

Clara had been working from home when the warning came. The first thing she did was check the internet to verify she wasn't losing her mind, after seeing mentions of the strange mental warning popping up she sat back in her chair and stared at the ceiling.

There were still ten minutes before the actual event if she remembered the time the warning gave correctly. At 27, she was *going* to change the fast way, and she wasn't at all sure how she felt about that. In ten minutes she'd have a dick, she'd like boobs, and there would eventually come a time when she was pleased to find only a wet vagina ready between her partner's legs.

She couldn't imagine it. She was very much straight, she knew generally what made a woman attractive to men, but it didn't really seem real to her. Her fiancé, Oliver, told her she was attractive, but she didn't see it: she was chubby. He told her he liked her as she was and that the little extra she carried had accumulated in areas exaggerating her natural hourglass shape; she didn't get it, it was so foreign to her.

She sighed and stood from her chair and headed to their bedroom. If she was going to change, she wanted to see it happen. To that end, upon reaching the room, she closed the door so she could use the full-length mirror on its back and took off her jeans and undies.

A quick glance at her watch told her that it wouldn't be much longer, so she stood, feet a little more than shoulder-width apart, wearing nothing but a white tank top and a comfortable bra, staring at the mirror image of the space between her legs, waiting.

Then it began. She saw a little nub form above the top of her vulva, and it started growing surprisingly quickly; the head formed, and two little other nubs formed attached to it. Then there was a moment of discontinuity like the world had skipped a beat, she felt something strange, and her gaze went up to her own chest. She felt very odd, noticing things about her own body in a way she had never done before.

By the time she managed to clear her head and get her attention back down to her crotch, the changes were done. She could feel the weight of it, already semi-erect, hanging off of her. She had been expecting that.

Then her mind caught up with how she had been feeling about looking at herself. She was *attracted* to her own reflection. Her own boobs, large and full, hanging made a beautiful shape, the curve of her waist, the swell of her hips. It was like she had never seen a woman before...

She was into women now.

She was on the edge of panic, floating in a semi-detached state of mind, staring at her own reflection. Imagining it wasn't her, just different enough to be someone else and she felt arousal. The new male arousal, a surge of pressure inside her new dick as it hardened a little more. The old familiar female arousal, a little warmth, a little wetness.

She tore her gaze away from her own reflection, closed her eyes and took a breath. She pictured her fiancé. Still attractive... but something was missing. She mentally added boobs, and that did it, she wondered how big his were....

She stopped again and breathed. She was bisexual now. She had *not* expected that. She pushed down her discomfort with the idea. She didn't like it. It wasn't her, she wasn't... Not that she had a *problem* with bi people... just that she *wasn't*.

She had to *do* something to take her mind off things. She walked back to her computer, doing her best to ignore the strange sensation of her new member bobbing around as she walked, its mostly erect length sticking out in front of her, her new testicles moving and pulling as her legs moved.

She sat down and attempted to concentrate on her work.

It didn't go well.

She started browsing the internet.

Before long she found herself looking at pictures. Pictures of women. Seeing them in ways she never had before. It was deeply uncomfortable and utterly fascinating. She couldn't stop. From skimming a social feed she moved on to nudes. As she went, she learned what types of figures she liked and didn't, what breast size and shape she preferred; she learned her type.

A little chubby. The little extra carried in certain areas that enhance a natural hourglass shape. Curvy and quite busty.

Oliver found himself in the office washroom when the change occurred, just washing his hands. It was a single occupancy one, with a locking door, one toilet, one urinal, and a sink with a mirror above it. Ungendered. Which was fortunate for him.

He stared at his reflection in shock. A woman looked back at him: she looked very much like a sister he didn't have, but wearing his clothes and having his haircut. She was his height, around 5'10" by comparison to the things in the room around her.

Her shirt was pulled tight across her *very* ample chest, the buttons straining, little gaps forming where he could just see skin. He could feel a lot of weight on his own chest, his own shirt felt much too tight there too. The woman in the mirror was also washing her hands; the position combined with the size of her breasts meant that she was just slightly squeezing them together with her upper arms. He could feel his own arms touching part of his chest.

The shirt was fairly loose around her waist, though; it wasn't clear how she was shaped there, but it was hinted at, a narrow waist hidden by a men's shirt designed not to taper that much. It had come untucked in the front, her bust not leaving enough length there to provide enough

friction to keep it in. His chest felt compressed, and his shirt seemed to constrict, at least part of it, the lower half felt baggy and hanging, and the front no longer touched his stomach.

Her pants were much too tight on her hips, and the waistband sat low on them. She had wide hips and the way her pants were being pulled tight made it obvious she had a fair bit of butt. He could feel his own pants squeezing his pelvis, straining against his butt, the now loose waistband, fallen a little, sitting lower than it had.

The rest of the woman in the mirror was hidden below the sink.

He stood there for quite some time, frozen, water running over his hand in the sink, staring at the woman in the mirror.

Clara was startled out of staring at a video of a woman bouncing her boobs by her phone. It was a text notification. It took her a moment to get out of the fascinated mindset. She was aware of the unfamiliar sensation of an erection between her legs, along with the familiar warm sensation of female arousal. She was still naked below the waist so it was unconstrained and not uncomfortable, just strange. There was another notification, rapidly followed by another, and then a third. The messages were from Oliver.

“This is a text because I want to tell you what happened before... well it’ll probably be obvious.”

“I know everybody changed... I changed a bit more. I... I don’t know what to say... I’ll just send you a picture of me.”

The picture was of a woman that looked like she could be Oliver’s sister, sitting in what appeared to be Oliver’s car, wearing the clothes Oliver had left for work wearing that day. She couldn’t help noticing how tight the shirt was over her breasts, how the buttons strained, and the gaps that opened between them on some of the tightest areas. She could *almost* see the side of one of those breasts through the gap pulled open between buttons, but there was enough shadow to obscure things. The looser part of the shirt below her breasts suggested the shadow of an hourglass figure and a small tummy, but also obscured it.

“I’ll... understand if you want to call off our engagement.”

She stared at her phone for a few minutes. That was Oliver? Initially, she thought it might be a prank, but he would never do that... Then it clicked. This was why she’d become bisexual in the change. It took their relationship into account to keep her attracted to Oliver. Whatever “it” was.

She called him.

“Hello?” A decidedly feminine voice, obviously tense and upset. It had a warm, deep, resonant sound, even through the phone.

“Oliver?”

“Yeah...”

“Are you OK?”

“I... don’t know.”

“I’m... I’m not breaking up with you.”

“I... but you’re... straight?”

“Not as of...” she glanced at the time on her computer, “an hour and a half ago, I seem to be bi now, and uhm... from the picture, you’re still my type, like, very my type. I... You have nice...” She stopped herself: now was not a good time to compliment his breasts, “Err, anyway, uh, does that help you feel better?”

“I... don’t know, I’m still kind of stunned, I’m feeling a bit... numb I guess, I can’t... process it. When it happened, I was washing my hands in the washroom and I just froze up and stared at myself in the mirror until someone noticed I’d been gone for almost an hour and Kayla knocked on the door. Once she saw me... she said I could go home for the day since... well...”

“Ah, are you OK to drive? You... sound a bit out of it still.”

“I... don’t know...”

“That means you aren’t. I’ll get a taxi or something and drive you home. We can talk and work through how you feel once we’re there.”

The call ended. Clara would be here in a moment; she had been dropped off on the street on the other side of the building.

Oliver sat in the car, suddenly more aware of all the things about his body that were different. The weight of his breasts, the tightness of his shirt around them, the way his butt felt against the seat. A million little things. His butt was bigger, his hips wider, his gut smaller (presumably much of that was under him now), his waist narrower. Before now, he was distracted enough by talking to Clara that he could ignore the strangeness; before that, he’d simply been mentally overwhelmed by the simple idea of what had happened to him and he hadn’t really noticed much of anything. He sat just experiencing the strangeness until he saw Clara come around the building. There was only a walkway separating his car from the building and he was at the end of the row near the corner that she had just rounded, so she was only a few meters away.

He turned to get out; his boobs’ movement lagged behind the motion of his torso and then they overshot and swayed, pulling on his chest and shoulders. He felt the way his nipples slid against

his shirt as his boobs moved around inside it, the way they felt a little restrained by the tight fabric.

His wider hips forced him to move in a slightly different arc as he turned because of the extra distance from the centre of his body to the seat back. His pants were uncomfortable because they were far too tight on his wider hips and bigger butt. He'd pulled them up a bit, and tightened his belt, after coming out of his stupor, but they couldn't go all the way up and still didn't move properly. He'd even felt them almost give out when he sat down in the car.

As he leaned forward to start getting out, he felt his boobs move again, their pull on him changing direction. As he began to stand, he also felt strange: his centre of gravity was different, and it was making everything he did involving balance feel off. Coming out on one foot, he could feel the effects of the change in the shape of his pelvis affecting how he moved; it was hard to pin down exactly what was different, only that it was. His other foot followed, and he stood.

He took a step to the side so he could close the car door; he felt an extra sway in his hip just lifting his foot. The extra width of his hips just made it happen. More motion in his bust.

He saw Clara looking at him. Her eyes had gone straight to his chest, then down his body and back up, stopping for a moment on his chest again finishing looking at his face. It was obvious from the way her expression changed as she looked that she liked what she saw. He felt a tension leave him; part of him couldn't really believe that she was attracted to him still, but even that part couldn't deny the evidence before him.

She hadn't stopped walking and had now reached him, almost immediately pulling him into a hug. He returned it, but the experience was strange. She was only around an inch shorter than him, so their boobs squished together, he'd always liked the sensation of her boobs pushed against him. With his own added in it still felt nice, but the feeling of his own boobs squishing was odd, though pleasant. He also thought he could just feel her new parts against him, but he couldn't be sure with her jeans and his slacks between them.

He felt the little bit of arousal he normally felt when she hugged him, not much, but along with it came a new arousal. The arousal of his new half. It was just a little increased warmth down there, but it brought the area to the centre of his attention. He was acutely aware of it now: his labia against each other, the entire vaginal canal touching itself, the slight constant normal wetness. This new part of him wanted to push his hips against her, to see if that sensation of *her* new anatomy was real, while another part of him wanted to pretend she was still only female and forget that he had female parts.

"Ollie. Let's get you home..."

The drive was mostly uneventful, Clara had tried to get Oliver to talk, but he was still quite mixed up. It didn't take Clara very long to decide to just give him some time since he mostly gave short non-answers to questions.

He had also been distracted by how it felt to ride in a car now. The seat belt sort of supported his left breast as it passed from between them to underneath it, but not very much, and it pushed down a little on his right. The edges of it dug into his soft breast flesh through the thin material of his shirt. He felt every bump, a bump on both wheels sent his breasts bouncing, even if only just a little bit. If a bump only hit one side of the car they swayed. Each one moved a little differently because of the seat belt. He felt bumps he'd never ever noticed on all the hundreds of times he'd driven this road home from work. His new filled-out butt beneath him felt strange too. It added a little cushion, but he also felt his body bounce just a tiny bit on it with some of the larger bumps in the road. It was so like sitting on a pillow, but also entirely different because the pillow was part of him. He even felt a little bit of some vibration in the car in his new vagina. Like all the other things he was feeling, someone born with these parts, like Clara, probably would never notice any of them.

He tried to focus his attention on anything but his body, but there were so many sensations that were entirely unfamiliar: the car would hit a bump or Clara would slow down, and the slight vibration would change. It was always something bringing his attention back to how his body felt, and he would notice all of them again.

As she drove, Clara was strongly aware of the new parts between her legs. After Oliver called, she'd been too focused on him to really notice her own body. She shifted in the seat, her legs further apart than she was used to; it made working the pedal feel a little strange.

She glanced over at Ollie; the car hit a bump and his boobs bounced, just a small jiggle but more than enough to get her attention. She pulled her eyes back to the road ahead. It brought to mind watching him get out of the car as she was walking toward it. She hadn't been able to take her eyes off him then. He was stunning, curvy in all the right ways to her new preferences. She remembered the way her new parts had responded when she hugged him: her penis stiffening, straining against her underwear, her first experience with that sensation. She felt it happening again, a little pressure inside. She shifted in her seat again as the head began to push against her underwear. She'd been having a lot more sexual thoughts since changing—and it seemed it didn't take much to get her new penis started. An errant thought and she felt the blood rush down there; it would swell a little, not really harden. If she didn't stop herself, it *would* keep filling.

She focussed on the road.

The elevator slowed. He felt his boobs shift as their upward momentum made them a little lighter for a moment, then they jiggled a little as the elevator fully stopped and they experienced the full force of gravity again. He was glad no one else had gotten in on their trip up from the parking garage. Clara stepped out and he followed, feeling his boobs bounce in time with his

steps and his butt doing its own slight jiggle with every footfall and stopping as the muscle underneath the fat contracted to pull him forward.

Finally, the door to the apartment closed behind him. He felt anchored. This familiar place gave him something to attach his identity to, It was his space—well, his and Clara's.

She was standing there looking at him, obvious concern on her face, but he could also see her eyes drifting to his chest; they didn't linger, but it was obvious she had to put some effort in to stop herself from staring.

For the first time since this started, he actually looked at her. She was the same, mostly, his fiancée as he expected her to be, except for one thing. Her jeans were tight; the bulge in the front of them was obvious. He felt a lot of things about that. A new part of him thought it looked good, liked it even. It felt a bit like looking at her breasts in that it was attractive, but also very different. It brought thoughts. How big was it? What did it look like? In the back of his mind, he realised he had *preferences* about those things; he tried to ignore those thoughts because he was in no way ready for them. His eyes ran up her body, letting his gaze linger on her breasts for a moment; they still looked fantastic. Another anchor. He looked at her face, she still looked concerned.

He took a deep breath. His shirt squeezed his breasts tighter as he did. He tugged at the bottom of the shirt and then on his pants. The slacks were tight on his butt and hips, the tension pulling them against his crotch. He was sure his own bulge was quite visible.

"Are you OK, Ollie?"

"I... still don't know, I just feel so strange." His voice, another strange thing. He tugged on his clothing again.

"Maybe if you... put on something with a looser fit you'll feel a bit more natural?"

"It's worth a shot."

"Uh... My clothes should fit you pretty well now..."

He gave her a look.

"I know Ollie, but it's true. I left the track pants I was wearing before I came to get you on the bed, they should be comfortable."

Clara watched Oliver walk into the bedroom. His hips swayed in a slightly strange way; it wasn't a feminine walk, but it was a lot more movement than a man would have. His first few steps were much more masculine, then he held his upper body more plumb, letting his hips sway more, though he moved his arms out to counterbalance more than a woman normally would,

probably in an effort to cut down on how much he needed to move his hips. It was strange seeing him move; it was a combination of Oliver's mannerisms with something off. Seeing what, to her, looked like a woman move *almost* like Oliver was a little unsettling. The slacks had been cut for narrower hips, sized for a man with a smaller butt stretched tight across his. She couldn't help but notice it. Round, a little soft, very feminine. His shirt was tucked in, and now that she could see the full length of his body, the hinted-at curves hidden by his shirt were more obvious. She loved it, it was still a bizarre experience for her to be attracted to a female figure, but Oliver's body seemed to be built to her new preferences—or perhaps her preferences were built to his body?

She pushed down on those feelings. It wouldn't do Oliver any favours to see her with a hard-on right now. She waited, her mind still going over her own identity. She wasn't straight anymore. That was still a shock— nothing compared to what Oliver was going through, she was sure, but it was still a shift in how she thought of herself. All the things she had been looking at, it still felt so alien to look at a woman and feel attraction and arousal and to be *distracted* by breasts and curves. With Oliver, she felt a little less uncomfortable about it just knowing that was still her fiancé in that body, and the fact that his mannerisms were still the same, at least mostly, helped. It was weird watching a woman stand like Oliver. His walk was still obviously his, despite the extra sway that his new hips caused. She hoped he wouldn't try to change those things.

She glanced at the clock. It had been almost 15 minutes since Oliver had gone into their bedroom; She decided to check on him to see if he needed help.

She knocked on the door. There was no response. She knocked again and waited. Still nothing. "I'm coming in."

She opened the door to find Oliver standing naked. It was obvious he'd been staring at himself in the mirror on the back of the door. Clara found herself looking him up and down.

She noticed all the things that had been obscured by his clothes before, his waist was about the same as hers perhaps a little smaller, he still had a little bit of a tummy, and his hips were wider, though not a lot; she could only really tell because she had been standing in almost the same spot when the change came. His breasts were notably bigger and a bit perkier, sufficiently larger that they definitely wouldn't be sharing bras. He was stunning, and she felt her arousal rising, and along with it, another part of her.

Oliver got undressed standing beside the bed. It had taken some effort: his shirt was so tight across his bust that he had trouble getting a couple of the buttons to undo. It was impressive that none of them had come off. It was amazing how differently the shirt fit; before, it had been comfortable but a little less loose than he'd like over his gut. Now there was plenty of room in his middle, but that wasn't where his excess weight was any more. His pants hadn't fared so well as his shirt; he'd had to almost peel them off his hips and thighs, the seam having actually burst in a few places on his butt. These were clothes he'd never be wearing again without a sharp

implement being involved in alterations, either to him or the clothes. The boxer briefs he had on still fit OK, he was at the bottom of the size range before, so when his butt filled out they had plenty of stretch to accommodate him, and they weren't even uncomfortable.

He looked over his shoulder at the mirror and saw himself. The reflection he saw felt strange: it was for him both "the woman in the mirror" and him. The part of him that saw "the woman" thought "she" was very attractive, even a little bit more than Clara. Bustier, and a little curvier, her butt a little bigger and rounder, thicker. He turned to face the mirror and took a few steps toward it, constantly aware of his breasts; their weight and the little bounce they did with each step. His vagina permeated his awareness, his legs moving causing slight movements inside it, little sensations whose novelty made them far larger in his perception. His new butt had a motion of its own.

He stared at his reflection again. He was astounded that it was him. He was still a little overweight, but almost all of the extra had moved around, before the change he'd carried almost all of it in his gut, now it was mostly in his breasts, his butt, and on his hips, pushing what would have already been a strong hourglass figure further. He was amazed at how much his own type his body had turned out to be, so similar to Clara's.

"If I have to look like a woman, at least I look good," he thought, it didn't help much.

Looking like a woman. What was he? In his head, he was still a man, but nobody looking at him would think so. He didn't hate that idea nearly as much as he thought he should. It felt *strange* that people would see him as a woman, but not totally wrong. Was he trans? He didn't think so: he'd never wanted to be a woman, and he wasn't unhappy with being a man. What did that make him? He didn't have answers; he put the questions out of his mind.

He brought his hands up and cupped his boobs from underneath, lifting them. He felt their weight come off his shoulders as more of it was taken up by his hands. It was a bizarre feeling. He let them drop a little and slid his hands along the surface of his breasts. As they got closer to his nipples he felt a new sensitivity. It was pleasurable, surprisingly so; he felt his nipples stiffen, and then his fingers reached his nipple and slipped over it. He gasped, his feminine voice surprising him again. A wash of pleasure, a surge of arousal, mostly female arousal.

It hit him like a truck: as he'd been looking at himself he'd been getting turned on. Both halves of him, but the female half much more so. He felt a bead of moisture run down the inside of a leg. He was dripping wet. There was a lot of warmth between his legs; there was a throbbing, pulsing feeling and something else he couldn't place: a new sensation, an ache, a need.

The door opened. Clara came in; He saw her look his body up and down. He looked at her, it felt a little strange, he could feel his female half's reaction to her body, that part of him liked all the same parts of her as his male half, but it felt a little different. He felt his female libido rise further: it seemed much stronger than his original, it pushed his gaze, it wanted to look at her bulge. He resisted, but as happens to most people, his libido won—just not the libido he was used to. He looked.

As he watched, she got hard. At first, there was just a bit of bulge, a lump under her jeans, and then a little movement. Soon he could tell where the tip of her penis was, pushing against the jeans, moving down as she got harder and her penis lengthened, then pushing more and more against the fabric, straining to stand, to point out.

That was enough. He felt it happen: the male arousal he had been feeling vanished, and the female version ascended in his awareness. The throb and ache in his vagina intensified. He felt empty and needy. He gasped and then moaned, just softly; it was an intensely feminine sound, it felt strange to know it came from him, but not bad. He heard Clara make a sound somewhere between a gasp and a grunt; he was pretty sure he knew what caused it.

He hadn't stopped looking; she was hard enough that he could very clearly see where the tip of her penis was. He liked it, or at least it was pleasurable to look at; it felt utterly bizarre to feel that way about that sight. An idea popped unbidden into his mind of himself riding her, her dick filling him up, and the empty sensation between his legs intensified and became almost a need. He pulled his gaze away, up to her face. Her face was slightly flushed; he couldn't tell if it was caused by embarrassment, arousal, or both.

She spoke. "I, uh, came in to check on you... it had been a while." Her eyes were a little low, obviously looking at his chest. It felt strange; her obvious attraction to his body felt good and reassuring, but the fact that she was looking at his boobs felt off—not quite wrong, but he wasn't comfortable with it. The way Clara looked at him now felt more like a man looking at a woman. It had a different character to it.

He felt overwhelmed—by his new body, by the new sensations, and by having a female libido. He couldn't process all of this. He hadn't had time. He didn't know how he felt about all of it. The only feelings he was sure of were the simple ones, attraction, arousal, and need.

"I got distracted looking at myself." He made a decision. "I..." Give in and sort out his feelings later, just go with it. "I want you."

Clara had looked away, and now her gaze snapped back to him. "What?"

"I want to ride you."

"I... are you sure? You were just so out of it with shock..."

"I don't know how I feel about this," He gestured to his body, "but I know how my body feels." He paused. "I know how my *pussy* feels. *Empty*. Please I need you to fill me. Seeing you be attracted to me makes me feel more like *myself*. Sex is... more. I've never been so horny before, it's like my female half... has a much stronger sex drive... maybe it does. I..."

"OK, Ollie, if that's what you want. I can't exactly deny being turned on too. This thing makes it pretty obvious."

"Are you sure you're OK with this?"

“No... I haven't really internalized that you're you, so it feels like I'm about to cheat on you.” She pulled her shirt off, revealing that she hadn't been wearing a bra, “being attracted to women feels weird as hell and a little wrong. it's messing with my head, but I love you,” she undid her pants, “more than anything, and if you want this dick...” She tried to dramatically drop her pants and underwear; her pants fell but she only just got the waistband of the boxer briefs below her balls. She continued anyway. “I'm going to give it to you! I'm going to do my best to make you feel amazing.”

Oliver managed to keep from laughing. He couldn't help but notice how much he liked the way she looked with a hard-on. He wanted to play with it. He found himself staring at her for a moment, and then something occurred to him.

“Are those my underwear?”

She flushed a bit. “Yeah... mine... aren't exactly comfortable with this thing, even when it isn't sticking straight out. I didn't think you'd mind.” She finished undressing as she was speaking.

“I don't, I'm just surprised you didn't say anything since we were on the phone while you were getting dressed.”

“I didn't want to bring up what was between my legs... I thought you'd rather not hear about it.”

“You were probably right.”

“So...” She looked at him.

He stepped over to her and pulled her into an embrace and kissed her. He felt her erection poke him, just around where his penis had pulled inside him, their boobs squishing together. As they kissed they pushed their bodies closer together, and the tip of her penis slid up his body as the space between them disappeared. Held tightly against her he could feel the full length of it against him.

In the back of his mind he was thinking if he had gone up on his tiptoes could he have gotten her inside him? It made him aware of just how much his sexuality was different from what he was used to and how strong the desire he felt was.

Her penis against his body made him all the more aware of his desire, and the sensation of emptiness between his legs.

At first, Clara felt deep guilt, she had pushed it down. This *was* Ollie; she *wasn't* cheating. She had to keep reminding herself of that fact but a little less often as her arousal took more of her thought.

Clara felt the tip of her penis against Oliver. It gave her an urge to push closer, a desire to be inside him. He was pulling her towards the bed even as they continued to embrace. They turned them and they landed on the bed, with her beneath him. They adjusted positions so that he straddled her, her penis resting between his butt cheeks. She reached up and started to play with his boobs; he moaned softly in response. She loved the way they felt in her hands: the weight, the softness, his nipples poking her palms as her hands passed over them. She loved watching them move and squish as she squeezed and pushed them. No wonder Ollie loved playing with hers so much, which he had started doing.

His moans were incredible to listen to; the fact that she was causing them turned her on. She found she loved Oliver's new voice, particularly when it was making *those* sounds.

Clara let one hand slide down his body. She was going to make sure he had a good time and that he got a good first impression of his new parts. She let her thumb brush against his clit, which caused him to gasp and reflexively squeeze her boobs. It was so strange seeing him like this and being attracted to his new body; with him in female mode, it was remarkable how much he looked like a "normal" woman. She let her thumb run down his labia, along the inside of them, picking up some of the fluid for lubrication, then she slid back up to his clit and gently rubbed it through the hood. Oliver moaned. Clara was shocked at how much she was enjoying this, how hot it was.

Oliver couldn't stop himself from moaning as Clara rubbed his clit. He found himself tilting his hips forward and grinding himself against her body, the skin beneath him becoming slick with his wetness. His hands had shifted from her breasts to the bed as he moved to get better pressure on his vulva. Quickly he felt her stomach become slick with his wetness beneath him. Her thumb on his clit felt incredible, like touching the head of his penis but much more intense. He felt a rapid build-up—a warm wave in his body, building and building. Then he felt it release and wash over him. He felt muscles contract, squeezing an empty space inside him. He shuddered and shook as he moaned and came, his first female orgasm. As he started to come down, the feeling of emptiness intensified.

Clara watched Oliver shudder, heard him moan, felt his body against her penis, gawped at his boobs bouncing. She wanted him to ride her, desperately. Her penis was so hard it *almost* hurt; she could feel the skin stretched taut and a tense full feeling. It was incredibly very, very similar to her clit, but more spread out.

She stopped fingering Oliver as he came down from his orgasm, breathing slowly, moans less urgent. He stopped once her thumb left his clit.

"Oh my God, Clara, that was... intense. I, I feel so... empty down there..."

Clara felt another surge of arousal, Oliver's new voice saying something like that... did things to her. She smiled up at him. "I think I have something that can help with that."

Oliver's face already flushed from his orgasm reddened a little more. He lifted himself up and shimmied backwards slightly, reaching down to hold her penis to line it up. "Oh... wow. It's so different from touching... mine."

The sensation of Oliver's fingers on her shaft was less intense than she expected, it was so like her clit, but also like the pressure of something inside her vagina.

"Feels nice in your hand, doesn't it?"

"Yeah... Ah!"

She felt his moist folds touch the tip of her penis as Oliver started lowering himself onto her. She felt pressure then it vanished and his vagina enveloped the head of her penis. Warmth, wet, *pleasure*. She gasped as Oliver moaned. She felt herself continue to slide into him as he came down. His hips finally met hers, and he stopped for a moment, catching his breath.

"Holy crap, it feels so much bigger than I expected!"

For a moment, Oliver's words didn't register, Clara caught up in the sensations coming from her penis. "Mmm, do you like it?" As soon as the words left her mouth she felt a little silly... but Oliver didn't appear to mind.

"Oh yes! I... just want to hold you inside me..."

She felt him squeeze her, this combined with those words in that new voice of his nearly made her cum. She groaned. He started moving, grinding a little, just lifting himself slightly. She felt herself getting closer as she started moving in time with him, thrusting up gently as he came down. His breasts bounced and jiggled as he moved and she couldn't take her eyes off them. She felt the pressure building inside her. Soon, it was more than a pressure; it was a *need* to get *it* out of her and she felt herself groan. She was so close. Oliver squeezed her again, hard. She went over the edge; she tried to say she was cumming, but a grunt pushed out of her throat that turned into a groan as she felt the hot semen move up her penis, the muscles pushing it to contract. Pulse. She was pushing herself up into him as hard as she could, every fibre of her being urging her to be as deep as possible. She had lifted him up, her legs pulling her hips up off the mattress just a little. Another pulse. Another, speeding up each time. Two more, and she was spent. She dropped; her strength had left her. Oliver came down too, still holding her penis inside him.

She saw Oliver looking down at her, smiling. He spoke, "I was going to ask if you enjoyed yourself, but I think that noise you made told me all I need to know."

"It was certainly something... it felt like I had to get it out... I couldn't stop..."

“Yeah, sounds about like how it always felt for me. God, I love just sitting here feeling you slowly... soften.”

“Did you feel it come out of me? It felt like so much...”

“Not really, I sort of felt how it moved when you came, but I didn’t feel... the cum. I can sort of feel a bit of it now as extra... stickiness.”

“Huh... it felt like so much... I guess I shouldn’t be surprised, I’ve never felt yours.” She paused, a realisation hit her filling her with concern. “We didn’t use a condom...”

Oliver’s face fell. “Oh... shit.”

“I... I’m just so used to not even thinking about it since I’m on the pill...”

“Yeah...”

“OK... we don’t know what... your cycle is, so we have no idea if it’s even possible... and we can just get a morning-after pill to make sure.”

“Alright...” Oliver still looked stunned, he seemed to have gone back into that withdrawn mood he’d been in on the drive home. It made her worried about him.

“Let’s get cleaned up... I’ll go down to the pharmacy, it’ll only take 10 minutes.”

Oliver stared at his reflection. Still in female mode there was hardly anything to indicate the image wasn’t just a pre-change woman. He looked at the slit between his legs. He might get pregnant. He had barely considered the possibility as real in the short time since the change before their habits had brought it starkly to him.

It was OK, they would deal with it, but he considered down the line, how did he feel about it later. They both wanted kids, would he carry one? He wasn’t sure.

He brought his attention back to the here and now. He poked and prodded his body, feeling how things felt, what was different, what was the same. His arms felt a little softer, most of the muscle he had before seemed to still be there, just under a little layer of softness. Not that he was particularly muscular, he’d never really worked out, but he hadn’t really noticed being weaker, as he’d expect a woman who doesn’t work at being strong to be.

He moved around, stretching, bending, testing his body. His breasts swayed, bounced and jiggled, forcing him to be constantly aware of them. He seemed to be slightly more flexible, particularly in the hips. The different shape of his body forced him to move in new ways that felt strange. He stared at the woman in the mirror again. Looked down at himself. Saw his breasts, looked between them at his tummy, then back to the mirror. It was starting to really sink in that that woman in the mirror was him, those curves were his.

For some reason this made him think of his eventual wedding to Clara, and that he'd need to wear a dress. He didn't want that. It didn't feel right.

After having a quick shower Clara came back to the bedroom to find that Oliver had been staring at his reflection when she opened the door, still naked.

"I was so excited about wearing a tux."

Clara ran over and hugged him. "Honey, if you want a tux, I will move heaven and earth to get a tux that will fit you and look fantastic. We were going to buy one anyway, and they need tailoring... just now yours will need a bit more..."

Oliver looked at her. "But..."

"Ollie, nobody's going to force you into girly clothes."

There was a sound from the pile where Oliver had left his clothes, a notification on his phone. The sound was the one for a work email. He walked over to check it. Clara found herself watching, his gait had changed a little, his hips swung a little more, and he didn't seem to be doing it on purpose. She found herself admiring his curves as he walked, his new butt, like hers, was ample and round in all the right ways.

"It's from Megan. She's letting me know I can take the next two weeks off and work from home indefinitely, and a reminder that... therapy is included in our healthcare coverage."

"Ah. Are you OK? I..."

"I... don't know... I think for now I'd rather... not think about much..."

Oliver pushed the elevator call button. He was nervous; this was the first time he'd left the apartment since the change.

He waited, tugging at his clothes a little. The shirt and jeans were Clara's and were tighter than he would like around his bust, hips and butt. It wasn't that they didn't fit; he just preferred a relaxed fit, and these *were* a relaxed fit on Clara. It was a good thing, in the jeans at least; he couldn't wear all of Clara's clothes, because some didn't do up on him. They actually had almost the same waist measurement, but with his extra butt and hips some of her clothes just didn't fit. The shoes and socks and underwear were still all his, and he was grateful they still fit.

He shifted his weight uneasily and reached up to adjust the shoulder strap of his bra. *His bra*. That still felt strange. It had arrived just two days ago.

The day after the change, he had complained to Clara about how much his boobs jiggled and moved; she had suggested trying a bra, not just to cut down on distracting movement but also for the sake of his shoulders and back. It was immediately obvious it didn't fit. Loosening the band helped a lot, but the cups were just too small for his bust. They measured him and ordered online from the same place Clara bought her bras, and they fit perfectly, one band size and one cup size up from Clara, 38I or, since the bra came from the UK, 38G. Up to now, he'd been wearing one of Clara's cheap sports bras; it was stretchy and accommodated him but also didn't offer the best support. Clara said it was good for light exercise and hot days because it breathes better than a proper bra.

He sighed, he was still acutely aware of all the new sensations in his body, the slightest jiggle in his boobs, or the subtle sway as he turns slightly, his labia moving past each other as he walks, the way his hips want to swing with each step. The bra cut down on movement but was itself another thing he wasn't used to.

At least these jeans had decent pockets.

There was a ding. He desperately hoped the elevator car was empty. The door slid open and for a moment he was disappointed, before realising he was looking at his reflection in the mirror on the back wall of the elevator.

He stepped on and watched his boobs bounce a little as he did, saw the slightly strange gait he'd adopted by trying to walk the way he was used to with a bone structure that wasn't set up for it. He turned and pushed the button for the parking garage before turning back to his reflection, noticing the slight sway of his bust.

His reflection. He was starting to see that as him, not a woman in the mirror, to identify with it without first reminding himself that it *was* him. It felt strange. He still wasn't sure how he felt about it. Looking at himself in a mirror, seeing a very feminine figure, identifying with it as decidedly him, but he still didn't feel like a woman.

He felt the tug on his breasts as the elevator started slowing. Perhaps he would be more certain of how he felt when he got home from his first therapy session. He tugged on his shirt again and turned to the elevator door to head out.

Clara heard the apartment door open and close. She turned from her book to see Oliver kicking off his shoes.

"Hey! How was the session?" As she spoke, she stood.

"Good, I guess... He specializes in gender-related therapy, I wasn't expecting that."

"Ollie, look in the mirror and I think you'll see a pretty good reason you got a specialist."

“Yeah, yeah. Apparently, a fair bit more than half his trans patients... aren’t anymore...”

“Cause they...”

“Yeah, like me.” Clara raised an eyebrow. “Before you ask, no he doesn’t think I was trans.”

“Was?”

“Well, now is... different. He’s not sure.”

“Not sure?”

“Well, he said he’s surprised at how well I’m coping... he said I seem more comfortable with some... things than even he is.”

“Things?”

“Well... I mean I talked about everything... so like sex, he was shocked that we... did it day-of with the new bits... and have done it again after.”

“Huh. It’s fun though... once you get past the weirdness.”

“There is a lot of weirdness though. He’s also surprised you were so comfortable with...”

“I wouldn’t say comfortable... but well, it’s hard to resist. Especially the way you talk sometimes... your new voice... And you can’t deny you look fantastic.”

Oliver smiled at her, then stepped over to her and pulled her into a kiss.