



Becoming Basic (The Threesome)

- A Commissioned Short -

By Razmagurk

I was the kind of guy who had it all. A beautiful girl, lots of money. I was smart and funny and charming and most of all, best of all, I was good looking. Lots of guys *think* they're good looking. I *knew* it. Let me tell you - beauty is the most important thing. Everything rises from that: confidence, success. When you look as good as me, everything just falls into place.

This is the story of how I lost it all. Now I've got no girl, no money, and a dulled wit. I even lost my looks. Worst of all though, I wasn't a guy anymore at all!

It all started with my girl, Emma. She was the hottest goddamn thing. Almost as hot as me. I could have had any girl on earth draping off my arm, and she was the one I took to bed every night and twice on Sunday. She was the complete package, killer body, great rack, the *tightest* pussy, and get this, she was even bi. I know all that gay shit would be a deal breaker for some guys, but I saw it as an absolute bonus.

See, most girls get jealous when their man is scoping out fresh hotties. Not Emma though. She'd be checking them out too. I'd be eyeing up all the meat at the club and she'd be making recommendations like she was picking an appetizer from the menu. And, hungry girl that she was, she was always ready for a bite.

Threesomes, is what I'm getting at. Two chicks at the same time, man. We'd come down to the club and we'd pick out some fine little treat and we'd take her home for dessert.

And look, I'm not saying I was god's gift to women just because I had a giant dick, okay? No, I'm saying that because I knew how to use it! Girls went crazy for it. I'd send them screaming so hard they'd turn up the next day begging for more.

That was why we were at the bar that night. It was hot and noisy and full of hungry girls looking to hook up. The bar had something of a reputation to that end. It was popular with swingers and minglers. It saved us a lot of time.

"Ed, baby," Emma had said, gesturing with her shining red gel nails. "You seeing that girl over there?"

"Who?" I turned casually. "The redhead in the corset?"

"No, though ooh, aren't her perky little tits to die for? No, I mean the mousy one behind her."

The girl in question looked terribly out of place. She had the nervous look of a first timer. She was very plain, very forgettable. Her face could be cute enough, I supposed, but it was mostly just there. She was average. I hadn't even seen her, not really. I was looking for a real catch.

"What about her?" I raised an eyebrow.

"She's been staring at us all night. I'm surprised you didn't notice."

"Don't be stupid, babe. Her? Come on, I thought we were here to hook up with a real hottie."

"Would it kill you to be nice every once and a while?" she chided, rolling her eyes.

"Oh shit, she is looking." I rubbed at the bridge of my nose.

The girl was staring right at us, gawking in disbelief. I returned her gaze with a dismissive glower, intent on driving her off, but then Emma gave the bitch a little wave.

"Babe, why?"

Now the girl was standing up, an exuberant disbelieving smile on her face, like she'd been picked as the next contestant on a game show. With her standing I could get a better view of her body now. Somehow it managed to impress even less. This girl was downright frumpy.

"You don't like her?" Emma teased.

"No," I sighed. "I have standards. Come on. Be serious."

The girl came to stand before us in our booth. We practically shone down upon her. She looked even more nervous now. We had that effect on people. Did i mention how great we looked? Ordinary people had no business being anywhere near us.

"H-Hi," she finally said. "Sorry, I saw you from across the bar and I uh - I was thinking uh -" she fumbled nervously.

"Emma." My girlfriend held out a hand by means of introduction. "And this is Edward," she said, slapping my chest. I did not extend my hand.

"I know! I remember you. It's me! Evelyn?"

"Oh my god, your voice sounds so familiar..." Emma narrowed her eyes. "Wait a second, Evelyn Tremblay? From Northern Secondary?"

"That's me!"

"Oh my god," my girlfriend's face lit up. "I barely recognized you! Last I saw you, you were all... wow! You look great."

If this was her looking great, I'd have hated to see what she looked like back then.

"You're looking pretty good yourself." The girl let out an awkward chuckle. Her eyes flicked all too low into my girlfriend's expansive cleavage. Her gaze lingered just a little too long. "But that's no big surprise, you always looked amazing."

I stood back as the two girls bonded and started to catch up. I was miffed. The longer this went on the less likely we were to score a proper hottie. We'd be stuck with the leftovers when the night ended. Why were girls so like that? No sense of priority. As the minutes passed I grew more impatient.

"Can we help you at all, Evelyn?" I finally said, butting in. "Are you here for a reason?"

"Ed!" Emma chastised.

"Look, we're here to pick up chicks not hold a high school reunion. Besides, I've seen the way she's looking at you. I know what she wants."

"I-" Evelyn froze, clearly humiliated at being called out.

"Am I wrong?" I prodded.

Her face flushed red. Most girls that looked like her would have run, but she managed to stand her ground. So be it. It was just going to make things worse for her.

"No." Her voice was tiny. "You're not wrong." She swallowed dryly. "Maybe this is gonna sound ridiculous, but you know what? I'm drunk, so I'm just going to shoot my shot - I've always had a crush on you, Ems. I recently found something that could increase my confidence, help me achieve all the things I want out of life. And oh gosh oh golly, you're one of those things. So I'm putting it all out on the line here now. I know you two are an item, I've seen it on your socials, but I know you swing too. Would you be interested in... in..." her voice cracked as she said it, "a threesome?"

There was silence.

I turned to Emma. She had a look of girlish sentimentality on her face, like she'd found a cute puppy on the way home and wanted to claim it as her own. This was insane. She was seriously considering it! Did the girl have no taste? She wanted us to pity-fuck this troll?

I turned back to Evelyn. My eyes flared. I may have been god's gift to women, but I wasn't about to stick my dick in a dumpy hoe like this. I had standards. I pulled 8+s, but this girl was barely a 5.

"Are you out of your fucking mind?" I told the girl.

"Huh?" She took a step back.

"As though people like us would even fucking talk to a dumpster fire like you." My voice was a roar, growing louder. "You should be grateful you're even breathing the same air as us, you dull-witted, plain, basic, mousy thing! Perfect people like us don't want anything to do with dumpty average bitches like you!"

"H-how dare you." Evelyn began to tear up.

"How dare *you*!" I retorted.

"You're going to regret that." Evelyn took a step back, the tears in her eyes starting to fall. Her words were quiet but sure. Then she turned and ran before we could see her weeping.

"Oh for shit's sake, Ed." Emma rubbed at the bridge of her nose. "Chill out. Can't you go five minutes without thinking with that stupid dick of yours?"

"I thought we were here for a hookup, not to pity-fuck the leftovers at the bar. "

"Sometimes I really don't know why I put up with you," she scowled.

"You know why." I waggled my eyes and grabbed my junk for emphasis.

"You know what?" She stood up. "I think we're done here."

“Fine.” I reached a hand around her to pull her body against my own. “ I’ll take you home and we’ll-”

“No. Not tonight.” She pushed away, then stood and shook her head. “You go home. Alone, I’ll catch a cab back to my place.”

Was this bitch serious??

“Fine!” I yelled after her. “Be that way.”

I watched her storm out. This was just great. Now what was I supposed to do?

Alright, I thought, if she wasn’t going to be putting out tonight, I’d find myself a girl who would! She wouldn’t know what she was missing.

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It was a shitty night and I drank too much. If I’d have known what was about to happen to me the next morning I’d have probably drunk a lot more.

The next morning everything had started to change.

I rolled out of bed feeling hung over and heavy. That was weird. I never usually got hung over. I was feeling it though, god. I wanted to just go back to sleep but I had to take the biggest goddamn piss. There was no sign of the girl I’d hooked up with last night. She was s an 8.5. Let it never be said I’m not charitable.

I stumbled my way across my apartment. I was dizzy and out of breath. Was I sick? I couldn’t remember the last time my head felt so cloudy.

I crashed into the bathroom. Standing in front of the john, I pulled down the front of my briefs to whip out my dick, point it at the toilet bowl below and let nature take its course. I let out a sigh of relief.

But something wasn’t right.

Through the fog something was niggling me. Since when did I wear briefs? They didn’t really do my dick any favours. I reached down to adjust the angle of my underwar. Something was very wrong here.

I pulled the briefs down to get a better look, then screamed.

My dick!

What the fuck had happened to my dick? It was thinner, shorter, smaller. Like it had shriveled up. It wasn’t even this small after I’d been in the pool!

“What the fuck!?” I cried.

I stormed back over to my bed. Panic and rage apparent in each step. I got out my trusty tape measure and got to work. It had to be some kind of optical illusion, right? I thought of that bitch I’d taken home

and fucked last night, that sweet ass of hers as she bounced reverse cowgirl on my mighty rod. My member rose to attention at the memory, eager for action.

But this was not my mighty member. This was not the 8-inch throbbing behemoth I was so proud of. This was a pale weak imposter. 5 inches? It seemed so disgustingly average. It wasn't even as turgid as I was used to and it was fully hard.

Was this an STD? Had that bitch I'd slept with last night given me something?

I ran over to the mirror to look at it from a different angle, but oh god, my dick wasn't the only thing that was smaller. My tight, muscular body was anything but. I had a softness in my belly, a softness in my arms and my chest, like all my hard-earned muscles had melted away. I must have dropped 20 pounds. Even my face was softer.

I felt dizzy. I felt disgustingly weak. I looked disgustingly weak.

The only place that hadn't shrunk was my chest, but that was only because the area there looked so swollen. I gave it a poke and winced, my pecs were so sensitive. There was some kind of puffy tissue there.

This was bad. My heart raced. Was this cancer!? How could it already have become so advanced?

I prodded my chest again, my pecs almost looked like... boobs? Little perky breasts like on some college girl. The more I looked the more I looked, the less I could dismiss the resemblance.

No, cancer. This had to be cancer. I'd rather it be cancer.

It was like years of being at the gym had all fallen off overnight. I looked soft and weak and... and feminine? My hair certainly wasn't helping. When had I let it get so long and shaggy?

I had to do something about this. I had to get to a doctor. I had to get this fixed. Whatever this was it had to be serious.

There was a ding from my phone.

"Hey, what time are you picking me up? We're still doing the Art Studio? I want to talk about last night first though."

Shit. There was a strange feeling in my heart. Apprehension. Regret? As though some part of me actually cared about what had happened last night. I wanted to tell her off then and there, but I decided the better of it. In all fairness, I had more important things going on.

How was I going to explain *this*?

She had wanted to go some stupid couples pottery class. All I knew was that following that, I'd be potting her down good afterwards, if you get my drift, but now I couldn't let her see me.

"Can't babe," I texted back. "Gonna have to raincheck. I'm really sick."

“Oh yeah?” Emma replied. “Should I come over and make soup? Nurse you back to health?”

“No!” I panicked. Goddamn bleeding heart bitch, just let me be! “Just need rest.”

“I can wear my sexy nurse uniform~”

Goddammit!

“You go do the pottery thing without me. You were the one who wanted to go.”

“Wow, you must really be sick to be turning that down. Okay, if you’re sure. Don’t think you’re getting out of that talk though, mister.”

My head was swimming as I rushed to get dressed so I could drive down to the hospital. There were more colours than I remembered, softer fabrics. The closet where I kept my designer clothes was full of boring normal crap that anyone off the street would wear. Had that girl from last night stolen my clothes? What was going on?

I didn’t have time to investigate further. I found at least one button up shirt, but when I was doing it up the buttons were on the wrong side. That was weird, right? I also couldn’t find any of my boxers, just briefs and a few pairs of panties that must have gotten mixed in from Emma.

What the fuck was going on? Was this sickness in my head too? Was I going crazy?

I called my doctor and told them it was urgent. They said they’d try to squeeze me in. I rushed down to the clinic only to wind up sitting in the waiting room for hours. Worry and anger growing the whole time.

It wasn’t long before I started getting texts from Emma. She had run into Evelyn from last night. ‘Run into?’ Please, it wouldn’t surprise me if that girl was some kind of crazed stalker. You couldn’t trust bitches like that.

If I was more myself I’d probably have warned her away, told her not to lead the poor girl on, but I was a little preoccupied with my own crisis.

Emma sent me a picture of the two of them making vases on a wheel together with a ‘wish you were here’ message. As if I wanted anything to do with a girl like Evelyn. She was... she was...

I squinted at the picture. She looked different. I distinctly remembered her being short but now she seemed to be the same height as Evelyn. Was she wearing heels to an art thing? She looked firmer, well toned. She was dressed nicer, that was for sure, complementing her body. If she had looked like this last night I’d have said she was at least a 7. I rolled my eyes. What was wrong with this girl? Who looked better doing art than they did at the club, honestly?

The longer I waited, the more pics I got. They were laughing, getting messy, having a good time. I felt something in my heart. Jealousy? Envy? Whatever it was, I didn’t like it. I kept telling myself I’d tell her to cut it out, but I just couldn’t work up the nerve.

Then I was called in.

I wasn't normally a doctor kind of guy, but you don't get as hot as I am without caring about your health. I told her what had happened, how I had woken up and all my muscles had gotten soft. I told her my chest was swollen and that I thought it was cancer.

She had me take off my shirt and have a seat. She leaned in to inspect my swollen chest. She poked it and fondled it, squeezing and rolling them. I gasped. The damn things were sensitive, tingly, and this girl had rough hands. She hemmed and hawed to herself contemplatively as she went. My heart was racing.

"Well, I don't feel any lumps."

"You don't feel any lumps!?" I balked. "The whole damn thing is lumps! They're swollen and huge and sensitive."

"If you've been gaining weight, some growth is to be expected. Gynecomastia can be tricky like that."

"Gaining weight? Gynecomastia? What are you talking about?"

"Weight gain is quite normal as men get older." She consulted the chart.

"I haven't gained weight, I've lost it!"

"Why don't you step on the scale?"

I did, furious, but eager to prove this quack wrong.

"See? 195." She made a note on my charts. "You're up 10lbs since you were last here."

195 lbs. That couldn't be right. I was 240lbs of pure muscle.

I looked at her chart, that couldn't be right. It also said I was 5'9". I was 6'3"!

She double checked. I had her triple check.

"This has to be some kind of mix-up." I screamed, "this must be the wrong file."

She pointed out that the scale and the measuring device both clearly stated those were my current weight and height. And if it wasn't gynecomastia why did I have breasts?

Breasts.

This couldn't be.

I stood there, frozen in confusion and horror.

This quack. This absolute fucking quack of a doctor was... what, sabotaging me? Had I spurned her somehow? Rejected her at the bar? Now she was... what? Making me... fat, somehow? That was so

stupid, people just didn't lose weight and height like that! Dicks didn't get smaller, did they? Had she drugged me?

Why was it so hard to think?

"I have to go!" I yelled, rushing out of there as fast as I could.

I drove, furiously, back to my apartment.

Nothing made any sense. I was losing my mind.

I spent the rest of the day doing what any self-respecting guy would do: I drank until it all stopped mattering. I turned off my phone, sick of all the happy pictures of Emma and Evelyn I was getting.

This was all some crazy dream, I told myself, as I finished off the bottle of beer. My whiskey stash was missing as well.

This whole situation was absurd. It couldn't be real. I wasn't becoming less of a man.

Right?

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But of course, the next day things were even worse.

I could feel it as I lay in bed. Weird dreams floating around in my brain. I was even heavier today. I pulled the blanket over my head and tried to go back to the oblivion of sleep but it wasn't happening.

I felt pathetic. I felt broken. Tears were forming in my eyes. No. I wiped them away. No tears. I was a guy, dammit. I didn't do that kind of crap. No matter how overwhelmed my brain felt.

I was a man! I had to act like a man. I had to *be* a man. I had to confront this.

I could feel the weight on my chest as I walked to the bathroom. It seemed all the worse this morning. Everywhere there was a bounce bounce bounce beneath my nightshirt. It was the weight of disgusting fat and flesh. They felt so heavy. How could anything be so heavy? Was that because of all the muscle I lost, or was it just the weight of my doom upon me?

I tried not to look, tried not to think about them, but it was impossible. Breasts. That's what they looked like. As if. But they were so hard to ignore. I could feel the tug of them with every step or shift of position. They were all I could focus on.

Somehow, I managed to reserve some modicum of hope as I stumbled towards the mirror. Some prayer in the back of my head that this would all be gone, that it would have been some dream. But that isn't how the story goes, is it?

I took my shirt off and despaired.

I looked even worse today. Yesterday the muscle had melted off my body and my dick had been shrunk, but I had looked, apart from the soft swelling on my chest, like a guy. An ordinary guy. Today, even that mercy had fallen away.

I was slender, but not in an athletic way. My muscles had melted into fat. I was on the verge of pudgy. It wasn't a beer belly though, it was across my whole body. I was soft all over. Especially on my damnable chest.

My dick was barely even noticeable. It had shrunk again. Half as long as it was yesterday, it was downright small now, and my balls had followed suit. It was hairless, my whole body was hairless.

I screamed, a high pitched screech. I put a hand to my throat, embarrassment flushing red in my face.

I looked kinda like a girl.

Tears were welling up in my eyes. I blinked them back. The swelling on my chest was unmistakably a pair of breasts. My waist was slender and puckered in. Somehow my hips seemed wider, my shoulders more slender. But that was crazy, bones didn't just change shape like that!

Further reinforcing the feminine image was the fact that I was completely hairless — all over my body it was just a soft fuzz. I reached up to touch my face. There was no stubble, no roughness, no darkness. I wasn't even going to need to shave. The only hair I had was on my head. There my hair had grown, longer and longer, down to my neck. On a girl it would have looked cute, tomboyish. I'd have laughed if I'd seen it on a guy.

There was no denying it anymore, my whole body now had a quintessentially feminine aspect. How had this happened? Was this those hormones in the drinking water I had heard about?

"That quack doctor!" I complained to Emma via text. "Was no help at all. She told me I was fine."

"Calm your tits, Ed," she texted back. "I'm sure she's trying her best."

I bristled at that. I hadn't told her about the changes, I'm sure she'd meant it as a joke but it hit too close to home.

"Do you want me to come over?" she continued.

"No!" I flushed, that would just make everything a thousand times worse.

"Fine, I'm going hiking with Evelyn if you change your mind and want to join us. Picking her up at the gym in a few."

Fine fine, whatever.

I bristled again. I certainly couldn't let Evelyn see me like this. I had put her down and now I was this hideous creature? I'd never live it down.

I couldn't go to work like this either. I texted my secretary Jennifer that I was going to take a few days off. She responded that I had better be careful, I only had so many sick days. As though I wasn't the department head. Whatever.

I had to deal with this. No matter how much my instinct was to curl up and cry, I was a man, and that meant solving problems.

I took a pair of purple scissors from a dresser and went to work on my hair, chopping and cutting. It wasn't the best but I'd managed to get through the pandemic just fine doing my own hair. At least, that's what I thought until I made the first cut. My heart was screaming. It was like this was some kind of transgressive crime. I had intended to cut it so short it wouldn't even matter anymore, but the more I cut the more afraid I felt.

In the end I ended up with a total hack job of a haircut. I thought I'd feel better for having gotten rid of it, but the urge to cry was louder than ever. What was the fucking problem? As though this wasn't basically the hair I had yesterday? But of course now I just looked even more tomboyish. Now it just called attention to the softness of my face.

I threw the scissors down into the sink in disgust.

I tried to get dressed.

I pulled some clothes out of my closet. I would wear a suit, something undeniably manly. But for some reason I couldn't find any. There was nothing in there but soft silky button-ups in bright colours. I just wanted something in a grey or black. Sure, I wasn't going anywhere but that was no excuse not to look good. That's what I've always said.

But no, there was something about it that just didn't feel right. What was even the point? Wouldn't it be easier just to lounge around in my pajamas all day? That way I wouldn't have to put on a bra.

A bra?

I shuddered at the implication.

As though I'd be caught dead with a... with a...

Something soft squished under foot. I looked down to see something black and lacy. A bra, discarded at the foot of the bed. Had that girl left this the other night? No, there's no way this would fit her. Nor could it be Emma's.

I picked it up and read it. 36 B.

I looked down at my own breasts.

"What the fuck?"

This couldn't be... mine? Could it? I had to know. I looked this way and that, making sure no one was looking, then fumbled to put it on. The motion came to me without even thinking, like I'd done it a

thousand times before. I leaned down to dangle my boobs into the cups, then reach around to the back to do it up.

It fit like a charm. It fit like a glove. It fit like it was made for me. Well, as much as a bra could.

My bra. My tits.

It felt... nice? Supportive. I had been complaining about the weight, and it certainly helped with that.

But where it had come from? Someone had to be messing with me, right?

I looked around the rest of the room. The bra wasn't the only thing. All of the clothing discarded on the floor was in bright colours or soft materials. They were women's clothing, I was sure of it. Some were even skirts! So how come they were in my apartment? Why was it that when I held these up to my body it seemed almost as though they would fit?

Tears welled up in my eyes, not from any particular emotion, but just from feeling so overwhelmed.

I had a busy day ahead of me. Hoops with the guys, ladies to impress, not to mention I hadn't gotten my dick wet since the other night, but I couldn't turn up like this! I'd be a laughing stock if I rolled up anywhere like this.

I had to figure out what I could do. Come on, brain, think.

Normally when I was figuring shit out I felt sharp, attentive. I was the master of my own destiny, after all. I'd always been top of my class. I don't know if it was the estrogen I could imagine flowing through me now or the lack of sleep or what, but today I felt slow, mentally, sluggish.

I sat down to google what had happened to me, but I kept getting distracted by tiktoks and cute cat videos. I wasn't normally that kind of guy but today I couldn't help it.

The only thing I could find that even came remotely close to what was happening to me was a bunch of smutty stories online. There was a whole websites dedicated to guys getting turned into bimbos by magic or whatever, then getting the shit boned out of them. Who would get off to something like that? What did that say about the people who wrote that kind of thing? There were some crazy people out there, that was for sure.

They painted a chilling story about my odds.

I wasn't like the protagonists of those stories though! I wasn't some weak yielding sissy. I wouldn't just let myself end up like they did, completely feminized and fucked down by some well hung stud.

Even if my dick (half its original size at 4.23 inches (I carefully measured)) was getting hard as I read through the stories. That was just because I was reading about pussies getting fucked and big jiggly tits though, right?

It was a dangerous game I was playing. With one thing leading to another, between the tiktoks and the smut, the whole day seemed to fly by. I had set out to find a solution but all I had done was spin my wheels.

How could I lack such discipline?

That night, let me tell you, I had some crazy dreams.

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By the third day I was getting desperate.

Whatever this was, it wasn't stopping. It was consuming my life. I couldn't even try to *pretend* I looked like a guy anymore. My hair had grown back, with a vengeance. It now cascaded in loose waves down my back. It was lightening, turning just a hint of blonde.

My body had shifted as well, and here's how I knew I was losing my mind, because the bra I had slept in had grown too. It was 34 C now. They were hefty, they were heavy.

I had been expecting to see my body turned into that of a supermodel, that's where the dreams and stories had been leading, but I looked... Ordinary? Like a boring, vaguely fugly girl. If I didn't still have the masculine sharpness of my jaw and nose I'd have maybe been a looker. As it was now, I was a girl who could maybe make it work with the right kind of makeup.

I don't know why I was disappointed at the idea.

Somewhere in the fog of my brain I was starting to connect dots. As crazy as it was, things started to make a weird kind of sense. This couldn't be real, therefore it had to be unreal. I was going to have to accept the fact that this was some kind of crazy magic. I wasn't the kind of guy who believed in that sort of thing but suddenly I found myself getting awfully spiritual.

Had I pissed off a witch or something? In that bunch of stupid stories that's how things had gone, hadn't they? I couldn't help but feel this was malice. That this was some devil's hand. Who could I have possibly offended to deserve this?

But I wasn't about to go down so easy. I wasn't about to turn into some bimbo slut, oh no! I'd fight this as long as I could.

I called in sick to work again. For some reason I found myself addressing Jennifer as 'ma'am'. She said I'd better not make these absences a habit.

I was fully prepared to spend another day doomscrolling, avoiding the problem as much as possible, but it was too easy to fall into that trap, wasn't it? I wasn't about to let this curse get to me. I wasn't about to just keep sitting in here. I'd show it what I could do!

Not that I had a lot that I *could* do. My bank balance was low and I couldn't let anyone I know see me. Maybe that was the trick though, maybe moping around was what made it progress, maybe I had to go out and be a man!

I'd go to the gym. I'd go rock climbing or car racing or something! This curse or whatever couldn't stop me.

I dug furiously for some appropriate clothing, but I kept finding dresses and skirts and tights. Where had all these come from? Where had my clothes gone?

When I stepped out of the bedroom, I realized my clothes weren't the only thing that was different. It was like my whole apartment had changed.

Come to think of it, it had been different yesterday hadn't it? It was hard to remember through the fog of my brain. It wasn't so extreme as this, but there were little differences. I'd been so preoccupied with my body I hadn't paid any attention to everything else.

Now there were little pink kitsch elements cluttering around on all the surfaces, little cutesy figurines and delicate flowers. There was a big plushie on the bed and a 'Live Laugh Love' sign hanging over the now-cream-coloured couch. Not everything had changed, and it could be a lot worse, but it really looked like a girl lived here.

A few of them were kinda cute, I had to admit. That little ceramic froggie?

I felt a chill running through me. I'd always hated this girly junk. Emma wasn't so basic as to have this kind of crap, but a lot of the girls we'd hooked up with totally were. I frowned. Honestly? It didn't look half bad. It sort of brought the room together.

What I was explicitly not paying attention to was the vibrator sitting on the end table next to the couch. I was just going to ignore that.

Vibrator...?

I bit my lip. What was I doing? Why had I come in here?

Oh right. I was going out! I looked in my mirror. I was wearing plaid pajama bottoms and a silky top. I couldn't go out like this, could I?

I ran back to the bedroom to get dressed. I'd put on the most guyish clothes I could find.

I realized pretty much right away that I was going to need a bra unless I wanted my... my *breasts* bouncing all over the place and tenting my shirt in the cold air. They were definitely bigger today. Not a whole cup size, but my bra felt tighter. As sure as my dick was shrinking. Were they going to get even bigger tomorrow? How big had those bimbos in the stories been? Somehow I felt... anxious? Insecure? Like there was something wrong with my boobs. Yeah, the problem was they were boobs at all!

I stamped a foot in impotent fury. When I found who did this to me, I was going to see to it they got exactly what they deserved!

It took me 40 minutes but I finally found an outfit that worked. Thank god it was fall. If it had been summer I'm sure I'd have wound up in a string bikini or something equally ridiculous like in all the

stories. I looked at myself in the mirror: simple black tights (the best pair of pants I owned), a black long-sleeve that was a little tight but would cover my whole top, and a plaid button up overtop it (plaid was manly, right?). I finished it up with some ugg's because they looked like the comfiest option.

I didn't look too bad! I mean. I looked like a girl, which was terrible. But it appealed to my sense of style somehow? It was the same feeling as when I was wearing a designer suit. These were from like, some off the rack or discount store, sure, but still! As much of a look as it was though, it was missing something. I grabbed a scarf to distract from the boobs.

I twisted this way and that in the mirror. Somehow I convinced myself I still had a modicum of masculinity on display. There was something about the way I looked that nagged at my brain but I couldn't put my finger on it.

As I headed out the door I looked back at the makeup table, a feeling flashing through me that I was missing something.

Makeup table...?

Sure enough. On top of a dresser there was a variety of powders and creams and a great big mirror. For some reason looking at it made me feel weirdly naked. What the fuck? No, I was not about to put on makeup! Are you kidding me? Even if - I bit my lip - I was sure those colours would really complement this look.

I stormed out instead.

Good. That was the correct thing to do. I was doing good!

I was not prepared for what I found in the world outside, however. Down in the lobby, the doorman held the door open for me. "Ma'am," he'd said. I wanted to tell him off, but the idea of confronting anyone while I was looking like this was downright mortifying.

The cool air hit my face. I took a deep breathe. It was good to get out.

I was mortified that everybody would be staring at me, but what surprised me most was they weren't. Normally I was a good looking guy. I'd spent my whole life being the hottest thing around. Men were always looking on jealously, and women with lustful abandon. Today they just... didn't. They ignored me. I was plain and ordinary.

It stung worse than I'd have thought. I had to fix this. I could do this. I could walk down to the gym and start lifting some weights and pray that I could somehow fix this.

I'd hardly gotten a couple of blocks before I started to get winded. I was shorter, I'd realized, but I hadn't realized how much shorter. Every step seemed so tiny. There were so many of them down the two blocks between me and the gym. At least these ugg's were comfy. Why had I never tried comfy shoes before?

Normally when I was on my way to the gym I felt hyped, I felt excited. Today, not so much. Maybe I'd just do some light cardio? Spend a bit of time on the treadmill or step machine and then... and then...

The smell of something delicious wafted through the air.

Coffee?

If I had been a cartoon rabbit I'd have floated through the air after it. There was something inexplicably sweet mingled into it, something rooty and nutty and cinnamony that was sending my heart pounding.

What was this heavenly smell?

Pumpkin spice.

Oh no.

My mouth started watering. What was this reaction? It had never smelt so good. But sure enough.

There was a Starbucks just around the corner. The source of the smell.

I pushed into the building, more heavenly scents filled my nostrils. Caramel and brown sugar and espresso. I mean, I was on my way to the gym, right? Surely that meant I'd earned myself a little treat? Something sweet and cloying going down the throat as I reclaimed my manhood?

I didn't normally drink coffee, but Emma sure did. When I did I drank it black, obviously. Fancy coffee like this was unhealthy. It was sugar and fat and it was an overpriced rip off. Who would pay that much to put this kind of crap inside them? If you did it every day it was like... like... I tried to do the math, at how much that would be in a week but for some reason the numbers just didn't want to form in my head.

Whatever! I'd earned this just by coming out, hadn't I?

I stepped up, seeing all the wonderful cute drinks. It felt good, right, complete. Like I could pretend for one brief moment that all was well with the world.

"One caramel pumpkin spice frappuccino please. " My voice was oddly musical, androgynous. It was like the order was on the tip of my tongue just waiting to leap off.

"Right away, *ma'am*," the server said. "Can I get a name for the order?"

I flinched.

Ma'am ? Ma'am! Was this bitch misgendering me?! It caught me by surprise, rustled my feathers, made me rise up in anger. I had to react, I couldn't just let it slide, I had to show this bitch who I was. That's what a guy would do!

"Um, actually," I held my hands up in front of me as instead of fury, what poured out of me was a feeble simpering display. "I'm a g-g-g-"

"- can I get a name for the order?" she repeated, not even hearing me.

I flushed hotly. I needed a name. A girl's name.

“Eden,” I said, without even thinking about it, without having a moment of panic where I tried to figure out a believable lie. It too sounded right. It just sounded right.

Two minutes later I stood in a booth with the coffee in my hand. The name read “Eden” with a cute little heart. I was sure it was horribly unhealthy, mostly sugar and fat, but who cared about that, I needed it! I drank deeply. Endorphins fired in my brain like a runner’s high.

And then I caught sight of myself in the mirrored reflection of one of the doors. Holding a grande pumpkin spice, the last piece of the puzzle clicked.

I blinked at the girl in the reflection. I stepped closer. Oh my god. How had I not noticed this sooner?

I didn't juts look like a girl, I looked like a basic fucking bitch.

That’s right, I wasn’t hot, I wasn’t a bimbo like the stories had been on about. I was a plain ordinary thing. I looked like the kind of girl who was into astrology and got way too excited about reality TV and who spent all day doomscrolling on tiktok. I looked basic and boring. Plain, ordinary, everyday. I’d become one of the things I hated most.

Maybe if I’d had some makeup I could pass as something more, but I was a 5 or 6. Not even worth a second glance in the club. Wasn’t that what I always said about girls who looked like this? They needed to try harder?

I ran out of the Starbucks, holding back my scream.

As I stepped out into the cold air beyond the doors I slammed into some tall dude, my face crashing into his firm chest.

“Sorry,” I said, apologizing for the first time in my life. “I didn’t see where I was-”

My heart thumped as I looked up. This wasn’t a guy at all. Looking down at me was the familiar face of Evelyn. She was so tall and built... wow, and definitely hotter. But not hot like *hot*. She was firmer. Tomboyish. *Handsome*. She was dressed androgynously in a long black designer coat which hid her figure, but damn, what a figure!

“Eden!” cried a voice. It was Emma, standing just behind Evelyn.

Oh god. Please, no.

“Well what are the odds?” Evelyn grinned.

I stood and looked at my girlfriend. I was so flummoxed I hadn't even noticed she'd called me something strange. But no, this was good, she recognized me, didn't she? Even though I hadn't told her about the transformation. Was this the bond of love?

“It feels like it’s been ages. Oh my god how are you!”

“Still uh -” I gave a very unconvincing fake cough. “Still under the weather.”

I stepped back to get another look at Emma. There was something strange going on here. I mean, I knew my girl was hot, but today she was on fire. My body was aching for her in ways I wasn’t comfortable with. She was bright like a sun and for the first time in my life I felt like I couldn’t live up. I wanted to fall before her, to grovel, I wanted to grind against her until there was nothing left.

Still under the weather? I winced at how lame that was. What was wrong with me? Normally I was suave and confident.

“Oh no.” She put a hand on her hip. “I don’t believe you. No more excuses, no more lies.”

“What?” I gulped.

“Tomorrow I’m coming over and we’re catching up. You’ve been avoiding me, don’t act like I can’t tell.”

“Have I?” I gulped.

“You don’t mind, do you Ev, baby?”

“I mean I -” I started replying, but was cut off.

“Not at all,” replied Evelyn, as though Emma had been talking to her. “I’ll miss you, but I’ll understand.”

There was a strange softness in her voice. A tenderness. Emma seemed to be eating it up, echoing it back. Like two suns shining upon each other.

It was then that I realized they were holding hands. I felt sick to my stomach. What the fuck. Emma!? You’re cheating on me with this fugly bitch!?

I wanted to explode. Instead, I felt my whole world crashing down around me. My eyes started to tear up. I did my best to blink them away, but to no avail.

“Are you alright Eve?” Emma asked.

“Probably just a little emotional,” Evelyn grinned. “You know how *girls* can be. I bet *she’s* going through a lot.”

“I have to go!” I cried out. I couldn’t take it anymore.

I started to take off. I could just barely hear Evelyn turn one last twist of the knife.

“Guess she really is feeling under the weather. Guess she couldn’t resist her frap though, she really is a totally basic girl, isn’t she?”

“Oh be nice,” Emma giggled.

But I was already gone. The whole way home those words struck me. Something about her voice, the way she looked. It sent chills through me. She got my heart pounding in a way I'd never experienced before. She was so firm, commanding. Everything I had been when I'd been a guy.

Something about that was... was...

It was so hard to make connections in the fog of my brain.

Something about it was... hot!

Stupid sexy Evelyn. I groaned as I got home. I looked longingly at the vibrator. For the first time in a long time I came very near to masturbating. This had to be because I hadn't gotten laid in a few days, right? I was all backed up?

Surely there was no greater meaning to it.

I spent the rest of the night barely resisting the siren lure of my body. Whenever I thought of Evelyn's face, her quick smile, I felt flushed and needy. My body was begging for it. I'd read the stories though, I knew how easy it was to lose oneself in pleasure.

I wasn't about to give her that satisfaction, was I?

Not yet anyway.

-

By the fourth day there was no more hiding it.

My boobs were no larger but they were fuller. To my great annoyance they were kind of lopsided. I'd always hated that on girls. Seeing them like this had thrown me for a loop. I'd been expecting them to grow and grow until DD at least, an insult worthy of my manhood! Now they were just.. average looking C cups. There was nothing special about them. Was this as big as they were going to get? Again I almost felt... disappointed.

What my boobs had failed to do though, in terms of feminization, the rest of my body made up for in spades. It was like it had decided to quit playing games and finally get to work. I had wide hips and a big fat ass. Not that I was plump or anything, though I was plumper perhaps than I'd have liked. Maybe I really should have hit the gym yesterday.

Maybe I could do some kind of diet...? I'd seen all sorts of interesting diets and pills and tricks when I'd been doomscrolling the other day and the girls hawking those had all looked so pretty. I didn't have a ton of money, but surely this was important.

The only true remnant of my manhood was my dick. It was barely there, just a nubby little inch. It barely deserved the title.

Curiously, I gave one of my breasts a poke. They felt sensitive, they felt good. Like my dick no longer did.

Was this it? Were they done?

I felt kinda bad. What had I been expecting? Giant bimbo titties? Huge stripper melons I could wave around, teasing all the boys? That's certainly where all the stories had ended, hadn't they? Instead I was just... Plain. Unimpressive. Bleh. Was there any worse crime in this world?

Not that I was trying to tempt fate or anything.

I slept in, then I called in to work. I told them I was still under the weather. I was out of PTO but I managed to get Becky to cover my shift at least. Ms. Jennifer could be such a bitch about these things.

I lay there in bed, planning on spending my whole day there losing myself. I knew I should be doing something, but what? Everything just seemed so fuzzy. Maybe I'd just allow myself a few minutes on tiktok to clear my head...

An hour later I was interrupted by a text from Emma.

"I'm on my way over!" It said. "I'll be there in 30 minutes."

Oh shoot, I'd forgotten about that. Oh golly. I had to get ready!

Yesterday when Emma had seen me there had been something different between us. I hadn't understood what had been happening. I'd been so terrified and confused. She had seemed so impossibly beautiful and a part of me felt so upset that I didn't look beautiful too.

I couldn't hide this from her any more could I? It wasn't right to do this to her. Maybe... maybe it was time for me to come clean, for me to explain what had been happening. She loved me, right? She'd be supportive? My heart was swelling at the thought.

No.

What the fuck was I thinking? Was I really listening to myself? Who could love a limp-dicked freak like I'd become? What I should be thinking is how pathetic it would be to tell the woman I regularly took to the highest of sexual ecstasy that I had a tiny little dick now instead. I was already tingling in humiliation.

Wait, 30 minutes!? I looked back at the clock. The fact of her message filtered through the fog. Alarm bells went off in my head. I had to get ready!

I leaped out of bed. The slow incursion of girly tat had completed its march through my apartment. Girly and cheap, all my real furniture replaced by cheap Ikea crap. My home looked like something someone had seen in a glitzy magazine, then tried to recreate from memory on a budget. It was throw pillows and fake flowers and everything in various clashing shades of pink and cream.

Live Laugh Love stood tall above the couch where once I'd had a classy nude. I should hate it, but looking at it didn't fill disgust though, it gave me strength. I would laugh, I would love, I would live through all this bullshit!

Not that I had time for that right now.

I looked in the mirror, at my horribly plain face. This wouldn't do. I sat my plump rump down at the makeup drawer and started to... started to...

What was I doing?

I looked at my horribly plain face.

I wasn't going to let her see me like this was I? I didn't even have any concealer on. I had bags under my eyes! I looked horrible. But no. I threw the brush down. That would undermine the whole point. I wasn't going to give in.

I mean sure, Emma was going to be here and she was going to look incredible. Better than anything I could compare myself to. I'm sure it was fine I looked like an ugly gremlin. An ugly gremlin without her face on.

I wouldn't. No way. Not in a million years.

Ten minutes later I gave in and ran over. Just a little bit here and there, to cover a few flaws. And oh, some eyeliner and some blush and -

I was just running the mascara comb through my lashes when the door buzzed. Shit, she was early.

"Just a minute!" I cried, desperately running the brush through the other lash to balance it out. It wasn't the best but there was no time to fix it. Why had I waited so long to get ready?

I ran over to answer the door. I was in my fluffy pajama bottoms and with big bunny slippers.

"Eden!" Emma cried, coming in for a hug. I leaned into it, but just couldn't muster the energy to grope her ass like I normally did. Something about it just seemed... disrespectful. She was holding back as well. Normally she pressed in nice and tight, but this embrace was a lot more tender and soft. "It's been too long."

"It's been four days," I groaned. Four agonizing days.

"Really?" she laughed. "It feels like so much longer. What have you been up to, how have you been? Are you still sick? You look great."

What!?

"Great?" Did I? Trepidation and fury and joy crashed in my heart. She thought I looked good! She thought I looked good like this?

Why was she not freaking out?

It was almost like... like she thought I was supposed to look this way? Like I'd always looked this way?

Just like the doctor had.

Oh no.

I opened my mouth, intent on telling her everything that happened, but suddenly I wasn't even sure she'd believe me. Still, it had to happen! I had to do it! If I could get her on my side maybe she could help?

But gosh, what was I going to say? That this pathetic dick of mine used to be a total bitchbreaker? Sure, because that didn't sound like pathetic copium at all.

I invited her in, we sat on the couch, the 'Live Laugh Love' looming large behind us. I sat daintily in one corner, intensely self conscious, while she curled up on the opposite side like she did when we were watching one of her girly movies.

"H-how are things?" I asked weakly, giving myself a breathing space to collect my nerve and explain what had been happening. I felt so shy and awkward.

"Oh my god, so great!" she gushed. "Let me tell you all about it." She started going off about every last detail of her life. Stuff I'd never even heard from her before, stuff I'm sure she wouldn't have normally told me. It was like I was her BFF or something. She went into extra detail talking about all the fun she and Evan had been having this week. Lurid details about how hot he was and how sweet and passionate he could be.

It swirled in my head. Evan. Not Evelyn. He, not she. Where had this come from? I kept trying to correct it in my mind, but she was so confident in her language it overwhelmed me.

My emotions roiled. My heart thumped at the memory of the two of them at the coffee shop. Holding hands. He was annoyingly hot, wasn't he? Where did a guy like him get off?

Girl. Where did a girl like him get off?

I was having a hard time making the threads of the conversation line up in my head. It had been bad enough earlier, but now it was worse, and I was pretty sure Emma, as great as she was, was making it worse. It was like 99% of my mental bandwidth was going to some 'don't make a fool of yourself in front of Emma' process.

It was good to see her again.

For all the shit my life was turning into, she stood out as bright as ever. Brighter even. She seemed as smart as ever, as funny and as charming. And of course she looked amazing! Radiant! Even more beautiful than last night. And this was her without her makeup, doing the casual thing. I was filled with awe. There was something else to it though, something I couldn't put my finger on. I kept finding myself comparing myself to her and finding myself wanting. Like she looked a thousand times better than I ever could.

I wasn't... jealous, was I?

Plus, goddamn! Have I mentioned how hot my girl was? Were her boobs bigger? Definitely. All her little flaws wiped away somehow. I found myself staring again and again. I was starting to get worked up, but it wasn't this deep throbbing in my dick, it was this whole body flush. How else was I supposed to feel, she was hot!

I felt so low in comparison, so dumb and ugly. I wished I looked like her. What was a thing like me doing lusting after her?

It made the arousal I felt so awkward. How dare I lust after something so beautiful and pure? I wanted her to take me, to lean me back and have her way with me.

I didn't usually pay too much attention to her when she was droning on like this but today I was hooked on her every word. I nodded and grinned and mmm-hmmed. I asked pertinent questions and even let out a giggle or two at her jokes. I wasn't contributing much, but I was amazed at her. She talked about this and that and it was so easy to lean in to it, to be a part of it. She had never spoken to me like this before. She sounded more like -

She was talking to me like I was her friend. Like one of her girlfriends. And not even the gay kind of girlfriend.

Oh no.

Everything finally started to click into place in my stupid slow brain.

"You and Ev have been getting really close, haven't you?" The words were cautious out of my lips.

"Of course, Evan's the best. He's great."

My stomach roiled. She used to talk about me like that. "I ... listen, I think you might be spending too much time with him." I tried to be firm. It was hard to assert myself.

"What are you talking about?" she gave my shoulder a playful slap. "We're dating. How could I be spending too much time?"

Oh. There it was.

The other shoe dropped. The proof. The ramifications of that discovery. She was talking to me like a friend because I *was* a friend.

"Oh," I said weakly. Everything was getting really dizzy. "I thought..." I struggled to make the words work. "I thought you and I might..."

She laughed.

God, she laughed at me.

"Oh sweetie, no!" She patted my arm. "You're a good friend. I would never! I mean... not that there's anything wrong with that, but I didn't think - I mean... Wait, you've had the hots for me?"

She looked me up and down slowly, appraisingly. I'd seen her do that to many a would-be paramour. The look she gave me after was half pitying. Like I didn't measure up.

I shrank away, acutely shamed, acutely aware of how little I was compared to her, compared to what I had been. Tears were swelling my eyes. I tried to blink them away so they didn't run my mascara.

"Girl, why didn't you tell me? You know I'm bi and proud, and come on, you're great. But I mean I'm in a relationship with this guy and it's kinda serious. But look, we do the whole swinger thing where we grab a third sometimes. Do you wanna maybe hook up with us some time? I mean, if Evan's okay with it, of course."

Oh my gosh. I was stunned. Things had come full circle.

Suddenly the last piece clicked.

Evelyn had everything I had lost. He had risen while I had fallen. How had it taken me so long to realize? Was this... his doing?

What other explanation was there? How had it taken me this long to notice? I was such an airhead, oh my gosh!

I stood up, eyes sparkling.

"What's happening?"

"I have to go!" I cried, running for the door.

"What?" she blinked, confused. "Where? Why?"

"I'm getting my fucking dick back!"

-

In retrospect, it was a terrible idea. I was going off half-cocked, pardon the expression. I didn't know what he could do, I didn't know where he was, I didn't know how I was going to get to him. But I had a plan to figure that all out!

I dove into the nearby Starbucks, and pulled out my glittery pink phone, as shining and true as my nail polish. I ordered a pumpkin spice caramel frap for good luck and got to work.

I dug through social media. All kinds of people I didn't know scrolled past, all these divas and it girls and influencers now in my feed. I had never been caught up in their allure, but I could see now what people saw in them. They all seemed to live such perfect lives, they all promised to help you be just that little bit more like them.

The more I scrolled the more endorphins flooded my brain. Distracting. Soothing.

I was uh... I was um...

What had I come in here for again?

I slurped at my drained drink and ordered another.

A picture of Emma flipped past, then Evan. Aha! He was on Emma's feed! The two of them laughing together. I felt a pang of jealousy and almost closed the app. Stupid sexy Evan! I was going to find him and I was going to... do things to him! I just had to find him, wherever he was.

He was so damn good looking, it made me positively boil inside. That had been the intent hadn't it? He was rubbing it in.

Hold on, this post was recent. He was him at the gym, he was flexing as a whole bunch of eager gym bunnies looked on drooling. I knew that gym!

"Come and get it," the caption read.

Oh I'd come get him alright!

I downed the rest of my frap, then set out after him. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

I pushed myself through the few blocks to the gym, regretting not having brought an extra coffee for courage. I opened the doors to the gym and looked inside. There was a time not too long ago where I would have felt confident in a place like this, I would have felt like I belonged. Today it seemed so foreign.

Come on, get it together. I just had to find one weirdly hot dude. How hard it could it be?

But oh. It wasn't just one weirdly hot dude, oh no. There were tons of them. With big brawny muscles and sculpted abs and chests so firm it just made you want to snuggle up into one and feel safe forever. Big rough hands that could pick a girl up off her feet and -

Oh no.

I was flushing red. Unable to tear my eyes off the bodies. My mouth suddenly felt completely parched.

"Eden!" I heard a voice.

It was Evan. He was grinning. Grinning far too hard, far too vindictively. He was laughing at my reaction. Like he'd been expecting me.

Wait, shoot. It was a trap!

Stupid sexy Evan. He'd made me gay too!?

But no, I'd been drooling over Emma just an hour ago. I could still feel my heart fluttering just remembering the soft sweetness of her lavender scent. My former girlfriend. I guess that was the gay

part now? That was what felt transgressive. Liking guys just felt so much more normal. After all, they were so big and I was so small and goddammit I just wanted to scream!

I didn't have time for this!

"You!" I pointed a finger at him.

"Me," she grinned. He grinned. Whatever! I knew internally that it was still Evelyn, but my heart simply couldn't resist his boyish charms. He was just walking out of the gym, wearing a muscle tee that showcased all too well the body of a Greek masterpiece. It made me want to whimper and sigh.

"Walk with me," he said.

"Okay!" I stepped in line behind him without even thinking. "Wait?" I flushed at my own girlish submission. "Where are we going?"

"I'm taking you to my place, of course." There was just the hint of a smile there. Something predatory and fun. Something I found I wanted to encourage. "Don't worry, it's just a few blocks."

I should have been raging against him but he was a fresh, well-cut hunk clean shaven and fresh from the gym, fresh from the shower. My pussy was screaming at me to -

Wait. Pussy?

Oh no.

There was a definite wetness between my legs. A soft and slippery fullness, the warmth of flush pink lips hungry to devour and be devoured. I wanted to throw my hands between my legs and find out for myself but that would hardly be ladylike would it?

The entire way there I had dreamt of something poetic to say, something to call him out for what he had done, but now all that was coming out was foggy and soaked in a swamp of estrogen. How could I hate someone so much and still find them so goddamn hot?! It wasn't fair!

"You did this to me, didn't you?"

"Why whatever do you mean?" He flashed his perfect smile.

"You... you made me like this? My ... my pussy!" I flushed. What the hell was I trying to say?

"Ah." He nodded in coy agreement. "I do have that effect on girls. Don't worry, you're not the first. It's the price of being a 10, you see."

I flushed. He was so confident! That wasn't - that's not what I meant!

We arrived back at his apartment. It looked a lot like my place formerly had, though cleaner. It was spartan, masculine, with an open concept.

"Have a seat," he commanded.

I obeyed, my body eager to follow his instructions. I felt flushed, and somehow even smaller, as he remained standing, towering over me.

He gave me another wild mischievous grin. "I gotta say, I wasn't expecting this to be so easy."

"You're saying I'm easy?" I raised an eyebrow. I hadn't intended it to be flirtatious, but I'm sure that's how it must have come across. As though a girl like me had any chance with a guy like him.

"Let's cut to the chase, shall we Edward?"

I froze. He'd used my real name. Hearing it sliced through the fog like a knife through... through fog - a brief moment of clarity before it rolled back in. But that moment was all it took.

"You did this to me!"

"I did." He grinned. He picked up a tablet that had been sitting on the dresser nearby. Strange, I hadn't seen it there when I'd walked in. With a flick of his fingers along a slider the entire room grew smaller. My perspective rose a foot in the air. I was back to being a guy again! Oh, baby! I was even harder and hotter than I had been before! I ran a hand along my muscular chest, but before I could even take in the full scope of my masculinity she swiped her finger back and I was a plain boring girl again.

I let out a soft girlish whimper.

"How have you enjoyed my little game? You were so harsh to me the other night I figured what better fate for you than to have you become everything about me that you seemed to hate so much. You're a woman, dumb, weak, basic and plain. You've become all that you hated."

"You bastard! Why me?"

"Oh, I could spin some yarn about karma and how you push away those things in others because you're afraid that deep down that's what lies in your true soul, but the truth is nothing so dramatic. No, this has nothing to do with you." He sat the tablet on the table near me as he paced around the room. "This isn't about you, sweetheart, even if you are a total ass-hat. It's about Emma."

"Emma?"

"Emma!" he said again, sighing wistfully. He turned and looked out the window. City lights sparkled below. I saw my chance. I dove for the tablet which he had left on the table, only to discover I couldn't touch it. My hands bounced feebly, repelled as assuredly as if they were magnets.

He didn't even turn to look. He didn't need to. God, that confidence was so hot!

"You see, what I told you in the bar was true. I've loved Emma for a long time, distant and chaste, from afar. I could never be with her. I never had the confidence, I never had the courage. You've seen her. She's a beautiful creature. I was a fat ugly lesbian."

“What?” I stepped back and sat down, trying to pretend I hadn’t just been making a play for the tablet.

“It’s true. I was. Worse than you saw me. So when I came back from college, having found this tablet - which some idiot had left on a train, if you can believe it - I knew it would be my chance. I used it to eliminate my imperfections, to be the real me.”

“That was the real you?” I scoffed. “That?”

She turned, narrowing her eyes.

“That’s right. The real me, not some fake fucking bimbo. Real girls have real lives, you know. But all you’d ever think of is what they can do for your dick, I’m sure.”

“I never heard any complaints.”

“No, because you were too busy with your head up your own ass. Imagine my surprise when I see her looking better than ever, but dating an asswipe like you.”

“So?”

“Do you know how much of a confidence boost being able to bend reality to your every whim is? And still you completely humiliated me just for trying to better myself, just for trying to do the right thing and go about all this honourably. I didn’t turn Emma into my sex slave, I didn’t turn her into some kind of crazy slut. I could have! I approached her fairly, properly. And you made me feel like I was utter scum. Like the person I’d turned myself into, but that person I was so happy being was just so much shit beneath your shoe, unworthy of your dick’s attention. Needless to say, big mistake, buddy.”

I gulped. “So you stole my life? You stole Emma?”

“Oh please. As though a fuckboy like you even cares. The only reason you were with her was because of the sex. I read it in your profile. She deserves someone better. She deserves a real man.” He flexed. “And that’s a role I’m happy to experiment with. For now, at least. It’s all for the best. Come on, as though a plain little basic bitch like you would even know how to please a girl?”

“I make girls scream all the damn time!” I rose up, anger giving me the platform I needed to press forward against this tide of truth.

“No you don’t, sweetheart.” She picked up the tablet and checked a box. “You’re a total virgin. Sorry honey.”

“I am not!” I snapped, then flushed. Something had shifted within me. The notion of sex, the specifics, suddenly felt so distant and foreign. Oh gosh. Suddenly all I knew was that he looked all the hotter.

“It’s just like you said, Ed. People like us, we have standards. We barely even give the time of day to for boring little things like you.”

I sat there, reeling, my brain taking too damn long to process, like the dumb girls I’d always looked down on.

“So now this is how it ends. I’m going to prove I’m the best man.” He walked towards me, getting way too close. Rather than raising my hackles though I melted into him. “And as I do so, I’m going to give you what you’ve been craving. I’m going to make that pussy of yours scream. Then later, I’ll make Emma forget about you. You’ll spend the rest of your life haunted by how good it felt to be truly, genuinely fucked over, just like you deserved.”

Gosh, I squirmed, it was just like in those stories I’d read online! I should have been screaming into it but the way he sounded, so manly and hot. My body felt ready to do anything for him. Was this the power of sex? The thought had me suddenly aware again of a swollen, slippery part of me that pulsing with needy emptiness. I found myself swaying, leaning in toward him, biting my lip

He stroked my hand and I melted even farther. This was going to be bad. I could feel the rigidity and heat of his mighty member pressing against me.

Then there was the sound of the door opening. “Oh my god!” a voice rang out.

Emma?

“Ev, Babe. What is this?” Emma was standing by the door.

“Emma!” Evan froze, looking nervously between me and her. “It’s not what it looks like.”

“Oh really?” Emma raised an eyebrow. “Because it looks like Eden couldn’t stand the sexual tension any more and ran off here to get some dick.”

“I *what* !?”

“Come on girl, you practically screamed it as you were running out. You wanted his D. It’s good, I’ll grant you that, but come on, you can’t be doing this sort of thing behind my back.”

“Ah,” said Evan, his voice shifting slightly, playing along, pretending we were just normal people and not caught up in some reality bending bullshit, like he hadn’t fucked my whole life over. “It’s funny you should say that, she did practically come begging. She was going on and on about the effect I had on her body. Her pussy, in particular, was a juicy mention.”

I flushed, wanting to say something in my defence, something that wouldn’t sound crazy, but I couldn’t figure out any kind of compelling argument or justifications at all.

“Emma, please!” I begged.

I was expecting fury on her face, but instead I got... arousal?

“It is nice seeing you two get along though.” She smiled at the two of us as she stepped in and quietly closed the door behind her.

She was eyeing me up like a piece of meat. Like I was a nibbly little snack. Now it was her turn for a mischievous grin.

"I know that look," Evan said, grinning in kind.

So did I.

"When you said you had the hots for me earlier, Eden," Emma said, starting to walk towards me, undoing the buttons of her designer blouse, "was that true?"

I gulped and nodded, suddenly feeling very weak and breedable and submissive, my virgin body flushed and red and shaking, my pussy wet and hungry for these two super hot hotties.

How had I ended up here!?

"Well, if *my girlfriend* wants to put you to such a use," Evan shrugged, "who am I to turn her down? And just to make it interesting:" he leaned in and whispered. "If you do make us scream, Eden. I mean really show us how it's done, I'll even change you back."

"What?" I perked up.

"That's right, big man. Come on, impress us."

"What was that?" Emma raised an eyebrow.

"Nothing!" Evan grinned. "Just telling her to be a good girl."

My heart pounded. Light at the end of the tunnel. I could do this! A way out. To be a real man again. I just had to...

Just had to...

I looked at Emma and Evan. Confident, beautiful. And I was... not. They had experience, so much experience. I didn't. No, that wasn't true. I'd banged lots of girls, right? Hadn't I? It seemed so incredulous now. I couldn't remember a single one of them.

And yet I had to try! How hard could it be?

"Come on, bae," Emma said, taking my arm and dragging me into the bathroom. "Let's slip you into something more comfortable."

"This is gonna be great!" she cooed as she led me from Evan's living room. "I'm so glad you're up for it!. Don't worry, just trust my lead. We'll take good care of you. Evan's a monster in bed, but he's very gentle when he wants to be."

Wait, was I really about to fuck a guy?

I couldn't let that happen, could I?

I had to ...

I had to do the best I could!

I turned to Emma. "I'm going to make you scream." It was something I often said, but today the words felt so awkward. It was such a silly thing to say.

"Are you?" she laughed.

I flushed harder. I could feel it all through my body.

"No no, it's cute! You're eager. Have you ever been with a girl before? "

I shook my head.

"Have you ever been with a guy before?"

I pursed my lips.

"Oh honey, oh my god we're your first? This will be great. We'll take good care of you. Just follow my lead, okay?"

I nodded. She sat me down and started to touch up my makeup, making a few adjustments to my outfit. She did likewise with herself. A beautiful swan next to my ugly little duckling. It was such a transformation for her. She was always so good at getting ready, of making herself look great but I didn't think I ever really appreciated how much effort it took.

In the end I looked halfway decent. Halfway fuckable. A six, maybe a seven. I hoped Evan would think so, anyway. I hoped he was being generous.

Evan. I was going to show him! As I stepped from the bathroom with Emma I tried to look sultry, sexy, but that would have involved my jaw not dropping as we entered Evan's bedroom. He'd been making his own transformations while we'd been in the bathroom.

He was naked, for starters. Every inch of his muscular body that I'd seen at the gym, but showcased all the better by the nudity. Blood started pounding in my head. Holy shit! A naked guy. I'd never seen that before. He had muscles a girl could hang herself on, muscles that could pick you up and put you exactly where he wanted a girl to go. Compared to him I was small and petite and oh so delicate.

His whole crotch was on display and oh my god, his dick! It was bigger than my dildo. It was as big as my forearm. I was getting light headed just looking at it. Was it bigger than mine had been? or was he going for the ultimate humiliation of fucking me with a dick just as big as my own?

"Ta da," said Emma, pulling me close, showcasing the feminine side of this orgy. She was keeping me close, but it was half the closeness of friendship, still so familiar. There was a tenderness there, but I wasn't the priority.

"You really are beautiful, you know that?" He grinned at her.

Jealousy surged in my heart. He had already stolen her, why did he need to lay it on so thick?

Emma rushed across the room. Evan grabbed her, spinning her. They started kissing, deep and sensual and soft. Talk about gilding the lily! Still, I couldn't deny that the sight of those two beautiful people was getting me so worked up. It was better than any porn I'd ever seen.

I followed in Emma's footprints, she broke from the kiss to guide me to the bed. She pulled and teased and led with gentle little caresses and strokes, laying me down and setting me up to be an offering to the masculine might of our grinning host, getting me all worked up, as if I needed the help.

"Ready?" Emma asked.

I nodded, nervously.

Suddenly, her lips were upon mine. Oh golly! It was beautiful and warm and soft and my brain basically stopped working altogether.

"G-gosh!" I gasped out. Then I put my hand over my mouth. My cheeks were red, my heart was pounding. Emma let out a tiny smile.

What had I gotten myself into?

We made out for a few minutes more, Emma working at my body.

I knew that there was something I should be doing, some reciprocation I should be doing, some lead I should be taking. I should be commanding and guiding her body, right? I should be claiming my consequence. The notion felt so alien though, so foreign. It felt so much more right to just stay here and be claimed, to present myself as ripe and ready for the picking, hoping they'd like me enough to want me the way I wanted them. To hope they'd show that mercy and pity.

Evan watched us, grinning, dick hard and ready in his hand. A reminder of what was coming.

Emma's hand pressed down my body, running along it, it was hot and warm and supple, more than I'd ever known before. She spread my legs apart, showcasing my trembling pussy to the world.

Had she always been so skilled with her hands? They seemed to find all my most sensitive spaces. The crook of my neck, the underside of my nipples, the back of my knee. Oh, god, the back of my knee.

My head was leaning back, my throat caught in a horny moan. All I seemed able to do was lilt and loll and melt, body wriggling at the overwhelming sensation

"Ooh, you were right," Emma laughed, turning to Evan. "She is a squirmer."

"I told you," he grinned.

Then Emma's fingers found home. My pussy. This thing which I had been avoiding even thinking about all week. The culmination of my feminine transformation. Her fingers found it soft and yielding, she stroked down along my lips, rubbing it with her skilled dexterous fingers. I never gave her nearly enough credit at how powerful such small soft motions could be.

I thought I was melting before? I lost it completely at that point.

Slowly she slid into me, one gentle knuckle at a time.

“Oooh, I was expecting her to be too tight,” she cooed to Evan, “but I think she might have what it takes baby.”

“W-what?”

“What a remarkable coincidence.” Evan took a step forward. “What are the odds that her pussy would be the perfect size for this monster dick of mine.”

Motherfucker.

Emma tugged me to the edge of the bed, her fingering declining as she withdrew to my vulva. The horny buzz was still there, a promise of what reward awaited good girls.

Evan stepped forward again, presenting himself to us. We curled around to get nice and close. It was so goddamn big! Big and pulsing. How could any girl resist? Emma’s grinning face, my own pounding heart, all because of that monster thing.

Follow her lead.

She sat up, bringing me with her, alongside her, then kissed it reverently, giving it a long slow lick just the way I’d always loved. I tried to imitate it, but god, it was so hot on my tongue, this big pounding meat thing. I looked up at the figure who I was worshipping. I had hated them so recently. Now I felt... well, I had to do this right? He wanted me to fail, he wanted me to chicken out and run. It’s not like I liked him or anything. I gave it a curious kiss, and found that I liked it. No, I loved it.

There was a pounding in my heart, a rightness to the world. How often did a girl like me end up in a position like this? I was in a threesome with the hottest couple in the world. I had to take advantage.

“Gentle,” Emma cautioned, seeing my overzealous efforts.

“She’s an eager one, isn’t she?” Evan rolled his hips.

I flushed and restrained my amateurish passion. I’d had a dick once, you’d think I should know how to handle one.

This was nothing like those stories I’d read online. Those girls had all been bimbo sluts who knew exactly how to handle a dick. I was a fumbling virgin.

But goddammit, I was willing to learn.

Soon it was time for the main event. Emma and I shifted positions so that we were pressing forward, body to body. Side to side. She was spreading my legs wide, fingers pulling my pussy lips invitingly open, beckoning for her lover to come closer and closer.

"Ready?" she whispered.

I nodded, eagerly.

Then his massive fat monster dick was at the opening of my slick girlish passage. My eyes shot open wide. Then he pressed into me, slowly, his eyes locked on mine, relishing my shocked reaction as he pushed in, inch by inch, pausing and then restarting every time I tried to adjust, to understand what was happening, to mentally find my balance. But as it went deeper, filling me more and more, my entire body started to twist around it, shaking, like it had become the core of my world. I was spasming and gasping and crying out. I had this incredible acute awareness from my pussy, squeezed around something big and solid. Something was inside me. Hot and pounding. And it was so fucking good.

"Oh my god." Emma giggled. "You're completely short circuiting her brain."

"Do you want me to stop?" He paused.

"No!" I cried, tears in my eyes. "Don't you dare."

Emma and Evan both laughed.

"As you wish."

What I hadn't realized then was that he only had a third of his length inside me. He plunged in and at that it felt like my brain really did short circuit. All there was, all I knew, was this awesome dick, now sliding out, drawing my soul with it, only to plunge back in, stretching me, remodelling my insides. It was uncanny. My pussy fit his monster dick like a glove, maybe a very tight glove, granted, but a glove nonetheless. And when he bottomed out? Oh my god. It was like his dick was an electric rod poking directly into the horniest pleasure center of my brain.

I knew I should be seizing control, directing him or guiding him or doing something with my body to contribute to this, to match the verve of the sex he was giving me, to be more than some dumb pillow-biting slut just waving my pussy around, but all thoughts had left my head to make room for even more pleasure.

And that's when he started thrusting in earnest - in, out, in out. Golly! Blinding pleasure. Emma guiding him in good and sure while she had her way with my body as it bounced. She worked her tender tongue over all those weak places she'd discovered, multiplying my pleasure threefold.

The next thing I knew her cunt was in my face. I was screaming into it, my tongue trying desperately to find her clit. She wasn't putting her pleasure in my hands however, oh no, she knew how to deal with a boring inexperienced bitch like me. She was taking her own pleasure. She was grinding against my face, pleasuring herself with the shaking of my body. I'd always found eating pussy to be beneath me but now I was voracious for it. Occasionally I found a moment of victory, but it was so hard to concentrate when Evan's masterclass dicking was consuming my entire soul.

Emma leaned forward and started making out with Evan, the three of us forming the world's horniest pyramid.

The thirty minutes that followed were an absolute blur. I cried. I screamed. I lost all sense of self or time or place. Mostly though, I came. Not just once, but again and again and again. I didn't really believe girls could do that!

That, at least, was as good as the stories described. Better, even. I had no idea girls had it this good.

Fuuuuck~!

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When I woke up, some hours later, I was snuggled into the king-size bed with Evan and Emma. Emma was napping. It was nice, cozy. I wasn't normally a big cuddler but I'd stay between those two beautiful bodies forever.

I had lost.

I had wanted to show I was still a man, but had objectively proven the contrary. Evan had made a woman out of me. In more ways than one.

Most of those stories, they'd have ended at that point, with the girl getting addicted to the mind blistering pleasure of the female orgasm, and man, with that kind of fucking? Let's just say it was a very tempting offer.

Because, see, it wasn't just how great that sex had been, it was the clarity the afterglow offered. Not post-nut clarity which was somber and sad. This was softer, feminine. Emma's arms were around me, tenderly, and so were Evan's, protectively.

Somehow, in all the time we'd been dating, I had never been this close to Emma, emotionally. I'd always been distant. I'd been exactly the kind of self-obsessed asshole Evan had said I'd been. I hadn't even realized it.

I looked at her sleeping form. Even more beautiful than I could ever know. I knew her struggles and her gripes as sure as I knew how to put on a bra.

And when we fucked, Evan had been nice. He had been gentle, in a way I had never bothered to be. My pussy was still throbbing at the thought of Evan's body, but my heart was gushy as well. Gushy with emotion. It's a shitty analogy, but right now it was hard to think, so much of my smarts gone.

I... I think I liked him. As awful as that was to realize. It was hard not like a guy after he'd made you feel like that.

It was frustrating to think they made such a cute couple. Better than Emma and I had.

Evan saw me looking and raised an eyebrow.

"Awake at last," he whispered. "I gotta say, that was a lot more fun than I was expecting. I can see why you guys are so obsessed with these things."

I flushed harder.

"I... I'm sorry," I managed to mutter, also not trying to wake Emma.

"Sorry? You weren't that bad," he laughed.

"I'm sorry for what had happened. I see what you were saying. You were right. I was terrible to you."

He seemed taken aback by that. He visibly paused to consider.

"Well, it's a start, I suppose. Maybe you have learned your lesson."

"Please... just... don't take Emma away. What you said, about her never even having known me? Please, I don't know if I can bear it."

"Well," he smirked. "I suppose you've earned that much. Fine. I'll keep things as they are for now. We'll talk further at some point. If you're serious about changing, maybe we can work something out."

"Really?" I perked up.

"But in the meantime, don't think you're going to get out of it so easy. You're going to learn what it's like to live as a girl for a month at least. And you're going to have to be better in bed next time," he smirked.

I flushed.

"You mean..."

"That's right," he grinned. "Just come on back if you ever want to try again," he whispered. "Emma and I will take you under our wing anytime."

A month? There were implications to what he was saying I knew. I was living a different life. Different job, different social circle, different body. Who knew how far Evan had taken it or how far he *could* take it if the whim suited him. I'd be experiencing the entire side of the coin, not just the great sex. What kind of basic friends would I have, what kind of basic life? Would I suffer through all of that just for this?

I leaned into him, my head resting on the pillow of his firm chest, Emma's soft body so warm next to me. For Emma? I would.

"Deal."

Maybe next time I'd wear that cute little red negligee I'd found in the closet...

The End.