Day 2 – Sunday (continued)

As she said that she unashamedly pulled down her pants. When I saw what was in her pants it was my turn to gasp in surprise. It was big. Massive. Larger than any other flaccid dick that I had seen. Her penis was at least seven inches of pure meat, and she wasn’t even at half mast yet. It was circumcised and the head was slightly darker than the rest of the shaft. Her balls were egg shaped and slightly smaller than chicken eggs. She had no pubes, not even on the wrinkly skin of her ball sack.

“Don’t worry,” she said shyly, “I’m a shower, not a grower.”

I gulped and I felt my juices start to flow again. I could not tear my eyes away from her massive dick. I felt this strange sense of attraction to her and I leaned further in my seat. “When the swap first happened,” she continued, “I was about 2 inches big when flaccid. Now look at me.”

I was looking. I forced myself to snap out of my daze and looked up to her face, my gaze meeting hers as she pulled up her pants again. “So, uh, why did you bring me here?”

“Well, mainly to show you this but, umm...” she replied.

“Um?” I prompted.

“Well, I was wondering if you wanted to go get some dinner sometime, like tonight?” she blushed; evidently she had never initiated a date before. “It’s just that I feel a connection to you that I’ve never felt before. I’m almost grateful that the swap happened because then I would never have met you. I hope you feel the same way...”

“Yeah, sure,” I replied. “I would love to. I do feel the same way about you too. There’s just something here that’s almost indescribable.”

“So I was thinking about the burger cafe down the road here at 7?”

“Sounds good,” I replied. “So, uh, see you then I guess.”

“Yeah, definitely,” Mia replied as she walked me to the door. As I got to it and turned to say goodbye, I was surprised by a quick peck on the cheek from Mia. I looked down at her beautiful face and smiled. “See you later, alligator!” I said. I walked out and she closed the door behind me. I immediately slumped against the wall opposite her apartment door and let out a huge breath. That was intense!! I mean, I saw her dick and everything.

I got back to my car and drove the short trip back to my place. I unlocked the door and immediately threw off my pants. I didn’t even bother trying to reach my room. I threw myself onto the couch and spread my legs open. I reached my left hand down to my crotch area. I felt how the soft fabric of my panties were dripping wet from my earlier experience.

I started to play with my new clit through the underwear. A rush of pleasure raced through my body. A small moan escaped my lips as I experienced the alien feelings. I moved my fingers back and forth over my clit and pussy lips, slowly increasing the pressure. I couldn’t take it anymore; I lifted my hips up and took the panties off.

I spread my legs again, feeling how my lips spread apart. I once again went at it with my fingers, feeling how the little nub gave me so much more pleasure than the head of my dick used to. I carried on, my breaths becoming more ragged and quicker. My pussy was lubricating itself in anticipation for penetration. As my middle finger moved to enter my pussy I felt a pleasurable feeling begin to surface in my nipples. *Shit! Am I growing breasts now?!* I moved my right hand up to my chest and brushed one of my nipples. That sent another shock of pleasure throughout my body. I didn’t feel any lumps under the nipples and I carried on masturbating, massaging both my pussy and my nipples.

I carried on for another few minutes until I felt my climax starting to build. I could feel it throughout my body and not just in my crotch area. It just kept on building and building to higher levels than I ever imagined possible. I rammed my finger into my pussy and felt how it grabbed the finger, wanting to pull it in even further. That sent me over the edge and an orgasm washed over me. I arched my back as it surged from my pussy to the top of my body and back down again, multiple times. I felt my pussy clamp down onto my finger even harder and my legs squeezed uncontrollably tighter. I was in seventh heaven. The orgasm lasted for about half a minute and I was exhausted from it, even though it felt like my pussy could go on for days at a time.

I was in shock. It had felt 1000 times better than when I had had a dick. Plus, now I had sensitive nipples! This was turning into a crazily good day. I looked down and saw the multitude of leaked juices on the couch leather. I hopped off and grabbed some paper towels to clean it off. As I was walking back I could feel how the juices leaked down my hairless legs. It was an unreal feeling, one that I was happy with and one that I could definitely get used to.

I cleaned up and looked at the time. It was 6pm, only one hour away from my date with Mia. I turned on the television and put the sound up high so I could hear it from my room as I got ready. The news was on and they were still covering the swap. I walked into my room and went over to my closet. I decided against the pink panties as those were probably dirty and I put them in the washing pile. I felt through my drawer and found the skimpy blue pair that I had bought on a whim yesterday. I put them on, feeling how they hugged my crotch and pulled up my butt. For some reason I absolutely loved the feeling. It made me feel sexy, something that I had never felt before. I put on a pair of skinny jeans, ones that were a dark blue in colour. I threw on a nice v-neck shirt and put a sweater on over. It was a slim fit and rubbed against my now super sensitive nipples. It wasn’t unbearable but it was a background feeling that made me feel warm inside.

I didn’t want to seem too fancy because it was just a burger joint but I wanted to look good. I looked in the mirror and marvelled at how smooth my now hairless face looked. Not wanting to shave ever again was another reason of mine for not wanting the Swap to reverse. I shifted my focus to my jeans. The hugged my crotch area and would have really accentuated the fact that I did not have a penis anymore had it not been for the fact that the fabric by my fly was always bent outwards. I considered buying new jeans just to get rid of this minor inconvenience.

I checked my watch. It was around 20 minutes past 6 and I had time to kill. I went to sit on the couch and watch the news. The anchorman was reporting on numerous cases of women around the country experiencing sudden and rapid breast growth. The image cut to a woman being interviewed. She wore a white top and was quite pretty. My focus was immediately drawn to her breasts. They were massive. Her pair of breasts was straining the top to its maximum. It was obvious that she had been a lot smaller earlier on in the day. Looking closely it looked to me like she was pushing on an F cup.

“.. I was about 3 cup sizes smaller this morning when I woke up. At around about midday I started getting these waves of pleasure, even though I wasn’t even touching myself. I soon started to realise that my boobs were growing each time. Obviously I can’t wear my old bras; I’ve gotten too big for them!”

They cut back to the anchorman and he resumed his report. “It seems that the changes are not limited to just breast growth. An increasing number of women are reporting that their genitalia are growing in size as well. It is unknown whether there is a limit to the growth size at this time.”

I carried on watching the anchorman churning out more news on the Swap. It was mostly interviews with ‘experts’ and on their theories on the Swap. Of course it was pretty silly because nobody on earth could have known anything about the cause of the swap at that time. After a while I checked my watch. It was 6:50pm and I decided to leave a little early.

I arrived at the burger joint just before 7 and yet Mia was already waiting for me there. She spotted me and waved. Mia was wearing a simple yet sophisticated shirt with a cute green jacket over it. Her newly enlarged breasts were pushing against the fabric and were extremely noticeable, not that I minded. As she stood up I saw that she was wearing a frilly skirt that matched the jacket. I gave her a quick hug, feeling her breasts squish against my chest and we sat down opposite each other in the booth.

“How are you feeling?” I asked.

“Much better,” Mia replied. “Nothing else happened after you left, thankfully. Anything strange been happening to you?”

“Yeah, well I did wake up without any body hair so that was weird,” I laughed. I leant over to continue the conversation in a hushed voice. “That wasn’t the only thing: I think my nipples are now as sensitive as a woman’s.”

“That’s great actually!” Mia exclaimed. “Now you get to have all the extra feelings!”

I voiced my agreement as a waitress came to our table. She was wearing a yellow uniform which consisted of a nice, collared shirt and a smart, long pencil skirt. As she was taking Mia’s order I noticed a bulge on the inside of her thigh. Shit she was huge. Obviously the waitress had stuffed her member in the inside of her stockings to prevent it from bouncing around. As she finished taking Mia’s order she noticed me staring at her bulge. Instead of reacting the way I thought women would she actually smiled mischievously at me. I blushed and quickly ordered a chocolate milkshake and a cheese burger. The waitress smiled again and walked away, her hips swaying side to side provocatively.

Of course, Mia had noticed the waitress flirting but she didn’t have anything to say about it. She just smiled and we continued our conversation. I told her about my studies overseas to become a lawyer. I was working as an intern at a large law firm and I would soon be getting a nice paycheque. Mia, on the other hand was working part time at the Walmart that we met in and was still in university. She was studying a part time commerce degree and she wanted to use that to help open up her own beauty salon one day. I joked about which gender to expect now that the Swap had happened and she laughed. It was a beautiful laugh, one that chimed like a bell and one that I wanted to hear more.

I was so entranced by Mia that I barely noticed our food arriving. I realised that I was ravenous and I wanted to devour my burger but I held back. I wanted to seem tasteful in front of Mia. I ate slowly and chewed each mouthful thoroughly. We were both done soon after that and we continued chatting until 9pm. I decided to pay the bill fully. As we got up, Mia spoke. “I had a great time tonight Mike, it was really great to get to know you better.”

“Yeah, thanks Mia,” I replied. “Listen, if you need help with, um... anything, just give me a call.”

“I’m sure I will,” Mia said with a wink. She planted a quick kiss on my cheek and turned away. I watched her ass swaying side to side and she looked back over her shoulder and smiled at me. I smiled back and went home.

Day 3 – Monday

On Monday I woke up to the sound of my alarm going off at 6 in the morning. I groaned and rolled over to hit the snooze button. I really, *really* did not want to go to work that morning. However, five minutes later I was up and getting ready for the day. I showered first, thankfully saving time due to the fact I didn’t have to shave my face anymore. I got out and slipped on a pair of clean panties and put on my normal suit. I made myself a nice bowl of muesli. I ate quickly and soon I was in my car on the way to work.

Unsurprisingly there was already traffic and I arrived at the law firm five minutes late. I walked into the conference room to find everybody there being briefed by our director. “...and there will not be any extra sick or personal days allowed. We understand that this is an unusual occurrence but we will attempt to strive to be our best. Our clients need us. Furthermore, as per the President’s suggestion we will be switching the signs on our restrooms. The men will now be using the women’s restrooms and vice versa. Please note these changes. Thank you.”

Everybody began to disperse back to their desks. I reached mine and saw Graham at his desk already. Graham was an intern who arrived at the law firm at the same time as me. We had become close during the past year and helped each other out on really tough mock cases. He turned as I approached. “Bro, this is some bullshit!” he exclaimed. “No extra personal days? I mean what the fuck man, I have a fucking pussy between my legs!” (Did I mention Graham swore a lot?)

“Yeah, sure Graham, bullshit,” I half-heartedly agreed. I turned around in my chair to get to work when my mentor walked over. “Michael, how’s the Colton case going?” he asked.

“It’s coming along well Mr Richards, I should have the file on your desk by this afternoon,” I replied.

“Good, keep up the excellent work Michael, you never know where it may get you,” Mr Richards said.

“Thank you sir,” I said gratefully. I watched Mr Richards turn away and then I resumed my work. About half an hour later I looked up to see Rachel from down the hall walk past me, a little shaken. When I had started working at the firm the previous year, Rachel had helped me become acclimatised to the work area. We had become great friends and we still are. I jumped up and went over to her.

“Hey Rachel, are you ok?” I asked as I wrapped my arm around her shoulders.

Rachel looked up to me. “Yeah, I am, it’s just... I went to the bathroom now and ... oh my god, I thought urinals had partitions between them!”

I laughed. “Yeah, some do but not our ones. Wait... you didn’t look across while you were busy, did you?”

Rachel looked away sheepishly. “Well, it’s quite hard not to look when a short girl walks up to a urinal, lifts up her skirt and pulls out a massive penis!”

“Who was it?”

“You know Cathy the secretary? Yep, it was her. I swear, it was one of the biggest dicks I have seen, bigger than mine even and I know I’m huge, even after the recent growth we’ve all been having.”

I shamelessly looked down to Rachel’s skirt and saw the outline of her dick. She was right: it was huge. I looked back up to her face. “Well, now you know that you shouldn’t look next time, ok?” I said.

“Yeah,” she mumbled. “See you around Mikey.”

I went back to my desk and finished up my report on the Colton case and handed it in before the time I had estimated. Mr Richards was very impressed and told me to take it easy for the rest of the day, but that I could not go home. I ended up surfing the net at my desk, listening to Graham’s occasional fit about the swap.

I found myself on Facebook. One of my high school friends had gotten married this past weekend, despite the Swap happening. I was looking through all the photos she had posted and came across one of her and her bridesmaids. Sure, that sounds normal, but it was of them in the men’s, now women’s bathrooms. They were standing in front of the urinals with their dresses hiked up to their waist, but their asses were still covered. Their left hand was in front of them, obviously grabbing their new dicks and their torsos were turned to face the camera. They had a silly smile on their faces, not unlike the ones that mischievous children have when they are proud of doing something they should not have done.

This piqued my interest and I wondered how many people had still gone ahead with their wedding plans despite the Swap. Furthermore, how many of them had had sex already? I googled the Swap and found many new sites for self help and personal hygiene. There were sites for men on how to look after their new vaginas as well as sites for women. However, the sites for women were more geared towards how to pleasure themselves rather than hygiene.

I was scrolling through for about an hour when Graham suddenly jumped up and ran to the restrooms. He clearly wasn’t thinking straight as he almost ran into the new women’s restroom. He backtracked and burst into the men’s room. He probably needed to take a number 2 really badly.

Half an hour passed and Graham had still not returned from the restroom. I was getting slightly worried. I got up and walked over to the restroom. I pushed open the door and walked in. It immediately struck me as to how different it was by the lack of urinals. There was more space for stalls and the lined most of the walls. It was also far cleaner than the old men’s room had ever been.

I called out. “Graham? Are you in here bud?” There was no reply. I saw that the last stall was the only one that was closed. “Hey Graham, I know you’re in the last stall. What’s the matter, are you hurt?”

There was no reply yet again. I waited another minute in silence when the lock on the stall clicked open. The door swung slowly inwards and out stepped Graham. He had been crying; his eyes were red and there was still moisture on his cheeks. However, that was not the only thing. His shirt was unbuttoned and his arms were crossed, covering up his chest. Slowly, he dropped his arms. I stared. On Graham’s chest were two firm, perfectly round C-cup tits!