

Femdemic: Peter's Story

For Rel

By TheSpiralledEye

I woke with a warm feeling of comfort and relaxation flowing through me; last night had been the best of my life, hands down. I'd long since given up on picking up women in bars; I wasn't quite good looking enough or confident to pull off one night stands except with the drunken and ugliest of women that even seven beers deep weren't my type. Yet last night, it had finally happened; not only had I managed to talk a girl into coming home with me, she was smoking hot and the sex had been...mind blowing.

I opened my eyes, already hoping I could convince her to stay for breakfast and round two (after finding out her name of course). But when I opened my eyes, the other side of the bed was cold and empty. For a few depressing seconds I wondered if it had all been a dream. That woman had been so far out of my league with her model figure and short, stylish hair. Perhaps it had all been a wonderful wet dream.

Then I saw the note, written in cursive that simply said 'Amazing night, thanks!'. I held the paper in my hand, feeling strangely sentimental. It had been such a whirlwind, the drinking, the dancing, the absolutely mind blowing fuck. She hadn't even left her number. Oh well, a girl that hot was way out of my league anyway. Even if I had talked her into staying she probably wouldn't want to see me again. I guess I was just going to have to be satisfied with the memory of our night together.

I spent a few more moments basking in the afterglow of an incredible night when my alarm finally went off. With a groan I pulled myself out of bed; Sunday shifts were the worst but they did pay double. I went through the usual morning routine of trying to wrangle my messy black hair into something professional before giving up and covering it with my white chef's cap .

Back when I had first started as a dishwasher I'd had big ambitions about becoming head chef in a fancy restaurant one day. Now, years later I was still frying burgers and cheap steaks at the local family joint. The pay was decent at least, even if the work left me with burns on my forearms and grease all over my face by the end of the shift.

It was a decent enough life I supposed, if a little boring. Sometimes I'd look in the mirror and sigh; an average looking guy with an average job and average money, no wonder I couldn't hold down a girlfriend. But it could be a lot worse and at the end of the day, what else could I do?

~

I groaned as I walked into the kitchen, it was only ten in the morning and already everything was going haywire. I thought I'd dodge a bullet not being on prep but the result was being thrown straight into the boiling pot. The head chef was yelling at the new apprentice about something to do with carrots and we shared a look.

"Peter!" The head chef, Hammond yelled, "You're two minutes late! Get on that damn grill, now!"

"Yes, chef." I replied in monotone, anybody who's worked in a commercial kitchen knows better than to argue with the head chef.

As I got to work I couldn't help but notice how understaffed we were. The kitchen usually had at least four or five of us at once but it seemed like it was just me, the apprentice and Hammond this morning. That probably accounted for the rush.

"Brian and Daniel are both out sick." The chef grumbled, "More like hungover, the lazy bastards."

I just nodded along, normally Hammond grated on me. It could be the most picture perfect day and he'd still find something to complain about; the man was like a living bucket of cold water ready to spill over anybody's good time. Today though, I refused to let him get to me. I remembered the short haired beauty I'd been holding in my arms earlier, how tight and hot she'd felt around my cock. Today, with her memory fresh in mind, I could do anything.

By the end of the shift though, I was starting to feel like a bit of a creep. Even when I tried not to, my mind kept floating back to her. Was I really one of those pathetic guys who fall in love with hook ups? I didn't think I was that desperate for affection.

Maybe what I needed was another night on the town; perhaps I could even get lucky twice and pick up another girl! Then I'd forget all about that first one, well, not all about, but at least get her out of my mind. The last thing I needed was her becoming some sort of 'one who got away', I didn't even know her name for God's sake; yet she continued to fascinate.

I peeled off my sweaty work clothes and chucked them in the hamper as soon as I was in the door, jumping in the shower eager to get back out to the bar from last night. Now that I knew I could get somebody as hot as that other chick I was keen to keep trying. As the water flowered down my body I couldn't help but notice that something felt...off.

I looked down at my naked body as the water flowed over it and paused before blushing. Perhaps it was the angle but my thighs felt thicker. Once I towelled off I grabbed

my favourite jeans and they confirmed it; my legs were definitely fatter than they had been the last time I wore these.

“Well, fuck.” I sighed, “Guess it’s time to start hitting the gym.”

Fortunately, the jeans still fit, even if they were a little tight over my ass and hips. It was strange, I didn’t look flabbier, but it wasn’t as if my hips could have changed shape, not at this age.

I tried to put it out of mind; which was surprisingly easy. There was a low key horniness that had been building all day, perhaps that was why I couldn’t get that mystery woman from last night out of my head. When I finally walked into the club I sighed in relief; I’d never been so desperate to party in my life.

I chuckled as I locked eyes with Brian from work, standing with other like minded young guys; all clearly on the prowl and ready to be one another’s wingmen. I grabbed a drink and sidled up next to him with a raised eyebrow and he blushed.

“I went home with a girl last night and well...I lost track of time. I didn’t even realise the sun was up till mid morning.” He admitted, “I’ve been having so much luck with the chicks lately, man. They are practically flinging themselves at me.”

“Sure, dude.” I grinned, remembering my stylish girl from last night; whoever he had pulled couldn’t possibly be better than her.

“Sunday night is always a wild card.” Brian continued, “You only ever get total rejects or party girls who went so hard Saturday they don’t even realise it’s the last day of the week. The latter are the best for obvious reasons.”

I nodded and kept my thoughts on Brian’s slightly sexist comment to myself. So far the pickings were slim but the night was young and Brian was actually a pretty cool guy most of the time. It wasn’t like him to skip work but I suppose I could forgive him just this one time. Especially since he was looking at me with that handsome, excited face. I’d never realised how pretty his eyes were; was that weird? To call a man’s eyes pretty? They were though; all warm and brown with that amber sheen that seemed to catch the light. It wasn’t until Brian cleared his throat that I realised I had been staring.

“Sorry.” I cleared my throat feeling awkward, “Zoned out.”

“Go easy on the sauce, Peter.” He teased only half seriously, “If you’re already off in lala land with one I don’t think you should be having much more. Anyway, how was work without me?”

I launched into the play by play; the terrible customers, the one who insisted he was a celiac until he found out chips weren’t gluten free, the time Hammond almost dropped an entire plate of burgers. The works. There was a strange pounding in my chest, I could feel a nervous energy buzzing in my head and the words just kept coming.

I knew I was talking too much and getting flustered yet, I just couldn’t stop it. My clothes started to feel scratchy and too tight, especially around my now fat thighs and my skin turned hot. And my eyes wouldn’t stop staring at Brian no matter how hard I tried to look elsewhere.

I hadn’t felt like this since I was a damn teenager trying to talk to my crush in the hallway between classes. What the hell was wrong with me? To make things worse Brian didn’t seem to notice? If anything he was leaning closer, close enough that even in the low light of the bar I could see his cupid’s bow. Wow, I never realised a man could have such full lips. They looked so soft.

My thoughts were drifting in a direction I really did not want them to. Finally, Brian managed to get a word in and I bit down on my tongue to stop the word vomit from continuing.

“S-sorry, man.” I stammer, “I’m just going to uh, hit the bathroom.”

I ran before he could say anything, face burning with humiliation and something else I really didn’t want to acknowledge. I splashed cold water onto my face in an effort to cool it. I wasn’t gay; so why was I all of a sudden obsessed with how hot Brian was? We’d worked together for years and not once had I even been the slightest bit interested in him physically or romantically.

My cock twitched in my tight jeans; clearly I was more flustered than I realised because they were feeling even tighter than before; especially across my ass. I turned awkwardly to see it in the mirror and furrowed my brow. The fabric was stretched taut across my rump to the point that it almost looked round.

I ran a hand over it, slowly raising it up the side and feeling the not so subtle curve there as my torso thinned out above my hips. I almost looked...feminine. That couldn’t be right! I twisted and turned in front of the mirror, feet together as I tried to stand straight as

possible but no matter how I positioned myself my lower half seemed wider than it should have been. My hips were wider than my shoulders! That was definitely new but...how?

I like to think of myself as average in looks, I don't spend a great deal of time in front of the mirror but even I know my own body shape when I see it; long and straight. These wide hips, the word childbearing came to mind and was quickly pushed away, were not mine.

The sound of the bathroom door hitting the wall made me jump as another man walked in to use the bathroom. He raised an eyebrow at me, eyes looking my body up and down and I realised how this must look. Me standing here, half bent over with my ass facing the mirror. I straightened and the dude laughed, muttering what was likely a slur under his breath as I hurried past.

I was just horny, that's all. I had an amazing night with that woman and now my body wanted more. That's why I was getting turned on by Brian and seeing my body weird. Dysmorphia, that was a thing right? I'd heard women mention it at work, something about feeling out of place in your own skin. I was just getting self conscious after last night. If I picked up another woman tonight I'd wake up tomorrow and my reflection would be normal. I was sure.

The music thrummed as I stepped back into the club; hours had passed and the dance floor was now in full swing. The crowd had changed from tipsy to drunk in most cases and already I could see people pairing off to canoodle in the corners of the room. I made my way back to the bar, staunchly ignoring Brian just to be safe and downed a straight shot of vodka. The alcohol burned my throat and warmed my belly; hopefully it would give me the confidence I needed as well.

Clearly it was working because as I stepped toward the dance floor a strange calm seemed to descend over me. My steps moved in time with the beat and my stride took on a confident gait. Normally I just bobbed and weaved a little while looking for somebody to dance with but it was like my body had a mind of its own, hips swaying and arms flailing in odd jerky movements that somehow seemed to work in time with the music.

I could feel my ass bouncing in a way it never had before and what's more, it felt good. I knew it was all in my head but my hips really did feel wider and swaying them back and forth while my ass jiggled felt amazing. I could see a few people subtly ducking their eyes down as I moved through the crowd; some appreciative, others confused but I couldn't bring myself to mind.

If anything those appreciative looks made pleasure pool in my lower stomach in a way it never had before. A voice in my head, one that sounded suspiciously like my masculine pride, told me to stop. Guys didn't shake their booty on the dance floor, they certainly didn't twerk but the movement just felt so *right* I couldn't help myself.

I got so caught up in my movement that it was only when the DJ announced he was taking a five minute break that I realised I had been dancing for well over an hour. Humiliation flooded me; I came onto the dance floor to find a woman to seduce and it had completely slipped my mind despite how turned on I felt. My cock was threatening to harden at any movement and with my jeans already so tight that was not something I wanted right now.

I backed away, sheepishly grinning at the men who eyed me off as I walked away. I couldn't believe I had made such a spectacle of myself in front of all those hot guys! I mean just guys; I didn't notice if they were hot or not. Well, maybe a little. Another shot at the bar didn't help clear my head, funnily enough. If anything it made it swim with terrible, sexy ideas.

There were far more guys in this club than girls, surely some of them had to be...so inclined. Experimenting in your twenties was encouraged right there was nothing wrong with being a bit bi-curious. Even if it had come out of nowhere overnight. I shook the thoughts away; I was straight! Straight! Now I just needed a good lay with a girl and I'd be sorted-

“Woah!”

Before I knew what hit me I was on my ass, the newly rounded cheeks cushioning the fall far more than I was used to. A hand appeared in front of my face and there was Brian, with his pretty eyes and soft lips that were so nice looking.

“Hey, man. Sorry about that. I thought you were leaving to check you were okay, you ran off so quickly before.”

“I'm fine.” I swallowed, taking his hand and standing up, “Just a little tired haha, I might go home and do the sleep.’

Do the sleep? Do the fucking sleep? Did those words really come out of my mouth; if there was ever a time I wished the Earth would swallow me up it was that moment. Brian laughed and I swear I could feel the sound vibrating in my chest.

“Sorry I really have to go!”

I couldn't stay here a second longer. I had to go home and take a cold shower, or jack off, or both. Anything to get out of these increasingly tight jeans and be rid of these damn intrusive gay thoughts.

~

My hope that it was all in my head was thoroughly dashed by the time I got back to my apartment. While the jeans had been tight when I first put them on they were practically bursting at the seams as I tried to pull them off. I gasped with relief as I finally managed to put the waistband down over my rump and thickened thighs. The seconds it reached my knees though they practically fell off.

Something was definitely wrong here, the hair on my legs had changed from a thick coat of black to barely perceptible translucent blonde. Not to mention the entire shape of my leg was all wrong. My thighs were thick and full but the rest of my leg seemed to thin after the knee right down to my foot which was now clearly a size too small for my shoes.

I sat down on the floor, leg extended in the air as I wiggled my toes experimentally. If I couldn't feel the appendage I would never have believed it was mine! The toes were cute and pink, the nails rounded and neat as though they had been clipped and maintained every day when in reality I couldn't remember the last time I actually cut them.

I stood up and almost fell back down again; my centre of gravity felt off slightly, as if I had grown more bottom heavy in the last few minutes alone. Something weird was going on, there was no denying it. I wished I owned a full length mirror, the only one I had was above my sink in the bathroom so I was forced to contort myself trying to look at my body but even with the bad angle I could see it.

My figure had changed. The slight cinching of my torso just above my now wider hips was clear. If it weren't for the cock and balls between my legs I would be sure I was looking at a woman's body. Especially from the back where my now peachy ass hid the obviously male attributes.

But how could this happen? People change shape but gaining or losing weight but this wasn't what was happening. I could feel it as I placed my hands on my hips, the bones of my hips had somehow shifted and changed my body shape along with them! I watched in the reflection as my ass slowly shifted, becoming even more round as though it were being inflated by a balloon.

My heart began to race as panic set in; what the fuck was I supposed to do? My hands flew to my phone and got halfway through dialling emergency services before I stopped. What was I even planning on saying "help, my body is transforming?" They'd send an ambulance full of muscly paramedics with a straight jacket. The idea of several strong, sexy men in uniform holding me down made my cock twitch again and I grit my teeth and forced the mental image away.

It was no use though, my focus was shot thanks to the lingering alcohol and panic and to my shame I felt myself getting hard. There was no denying it now; straight guys didn't get a hard on thinking about other dudes. Normally having a sexual crisis would take the cake but there was a tingling sensation spread up my chest very similar to the one I'd been feeling in my ass as it grew.

Maybe it was because I was aware of it now but as that strange sensation spread I felt more aware of it than ever. It wasn't painful, instead more like a subtle pins and needles. The skin felt extra sensitive as it flushed pink thanks to my arousal. I bit my lip; maybe if I just got off I could think straight. No pun intended.

Breathing heavily I leaned against the sink, bracing myself with one hand while gripping my cock in the other. I was so fucking turned on I could barely think straight. I started pumping, not expecting to last more than a few seconds but to my surprise the pleasure only seemed to build. I watched myself in the mirror as I pleased myself.

My chest was heaving and that tingling was getting stronger and stronger. Then, I saw it. My chest was starting to swell, just like my ass had before it. A quiet moan of pleasure and dread escaped my lips. I should stop but I was just so turned on I couldn't bring myself to. My grip tightened and my thumb swirled over my head as I started to pump faster watching what could only be tits grow on my chest.

This was so wrong; what sort of man got off on watching his body change? Yet I couldn't stop myself. With each pump of my cock they grew as did my bliss. I could feel my balls starting to tighten yet I couldn't take my eyes off my new breasts as they turned round and bouncy. My nipples lengthened, turning a pretty shade of pink as they hardened in the cool air. As I got closer and closer I could feel the skin of my chest becoming more sensitive. Even the simple brush of open air seemed to pleasure them as I bit my lip to stop from crying out.

I was pumping faster than I ever have before now; desperate to go over the edge. I had never needed release so badly yet I seemed to be stuck. I needed more, just that little bit more to finish me off and without thinking I took my hand from where it was bracing against the sink and shoved it into my new tit. Tweaking the nipple there and wailing as the pleasure finally went complete.

I came hard, I could feel my balls tightening and yet, no cum shot from my cock. I could feel the pleasure through my entire body but I was somehow empty. Shame burned hot and bright as I came down from the high and realised that orgasm was stronger than any I'd ever experience. Even with the woman the other night.

Gasping for breath I looked down at my chest, grabbing great handfuls of the flesh there half expecting my hands to pass through it like an illusion. They didn't though, instead

they found warm, soft tits. The kind I loved to touch and any man would give good money to motorboat.

This was completely out of hand; I was some sort of half woman, half man freak! What was I going to do? I couldn't very well go to work tomorrow looking like this! I spent the rest of the night curled up in bed, wide awake with the post orgasm bliss slowly turning to cold dread in my stomach.

~

"Are you serious? Hammond yelled, "First Brian, now you?"

"I'm sorry," I whispered, adding some extra husk to my voice, "It's a really bad cold I think I'll be out for a few days."

Somehow, I had managed to fall asleep last night, some time in the wee hours of the morning. I didn't even get those few moments of blissful ignorance before the memory of last night came flooding back. Even before I opened my eyes I could feel my hips digging into the mattress in a way they never had before as I curled on my side. My arms were wrapped around my ample chest, nipples sticking into the skin as the cold morning air wafted over them.

I knew there was no way I could go into work, most of my clothes probably wouldn't fit even if I did have a way to try and play off this strange change I was going through. I stared at my phone screen as Hammond continued to yell and curse. His words went in one ear and out the other; I was too preoccupied with my hand. It must have changed in my sleep. It was subtle, but noticeable.

As a chef, I spent all day staring at my hands; they had all the tiny scars that came from years of working with knives and hot oil and yet now, they were smooth. My fingers slightly longer, more dexterous. They were beautiful at least but I couldn't help but mourn the spots and scars that had been wiped away. They were mementos of my time in culinary school, of being an apprentice and now they were gone.

"Are you listening to me, Peter?"

"Hm?"

"I said you have two days! If you don't show on Wednesday don't show up ever again, you hear me?"

“Yes, chef.”

The dial tone rang out for a moment before the call cut off. Brilliant. I let my arm cover my eyes and groaned. I was almost scared to throw off the blankets or look in the mirror. If my hands changed, God knows what else had as well. Would I even recognise myself? After several long minutes of procrastinating I took a deep breath, ignoring how I could feel the extra weight of my breasts now, and jumped out of bed.

And immediately fell over and landed with my ass in the air.

Even the most familiar movement, like jumping out of bed, felt wrong now. My whole centre of gravity and sense of balance had shifted with the extra weight in my rump and chest. As I picked myself up off the floor I felt hyper aware of all the extra parts my body now had hanging off it. They moved independently, jiggling in a way that made them impossible to ignore. No matter how much I might wish to.

I stood up and brushed my hair from my face before freezing. My hair has always been the bane of my existence. I was one of those people whose hair seemed to naturally grow in all directions and getting it to look neat was a nightmare. I kept it short for that reason, certainly far too short to fall over my face.

I looked at the long dark locks falling through my finger snow, held out an inch or two from my face. The hairs were smooth and silky, not at all like what I was used to and yet, when I gave the strands a good tug I felt the pull in my skull. I approached the mirror tentatively, almost scared to see my own reflection.

The person who looked back at me was...still me but *wrong*. My face had a more rounded, heart shaped quality to it. Emphasised by the dark hair that fell down to my shoulders and framed my face. My lips were plump and full, my nose less roman and more button cute. Yet My eyes were still the same vibrant, light blue they had always been. They may have been framed with long lashes now but they were still mine. As was the beauty spot above my lip which had always been an eyesore. Now though, it almost looked cute.

I felt my lips quirk; okay, this situation was weird as hell but at least I looked cute and now like some sort of freak. My shoulders had sloped in the night as well and my arms thinned to match my more dexterous fingers. The only part of me that remained male was between my legs but even that I could see slowly shifting.

My cock and balls had clearly shrunk overnight, not a significant amount, but enough for me to notice. I could see where this was going and I'd be lying if I said I was calm about it and yet...I didn't feel like I was panicking nearly enough. My whole identity was changing

down to the molecular, genetic level and I was strangely calm. Confused, a little worried about how I was going to cope with these new body parts but ultimately it wasn't bothering me nearly as much as I thought it perhaps should.

And that more than anything was making me feel strange. My cock was shrinking and I wasn't having some masculine crisis. Shouldn't I be a mess right now? I looked back at my phone sitting on my bedside table. If this were a movie, everybody in the theatre would be screaming at the screen telling me to call somebody. A doctor, a scientist, the government. And yet the idea of doing that was decidedly unappealing for some reason.

My mind filled with images of me sitting in a white room as psychologists analysed this strange woman who thought she'd been a man. Or worse, in a laboratory being poked and prodded by much less sympathetic scientists. No, I needed to work this out in secret. Of that I was sure.

Sliding on my boxers felt wrong, the silky texture of the fabric rubbed against my inner thighs and the waistband was far too tight. Still, it wasn't as if I could get this magnificent ass into my briefs so they would have to do. I didn't own a bra for obvious reasons so skipped it entirely in favour of wearing my old, baggiest college jersey and faded cargo shorts.

I looked awful, my pretty lips thinning along my face as I glanced at my reflection. It was like wrapping a diamond ring in newspaper instead of the delicate velvet box it belonged in. It felt...wrong.

“Well...it's not like anybody can recognise me.” I muttered under my breath, “and there is no way of knowing how long this'll last. I may as well go and get just one outfit so I can walk around comfortably.”

It seemed like a smart decision really. How was I going to focus on figuring out how this was happening and fixing it if I couldn't concentrate because I felt so uncomfortable? Decision made I grabbed my wallet and headed out the door, at least these baggy pants had plenty of pocket space.

~

It was strange, I expected to feel exposed or embarrassed walking through the streets this way and don't get me wrong, I was. Not because of my feminine body though, but my clothes. I could see people eyeing me as I passed, women sneering at the ugly clothes, men chuckling to themselves. I was a walking fashion disaster and for some reason the derision

on the faces of those men seemed to sting more. I wanted them to like me for some reason I couldn't quite understand.

I couldn't get to the mall fast enough and practically dove into the first shop I saw. The plan was just to grab some random clothes that fit my new curves and get out but as I stepped inside I felt my eyes widen. I'd always just walked past places like this on the way to the men's section, grabbed what I needed and left but now...there were so many options.

Racks of dresses and skirts, piles upon neatly folded piles of tight sweaters and yoga pants. Summer clothes, winter clothes, everything in between, it was a veritable forest of colour and cloth that threatened to overwhelm me.

"Hey...you look familiar."

The voice was smooth and sensual, it sent a shiver down my spine. I recognised it instantly as I spun around to see the woman from the other night, with the stylish red hair and full lips. She was smiling with an odd look in her eye.

"Are you...weird question but were you different a few days ago?"

The question would have sounded odd but somehow, I knew this was the woman from the other night and she seemed to know me despite my changed appearance.

"Yes." I breathed, "I was the man you went home with."

"I thought so." She nodded, "Let's talk, how about we get you some clothes and then go get smoothies, huh?"

"Sounds fun!" I grinned, "Just let me have a look and grab something quickly. My name's Peter by the way."

The name felt wrong on my tongue, like the name of a character on a TV show or play. It didn't feel quite right when referring to myself anymore.

"Danielle." The woman smiled, "Let me help! I'll go wait by the change rooms and help you pick something."

I nodded, taking a deep breath and turning to the task at hand, I approached a rack filled with an assortment of dresses. As my fingers glided gently over the soft textures, I felt an

undeniable connection. The vibrant hues and delicate patterns seemed to call out to me, urging me to embrace this new side of myself.

I plucked a flowing, floral dress from the rack, holding it up against my body in the mirror. The reflection that stared back at me seemed foreign, yet undeniably right. The dress draped around my shoulders, embracing my form with a tenderness I had never experienced before. I selected another, comparing the two, then another and another. There were just so many options.

With newfound determination, I ventured further into the store, exploring the vast realm of feminine fashion. My hands moved along the racks, exploring fabrics, and admiring designs. I selected a few blouses in pastel shades, their softness a balm to my senses. The feeling of satin against my skin made me shiver with delight, as if the garments were whispering to me, begging me to try them all.

Danielle giggled as I approached the change room, my arms laden with my newfound treasures, a slight blush tinting my cheeks.

“I uh, might have gone a bit overboard.”

Danielle just laughed.

“Don’t worry I did the same thing my first time.” She grinned, “There are way more choices now, huh? Take your time, it’s not like either of us can go to work right now.”

I paused for a moment; there was understanding in her eyes and on some level I knew Danielle was like me. A former man whose body had somehow changed. She seemed happy though, at peace with it. I had so many questions but before I could pick one she gently pushed me into the change room with my choices and pulled the curtain closed.

I dumped my choices in a corner and made quick work of the baggy clothing I’d worn out; sighing in relief as my skin was finally freed. I looked in the mirror at my naked body, twisting on my toes to get a better sense of my new hourglass shape. It wasn’t perfect, not the stick thin model kind you see on the cover of magazines but a size or two larger in all the right places.

My ass was luscious, my breasts beautiful. I couldn’t help but smile, looking at my new delicate facial features. They seemed to have become more accentuated and female in the time it had taken me to walk here. Between my legs my cock and balls still hung but half the size they had been this morning.

I tried to care about it but it was almost as if there was some sort of voice in my head, telling me this was a good thing. I couldn’t seem to muster any upset. On the contrary I was

filled with a sense of anticipation. I was filled with curiosity; what would it feel like when they disappeared completely and the last hint of my maleness was gone?

“How are you doing?” Called Danielle.

“Uh, just a minute!” I call, blushing at my obvious distraction and grabbing for the pile of clothes.

Underwear was the obvious place to start and pulling on the pair of plain black bikini briefs felt wonderful. The silky material cupped my ass and front, giving my cheeks the slightest of lifts to make them stand out all the more. The front was too tight with my cock squashed against me but I ignored the discomfort; it would disappear soon enough I was sure.

The bra was intuitive; I expected more difficulty but my fingers just seemed to know what to do, hooking it up behind my back without any issues. Immediately I noticed a difference; not only did the twinge of pain in my back disappear but my cleavage doubled. This wasn't even a push up bra, just a simple black one. I could only imagine how big my boobs might look in one with some padding. The idea sent a thrill through me followed by disappointment when I realised I hadn't grabbed one. Oh well, this would have to do for now.

Now the big decision; what to wear. I had grabbed so many things it was hard to pick just one. In the end my fingers brushed against that floral print dress that had first caught my eye. It was black with dark red flowers in a painterly pattern across it with a low neckline and thigh high hem.

The moment I slipped into it I knew this was the dress I wanted to wear out of here. I couldn't believe I had never tried this before! The openness of a skirt was so freeing compared to shorts and trousers. Men had no idea what they were missing out on.

I stepped out and Danielle gasped, bouncing on her toes in excitement.

“You look amazing!”

“I feel it.” I blushed, it was true.

Having somebody there to give me such a lovely compliment right out of the gate was also pretty nice. I'd never been shopping with anybody else before but having Danielle sitting there eager to see me try on more outfits certainly gave my confidence a boost.

In the end, I bought five outfits rather than just the one; the floral dress was still my clear favourite though. Danielle helped me pick out a pair of short heels to match as well as

some earrings for later and we walked out together, both carrying several bags filled with clothes.

I strode across the mall with confident steps. Feeling the short hem of my new dress brushing against my thighs as I went and sending warm tingles up into my body. Danielle and I found a table at the local smoothie bar and ordered. I had to admit, it was very freeing ordering the super sweet strawberry swirl without feeling any judgement from the waitress.

“So, how are you feeling considering...all this?” Danielle asked after taking her first sip. “You changed much faster than I did. It took me almost a week to fully pass.”

“Weirdly okay?” I shrugged, “I dunno, I feel like I should be freaking out or something but honestly I feel fine? I’ve never been this attractive before and honestly it’s nice.”

“Yeah, that’s how me and the others felt too.”

“Others?” I gaped, “More guys who are like us now?”

Danielle nodded somberly.

“The girl, well former guy, who I slept with was just the same. We were trying to figure out what happened to us when she disappeared.”

I felt ice in my veins.

“She was a cop, before she changed.” Danielle said quietly, “Even though we both felt compelled not to, she called her superiors about what had happened to her. She told me she was going into the FBI HQ to talk to somebody and she never came back.”

“You don’t think they-?”

“Killed her? God no, but I do think they took her somewhere. Think about it. If you and I are walking around, I bet there are others. The government probably knows about it and is trying to find out what’s happening.”

Those visions of a white room full of scientists poking at me flared once more and I swallowed nervously.

“A few days later, somebody came knocking at my door who I didn't recognise. I bet they were looking for me.”

“Maybe they really do want to help.”

“I don't want their help.” Danielle said seriously, “I was a fat, lonely computer nerd my whole life and now look at me. Not only can I make friends just like that.”

She snapped her fingers.

“But now I am beautiful and I have more confidence than ever. I can actually go into clubs and have a good time rather than standing in the corner hating life while all the beautiful people hook up. There is no way I want to change back and I certainly don't want to live in some hospital or lab while they try.”

The more she spoke about it the less appealing it sounded. Still, there was a hesitance within me.

“What about my job?” I asked, “I can't just stroll in and claim to be me, nobody will ever believe me.”

“I am working on getting myself a new identity. New birth certificate, the works. That way nobody will ever know.”

I hated how appealing that sounded.

“My family and friends though...” My parents and I were never particularly close but I wasn't an idiot. They would notice if a few weeks went by without seeing me and messages online could only last so long.

“That's up to you.” Danielle said, “For me it wasn't much of an issue to leave that all behind, I never had many friends anyway.”

I winced in sympathy and took her hand across the table. It was strange, I spent the better part of yesterday lusting after this woman and yet now I felt nothing but a sense of friendship and camaraderie. It wasn't that I didn't think she was attractive anymore, that would be

insane but it was almost as if I wasn't personally attracted to her. Were my tastes in women changing along with my body?

“Let’s stay in contact.” Danielle insisted, “We can keep an eye out for one another.”

“Sounds good.” I agreed, handing over my number and taking hers in return.

I giggled to myself, this was the number I had so mourned not having yesterday. Then again, yesterday seemed like a very long time ago.

~

So one problem with this change I had not foreseen was turning stir crazy. Back home I had spent hours trying on all my new clothes in various combinations and now I was bored. Normally I was pretty happy to scroll on my phone or watch a movie but there was something inside me that was restless. Perhaps nerves, after what Danielle had told me?

No, this was something different, I felt as though I was full of adrenaline. Felt the need to move and I was craving...something. Memories of last night on the dance floor flooded back to me and I was filled with the urge to repeat it. I scrolled through my playlists until I found something bopping and turned the volume all the way up.

Hopping from foot to foot I enjoyed the way my new body moved to the beat. I could feel my boobs bouncing around in tandem with my ass and the movements made me giggle but also shiver. My craving came into crystal clear focus and I actually smacked myself in the forehead.

“Fucking, duh.”

I was turned on. It made perfect sense after all; in a body this sensual how could I not be. I considered hitting the club again, remembering all those people staring at me on the dance floor made something warm pool in my lower stomach; along with something else.

A strange tingling warm feeling spread between my legs and I groaned, rubbing my thighs together. I could feel the remnants of my cock there, shrinking ever smaller as it finally began to fade away completely. Excitement filled me as I realised it had finally happened, my final stage. I was a chrysalis finally ready to open and become a butterfly.

“Ooooh yeah...” My voice was down near pornographic and that thought seemed to speed things up.

The more I changed the hornier I felt. As my heart began to pound I could feel the skin between my legs changing, even the hair was growing softer and more luscious.

“Oh God...I can feel myself o-opening...”

A hole appeared, followed by warm, soft pussy lips and a clit as my new form finally took hold. Instantly I could feel a warm slickness dripping from me, coating the lips and part of the hair as it spread. Even my pubic hair started to feel wet as the moments passed. I felt hyper aware of the new skin, even brushing the silky fabric of my panties against them felt incredible and I was so tempted to reach a hand inside to feel and stroke them.

My fingers were already heading towards it when I realised that wasn't actually what I wanted. Sure, my own fingers would feel nice but something told me they would never fully satisfy. My attraction to Brian made sense now; that was my craving. I wasn't just craving pleasure or sex, I wanted a man.

The idea of being penetrated, thrust into until finally I would be filled with sticky cum made my whole body shiver. I didn't even make an attempt to feel disgusted. Screw what I was 'supposed' to feel in this situation, Danielle had the right idea. I wanted to embrace this.

Fortunately, I was already in a hot black mini skirt and pink tank top; perfect clubbing attire. I didn't even need to change, I just grabbed my phone, slipping my card out of my wallet and into the case. The one downside to women's clothing seemed to be a distinct lack of pockets but no matter, I simply slid the phone into the side of my bra.

One taxi ride later I was back in the centre of town; breathing a sigh of relief that I lived in a city big enough to support a clubbing scene any day of the week. If I'd had to wait all the way to the weekend in order to get a chance to show off my new body I think I would have died.

One sultry look at the bouncer had me walking in the door without even having to pay the cover charge and I made straight for the dance floor. The bass was pounding, vibrating up into my core and making my new clit quiver. It was almost as if the air itself was pleasuring me as I moved.

It was tempting to give in fully to the music and close my eyes but I resisted. Instead letting my gaze flit from person to person on the dance floor. For the first time in my life my eyes focused on the men, the women becoming nothing but blurs of colour. I focused on how the men looked at me, their jealousy, their admiration. I drank it in, letting it get me more and more hot as the songs continued.

They wanted me, I could tell. I loved watching their eyes dip to my breasts and hips as I moved. They were trying to be subtle but they were failing miserably. I was too hot; they wanted me so badly and I loved it. I experimented, walking over to the bar and subtly pulling

my phone from my chest and setting a timer. Curious to see how long it would take to get a free drink with the help of my new assets. Turns out the timer was unnecessary; before I'd even finished setting it a tall dark man was sidling up next to me, asking to buy me a round.

Even drinking strong alcohol felt different in this body. The burn spread across my chest, making my breasts blush pink across their curves. I could feel the burn settling in my stomach too, travelling down to my pussy and making it even wetter as my current admirer moved closer with each moment that passed.

“So beautiful, what brings you here all alone?” The man smiled and a giggle burst from my lips.

I couldn't help it. Me, beautiful! It felt lovely to hear.

“Oh I just love to meet new people, I'm never alone for long.” I replied smoothly, laying a hand gently on the man's arm, “After all you just showed up didn't you...?”

“Brandon.”

“A strong name for a strong man.” I gave the arm a squeeze, feeling the taut muscle beneath his dress shirt.

Immediately my mind filled with images of those arms holding me. I couldn't help but wonder how it would feel to be crushed against that strong chest by those arms. I felt my new pussy begin to throb with want.

“And yourself, or shall I just call you beauty?”

“Oh a smooth talker, I see how it is.” I bought time while my panicked mind tried to come up with a better name. I couldn't very well say my name was Peter anymore, could I?

“Amy.” I said after a moment, “My name's Amy.”

It was a name I'd always liked but now all of a sudden I felt this connection to it. I didn't feel like I was lying as I introduced myself, if anything saying my old name would have been more of a falsehood at this point.

“Well Amy, would you like another drink or dance? I saw those moves, you put on quite the show.”

“Actually,” I said in a hushed tone, stepping forward so that my chest was only an inch from his own. “I think I would like to get to know you better somewhere more private.”

I let my finger stroke down the middle of his chest, undoing the top button of his dress shirt as it went. I watched as his eyes dilated in the low light and a victorious smile spread across his face. He thought he'd won, he thought he was in control of this situation. How wrong he was; he'd not convinced me of anything. I was doing this because I wanted to.

I stayed still as those arms wrapped around me, one hand smoothing down my back, thumb brushing against the top of my ass and sending tingles all through my system. I could almost feel the flood of dopamine washing over my brain; yes, yes, more! I felt almost high on my own lust as I pulled him close and pressed my lips to his. Kissing had never felt so electric. My lips were so soft and full now, they seemed twice as sensitive as his tongue brushed over them and into my mouth.

Without hesitation I tilted my head back, letting his tongue dominate mine as he tightened his hold on my waist. My breasts pressed to his chest and I felt my nipples hardening enough that I knew he must have been able to feel them through the fabric of our clothing.

All of a sudden the idea of having any clothing on felt abhorrent. I wanted nothing more than to be naked and pressing skin to skin; so much so that I got three buttons into undoing Brandon's shirt before I realised we were still in public.

“Let's get out of here.” I whispered.

“Yours or mine?” Brandon asked with a wry smile.

“Yours, definitely.”

~

I always made a habit, on the few occasions I had been invited to a girls house, to study the decor. What was left strewn around an apartment could tell you a lot about a person; what they did in their free time, what movies they liked, what they read; a veritable treasure trove of information I could use later as conversation starters if things got awkward. This time, as I

stumbled into Brandon's apartment I didn't even notice what colours the walls were. More than that, I didn't care.

I didn't care if Brandon was a gym junkie, a video game nerd or anything in between. His apartment could have been full of satanic cult paraphernalia and I would have no idea because my focus was squarely on his body and what it could do to my own.

As soon as the door was closed he was upon me, squashing me against the wall as his mouth laid kiss after kiss on my neck and shoulders, hands now beneath my shirt and cupping my ass. It felt wonderful; more than that, it felt right, as if this was my entire purpose on this Earth.

In one strong movement Brandon lifted my dress above my head and threw it aside, leaving me in nothing but my underwear. Before he could get too confident I finished my work with his buttons, smoothing my hands over his chest and shoulders before pushing the garment to the floor.

"Bedroom?" I gasped, "Or do you plan on having my right here against the wall?"

"Tempting." He chuckled before scooping me up in his arms and carrying me down the hall before kicking open the door to his bedroom.

Again, I paid no mind to the finer details, the only thing I cared about was the king bed right in the centre of the room. Brandon's eyes twinkled for a moment before he playfully dropped me down onto the mattress and I found myself spread; legs apart, balanced on my palms with my chest heaving as Brandon flicked a finger beneath the underwire and it came loose.

I'd not even realised this bra could unhook in the front but as he lowered his pursed lips to suck on my new tits I was more than a little grateful for that little feature.

"Oooooohhh, f-fuuuuck." I moaned, "That's s-so nice."

It really was. My nipples had been ugly, useless things before this change; now they gave me so much pleasure I couldn't stay still. My legs began to tremble and writhe and Brandon licked and sucked at my nipples. The touch sent sparks flying throughout my entire system but they all seemed to eventually focus between my legs.

"Ahhh! Oh, yes..."

Brandon's mouth made a popping sound as he pulled himself off my tits and moved down to my legs, slowly removing those silk panties. The hair between my legs pulled as he removed the wet fabric and I shivered as my hot pussy was exposed to the air. Before I could get

another word out his head was between my knees and a moment later I felt a warm tongue dancing between my folds.

“Ahhhhh...ahhhhh!” My breathing became shaky, my words failing. “Y-yesssss I-uh...uuhhhhh!”

The pleasure was beyond overwhelming. My vision was going white with it and already I could feel a pressure building up inside me. Despite all of that though, I couldn't help but feel something was wrong, I wasn't being fully satisfied and the ache inside me was growing almost painful.

“P-please.” I begged, “I n-need you inside ah! I-inside me!”

I felt so empty it hurt. I needed him filling me; a cock, not fingers or a tongue but a thick, manly cock. Thankfully, Brandon seemed just as eager and a moment later he was back on his feet, kicking off his pants and revealing the subject of my desire. He was thick and long, precum already beading on his head. I watched as a drop slid down his shaft and the sexual hunger inside me doubled.

A new instinct, the same one that told me how to hook up a bra and dance like a woman, compelled me to move. I turned onto my hands and knees, ass in the air. I presented my pussy to him, wet and open, ready for him. Brandon didn't hesitate, the moment his hands gripped my hips hard the anticipation flared and a moment later I felt the head of his penis slowly entering me.

It was so unlike what I was used to back as a man. The memories of sex paled in comparison to this; this pleasure was all encompassing and beautiful. I could feel my inner walls stretching, burning as the cock parted them. Every inch of me felt as though I was on fire and had to bite down on the mattress to keep from wailing.

My muffled moans echoed about the room as Brandon pushed all the way in. The moment I felt his head resting against the deepest part of me I felt complete; even the pleasure of having my boobs sucked couldn't compare to this.

Then he started to move.

Each thrust somehow felt better than the last. It seemed Brandon had used all his patience during the foreplay because he didn't start slowly. Immediately he was pumping his hips at full force; fast and hard, in and out. More than once he slipped out of me completely before thrusting all the way back in and I saw stars.

That pressure inside me rose and rose as an orgasm built. I could feel my pussy tightening, trying to keep as much of Brandon inside me as it could as I finally fell over the edge.

I screamed into the mattress, cumming so hard that I felt my inner walls crushing the man's penis into them. Brandon swore and a moment later I could feel a wet splash deep inside me. Bliss, a different kind of gratification filled me. A primal need finally met as he pulled out and I collapsed back into the mattress trying to catch my breath.

Brandon flopped down next to me, eyes glassy with a dopey smile on his face.

"Holy shit, that was...fuck. Fucking hell you're incredible."

I didn't have the brain power to respond, I simply snuggled against him and let those strong arms hold me. It was strange, that was the best sex I had ever had and Brandon was certainly hot. Yet I felt no need to do it again. Normally after sex I was raring to go and couldn't wait for enough time to pass to try again. I was feeling that now, I definitely wanted to have more sex...just not with Brandon.

It made sense, I rationalised, now that I had this sexy new body I wanted to sample as many men with it as possible. After all, nobody should stick to just the first person they sleep with. I smiled and sleepily snuggled against my current lover as we fell to sleep. Already planning my quiet escape in the morning and planning to pick up another lover tomorrow night.

~

Brandon woke slowly; a blissful smile on his face. Last night had been amazing; the most incredible sex of his life. When he'd started chatting up Amy he'd never dreamed he would actually be successful. He was sure she'd fob him off or if he was lucky, maybe have a dance and a quick make out session. Instead he'd gotten to feel her all around him.

He rolled over in bed, ready to bring his A game when it came to seduction. He had to talk her into one more round if nothing else; but when he opened his eyes she was gone. The bed was empty and her clothing was missing. There was a small note of thanks on the table, but no number. Just like that, his mystery woman was gone.

He sighed in disappointment. Oh well; one night of passion was still lucky. As he stretched he couldn't help but wince slightly, his chest felt sore and tender. He pressed his hands to his pecs and found they were ever so slightly swollen. Odd, he didn't think he'd crushed Amy to him tightly enough to hurt him.

With a shrug he dismissed the discomfort, flipping on the TV to see a news bulletin. The words 'Femdeminc' splashed across the screen as the far too serious hosts began talking about some new disease. He was about to turn up the volume when his phone rang, his boss, probably wanting him to come in early. With a shrug Brandon clicked the TV off, news report forgotten.

It was probably nothing.