(Note: I have not had a huge amount of time to continue writing this story and to be honest I do not know where I am going to go with it. I do have an end goal in mind but it is unclear right now how I am going to reach that. If you have any ideas for where the story can go and what the transformations could be, please leave a comment giving me your ideas and criticisms. In the meantime, enjoy this short chapter from a different perspective.)

Day 3 – Monday (Mia’s perspective)

*It has definitely been a week to remember,* I thought as I readjusted my new appendage for what must have been the one millionth time since Saturday. It was around 7am and I had just woken up. My mind drifted back to the memories of yesterday.

It had definitely been weird. It was weird enough having a penis between my legs when I had had a vagina my whole life but to actually have it keep growing throughout the day was definitely one of the best and worst experiences. It was the worst because that meant my penis kept getting larger and it wasn’t able to be stuffed into my old panties. But oh my, did it feel great!

Sorry, I got ahead of myself there. My name is Mia and this is my journal. If you are reading this, I have no idea how you got it and you’re probably a creep for reading other people’s stuff. Anyways, I decided to start this journal now mainly because of what had happened since Saturday last week. If you are a little confused because you have been born 100 years from now, that’s ok. I’ll start from the beginning. Also, I’m going to be writing this like a novel. Don’t ask me why but I guess that’s how all famous diaries and journals are written (a la Anne Frank).

You see, everything used to be normal. Men had penises, and women had vaginas. Then, the Swap happened. Suddenly everybody woke up to find that something was missing between their legs or something had suddenly grown there. Of course, panic ensued but everything sort of calmed down by the Sunday (yesterday FYI). I went to work at Walmart on the day of the Swap, because even though I had tried to call in sick my boss said that everybody was in the same boat so we should suck it up and just carry on.

It was a really mundane job. I was just a part-time cashier as I studied my commerce degree. On Saturday no one really spoke. They just got the stuff they needed, paid as quickly as they could and then rushed out the door. That was how my day went for a few hours until someone finally spoke. He was actually a good looking guy, even though he had some shoddy clothes that he probably just threw on. Out of the blue he asked me what I thought of the whole situation we were in now. I was a little surprised that he spoke and I surprised myself by replying truthfully. I mean, I even said out loud that I didn’t miss having a vagina!

We spoke for a little while longer and he told me that he knew nothing about hygiene for the female (now male) anatomy. I replied by telling him the same thing and as a result I gave him my number and he gave me his. He told me his name (Michael) and after he left I had a little smile on my face for the rest of the day. It passed quickly and without incident. That night when I got home I decided to sleep with no pants and I felt how my new member rested heavily on my thigh.

On Sunday morning I woke up to my penis standing to attention. I freaked out and jumped out of bed, with my member waving wildly from side to side. I tapped the head with my finger and it bobbed up and down. In my panic I called up Michael and he calmly told me what to do. Soon after it was thankfully flaccid and I didn’t have to jerk it off. He seemed so calm and relaxed and it really infected me positively.

For most of the day I finished off some assignments for university and then I caught up with some series that I had missed. Have I mentioned that Game of Thrones is amazing? Yeah, it totally is, although I had to think to myself how they were going to do all the sex scenes now that almost everything about the human anatomy had changed.

However around 2 in the afternoon, some weird stuff started to happen. And after all that had happened already, when I say weird, I mean weird! I began to feel waves of warmth that hit me every few minutes. They were always concentrated to my boobs and dick.

After about the fourth time it happened, I noticed something was off. My bra now seemed a little more constricting than usual. I wore a B-cup bra and it was still a little loose. But now my boobs actually felt like they were filling the bra! I felt them up through my shirt and they definitely had more substance to them.

Just then the next wave of warmth and pleasure hit me. This time it was more concentrated on my dick. I could actually feel it growing with each pulse of pleasure. It began to harden as I became more aroused and my nipples also rose to attention.

I hadn’t measured it before, but I had estimated that my dick had been around 7 inches when I had first got it. Now with each pulse, it grew another centimeter long and proportionately wide in girth. I could not believe my eyes. Two days ago I had a pussy, and now here I was, watching my very own dick grow before my eyes and not wanting it to stop!

However, soon it became too much for me. What if I didn’t stop growing? What if it went too far and I would be some monster with a giant dick, unable to ever have sex? *Wait what?* I thought. *Sex?* Why was I worrying about sex?

Anyways, I needed to get help. I tried to call Stacy, my best friend, but she wasn’t answering her cell phone. In my desperate and sexually aroused mind, I called Michael. He said he would come over as soon as possible. 5 minutes later and he arrived. I buzzed him into my apartment block. A minute later he was in my apartment. I grabbed him and threw him onto my couch and began to awkwardly describe what was happening to me.

Halfway through my explanation, another wave of growth hit. Michael’s eyes grew wider as he stared at me panting breathlessly, feeling my tits swell with each wave. Soon, the pleasure eased off and Michael just stared absent mindedly at my chest. I exclaimed that they must have been C-cups now, and then I remembered. I looked down at my sweat pants and had a double-take. Michael asked what was wrong. I couldn’t think of any other way to explain so I just pulled down my pants, unashamedly.

I felt my new 7 inch dick swing in the cool air, and watched as Michael just stared at it. I was pretty sure that he was imagining what he could do with a dick of that size. He snapped out of his daze when I started explaining what it was like when the Swap first happened. We chatted a bit and then I plucked up some courage.

“Well, I was wondering if you wanted to go get some dinner sometime, like tonight?” I asked.

He replied with yes! I was so elated but I didn’t want to show it. We confirmed the plans and as he turned to leave and say goodbye, something came over me and I gave him a quick kiss on his cheek. He smiled at me and then he left. As soon as I closed the door I sighed with relief. That was the most magical and stressful moment of my life. He hadn’t even freaked out when he saw me half naked, which is a great thing!

Time passed and I got ready for our date. I won’t bore you with the details but I’ll let you know that my new tits looked great. Anyways, I arrived at the restaurant first and was seated at a small table for two. About 5 minutes later Michael entered and he looked great. I found myself sneaking glances at his crotch as he walked to the table, marveling at how there was virtually no bulge.

He sat down and we started chatting. We hit it off so easily. There were no awkward silences and we had a lot in common. We continued on for a long time, only pausing to let the waitress take our order and eat. A few hours later we said out goodbyes and left, with me again giving him a kiss on the cheek.

Which now leads me to today. It’s Monday and the third day after the Swap. Like I mentioned before, my dick has grown to a size where my nice panties just won’t cut it. It hurts to stuff it all in there and if the head slips under the sides (which happens more often than not) it puts a lot of pressure on it that I do not want.

So now here I am, a 3-day old dick-girl who is deciding what to wear, because her dick is too large for normal underwear. First world problems, am I right? But seriously, I was in a bit of a pickle. It really looked like I would have to go to work today wearing tight work pants and no underwear. Ouch.

I put on my bra which was now extremely constricting on my much larger breasts. I didn’t mind though because I still needed the support that they gave. I put on my work shirt and then my came the pants. I slipped them over my smooth legs and up to the base of my bottom. I pulled the front over my penis and then over my bottom. I reached into the pants and curled my dick around so that it formed a ‘U’ shape with the tip sticking up towards me. It thankfully fit but when I looked into the mirror there was no mistaking the fact that I had a huge bulge in my pants.

Regardless, there was nothing I could do to hide that fact that I had a penis, and why should it matter? Every single woman on the planet now has a penis (except for the pregnant ones) and it seems to me that it will remain that way.

When I arrived at work I clocked in and my first shift was at the tellers. I hate doing that. Quite often we have smelly, rude assholes of people that treat us poor employees like shit because they felt like something wasn’t right in an aisle or something like that.

I managed to survive the first few hours, thankful that not many people were chatty or overly confrontational due to the Swap. When my lunch break arrived I headed to the back of the store and grabbed my pre-made sandwiches out the fridge. As I sat down it began.

First thing I felt was a massive swelling (excuse the pun) of desire within me. I felt my penis swelling as the tip began to push out of my pants. *Oh no,* I thought. What was I going to do? I couldn’t hide it (it was going to be a 7 inch boner any moment) and I couldn’t exactly go parading around with it sticking out my pants. On the other hand, I actually wanted to do that. I wanted to grab someone and fuck their brains out and blow my load into their pussy.

*What the fuck Mia?!* Why was I thinking like that? My dick began to creep out further from the confines of my pants. Suddenly my bra began to feel even tighter than this morning. Man, now my tits were growing, again! Honestly, I didn’t even care. The pleasure was just building slowly and a small moan escaped my lips. At that moment, I heard a man scream in terror from within the store.

I jumped up, tucking my nearly erect penis upright under my waistband, the outline of the shaft clearly visible under my pants and shirt. As I ran out the break room, I could feel my tits bouncing more than they should have. I dismissed it and as I exited, I saw the strangest thing I have seen in the past 3 days. Standing in the middle of the store was a man with his shirt on the floor. As my eyes gravitated upwards, I saw two perfectly round mounds on his chest. His hands were groping them and he let out a loud sensual moan.

I looked around the store and all the women were staring at this poor, in heat man. Every single woman of all ages had huge, raging boners, including me. I felt my tits grow in unison with the man in front of me as did all the other woman in the store. One middle-aged woman had already grown enough to strain her button up blouse. I switched my focus to her. As I did she had a sudden spurt of growth to send a button flying across the room. She began to rub her now gigantic tits and her absolutely massive penis began to tent her skirt.

As another wave of pleasure collectively swept through the room, another spurt of growth popped the bra I was wearing off. My tits bounced free under my shirt, the erect nipples rubbing against the fabric. My waistband on my pants began to feel tighter. I realized that my dick was still growing in length as well as girth.

The middle-aged woman threw up her skirt over her waist, exposing her monstrous cock to the store. The breast-growing man in the centre looked over to see a giant dick heading straight for him. The woman grabbed the poor man and ripped open his pants. She threw him to the floor and pounced, penetrating his pulsating pussy in one stroke. The moaned in unison as she began to thrust in and out. The man’s new tits wobbled back and forth and grew slightly as she pounded him over and over.

Many of the woman were now undressing and grabbing the men next to them, either forcing themselves onto them or the man dropping down to take their massive cocks in their mouths. I undid the button and zipper on my pants to free my dick. I looked around and the massive orgy around me and my dick pulsated with desire. However, something stopped me. I couldn’t have sex with a random man in public.

I turned and ran, my now nine-inch dick bouncing around freely. I burst out the employee entrance and jumped in my car. I pulled out the parking lot and rushed out onto the freeway. As I drove home I saw many strange sights. Threesomes and couples were littered all over the street, all composed of different genders. I even saw a young girl of maybe 15 or 16 years of age pounding a 30-something man over and over with a dick bigger than mine.

As I parked and headed up to my apartment, I could hear sounds of fucking and moans on every floor. The whole world was engaged in one massive sex party, and I wasn’t a part of it. I resisted the temptations to bash open a door and start fucking the lucky couple behind it. I reached my apartment and locked the door behind me.

I collapsed onto the couch, my throbbing erecting jutting straight towards the ceiling. I could feel each pulse of blood with each heartbeat coursing through the shaft. *Fuck*, I thought, *now what am I gonna do with this dick?*

Well, when in Rome…

Fuck it. I jumped up and started opening up cupboards in the kitchen. I began to feel frustrated when I couldn’t find what I was looking for until in the final one I found it. Vegetable oil. That would have to do for some lube.

I entered the bathroom and poured oil onto my dick. I set the bottle down and grabbed the shaft with my right hand. I slid my hand up and down, smearing the pseudo-lubricant all over. I shivered in delight, feeling the pressure building up in my crotch. With each pump I twisted my hands around and around, making sure every inch got equal attention.

As I continued to pump up and down I began to play with my larger tits. I felt the soft flesh under my shirt and pulled it up to feel them better. I twisted my perfect nipples; combined with the constant jerking off I felt something begin to build up at the base of my dick. I pumped harder and faster, playing with my fat mushroom head to get added pleasure.

About thirty seconds later I was almost ready to blow my load. The pressure started to surge upwards and with one final motion of my hands, I came. Boy, oh boy did I cum! My knees almost buckled underneath me as my orgasm swept through my body. My dick twitched as thick ropes of cum shot out, landing over a foot away from me. I gasped and moaned as it continued for what felt like eternity, but in reality was only ten seconds.

It was about ten times as powerful as the orgasms I had had with a vagina, only it was mitigated by it being much shorter. I started to catch my breath from my most powerful orgasm ever and thought to myself, *I am definitely doing that again soon!*

I took of my shirt and climbed into the shower, my dick semi-erect and swaying as I walked. I turned on the water and waited for the warmth to come. When it did I slid under the stream of water, feeling each droplet caress my now sensitive skin. I washed my body carefully and as I cleaned my penis I made sure not to arouse myself once again.

I got out of the shower and began to towel myself dry. As I bent down I marveled at the weight of my new tits as they swung gently with my movements. Suddenly I was reminded of my latest growth spurt and immediately thought of Michael. Was he ok? I began to panic as I thought of some strange women with a giant dick forcing herself on him, or, even worse, him consenting to her carnal desire for sex.

I rushed over to where my cellphone was lying and was about to pick it up when it began to ring. I looked at the caller ID and to my relief it was Michael. I fumbled with the phone, trying to press the green button but it wasn’t responding to my still damp fingers. Finally I managed to get it and I put it up to my ear.

“Michael, hey-“ I began before I was cut off.

“Hello Mia. I wanted to know; do you want to come over tonight?” he said.

Wait what?! The largest thing to happen since The Swap had just happened not an hour ago and he wanted to have dinner with me? Is he crazy? *Well,* I thought to myself quickly, *I really could use some quiet time with him, just to relax and talk about all the crazy stuff happening*.

“Yeah, umm, sure. That sounds lovely!”

“That’s great. I’m so glad you want to. I really want to talk to you, to try to figure out what is going on with me… with you even. All this shit today has really gotten to me and I need someone here with me; I need *you*.”

*To be continued*