connie practically coo with romantic affection, another sign of just how feminine her hormonal responses had come.

But when they arrived back in their resort room, other hormonal responses took over instead. The door had barely shut and they were all over each other. Tyrell unzipped Connie dress, all while kissing her neck gently, yet with a strong masculine power that made her feel wonderfully submissive to him.

"I want you. I want you bad."

"M-me too," she cried. "I want to be on my back this time. I want you to suck on my big tits. They're aching for your touch, love."

In those moments of passion, she often called him 'love', and she always meant it. Tyrell helped the former male slide out of her dress, revealing her curvaceous form. He ripped his shirt off, tearing the buttons apart instead.

"Holy shit!" she exclaimed.

"I wanted to impress you," he replied. "Just a nice anniversary moment."

"I'll say. Dude, that was fucking hot! Get over here already!"

They embraced again, and quickly made their way to the bed. He lifted her with ease onto it, and as always she marvelled at her former friend, now-lover's strength.

"So strong. My big strong man."

"Man, you are really into being a woman lately," Tyrell said.

"You complaining?"

"Nope! Ignore me. I'll get back to the hot stuff."

"Good!"

They made out, and he made sure to follow her directions, rubbing her breasts, cupping their sensitive undersides, and sucking at her big pink nipples. She shivered in anticipation, and soon began rubbing his crotch, teasing his huge erection.

"God woman, you're going to make me cum just from that! Slow down!"

Connie bit her lip, smiling sheepishly. "It's not my fault I'm so eager. But I want you in me. Quick, get the condom already."

Tyrell practically leapt off the bed and opened his bag. And searched. And searched. And searched.

"What's taking so long? My pussy is on fire here, dude!"

"Sorry, I feel like an idiot, Conn. I think - I think I only had the one in my wallet. The one from last night."

She exhaled, annoyed. She was so damn libidinous at that moment. Her nipples were throbbing with the need to be caressed. She wanted him inside her, and inside her now.

“Let’s just risk it,” she said.

“Are you sure?”

“We’ve done it before, when I was switching back and forth. Just this once. We’ll buy more tomorrow.”

“I’m not sure . . .”

She pressed her boobs together, creating a massive expanse of cleavage to entice him. “I’ll give you a blowjob in the morning. Pretty please!”

Tyrell sighed. He too was clearly too aroused to stop. “Fine! Just this once.”

He made his way back to the bed and resumed making out with her. She spread her legs, allowing him entrance to her love tunnel. Guiding him in by hand, he pierced her depths, and she cried out as they began to fuck. They bucked, thrashed, moaned and groaned as they fucked like rabbits, until finally the pleasure was all too much for either of them to take. Connie was hit by a wave of huge orgasms while Tyrell squeezed her right breast. Her vagina clamped down upon Ty’s dick, milking it for all he had, which only served to make him erupt into orgasm as well. He flooded her with his seed, and she shivered in further ecstasy as the torrent of warm, sticky semen poured into her.

Afterwards, they cuddled up for a few minutes before she went to clean up.

“See?” she said. “Worth it.”

“Totally worth it,” he replied, still in that post-coital brain haze.

Part 11: Big News

Connor groaned as she ate her lunch in the staffroom. She’d become thoroughly integrated into the circle of women at Genar Industries, including the always-lovely Sarah. But later, even their amusing anecdotes and fascinating topics of discussion and venting over home life hadn’t been enough to pull her out of the weird exhaustion she’d been having lately.

“Everything okay, Connie?” Sarah asked.

“Y-yeah,” she stammered, clutching her stomach. “Just been really tired lately. I’ve been getting these stomach cramps, and my boobs are all tender. I think my body is overcompensating for a late period.”

“Have you been feeling a bit sick?” Lori asked. She was perched at the end of the table, her hands on her swollen stomach. She was due to go on maternity leave soon.

“Yeah, a bit actually. I threw up my breakfast yesterday morning.”

There was a protracted silence at the table as all the women exchanged glances. Clearly, those who were natural-born women had a good idea of what was going on as opposed to Connie.

“Conn,” Sarah said, placing her hand on her friend’s arm. “You and Tyrell are still . . . together, yes?”

“Of course.”

“No, I mean *together*.”

“She means having sex,” Janice added.

“Oh, uh, yeah. I mean, we’re a couple.”

Sarah gave her a compassionate look. “I know in many ways you’re still getting used to being a woman, and I don’t know how far those pink pills go. I mean, they must be blowing up, because I saw an advertisement for them the other day. But if the change is as complete as they claim it is, then, well . . . I think you should purchase a pregnancy test.”

The rest of the women nodded in agreement.

Connie nearly spat out her drink.

Connie and Tyrell were at the former’s place, waiting. Waiting, waiting, waiting. They didn’t speak much, though Connie could tell Tyrell was impatient, wanting to find out. He kept standing, pacing, then sitting back down again.

“This is crazy,” she said to herself.

“I know.”

“We only didn’t use a condom that one time!”

“We don’t know that you’re pregnant.”

Connie nodded. Her heart was all aflutter. The thought of getting pregnant was a reality for just about every woman, something they prepared for and accounted for as soon as they were ready. But Connie had never really considered the possibility too deeply. Her own psyche still had a few male remnants that viewed it as totally alien to her experiences. She was, after all, an ‘imposter.’ At least, that’s how she saw herself sometimes. She wanted to stay a woman, but the notion of carrying a life inside her, growing it and birthing it . . . it was impossible to even comprehend! She hadn’t had the female experience growing up to very consider it!

“Okay, it’s been five minutes,” she said, standing up. “I’m checking it.”

She strode across the room while Tyrell remained on the couch. Fingers trembling, she grabbed the test and held it up. For a moment, her whole being seemed to just pause. There were two lines.

“What is it?” Tyrell asked. “Are you pregnant or not?”

She turned to face him, tears always in her eyes. A torrent of emotions flowed through her, some of which she couldn’t even decipher.

“Two l-lines,” she stammered. “I’m pregnant.”

Tyrell immediately leapt up to embrace her, and she spent a moment weeping into his shirt. “Hey, it’s okay, it’s okay.”

“I know,” she said, shocked at her own words. “It’s just . . . such a surprise! I’m feeling a shitload of things right now, dude.”

“I understand. But I’m here for you. You’re my queen, remember?”

She nodded, then broke into nervous laughter. She punched him lightly on the shoulder. “Of course you got me pregnant just that one time, you idiot!”

“I told you before, I’m very virile!”

“Well that much is clear. You practically flooded me with your gunk that night! God, it would be a miracle if I *wasn’t* pregnant.” She wiped her eyes, getting control of her breathing back. Her heart calmed a little. “Oh God, this is insane. I was a man seven months ago. Now I’m not only a woman-”

“A perfect woman,” Tyrell said, still holding her.

“-but one that’s fucking preggers! God, what do we even do? I don’t - this is crazy - I don’t want to abort it.”

“Me either,” Tyrell said. “It’s up to you, but I have to be honest, Connie. While we were waiting, I *wanted* you to be pregnant. I was nervous that you might not be.”

She nodded, understanding. As nervous, terrified, overwhelmed as she was, there was already a small bubble of maternal excitement growing within her, just like the little baby that was barely formed. She placed her hand on her stomach, giggling nervously.

“Holy shit, I’m pregnant.”

“Holy shit, you’re pregnnat.”

“Hooooooly shit.”

“Yep.”

“Yeah. Wow.” She laughed again, unbelieving that if all went well, she’d be actually *pushing out a baby* in just eight months. “This is so insane. My family won’t believe it.”

“They will once you start growing!”

She raised an eyebrow, pulling an eye away from him and placing her hands on her hip. “Oh, I bet you’re looking forward to that, aren’t you, big guy? Because these tits and this ass are going to be getting *even bigger*, among other things.”

Tyrell embraced her, kissing her deeply before squeezing her tits. She squealed in delight. "I won't lie, I'm looking very forward to that."

"You better treat me well then. Like a fucking *empress*. After all, I'm going to have to deal with carrying your baby. God, it'll probably be huge."

But Tyrell just kissed her again, this time passionately. Her hormonal body responded to him even more powerfully than usual.

"Mhmm . . . why don't I show you how I treat my *empress* right now?"

"Yes please."

Connie held Tyrell's hand nervously as they stood in Tiffany's living room. Connie's mom had prepared a lovely duck roast for the occasion, though she didn't know yet what occasion it was. Katy was present as well, Connie's younger sister giving her odd looks, as if suspicious of something. And Jacob was present also. Connie's father was amicable with Tiffany, though he looked a little out of place, stoically sitting on the sofa on the other side of the room and drinking his beer quietly. Like in all things, he was patient, and not trying to pry information out of the pair of them like Tiffany was.

"Sweeties, are you going to tell us what this big news is?" Tiffany asked as she entered the room.

Katie rolled her eyes. "Dinner first, Mom, gosh! It's tradition!"

"Of course! Come on in everyone. Food's ready. I'm just so - so interested! I mean, for *all* of us to be here!"

"We'll find out when we find out," Jacob said to his ex-wife. He walked past into the dining room. "Mhm. Missed this smell."

They set down to eat. As usual, Tiffany led grace, while Jacob sighed a little. He'd never been the most religious individual. And then they tucked in. It was a damn good thing too. Connie had been trying to hide it, but she'd been voracious as a tyrannosaurus rex. She ate away at the delicious duck with an impressive zeal. Damned pregggo hunger! Katy kept side eyeing her, and her look of curiosity slowly became an outright knowing grin.

"What is it?" Connie asked.

"Oh, I'm just appreciating your style, *sis*," Katy mused. "That dress really emphasises your bust. You look a whole cup size bigger."

Connie had to drink some soda just to avoid giving the game away. Tyrell placed his hand on her thigh. "Why, thank you Katy."

"No problem. I'm glad you're not sick anymore too."

"You were sick?" Tiffany asked. "When?"

“How did you know I was sick?”

“I’m friends with Hannah, your new receptionist.” Katy’s look revealed nothing, but her eyes were positively *gleaming*. She suspected. Connie knew she did.

“That’s it!” the former male declared. “Fine, I’m doing it now before Katy basically accuses me.” She stood, much to the surprise of Tiffany, and the much milder surprise of Jacob. “Mom. Dad. Little traitorous sis. I’m pregnant.”

Tiffany’s jaw fell. Jacob’s eyes widened. But Katy screamed in excitement, practically *leaping* out of her chair. “Yes! YES! I knew it!”

“Are you sure, dear?” Tiffany asked.

“Pretty sure, Mom.”

“I - oh my God. I can barely believe it. Come here!” She got out of her seat to embrace Connie, and then Tyrell as well. “This is wonderful news. It is wonderful news, right?”

Connie laughed. She placed a hand over her belly, which was only ten weeks along now. Just barely beginning to grow taut. “Yeah, it is. Surprising, but wonderful. Ten weeks along yesterday.”

“We’re very excited,” Tyrell added.

“Oh, and congratulations to you too, Tyrell!”

But Katy was already all over her sister. “I’m going to be an aunt! This is hilarious, my own older brother is going to be having babies and giving birth and nursing all before me! Who’d a thunk it?”

Connie sighed. “Thanks for the reminder. I’ll give you tips for when it’s your turn.”

“Yeah, I practice birth control, sis. Ever heard of it?”

But the two sisters embraced, clearly both excited for one another. It was only when they parted that she realised Jacob hadn’t said a word. She turned to him, and her heart nearly broke, though not in a bad way. Her father had small, manly tears forming in his eyes, and was struggling to form words.

“I’m - I’m going to be a grandad?” he said.

She moved to embrace him as well.

“Yeah Dad, you are.”

He sniffed, got his emotions under control. “You better take care of my daughter, son,” he declared to Tyrell.

“Yes, sir. No doubt about that.”

As usual, the telling of the friends was much more raucous. Bianca and Abby immediately set to peppering Connie with questions, interrogating her over which particular night 'it' had happened. Connie was fairly certain, in fact, and the fact that it was at a beach resort on their six month anniversary made her two girlfriends practically swoon.

"Don't make my eggs too excited, girl!" Bianca declared. "I can't afford a baby yet, but now I'm really feeling the need."

"Rein it in, girl!" Abby said. "You won't be able to drink like this if you get knocked up."

"Huh. Good point. Sorry about that Connie."

The former male just sighed. "Yeah, it sucks." They were at a restaurant bar, after all, though at least the pizza was absolutely delicious. She was wolfing it down. "But hey, at least I don't have to put up with periods."

"Ugh, I'm so jealous over that. And you only had, what, six of them? I've had like fifteen times that or something. I don't know maths!"

The girls all laughed. Meanwhile, the boys were all congratulating Tyrell, Daniel and Gabriel especially.

"Well, looking forward to being a dad?"

"Absolutely," Tyrell said. "I've never been more excited. I'm keen to see my girl grow."

"Weird to think of Connor here as a girl still, it all seems too crazy!"

Gabriel just shrugged. "She seems happier as a woman. A lot more. And you two clearly haven't wasted time enjoying yourselves. She certainly seems to be showing already." With a sly grin, he gestured to his chest, indicating that Connie's breasts had grown. Connie scoffed, hearing this.

"Another toast!" Gabby declared.

"Oh dear God, no."

"TO CONNIE'S EVEN BIGGER TITS! AND A BIGGER BELLY YET TO COME!"

Connie groaned as a chuckling, slightly tipsy Tyrell kissed her on the cheek while copping a quick feel. "You're all terrible! God, I'm never going to live this down."

Part 12: Checking in

Connie lay back on the special reclining chair as her belly was smeared in the ultrasound jelly. She was excited, but also nervous. Tyrell was by her side, holding her hand.

"We won't be able to see everything," the tech reminded her. "But we might be able to tell the sex if the little one is lying right. But the major signs of health are things we'll be able to check."

“That’s all we care about,” she said. “We want the gender to be a surprise.”

She was four months along now, and her belly had come out of hiding. She had started wearing maternity clothes, and had certainly needed them: even at sixteen weeks, she looked closer to twenty! The baby was growing more than she expected, and her boobs had swollen up another cup size, requiring entirely new bras. Tyrell couldn’t keep his hands off her swelling body, particularly given that her ass was also expanding. She just felt more tired a lot of the time. Her body was literally moulding a new life into existence, after all.

“Have you felt them kick yet?” the techie asked.

“Yeah,” she beamed. “Just two days ago.”

“I can’t wait to catch them in the act,” Tyrell said.

It had been a moment of wonder, that first little kick inside her belly. It had been the first moment when it felt so real. Before that, she’d simply felt bloated. Tired. Overly curvy. And, of course, prone to morning sickness that almost made her wish she had a penis again. But feeling that small little stirring inside her womb filled her with such awe.

“Okay, let’s see what image we can get.”

Connie squeezed Tyrell’s hand tighter as the screen lit up with footage of her womb. *Her* womb. It was still astonishing to think about. There, a tiny outline of an alien creature, its head much more pronounced than many of its other features, was on the screen. It was in a solid profile, and the techie complimented the positioning.

“Well, very easy for us! And look, they’re certainly moving. Things are looking healthy. I’ll just take some screens and make some notes, but as you can see by the monitor they’ve got a steady heartbeat and are moving well. And - wow! - they’re a big one.”

“Is that bad?” asked Connie.

“It’s neither here nor there, except when it comes to birthing! He’s about, lemme see . . . four weeks ahead of his gestational age. Woo, big one indeed!”

Connie’s jaw dropped, but Tyrell just chuckled. “He or she definitely has me in them then! All the men in my family make huge babies.”

“God, and I was a big baby myself,” Connie moaned. “What have you done to me, you awful man!”

The technician smirked. “Well, it’s a good thing you’ve got some wonderfully wide hips there, because he’s in the ninety-ninth percentile.”

Connie groaned. Already strange to imagine pushing a baby out of her hooch, but now knowing it was going to be a big one was utterly galling. Still, looking at the image on the screen, of that tiny life just starting its journey, she finally felt like she was in love. It surged in her, and she looked to Tyrell with rosy cheeks.

“Our baby,” she said, beaming.

“Our baby,” he repeated, smiling back.

From that point on, Connor's view of pregnancy truly changed. Not only did Tyrell's baby begin kicking inside her more often, making its presence known in unexpected and adorable ways, but she began to regain the energy she had lost in her first trimester. As her belly expanded, she no longer looked slightly chubby, but rather what she actually was: a pregnant woman whose figure was preparing itself for eventual birth months down the line. Her breasts stopped feeling sore, though they were enlarged, and her nipples darkened too. Tyrell loved playing with them, especially since her second trimester hormones had kicked in, and kicked in *hard*.

She was horny as hell half the time, and hungry the rest. Tyrell took every advantage of that, getting her cravings regardless of the late hour (including, for some reason, salted orange slices of all things) and then basking in her joy. She would often be thankful that she would demand her fuck her, an act that they were increasingly having to be quite creative in how they went about it. Her favourite new position, she'd discovered, was lying on her back in bed, clutching her round belly and occasionally playing with her tits, all while she spread her legs wide for Tyrell's tongue to enter and tease her most private parts. It was especially tender because he would stroke her fertile roundness, and with his larger limbs also take some time to caress her breasts. She orgasmed quite a lot from these ministrations. In thanks, she enjoyed giving him more blowjobs, an act she had gotten more confident in during their time of dating, to the point where she actually relished the salty taste of his semen. God knows he ejaculated a lot of it from those over productive balls of his. It was funny to think, really, that her closest interaction with a penis these days was only when her boyfriend stuck his huge one within her, or when she swallowed it into her mouth until he came down her throat.

But beyond her increasingly hedonistic love life, Connie was also blooming well into her pregnancy. She was wearing cute maternity dresses, showing off her bump, and no longer being quite as ashamed of it, even if there was some residual teasing, especially from her sister. When she dropped in alone to see her mother, Katy was also there grinning at the sight of her.

"Oh no, the devil is here too," Connie remarked.

"Beware my horns! But it is you that live in sin - when are you and Ty getting married?"

She blushed. "I don't know. Marriage . . . that seems so crazy."

"Crazier than getting super duper knocked up? Seriously, are you sure you're six months alone? You look almost due!"

Connie stroked her heavy belly lovingly, and with more than a little pride. “Definitely six months. They’re just a big, big baby.”

“Are you sure it’s not twins?”

“I’m sure. Ty just has, like, super sperm I guess.”

“Gross. So gross. Now let me feel your belly! I want to have my little niece or nephew kick for me!”

Connie didn’t have much of a choice. When their mother walked in from doing odd jobs upstairs, she laughed at Katy whining about how the baby was asleep.

“No fair! I want to feel it!”

“Get pregnant then,” Connie said.

Tiffany rolled her eyes. “Don’t even think about it Katy. One of you is enough to handle! Now get out of the way. Baby will definitely kick for his grammy!”

“His?”

Tiffany smiled at her formerly-male daughter. “You were my little boy once, Connie. I’m still counting on you to bring some testosterone back into this family. And you’re going to be our little flagbearer, aren’t you? Aren’t you, little one?”

Connie sighed. “At least let me sit down so you can fuss over my belly without my legs getting all sore. I’m carrying a lot of extra weight here.”

“At least it’s not fat anymore!” Katy jibed.

“Thanks for reminding me.”

She sat back as the two women fawned over her belly. She was feeling particularly weighty that morning, so it was nice to be lifted up and given comments, even if Katy did tease her by pointing out how much the baby would be ‘well fed’ when it came to the size of her boobs.

“Better than my old manboobs,” Connie said, grinning. “Or are you just jealous?”

By the way Katy blushed a little, perhaps her little sister was. But then the baby finally woke and shifted, and each of them marvelled over the little kicking infant making itself known.

It was during this period that Tyrell’s parents finally visited from the other side of the state. They knew the full story of Connie and her past as a man, but to the couple’s relief they didn’t really care at all. After all, they didn’t know Connie before when she’d been a man.

“As far as I’m concerned, all I care about is that I finally have a grandchild on the way,” his mom declared. She was a sweet, surprisingly little woman. Tyrell’s father, on the other hand, was nearly as big as his son, and loomed over Connie. Yet just like Ty himself, he had the spirit of a gentle giant about him, and was very gentlemanly, insisting on paying for all the meals at the restaurant they all went to. Connie wore a cute black dress that was

stylish yet tasteful, though it emphasised her bust and belly quite well thanks to a belt that cinched elegantly between them. It was a relief actually: it helps reduce the boobsweat of her tits always resting on her rounded stomach these days.

“Now you eat as much as you need to, Connie,” he said in his booming brass voice. “Dear Mae here practically put me out of hearth and home making out ‘little’ Tyrell here, and you’ll be no different I imagine! Order as much as you need and don’t feel guilty about one bit of it. It’s all on me.”

“Thanks, sir.”

“Please, you’re not longer a man - in fact that’s the only clue you were one I’ve seen! Call me Dion, please.”

“You look gorgeous by the way, Connie,” Mae said. “I just love that dress. It stretches well! You have my sympathies - I grew just as much with Ty, but never had anything so nice to wear. Our Tyrell always liked girls in cute dresses. Especially white ones.”

“Mom!” Tyrell said. It was funny to Connie, seeing him a bit embarrassed for once.

“I don’t see any need to beat around the bush, dear. You’ve always liked the white girls, there’s nothing wrong with that. And we know you’re not shallow. Connie seems perfect for you. Does she put up with all your little action figurine things?”

“Mom!” he declared again. “She’s more into them than I am!”

“Well, that’s wonderful she can humour you.”

Connie just laughed, trying not to wheeze. She was grateful when the waiter came around to take their orders, and even more so for Dion giving her permission to go crazy. This baby was making her feel like she could eat a horse! God knows, her belly was taut and big enough already, but clearly it was not done by half yet!

When Connie was seven months along and only getting rounder, they caught up with her Dad for an ordinary meet and greet. For Connie, it was simply a nice visit to rest her feet up, as well as to keep her dad in the loop. Jacob was a good man of few words, but he hated imposing on people so much that he barely ever reached out to her, forcing her to come to him. So she made it clear that as much as she loved him he needed to be active in the baby’s life.

“After all, I’m only two months out.”

“Mhm, sounds about right. Yeah, don’t worry. I’ll be a grandad. Not screwing up this relationship.”

“Please Dad, you didn’t screw up any relationships.”

He shrugged, took a sip of beer. “Maybe. Maybe not. Either way, I’ll teach the little tyke how to ride a tricycle.”

It was at that point that Tyrell piped up. “That reminds me, Jacob. If you don’t mind, I’d like to ask you for some advice about my car. I know you’re a good guy with mechanics.”

“Always been pretty good, yeah.”

“You mind if we talk outside? I don’t want to bore Connie.”

“Sure.”

The two left, though it seemed a bit strange to Connie. Tyrell was a big nerd - hell, during her pregnancy they’d taken to watching the entire Marvel Cinematic Universe in order as a nice soothing evening experience, nestled up on the couch together - but he wasn’t ignorant of cars either. Still, she was grateful for some rest time. She put her feet up, stroked her stomach where her little baby was sleeping, and had a brief nap while the two men talked outside.

“Mhmm . . . a nice little moment of peace before I have to put up with another round of kicking. Or worse. *Walking.*”

Of course, there were other things she missed even more, particularly when she and Tyrell caught up with their friends. After all, they were all still quite young, and Bianca and Daniel were frequent partygoers. Which meant, unfortunately, that Connie was the *only* one that couldn’t drink any alcohol. Not even a smidge. Which sucked, because as a man he’d always enjoyed a beer with his friends, but now that *she* was pregnant, there was no chance of that happening, especially not with Tyrell being such a protective papa bear.

“You can have a mocktail,” he said, comforting her.

“I know, I know. I just really, really want one sip. But I’ll be good, don’t worry.”

“Don’t worry Connie,” Bianca declared, rubbing her stomach in a teasing manner, “Well drink for you!”

“Gee, thanks. Just you wait, I’m going on a massive bender when I birth this sucker. Well, after I breastfeed. And raise them. And find free time. God, I’m doomed, aren’t I?”

“Cheers to that!”

“At last you’re glowing!” Abby added. “You look so big! Like you’re about to give birth.”

Tyrell kissed his partner. “Well, she’s still got two whole months to go with our big baby. So still some growing for my queen yet.”

“You *better* be in the room when it goes down,” Bianca said. “Or else you’ll have to deal with Connie’s girlfriend defence-troupe.” She indicated to herself, Bianca, and Gabriel, who was an honorary member.

Connie chuckled, sipping her mocktail for a moment. “Well, glad to know I’ve got some allies on my side!”

“Oh, you’re kidding yourself if you think we’re not all going to demand lots of holds when your kid arrives, girl.”

Connie was out for a morning walk in her maternity workout gear. Her belly was partially out: she wore workout pants with built-in support for her belly, but given that the day was warmer than expected, she decided on her sports bra just for her boobs, which left the top half of her belly exposed. With her hair in a smart ponytail - her preferred 'lazy' hairstyle - she began her morning circuit, enjoying the fresh air while Tyrell was at work.

"God, I'm big," she bemoaned, adjusting her sports bra. Bad enough to have a pair of boobs that were each about the size of her head, but her belly had finally, *finally* outpaced them. Tyrell had teased her that even with her huge stomach, her tits were still jutting out further for half her pregnancy. But now her rounded middle was full of baby, as well as an above-average amount of fluid. As if she needed the extra filling! It meant that putting on clothes, showing, changing, and generally going about the house chores were difficult. In the end, she'd given in to Tyrell's suggestions and moved in with him, ending the lease on her own apartment. Far easier to be in the same space and accept his help. It made things a lot easier now that she was in her third trimester.

Still, the fresh air of her morning circuit gave her energy reserves she didn't know she had. Sure, she was waddling a little already, and had to take breather breaks, but there was something reinvigorating about a morning walk, and especially the kind comments from neighbours and other people walking past, many of whom liked to strike up conversation and congratulate her. Of course, the assumption was *always* that she was due any moment. The looks on their faces when she told them she was only seven months along!

She cupped her belly a little as she walked, trying to ignore how her big boobs still bounced on her stomach as she walked. Not even a bra made of pure steel could stop them, she reckoned. But there were no creeps today, and she felt rather pleasant. Her doctor was right: given the massive weight gain from Tyrell's big baby inside her, regular exercise was good for her. What wasn't good for her was the sight ahead. The one that was completely unavoidable, and totally unexpected.

Her ex-girlfriend from the days of Connor, Robyn, was similarly in workout gear, and was heading straight towards her. It was an open neighbourhood trail they were on: there was no chance of avoiding the woman who had been so cruel twice over. And there was no hope of outrunning her: Connie had run only a couple of times while pregnant, and each time it had been an overwhelming effort that left her panting. So she could only try to keep a solid bearing and avoid blushing out of sheer embarrassment.

"Holy shit. Holy shit. Connor, is this for real? Did you actually get knocked up?"

Robyn had her dark pixie cut and had eschewed make up for the day, evidently. With her partly androgynous face, she almost would have looked a little boyish in her tank top and

shorts, were it not for her slim belly, slight hourglass figure, and nice C-cup breasts. As always, she knew how to dress stylishly, even if today her look wasn't particularly feminine.

"Hello Robyn," Connie said, holding her belly. "How have you been?"

"Not as busy as you, Connie. Are you seriously pregnant? There's no way."

"I am," Connie said proudly. "I'm having Tyrell's baby. And I'm happy."

Robin smirked. "I'll bet you are, now that you're the little bitch you always were meant to be. God, those massive hooters look absolutely whorish, you realise that?"

But Connie was ready for these comments. She simply waited Robyn out, continued to stroke her stomach lovingly. "What's wrong with you Robyn, that you make comments like that? That you felt the need to tell all my friends and family that I decided to be a woman before I got the chance?"

Robin crossed her arms, sneering. She stepped closer, but even pregnant, Connie stood her ground. She was shorter, and more vulnerable, but she had no doubt she could smack this lithe woman to the ground if needed to protect her child. Thankfully, Robyn just curled her lip in disgust and continued to insult her.

"I told them because everyone needed to know what a freak you are. I still can't believe I was ever with you, *Connor*."

"It's Connie now, Robyn. And you misjudged my friends and family. Everyone accepted me. It was a little embarrassing to be forced out like that, but they accepted me. They still do."

"Maybe to your face, but I bet they're all laughing at you behind your back, *Connor*. The pregnant man who's getting fucked by her friend, who's a real man. Well, he would be, if he weren't into a freak like you."

"You leave Tyrell out of this," Connor exclaimed, raising her voice. The baby kicked a little within her, obviously feeling its mother's agitation. "He is my boyfriend, my babydaddy, the father of my child. And you are being an absolute *bitch* for no goddamned reason. I may not have been manly enough for you Robyn, but who are you with now, hmm? You're so obsessed with what's masculine and not, why do you even care? At least I'm *happy*. You don't look a bit when I see you. I love my life now. And if I wasn't man enough before then I am *certainly* womanly enough, God knows the size of this freakin' sports bra is evidence enough of that, and this amazing, ever-moving tyke in my belly. Meanwhile, despite all your superiority, where are you in life? Single, and lonely, and still obsessing over what's manly or not. That to me is sad. I genuinely hope you sort it all out, Robyn. I do. But in the meantime, I'm taking my baby out on a walk while its still in me, and I'm going to have a magnificent day. Goodbye."

With that, she turned away from Robyn and began to waddle off, the other woman's jaw open in shock. But nothing came out of it, and Connie left in peace, feeling high on confidence and pride.

"That's how mommy does it," she told her huge belly.

At eight months, not only did Connie feel enormous, she *was* enormous. Her belly looked easily like a woman full term with *twins*. The highs of the second trimester had left her, and she now felt like a total hippo, more overcome with weight than she ever had been as Connor. She occasionally knocked things off her desk or those of her fellow ICT workers by accident, just by swinging her belly in the wrong direction, and her boobs were feeling sore and overly full as they prepared to feed her child. She had a quiet but confident suspicion that her body was going to produce a *lot* of milk. A good thing too: Tyrell was clear that Williams family boys had a habit of being real big drinkers.

"Lucky me," she had said sarcastically, though part of her was curious what breastfeeding would be like. Tyrell had offered to show her, which had led to a bout of hot pregggo sex, but obviously it would be different. Soothing, perhaps?

Certainly, the time was soon approaching when she could have plenty of time to think about it. It was her last day at the office before going on maternity leave, and her flowery blue maternity dress was stretched to its absolutely limits.

She dropped her glasses on the floor as she readied to log off, and her midsection was so swollen by that point that she had to ask Jasper to pick them up for her.

"Here you go, Conn," the older man said. He was still a bit of an old chauvinist, but to her surprise he'd been a big help over the last few months. She never knew it, but he actually had three kids of his own, and by all accounts had been an utter gentleman to his-then wife while she was pregnant. A shame about all the cheating, remarriages, then cheating, then divorces that followed.

"Thanks Jasper," she said, giving him a smile. She wiped her brow. "I feel like I can't do anything these days. So damn pregnant."

"Well, you chose this!" Darren reminded her, drinking his coffee. She hated him for that: it was another drink she loved that she couldn't have while gestating Tyler's huge baby.

"Oh, it's worth it," she said, "but I could stand to *not* stand for a bit."

"Want me to run up and get some snacks for you again?" Barry asked. The youngest member of the team had been the sweetest, always getting her food and drink when she needed it, and often without being asked.

"It's all g-good," she said, feeling a particularly powerful kick against her spine - the spot she liked least to be kicked in. "I'm about to g-go. It's been wonderful, fellas. I don't know when I'll be b-back. But try not to misbehave too much while I'm away. I don't want to miss the fun."

"Have good birthing!" Darren said, amused.

"Oh, shut up Darren!"

"Well, before you tell me to shut up, we decided to get you a little present before you go. Take a look in your bottom draw."

Interested, she went to reach it, only to find her massive mound in the way. Barry moved to open it for her and pass her the present. It was a simply USB.

"Gee, thanks."

"You'll be thanking us a lot more when you realise it's got the entire *X-MAX* game series on it via a ROM simulator. In English."

Her jaw dropped. "No fucking way. But it's so obscure. I thought you could only get that in Japanese, and even then!"

Darren chuckled. "Nothing is beyond the power of a bunch of nerds looking after their own. Just because you'll be a mother and all that doesn't mean you have to stop being a total geek."

She smiled. It was true. With all the romance and pregnancy hullabaloo, it reminded her that she and Tyrell had gone weeks without playing their usual video games together. This might be the spark needed to get back into that. Once more, the powerful pregnancy hormones overcame her, and she began to cry.

"You guys are the best!" she declared.

Sarah was, as always, fussing over Connie's belly. All the girls were. They couldn't believe she still had a month to go, or that she had made it this far. Connie was a little overwhelmed, but there was a bigger part of her that just loved being the centre of female attention, perhaps a remnant of her male self. Or perhaps it was simply that being an expectant mother among excited women made one feel like a goddess among mortals.

"It kicked! The baby kicked!" Sarah declared.

Janice laughed. "Someone get Sarah out of her before she spermjacks her boyfriend to have her own. Or worse, kidnaps someone else's!"

The group laughed, all while Sarah fobbed them off in favour of continuing to feel Connie's belly. "Screw you! I just love babies!"

"I noticed!" Connie said. "On the left side, you'll feel the kicking."

“Awww - oh! Whoa, that’s a whopper.”

The former male grinned. “Try being the one *having* the baby. It feels like much more of a whopper. He’s in the ninety-ninth percentile, and I certainly feel it.”

“That’s soooo crazy,” Danielle said. “I really want a baby myself, but I hope Brad doesn’t make them as big as clearly as Tyrell clearly does.”

Connie beamed a little. “Well, it’s a good thing I’ve got these hips then. I’ll certainly need them!”

Janice spoke next. “Who would have thought that our tall, shy ICT worker Connor Darby would go on to not only join us in the women’s circle, but be one of the first of us to head up maternity leave. I’m so happy for you Connie, and for little bub. I bet he’ll feed well off those big hooters.”

Another round of teasing laughter, and this time Connie blushed. “Well, I’ve already started to leak a little.”

“Well, when it rains my dear, it’ll soon pour.”

The teasing and gossip continued, including a lot of talk about when Tyrell would hurry up and propose already, something which Connie worked hard to change the subject on, when suddenly there was a silence in the staffroom. Their HR manager, Mark Linehart, was coughing loudly to indicate a speech.

“Oh dear.”

“Hello everyone!” he announced. “As we all know, our own Connie Darby will be leaving us today to go on maternity leave. Some of you may remember that Connie was once Connor, but my how she has changed, and for the better!”

“Fuck’s sake, Mark,” Janice muttered.

“Bit sexist,” another whispered. “Classic Mark. Foot in mouth syndrome at work.”

But the man continued without even realising. “We hope to see Connie back, but for all her hard work in the IT department, we want to send her off with all our best well-wishers. Connie, would you like to come up?”

She didn’t, but from his gesture in the open space she decided she had to. She waddled up, and there were numerous whispers from people from other departments that were astonished at how big she’d gotten. She eyed Tyrell in the corner, talking to other higher-ups before going silent. He gave her a flirty little wave and a dashing smile, and she returned it, still blushing. He was very, *very* clear how proud he was for knocking her up with such a big baby. He loved her pregnant curves, to the point where they still fucked even as she became more immobile. Her thoughts were so preoccupied by the notion of sex with her lover that she nearly missed what Linehart was saying.

“This card has been signed with personal messages from everyone. And while we know you can’t drink it - yet - the company as always has bestowed upon you a bottle of nice

red to enjoy one you and our dear Tyrell Williams get alone together, if you know what I mean.”

Somewhere in the audience, one of his HR subordinates slapped their foreheads. There was an ‘oohhh’ from the crowd, all wincing. Mark seemed to realise his mistake, because he quickly pivoted.

“We also have another, very related congratulations. Connie’s babydaddy - er, *partner*, I mean - will be taking up the position of marketing manager for our entire western states region. He’ll still be here, but he’ll have a lot more work on his plate! Of course, Genar Industries is a big believer in helping our employees support their families, so after all his hard work these last few years he can rest easy knowing that he can take care of his soon-to-be arriving little one. Congratulations to Connie and Tyrell everyone!”

There was a loud congratulations from the crowd before lunch ended. Connie rushed - well, waddled - to Tyrell and embraced him with a kiss.

“Well done, love,” she said. “You must be so pleased.”

“Totally, I am!” he said, grinning from ear to ear. “It’s all coming together, Connie. Me, you, our jobs, our home, and our little one. He cradled her belly, and from his gaze she could tell he was totally enamoured with her form. She rubbed her taut dome slowly, and there was a touch of lust to his expression as well.

“Later,” she promised.

“Mhm, good. I love how big you are with my baby. It sets off a primal part of my brain.”

“I can tell, dude. You can’t keep your hands off all my pregnant curves.”

“What can I say, you’re a hot preggo. But we should also celebrate with a nice two-player gaming sesh tonight, before baby comes.”

She laughed, much to his confusion.

“Did I say something wrong?”

“No, the opposite, dude. I have the perfect game in mind!”

The day after that last workday, and a particularly passionate lovemaking session in the morning, during which she’d orgasmed hard enough to wake the baby, Tyrell drove the pair of them out to the same resort they went to for their six-month anniversary. The weather was not quite as warm, but the vistas were lovely, and the bright purple hues of the afternoon sky were particularly romantic. It was to be their babymoon, and Connie was grateful. It was one final opportunity to relax before they finalised the baby room, finished buying the last of the baby items, and so on. Not that there was much of a need: Tiffany and Katy had given them enough baby items to practically drown in. Her mother especially got lots of hand-me-downs,

including some of Connie's own onesies from when she'd been a baby. One actually read 'It's a Boy!', which they all thought was a cute little in-joke now.

"Man, we barely fit in the elevator together now," Tyrell said as they headed towards their room - the one that was specifically the same as last time.

"Oh, har har. You did this to me, dude, you don't get to laugh about it!"

"I can laugh about it a little. I mean, you're huge!"

"I'm *incredibly* aware."

But then he slapped her on the ass as they reached the door, eliciting a pleasurable squeal from Connie. He whispered in her ear. "But I love it. It's a huge turn on."

"I'm still your sexy PAWG? You're 'phat ass white girl'?"

He nodded, gripping that same ass again as he opened the door. "Ohhh yeah. Especially since dat ass got a whole lot bigger these last months. It drives me fucking crazy. You've become exactly the kind of babymamma a big man like me deserves."

She exhaled, feeling a little horny already. "Well, you're not so bad yourself, mister. I may have a fat ass, but you've got a *huge* something that I just want in me as much as possible before this baby comes."

He shut the door, and in one motion lifted her up. She squealed a little, giggling as he easily cradled her, belly and all. He kissed her enormous stomach several times, then lifted her lifts to his. She felt like such a woman in his arms, but whereas once it would have embarrassed her, now it just felt totally right. Totally natural. In the same way that the throbbing of her huge dark nipples and the lubrication of her passage was also feeling natural. Natural, and very needy.

"Why don't you show me what a queen I supposedly am?" she said. "I want you to fuck me. I want to sit on your lap while you fuck me and feel my big round belly. I know it turns you on, how huge I am with your baby."

"Oh God, it does, love. You have no idea. I just love seeing you pregnant like this. I love how huge you are. I almost want to keep you like this."

"Well, we'll just have to have more than one," she said. It was meant to just be a teasing, flirty statement, but she realised the prospect of it sounded genuinely exciting. She sat down heavily on the bed, and patted the spot next to her. "C'mon, let's practice making more of them."

It didn't take any more convincing than that. Her friend, her lover, the love of her life in fact, removed his clothes in an instant and sat on the bed. He helped her remove her dress, followed by her panties and bra, leaving her enormously gravid body fully naked before him. Her boobs were huge, round and full and already leaking little spurts of colostrum. Her midsection was huge, extending out far ahead of her and making her appear like some sort of fertility idol. Like a fertility goddess.

“Fuck, you are so goddamn sexy,” Tyrell said.

“Show me how sexy you find me,” she replied. She rubbed her belly in profile, then cupped her huge tits. “And don’t forget my huge boobs. They’re so, sooooo big. I want you to pay special attention to them.”

“Oh, I think I can do that.”

He leaned back, and with extra special care, she mounted him, facing towards him as he put his back against the pillows of the bed. She was on her knees, thighs spread, so that her enormous belly was rubbing against his chest and her huge tits wobbling level with his eyes. She knew she was a sight to behold for him, and aimed to milk his enormous cock for all it was worth.

“Ohhhhhhhh,” she groaned as she lowered herself on him. Each time, it didn’t matter how many times they did it, she marvelled at his girth and length, and how deeply he penetrated her. The two began to rock, her pussy taking in all of him, while he sucked on her tits and rubbed her belly. It was more exhausting than normal given her size, but they still groaned in ecstasy, their naked bodies in perfect sync as the pleasure rose and rose and rose. Finally, as he squeezed her tits, it all became too much.

“Yes! Yes, f-fuck me! Make your baby mama come! YES! YES! YE-OOHHHH!!!”

She arched her back as much as she could, sticking out her belly and tits so that her babydaddy was nearly smothered. He shot wad after wad of semen into her, and again that thought of having more babies entered her mind.

It was sounding better and better.

“God, that was good,” she moaned. “But I need your help getting off of you.”

They chuckled as she was eased off of him. It took even a bit of effort from her strong man of a boyfriend, but that only meant she could appreciate his muscles even more.

“I love how strong you are,” she remarked, before gasping as his cock finally left her.

“And I love how soft and big you are,” he said. He eased her down so that she could lay back. He began to stroke her stomach, setting her and the baby at ease.

“Mhmmhmmm . . . you do?”

“Yeah, babe. It makes me feel so manly and powerful, caring for my pregnant woman, who’s carrying *my* child. I don’t know, it feels like caveman brain has activated or something,, but it makes me feel really protective of you. I can’t stop looking at how amazing you are all full with my baby.”

She grinned, stroking her breasts idly. “Well, I certainly feel full with your baby. And that turns me on as well. I love how possessive you get. Like a sexy papa bear. Even when I was a guy, I knew you’d be an awesome father.”

“Well, you’re going to be one sexy mama.”

“I better be! Because I definitely don’t feel sexy!”

He began to caress her breast, which made her moan quietly in pleasure.

“Well, I guess I’ll just have to show my queen how sexy she is.”

Whereas before Connie had been nervous about wearing a bikini at all, now she was simply self-conscious about wearing a bikini while so gargantuanly pregnant. It was bright pink too, something Tyrell had specifically requested.

“I look ridiculous,” she said as they walked along the beach together.”

“Nonsense, you look like the perfect partner to a guy like me. Everyone can see you’re carrying my baby. It’s not only ordinary, it’s beautiful. We’re both of us pretty fine specimens.”

She scoffed. She loved Tyrell, truly loved him, but he could be pretty into himself sometimes. Though she liked it when he got a bit dominant with it.

“I just look huge! Like a human beach ball! And even with these big cups my boobs are wobbling everywhere. I feel like I’m about to spill out of this bikini.”

“I wouldn’t mind.”

She chuckled sarcastically. “Yeah, you and every guy here. I see being eight months pregnant with the biggest damn baby ever hasn’t dimmed other men’s excitement for me.”

Tyrell squeezed her ass briefly. “Why would it, when you’re the sexiest, curviest girl on the beach still?”

“I just miss having stomach muscles. Abs. Not good abs, mind you. Just . . . abs. And this bikini, it’s too - too pink!”

“I like it.”

She folded her arms beneath her chest, causing her bosom to rise like a shelf. “You just like me being super feminine in front of you because you can tease me about it.”

Another squeeze, this time with a kiss on her cheek. “You like the teasing. It turns you on.”

Looking up at his strong, muscled body made her blush. Her nipples stuck out prominently through the thin fabric of her pink bikini top. She almost wanted to jump his bones right there. Not that she could jump any more.

“Yeah, okay. I do. It’s so weird. Robyn insults me, and I take it personally. But with you, I like the little comments. They’re not mean, and it makes me feel, I don’t know. Kinda submissive.”

Tyrell shifted so that he was standing behind her on the sand. He lifted her belly a little, easing the weight. She sighed in relief, then looked up, placing an arm around her

lover's neck and kissing him passionately on the lips. Even in full view of others, her gave a quick grope of her chest, eliciting a moan from her mouth into his.

"See? You're fucking sexy like this. And I like the submissive. Just like you like me as your big, strong man who makes the big decisions."

"Mhmm, I guess I kinda do."

"So how about this for a decision? We go into the water and have fun. And you let me kiss and rub that belly while I help you float in the water."

She breathed heavily in anticipation. "God, that sounds lovely."

And it was. So much so that Tyrell had to practically pull her out of the water by the end. The floating was wonderful on her sore back and legs, but her ever-hungry stomach was starting to growl.

And they had fancy dinner reservations.

Tyrell was a little odd as they ate. Connie thought he was distracted by the quite low-cut design of her blue dress. She loved blue, it was her favourite colour to wear, particularly since it matched her new stylish glasses frames. It also did well to highlight the shape of her stomach, particularly since the sexy maternity dress she wore was tight around her belly, so that all could see how big it was. The waiter had pulled the chair for her and congratulated her on twins, which just made her laugh and choose not to correct him.

Dinner had, of course, been delicious. She ate enough for two and a half, thanks to Tyrell's baby being such a whopper, but there was an odd silence to the proceedings, like her lover was nervous about something. Distracted.

"Is everything alright, love?" she asked. "You seem a bit weird tonight. You should relax. It's a fancy shmancy restaurant. It's hella romantic."

Tyrell snapped back to attention. Some of the ladies were looking at him with envy, which just made Connie all the more proud to be the one carrying his baby. She knew she looked like a stylish, young, heavily pregnant woman, which was exactly what she was now, really.

"Sorry Connie, I'm just thinking." His expression became serious, which made her own smile disappear. He extended a huge hand across the table and took her dainty one within its strong hold. She loved the feeling of it. "We're going to be parents, aren't we?"

"Well, I should think that was obvious. Maybe you need to borrow this massive belly for a while just to confirm the massive load I'm carrying."

But he didn't chuckle. His face remained serious, which got her a little worried.

“I’m just saying, we’re not far off from having a kid, and I think maybe we might want more in the future. You’re my queen, and that’s not just bedroom talk. I really do worship you, Connie. You came into my life and took my teasing and playful flirting on the chin, and while I certainly played a big part in making you come out of your shell, I can’t take all or even most of the credit. You’ve become this amazing, sexy, brilliant woman. You make friends easily, you try new things, and you’re willing to change your whole life in a way I couldn’t imagine in order to be truly happy. I may be pretty damn big and powerful next to you, but you inspire me each and every day.”

She began to feel a well of emotion building up inside her at his words.

“Ty, you know I feel the same way about you. I love you, dude.”

“I love you too, Connie. I really do. I love you so much it hurts sometimes, I can’t explain it. I want to give you the perfect life. You deserve it. For going from the man who was my best friend to the woman I want to spend the rest of my life with. And I want to do it officially.”

She gasped, eyes wide as he stood from his seat and drew a small box from his pocket. Someone else pointed, another made a loud comment, and soon the eyes of the whole restaurant were upon them as Tyrell opened the small box to reveal a gorgeous diamond ring.

“Connie Darby, will you do me the supreme honour of becoming this king’s queen? Of becoming Mrs Connie Williams?”

She couldn’t help it. She burst into tears. They streamed down her eyes, and it took her a moment to even be able to stand thanks to her huge belly pressing against the table.

“Yes! For God’s sake, of course, yes! What took you so long!”

“Your father wanted to go fishing with me before he gave his blessing. Fishing with me *four times*.”

She laughed, embracing him. He kissed her in a tender, loving fashion, and the restaurant exploded into cheers and whistles at the sight. She blushed briefly, pulling apart and wiping her tears of joy even as new ones formed. She held out her hand, and Tyrell slipped the ring onto her finger. It fit a little tightly on her slightly swollen finger, a result of the pregnancy, but she knew when she recovered from birth it would be perfect.

No, it already was perfect. It was *her* ring.

“I’m going to marry you so hard,” she said, laughing.

They kissed again, and there was another round of cheers.

Part 13: Aftermaths

Birth was, predictably, quite difficult. Connie went into labor early in the morning, nestled against her handsome man. Her belly tensed, and while she was used to that feeling - much too used to it, she thought - it felt somehow different. The follow up contractions confirmed it: labor had begun. Oddly, for all that she was happy for Tyrell to be the dominant one and she was comfortably submissive most of the time, their dynamic was surprisingly reversed. Tyrell was all in a panic, while she found reserves of confidence. Yes, birth scared her, particularly with how big the baby was, but she didn't have wide hips for nothing. Hell, she hadn't come this far for nothing. She had gone from ashamed of herself as a man, to embarrassed of herself before Robyn as a woman, to proud of her pregnant body.

And now the finish line was in sight.

So it was her that took charge, reminding Tyrell where the birth bag was, the pushing mixtape they'd made full of videogame boss combat music to hyper her up, as well as the fact that no, they didn't have to leave right away. They had to time her contractions.

"Sorry, babe. I'm just freaking out!"

"It's okay, dude. Just calm down. I can't believe you're the one freaking out. I'm the dude who's now a pregnant check. I've got to push - NNGHHH! - oh God, that was a powerful one. I'm the one that has to push your big baby out of my pussy! So get with the program!"

In the end, labor was longer than she would have liked, though not as long as she feared. Sixteen hours after the early wake up, she finally gave one final, painful push. It was mitigated by the epidural, which she'd practically begged for, and it was all worth it for what came after: a beautiful baby boy delivered at 10:02PM. He was squalling, and a little purple, but settled quickly as he was placed on Connie's full chest. He latched instantly, and began to gulp down.

"Lady, you're a pro," one of the nurses remarked. "That was the biggest baby I've ever delivered in thirteen years. He was pretty much exactly ten pounds! Good thing you had those hips - not a tear in sight!"

Connie smiled wearily, and focused on her feeding while Tyrell shouted her with compliments. She soaked them up, feeling good about herself, and even more full of love for her little one. Already, her milk was flowing out to his little body, and the feeling was heavenly. She relaxed, feeling joyous at her victory, and basking in her new motherhood.

"What shall we record his name as?" the doctor asked.

"Eric," she said. "Eric Connor Williams."

Tyrell smoothed her on the forehead. "You did well, love. You're amazing."

"We all are," she said, grinning at their little baby.

Motherhood was a hard journey also, but one with even more support, thankfully. Their little boy continued to grow, and the two loving parents doted on him, Connie especially.

“My little man. God, I’m outnumbered! I need a girl just to feel even.”

“I’d be willing to help that along,” Tyrell commented.

And while their love life was put on hold for a couple of months while she healed, it wasn’t put off for too long. As much as she loved breastfeeding, her big boobs produced more than even Eric was capable of drinking in, and so it became a source of comfort and sexual enjoyment for Tyrell to ‘empty her out’, often as a prelude to some vigorous love making between the pair. And on those nights where Eric was finally sleeping well and they were too tired to have sex - or had already had it - the two of them relaxed by versing each other in fighting games, most of which Tyrell won.

“No fair, you should go easy on a girl!” Connie declared. “Besides, I’m not used to playing Chun-li. I just picked her because she’s got thighs like mine.”

“Mhmm, she does have nice thighs. Yours are better. But I still won fair and square.”

“Fine, how about we make it a wager. Next loser has to go down on the other.”

“Oh, that is a nice bet,” Tyrell said, grinning. “Even if I lose, I still win.”

Of course, being the gentleman that he was, he threw the game, letting her win. She knew it, but decided not to make a scene over it. After all, she loved the feeling of his tongue between her thighs. And she ended up paying him back with a blowjob shortly afterwards anyway. She loved sucking on that big cock too damn much.

Soon, the chaos of nightly feedings, changing diapers, and generally meeting the various milestones for little Eric became more normal. He was soon crawling excitedly and giggling with the best of them, and once they felt they had a handle on it, their friends and family soon began to question when the wedding would finally be taking place.

“I’m not getting any younger, and the two of you already have a baby already,” Tiffany said, before cooing at the little one in her lap again. “When are we getting a date?”

“I’ll be the first to tell you, Mom,” Connie said.

She kept true to her word. With Tyrell now well acclimated to his new overseer management role, and their finances well under control as well, the time had come for the wedding. After a lot of searching - far more than Connor would have done as a man - they picked a gorgeous farmhouse area with a rustic aesthetic. Admittedly, Connie was deeply tempted to hire a room that catered nerdy science fiction meals and plastered superheroes on the walls, but her feminine instincts got the better of her, and Bianca and Abby were quick to push her back over the line. It would be too tacky. And besides, who was to say that her

and Tyrell's current favourite shows wouldn't fall into embarrassing decline, just as *Game of Thrones* had? No, it was too great a risk. Instead, the cake topper had a little image of Batman and Catwoman together, as a slight nod to their shared geekery. And, of course, their first dance song was ripped straight from a videogame soundtrack.

Sooner than they could have anticipated, the big day arrived. Tiffany had nearly taken over it in her well-meaning fashion until Katy restrained her, but her help was evident from the smooth organisation of the procession. As thanks for her effort, she was given the honour of holding little Eric during the ceremony. Connie's heart swelled with love as she walked down the aisle, Jacob taking her arm proudly, uncaring that his daughter used to be his son. She wore a gorgeous modern dress, all-white but revealing in the shoulders and part of her bust, giving her husband a tantalising tease of what he could enjoy later that night. She had a gorgeous half-train behind her: she loved her ass, but didn't want everyone to see how it stuck out, after all! Her hair was done in elaborate plaits, and she held her bouquet with pride, beaming. Almost *too* happy.

They each delivered personal vows. How could they not, with their love story so different? Tyrell managed to get in a few jokes teasing how gorgeous she'd become, and what an 'improvement' she was now as a woman. It got laughs from the crowd. But both spoke of their genuine love and support for one another, and how far they had truly come, from coworkers, to friends, to lovers, and now to man and wife. Once the speeches were done, there wasn't a dry eye in the family. To the surprise of Connie, Katy looked even more overcome with emotion than her Mom. She'd just ended a relationship recently, and was clearly ready for something more serious. With a wink, Connie gave a quick gesture to a rather handsome man on Tyrell's side of the family: a cousin who also was recently single, and quite the stud himself. Katy wiped her tears, gave her the thumbs up.

'I'll give him a shot!' she mouthed.

And then, the moment finally arrived. The celebrant declared Connie and Tyrell to be Mr and Mrs Williams, and the immortal words were spoken: "You may now kiss the bride."

They did so eagerly, her standing high on her heels and looking up at her now-husband with love. They kissed for a long time, until finally someone shouted from the back - probably Danielle - "hurry up, we're all hungry!"

The two laughed, kissed once more for good measure, and then the real celebrations began. Well, after the signing and the photoshoots and what not. She and Tyrell shared their loving first dance, though she had to end it sooner in order to fetch Eric and nurse him. He refused the bottle sometimes, not that she minded. After all, weddings were about family, and hers was amazing.

Late into the night, after the serious speeches and the silly ones, and even the tearful one from her younger sister that finally got Connie crying too, the newlyweds made their way

to the hotel they were staying at for the night. Tiffany had Eric There, Tyrell undressed his beautiful wife, and she admired his muscular dark body too as he removed his suit.

“Mm-hmm, me likey,” she giggled.

“Well, it’s nothing you haven’t seen before,” he said, climbing into bed with her.

“Maybe, but it’s the first time I’m seeing my *husband* like this.”

“That’s a good point. Just like it’s the first time I’m seeing my *wife* ready to be undressed. How about I help you out of the rest of that wedding dress so your man can make you cry out in pleasure? You know I want to please my fertile queen.”

“Fertile, am I? Looking to get me with child already?”

His grin told her everything.

“Good!” she responded. “Because I want another baby. I want my sexy dominating husband to put one in me. Tonight.”

“Whatever my sexy queen wants. I miss seeing your big white belly already.”

“Well, hurry up then,” she said, as he removed the last of her clothing and positioned himself over her. “Make me *yours*, husband.”

She groaned with pleasure as he did exactly that, filling her up with his huge black cock and driving her wild with pleasure. And freed from Eric’s needs, they were finally able to see to their own for an entire night.

They barely slept at all, they were so busy.

It was four months after the wedding, and Connie was enjoying married life. Yes, being a mother was still hard work, especially since their lovely Eric occasionally had a bit of a temper when he didn’t get his way. The fact that he’d developed the ability to toddle about and climb things was certainly terrifying enough for the pair of them. It turns out that baby-proofing your house is not an exact science: there was always *something* for him to run into or bang his head on, and in the end Tyrell had to remind the over-cautious, maternal Connie that such things are normal, and were learning experiences for Eric. She simply had to let him learn, stop fussing too much, and focus on her own body for recovery. She’d continued her morning walks, as well as a diet to lose her baby fat, which she’d done quite successfully. And she managed that all while being a stay at home mom, just as she wanted to be. She’d quit her work to raise Eric, though it had come with some sadness. She promised to stay in touch with her girlfriends at work, which wasn’t hard - they loved Eric after all, and Sarah finally got her wish: she was married and expecting herself. Connie could do all of this because Tyrell was now easily making enough money to support all three of them. More than three, in fact. Which would be needed. After all, she was already pregnant.

The news had come as quite a shock. In the passion of that wedding night, they had both expressed desire for another child. Connie loved being a mother, a fact explained by how she'd been quite gentle and caring even as a man. But the rigours of birth were still in her mind, and she imagined she'd have more months of trying for another baby to come to terms with that.

Not so.

In fact, given the mad rush of the next week after the wedding as they readied to go on their honeymoon, they were almost certain that concept had occurred that very night. Connie had gotten her wish to be knocked up again, alright, and sooner than she could have imagined. Tyrell, predictably, was very pleased. In the end, so was she. The memories of birth faded, something she attributed a little to hormones, since she could recall only the joy of the event and none of the pain.

"It's like women evolved to forget how horrible it all is!" she exclaimed once.

Of course, some of those memories managed to return when she started growing again, this time even faster and even bigger than last time. Initially, she just attributed it to a perspective issue, since she'd worked hard to get a fairly trim, albeit thickened, waist back. Her boobs had also gone down to her "Little HH-cups" as she called them rather sarcastically. But those tits soon surged forth, much to Tyrell's delight, and her belly followed not long after, gaining a familiar tautness and then continuing to swell and round out. At nearly fourth months, she already felt like a whale, looking like she was beyond six months along in her pregnancy.

So it came with only a little surprise when it turns out that not only had her former friend-turned-husband's seed knocked her up, but knocked her up with *twins*.

"Oh God, twins! What have you done to my body, you monster!"

"You wanted babies," he reminded her. "Babies, plural. I just gave my gorgeous woman exactly what she asked for. Two for the price of one." She groaned, holding Eric as he rubbed his mother's belly.

"Baby!" he declared.

"Yes, little one, baby. Well, babies. Thank your father for that particular addition."

Tyrell just laughed, kissed his wife deeply, and sat down with little Eric climbing across both their laps.

"I'm going to get so huge!" she said, gesturing to her belly. "I already looked like I was due with twins before, now I *actually* have twins. I'll look overdue with quads or something by the end. They're in the ninety-ninth percentile again. *Both of them!*"

"I told you, Williams boys make big babies."

"God, and I carry them. I can't believe I was so turned on by you getting me pregnant again."

“Admit it, you love it. Besides, you'll look goddamn sexy with your big belly, especially when we go to the resort together and put you in that nice bikini.”

She rolled her eyes, trying to hide her secretly joyous smirk. “Yeah, I'll look sexy, alright. A sexy whale, more like. With huge tits full of milk. I'll have to use both of them at the same time!”

He reached and squeezed her breasts, causing her to moan with budding arousal. “Don't worry, I'll make it worth your while, babe. I'll make sure you love your big pregnant body as much as your man does.”

“Mhmm - ahhh. You b-better, big guy.” She was starting to feel a little horny. “Okay Eric, time for a little TV time. Your daddy and I are just going into the other room for a little while.” She took Tyrell's eager hand. He was already sporting a very large erection.

“I want to take advantage of all the sex I can have while I can still walk, after all!”

Minutes later, the two were making passionate love. Well, Tyrell was. She was more of the recipient, given how hard it was to move while growing the massive twins. Instead, she was on her side while he spooned her. She loved that position: it allowed Tyrell to grope and caress her breasts, squeeze her nipples and make them stiffen with arousal. He lowered one hand to stroke her fertile roundness as well, and the only effort she had to make was lifting one leg slightly - an act he helped with - in order to receive his enormous member. She whimpered as his penishead parted her womanly folds, and then gave an elongated sigh as he slid inside her tight, wet tunnel.

“OOohhh yes! G-God, this makes it all w-worth it!”

“And the whole getting cute baby twins out of it, right?”

She gasped as he began to thrust. “Y-yeah! Absolutely! B-but just for now, th-this is making me totally okay with being so b-big with your babies!”

He grunted in satisfaction, stroking her sensitive breasts and belly as he continued to thrust in and out of her. Despite the fullness of her womb, she was in the throes of ecstasy.

Epilogue: The Blue Pill

Seven months into her second pregnancy, Connie went for one of her morning walks. It was most certainly a morning waddle these days. She looked so ripe and full that she felt like a big fruit about to burst. This was mirrored by her big boobs, which were larger than even her first pregnancy. The largesse of her pregnancy was also reflected in her emotions by this point. She hadn't experienced too many mood swings in her first pregnancy, but now that she was eating for literally three, she found herself crying at ordinary things, or being overly

excited about totally mundane things. Just last night, she'd cried at a sad dog commercial that was just an ad for insurance. Tyrell had been utterly bewildered.

Thankfully, she felt much more full of energy this morning, despite her enormous gravidity. She was in her exercise pants with built in support for her enormously round stomach, and her pink sports bra that couldn't help but be quite revealing. It was another lovely day to do a short circuit around the neighbourhood, even if she knew she would have to sit on some of the benches at times and relax. After all, when both of Tyrell's enormous babies kicked inside her, she felt them enough to start moaning. She could swear they were both destined for sports, that was for sure.

"Ah well, it's all worth it to give you some lovely little siblings, isn't it Eric!"

Not that Eric could reply. Only a few steps out of the house and her little toddler had conked right out. He was fast asleep, but it didn't stop all the ladies she passed from cooing at his gorgeous mixed-race appearance, with his curly brown hair and dark olive skin. He was having one of his good days today, and while she'd normally postpone her walk, she had decided the fresh air and exercise would do them both good. Besides, there was a food store on the way back, and she was eager to grab a few bites to satisfy her sweet cravings.

As she continued forward, she noticed a couple walking the other way towards her. She nodded at them, and then smiled more widely as she realised that the female of the pair was quite pregnant herself. At a guess, she looked to be about seven or eight months along. She stroked her belly much as Connie did, and had long flowing red hair and a cute freckled face. The man had dark hair cut short, with a lithe but solid build. He was quite handsome, though nothing on Tyrell.

"Down girl," Connie said to herself. Her hormones made her go crazy for even the handsome male characters on her science fiction shows. She'd masturbated more than once to them while Tyrell was away, though she attributed it to pregnancy brain more than anything. Her husband was more than man enough for her, after all.

"Good morning!" she called. "Lovely to see another mother on this walk. When are you due?"

"Just one more month to go!" the other woman called, still approaching. "It's my first! I'm pretty damn nervous. Are you almost due?"

"Hardly!" Connie said with a laugh, stroking her stomach - it took quite the reach to even touch her popped belly button by that stage. "I'm just super preggers with twins."

"Wow, congratulations! Thanks! My name is Connie."

"Maria!"

"Lovely to meet you. Are you two from around he-"

She stopped as she moved her eyes from the woman to the man. There was something deeply familiar about him that she just couldn't place. Something about his dark

eyes, his confident smile. He hadn't said a word, yet she felt as if she knew him. And then it suddenly clicked in one strange, horrifying, confusing moment.

"Wait - Robyn!?"

The man's smile faded, and he nodded. "I go by Ray now," he said, gesturing to his clearly male self. And he certainly looked all male as far as she could tell - he was even taller than his formerly female self. It didn't make sense.

"But - but how?"

He reached into his jeans pocket and pulled out a little packet, holding it up for her to see. It was very familiar. After all, she took pills daily from a packet just like that one. Only hers were pink, purchased by Tyrell. These ones were *blue*.

"The blue pill," 'Ray' said. "They've been around for a year now, I'm surprised you haven't heard of them. You're still ordering the pink pill, after all."

"We buy them in bulk," she said by explanation, rubbing her belly. One of the twins had woken, and was stirring inside her. Her belly literally shifted as it moved, and Maria's attention was captivated. But Connie and 'Ray' were locking gazes.

"Why are you a man, Ray?" she asked.

Maria went to touch her partner on the chest in a comforting gesture, but he just took her hands. "It's okay honey. Connie and I used to date, back when we were . . . different."

"Wait, *this* is the Connor you told me about? The one that inspired you?"

Connie was flabbergasted. "I'm sorry, *inspired* me?"

Ray chuckled. "Believe it or not, you did. You remember when we were dating, I was always the active one. The decisive one. I liked to style myself in a bit of a non-girly manner. And you might remember I was always on your ass about being more of a man."

Connie balled her free fist a little. Anger coiled in her heart. "Yeah, I remember. I remember *very* clearly, Robyn."

"He's Ray now," Maria reminded her, tone firm.

"It's okay," Ray repeated. "Connie here has every right to be pissed at me, honey. I was downright awful to her. I knew it then, and I definitely know it now. I was obsessed with what a man should be, what masculinity really was, and I took it all out on you, Conn. You didn't deserve it, no one did. But last time we met, months and months ago, during your first pregnancy, you told me something that really hit me. You said you were happy being a woman, while with all my obsessions of what a man should be, I was single and alone."

Connie lost a bit of the wind out of her sails. "Well, I didn't mean to be *that* blunt."

But Ray just put up his hands in a placating gesture. "You had every right to be. But it finally made me take a deep think about my life, and the reason I broke up with you, and was so awful to you. The real reason. And that was something I'd repressed ever since I was a kid that liked to cut my hair and play pretend at being a handsome night. I was a guy,

Connie. I think I've always been one, I just locked that part of me away. And dating you, it just sort of boiled over. I couldn't take that you were a man, but were comfortable not needing to be manly all the time. I can't explain it. I guess I just felt like you didn't deserve to be a guy, while I'd missed out.

"And so when I heard about the blue pill, I decided that you were right, and I'd been a total asshole. I decided to give them a shot, and I've never looked back. I've been happy ever since then, and I met Maria after only two weeks. We live together now, and I'm so excited to be a dad."

Connie exhaled. "That's - that's a lot to take in, Robyn."

"I know it is," he said. "And I don't expect you to forgive me or anything, but I just want to apologise for everything I did. And said. And told others. My life is so wonderful now, and Maria here is a huge part of that, aren't you honey?"

"I would hope," she said with a sly smile, gesturing to her swollen stomach. Connie was a little jealous how 'small' she was, and that her breasts were 'only' around the impressive Double-D range, rather than her own massive jugs.

"But you're also a huge part of that, Connie," Ray continued. "You made me finally realise that if I was going to be a man, I had to stop caring so deeply about how manly I would be, and care more about what *kind* of man I wanted to become. So I'm sorry, really. For everything. But I'm also thankful that you led me to the life I wanted."

Connie couldn't help it. The damn hormones were too strong. She began to cry.

"Oh shit, I'm sorry! I didn't mean -"

"N-no! It's okay, Ray! It's tears of joy! I'm getting these really strong mood swings. You have no idea how good it feels to hear you say that. Like a wound closing. Oh God, do either of you have a tissue?"

She gave an awkward giggle, but to her surprise Maria actually produced one. "I'm getting the hormones too, don't worry!" she declared.

She came up and helped Connie dab at her eyes. Then, unexpectedly, she actually hugged the former male. Connie embraced her back, and the two women held themselves awkwardly against one another, trying to shift and find a good position. In the end, they descended into fits of laughter. Between the pair of them, their bellies were just too big to comfortably cuddle one another, especially on Connie's side. Maria remarked as much, astounded by the sheer size of her. She saddled up next to Connie to compare their sizes.

"Look Ray!" she said. "And to think I was complaining about the size of my belly!"

"Damn, Connie. You have my apologies all over again."

"Oh, there's no need to apologise," she said. "Come here."

She waddled forward and pulled Ray against her, uncaring that he was partly pressed against her belly and breasts. There was nothing but empathy for the former woman

now. Yes, the words of the past still hurt, but with this latest revelation about their source, she felt like she could finally put them behind her for good. Ray hugged her back, and there was a moment of release she could feel from him. As if an ugly weight he'd been carrying was finally being offloaded.

"Th-thank you, Connie," he stuttered, tears in his eyes. "You're a better person than I could ever be."

She pulled back, beaming. "A better person than Robyn? For sure. But I don't see Robyn anywhere. This Ray guy seems real good though, particularly if he treats his girlfriend well."

"Oh, he does that. *Very* well, in fact," Maria said with a teasing giggle.

It was enough to make Ray's pale skin blush. "Maria! She always has a way of embarrassing me in the most successful of ways."

"Funny, my husband is much the same."

"You got married? Congratulations!"

"Yep, this here belly is a result of the wedding night, in fact."

Maria rubbed her own distended stomach. "Any advice for a woman who's still nervous about giving birth?"

Connie gave her a reassuring expression. "You'll be fine. Just remember to keep your man close, and don't worry about breaking his hand when it comes to pushing."

"Hey!"

"I'm kidding, Ray! Seriously, I was terrified, but I didn't have the preparation of being a woman my whole life either. Plus, I was having a super big baby. All I can say is have your bag ready, and a good push mixtape always helped, at least it did for me. And listen to your body. You'll know when to push and when to give yourself a break. Oh, and absolutely have an epidural."

"Really?" Maria said, stroking her stomach. "I was thinking of going all-natu-"

"Don't!" Connie cut in. "Just - just don't. Trust me, you'll be whaloped."

"See? That's what I said!" Ray exclaimed, but Maria just gave him a light punch on the shoulder, which he feigned pain to.

"Well, I wasn't going to take a *man's* advice, hun, even if you used to be a dude."

"Fair, fair! I can say this, I'm sure glad not to be a woman anymore. All this pregnancy stuff is way too much. I feel pretty lucky now that I can take the blue pill."

The two pregnant women turned on him, positioning their bellies almost aggressively in his direction. "Did you want to say that again, Ray?" Connie said, a daring smirk on her face.

"Okay, okay, I retract my statement! Consider it a result of all the testosterone in my system. Over a year as a man, and I'm still surprised by what it makes me do sometimes."

“Excuses, excuses! You were just like this as a woman when we were dating as well.”

Maria joined in with Connie’s teasing laughter, and the latter enjoyed getting a little bit of light revenge against her former partner.

“I can’t win!” Ray said.

“Not against a pregnant woman,” Maria declared. “Don’t think you’ll get out of diaper changing duties or feedings as well. I bet Tyrell helps with all of that right, Connie?”

The former male nodded. “Oh yeah. He’s good like that. I set a high bar of expectations and he leaps right over it. Make sure you do the same with Ray here.”

“Oh, I do. And he always succeeds them as well.”

She put a hand around her boyfriend, and the two shared a loving kiss that melted Connie’s heart. She had expected to still hate Robyn in whatever form, but now she could only feel happiness for the duo. It was at that moment that there was a sudden seismic shift in her stomach. Both her twins were awake now, and they decided that it was an appropriate time to fight for space within her massively expanded womb. She oofed and groaned, clutching as much of her huge mound as possible while the surface rippled with their kicks and turns.

“Oohhhh . . . s-sorry! They’re v-very active right n-now! Unh!”

“Wowiee,” Maria said. “That’s way more than our little girl kicks. Holy crap. Are you sure it’s just twins in there?”

“P-pretty sure. Tyrell just puts big babies inside me. As you can see by Eric here.”

She gestured to the still-sleeping toddler in the stroller, who looked big for his age already. Maria cooed, drawing closer to him to examine his face. Ray did the same, giving a little ‘awwww’ in his lower voice.

“You’re not wrong, he’s pretty big!” Maria remarked. “And the babies must be huge too!”

“Ninety-ninth percentile in size,” Connie replied, almost bragging a little. It didn’t always feel good physically, but she was starting to understand why it was such a brag for her husband. It made her feel kind of proud to be carrying a huge pair of babies, in a primal sort of way.

“Damn, that *is* huge, girl. Of course, given how big the belly is, it only makes me wonder how big the Dad must be.”

She winked at Connie, who laughed and winked back. “Pretty damn big, I can assure you. Trust me, my man is more than man enough for me. A good thing too, because I’m more than woman enough for him.”

The three of them chuckled, though Ray rolled his eyes a little. Maria consoled him, hugging her belly against his waist and kissing him deeply. “Don’t worry baby, you’re more than man enough for me too.”

“I suppose I’ll just have to get twins in you next time, since I’m apparently in the rat race! Ah, but I guess I deserve it. Connie, it’s so great to see you.”

“I can’t believe I’m saying this, Ray, but it’s great to see you two. I know you two have a lot on your plate with the baby almost here, but if you want to catch up, Tyrell and I would love to get to know ‘Ray’, and you seem just awesome, Maria.”

“Thank you!”

“We’ll organise something,” Ray said. His expression drew serious again, perhaps a little emotional. “Thanks again, Connie.”

“You’re welcome,” she said, embracing him a final time. “Now I better finish this walk, before my legs give out! Twin pregnancies are no joke!”

She bid them goodbye, and continued on her walk. She felt like she’d gotten a second wind from talking to them. It was almost impossible to believe that cruel, taunting Robyn had in fact been deflecting from her own desire for manhood all along. And yet she - he - seemed utterly changed. Happy. Still a bit serious, but lacking in cruelty or malice. It made Connie beam as she continued her walk. She stroked her belly, thinking on all the ways her life had improved, and on all the things she looked forward to. She couldn’t wait to tell Tyrell about this latest piece of news. But even more than that, she couldn’t wait to nestle up against him on the couch after Eric had gone to bed, and watch some silly B-movie together while he stroked her belly and felt the little kicks that rippled against the surface of her skin. It was everything she wanted, and it made her walk just that little bit faster, as if simply moving quicker would bring that moment closer.

“Let’s go, babies,” she said to her family, born and unborn alike, “Mommy is having a good morning.”

In fact, she felt like a queen..