Live the Fantasy

By: Cornelius M.

It all happened during a vacation in the mountains. Every year, my two best friends, Drew and Kevin, and I would take a weekend getaway to do some hiking, drinking, and general hanging out. This year we outdid ourselves; we rented a mountaintop lodge complete with three full bedrooms, private bathrooms, and a hot tub.

We arrived at the remote cabin on Friday afternoon. After driving through miles of mountains and forests, the place looked like a palace. We soon settled in, each of us choosing a bedroom. Mine was at the top of the lodge in what may have once been an attic, but now commanded the best view of the surrounding wooded valleys. And that is when I discovered the surprise.

I was nearly finished unpacking my gear, my duffle bag was practically empty, when I found that the zippered compartment where I usually keep my boxers also seemed empty. Sure enough, I unzipped the final pouch and saw nothing but a scrap of paper inside. I hesitantly pulled out the note which simply said, “Live the fantasy.” A mysterious message would have been strange enough, but what the mysterious message was attached to was the real surprise. The handwritten note was neatly pinned to a tiny, black, silk thong. I was utterly stunned.

This is a good point to tell you a little something about myself. My name is Mac and I, like most people, keep a few secrets. The deepest, darkest secret I have is that I have always fantasized about being a woman. I’ve never cross-dressed and I’m not attracted to men, but I have always wanted to experience life as a woman, even if for a short time. Actually, a short time as a woman would be preferable as I’ve never really wanted to start my life over again in a whole new gender. Besides, I had a job that I loved and a very excellent wardrobe that I wanted to keep. In fact, the sheer number of problems associated with changing gender was mind boggling.

So, having never told a soul about my hidden fantasy, I was definitely shocked to find a tiny pair of women’s underpants where my own boxers should have been. The note also gave a very strong indication that at least one person was aware of my unspoken wish. Glancing quickly over my shoulder, I stuffed the g-string in a drawer and went downstairs to join my friends.

That night we drank like kings. But, I also tried to stay aware of my friends’ conversation. I wanted to see if either one hinted that they were responsible for the wardrobe switch. However, by night’s end, I was insanely drunk and the last thing on my mind was a strange practical joke.

“Hey Mac! Grab some more beer and let’s hit the hot tub!” bellowed Kev from the porch.

“Yeah… lemme go get my bathing suit,” I slurred right back.

“Forget that! Get out here!” Kev yelled. My mind was already whirring, so out I stumbled, three beers in hand. Kev and Drew had stripped down to their boxers and were already basking in steam and hot water. Not to be outdone, I immediately jumped into the hot tub, clothes and all. I actually don’t recall most of the rest of that night.

By the end of the evening (it was actually around four in the morning), I staggered up to the attic bedroom and began removing my very wet clothing. As I was pawing through the dresser for something to sleep in, I came upon the black thong. In a flash of drunken brilliance, I thought, “What the hell? Why not? Live the fantasy!” So, with a goofy grin on my face, I unpinned the mysterious note and put on the silk g-string.

I quickly realized that women’s thongs are definitely not made for men. My penis and balls were either squeezed against my body, or hanging out of the small panty. However, having finally made it to the vicinity of my bed, such concerns immediately fled my mind as I deeply and solidly passed out.

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The following day I woke up with the sun streaming through the high windows and a pounding in my head. With a slow, tired smile I remembered a very excellent night and looked forward to round two. I felt a slight pinching at my waist and looked down only to notice the little, black g-string biting into my side. I laughed at myself and thought, “Very nice, Mac. You’ve finally become a cross-dresser. Let’s try not to make this a habit, now shall we?”

With another chuckle at last night’s foolishness, I finally decided to begin my morning ritual. I foggily drifted from bed into the adjoining bathroom and reached for my penis… Where my once proud member once stood, there was a tiny, little penis, no bigger than a baby carrot! I was definitely shocked into full wakefulness.

I pulled off the silk thong and looked at myself in unabashed awe. I touched my shrunken member and quickly confirmed that this was no mere ‘shrinkage’ issue. I bent down further to look between my legs. My exploration confirmed that my balls had shrunken considerably as well. They used to be large and masculine, but now my entire scrotum was no more than two inches across, and in perfect, miniature proportion to my tiny, three-inch-long penis.

I used the toilet as best as I was able to, unused to my smaller equipment, and rushed back into the bedroom. I sat on the bed and simply stared at my small member. Suddenly, I remembered the strange note attached to the silk g-string. It occurred to me that this could be the beginning of my secret, transgender fantasy.

“Hey Mac, wake up! We’re going out for breakfast,” Drew knocked on the door and began to push it open. I sprung to the door and slammed it closed before Drew could come in any further.

“Yeah, I’ll be right down,” I quickly muttered, my back against the door. Drew mumbled something in return as I heard him go down the stairs. I looked around my room and caught sight of my wet and wrinkled clothes from last night. My jeans were soaked and my boxers were already starting to smell like mildew. Making a face, I briefly considered putting the silk g-string back on, but quickly discarded that idea. As far as I was concerned, having the occasional transgender fantasy does not make a man a cross-dresser. So, I put on my swimming trunks and a clean, white tee-shirt and went downstairs.

Breakfast was at a small diner at the foot of the mountain. The drive went smoothly, but as soon as we were seated in the restaurant, I became extremely self-conscious of my shrunken penis. Ordinarily, my member is embarrassingly obvious in my swim trunks. But my tiny nub hardly made a dent in the fabric. On the other hand, my smaller penis felt as sensitive as hell! The fabric of my swimming trunks continually rubbed against the tender head. After five minutes, I thought I was going to cum in my shorts!

I mumbled an excuse as I slid from our booth and went into the men’s room. I dashed into the nearest stall and sat down immediately, pulling my shorts down in a single, swift stroke. I was greeted with another new shock: my penis had shrunk again! Staring back at me was the smallest penis I could possibly imagine. It stood a mere one and one half inches from my body. My balls had also shrunken to the size of marbles! Despite my shock, I was still extremely turned-on. So, I gripped my even tinier member the best that I could and got myself off in record time. My tiny penis was insanely sensitive. It felt amazing, but I only made a thin trickle of cum when I was done. I cleaned myself off and rejoined the guys.

The rest of breakfast went smoothly except for I was certain that my buddies knew that I had just jerked off. Nobody said anything about it, but I know that I was blushing the whole time anyway.

Our next destination was the small, tourist town a few miles away. Our plan was to hit the local bars and go souvenir shopping. And so our afternoon went: have a beer and a shot, go look at some trinkets, have another beer and a shot, repeat. By my third round, I was feeling the furthest thing from self conscious. As we walked down the crowded street, I did begin to feel something else though. My groin began to feel tight and, like before, I felt like I was going to climax at any moment. I began to walk slower, letting my friends walk ahead of me, and tensed my legs and groin to try and relieve some of the mounting sexual pressure. Tensing only made the sensation more intense! With a sudden gasp, I felt like I was cumming buckets. I quickly sat on a nearby bench and tried to catch my breath. I clenched my legs together and prayed that no one saw me climaxing. I hesitantly looked down at my swimming trunks, but only saw the merest spot of wetness. Having caught my breath and counting myself lucky for not making an absolute mess of myself, I rushed off to find Kevin and Drew.

They had already settled into the next pub up the street. It was a greasy, little dive with a foxy (and scantily dressed) blonde minding the bar. True to form, the guys had a beer and a shot waiting for my arrival. However, my mind continued to dwell on how excellent it felt to get off. I wanted to do it again. Besides, after so much to drink, I had to use the restroom anyway. So, I thought, “Why not?”

My absence was starting to catch my friends’ attention. Regardless, I excused myself to the restroom and went into the first available stall that I found. I took down my shorts and a puff of pubic hair floated to the ground. Startled, I brushed a few stray strands aside and saw that I no longer had a miniature penis; I now had a vagina! The vagina, my vagina, was mostly bald, and had thick, puffy lips, and a prominent clitoris. I was surprised, but I was mostly turned-on. I sat down and gently stroked the outer lips. I could feel them pulse and swell under my lightest touch. I tried touching my clitoris and jumped at the sudden jolt of pleasure it shot through my body. I was entranced. I continued lightly stroking myself, luxuriating in the mounting sensations. Everything felt so good that I wanted more! I slowly slipped my middle finger into my mound. It slid smoothly into my well lubricated space. The smell of sex immediately filled the air and I felt like I was in heaven. I kept my thumb on my clitoris, gently flicking it up and down as I slowly stroked my finger in and out of my new pussy. Such slow penetration was only teasing me though. I was soon going faster and faster, plunging my finger into my cleft as deeply as I could. And with a final, gasping breath I came; my body shuddered with exquisite pleasure as my eyes rolled back and I silently screamed my bliss.

After what felt like ages, I opened my eyes and pulled up my shorts. I still felt dizzy and the alcohol was hitting me harder than ever. But, the guys would definitely find my actions suspicious if I delayed any longer. With a final sigh, I left to rejoin Kevin and Drew at the bar.

“Dude, do you smell that?” blurted Drew with a chuckle, “Somebody got lucky!”

Kevin laughed and nudged me with his elbow, “*You* took an awfully long time in the bathroom! Did you get a piece of that?” Kevin gestured at the bar maid.

I just laughed and drank my shot. I also tried to ignore the growing sensation in my vagina. All of a sudden, it felt very wet and very needy.

We continued walking around town for a few more hours. The feeling in my crotch continued to get increasingly intense. Sometimes I just walked slowly, and sometimes I clenched my legs together as tightly as I could. The pulsing heat between my legs only grew! Three souvenir shops and five bars later, we found ourselves back at the lodge, drunk as hell, and ready to hit the hot tub.

The guys went inside to change into their swimsuits while I just jumped right in. I was already wearing my own swim trunks and I thought that I might be able to touch myself for a moment under cover of the hot water before my friends came back out. Glancing over my shoulder, I slowly reached for my pussy. As I touched it through the fabric of my shorts I again felt that amazing, electrical feeling course through me. My scalp tingled. Something felt different, though. I looked down and could clearly see that the thick, puffy, pussy lips looked even puffier than before. Also, the prominent clitoris now pushed proudly up nearly an entire inch. I took my hand away and was mildly dismayed to see that I had a very distinct camel toe; my swimsuit perfectly conformed to the shape of my very swollen pussy. My entire mound seemed to pulse with my heartbeat.

The guys burst out of the front door, laughing and joking, beers in hand. I swiftly dunked my head under the water to hide my sweat and my blush. I came up with a gasp and laughed right along, trying desperately to hide my embarrassment.

As the evening went on, the conversation eventually turned to working out, keeping in shape, and unwanted weight gain. Drew and Kevin had been struggling for some time to lose a few extra pounds. I had always been the tall, lanky one in the group.

“It looks like Mac is finally putting some weight on now!” Drew laughed from across the hot tub.

He was pointing at my chest and I looked down. My white tee-shirt was plastered against me like paint, and prominently poking through the sheer, white fabric were two tall, pink nipples. They were about the size of pencil erasers. And supporting these two nipples were two soft, gently bobbing, conical breasts. I was relieved that they were small enough to attribute to weight gain, but I was also extremely embarrassed that Drew had noticed this latest development before I had a chance to hide it.

“I have definitely been eating and drinking well lately!” I laughed, hardly missing a beat. I took a long drink from my beer and laughed again. The guys laughed too, feeling that a good joke was had by all. However, I was feeling scared and very drunk; I had no idea what was going to happen next, or how I could possibly explain it.

I left for my bedroom at three in the morning, leaving Kevin and Drew to drink the night away. I was going to see if I had missed any other transformations as the night had progressed. Instead, feeling drunk and weary, I passed out; fully clothed, soaking wet, and oblivious to the world.

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I woke up on Sunday with a familiar pounding in my head. I slowly sat up. But, as slowly as sat up, I still felt the weight of my chest gently shift beneath my wrinkled tee-shirt. I looked down and saw two very distinct, female breasts poking into the fabric. I pulled my shirt over my head. The tacky fabric caught and pulled up on my erect nipples. They were still about the size of pencil erasers, but seemed huge to me in the sober light of day. My enlarged nipples also felt extremely sensitive; in fact, they felt amazing compared to my formerly tiny, male nipples.

I couldn’t help but notice that the budding breasts (which I was only peripherally aware of the previous night) were also an extreme change from my formerly masculine chest. All of my chest hair seemed to have fallen out. I quick look at my discarded tee-shirt confirmed that suspicion. And while I had always had a narrow chest, it was now a perfectly smooth, pale plane. Rising from that expanse of soft skin were two cones, almost three inches of flesh, gently bobbing with my breathing. I reached up and tweaked my left nipple. It immediately stiffened and grew under my touch. My new breast felt soft and hot under the weight of my hand.

My breathing grew heavy and my legs began to tremble and feel wet. I looked down and saw a wet spot growing on the crotch of my swimming trunks. I pulled them off and saw that the rest of my pubic hair was gone. My bald pussy looked plump and sleek; my clitoris stood prominently at its peak. I reached down to touch myself with my free hand and began to gently massage my mound. My pussy lips plumped as my fingers pulled and tweaked my vagina.

Bang! My head snapped up as somebody slammed their fist on the door. “Good morning, Mac! It’s our last day here, so get dressed. We’re going for a hike!” Kevin shouted through the door. I was very grateful that he didn’t shove his way in.

Trying to resist touching myself, I shouted back, “I haven’t showered since we got here. Give me a break!”

“Fuck it, man! The hot tub sanitizes everything; you can shower later,” Kevin argued back and went down the steps, presumably to prepare for our hike.

“Damn it,” I muttered to myself in frustration.

A look about my room confirmed that I was officially out of clean clothes. I pulled on my jeans, now dry after their soak in the hot tub, but stiff as cardboard. As soon the rigid denim touched my vagina, I immediately jerked at the sensation. My new pussy was sensitive indeed! Remembering the moistened state of my swimming trunks, I decided to cover my vagina with the only garment left, the tiny, black, silk thong.

I slid it over my legs and onto my mound. My pussy lips were thick and my mound was wet and swollen. The small piece of fabric barely covered it and conformed itself instantly to my pussy. The rest of the g-string pulled tightly against my ass. Thinking quickly, I grabbed my last clean tee-shirt and a thick sweatshirt to (hopefully) disguise my new breasts. As I put on my shirt, my nipples grew immediately hard again, warning me that they may not be so easily disguised. My blue jeans were wearable when I put them on for the second time. So, finally fully dressed, I joined my friends to enjoy our last day at the lodge.

Kevin drove us to a trailhead two mountains away. The day was hot and the guys kept looking at me strangely for wearing such a warm sweatshirt. I didn’t blame them because I could already feel sweat rolling down my breasts, teasing my nipples with the hot moisture. However, we soon reached the trail and left the car. As soon as we started hiking, the trail climbed steeply upward and made the air crisp and cold. All of a sudden, Kev and Drew were jealous I had worn my sweatshirt.

At first, the hike was a lot of fun and I was certain that my small boobs were well disguised. I could still feel them bounce and sway as I climbed over fallen rocks and tree limbs. The gentle brushing of my nipples against my tee-shirt was beginning to turn me on again. I could feel my pussy begin to pulse and heat up.

In years past, our annual hike was always my favorite part of our vacation. I had always been able to lose myself in the serene woodlands. I remembered the sense of peace I had always enjoyed on these forest walks. But this time, my mind kept drifting to sex. The trees and mountains couldn’t hold my attention. Instead, I wanted to strip naked. I thought about touching myself. Hell, I even began to imagine lips and hands all over my body. With a violent shake of my head, I desperately tried to ignore these thoughts and urges.

I managed some semblance of normalcy, but the continuous brushing of my nipples against my shirt kept drawing my attention back to my breasts. As we climbed higher, my boobs even seemed to grow heavier. At first I didn’t even notice, but after too long they felt like they were bouncing a lot more than when we began our walk. I took a quick glance down at my chest and was surprised to see two prominent bulges shoving into the front of my sweatshirt. My breasts had grown by several inches in the last few hours! Watching them bounce up and down on the uneven terrain was also making me extremely horny. I focused on not staring at myself and staying on the narrow trail. I also focused on not getting called-out by my friends for my unusual behavior. I had no idea how I could possibly explain myself.

The trail switched back on itself and we began our descent. I conveniently fell behind, letting Drew and Kevin forge ahead of me. I quickly pulled my sweatshirt over my breasts and confirmed that my boobs had grown from about an A-cup to almost a C-cup. Luckily, I was wearing an old tee-shirt that was already stretched and worn. Otherwise, the fabric would already be cutting into my tits. I replaced my sweatshirt and hurried down the trail to catch up to the guys. Running on the down-hill trail sent my boobs flying! They felt like they were bouncing to my chin and back again with every stride. Their weight seemed to pull me and I actually struggled to keep my balance.

When my friends were in sight, I slowed to catch my breath and resume my place in the back of our line. I looked down at my own heaving bosom. I laughed at myself because I realized that I actually had a ‘heaving bosom’! The guys looked over their shoulders and welcomed me back. By this time, we were all so tired that I was able to remain discreet.

When we got back to Kevin’s car, I asked, “Kevin? Have you got a towel? I’m sweating buckets!”

“In the trunk; help yourself,” Kevin said as he leaned into the driver’s-side window and opened the trunk. I dug out a large beach towel and draped it over my shoulders, letting the ends cover my expanded boobs. As we drove back to the lodge, I was extremely grateful for the disguise. I was certain my friends would have seen the way my breasts bounced with every pothole in the road. My tits jerked and swayed as Kevin drove, gently pulling my entire torso left and right. Only that silly towel kept them hidden. Yet, under the towel, I actually felt them begin to grow! My tee-shirt slowly grew tight. The fabric stretched and pulled across my sensitive skin as new weight was added to my boobs. They bounced even higher as our drive went on.

When we arrived back at the lodge I told my friends, “I have had way too much to drink this weekend, and, I stink like a dog. You guys have fun with the hot tub and beer. I’m showering and going to sleep.”

They protested and I persisted. Eventually they relented and I went to my room to assess the latest changes in my body. I cast the beach towel aside and pulled off my sweatshirt. My worn-out tee-shirt was now stretched over two, large, womanly tits. I cupped them with my hands and guessed that they must be around a D-cup now. The hot, spongy flesh filled my hands completely. My fingers felt warm and extremely good on my boobs. Wanting more of this sensation, I pulled off my tee-shirt. The hem pulled my breasts upward; as the shirt passed my chin, my boobs fell heavily onto my chest and quivered seductively.

My nipples had grown as well. They were large and pink and about the size of thimbles. The areolas surrounding them were each nearly three inches across. I stroked my breasts, teasing the areas around my nipples. They grew stiff and I gently plucked at them, gasping at the fantastic feeling that shot through me. I pinched them harder and had to bite my lower lip to keep from crying out. I pulled my nipples upward, drawing each breast up behind them and dropped them. I was fascinated with the amazing sensations and the way my soft tits never seemed to stop jiggling.

I made my way to the shower, tossing my remaining clothes aside as I went. I turned on the hot water and let it stream over my boobs. I touched my pussy and felt how hot and engorged it felt. Once again, my lips were puffed out and begging for attention. I rubbed my clitoris gently and moaned at the feeling. Then I mashed my palm into the sensitive nub and jammed three of my fingers into myself as deeply as I could. I cried out at the incredible feeling; waves of pleasure were spreading from my twat and echoing throughout my whole body. My mind was lost in the exquisite sensation.

With my free hand, I started pulling on my tits again. I pulled my nipples as far as I could and dropped my breast on my chest. I rubbed my palm all around my areolas. I pinched and massaged my soft, sensitive tits. I felt like I was in heaven. My sexual tension peaking, I finally slammed my fingers into my pussy harder than ever and my orgasm crashed over me! My knees buckled and I slid down the shower wall. My hips were thrusting wildly the whole way, until I was sitting on the shower floor, shaking with the feelings that overwhelmed me from head to toe.

Eventually I did manage to wash myself. After my shower, I stood at the sink and wiped the condensation from the mirror. The first thing I noticed was my breasts; they simply demanded my attention. If nothing else, they made me feel amazing. But, they also looked extremely big and sexy. Then, I noticed some other changes in myself. My hair definitely looked longer. I got closer to the mirror and confirmed that it seemed to have grown nearly two inches since morning. My hair style still looked masculine, but it also looked like I was due for a haircut. My lips looked different as well. I almost looked like I was pursing my lips. As an experiment, I puckered. The effect was dramatic; my lips looked really big when I did that! I took a step back to get a better look at the rest of my body. Turning around, I saw that my ass had definitely grown that day. It used to be quite flat, but now it gently arced outward. I hopped once to see what would happen. Sure enough, my ass gave a little jiggle as I landed.

Naked, I slipped into bed. I thought about how difficult it would be to hide these changes from my friends in the morning. As I lay back, I felt my boobs shift toward my arms. The soft, hot flesh felt smooth. I tweaked my long, pink nipple as my other hand stroked my stomach and began to play with my clitoris… Eventually I slept.

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Early the next morning, I lazily rolled over, trying to drift back into deep, peaceful sleep. I woke up with a start and a yelp as my left nipple was suddenly, painfully pinched between my torso and arm. Rubbing my injured left tit, I looked blearily out the window to see the sun just peaking over the horizon. It occurred to me that I could leave the lodge right now before Kevin and Drew even woke up. If I could stay quiet, I wouldn’t have to explain anything to them.

I threw all of my clothes into my duffle bag. Then I paused for a moment, trying to decide what to wear. I looked at the black g-string on top of my other clothes; it was staring at me and tempting me. I picked up the panty and wondered if it was even clean enough to wear anymore. I sniffed it. Suddenly, the smell of sex filled my nose and overwhelmed my mind. The rational part of my mind fought the images, but I couldn’t stop thinking of tits and ass, of pussy and penises. The last thought surprised me the most. But, the thought of dicks began to fascinate me entirely. I imagined kissing a long, hard penis. I fantasized about being fucked. My pussy felt puffy and began dripping down my leg.

I couldn’t help myself as I slipped the silk thong on once again. I also decided to wear my white tee-shirt from Saturday, my jeans, and my sweatshirt. I hoped that the sweatshirt would at least partially disguise my boobs during the drive home. I quietly snuck down the stairs, scrawled a quick goodbye note to Kevin and Drew, and dashed to my car.

Safely behind the wheel, I began to put some miles between the lodge and myself. Before long, I began to relax. As the sun rose in the sky, the morning grew extremely hot. I pulled onto the shoulder to take off my sweatshirt and stretch my legs. I got out of the car and was hit with a sudden wave of dizziness as I stood. I pulled off my sweatshirt and saw that sweat had soaked through my tee-shirt. My areolas were visible near my cleavage. And my cleavage was very visible as the neck of my tee-shirt was stretched and strained. I got back into the car as quickly as I could before another driver spotted me and my tits.

As I drove on, I moved the seat closer to the steering wheel to get more comfortable. After a few more miles, I moved the seat closer again. I was getting shorter! After I moved the seat a third time, I began to worry. However, I didn’t worry long because that’s when an entirely new sensation began. I felt my ass grow warm and begin to tingle. I literally began to feel myself rise in my seat as waves of tingling heat pulsed through my bottom. The strangeness of the situation made me extremely horny. I could feel my vagina grow warm; it began to pulse in rhythm with the sensations coming from my ass. Waves of heat began coursing through my body from the waist down.

With my free hand I unzipped my pants and touched my pussy. My pussy lips felt thick and swollen. My ass continued to pulse with heat and quickly grew tight within my jeans. My hand was pressed solidly into my vagina as any available space in my pants was progressively filled with my expanding rear end. And then the warmth spread toward my hips and thighs. The pulsing heat continued and I luxuriated in the feeling. My already tight pants grew tighter still as my hips grew before my eyes. Slowly they pushed outward, making the seams of my pants creak under the strain. My hips bucked as the waves of warmth washed electrically over my skin.

As suddenly as the sensations had come upon me, they were gone. I barely managed to pull my hand from my extremely tight blue jeans. I found myself grateful that I didn’t crash during that strange and exhilarating experience. I breathed deeply and tried to keep my mind on driving.

The only problem with that plan was that my transformation had felt so damn good! I wanted to feel that amazing heat wash over me again. I wanted to bury my hand in my crotch and never stop fingering myself! Feeling high with sexual energy, I grabbed my breast and began pulling at my nipple through my shirt. I alternated between boobs, stroking my teats and making them as hard as I could.

Then I felt the growing warmth again. This time it was centered on my nipples. They were extremely erect when the waves of warmth began; each one was the size of a thimble. Then I felt them stretch and grow beneath my probing fingers. They grew wider and longer as I pulled on them and moaned with the pleasure of it. The waves of warmth became waves of heat and slowly crept across my entire upper body. My skin tingled and felt caressed.

The breast-flesh beneath my palm pushed slowly outward. I traced my areola with my fingertip and made a spiral over my expanding tit. Inch by inch, my tits pressed into my shirt. The tee-shirt grew tighter and tighter around my growing breasts. I put my hand underneath my left breast; I found that my entire hand was now smaller than the lower curve of my boob. I lifted my breast and let it bounce playfully back to my chest. The flesh poking through the neck of my shirt quivered delightfully.

A pulling sensation started tugging at my waist and shoulders. As the tingling waves washed over my torso, I felt my sides pulling in on themselves. Every part of my body that started changing felt ultra-sensitive, like a roaming erogenous zone. My stomach grew taught and then relaxed. Then I saw my lower belly push forward ever so slightly, further separating the open zipper of my stretched and straining jeans.

Once again, the tingling waves slowly leached from my body. I replaced both hands on the steering wheel and simply breathed. Glancing down, I saw that this entire experience had left me even hornier. My tiny, black g-string was pressed firmly into my snatch; my plump pussy had soaked it through. I gently bucked my hips at the erotic sight.

I tried to focus on driving and getting home as quickly as possible. But, I had been left so turned-on, that I couldn’t help but touch myself. I idly caressed my expanded tits. They had grown positively huge. Each one was the size of a basketball. My tee-shirt was stretched around my giant boobs and had pulled upward, leaving the bottom third of my tits naked. The fronts of my breasts were firmly pressing into the steering wheel. I considered moving the car seat backward, but discarded the idea as my feet would no longer reach the pedals. Instead, I drove on as I was, pinned between the car seat and steering wheel by my immense tits. Each pothole that I hit made them bounce dramatically. Then they would jiggle and finally settle into relative stillness. However, even my breathing made them bob and sway seductively. The sight of it was intoxicating. The more I watched, the more I desperately wanted sex.

I managed to simply drive for quite some time when I felt the familiar wave of dizziness and the building of heat within my body. I felt the tingling waves begin at my scalp and slip like warm fingers down my face and spine. Even my hair seemed to pulse with erotic energy. My already shaggy hair tickled my ears and neck as it snaked downward. I glanced at my shoulder and saw rich blonde waves drape over my shoulder and onto the shelf of my fat breasts. I even felt hair pile behind my upper back as it grew thicker and longer. The blonde tresses that I could see looked shiny and healthy. I actually found myself pleased with their sexy glow.

I licked my lips nervously at this thought. I found myself enjoying this process entirely too much. I also found that this purely sexual experience was making it very difficult for me to think about anything else. I tried to recall being a man only a few days ago. Instead, I was distracted as my lips grew thicker. They stretched forward and grew plump. I licked them again and was amazed at how large they had swollen. I closed my mouth, but quickly and unconsciously opened it again as the weight of my bottom lip pulled ever so slightly down. I looked in the vanity mirror and saw that my entire face had changed! My eyes were larger; my nose was subtly smaller and better shaped. My cheeks seemed softer yet more prominent. Overall, there was a generally soft, sexy look to all of my facial features. My lips, however, took most of my attention; they were extremely large and full. My mouth hung slightly open as if I was ready to gasp. I had cock-sucking lips! That thought made me extremely horny; I felt my pussy pulse and moisten in response. I realized that I was now, and very completely, a woman.

After that, I managed to drive for the rest of the morning and part of the afternoon. My mind alternated between complete shock at my transformation, and idle enjoyment as I continuously caressed my giant nipples and thick pussy lips. By mid-afternoon, I was starving. I hadn’t eaten all day and wouldn’t be home until that evening. I realized that I could have waited to eat, but I was also extremely curious about what I looked like now, the total package.

I stopped at a roadside bar and parked behind the building to get a moment of privacy. As I got out of the car, one of my shoes fell off; my feet had shrunken considerably while I was driving. Comparing my height to the car, I guessed that I was now about five feet tall. My pants hung loosely over my lower legs, entirely covering my feet. However, that was the only loose part of my pants remaining. My thighs bulged against the strained denim. My big, round ass was poking out of the top of my jeans, but, the jeans were simultaneously wedged deep into my butt crack. The zipper was hopelessly stuck open as I now had a tiny bulge at my lower belly. The curve of flesh arced smoothly to my mound, making my pussy mound look even more full and soft than before. My wide, rounded hips pushed against the stretched blue jeans and threatened to burst the seams at any moment.

I hid behind my car and struggled to take down my pants. With a gasp of relief my fleshy ass and hips popped free. My ass cheeks jiggled and looked even larger unconstrained by the confining jeans. I kicked off my remaining shoe and peeled my pants down my long, smooth thighs. The remainder of my leg hair fell loosely to the ground. Inspired, I pulled my bathing suit out of my duffle bag and pulled that on. The stretchy material was much more yielding than my blue jeans had been. The slick swimming trunks perfectly conformed themselves to my curvy thighs. With a few small jumps (that sent my tits into a magnificent, bouncing frenzy) I was able to get the swimming trunks over my formidable ass. Taking a deep breath, I sucked in my belly and tied the swimsuit closed. I released my breath and felt my small tummy push the stretched fabric a few inches further. I looked down at myself to see if I could walk in public without getting arrested. However, my view was entirely obstructed by my awesome tits straining against the white fabric of my tee-shirt. With a shrug (that also sent my boobs into an endless jiggle), I left my shoes behind and walked into the bar.

As I walked, I could hear my swimming trunks creak under the pressure of my giant ass. I felt my butt jiggle and shake with each step; my fleshy cheeks were bouncing dramatically. The sensation was exciting and an extreme turn-on. My curvy hips swayed back and forth as I walked. I tried to walk normally, but my body would not obey. Instead, I felt the rise and fall of each ass cheek and the bobbing of my hips. My thighs lightly rubbed against each other. However, my breasts demanded most of my attention. I pulled my shirt down and tried to cover their exposed bottoms. The material simply slid back up their smooth, round surface. With a tremendous effort I pulled on the collar and made a long tear down the shirt’s center. The extra space allowed me to tuck the hem under my boobs, but also left a long line of cleavage showing. This sight was amazingly sexy. Like my ass, every step I took sent my breasts bobbing and swaying. They never stopped bouncing. Even my breathing made them heave seductively.

Thus, a walking mass of bouncing tits and ass, I entered the bar. Being a Monday afternoon, the place was practically empty. Two old-timers sat in a corner booth and a bartender was preparing for the dinner crowd. I sat at the bar and ordered a beer and a burger. My voice made me squeak in surprise. I now spoke with a breathy alto. It actually sounded kind of musical, but very ditzy.

“I need to use the restroom. I’ll be right back, ‘kay?” I smiled at the bartender. He smiled back and I blushed furiously. What was I saying? Why was I talking like this? My wet pussy and turgid nipples gave me the answers to those questions. I walked toward the restrooms, swaying my hips dramatically. I almost walked into the men’s room, but caught myself at the last moment, veering into the women’s room.

A large mirror hung over the sinks and I looked at myself. My hair was honey-colored and very long. Turning around, I saw that it just touched the top of my butt. My ass was huge and round. Each ass cheek thrust boldly into my swimming trunks, creating a prominent shelf just below my lower back. I bounced on my toes and saw how my entire rear jiggled in response, settling long moments after the rest of me had stopped moving. I turned again and saw that, indeed, my swimsuit was barely stretched over my round hips and perfectly hugged my pussy mound. These pants left nothing to the imagination as I could clearly see my thick pussy lips press into the thin fabric. My legs were long, and they tapered from my wide hips to my shapely shins and small feet. The skin was smooth and pale.

My face was dominated by my thick, sensual lips. They hung slightly agape, giving my face a confused and innocent appearance. I licked my lips and smiled; innocence was instantly replaced with raw, sexual hunger and my lips looked ready to suck cock.

Finally, I looked at my huge tits. Through the thin, white fabric of my tee-shirt I could see my areolas. They had each grown over six inches across; their vibrant pink showed plainly through my stretched shirt. My nipples were extreme! They weren’t even fully erect, but still reminded me of pink wine corks, long and thick. And the tits that they topped were stupendous. My boobs were soft and round, and hung proudly from my chest. I picked my heavy, left breast up with both of my hands (my hands had shrunken to small, dainty things) and squeezed it. My tit-flesh was yielding and hot; my huge nipple grew even longer for the attention. With another small jump, I watched, mesmerized, as my tits bounced endlessly. The pale, creamy tit-flesh quivered and my nipples traced delicate circles under my shirt. Under the stress, my tee-shirt ripped even further, revealing the inner curve of my areolas. I was so turned-on that I didn’t care how much flesh I was showing. Wearing a wicked smile, I jiggled and swayed back to the barroom.

The old-timers had left and the bartender was simply staring at me. I slowly approached and leaned over the bar. My boobs fell forward. With a loud tear, my shirt ripped entirely open, spilling my tits. They swung heavily back and forth, my thick nipples brushing the bar stool beneath me. I smiled at the stranger across from me and licked my full, pink lips. “I’m hungry,” I whispered in my high, breathy voice.

The man leaped over the bar and grabbed me around my narrow waist, his hands resting on my ample posterior. His touch felt amazing. He kissed my mouth and I could feel my lips tingle. I dropped to my knees and unzipped his pants. His member was long and hard. I licked his shaft delicately, then, opened my mouth wide, taking in as much of him as I could. I continued to suck his dick; I felt my tits slapping heavily on my chest. The feeling of his hot dick in my mouth felt incredible. I simply kept bobbing up and down, lost in the joy of cock-sucking. After a while, his penis grew even harder and I drew back. I wanted much more from this sexual experience.

Sensing my desire, the bartender ripped open my swimsuit and pulled it to my ankles. My pussy was as wet and swollen as ever. The lips were full and extremely puffy. I boosted myself onto a nearby pool table and laid myself back, spreading my legs as wide I could. I could feel my pussy lips pull moistly apart and my fat, fleshy tits jiggle towards my arms. As the man undressed himself, my crotch grew hot and plump; pussy juices dripped onto the tabletop in eager anticipation. He jumped onto me, burying his head between my massive melons, and smoothly thrusting into my open vagina. He licked and bit my turgid nipples and large areolas as I wiggled out of my tattered tee-shirt. His mouth set my tits on fire with ecstasy. I pushed my fleshy globes into his face to get even more of his attention.

However, my main focus was on my vagina. It felt full, wet, and wonderful. The bartender’s dick was hot and hard as it drove into my moist, yielding pussy. Every thrust felt better than the last. My tall clitoris rammed into his pubic bone and sent chills of pleasure throughout my body. After only a few moments of this, I climaxed like never before. Waves of overwhelming sexual energy washed through me. I tossed my head back and forth; I screamed my bliss.

With a wicked grin of his own, the stranger suddenly pulled out of me. I whimpered for the loss of his large cock inside of me. I simply panted and languidly closed my eyes, basking in my sexual high. He grabbed my wide hips and flipped me over so that I was on my hands and knees. My huge boobs hung down, the large nipples pressing solidly into the felt tabletop. My mind was so foggy with the amazing sensations that I was feeling that I didn’t care what he did to me next. He began to massage my large, jiggling ass and pulled the fleshy cheeks apart. I found myself extremely accommodating and bent over even further, thrusting my huge, round ass into the air. I heard a deep chuckle behind me as he pushed into my tight anus, filling me again with his manhood.

At first, the feeling was too tight and very uncomfortable. But, my body was now built for sexual pleasure. I soon relaxed and felt my ass eagerly envelope his penis. Again, the sensation of being filled was mind-blowing. I felt complete pleasure and roughly pushed my fleshy bottom into each thrust. My ass was bouncing and jiggling and my tits pressed hard into the tabletop. My nipples were continuously teased by the smooth felt as we thrust back and forth. As magnificent as these feelings were, I wanted more! I reached between my fleshy, sweaty thighs and began to finger my soaking crotch.

I became lost in the ass-fucking; we may have been doing it for hours. Suddenly, I felt the man tense again and grow harder than ever. With a final, forceful thrust, he pushed deep into my ass and let loose a torrent of hot cum. His climax made me feel amazing and drove me over-the-edge. I couldn’t stop moaning and screaming at the extreme pleasure coursing throughout my body. He gently pulled out of me and I slumped to the tabletop, extremely spent.

A short time later I smelled something cooking and realized that this strange man that I had just fucked was still going to make my lunch. The meal was okay. But, as soon as I had eaten, the bartender sauntered around the bar, picked me up, and summarily planted my sopping pussy on his waiting cock. Hours passed as I sucked and fucked this stranger in every way I could imagine.

I managed to scoop up my clothes and sneak out the backdoor while the man was in the restroom. I was actually pretty grateful that we wouldn’t have to talk, exchange names, or do anything like that. At the car, I finger-brushed my long hair and pulled the remains of my tee-shirt on, tying it underneath my giant boobs. The look was really quite sexy as the shirt lifted my huge tits upward and created a long, sensuous line of cleavage. My areolas were still clearly showing and my thick nipples prominently tented the fabric. I looked like a complete slut and found that I loved it! I slipped on the black, silk g-string and struggled to replace my swimsuit. My large ass resisted the confinement, but I was finally able to squeeze it into the stretchy shorts.

Later that night, I arrived at my apartment. I was happy to see that none of my neighbors were around to see a strange slut letting herself in. I closed and locked the door, finally feeling safely concealed in my own place. However, when I started to think about it, I found that I didn’t want to stay concealed. I wanted my curvaceous body to be seen! The idea that I had just fucked a stranger in a barroom made me extremely horny. I licked my plump, sensual lips at the graphic thoughts that flooded my mind.

I went into the kitchen and grabbed a large cucumber from the crisper, rolling and rubbing it between my dainty hands. I dropped my ragged tee-shirt on the ground and giggled as my huge bosom bounced free of its confinement. My tits looked even bigger than before. Previously, I compared them to basketballs, but now they looked even larger, closer to the size of small beach balls. I nestled the cucumber in the hot, sweaty crevice of my enlarged tits and wiggled out of my tight swimming trunks. My ass jiggled free and I gave it a playful slap. It, too, seemed to have grown larger. It was the largest, bounciest ass I had ever seen in my life!

In my bedroom, I looked at myself in the mirror. I was only wearing the tiny, black, silk thong that had started this whole escapade. The small swath of cloth barely covered my engorged pussy. I thought that my camel toe looked very sexy. I looked like a whore as my thick-lipped mouth hung slightly ajar, as my huge tits quivered with my every breath.

I laid myself on the bed and slipped off my thong, placing it carefully on the bedside table. I briefly considered that I would never be able to go to my job (my former job) again. Also, none of my clothes would fit me. Oddly, these thoughts no longer bothered me. Maybe I could work at a strip club. Or, maybe I could live with some rich sex-maniac with a huge cock. Now that thought made me smile and giggle as I slipped the warm cucumber into my hot, wet pussy.

The End