

Chris was alone, lying on his girlfriend Brianna's dorm room bed. Feeling the still strange feeling of his boobs puddling on his chest, their weight pressing on him. Bri was out trying to find a bra that would accommodate him well enough that walking home wouldn't require him to hold them up with his arm for comfort and jiggle suppression. They had already placed an order online for a few in a couple of sizes around what the measurements said he should wear. This was so he could try them to see which fit well. The site had a policy that you could send anything that wasn't comfortable back at no charge.

He was also still feeling slightly aroused since measuring him for a bra had turned into sex. Sex where *he* was in female mode. The residual arousal still lingered. It was such a different experience, normally once he came he lost interest and arousal almost instantly for several minutes and without some effort, it wouldn't come back. After he'd orgasmed with her inside, he'd just wanted to keep going. Even though he didn't have another, the rest of the experience was very satisfying, feeling himself stretch, just barely able to take her without pain, her thrusting in and out of him, the twitch and throb as she came. Once she was done, he was still excited, but also content to stop. It wasn't something he'd ever felt before. Previously arousal was always a drive to a destination, a push, it wasn't satisfying until he came, and the arousal faded away.

He couldn't quite accept it as having happened. He'd had a dick inside him, a *big* one, bigger than *his*! Part of him *hated* the idea, but at the time arousal had helped him push that down, but now... well he didn't know how he *should* feel, or even really how he did feel. He'd decided to face aspects of this change head-on as they came up. He was never going to get comfortable with the fact that this was real otherwise... but perhaps they should have waited for their first time. He wasn't sure. It did feel amazing though...

He lifted his head and looked at his feet. It was still a very strange view, his boobs sitting there, only seeing his lower half through the space between them, the lack of his penis since he was still in female mode. How long would it be until it came back out? What if he had to pee before then? Somehow, he doubted he had an extra urethra in the female location. The tip of his penis was there if he reached down, just flush with his body a few inches above his vulva. Peeing sitting down would probably result in soaking something if it came out there.

Reaching down was weird too, his arm pushed his boob in, putting both hands there cut off a lot of his view with boobs and even while lying down almost gave him cleavage.

This was too much strangeness all at once, he decided to distract himself.

He sat up, the movement causing his breasts to shift, pulling them more to his front and down, their weight now on his shoulders. They jiggled slightly as they settled. It was all still brand-new to him, so he was hyper-aware of every movement they made. Even the constant feeling of just them existing was strange, their weight, the slightly different feeling of his now larger nipples. He was aware of feelings he was sure no woman had ever noticed because his boobs had grown in a minute or so rather than over weeks or months. The way tension in his skin changed when he sat up. There were *so many* new sensations.

Sitting up had also made him notice the wet spot he was sitting on. Wetness that had come out of *him*. *His* vagina. His vagina, it was a bizarre idea, and it brought his mind back to when the wet spot had been made. Brianna had been on top of him, thrusting into him, filling him up, stretching him right to the edge of pain, but not crossing it. He couldn't deny to himself that his new female libido *loved* it, her on top, the size of her dick, the slight amount of taking control she'd done. It was all strange to him. He'd always liked to take control before, to be on top, but not in female mode, female Chris partly wished she'd done a bit more... he didn't know exactly what, but *something* to make him feel a bit more *taken*. It made him uncomfortable; it didn't match his self-image. He pushed those thoughts down and ignored the arousal that they had brought with them.

He turned and swung his legs down off the bed and stood and took the few steps over to Brianna's desk. This also felt strange, his hips moved differently, his legs were a little further apart, his breasts jiggled with every step, and his labia moved slightly against each other as his legs' movement pulled on the skin between them. He was acutely aware of all of it.

He sat down and opened the web browser and skimmed the news. Most of it was headlines that boiled down to "the change happened!" which obviously *everyone* already knew. What surprised him was there were no reports of violent unrest, or even significant protests demanding *something* be done. Instead, as far as he could tell from the news most people were doing their part to keep things as normal as they could. Social media told much the same story, with many people complaining they still had to work despite the weirdness. However, no calls to attack governments or assign blame. It was almost as strange as the change itself.

He was focused enough on the news that he didn't really notice his arousal fade. Nor did he notice when eventually his body reverted to its neutral mode. His penis and testicles slid back out.

Brianna was driving to the local big box department store, a fair distance from the university campus. It felt strange she could feel her new penis and balls squish a bit against her thighs. It was distracting. She was getting a fairly clear idea of why guys tended to keep their legs apart while sitting down. She was nearly there when something else she hadn't anticipated happened. She got an erection.

She was wearing a skirt and no underwear since all her underwear didn't really have enough room in it to be comfortable. This presented a problem for her. Her penis was *big* when stiff, to the point that she couldn't avoid flashing people if she sat down while hard. It also meant that it would be *very* visible if she walked around with an erection. This skirt was nowhere near enough to hide it, despite the size of the pleats, a Victorian hoop skirt would work but she wasn't wearing one of them.

She arrived and parked. Then she sat staring down at her lap and the large tent in it.

"WHY? I was driving, watching the road, sex was not on my mind! I just had sex less than forty-five minutes ago! Relax!"

The tent didn't answer.

Even now, she could feel it, hard as a rock, but she wasn't aroused. She considered texting Chris to ask for advice, but she already knew it, she'd been in high school, and seen boys have this problem. She'd even heard them talk about it when they didn't know any girls were in earshot. She'd never really believed that it was innocent until now. She thought they must have been ogling some girl, or thinking about boobs, or something like that. Now she knew better. She decided her best option would be to wait for it to go away. It did feel kind of pleasant though, strange, alien, but also nice. It did remind her that the condoms she had were too small for her, so she made a mental note to visit a pharmacy on her way back, just in case.

Eventually, it did go away, and she headed into the store.

She started browsing through the comfort-oriented sports bras. Since she knew they didn't carry anything in Chris's size in the normal bras she thought that would be her closest shot since they stretch. As she looked, it occurred to her, she didn't really know what size he'd be on the strange simple "Extra Small" to "Double Extra Large" scale a lot of that type of bra used.

She spotted an employee who had been helping a man, she'd just finished ringing him through. The employee was quite busty herself. Brianna guessed probably enough that she couldn't buy normal bras here either, though not as big as Chris's. She walked over to her. As she got closer, she found her eyes drawn to the employee's chest. She couldn't help *noticing* her boobs. She wasn't attracted to her, but the part of her that liked boobs didn't seem to be picky, if they were big and nice enough. She covered for herself by reading the woman's name tag, it said Fatima.

Fatima greeted her, "Hi, how can I help you?"

"I... I'm looking to buy a bra for my boyfriend..."

"Oh? You know his size?"

"I do... we just measured him... 38H. I... Well, do you carry them that big?"

"Oh... sorry no... but I could help you pick out one of the sports bras with enough stretch... they're not the most supportive, but they do help a fair bit, not great as actual sports bras though, just comfy bras."

"That's what I expected... I think he'd like something rather than nothing. Thanks, I'd love your help... I think you'd know better than me what works best for... bigger boobs."

Fatima turned around to lead Brianna to the right section. Brianna was a bit relieved; she'd been having a hard time *not* looking at her chest. It felt even stranger to have this problem with a woman. She still very much wasn't into women, she could tell as soon as Fatima turned around. However, her *boobs*. Brianna shook her head to clear out those thoughts. Getting turned on would be a disaster, and being distracted by a woman's chest felt strange and made her uncomfortable. She did have fantastic boobs though.

Brianna pushed open the door to her dorm room, the three shopping bags dangling from her wrist making a racket as they swung from the motion. She had gotten Chris four bras; they weren't very good bras, mostly spandex that covered the breasts with little support, but they would be better than nothing. Bras in his size were hard to find. She had also gone shopping for herself. She got some men's boxer briefs she hoped would fit her well enough, though with her figure, she wasn't sure; she was a fair bit bigger around at the hips than the waist. The last bag contained the largest condoms she could find at the pharmacy and the size below that. She hoped at least one of the two sizes would fit her new equipment—or at least fit well enough that she didn't have to be *too* worried about breakage and Chris getting pregnant.

That thought felt very strange, her boyfriend getting pregnant. Not as strange as how seeing his boobs felt. He leaned back and stretched as he sat at her computer; the position emphasized his extremely large bust. She couldn't stop staring, and the fact that he hadn't gotten dressed didn't help. He turned his head as he noticed her.

"Hey, you're back. Did you manage to find a bra that might fit me?"

She shook her head to break her fascination with his chest. "Yeah, I think so." She transferred the bag that held the bras to her other hand and walked over to Chris to hand it to him. "See how these feel, they're not going to offer a lot of support, especially not at your size... But they'll be better than nothing." As she had walked toward him, he had let the chair spin, so he was facing when she arrived. She glanced at his chest, just managing to stop herself from staring.

There was a fair bit of envy mixed into the foreign attraction. She'd always been a little insecure about the size of her bust, and while Chris's obvious enthusiasm for it in the bedroom was helping, her feelings about his bust might have undone a fair bit of that.

Chris pulled one bra out of the bag and pulled it over his head. "Not sure about this... I feel a bit squished."

"You've got to adjust your boobs... let me help." She spun him on the chair and reached down over his shoulder and across his body to scoop his breast into position in the bra, then repeated the action on the other side. Touching his breasts like that set off a noticeable surge of arousal in both her parts; she felt her penis stiffen slightly. Being a still strange sensation this pulled far more of her attention, and she tried to ignore it. "Is that better?"

"Uh, I think so?" He paused and sat up a little straighter. "Yeah. They don't feel quite so heavy on my shoulders... still really heavy, though."

"It should cut down on jiggle a bit too, hopefully enough to keep you comfortable until your proper bras arrive. If you want a bit more support, you could try wearing two of them."

"I don't really like the feel of the bottom part around my chest... It's a bit tight."

"That's the band, it needs to be a little tight. It's the part that's supposed to hold the weight of your boobs instead of your shoulders."

Chris spun back around to face her again, "Ah, maybe I'll wear two on my way to my dorm for the bounce reduction."

Her eyes went straight to his chest. The bra was low-cut, and its simple design pushed his boobs together, creating a significant valley of cleavage. What surprised her was that this was even harder to look away from than just his bare boobs.

"Hey! Brie!"

She blinked and looked up at Chris' face. She'd been staring. "Uh... Sorry." He just laughed a little and grinned. She felt her face getting warm from a blush.

"Don't worry about it, I understand, it's a lot. Er... They're a lot too... but that wasn't what I meant." He smiled again, "I just wanted to wake you back up, you zoned out for a little while."

"How... long?"

"I dunno, maybe thirty seconds to a minute? Maybe I should put a shirt on..."

"Please... Not that I don't *like* how you look, but..."

"It feels weird and cleavage is distracting?"

"Yeah. Pants too, I might be used to that part, but that doesn't mean it isn't distracting!"

"Sure, sure."

Chris stood and went back over to the bed to find his clothes, some were on the floor, but others were mixed in with the blankets.

Brianna sat in the chair and started taking her shoes off. "Speaking of that part. I got myself some boxer briefs. Hopefully, they're comfy enough. Not sure what I'm going to do during my next period though, I usually use pads at least a few times, I don't think they'll work well with... huh... We should probably talk about that stuff, you're going to need to know a bit more than the overview from sex-ed now."

Chris looked over his shoulder at her as he picked up his pants. "I'm... not sure I'm ready to think about that."

"Yeah... but who knows when it'll happen. And there's more stuff you'll need to know."

Chris dropped into sitting on the bed. His boobs bounced significantly, distracting her for a moment. "OK. What do I need to know?"

Brianna was still looking at his cleavage. "First clothes, then talk." She dragged her gaze away from Chris' chest and she finished pulling her shoes off.

She got out the package of boxer briefs and opened it, pulled out a pair and put her feet through the legs. She stood to get them all the way up, lifting her skirt as she got them fully on, pulling it

up her body. They definitely felt better than panties did, at least for her male equipment. They were more than stretchy enough to accommodate her generous hips and butt, though the waistband was a little loose so they sat a little strangely. She'd gone up a size from her actual waist concerned they would be too tight on her hips.

Chris had finished putting his shirt on and turned back to her. She saw his eyes go straight down to between her legs, she still had her skirt lifted as she was looking at the fit, the bulge in the front didn't look that different to what Chris had, but she could tell he was having a reaction to it and dropped her skirt, then pulling on it to get the waistband back in the right place.

Chris's face was a little embarrassed, and he looked a little confused. He spoke, "The men's underwear makes liking *that* feel even weirder, and... I think I like it more as a bulge? Does that make sense?"

"Maybe? I've never been that... visual about attraction, like until today specific body parts did little for me, like seeing you with a hard-on was a turn on but more because of what it *means* than just seeing a dick. It seems like my male half is way more into that kind of thing."

"Oh. What do you mean by 'what it means'?"

"Hmm. I guess that you're into me... that you're enjoying? I don't think I can explain." There was an awkward pause where neither of them knew what to say. Eventually Brianna spoke again, "Maybe I should... that is, we should have that talk... and you should tell me anything you can think of that I'm going to need to know about my... penis." It would not be an easy, or comfortable conversation, but she wanted to make sure Chris knew what to expect.

Chris was sitting alone at his dorm room desk, doing calculus homework—on paper. The prof running the course thought computers were fine for written or multiple-choice tests, but inputting mathematics was too much hassle to force onto students. He wasn't entirely wrong.

Brianna was not in the room—the two had learned early on not to do homework together because they'd invariably end up talking or making out. Right now, something else was distracting him: his huge new boobs.

Looking down at the page meant his bust was taking up a fair bit of the bottom of his vision, enough that he had the paper a little further from him than normal so that he could see the entire sheet. Writing was another thing; as he moved his hand around the sheet, his upper arm pressed against his breast in varying amounts, adding even more unfamiliar sensations to his existence. It didn't feel bad, just strange and new, but that was enough for it to be distracting.

Not that using his laptop was any better; holding his hands in a comfortable typing position put both his arms against the sides of his breasts and pushed them together.

He adjusted his position slightly and stretched, which also reminded him of his new bust. He felt his shoulders lift his boobs, the tension in his skin shift and the pressure of the bra change; it really changed how the stretch felt with all the extra weight.

He was nearly done with homework. He got back to work on the last problem. His bust blocked his view of the desk just off the bottom of the page and took up a lot of his vision now that he was focused near the end of the page. His sitting position was also leaning forward a bit with his legs apart, the angle of his body meant he was putting pressure on his vulva, which further distracted him with unfamiliar sensation. He pushed through and finished the problem.

Brianna lay on her bed staring at the ceiling. Chris had left a while ago, she had just laid down to relax afterwards. She had ended up just thinking about the change, worrying about what might happen. This was obviously going to have global effects, but she did not know what those might be, so she worried about how it might affect her, her family, her friends and Chris.

Most concretely, the random boner she'd had in the car while on her way to get Chris' basic bras, right after she'd just had sex with him no less, had her having visions of getting one in class. Trapped in place at the end of a lecture for fear of showing. Going for a run, massive tenting appearing in the front of her tight running shorts on the street.

She still wasn't sure how she felt about the size of her new member, it was huge, at least when hard, soft it was unremarkable. It felt a bit like a cruel joke that Chris had huge boobs, while she had fairly average ones, while they had the opposite endowment levels between their legs. The fact that she strongly preferred big boobs and Chris seemed to like the size of her penis felt *made* to make them both insecure.

Eventually, she had enough of worry and decided to work on her essay. She rolled to sit up so she could stand, even this motion had to be done a little differently now that she had something between her legs that could be squished. She sighed.

She stood and went to one of the several stacks of books tucked in various parts of the room to get the book she was writing the essay on. The room didn't have shelves, and she was an avid reader, so she had far too many books with her to keep all of them standing on her desk or somewhere else neat and tidy, so piles. Between textbooks and the rotating selection of novels she brought from home there were over sixty books in the room.

She retrieved the book and slid into her computer chair, automatically beginning to cross her legs as she did so. The motion pulled her testicles up and squished them between her thighs; she stopped before it hurt, but it wasn't at all comfortable. She re-adjusted. After a few tries she wasn't sure there was a suitable position that would both preserve her modesty in a shorter skirt and be comfortable with her new male anatomy. The thickness of her thighs meant there wasn't really anywhere for her new bits to go.

Knee-length or longer skirts it was then, not that she had a lot of short ones, even so, she was annoyed.

She found herself sitting knees apart, in a way that felt wrong to her, and in her mind looked somewhat masculine. She sighed and did her best to ignore her new anatomy and get down to literary criticism.

Hours later her stomach and bladder were letting her know she had other matters that needed attending. She stood walking along the narrow space between her desk and bed towards the door. She opened the door to the side that led to the bathroom that was shared with the neighbouring room and stepped in.

She locked the door to the other dorm room and was about to sit down on the toilet before remembering she had new equipment and other options. She hesitated, she didn't want to have to clean up if she had aim trouble.

One perk of the building her dorm room was in was proper bathtubs, which was also why there wasn't much floor space. The length of her room in the half footprint of the bathroom past it was almost entirely taken up by her single bed, what wasn't was a closet space. So she was facing the tub. Which gave her an idea.

She stepped into the tub. She lifted her skirt and looked at the boxers, she slipped her hand into the fly at the front. It surprised her how much fabric was behind it, her finger had to go past her penis to get around it. She managed to pull her penis out through the fly, which felt very strange and awkward.

She held her penis between her thumb and forefinger and pointed it at the drain. She relaxed the way she was used to and pee went in two directions. She was immediately glad she was standing in the tub, one stream hit the wall beside her and the other was hitting near the top of the side of the tub. She managed to keep from getting any on the floor as the streams shifted as she went and then merged. Once she had only one stream she started trying to hit the drain. She started getting the hang of it as she ran out of pressure. The stream turned to a dribble and stopped. She was glad the shower head was detachable; it made clean-up a lot easier.

Chris *had* warned her that this could happen, especially after orgasm. He hadn't said she might have a split stream that could miss the toilet on *both* sides.

It would likely be awhile before she would be confident enough to just use a toilet standing up.

Chris pulled his bra over his head. It had felt nice to let his skin breathe; the bra offered little support, and it pushed his breasts together. Now that they were sitting more naturally, apart, the feeling of fresh air against the space between them was pleasant. It was also nice to not feel them being compressed, and the relief of the pressure of the band on his chest just below his boobs felt great, like getting his feet out of over-tightened boots after a long day. What wasn't nice was feeling their full weight pulling on his shoulders and chest again. They were *heavy*, and even the limited support the cheap bra offered made a difference. It had been quite the feeling when he pulled the band out from his body and his boobs fell out.

He lifted the bra in his hand. He thought about putting it back on but decided against it, at least for now. *I'll try sleeping tonight without it*, he thought, laying down ought to deal with most of the weight. He tossed the bra into his laundry basket with his shirt.

Chris pulled his pants and underwear down, he felt his boobs swing as he bent. He straightened and looked down at himself. Boobs: most of what he could see was boobs. He sighed and kicked his pants and underwear the rest of the way off. He still had to get his socks off, but he couldn't see them, as his boobs hid his feet from him at this angle. A slight lean and he could see one or the other by looking between his boobs. He sat on his bed and bent again, feeling his boobs swing and move; this time they were pushed against his knees and up to his chin. Everything he did, they moved.

He pulled his socks off with his boobs against his neck, and while he was in reach of the floor, he grabbed his underwear. He tossed them with the rest of his dirty clothes. He stood and walked over to his dresser, even more aware of the weight and motion of his bust than he had been all afternoon and evening. At least his boobs had mostly distracted him all day from the strange sensation of having a female reproductive system.

He pulled out a pair of pyjama pants and then hesitated. He wondered if he should start wearing a shirt to bed now that he had boobs. The dorm building had a very finicky fire alarm; if it went off tonight, it wouldn't be the first time he'd ended up outside in the middle of the night. Which left the question, did he need to have his chest covered?

He didn't really like the idea of needing to cover up his chest like a woman, but he *had boobs*, and imagining how people would see him being topless made him even more uncomfortable. So he had to cover up. He didn't like it, but he couldn't see people not reacting to *his* bare boobs the same way they'd react to say Brianna's. That was going to take some getting used to, even constantly aware of the unfamiliar feelings of his boobs as he was for now, he knew he wouldn't feel a reflex desire to cover his chest if someone walked in the way a woman does, at least for now. He didn't like the idea of developing that reflex.

He sighed and grabbed a T-shirt.

Putting his pants on was another experience of his boobs jiggling, swaying and pulling on him as he bent and moved. He felt the shirt tight over his bust after putting it on; he knew he was stretching it out, but it wasn't like his boobs were going anywhere. He'd made sure to grab one of the softest shirts he owned to stop too much sensation and discomfort from rubbing on his nipples. It seemed to work as he walked back to the bed—still too much bounce for him to ever consider not wearing a bra during the day, but it was fine for sleeping.

The little walk reminded him he was six stories up; if the fire alarm went off, he'd be jiggling his way down the stairs, holding his boobs. He shuddered. He didn't want to wear the bra to bed, it definitely felt good to have it off, to let his skin breathe, to not be squeezed by the band, to let his boobs be uncompressed and not held against each other. Well, it had only happened twice last semester... it wasn't likely to happen again. He tried not to think about it as he got into his bed.

He turned out the bedside light, lay on his back and pulled the sheets over himself. It was nice to let some of the skin under the bottom of his bust where they had been held against him all day get out from under them for a bit. He could feel his breasts spread out as they settled on his

chest, a little going into his armpits, their weight pushing down on him. It felt very odd; he cupped them and moved them around a little, but the weight felt like a lot pushing on his chest. It didn't feel suffocating, as he mostly breathed with his stomach, but it got him to roll onto his front.

Here, his breasts were squished by his body. It didn't hurt, but he also didn't really like how it felt, and the size of his breasts put his neck and back into an odd curve.

He tried his side, his boobs piled on top of each other, the bottom one bearing the weight of the top. They were pressed against each other again, denying air to the skin of the inner sides of his breasts and along his sternum.

He tossed and turned trying to find a comfortable position. Eventually, he sat up and thought for a bit. He went back over to his dresser and got a clean pair of socks, got back into bed and rolled onto his side. He lifted the top boob through his shirt and shoved the socks rolled together between his boobs. It solved part of his problem, and after a while, he fell asleep.

Brianna pulled up her pyjama pants, the feeling of her penis in them was a little strange. She looked down; the bulge was obvious. They weren't exactly tight; she was surprised how much her bulge showed in them, at least when she didn't have an erection, *that* would show in *any* pants she wore.

She took a few steps. The sensation of her male bits moving around inside her pants was a little odd. Very different from when she was wearing a skirt with no underwear, much more contact between her junk and the fabric.

She got into bed and rolled over onto her side in her usual position. Top leg bent, bottom leg straight, but she found her balls were pushed around and against her thigh. It didn't *hurt*, but it felt weird and made her very aware of her new anatomy.

She rolled onto her back and spread her legs apart. With her testicles settled off to the side, she spread her legs more; that felt silly on its own, and she was still acutely aware of how her penis settled on her scrotum and how her scrotum was settling on the top of her vulva. Having warm soft flesh against that part of her felt very odd, especially since it was part of her.

She tossed and turned, but no matter what she did with nothing else to pay attention to as she tried to relax and sleep she couldn't help but focus on the still new sensations of her male parts.

She reached down and cupped her new parts with her hand, trying to adjust them so she would *feel* them less. She wondered if Chris had similar problems with his vagina then realised that his boobs would probably be far, far, more disrupting to him.

Which led to her comparing her bust to his in her mind. Imagining Chris with her boobs, or slightly larger versions to keep them the same proportionately. They didn't look small, but she couldn't convince herself that she didn't like the boobs he actually had much much more. She felt the insecurity she thought she had mostly banished, with help from Chris's obvious and

enduring enthusiasm for her boobs, welling back up. Memories of high school when guys would talk to her nerdy, but very well-endowed friend Mary about things she knew the guy *hated*. Mary was more than smart enough to see through it and intentionally was as boring as possible, but it *irked* Brianna that the guy would pretend to listen for an entire lunch period; that didn't happen to Brianna.

She managed to push the thoughts out of her mind, this wasn't the time to deal with this, she needed sleep. She rolled, and turned a few more times. Eventually, she got to sleep by just doing her best to ignore the strange sensations.

Chris woke slowly, it felt like there was something very heavy on top of him. He was confused for a moment until he opened his eyes and saw his boobs.

As sleep left him he became more aware of his body, he could feel his usual morning wood straining against the weight of the sheets, but there was another sensation between his legs. A fullness, near, but not in his vagina. There was also a tension in his clit, that at least he could localize. He sat up, the sensations remained. A pressure inside him running from near his vulva back to his buttohole, a bit of warmth in the general area of his vulva. He reached down past his balls, leaning back slightly to lift his body to give his hand room, his finger met his clit. He breathed in sharply; it was very sensitive, although he wasn't turned on.

Memories of sex ed nagged at his brain. Female anatomy, the clitoris extended around the vaginal canal. *This must be the female equivalent of morning wood*. It felt odd, but now that he was framing it that way he recognized the feelings as part of what he felt when he was aroused the day before.

His phone's alarm went off, he glanced at it and realized that it had been snoozed. He must have done it half asleep, he had to get moving.

The next morning, Brianna woke before her alarm and felt something strange between her legs and her pyjama pants were pulled tight around her hips. She reached down, and her hand brushed something hard inside her pants. She was wide awake instantly, freaking out before memories of the previous day came back. She had morning wood.

She shifted and stood. It was a strange feeling, the way her new penis was straining against the fabric of her pants to stand straighter. It was a little uncomfortable but also felt kind of nice in an odd way. She paced for a moment waiting for her erection to disappear. It didn't; instead, the motion of her legs caused the fabric to slide against her dick and meant that it went from an erection without arousal to one *with* a little arousal.

She sighed. She grabbed the waistband of the pants and pulled them away from her and down. Once they were below her hips and her penis was free she let them drop. The waistband hadn't stretched quite enough to pass beyond the tip of her dick so it got pulled down and sprung back

once released, wiggling up and down for a moment. She was shocked by how heavy it felt doing that.

She wrapped her hand around it: her fingers almost didn't meet her thumb, it was so thick. She was stunned all of it had gone inside Chris.

For a moment she just stood there holding her cock. It felt good to have an erection. This was the first time she'd had one while she felt calm and had time to just experience what it felt like. The pressure of the engorged flesh inside felt intense and powerful. The skin of her penis was pulled tight, almost uncomfortably so, but the fullness also felt good. She could also feel it pulling at things inside her if she pushed on it with her hand, and a tight feeling somewhere near her vagina. She could get used to morning wood—it felt good just to be hard—but she needed to get going.

She stood there for a few minutes, still holding it, still amazed that it all went inside Chris the previous day. That thought brought a throb, she felt it tense and become more sensitive.

Waiting for it to go down wasn't working. She was too distracted by how it felt to have a hard on and she couldn't quite bring herself to try doing something else. She was enjoying the feelings and wanted to keep paying attention to them, a fact that made her feel strange and a little conflicted. It felt masculine and dominant and made *her* feel that way too. It wasn't something that matched how she thought of herself, and part of her was afraid of that, uncomfortable, but she didn't stop.

If waiting wasn't going to work there was another obvious option. She let her right hand move up and down, gripping the shaft of her dick. She wasn't entirely sure what to do, but she had given Chris hand jobs, not to completion, but he seemed to enjoy it.

It didn't feel like as much as she expected, but it still didn't take long before she felt the strange *shift* as her body entered male mode. She had been looking at her hand and her penis inside its grip, and she noticed *something* about how it felt to see it change. She wasn't sure what, so she stopped just for a moment. She pictured Chris with an erection. She wasn't into it; when she switched to male mode all interest in penises on others went away, replaced with an odd vacancy.

She was about to start again when it occurred to her that she was going to ejaculate, and standing in the middle of her room wasn't the best place for that to happen. She needed to shower anyway.

Her pyjama pants had fallen all the way down to the floor by now, so she stepped out of them, it did take using one foot to hold them down while she lifted the other, and letting go of her penis so she could use her arms to help her balance. The movement made her dick wobble and bounce, which continued as she walked to the bathroom and pulled her shirt off. The motion of her hard penis was also new to her, she hadn't walked with it free of clothing like this before. She was again surprised at how heavy it felt, especially compared to how it felt soft.

As she locked the door into the neighbouring room, she conjured up the imaginary Chris again, but this time a Chris in female mode, playing with his breasts, fingering himself, moaning. She started the shower; it warmed quickly, and she stepped in.

She brought her hand down to her penis, again gripping it, rubbing up and down the shaft, her other hand she brought to her breasts and started playing with them. She could feel her foreskin rubbing the head, which felt better than the movement of her hand, but she kept going as she was. The imaginary Chris was now sucking her dick. She felt the same building urgency she had when having sex with Chris, the need to reach the goal, to *get it out*, to cum.

She groaned, a sound different from any she had ever made during sex before the change, a sound that—despite her very feminine voice—sounded almost masculine.

She felt her knees get weak, and she was forced to use her left hand to support herself against the wall. She shifted her grip, moving her hand up the shaft so that the top of her hand now came up to the head of her penis and she was gripping around her foreskin. She gasped and groaned in pleasure again, there was much more sensitivity there.

She was getting close, the feeling of pressure inside her, the need, the urge, was getting stronger and stronger. She was gasping, her mouth open, hunched, eyes wide, her hand moving faster and faster, desperate.

Something welled up, she grunted, and came. The grunt morphed into a groan, pulses of pleasure as each spurt of semen left her, shooting onto the wall of the shower, each one making her hips push forward.

She started coming down, still breathing hard, spent.

She was again shocked by how different it was afterwards from what she was used to, the way it felt like she just exploded and was done. The entire thing was so focused down on her penis; once she was going her attention narrowed more and more down onto it as she rubbed. She looked up, saw the mess and pulled the showerhead down to rinse it off.

As she washed, she kept thinking about how things were different for her in male mode. The entire experience once she mode switched was a powerful push to finish, to get to the end, and then when she got there, she was actually just done. It wasn't that she didn't feel the urge to get to orgasm before, but it was much stronger in male mode than her female experience before the change. She could tell that if she wanted to go again at this point she might be able to, but she'd be starting from zero arousal.

Brianna also realised that what she had told Chris about how she felt about erections wasn't quite true; only by its absence was she fully aware of how she was attracted to penises physically. She knew also that her new *strong* interest in boobs wasn't the only change to her sexuality; she was far more interested in Chris's body, visually. Just admiring it, she felt physical attraction more strongly, and it felt more important to her than before. The experience with her interest in penises made her wonder if that was all from her male half and would go away when

she switched to female mode. Maybe she'd "experiment" in the evening, compare female mode to pure female.

She had finished washing; she shut off the shower, wrung out her hair, and stepped out. As she dried off, first wrapping her hair in a towel, she paid attention to her body. She was still in male mode. There was a distinct feeling of being "male", most of it was the change in how her original female parts felt, but there was more. She couldn't pin down what it was that she was feeling, just an awareness that her body had shifted out of its normal. Sort of like how she was aware of where her hands were.

Her alarm went off. She dropped her musings and hurried out of the bathroom to shut it off, she didn't want to be the one to annoy any late sleepers.

She had some extra time since she was already showered, but she still needed to get moving to get to her class.

Chris was sitting at a table in a common study room on campus, alone, half-working on homework but mostly killing time between classes.

He was leaning forward enough to rest his boobs on the table; the proper bras he and Brianna had ordered weren't here yet, so he was still wearing the "sports" bra. Not that he'd want to do anything active in it, but it was better than nothing for cutting down on jiggle, bounce and sway, and it offered a little support to shift the weight of his breasts from his shoulders to his body. His boobs still bounced significantly with each step when he walked, swayed when he turned, and otherwise moved around a lot, and he was still very, very aware of it at all times. Doubling up on them helped with movement, but the two bands were constricting and made breathing with his chest harder, so one bra it was.

He wasn't any more used to his vagina, but sitting still, it was usually easy to ignore unless he sat in just the wrong way and put pressure on his clit or something else sensitive. He was sensitive down there and extremely aware of it because the sensations were so new. Most frustratingly he found he glanced at women between the legs in the same way he glanced at breasts, without even noticing he'd done it. He knew from experience that his female half was very into dicks, preferably big ones, but he wasn't happy to find himself looking.

The sound of the room's door opening broke him from his reverie, and he sat up. The weight of his bust returned to his shoulders, even a bit extra as he had moved quickly and his boobs took a moment longer to start moving. They bounced just a little when he stopped.

He looked over at the door and saw a girl coming in; she wasn't particularly attractive, just an average girl, but his gaze had still just for a moment checked between her legs. There was a bulge there; she was wearing track pants and obviously no underwear. Probably she hadn't been able to get any that had room in the front.

Chris had looked away from her and back to his papers, though even that slightly downward angle meant his boobs were very in his view.

The awkward position he'd been in to rest his boobs on the table left him a little stiff, so he stretched. Lifting his arms above his head, he could feel how this pulled up on his boobs, both the straps of the bra as well as his skin and breast tissue. He noticed the girl's eyes go to his chest; he hadn't been thinking about how much that stretch would emphasize his already impossible-to-miss bust. He released the stretch.

The girl sat down at one of the other tables and opened her bag. Instead of a laptop or paper, she pulled out yarn. There was a panel of fabric with a tail of yarn to the ball and a single short rod sticking out. She began to crochet, enlarging the panel. Her fingers moved swiftly and with confidence.

Chris found himself staring at her hands, he felt a surge of warmth in his nethers as his female libido started revving up. He found that looking back at her, behind her hands, he now found her more attractive. It was a very strange feeling, he'd never felt anything like it before. Sure, as he grew closer to Brianna he found her more attractive, but that took time to happen: this was sudden. He couldn't even put his finger on what felt different about looking at the girl, just that he liked what he saw more now. His eyes went back to her hands deftly manoeuvring the hook and yarn.

His phone buzzed in his pocket, the reminder he had set to let him know to get going to his next class.

Brianna arrived at her lecture, the last one she had this week. She took a seat at the back of the small lecture hall. On the walk from her dorm room she had noticed herself getting distracted by guys more often than she normally did, like she was feeling physical attraction more strongly. Not just busty guys, but also walking behind a few guys times she caught herself not just checking out his ass, but staring at it. She noticed forearms, shoulders, legs, everything more. As even after arriving she was still in male mode she wondered if it was related.

She was staring up at the ceiling, idly wondering how she could test her idea while she waited for the professor to arrive and class to start. She was acutely aware of her penis and accompanying parts without much to distract her, until she felt something odd: her body shifted back to neutral mode. Her vagina came back into her awareness as a sexual part, her female libido coming back online as her male one dropped slightly in intensity. She looked around the room at a few guys; she still felt a little more focused on physical traits than she was used to, but not as much as on the walk over.

The arrival of the instructor interrupted her studying of the other students. Her eyes went straight to his chest, he was busty. She'd already thought he was a bit attractive, but now, though... He was young for a university instructor, likely in his early thirties, not unfit, but obviously he spent most of his time sitting. His bust was large, but not huge, definitely

substantially smaller than Chris's, perky for its size, especially since it didn't look like he was wearing a bra.

As the lecture proceeded, she kept getting briefly distracted every time she looked up from her notes. She wished she could turn off this new part of her sexuality. *Without* putting her hand down her pants to rub her clit and put herself in female mode, since she suspected that being in female mode would tamp down her increased notice of physical attraction. She was a grown woman; she should be able to listen to someone and not get distracted by their body like a horny teenage boy.

Towards the end of the lecture she felt the beginnings of a stirring. *No! Not now!* She thought. *Don't think about it. Look at your notes.* Chris had told her that trying to fight a hard-on didn't usually work and usually sped it up, but it was like trying not to think about elephants after being told not to, with the added element that she could *feel* it down there. She could tell she wasn't getting what she wanted.

The lecture ended. The other students stood to leave, but Brianna waited. There were a few stragglers standing and talking, the next class was starting to arrive. Eventually, she couldn't wait any longer, she carried her book bag in front of her, glad of the way her skirt hung. Instead of going back to her dorm she took the exit from the room that led to the less used hallway and headed to the bathroom, where she sat in a stall and waited. She regretted choosing a fitted shirt; she'd love to be able to tuck this thing into her waistband and hide it, but she couldn't. It would very much not be hidden. Long loose shirts from now on.

While she waited she thought. None of the guys she knew had *this* much trouble, and Chris certainly didn't seem as horny as she was feeling. At least none of the guys her age *now*... High school was a bit different. She had much more empathy for the guys who were called on at awkward moments now. She certainly felt like she was getting a taste of some teenage male problems.

Chris closed his dorm room door behind him. He couldn't get the thing with the crocheting girl out of his head.

He felt like he needed to talk to someone about many things, this just being the last in a line of experiences since the change. Brianna had no classes on Fridays and had left for home for the weekend after her last class of the day. Besides, he didn't think she'd enjoy hearing him talk about what made him attracted to another girl.

There was always Sam. He had known Sam since pre-school. She was his closest friend; they had even tried dating in high school. They went on two dates: the first ended in an awkward make-out session and the second with even more awkward sex. While they were still laying naked together, they had both worked out that a romantic relationship wasn't what they wanted with the other, and it only took a short conversation right there and they were back to friends. Still naked though, and not for the last time.

They ended up in bed together three more times during high school, each ending the same way, once after Sam had been dumped by another guy and literally crying on Chris's shoulder turned into more. Every time it was great until it was over and they both realized it felt wrong. It did get easier to get their friendship back to normal after every time.

What the experience of their failed physical relationship did was make them completely comfortable talking to each other about sex and relationships. Chris felt comfortable asking Sam about anything to do with sex and had gone to her for a woman's perspective many times, and she had come to him for a man's.

He sent her a text asking if she had some time to talk. A few minutes later his phone rang.

"Hi Sam."

"So I'm guessing you changed?" The sound made it obvious she had him on speakerphone; she wouldn't be doing that unless she was somewhere private, at least not in response to the text he sent.

"Well, yeah. Working vagina, huge boobs."

"Wait... huge! How huge? Also, working?"

"Yeah... it... works. Er... gimme a sec, I'll text you a picture, I know you'll never let up if I don't."

Chris pulled his t-shirt off, leaving him wearing only the bra on his top half. He held out his phone with the selfie cam on; it took him a moment to get an angle that showed the size of his bust well. He sent the picture. Before the phone even made it back to his ear, he could hear Sam reacting.

"GOOD GOD! You weren't kidding, they're massive! How did Brie react?"

"Staring at them, then getting a hard-on. She was sitting across from me when it happened, she ran off to the bathroom to deal with pantie problems."

"Ah... I'm not fully changed. I have no balls outside yet, just enough penis that I can pee with it, so I didn't have *that* problem. I didn't think I was starting to notice boobs... but looking at this feels weird as hell. They suit you though, like they look like the right boobs for your body. They look good on you."

"Thanks, still not sure how I feel about having them."

"I can imagine! Noticing boobs for the first time certainly feels weird to me. Have you had anyone other than Brie stare at them?"

He thought back over the day, he hadn't really gone anywhere other than class today and yesterday only Brianna's dorm room and his own after changing. "A lot of people looked at me as I walked past on the street... but I haven't really been anywhere other than class. I think a few people were looking in class."

“Almost certainly more than a few! You just didn’t notice.” Sam was speaking from experience, her boobs were big, not huge, not nearly as big as his. “You’ll have people talking to your chest all the time. I guarantee it. And do yourself a favour and get a better bra than what you’re wearing.”

“Already ordered. Brie measured me yesterday and ordered a few online... Probably should have thought to ask you about that. She also got this for me, they don’t carry my size at the store she went to.”

“Ah, makes sense. I have to go to specialty shops to get really good bras too, though I can usually find something better than what you’re wearing in a regular one. So what did you want to ask me about? If it were just advice about having big boobs you’d have called yesterday.”

“Err, well...” He explained his experience with the crocheting girl.

“I see. Welcome to female sexuality. That sounds pretty normal to me.”

“Oh. That sudden?”

“Sure, at least with some physical skill like that, especially something like crocheting, it brings to mind what *e/se* such skilled fingers could do!”

“Huh?” She just let him think for a moment. “OH!” He heard Sam giggle.

“Are you doing okay otherwise? You said you’re not sure how you feel about your boobs, what about... well, everything else? Like how are you feeling about Brie having a dick?”

He took a deep breath. “Weird as hell... It’s huge.”

“Wait. You’ve seen it already?”

“Seen it, touched it, had it inside me.”

“***What?*** You move *fast!*”

“Yeah... she uh, ‘mode-switched’ while getting a look at herself right after changing... and told me about how big it is... turns out I seem to like that, so when she came back I was turned on enough that being near her put me in girl mode, then we went to her dorm to measure my boobs and...”

“Ah.”

“It... just barely fits into me...”

“You... OK with that?”

Thinking about Brie’s penis was starting to turn on his female half a little; he felt the rush of warmth between his legs. He ignored it. That could wait. Talking to Sam couldn’t. “I don’t know... it turns my female half on... like I think I finally get guys who love big boobs because of

how I feel about her... but like... it's so much bigger than mine and I *like* that... but I feel... wrong? Maybe inadequate?"

"Chris, your dick is big enough, *trust* me. I bet Brie is having similar feelings about boobs."

"I... expect so. She said she only really likes big ones."

"Look, when it comes to dicks, most women are like you are with boobs, they don't care much about size. Besides, being full feels good but won't get me or most women off on its own."

"I *know* that it didn't get me off either... but it just felt so... satisfying being so full, so close to it being too much. I'm not sure I'd be happy with something smaller."

"Ah. Even if that's true, that's not most people. Brie probably wouldn't be happy if you were flat-chested, but you're *not*. Personally, I don't want a guy to be much above average. I can't tell you what you like, but maybe try something closer to your size, maybe get a cheap dildo, see how that feels."

"Uh..."

"Yeah, I know, you don't want to own a dildo, but you've got girl bits, and there's a reason a lot of girls own one."

"I... Maybe," Chris replied, stifling a protest in his head. "But, even if trying a non-huge one makes me feel better about my penis... I'm pretty sure I'll *want* something big."

"You have a point, but a basic one isn't expensive. Besides, I'm pretty sure you're not going to *want* to be stretched to your limit every single time, especially if Brie is doing that to you. You'll get sore!"

"Point taken. I'll think about it."

"Did that help at all?"

"I'm not sure, a bit? I'm still so unsure how I feel about everything it's overwhelming. I'm a bit sleepy. I had some trouble sleeping last night, my boobs are taking a lot of getting used to."

"Yeah. Mine can be annoying, I can only imagine yours are worse."

"Any tips?"

"For sleeping? A really comfy bra can help, but I guess that doesn't do you any good right now..."

"Yeah, the main thing bugging me was just how *aware* of them I am, all the time. Even just sitting the weight feels weird and breathing moves them enough for me to notice... I guess I just have to wait until I get used to them. I'll try keeping my bra on tonight though and see if it helps. Anything else you think I should know?"

“Hmm...” There were several seconds of silence on the phone as Sam was thinking. “Did Brie tell you about discharge?”

“You mean from my vagina... yeah.”

“Good. As for boob stuff, you’ll want bra liners or some other way to deal with boob sweat. You can get irritated or develop rashes under them against your chest if you don’t do something to stop it from being wet all the time. They can also help with pressure from your bra band. Probably not too much of a problem with the bra you’ve got on since it’s so thin, but a proper bra won’t breathe as well. Until you get a liner, or if you don’t want to wear one, antiperspirant under and between the boobs can be a life saver! Make sure you wash and dry under them too. Let me know when your proper bras arrive, and I’ll help you evaluate fit. You’ll want a good sports bra, maybe this weekend I can help you pick one? If you haven’t ordered one already.”

“No... we didn’t, just normal ones, we were going to see which one fit best before ordering more. This weekend is good for me. Brie’s spending it at home, and she left already. She doesn’t have any Friday classes. It’ll be nice to hang out too.”

“Yeah. Is there anything else you need to get off...”

“My chest?”

“Sorry.”

It was Chris’s turn to laugh. Doing so set his boobs bouncing a little. “Don’t worry about it.”

“Thanks, but seriously, you had sex in female mode! Do you need to talk about it? Just vent about boobs more?”

“I don’t know what I want to say... probably I’ll have some talking to do over the weekend after some time to process. What about you? You’re partially changed. Do you need to talk? Have questions?”

“Oh, I have questions, but not ones you’ve got answers to. I think I’ll have those later. Mostly now I’m wondering how things down there are going to progress. I think I’m alright, for now anyway.” She paused for a moment. “I can’t help but wonder about two things.”

“Which are?”

“What’s your bra size? Like I can see they’re huge, I couldn’t even guess what your actual size is though.”

“38H, at least that’s what came out of the calculator Brie used. Why?”

“I just wondered how it compares to what I wear... and I want to check that the store I had in mind actually carries your size.”

“What size bra do you wear?”

“34F.”

“Huh, don’t know why I asked... I don’t really know what it means.”

She just laughed.

“So what was the second thing?”

“I’m not sure how you’ll feel about answering... but, how big is Brie’s...”

“Ah... well, based on how it looked in my hand... at least two inches longer than mine... and quite a bit thicker, it really filled my hand...” Remembering the experience was having an effect on him, as he felt a little bit of wetness. He treated it like an unwanted erection and ignored it.

“Two inches bigger than *you*? That’s *huge*... Yours isn’t exactly small!”

“I said it was huge.”

“Yeah... but... that’s really huge. God, I hope mine isn’t going to be that big.”

“What are the odds that I’d know two girls with big dicks?”

“What are the odds a guy with boobs as massive as yours is dating a girl that’s hung like a horse!”

The conversation with Sam continued for some time, but eventually they said goodbye, and Chris was left with his thoughts.

He stood and walked over to the mirror on the back of his dorm room door. It had been there when he moved in, and it was easy to treat it like part of the furniture until it showed a sight so foreign.

He looked at himself, still wearing just his bra on top. He wasn’t especially broad-shouldered or muscular, as he didn’t do much working out, but he wasn’t fat, either. His torso before the change mostly tapered in an approximately straight line from his armpit to his waist. Now though that line was interrupted by the sides of his boobs, his hips were noticeably wider than before.

He sighed.

Sam had said his boobs look good on him. Looking at his reflection, he thought that even though they were so big that he could still see them at the bottom of his vision despite looking forward, they didn’t look *disproportionately* huge on him. Huge yes, but not *too* huge for his frame.

He lifted his bra and pulled it off, feeling his boobs drop out of it and jiggle just a little as they settled on his chest again. At the back of his mind since the change had been the idea of getting them reduced.

He looked at his bare bust in the mirror. They were very nice boobs: full, round, and for their size they drooped very little. He knew that, despite how little he cared for the size of boobs, his were just nice, and were they on a woman he'd be as distracted by them as any guy. Part of him was starting to like having them, to feel proud of them. Then there was the effect they had on Brie.

He'd expected them to be constantly getting in his way based on the impression he got from Sam and just the world in general. In a way, they did; he was constantly having his arms bump into them, but nearly always he just adjusted his position slightly and continued. They hadn't actually prevented him from doing anything; he was just constantly aware of them. He found that he usually just lifted his arm a bit so that it went above his bust and leaned slightly and that usually solved it. The most in the way they'd been so far was washing his hands, the combination of leaning slightly forward and working his hands together forced them to take up just a little too much space. He could definitely tell there were times that they would *actually* get in his way, but it didn't seem to be as bad as he would have expected.

Their weight though, that was much as he expected, they were *very* heavy. His back *was* tense, it didn't hurt today, but he could tell it could go that way. He hoped *good* bras would help with that.

He turned and walked over to his bed, then threw himself onto it so he landed on his back. His boobs bounced and jiggled and even hit him in the face a bit—not hard, as he hadn't moved very fast, but this might be a habit he'd have to break.

He felt his boobs settle into domes on his chest as his shoulders were relieved of their duty.

He stared at the ceiling.

Sam's advice about getting a dildo scratched at the back of his head. He wasn't comfortable with the idea, but he knew why. Just social expectations. He wasn't comfortable with a lot of things about this.

He thought in circles for a while, but eventually the same logic that yesterday had ended with Brie's dick inside him came up. He wasn't comfortable having a female sex drive, but avoiding it wouldn't make it go away. He knew for a fact that Sam and Brianna both owned at least one dildo, and based on his one experience with female sex, he was pretty sure that he was going to want something inside him any time female masturbation happened.

He sighed again.

Chris put the discreet brown paper bag down on his bed. He stared at it.

Inside was *his* dildo. It was orange and smooth, basic. It had a suction cup at the base and no vibration. It looked about the same size as his penis. He'd considered getting something bigger, but the thought of bringing it to the cashier made him lose his nerve. He'd barely managed to get himself in the door. The cashier seemed to have picked up on his embarrassment and had

done an admirable job of wordlessly conveying that she was going to forget his face the moment he walked out the door. The only thing that had got him into the store and out the door with it was a conviction that he was going to face his new situation head-on—which, in this case, meant he was planning to masturbate.

After a moment of hesitation, he took it out of the bag and opened the box. Pulling it out and holding it in his hand told him he was right about it being close to the size of his penis. It also felt strange. He wasn't sure what to do next. He couldn't think of anything in his dorm room he could stick it to. The edge of a bathtub or a toilet lid seemed like good ideas, but his room didn't have its own bathroom, and he was definitely *not* going to use it in a shared bathroom.

He decided just to hold it and lay on his bed. He pushed the box and bag onto the floor to deal with later and started undressing. Once he got his bra off and the total weight of his breasts was back on their natural support, he was reminded that even the limited support it offered made a difference.

He sat down on the bed, his boobs bouncing from the motion. He waited for them to stop before slowly turning and lifting his feet as he lay down, remembering how his boobs had hit his face last time. He was still very aware of how his boobs moved around and now how they settled. He looked down at them; he could see between them to his penis, but they blocked his view of his feet.

He lifted the dildo up and looked at it. He wasn't entirely sure what to do. Looking at porn felt weird. He wasn't sure he wanted to just yet. He just turned the dildo in his hands for a while, thinking. Eventually, he put it down between his legs, and it rested against his inner thigh. He decided to start playing with his boobs and see what happens.

He placed his hands on his bust, felt his nipples poking into his palms. His hands felt small on his chest. His fingers were nearly flat, but his entire hand was in contact with his boobs, reminding him just how big they were. He started gently rubbing, moving his hands in a circle. It felt a little nice but wasn't doing much to get him going, nothing like when Brianna had been feeling him up.

He sighed.

He started imagining Brianna was on top of him, her hands on his bust. He got a little more aggressive with his hands, grabbing in addition to the rubbing. He pictured her sitting on him, and he pictured looking between his boobs at her erection. That did it. He felt a surge of warmth between his legs, female arousal stirring. His breasts felt more sensitive, what he was doing to them started to feel better.

The back of his mind brought the idea of giving Brie a boobjob, the image surging unbidden to his imagination. Pushing his boobs together, her member sliding between them, popping up in his cleavage. He found he had actually pushed his boobs together as he imagined. His arousal grew; he could feel a little wetness now.

Then another image, licking, sucking the head as it pushed up from his breasts. The idea turned him on, but he wasn't at all comfortable with it, he pushed it out of his mind. Confronting his female sexuality was one thing; going that far was another.

He shifted the imaginary Brianna down between his legs. He let one hand drift down between his legs, and even though he had to lift his balls out of the way, he got a finger on his vagina, slid it up the slit and found his clit. The light touch made him gasp and triggered all the mode-switching behaviours in his body. An intense rush of female arousal, his male parts pulling inward. A moan escaped his lips.

He felt the empty feeling between his legs, the growing need to be filled. He slipped a finger into himself, moving his thumb onto his clit. As the finger slid into him he was surprised how it felt. It didn't feel quite as small as he had expected it to, though it didn't feel big at all. It felt good, but he wanted more and it reminded him of the dildo resting against his thigh.

He pulled his finger out of his vagina, the sensation of emptiness returned as he did so, and grabbed the dildo. He felt himself tense in anticipation, his vaginal muscles squeezing. The shaft felt good in his hand, his desire to be filled strengthened, he pushed the tip against his vulva, slid it up and down his labia. The action built his need. He lined it up and pushed it in. He gasped, it felt good, *very* good. A moan forced its way out of him as he slid the shaft into him slowly, stretching him out. Not nearly as much as Brianna's huge cock, but enough.

He began to work the dildo in and out of him, moaning as he went. It felt great, being filled, being *fucked*; it was satisfying his need to be filled, but it wasn't getting him closer to cumming. He brought his left hand down from playing with his boobs and switched the dildo to it, gently rubbing his clit with his now-free right hand. His boobs were squeezed together by his arms so he could no longer see what he was doing between his legs.

It felt incredible; he rubbed harder and faster. The mental image of Brianna's cock peeking out of his cleavage returned, but he was too caught up to push it down; he was getting close and the image was hot. His moans stuck in his throat as his pleasure intensified, his back arched, his ministrations became more desperate. He was right on the edge. The imaginary cock sliding between his breasts came and shot its load on his face. That sent him over the edge. His vagina clamped down on the dildo; it felt amazing, the hardness inside him opposing the squeeze. This time the only sound he made was a small gasping noise, he didn't quite push air through to moan as every muscle in his body seemed locked in tension for a moment. Then he started moving again, shuddering and shaking as his orgasm continued.

After what felt like minutes, but probably wasn't, he started to relax and come down from his orgasm. He just let himself lay there for a while, enjoying the afterglow and the sensation of the dildo inside him.

Then he realised what he had been imagining in the heat of the moment. He sat up, forgetting the dildo was still inside him, and he ended up sitting on it. It felt good, but he wasn't looking for that right now. He ran his hand through his hair. He didn't know what to do with himself. He felt deeply uncomfortable with liking *that*. With *wanting* to suck dick, even it was Brianna's. He was

starting to feel *less* comfortable with all his female desires, even the still-pleasant sensation of the dildo inside him.

He also knew from the day before that he was going to be vaguely aroused for a while and he wished it would go away, but he was, for the time being, in female mode, and still horny.

He sighed and stood, removing the dildo, though part of him wanted to just leave it in. He was glad he was going to have a chance to talk to Sam. She was a good listener, and he didn't feel comfortable talking to Brie about a crisis in his masculinity. He didn't want her to see him as less manly. He grabbed his laptop to put something on to distract him until he wasn't in female mode anymore.

Brianna was sitting waiting for her friend Mary to join her for lunch, off in her own little world. Caught up in a mixture of growing feelings about her bust, confusion about how she felt about having a penis and liking boobs and hips. The drive had left her without much to do but think, and feel. Her new balls affected the comfortable positions in a driver's seat, making her new parts unavoidable things to think about.

"Hey Brie!" Mary's voice brought her attention back to the here and now. Her gaze lifted, but only a little. It got stuck on her chest. Mary's bust was about the same size as Chris's, but on a smaller frame, in a good bra that fit properly, and showing cleavage with a low cut shirt. They were spectacular boobs.

Brianna willed her eyes and head to keep moving, to look Mary in the eye. Mary sat across from her and she started chatting. For a while they talked about mundane things, caught up as if things were normal. Things weren't normal though. Brianna had to put effort into not staring at Mary's chest.

Brianna now had a much better idea of what the boys had experienced with Mary when puberty hit her like a truck. Brianna had known Mary since preschool and she had always been shy and introverted, not terribly into most girly things. No playing with doll houses, at least not the way most girls did. Mary had always been more into spaceships, which as she grew turned into a love of hard science fiction, *old* science fiction. Asimov, Clarke, books that were already old when she was born. So Mary never really fit in with either boys or the girls.

Then came puberty and Mary went from a slightly chubby little girl to curvaceous. She was still a little chubby, but all the fat seemed to be in her hips, butt and bust, with hardly any on her middle. Combined with her cute round face, she was suddenly popular, at least with a significant portion of the boys. A lot of the girls went from indifferent to jealous. Brianna had noticed.

Mary was still the introverted lover of sci-fi; Brianna was confident there would be at least one old book in her purse, acquired from a used book store. Not that she was that different, she loved books just as much, and as kids they had always enjoyed going to used book stores together. Mary had even convinced her to read some of her favourite classics of science fiction.

Mary was talking about what she had been reading, and Brianna's eyes had drifted down. She again yanked her gaze back up to Mary's face, but when they got there, the expression they found told her that she had been noticed. A wry grin. It was a look Brie had seen several times, though never directed at her: Mary had known the whole time.

Brianna felt herself blush.

"So you like boobs now?" Mary said, grinning.

Brianna blushed harder. She wasn't embarrassed that she *liked* boobs, she was embarrassed that she couldn't keep herself under enough control to not be caught.

"Yeah... Chris and I both got the full change." She paused before adding, "His boobs are actually even a bit bigger than yours."

Mary tilted her head slightly and raised one eyebrow. "Really?"

Brianna nodded. "I... uh... seem to like very busty men."

Mary's eyebrow somehow got higher. "So, like, that guy." She nodded in the direction of another table. "He's cute, looks like your type."

Brianna looked in the direction Mary had indicated. She immediately knew which guy she meant; he looked a bit like Chris, except in one area. He had boobs, but small ones. She was shocked at how much less attractive than Chris she found him. Last week it wouldn't have been a very big difference. It wasn't that she found Chris massively more attractive now, though she did think she was more attracted to him, it felt like not having big boobs actively made a man less attractive to her. It really brought home the changes to her preferences, she didn't fully understand how strong her preference was until she saw someone who was so otherwise her type.

"Or, judging by your face... not really your type anymore?" Mary asked.

"Uh... apparently not. It's like small boobs are anti-attractive, which really makes me feel a bit... inadequate."

"Brie, you have great boobs, they're not even *small*. As I've been telling you since high-school, and I'm sure Chris tells you." Mary was bisexual, and always had been.

"Yeah, yeah. Says the girl with cleavage that causes traffic accidents."

Mary stuck out her tongue. "You could too if you took your shirt off. I've seen you naked, you're hot. If you weren't straight I'd have tried to date you. Not everybody only likes big tits."

This wasn't the first time Mary had told her this to try to boost her confidence. It didn't help as much as Mary seemed to think it should. The little voice of Brianna's insecurity just told her Mary was only saying that. Never mind those times in high school getting changed for gym that Mary had been looking at her in much the way Brianna just realised she was looking at Mary's boobs again. She pulled her eyes back up. "Uh... sorry... Still getting used to..."

“Don’t worry too much about it... I’m thinking of it as payback for all the times you’d just chat in the gym locker room with nothing on top and I’d be doing my best to pay attention and not stare at your chest.” Mary had leaned forward as she was speaking to make her cleavage a little more visible. Brianna just barely maintained eye contact. “I’m still getting used to boobs on men. It does feel weird as hell to like boobs on a guy... part of my brain just sort of rejects the idea, but I still *feel* it. I think I prefer busty guys too, which feels weird since I’ve never been very into big boobs.”

The rational part of Brianna’s mind was well aware that every woman Mary had ever asked out looked more like her than Mary. Unfortunately for Mary, her choices also seemed to share sexual orientation with Brianna too, so Mary had only had boyfriends. “Do you think it’s weirder for you or me to get used to liking boobs on men?”

“Oh, you for sure, Brie. I already knew how great boobs are, now I just have to get used to a new way to appreciate them. You’re experiencing it for the first time.”

“Feels uncomfortable when it’s another girl.”

“Hmm, I guess it would, for you. For me the hardest part has been getting used to the new parts. Especially the way it seems to have a mind of its own.”

“Oh, I agree! I feel like it’s turning me into a teenage boy! I’ve had six boners for no reason whatsoever since it happened, not to mention the ones that *had* a reason. It really doesn’t seem to take much to set it off and uh... for me they can be a challenge to hide, even in a skirt.”

Mary’s eyebrow went up again. “A challenge?”

Brianna felt herself start to blush. “Yeah... it’s huge, at least when it’s hard.”

“Well you’ve always wanted to be well endowed.”

Her blush deepened but she smiled. “Yeah... I’d be worried about being *too* well endowed if Chris didn’t *love* it.”

“He’s seen it?”

“Err, more than that. Right after the change we went to my room to measure him for a bra, and one thing led to another...”

“Ah... Really feeling like teenagers, then.”

“I guess so. It feels weird to have more than Chris down there, but he seemed to enjoy it, even though he said it almost didn’t fit.”

“Can’t say I’d feel the same way...”

“Yeah, me neither.” There was a lull in the conversation before Brianna spoke again. “How are you comfortable in those tight jeans? I’ve barely worn pants since the change, and panties are right out!”

“Eh, it’s not so bad, it’s a bit squished but I don’t think it’s any worse than wearing a sports bra. Maybe it’s different for us lesser dick’d ladies. Men’s underwear is like the wood of the true cross right now. I got a few pairs of briefs on the day of, but everything is sold out everywhere, so I’ll be doing laundry *often* since I don’t have a boyfriend to steal from.”

“It’s perfectly normal sized at the moment, *thank you!* I never liked sports bras much either, and they at least are doing a job while they squeeze parts of me.”

“My jeans *are* doing a job, making my butt look good.”

Brianna rolled her eyes.

“They do have a new downside though, not much room if you get hard, you’re not the only one who’s had a problem hiding an awkwardly timed boner Brie.”

“You could wear more relaxed fit pants and do what Chris suggested I do and flip it up into the waistband. I’m pretty sure mine would show through my shirt if I ever tried it, you might have more success.”

“Bah!” Mary made a dismissive gesture. “It’s been too fun seeing guys glancing at the bulge to wear anything that could help me hide. Every guy has made it through high school without too much embarrassment, even when skinny jeans were in.”

Brianna sighed. “I don’t know how you can be so blasé about it being so visible.”

Mary shrugged. “Guys already understand, and women who don’t yet will eventually.”

Chris got into Sam’s car. She started it, and he felt the vibration through the seat, but it felt *more* than he was used to. He hadn’t been in a car since the change, and his vagina was partially against the seat. It didn’t feel like much, but he’d never had such a sensitive part against the seat of a car before. He could feel it in his labia, it wasn’t turning him on exactly, but he could also tell what kind of effects a vibrator might have on him. It made him hyper-aware of that part of him, after three days he had finally not been constantly aware of it, at least when just sitting, until he got into the car. Walking was a little different, without something to occupy his mind the still somewhat novel feeling of his labia moving slightly against each other as he walked brought the existence of his female parts to the fore of his awareness.

“So, excited to go bra shopping?”

“Not really... Still feels wrong, but I also *need* a good one. I’m starting to feel it in my back, not sore yet but I can tell it will be. Had to skip intramural basketball yesterday. It was awkward when they asked why over text and I had to explain it was due to boobs.”

Sam giggled.

“One said he had boobs and was still going to play. He didn’t drop it until I sent a picture.”

"We'll find something that will let you play next week."

"Not sure I'm gonna."

"You OK, Chris?"

"I don't know..." He sighed. "I don't want to wear a bra. I don't want to have tits bigger than any woman I've ever met, I don't want boobs at all..." He paused. "I took your advice... about the dildo. I didn't have the nerve to get a big one though."

"It didn't go well?"

"Uh... well, that was fine, but in the moment it brought out thoughts. I was imagining, sucking..."

"Ah."

"I... well, it made me really uncomfortable. It just feels so... wrong to have these feelings."

"I see. For the boobs, at least you *could* get a reduction."

"I know... but part of me already feels like... they're really mine. I know it's going to be normal for guys to have boobs, imagining myself with smaller, or even back to no boobs already makes a little part of me not feel right. Besides... I really do like things about them, as you said... They kinda look good on me, and I *definitely* like how Brie reacts to them. I caught a few girls looking when I was walking around or in class, even walking up to the car I saw you looking. It felt good." He looked down at his shirt, stretched tight over his bust. "They're sensitive... in a good way... but for some reason they're also a bit sore today."

"Oh... you're probably not going to like this."

"What?"

"Might be a sign we should get you some tampons."

"Oh. Dammit." Chris sighed. "Feels like that bit has been taking over... I've been feeling weirdly horny, but mostly in the new bits. Weird thoughts, it doesn't take much to rev it up... Like puberty all over again."

"Well, it probably is *exactly* like that, think about it. We know our bodies changed to be what they would be like if the world always worked this way, right?"

"Yeah."

"Well, at our age the theoretical you that always lived in a world like this can't possibly have finished developing that long ago, so you basically are in the middle of your *girl* puberty. It's not just boys that are full of hormones you know."

"Yeah, yeah. I figured that out when we went camping together and you hadn't had a boyfriend for a while."

"It didn't take much effort. You were just as single and pent up. I can't believe we did that so many times."

"We only went camping once."

Sam laughed. "Have you told Brie that we..."

"Yeah... I told her we tried and it didn't feel right."

"Once I'm further along we probably shouldn't spend the night alone together, I'd like to think we've both got more self control these days, but..."

"Yeah." He paused for a moment. "How do you feel about changing?"

"I'm still not really sure, I can mostly ignore it so far, so it hasn't fully sunk in for me. I'm only just far enough along changing to pee standing up... it's actually a bit awkward to go sitting, it's pretty small still."

"Ah... I had that problem once when I really had to go after coming inside on a very cold day..."

Sam laughed. "I have a hard time imagining that."

"You'll find out."

"I guess I will."

"Are you worried?"

"More curious I think, and glad I don't need new underwear yet. I was at a big box store yesterday and pretty much all the men's underwear and bras were *gone*. You seem a lot more uncomfortable than when we talked on the phone."

"Yeah... I dunno, I just feel... wrong, but also not, felt more wrong after the whole unwelcome fantasy thing. It just feels like the female parts are taking over a bit."

"It's a lot to deal with all at once. I know you well enough to know you'll get through this. You're still a man Chris, this doesn't change that."

Sam had put her finger right on what was *actually* bothering him. It felt unmanly. Liking dicks felt gay. He didn't have a problem with gay guys, but he *wasn't* one. It felt like this change was striking at parts of his identity that he didn't realise he cared so much about, like his self-image was having a part of it torn down and replaced by something the opposite of what he felt should be there.

On the other hand, there was another part of him, a part that was already integrating this new reality into his view of himself. Busty, a little submissive in female mode. This part felt good about how his boobs looked. Sam had been right: he'd started noticing people staring more and had a few people talk to his chest. Screw social expectations of what was manly, what a man is

had changed. A man can be busty now; fully grown men have vaginas now. Liking a *woman's* penis was, by definition, not gay; it was part of being attracted to fully mature women.

"I know... but I can't *feel* it just because I know it."

"Yeah, twenty-one years of social conditioning doesn't just go away in a few days. If it helps at all, your boobs don't make you look at all feminine—if anything, they make your masculinity more apparent."

Chris gave her a skeptical look. "Uh huh."

"What? I mean it!"

Chris arrived back in his dorm room wearing a brand new bra and carrying two sports bras in a bag along with the one he had been wearing when he left. The new bra was *much* better. Far more support, his shoulders felt better already.

Sam had insisted that he try on almost every bra in his size they had in stock, and he got measured again. It almost wasn't worth it. Almost. It was bad enough to have Brie measure him, but a stranger doing it made him feel so much more self-conscious. However, the woman knew her stuff and pointed him toward all the right bras. It was actually very comfortable and did a good job stopping his boobs from moving too much. It even seemed to help a bit with the boob soreness.

The only downside was it *also* did a good job lifting them, making their size even more obvious. The sports bras didn't do that—in fact, they made him look smaller—but he didn't think he'd enjoy feeling that confined when he wasn't doing something that needed that level of control.

They had minimizer bras, but they weren't as comfortable, and a small part of him liked how his boobs looked emphasised.

He flopped on his bed. This time he didn't get hit in the face with his own tits. The bra was *fantastic*. He did, however, feel the tampon in his back pocket.

He sighed.

On the way home Sam had been determined to make sure he was prepared, to make sure Brie didn't miss anything important in her talk and that Chris remembered it all. Pads, menstrual cups, tampons, panty liners.

Pads were probably out; his male equipment would get in the way of them being held closely enough to his body, and he wore boxer briefs, which didn't offer a place for the flaps to wrap around. He'd *immediately* balked when she said menstrual cups were reusable. So tampons it was.

Since he had no idea what his body did at which part of his cycle there was no real way to tell how far off he was from needing them; he *really* hoped it would be when Brie was around to

help him. His worry that it would be soon made him paranoid about every time he could feel what both Brie and Sam had assured him was normal discharge. *Discharge*, he shuddered; there were, he was rapidly learning, many more gross things about female parts than he had known.

It all made him wish that if humans had to have this second puberty thing he wasn't at the end of it, then it wouldn't be all at once. He'd have had the chance to learn about dealing with feminine hygiene before he actually had to do it. A more gradual introduction to his boobs. A chance to get used to the idea that he was going to have these new parts. But those weren't the cards he was dealt.