

## Gender Bender

What is better than a weekend after a long hard day working as a hardware retail store manager? Spending that weekend with the love of your life. What's better than spending a weekend with the love of your life? Spending an intimate weekend with the love of your life. And what's better than all of that? Getting yourself sexually *enhanced* to really wow your love of your life. And that is what Tim aims to do.

Tim is an average built gentleman. The human with well-kept short brown hair steps out of his car with an unusual amount of excitement in his step. He adjusts his glasses as he hurries to the door, his green-blue eyes expressing just how much this six-and-a-half-foot tall man is hiding. He enters his simple toy-story home. The perfect idyllic home that only lacks a white picket fence to be complete, "Honey, I'm home!" he calls out.

"I'm in the kitchen sweetie. Dinner is almost ready," a sweet feminine voice calls out.

The aroma of a well-cooked homemade meal caresses his senses. His stomach growls as it overrides one of his instinctual urges with another, "That smells delicious, what did you make this time?" he asks, kicking off his shoes before peeking into a kitchen.

A much shorter woman dressed rather scantily with an apron on that reads "Kiss the cook." Outside of her shoulder length blond hair, the petite woman has not a hair on her silky-smooth white body. She looks over her shoulder at him with her blue eyes as she stirs the pot, "Spaghetti with homemade meat sauce and nice hunky meat balls that will make you jealous," she gives a playful wink.

He smirks, moving up right to her, giving a kiss on the cheek, peering over her shoulder, the noodles shifting in the boiling water, "I think I'm confident enough in my masculinity not to be threatened by my food," he chuckles.

She grins, "Are you sure?" she asks, using a wooden mixing spoon to lift a massive meatball out of the marinara sauce.

"Yes, I'm sure," he says giving her another kiss on the cheek, "By the way, how was your day?"

"Work went fine. Can't really complain."

"The joys of being able to work from home."

"I still have to come in once and a while."

"I know. I'm glad to hear it went well."

"How about you?"

"I had this one Karen of a customer. About how her paint wasn't the same white she bought in the store, though she bought it herself. And Steven, who is in charge of paints, told her. To double check the colors at home before buying, because our fluorescent lights might give you a different opinion. But nope, she wouldn't hear any of it."

"I'm sorry to hear. But at least now you are home, and we have the entire weekend to spend together," she says as she pours out the noodles into a strainer.

“In the end we gave her a refund and moved on with our loves. Coming home to you makes it all worth it.”

“Speaking of coming home, a package arrived for you. The one you told me not to open?”

He feels a rush of excitement, as he attempts to nonchalantly say, “Oh really? I forgot it was coming in today.”

“I put it up stairs on your side of the bed.”

“Thanks. After dinner, I’ll show you what I got.”

“Don’t be so coy with me. What did you get.”

“Nothing you won’t enjoy. I can assure you that.”

“Is it another portal ring?”

“No, unless it’s a portal to your heart, love.”

She shoots him a look, rolling her eyes, “Okay Romeo.”

“Sara, you know if I am Romeo, you’re always my Juliet.”

“You have me for the weekend, you don’t need to butter me up,” she says, serving themselves a nice, delicious meal. The excitement expressed in Tim’s face, while Sara grows all the more curious, “*What did he get this time? Normally it’s me who gets the fun toys.*”

Once upstairs Tim and Sara are stripped to their bare-naked Skin. Sara’s silky-smooth kin presses up against him. Hairless from the neck down, it feels like Tim is running his hands along smooth polished glass. Their lips connect in slow passionate kiss as they roll onto the bed, almost knocking over the package off in the process.

Tim’s aching dick presses up against Sara’s side while his manly hands caress more of her body, cupping her B cup sized breasts, giving them a gentle massage as his fingers run across her nipples. The soft moans that escape her lips when they break their kiss is music to his ears, his cock twitching in delight, “How could I be so lucky to have found a woman like you.”

She coils a leg around his, gently rubbing the back of his thigh with his foot, “You know you don’t have to keep saying it.” She gently kisses him on the lips.

“Oh, okay, I’ll stop then.”

She gently smacks him on the butt, “I didn’t say stop.”

“Okay, okay. I should count my lucky stars that I did find someone like you,” he says, gently running his hands across her hips, “And because of that, I have something special in store for you.” He reaches over, grabbing the small cardboard shipping box.

“It looks kind of small,” she remarks, looking it over.

He sheepishly grins, “Big things come in small packages. I found this new sex company, called Rings of Exploration. And what I got here, will blow you away.”

“Really now? Did you do your research on them?”

“I did,” he says, tearing the top of the package right off in a show of strength and masculinity.

“And did they have any affiliation to the *last* shop you went to?”

“Please, you loved that gift... it was I who got a bit... Concerned about what was happening?” he remarks, looking over to their closet of wonder, that particular item placed in the back, out of sight, out of mind, but easy to find. He snaps his attention back to her when he feels his ass get a nice firm squeeze.

“I did, and I still retained some flexibility with my toes that I know has made you absolutely...” she runs her foot along his length, slipping it between her big toe and the next, giving his member a little jerk, while pressing the sole of her foot against his pre-cum dribbling cock head.

He groans bucking his hips against her, “Y-yes, and you’ve put them to great use. And in a way I aim to return the favor by giving you an enhanced time,” he says, pulling out the package. The box shows a pink cock ring that says, “For Her Pleasure.” He reveals it like a magician, saying, “Ta-da.”

She shoots a curious look, “I know well enough not to judge off the cuff, but we have a few cock rings. What is so special about this one? Does it vibrate at an even higher intensity?” she asks curiously, still gently caresses his twitching length with his foot, while running a finger along his lips and chin.

Tim grunts, pressing himself tighter against her, putting her flexibility to the limits, “You could say I will really stuff you like a turkey dinner on Thanksgiving Day with this.” He winks, breaking the package open, pulling out a bright pink cockring with a dial nub at the base.

“And how is that going to happen?” she asks, giving the ring a little squeeze, feeling the soft squishy latex feel.

“Here, let me show you,” he says, sitting up, tossing the instruction booklet off to the wayside as he promptly slips the ring on.

Sara remains laying across the bed, “Shouldn’t you read the instruction manual first?”

“I saw the demonstrations and reviews online. I think I can figure it out. Don’t want to lose the mood, reading a booklet that is going to tell me already what I want to know.”

“If it doesn’t turn out the way you want, just remember...”

“Trust me. I’ll be fine and you’ll be eating those words as you scream out for joy as I give you a really fun time,” he says with a smug confident grin, slipping the cock ring all the way down to the base of his length. It stretches around his member with ease, seeming to conform to the girth like it was a custom fit. “Now we just turn this nub here and press down for a few seconds...” he mutters, the ring feeling tighter around his dick as it begins to vein out, “Oh, that tingles.”

“Fascinating,” she jokes.

“You’ll see. It takes a little bit of time to fully kick in, but once it does, you’ll be feeling the difference, but for now...” he says, running his hands along her sides, “Let’s keep the mood going,” he says, sliding down to the end of the bed where he proceeds to give small kisses up the side of her leg. Gentle caressing her thighs as he works his way up.

A tingle runs through his body. A spidering of pleasure starting at the base of his length, spreading outward up his spine, into his chest, further up to his head. Lust and excitement is

stirred up deep within him. He can feel it tingle within his fingers as his body burned with ever growing delight, “Just you wait.”

Sara softly moans, enjoying his strong powerful hands caress her body, her heart races, mind burning with curiosity. Her sex glistening with arousal, as her clit aches, yet she lets him guide her on this journey. Her fingers caress his manly body, feeling his muscles. He’s not overly muscle bound or anything, in fact he’s more of just right. The goldilocks of masculinity that she enjoys so much.

He takes slow deep breaths, taking in her sweet scent. He glides himself up along her, hovering over her body as his cock aches more, burning with a pleasing warmth that seems to grow deeper within him, “*Yes, I can feel it start to take root. I’ll be twice as big in no time and then you’ll be crying for joy my love as I slip inside of you,*” he thinks, leaning up to kiss Sara on the lips.

His member through throbs with aching pleasure, need, want. The sensation becomes concentrated as his member twitches. With every twitch, it doesn’t grow but shrinks down. The cock ring adjusting perfectly for the slowly changing size. The condensation of nerves, send sparks of pleasure through Tim, keeping him on edge and the height of arousal, clouding his thoughts to the slow and steady changes, such as his balls smoothing over, pulling up against his body as if someone is pulling on them into his body.

Pre-cum dribbles from his cock tip as he leaves a trail of it along Sara’s legs. His shaven body, smooth, strong powerful, softens a little. His nipples harden and feel so sensitive that when he rubs himself against Sara’s body, it only encourages him to do it again. He holds her by the hips, kissing her again as he groans, “So very soon,” he mutters.

“I eagerly and patiently await hun.” She holds him close, wrapping a leg around him as she tries to playfully spin him around, but he gently yet firmly keeps her there. She glances at his throbbing need, about to reach down to touch it. Something in the back of her mind tells her something is off, but she can’t quite put her finger on as to what. But before she could Tim, grabs her hand, sliding his fingers through hers.

“Not yet. Please be patient, soon you’ll get to feel his fullness within you,” he teases, a subtle crack in his voice that goes unnoticed between the two of them. His muscles lean out ever so slightly, while his chest continues to warmth and feel the need to be touched. Massaged, which only encourages him to press himself against his lover like a needy dog ready to have a bone, “I love you so much,” he moans.

“I love you too,” she replies, giving him a kiss, pressing her breasts against his smooth chest. There, something sparks in the back of his mind, something that feels off... but unsure as to what. And its not enough to take her out of the moment. Like there is something *more* pressing up against her chest.

“Hmm, soon, so very soon,” he replies, growing ever stronger in his need. His lust addled mind, pondering ways to somehow speed up time so he can get to ravaging his lover, and showing her the good time he knows she deserves and that he’ll soon be able to provide. The pleasure in his loins grows deeper. Like there’s an aching weight that is pushing into his body.

That all the pleasure and sensations of his dick are drawn into his body and increased two, maybe three-fold.

“I know, you don’t need to say it sweetie.”

“Are you going to smack my ass again if I stop?” he asks, sitting up, placing his softening hand on her chests, giving them a gentle firm squeeze, gentle tugging at her perk nipples.

“Maybe I’ll do it just because,” she says, smacking his ever-widening hips. The crack in his voice, ignored by her again as her mounds are tenderly squeezed and teased. Her lust aching her to let any nagging thoughts go. To enjoy the moment with him as much as he’s with her.

Tim’s length continues to contract but remains as hard as ever. His body tenses, muscles shifting, squeezing to form the outer walls of his forming sex. The vulva tenses, contracting and pulling his balls further into his body. The rope that is tied to his testes being pulled and ran along up into his body, as ever more muscle is turned into fat, to add to the curves and softness of his ever-increasing feminine form, *“I’ve never felt so hard before.”*

His hips continue to grow, adding to the blissful warmth of his loins as ever more of his masculinity is drained away. Hands shrinking down, Adam’s apple smoothing away, as his jawline softens, and voice grows a little higher. It’s slow, steady, march of transitioning toward his new gender. And with it the ever-tingling pleasure that spreads out through his body. Making his body ache with endless need, desire, and ecstasy. The bliss of the moment, as he focuses on his love, pondering just how much she’ll enjoy his imagined end result.

The human’s balls are pulled up against this body as if he’s on the verge of climax. A stream of pre-cum drools from his shrinking cock, yet to the human it *feels* the same, just more condensed, giving the feeling of there’s more there. More pleasure, means more cock, right? The heat of the moment pulls inwards, pushing deep into his body, while his chest has a sensitive warmth as the outline of any of his muscles are smothered away under silky soft skin.

Sara grinds herself under him, pinned down, her breasts blocking the view of her lover’s loins, while his soft hands caress and toy with her breasts just the way she like sit. “Have you been using the new lotion I suggested for your hands?” she moans out, gripping the bed sheet as she works to contain herself.

“Yeah,” he groans, a white lie told in the moment as he can’t even think about what she was talking about. Lotion? What lotion? But if she’s enjoying herself, does it really matter? He doesn’t want to be taken out of the moment nor ruin the moment for her. His attention is all on her as his shoulders shorten up, hands continue to grow smaller with each tender squeeze. His chest aches so much the cool air feels heavenly against his naked skin. The beading pressure within his body grows, feeling as if he’s about to climax, yet part of him knows that isn’t true. He needs something more. But the condenses warming pleasure grows and grows like his hips. “Perhaps I should give you a taste of what’s building up,” he says in a softer voice, another crack at the end makes it even higher.

“Don’t get your panties up in a bunch, love. If you are that eager, don’t let me stop you,” she says with a playful smile.

Tim's heart raced, the excitement building within him as he slowly and tenderly runs his hands along Sara's side, wanting to feel and enjoy every inch of her outside before he does the same to her insides, "You'll be singing a different tune in just a moment," he remarks, reaching down to grab his length, ready to guide it into her, "*She's really going to enjoy just how big....*" His mind stops dead in its tracks as he feels something small, and sleek along his fingertips. "What in the world..." he mutters, looking down past barely noticeable budding breasts to a cock that is only half the size it was the last time he took notice. "Ahhh..."

Sara looks at him with concern, "Is everything alright?"

"This is not what was supposed to happen."

"What was?"

"The thing."

"Which thing?"

"My thing."

"Your thing? You mean down there? Let me take a look."

"Ah, wait just a..." he trails off, unable to react fast enough to stop her from seeing his shrinking penis.

She smirks, sliding out from underneath him, gently rubbing him on the back, "There, there. Shall I go get the instruction manual?"

He hangs his head in shame, softly speaking in a somewhat gender-neutral voice, "Yes please."

"Don't touch it till we get to the bottom of what's going on," she says, giving him a big hug and a gentle kiss on the cheek.

"Okay..." he replies, his arousal still aching, cock throbbing, balls half their original size. His body screams at him that he's enjoying it. That it feels good. That there's nothing better than the sensations he's feeling now. Yet his mind is coming to grips with a reality he was not expecting. Two competing ends of the spectrum meeting in the center to clash for dominance.

Sara flips through the pages, "Congratulations on your purchase of the... yada, yada, this device is meant for you to understand *her* pleasure, by either turning you into a woman just like her, or enhancing your partner's sensitivity of her sex, enhancing her feminine features." The concern held in her melts away, replaced by a giggle, "Hun, what did you think you bought?"

"A cock ring to make myself big... really big. I wanted to double up my size and give you a real good time this weekend."

"Is that why you got the one for me? Her pleasure?" she asks, thumbing through the book.

"Yeah, I wanted something for you. Sure, it was a bit for me to show off but really, its all for you."

She nods, handing him the book, "I don't doubt you love, but I think you misunderstood what it meant by *her* pleasure. Look here." She points to the text.

He reads through, muttering the words in an ever increasingly female voice, “Ah... but... Why didn’t they make it clear when ordering. Why would it be for her pleasure when its not for *her* pleasure.”

“Well you are certainly going to experience *her* pleasure soon. We’re here, and you know I don’t mind experimenting with you love. Let’s make the best of it.”

“Ah... but... I...” he tenses, looking at his twitching length, more pre-cum oozing out of it as has clearly lost a half an inch since he last looked at it, “This was not what I was expecting,” he says, shuddering as his breasts feel warm, soothing, and subtle. Barely noticeable but they are still indeed noticeable. He looks through the book, “There has to be a reverse function or something...”

Sara spreads his legs, feeling him squirm and fight against her, yet never enough to actually stop her. She brings her head down, as if about to give him a little blow job, but in the end, she looks at the size of the cock ring, “You set it to max, which is forty-eight hours of gender bending fun.”

“Two days?!” he sighs, hanging his head, until he feels a surge of pleasure like none he’s felt before. A squirt of pre-cum shoots out of him while he grits his teeth, muffling the high-pitched moan. He curls his toes as breaths heavily through his nose.

She sits back up, licking her lips, as she traces her fingers along the slender length, “Relax. We can just take it off if you don’t want it to continue. The timer is just how long it feminize you, while keeping it on locks it in place.”

“Oh... ah... and how long does it take it to reverse?” he asks, gently rubbing the back of his head as his gaze meanders off to the side.

“Let’s see...” she flips through the pages, leaving Tim’s needy length alone, “Eight to twelve hours.”

“And I have the afternoon shift on Monday... Well... I suppose if you want to experiment, and I can better understand how to please you. We can continue,” he says with a sheepish blush.

She smirks, gently caressing his length, “Is that so?” feeling how it feels a little smaller with every stroke, “I’m glad you agree, but I do wonder if I can make you peak before the transformation is done. I’d imagine that would feel wonderful given how sensitive you seem to be.”

He groans, bucking his hips against her touch. He looks at how small he is now compared to her hands, his breasts slightly bigger, nipples hard, as the heat within his loins continues to build, “I don’t know if I can but... please try,” he begs.

“I certainly will,” she replies, placing his length between two of his fingers, gently rubbing them together, coiling her digits around it as she gently strokes him, spreading his juices over his length, making it nice and slick.

“F-fuck,” he groans, arching his back, stretching the skin around his chest, which feels so tight. He feels his breasts, which are barely anything more than little speed humps on his chest,

yet they *feel* so much more. He caresses their vague outline, feeling the soft tender fatty tissue. The sensitive nipples that just send shocks of delight through him.

“Doing alright there?” she asks, watching him get lost in his own bodily delights, feeling a twitch of curious envy in the back of her mind.

“Y-yeah, never better,” he tenses, voice cracking a little higher. Hips a bit wider, shoulders slimmer. His height perhaps a little less so, as he changes steadily before her. His forming sex draws in more of his balls, and length. Forcing more of the aching pleasure within his body a new itch he is wanting to scratch but can’t reach. Yet what remains of his length is throbbing with a burning pleasure. His love’s fingers caressing it, makes everything else pale in comparison, edging him closer to what seems impossible, yet also so easy to do, that it could happen at any moment, a climax.

He’s lingering on that edge, his length now down to the size of half a finger. All those sensitive nerves crammed into one small little location. A literal hot button of pleasure, and the pre-cum still squirting out like a mini-squirt gun. Small but with force that only physics can explain.

“I’m so close,” he cries out, squeezing his breasts, trying to edge out any pleasure he can as the last bits of his masculinity melts away into a more androgynous female body.

“I know, I feel it too,” she says, rolling the twitching, aching member between her fingers, feeling just how stiff it is, aching so hard between her two fingers. Watching his helpless moans, quivering body, those cute little breasts, barely bumps on the road, jiggle with each buck of his hips, “Almost there,” she says, rubbing a bit faster, the term pencil dick would be an apt description at this point.

If anything, Tim feels his building pleasure and pressure anything *but* small. His cracking voice lets out deep passionate moans. His hands soften, body reaching a point of femininity that could be defined as a woman, yet his mind is completely on the last bits of his fading masculinity. His aching throbbing dick on the verge of disappearing when the pressure of a climax finally overcame the ever-increasing difficulty for him to have a *male* climax. As his balls completely disappearing into his vaginal opening, moments before hand. The surge of male essence squirting out of him, felt like one of the best climaxes he’s ever had. The speed and force behind it was indescribable.

Sara feels the force behind his climax hit the palm of her hand. His white cream, though less than what he normally produces is shot out of his dick, continuing to squirt out as she rubs it down to a throbbing acting clitoris, where the last of his male essence shoots out like a female climax, “Oh, my, that was a lot coming from you,” she teases.

He’s unable to reply, voice cracking a little higher, the surge of pressure unleashed flows inwards into his body, forming his vaginal opening, a new sensitive hole that has a *wanting* to be filled, exposed, teased. A new sensation that bubbles within his mind as she grips the bed sheets. Clearly no longer male, she can feel it. The ending bits of his male to female climactic transition leaves her panting and aching for more. The cock ring held there for a little longer, pressed up



against her throbbing clit, that wants to be *touched* so badly. More than that, the warming sensation that flows into her body. She wants to be *filled* as well.

Tim takes a moment to catch his breath, the last bits of his old self-washed away in the dripping climax. She looks down at herself, “This is new,” she says softly, gently feeling up along her smooth silky body, “Ahh... this was not what I was expecting,” she remarks, swallowing a small lump in her throat.

“I bet I’d feel the same way if I suddenly found myself with a dick. To have that mass out there, twitching, throbbing. It would be a sensation to behold. But, for now, I have some toys I’ve been wanting to try out, but first...” she says, gently running her clean hand across Tim’s chest, “Let’s get you well-adjusted to that new body, unless you want to become more of a girl first?” she says, picking up the small clit/cock ring.

“More of a girl?” she asks with a tremble yet excitement in her voice.

“You should read the instructions. The timer is how long you’ll be a girl when first starting out. But how much of one is based on how long you keep the ring on you. So if we hold it up to your clit, the more you’ll change. Consequently, it’ll take you longer to change back. But those estimates I gave you were on if you had it on you for the entire time,” she explains, as she washes up, sneaking into the closet afterwards to look for the bit of fun she has in mind.

“So, it’ll take less time for me to revert back after the timer is up.”

“That’s what it said.”

“I should read that booklet,” he says, while gently caressing and feeling his slender body. Fingers trace along his soft mounds, while he slowly moves down to check his new sex. His body twitches and his toes curl as pleasure surges through him, “Ahh. I’m very sensitive.”

“That is one of the side effects, especially during your first time,” she explains, holding a nice orange colored double sided strap on dildo in one hand, and the instruction booklet in the other, “It’ll be fine. It just means at first, we’ll have to go nice and easy on you.”

Tim eyes the strap on, recalling the last time that was used on him, “*That brings back a few memories...*” he snaps out of his small trip down memory lane, “That doesn’t look like it’ll go easy on me.”

“This, Mr. Toaster?” she holds up the dildo.

“Yeah that.”

“This is after a bit of foreplay,” she says, crawling back onto the bed, placing the dildo off to the side. Sliding herself up against her and giving a soft tender kiss. She leans into it, lips locking, a soft moan escaping from both of them.

Tim tenses but then relaxes into it, her small breasts dwarfed by hers as she reaches for her hips, gently caressing her sides, while Sara rubs the back of her head, running her fingers through her short hair. Her sex tenses, warming up with a new type of arousal that just feels good and natural.

Slowly the kiss breaks, Sara smiles at Tim, staring deep into her eyes, “So that is what that is like. Not bad.”

“What is what like?”

“Kissing a girl that I love,” she says with a wink.

“Ahh...” she feels his cheeks blush, “I don’t know how I feel about that.”

“As long as it’s you, it doesn’t matter,” she says, pushing Tim onto the bed, climbing over her, spinning around so they are in a perfect sixty-nine position. “Let’s take some appropriate steps. Start off nice and slow. Help you understand what you have. I want you to rub where I am rubbing. Let’s see if you can get me to climax before I can do the same to you,” she says, her legs pressing against Tim’s side as her feet slide under her head, cupping it for support.

Tim has been in this position before and she is still bigger than her partner, but being a woman like this has this exotic eroticism that makes her sex burn with want, “And what happens if I do?”

“You’ll get to wear Mr. Toaster on me. I think you can guess what will happen if I win,” she giggles.

“H-hey, that’s not fair, you have more experience than I do.”

“You have more getting me off. I have none getting your vagina to climax. I think that’s a level playing field,” she says with a smirk, “Now let us begin.”

“W-waaaahhhh,” she shudders, pressing her hips against Sara’s hand as she gently caresses and rubs the outside of her folds, massaging the vulva region.

“Come on, you can do it too.”

She takes a deep breath, “On it.” It’s only now she realizes how much smaller her hands have become. Her soft palm runs across her lover’s warm wet sex. It quivers against her rubs. Her smooth hairless body feels fantastic. The tensing of her vagina walls and hips pressing against her palm. A bit of her confidence returns as she rubs, “You’ve always been lovely my sweet Sara.”

She responds with a soft moan and a gentle pant. Her fingers dance across the outer side of Tim’s sex, “Sweet honey words won’t do you good right now love. Only action will,” she teases, her fingertips running across the sensitive wet skin.

“Hmm, fuck, you got me,” she groans, caressing Sara’s folds. Enjoying the sweet aroma coming off her arousal. The glistening folds, the warmth sweet lubrication that she just wants to taste, but she’s constantly drawn to her own sex. How each touch sends pricks of pleasure deep within her, throughout her body, spreading outwards that she swears that when Sara rubs her sex, that she can feel a teasing pleasuring tingle in her toes and fingertips. Her mind warmed by the growing arousal and sensations as she gently runs her soft fingers across her twitching folds, “Just like this right?”

Sara presses herself down against Tim’s touch and body. Her breasts rub along the smooth soft belly. There’s something tender, loving, warm, different yet familiar with being this intimate with another woman. It strikes a chord in her mind, as she says, “Yes, I got you alright.” Thinking a moment later, “*I wonder if this will be something he’d feel if I was... hmm later, later.*” She waves the thoughts away, letting out a soft tender moan, “Yes, exactly like that. Just follow after me. I’ll rub where I want to be touched.”

“Yes love,” she moans, her sex clenching around Sara’s digits as a single finger is dived into her wet folds. She does the same, massaging the vaginal walls as a steady wave of pleasure moves through her. Each thrust builds the pleasure followed by a steady decline until Sara pulls out and pushes back in, slowly positioning and rubbing along the folds, making sure that every inch is teased with just one finger, before slipping in a second, which more than doubles the delight.

“H-how’s this?” Her fingers lip into Sara’s sex, gently caressing along the folds, thumb running across her clit, which Sara teasingly pulls away.

“I didn’t say you could go there yet, unless you want me to skip ahead on the lesson,” she says, running her thumb gentle across Tim’s pink aching clit.

The surge of pleasure almost sent her over the edge. Her legs quivered as she clenched hard, milking Sara’s fingers, “Ah... ah, we can take it slow,” she says with a soft pant, trying to pull herself from the unexpected edge she found herself in. Looking over at the double-sided orange strap on, “*I-I need to win,*” she thinks. Her masculine instincts to win the competition, steeling her resolve. Her body may be female, but her mind is not. She slides her fingers into her lover’s wet folds, caressing and tugging at the vaginal walls, mimicking the movements, but going faster, harder against her sleek folds, “Just like this love?” she asks, feeling Sara’s toes curl along the back of her head, “*Oh I think so,*” she grins.

“Hmm, you’re almost there,” she teases, now spreading Tim’s sex with her fingers, moving in close and gently blowing cool air across the wet folds, feeling him tenses and jerk, “*Hmm, now you know why I like it when you do it.*”

“*Fuck, now I know why she likes it when I do that to her,*” Tim thinks, bucking up against her as he does his best to spread her lover’s sex, gently blowing cool air across the sensitive wet pink folds. The competition between the two, while following the leader, continues to steadily heat up. One working to outdo the other, while also Tim stays half a step behind Sara just to stay in line with the spirit of the competition. But whatever Sara does, Tim tries to one up if not two up.

The bubbling within their loins grows with each passing moment. Passionate moans fill the room as their bodies quiver and squirm under the other’s caressing loving touch. Tim focuses on Sara’s sweet, wonderful folds, wanting to lick across them and give that clit a loving nibble, but Sara has other ideas. She slides her fingers deep into Tim’s folds, caressing the inside, but she uses her thumb to gently squeeze and pinch the sensitive clit, caressing it along her hand, while spreading her folds nice and wide, pumping her lover’s sex for all its worth, hitting the G spot.

Tim is rocked like a hurricane. It comes too faster, too furious, her pleasure surging through her body as she tries for only a few moments to keep up, but she’s sent over the edge. Her body quivering as she cries out in blissful delight. Her hot female juices squirting out. Reminiscent of her male climaxes, but this rocks deeper, drawing in and milking Sara’s digits, wanting to pull them in nice and deep.

Sara tenses, feeling herself having gotten close, but Tim's broken concentration saved her from the similar fate, "So close, yet not close enough," she says between panted breaths. Her fingers caressing and edging out every bit of her lover's climax, while gently letting her down from the peak of pleasure, giving her body time to recover and adjust to the sensation.

"That was... amazing," Tim says between panted breaths. His loins thrum with aching pleasure that steadily degrades with each passing breath. It shoots deep into his body, spreading outwards following that invisible spider webbing nervous system, making its way to every limb, up into his mind where it sits in a warming delight that leaves him wanting another.

"Mind blowing, isn't it?" she asks with a teasing smile, gently running her hands across her lover's glistening skin, the sweat of passion permeates the air. Her fingers dance across Tim's skin, admiring how he...she... is barely in the realm of femininity, "*I wonder how much more he can get,*" she thinks, taking the moment to caress Mr. Toaster, running it across her sex before slowly sliding it in with a moan.

Tim lays her head back into the pillow, arms spread, feeling Sara's butt press against her belly, "Y-yeah, you can say that" she remarks, taking the moment to just sink into the warm afterglow, "Pick this up in an hour or something?" he asks, catching her soft moan, "Sara?"

"Just a moment, I'm getting ready."

"Ready? I..."

She looks over her shoulder down at him with grin that would make a succubus blush, "A deal is a deal and I aim to cash in on it now," she teases, flinging the straps behind her, "Be a doll and help me tie these on?"

She tenses, their eyes catching, and Tim knows that she means business, and that is what she loves about her, "Sure thing," she responds with anticipation but more so trepidation of how this will turn out. She pulls on the straps, making sure they are nice and tight. Her lover bucks her hips forward, moaning in delight.

"H-hey now."

"You asked me," she responds with a teasing smirk, making sure the straps were nice and tight in place.

She humphs, gently caressing the dildo, feeling the other half lodged deep within her folds, squeezing the one end, as it funnels some of her juices through the center of the dildo, to make it eventually pre-cum at the other end, "Want to go natural, cooling, or warming lubricant?"

"My sex feels like its on fire... in a good way. How about cooling? A nice icy hot combo."

Sara rolls her eyes, "Please, icy hot? We're decades from needing those words in this house," she gives Tim's thigh a playful smack before slipping off, grabbing some nice cooling lubricant, squirting it onto her fingers, coating the bright orange dildo in the glistening liquid.

"What? It's a fair thing to say. You're so hot but this is going to be so icy."

She climbs back onto the bed, giving the dildo a few sliding pumps, making sure its coated in the liquid, before slapping her lubricated hands onto Tim's budding breasts, giving them a sleek squeeze.

The gender bent human moans, arching her back, the pleasing warming sensation, lingering around Sara's hands, but then there's a rush of coldness. The liquid cools around the warm tender breasts, accentuating the pleasure, and chaotic a dichotomy of pleasing agony, and a little taste of what is to come as Sara positions herself, "Oh fuck me..." As it's at this moment he realized he's done fucked up on his decision making process.

Sara rubs and caresses those little breasts, spreading Tim's legs apart with her own, "Don't mind if I do." She rubs the tip of the very well lubricated dildo against Tim's sex, watching his body tense, wiggle and squirm, "Ready?"

The wave of cooling delight, hitting the lustful bliss makes him tense up. He realizes his folds are still very sensitive from the climax and the cooling gel is not going to make it better but all the worse, "Ahhh..." he mutters.

"I'll take that as a yes," she giggles, slipping into her, slowly pushing all the way in, the lubricant, rolling into Tim's sex, and pooling up around the outside, as their sexes soon kiss as she hilts into her.

"Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck," Tim squirms and moans, gripping the bed sheets as she's penetrated for the first time. There's no hymen to break, but to feel pleasure so deep within her body for the first time. The fingers were nothing compared to the hard textured delight of Mr. Toaster. She grips the toy with all her might as she bucks up against her lover. Breasts teased by Sara, as the swirling cooling and burning heat of the moment collide in explosive delight, making every inch feel like a mile as she sunk into the very depths of her body.

"Don't worry sweetie, I shall be fucking you very much," she says with a soft moan, leaning in closer, slowly pulling her hips back as she leans in forward, putting pressure on Tim's breasts. Her fingers glide effortlessly over the hard perk nipples. She grinds herself against her, pushing into those wanting folds again, giving a splash of heated pleasing warmth and gelling cooling tease. Both women moaning in harmony till Sara moves in to muffle each other into one deep passionate kiss.

Tim's nostrils flare as she wraps her arms around her lover. She can't help but feel her body be on auto pilot. She runs her hand along Sara's smooth skin, leaning into the kiss as heat burns through her body, pleasure building up deep within her with each tantalizing thrust. She clenches the dildo with all her might, edging out more pleasure, but also feeling the cooling gel slip deeper into her body, slowly being overwhelmed by her own body heat, but till she completely overcome sit, she can really *feel* just how deep her new loins can go.

Two bodies made to be as one. Their passion knowing no bounds as they kiss and groan. Sara tightly grips her end of the dildo, the tight straps helping her keep the strap on nice and steady as she goes in as deep as she can with each squelching thrust. Each tug, pull, slide against Tim's inner walls, teases her deeply filled experienced sex. Her own pleasure points constantly rubbed, teased and hit, building up the heat of the moment with her loins with a constant cooling wave along her outer walls, the fire and ice competing with one another, helping her feel just how hot and bothered she is. Just how close she is to her must desired climax, and that the quivering movements of her lover, knowing that she won't last much longer, but hoping she will

drive each other to a higher level of ecstasy before leaping off the cliff into the cold abyss of a climax, ready to douse their heated flames, in one explosive joyous moment.

Tim on the other hand has no idea how he's lasting so long. His body is burning with wanton need. Everything is so new, fresh, and desirable. Never before could he realize just how much she could feel as a woman. Her clit aches, and grinded against the toy, ready to kiss her lover's sex and with every few thrusts, their hard clits rub against one another. Their bodies filled to the very max. And each thrust brings up the unspoken question in his mind, and her body. Will this be the one? Will this send her over the edge? Will she experience another hard mind-blowing climax unlike anything she's ever felt before? Or will this slice of heaven continue, passionately embracing the woman she loves with all her heart, mind, body and soul. And each time it's answered with a confusing yet resounding *yes*.

Tim finds himself sinking into the moment. Her hips thrusting to meet up Sara's smacking in explosive ecstasy, the two Goddesses of lust, passion and romance, taken in with one another to share a moment of utter bliss. Their delights balloon up, the pressure within them going every higher. Each exploring the other's body as if it was the first time, and in some ways, it was, and in other ways, it's a simple rediscovery with a new lens. No more words were spoken, no more needed to be. Their time spent, their actions, hands caressing, breasts grinding. They were each other's one and everything. Their world at this very moment.

Tim broke free from Sara's leg spread, only to wrap them around her. She was sent over the edge, pressing herself as hard as she can against her lover. A gush of warmth as she hits her climax. Her moan so deep that she is suddenly left breathless.

Hearing Tim's moans. Feeling her quiver underneath her. Tasting her passion. Deep down, she knew that her lover hit her climax. And the mental blocks that kept her in check crumbled away in an instant. She found herself with release she ached for all this time. Held back only by the desire to come with her one and only. To share the bliss of what it's like to be a woman in such a deep connective way. It brings tears of joy as she cries out in delight. Her hot juices gushing out, funneled right into Tim's needy folds, giving the sense of what it's like to be filled by the one you love so much, and wanting to make the moment last forever. Her sex quivered, her hips rocked, doing small pumps to edge out every last bit of pleasure between them, as she embraced Tim fully, not wanting to let go, hoping to make this moment last just one more second. One more second in paradise, just one more...

The moment lasted for just an instant, or perhaps it was an eternity latter. One thing is for certain, they loved it and each other even more. They used the moment to simply relax and enjoy their mutually shared afterglow, ready to kiss, snuggle and take a moment to recover from one of the most intense experiences has had in a while, perhaps in forever. Or it's just the fact it's something new that made it feel as grand as it was. Who is to say, but neither of them certainly will. The only certainty is this is going to be one fun weekend, and Sara has some plans for the cock ring, and more...

Sunday, six am, twelve hours left on the final day of Tim's transformation. The previous night of passion left Tim exhausted and fast asleep, but Sara's eagerness has left her with other plans. She sent an alarm to vibrate her on her leg, waking her without disturbing her lover, "*I wonder how much more I can get you down this rabbit hole.*"

With ninja like stealth, she grabs the cock ring from Tim's side of the bed. Her feminized lover, lays on top of the bed sheets, having felt too hot and bothered to have slept underneath them. Which worked well for her plans. She places the ring up against her naked sex, right against her clit. She tensed when she hears Tim moan. But relaxes a moment later, sighing some relief.

"*This is going to be fun,*" she thinks, watching Tim's curves grow a bit more pronounced. Breasts steadily grow from barely speed bumps to almost possibly classified to an A cup. Her features softened more, as her female features became ever more pronounced. Adam's apple was completely gone, and her body shrank down even further.

With each passing moment her body changes further. Tim's soft moans sound even higher, more feminine, a lot less of that confusing yet sexy in-between that can leave one guessing. Tim's body feels warm, delightful, condensing more of her body into a smaller petite female form, that sparks dreams of curious sexual delights of exploring her body to deeply understand some of the uniqueness that is a woman.

Sara though has no such grand thoughts. She is simply driven by curiosity and wanting to know the tools they have to play with. She holds the toy there, against Tim's aching clit till she reaches the desired level, "*He's going to be so surprised when he wakes up. It's going to be great... actually,*" she ponders, taking note of Tim's glistening sex.

"I bet he's having a wet dream... let's turn that into a flood," she giggles fiendishly, slowly spreading Tim's legs, gently caressing her thighs as she gets down between them. Slowly she licks across the wet folds, tasting the unique sweet and salty juices of Tim's body, "*Hmm, so strange of a taste, similar yet different.*"

She yawns, a reminder of just how early in the day it is, before going right back to licking across Tim's powerful female folds, which sends shocks of delight through her. She gently caresses and keeps her legs apart, as she twists and turns in her sleep, the heat of the moment increasing with each longing lick.

Sara's tongue snakes in deep, lips wrapping around the vagina lips, giving them a playful tug, before she moves toward the wonder pleasure spot. She knows every spot that will send Tim wild, after all, it sends her crazy too. The heat of the moment increases.

Tim's dreams become ever more vivid. His ecstasy in the moment feeling so real as the pressure builds up within her loins. Her REM sleep growing all the more exotic, erotic. Passionate love making with Sara fills her dreams, moaning out, calling her name.

Sara grins, noticing that Tim is still asleep, but for how much longer... That seems to be a fun little contest. How deep is Tim as a sleeper? She goes right in, holding her breath so she may get every drip bit of Tim's sensitive folds, tugging, pulling, drilling away as she goes all out on making her squirm. Till suddenly...

Tim's dream felt like no other that she has ever had. Or perhaps she has before, but it mattered not in this moment. The heat in her loins turned up, coals to the furnaces, to make them burn hotter. The passionate dreams add to it, making any resistance to last for long just melt away, jerking herself up from her slumber with a heavy pant, her body burning with aching delight, twitching with sensitivity. The subtle changes in her breasts are noticeable, yet in the moment she sees Sara between her legs, face covered in her own essence.

"Looks like you came before you woke up," she grins, licking her lips clean.

"S-sara..." she manages the words, leaning back in the bed, her mind a mix of the waking fog that hangs over head, and the heated euphoria of an afterglow of a climax that she can't recall she had.

"It was interesting, hearing you scream out someone's name in your sleep just before you came."

She tenses, "Someone's name?" she asks, feeling a twinge of fear, "*Whose name, was it? There's no one but her in my life...*"

"Yup," she says, gently rubbing Tim's legs.

"Whose name, was it?"

"Do you need to ask?" she grins.

"Ah... well..."

"Who, do you think it was?"

"N-no one."

"Come on, really name, no one?"

She tenses a bit, "Yours?" she responds, with a worried uncertainty in her voice.

Sara smirks, crawling up onto her, not saying a word till after she kisses her nose, "Good answer."

She sighs in relief, "Why do you torment me so?"

"Because its fun, and you do the same to me. Remember the paint can incident?"

"I didn't mean for it to go *that* long."

She gently kisses her on the lips, "Sure you did. How about I make us some breakfast?"

Tim looks at the time, "This early? It's a Sunday."

"And its our fun day. And its not like you have work tomorrow *morning*."

"You know I can't say no to your famous breakfasts."

"Perfect," she says, giving her another smooch, slipping out of bed, thinking, "*All according to plan.*"

Tim's transformation back to the man he was, was as exciting as the initial experience... rather climactic too. It filled Sara and Tim with excitement, but Tim was by far too exhausted to reclaim the use of his masculinity that night. The following day, as Sara worked in her office there was a knock on the door. She leaps to her feet rushing down, catching Tim still fast asleep in the bedroom, "*Perfect,*" she thinks, as she receives the package from Rings of Exploration.



She takes the package, sneaking it into her office, tucking it off to the side, before making a very late brunch to awake Tim with.

The once again male human stretches, rubbing the back of his head, his manly hands running across his chest, tensing as he feels a lingering sensitivity, “I didn’t realize it was so late,” he grumbles with a yawn, gently rubbing his in need of a shave face, “I have to do that again.”

“I wanted to let you sleep in after having such a long weekend.”

He yawns again, “I appreciate it... did the booklet say anything about sensitivity once everything is back to normal?” he asks, adjusting his shorts.

“A little but will fade after twenty-four hours at most. I’m sure you’ll feel perfectly normal by the time you have to go into work.

“I certainly hope so... but I will say it was worth it.”

“Oh?” she asks with a smile.

“Don’t oh me, we’re both curious what it’s like and now we know.”

“True, true. And we should do it again. Perhaps go on a date like that.”

Tim’s cheeks turn beat red, “We’ll discuss that. Maybe after a few more test runs. Wearing that ring longer really gave me a descent shift there.”

“Did you like to be more of a woman or a bit in between.”

“Ah... I’d have to get back to you on that.”

“After a few more tests?”

He smiles, “Yeah, next weekend perhaps?”

“I’ll try to keep my schedule clear.”

“I do appreciate that. How did I get so lucky.”

“I ask that same very question.”

“Awe.”

“Yes, how did you get so luck.”

“Hey now.”

She giggles, “I’m teasing,” she responds, giving him a little kiss, “I’m sure you’re famished. Eat up.”

Without a hitch the rest of the morning went well, and Tim was off to work, and she went back to her desk job from home. As she busily typed away, her gaze would go to the box under the desk. Her feet caressing it as she can only wonder what it’s going to be like to be on the receiving end of such a change. After all, he took the time to feel what it’s like from her end, it’s only fair she did the same.

She rushed back to the bedroom, tearing open the packaging, revealing the blue cock ring for *his* pleasure. She looks at the soft blue gel cock/clit ring. Placing it off to the side as she gives a look through the instruction manual, muttering to herself some of the highlights, “Must be hel din place, will adjust to your growing cock, sensitivity and increased semen production is natural, may experience greater sexual urges the longer it’s on... Sounds like a guy,” she chuckles.

She sits on the edge of the bed, placing a mirror nearby to look at herself, *“I wonder how this is going to feel. I know Tim wanted to order the correct one, but I kept him distracted all weekend,”* she thinks with a fiendish grin. “I’ll set it for just twenty-four hours, I don’t want to go overboard with it now... not yet at least,” she chuckles, placing the small ring against her clit. The moment she places it on there, she feels a micro shock of pleasure rush through her. Her sex quakes in delight as she lets out a soft tender moan. Slowly her loins begin to warm which spreads through her body, flowing through the spider webbing nervous system.

“That was a little jump start,” she remarks, feeling her sex grow wet. Her smooth silky vaginal walls tense, tightening up while her breasts and chest begin to feel tight, like wearing a latex suit a size too small. Her heart races as the sensations grow, bubbling up within her loins, boiling over to the rest of her body. She feels her chest warm and tighten, the cool air of the bedroom makes her nipples perk. She gently caresses her breasts, feeling a subtle shift in their size as she can’t help but squeeze them.

“Oh fuck. He managed to handle that?” she mutters, giving another caressing grope. Each time she runs her fingers across the mounds, the faster it is, to reach one end over the other. While the pleasure within her grows. She feels the warmth and depth of her vagina grow ever hotter. She shudders as her free fingers that keep the ring on her clit caress her folds.

She bucks her hips, biting her lower lip. Her moans growing ever slightly deeper. The tingle within her sex grows, a thousand needles of pleasure, becoming focused ever slowly from the very depths of her body outward. Her clitoris hardens far behind anything she’s felt before, to the point she can gently stroke it with two fingers. The cock ring no longer needs to be held in place, but only barely as she feels the first faint throb and twitch.

She runs her fingers into her sensitive wet folds. Each stroke and rub the pleasure spreads out, like feeling the nerves set alight and spread up to the ever-growing bundle of nerves of her budding dick. She huffs and moans, feeling this pushing pressure of aching mass begin to hang between her legs. It’s small and light, but to her, who has never felt anything like it, she felt like it was as massive and hefty as a horse’s schlong and twice as virile.

With ever increasing difficulty she caresses her folds as they grow tighter around her digits. She finds the entrance becoming ever shallower, while the pleasure doesn’t abate. It’s like every inch of her sensitive folds are being rolled up, shifted, and moved outward to the hanging mass, and two budding balls that have yet to be given birth by her quickly vanishing sex.

Her legs quiver as she breathes ever heavier. Her voice cracks and depends on each moan, a little deeper, a bit more masculine, but still very much her own sweet voice, “Oh fuck...” she grunts, her spine tingling as her shoulders expand, muscle mass gained within her arms, hands growing a bit bigger, which makes her self-pleasuring feel all the tighter, and her still growing dick barely having gained any size at all.

Her mind rushes to keep up with the changes as she rubs and massages her chest that becomes ever smaller with each caressing mind-blowing rub. She feels as if she’s kneading dough flat onto the table, till there’s nothing left but slightly muscular pectoral muscles, which

are soft and tender to the touch. Her barely manly chest is reminiscent of Tim's androgynous transformation except her chest is as flat as a cutting board.

With literally nothing left up above she moves all her attention down below. Her hands caressing her thighs, feeling them thicken, waist grow thinner, nullifying her feminine hourglass body, the pear becoming very much an apple.

The pressure in her loins continues to grow. Her body aching, wanting, needing to hit this new climax. To experience this longer flow of her essence as it extends outwards, twitching, throbbing, thickening, while her sex becomes ever shallower, barely able to get an inch deep now, and half the length.

The budding balls, ready to pop out of her, connect and build with the pressure. They feel heavy, caressed by Sera's fingers, as what

S left of the sensation of her female sex is nearly completely transferred over to her near complete male genitalia. All of which is as smooth as a newborn babe. Not a single pubic hair in sight. Her sleek sexual hairless lottery winning her another medal for the hairless gold. She looks into the mirror, her long flowing hair, adding more femininity, but she sees much of her female nature has been blurred. A subtle Adam's apple pokes out. Her voice, deeper, a bit more assertive sounding as she's on the brink of climax. The rolling up pleasure as she grasps her fingers around her length, which is hardly the pride of any man, but its the biggest she's ever had. She feels as its massive, and in her mind, it was.

She lets out a crying scream of delight, as the last bits of her sex quivers, the tightening of her internal balls that pop out just as they become external. Her hands caressing and cupping those smooth orbs, while her fingers feel the twitch and spasm of her female essence as her female climax turns into a male one. He feels the quick flow of cum and female sex juices rush out through his small member, spraying out several feet from him onto the ground below.

He pants heavily, gently milking his dick, noticing that a few drops of his release managed to hit the base of the mirror. Cum and female juices leak and bead out of his length, rolling out with the first few strokes. "Holy hot damn, no wonder he likes to jerk off... that's better than any I ever had," she says, taking the ring at the base of her length, pulling it off, "T-that is enough from you. I don't think I can take any more for now... though maybe latter..." he remarks, pondering the experience as she gently caresses her small length.

She looks down at it, and smiles, "You are so small yet pack a wallop. Best to stay this small I wouldn't want to overshadow Tim... or..." she gets a fiendish smile, "do I?" He takes a moment to clean up his mess, hiding any evidence of what he's done, before going back to the instruction booklet, "I got the model he wanted. I wonder just how... oh... *oh...oh*," he remarks, rereading the details, "Tim, you naughty hound dog you. You were *really* aiming to give me a big ol' hunk of a good time. Perhaps I should return the favor, but if I go that big..." she rubs the back of her head, "I wonder what else they have. I didn't browse the website as much as I would have liked." She says, though in reality she only went to what Tim had in his shopping cart when he was trying to re-order the correct one and check it out.

She goes back to her computer butt naked, gently stroking her half flaccid length, tensing just at how sensitive it is, “Hmm, I feel like I could go again immediately,” she comments as she logs into the website, “What do we have here... oh, same day ultra-speedy delivery. A delivery in four hours or the shipping is free. I have no idea how they could do that, but I like those odds,” she grins fiendishly, checking the time, knowing Tim is about five and a half hours till he’s off of work.

Sara sighs, “Tim, it’s right here. For *her* pleasure, to experience the delights of a woman. And for *his* pleasure to experience the ecstasy of being a guy. You really need to read Tim and not think with your dick... though it’s hard to ignore, isn’t it?” he remarks gently caressing his length, “Now, what they have...”

Sara looks through the site, discovering the wonders. There’re themed animal rings, to gain feral types of dicks, the iconic horse, the literal cock’s cock, feline, shark, and a fair bit more. It is curious there are female equivalents to them, so one can literally have a bitch’s sex to fit that hound dog of a dick of their partner.

“Oh, there’s some that come with longer timers. Looks like the two-day limit is the default. Tim, you really need to pick up your reading skills. Or just pay attention. We could have set it up for a week or even a month! That could be kinky,” she giggles, his little dick hardens with joy, “Oh... so that is how it feels when... it just feels like you have a mind of your own, don’t you?”

He smirks, shaking his head, giving the little cock a gentle pet, “Relax, we’ll have fun again soon enough. I just want to see what else they have here.”

He continues to browse, discovering there are rings to drastically and quickly increase one’s masculinity, femininity, including exaggerating them to a comical degree, or making the iconic femboy or tomboy. There are versions for the femboy and chastity cock ring cages, which look rather tantalizing, but doesn’t pop to Sara as the right thing to get. Even the one with a remote-control femininity or masculinity punishment system with a simple press of a button. Along those lines, there are cock rings that must be worn at all times to fully work, or only alter the bottom or the top, to make a wide range of mixing of the sexes.

“No, no, no... tempting but no,” he sighs, eventually landing on one that screams perfection, “Oh... oh, now, that one. That one will be great,” he says with a devilish grin, ordering the item immediately with the fast four-hour delivery, “That will make everything fit just... nicely,” he remarks with an aching throbbing dick, which Sara gently pets, “Shh, soon. But we need to surprise Tim tonight. And I know exactly how to do it...”

Tim comes home later that night, feeling a bit haggard, “I hate Mondays,” he grumbles, stepping into the house, greeted by a lovely smell of cooked ham, “Oh that smells lovely sweetie.”

From upstairs Sara calls out, "I made honey ham sandwiches. The ham is in the slow cooker, and I got some fresh bread baked. Just the way you like it. That way it's nice and warm still when you get home."

His stomach growls, "That sounds great," he says, rushing into the kitchen to make himself a sandwich, devouring two of them in short order, "Oh my God, this is fabulous. You always outdo yourself hun."

"Thank you, sweetie."

Tim looks up curiously, now that his mind is no longer addled by hunger, "Are you okay? You sound a bit different."

"I think I got a little cold, it's nothing."

He pops into the bedroom, seeing her rolled up in a few blankets, "A cold? Its nothing serious I hope."

"I'll be fine. Had a long day, and just going to get some rest."

"You sure? Want me to get you something?"

"I took some stuff already. I'll be fine in the morning."

"Are you sure? Your voice sounds a bit ruff."

"Very," he says with a nod.

He looks at her, feeling like something is off, but he can't quite put his finger on it, "Oh, alright. I had a long day, so I'm just going to take a shower and get some sleep. But if you need anything, you let me know, alright?"

"I will."

"Good, love you."

"Love you too," he responds, hiding his smirk as Tim heads into the shower. There Sara waits, listening from the bed till she hears the shower going, "*Now is the time to strike,*" he thinks, slinking into the bathroom, the sound of rushing water and Tim's average singing masking Sara's approach. The steam that fills the room is nothing compared to his steaming desire to give his lover the surprise of his life in all the right ways.

Tim is lost in thought. His hair all lathered up, hindering further what he can see as he simply enjoys the hot water crashing against his skink. He gently feels himself up, making sure that everything is there. That lingering sensation of what it was like to be a woman hanging in the back of his mind as he doesn't even notice the sliding frosted glass door open.

With assassin elegance, Sara steps in, sliding the door behind him.

"Hmm? Sara?" he calls out, looking to the door, "Is that you?" He's about to splash some water on his face so he can see when he feels Sara behind him. He jumps at first but quickly recovers himself.

"Yes it's me sweetie," he answers, running his hands across Tim's chest, showing just how much smaller he was compared to him. He presses his body nice and tight against his body, pressing the throbbing needy dick against the crack of his lover's butt, "And I've wanted you so badly."

“S-sara?!” he exclaims, feeling his transformed lover up against his body, “What happened? Why do you feel so different?” he asks, knowing that it’s her, but feeling the sensation in the back of his mind that something is off with this moment, and it is then he feels the small twitching dick pressed up against him, S-sara, you didn’t?”

He grinds himself against Tim’s rear, his member twitching in eagerness as the desire to slip his length into something grows all the stronger. And with one quick thrust he adjusts and thrusts up into him, “I did... I couldn’t help myself to return the favor.”

“You could have told me,” he complains while his heart races, the sudden exotic and erotic moment gets his blood pumping, his shaft hardening with every passing moment.

Sara slaps him on the side of his butt, “And ruin the surprise? Hardly,” he grins, pressing tightly up against Tim’s body in order to push past his gluteus maximus and reach the tender hidden entrance way to his G-spot.

“That explains the hoarse voice. So, you don’t have a cold then?” he asks, stiffening up as he feels the strange sensation of a small member pushing into his rear. It’s different than the strap-ons that Sara has used on him in the past, especially ones like Mr. Toaster... It wasn’t just the size, but the feel of a natural length pushing into him struck a positive chord within him. Playing up to his bisexual nature that he shares with her.

Sara shakes his head, “Nope, just a cracking deepening voice,” he says, thrusting into his lover, reaching around to gently caress and massage his length. His fingers caress and tease Tim’s shaft while pressing his head up against his back, “If only I was bigger, I could really show you,” he moans, giving another grinding push.

“I’m glad you are feeling alright,” he replies, letting out a soft gasp as Sara’s dick pushes into him, trying to help him push in as much as he can. He milks the member, reminiscent of what he was doing as a girl just a day ago. He huffs and groans, enjoying the closeness and uniqueness of his loving partner, “I’d have to show you where the prostate is sometime.”

“I know where it is on you.”

“I mean on you,” he smirks.

“Maybe later,” he chuckles, pushing in a bit harder, really working to get as deep as he can with what little he has to work with. The femboy body and dick, hardly a man at all, but Sara is making it work for him. He gives firm yet delicate strokes across Tim’s cock, squeezing out the pre-cum that is quickly washed away under the constant barrage of the warm shower.

“Are you sure about that? I know you’re trying but with a needle dick like that, you’ll need to know male anatomy a bit better than that,” he says, reaching behind him, gently caressing Sara’s silky smooth androgynous sides. He gently massages Sara’s thighs and butt, really showing off the difference in size and strength between them.

With a soft moan Sara nods, “Yes, very sure.” He grinds as hard as he can with his hard little dick against his lover, ready to bring him to the edge, to have him cream all over himself while he does the same, climaxing into him. He grips the throbbing mass of Tim’s dick, squeezing and rubbing, trying to edge out that delight.

“I know you are trying so hard love, but sometimes when you need help all you need to do is ask,” he says, spinning round, easily yet gently overpowering Sara, spinning him around so his much bigger dick runs between Sara’s legs, up and against his small dick, really showing off the differences in size between the two, “Just let me show you.”

“This wasn’t the plan...” he huffs in a feign complaint. His body clearly says otherwise, with his throbbing hard dick and surge of excitement, pressed up against the tiled wall, hand and legs spread, already ready to accept his dominate lover.

“Sometimes things don’t go as you plan, but in the end, it feels great,” he remarks and before Sara could roll his eyes at the terrible pun, he slips into him at a nice and easy pace.

He moans in response, clenching onto the dick as it slides in ever deeper, spreading his tender rear, and soon hitting that fabled prostate. The new hot bottom within his body goes off, sending tingles of pleasure through his body, as his dick stiffens even more, pre-cum coming out at a nice steady pace, “Oh, that feels very nice actually, not what I was expecting.”

As Tim sinks into the point where his balls kiss Sara’s rear, he asks, “What were you expecting?” he gently caressed Sara’s smooth femboy chest, gently massaging those hard perk nipples.

“I thought it feel a lot more like my vagina, just a tad less pleasing... but this is a uniquely good sensation.”

He pulls back and slowly thrusts back in, “Better or worse than what you thought?”

“Hard to say... different? Not as intense yet just as good,” he moans, his body responding with an ever growing need to be filled *this* way. Each thrust by his lover continues to massage and caress his prostate, leaving him feeling harder, needier, ready to blow as Tim’s strong body holds and caresses him.

“I’m glad you approve,” he replies, going steadily faster. He caresses Sara’s chest with one hand, while gently cupping and massaging his short length with the other, “Such a delightful moaner and squirmer you are.”

“H-hush,” he moans, clenching hard on Tim’s dick, panting with delight as he’s taken over and over again. The warm water that manages to hit him only adds to the moment. The white noise of the shower pelting Tim’s body, forcing him to focus on everything he says, and the pleasure surging through his body. Harder his lover thrusts into his tender rear. The power, strength, despite being a man, he was hardly one at all. He clings to everything that Tim is and as he milks his cock for all its worth, Sara’s is on the verge of climaxing with each tender stroke, “F-fuck...”

“I always like a good table turner,” Tim says, giving one last hard thrust into Sara, hitting nice and deep as his climax comes rushing to him. His balls pull up, tensing as hot gushes of his seed shoot deep into Sara in a familiar yet new experience.

It was mixed with a new sensation yet also vaguely familiar. The surge of Sara’s own climax. With each milk and squeeze of Tim’s cock shooting deep into his rear, his small dick shoots out powerful squirts of cum, that barely had any force behind them. His wimpy femboy climaxes, spraying onto the side of the shower, quickly washed away by the flowing water.

“How was that? Learn a thing or two?” he asks with a heavy pant, gently massaging Sara’s dick in the warm afterglow moment.

Sara found himself hardening up. His cock sensitive from the blow and the tender touches of Tim’s caresses along his form only got him more hot and bothered, “Y-yeah, I think I have,” he replies, leaning to kiss him.

Tim obliges the motion, leaning in to give him a passionate kiss, while milking himself and Sara in firm thrusts and gentle strokes. He takes a moment to let them both come down from their high, enjoying the warm after glow moment with tender kisses and caresses, “I’m glad to hear it. How about we wash up and get some sleep? I had an exhausting day.”

Sara smiles, nodding, “Yeah, that sounds great.”

“How long is this going to last?”

“Only twenty-four hours. Why do you ask?”

“Just curious.”

“Want me to stay like this longer?”

“As long as you are you, I don’t care about anything else,” he says with a tender kiss.

“Such a charmer,” he teases, thinking *“And you’ll have a charming surprise in the morning...”*

When they went to bed, Sara set her plan into motion. She slips on her cock ring once Tim is fast asleep. She feels the surge of tingling pleasure as the process that has made her continues forward to an even *manlier* than ever before. But... there was more than one ring at play.

Sara grabbed the ring from the rush delivery, his excitement bubbling up to a twitching hard on that steadily grows in size with each passing moment, no matter how slow it was. The soft pink, bubble gum colored ring ran across his fingertips. The device felt a lot more like a rubber and vinyl mix in terms of texture. And with Tim still half-hard from their shenanigans it was easy enough to set the timer and slip the ring right into place.

Tim grunts followed by a soft moan, the cock ring getting right to work. His body feels a gentle tingling pleasure that spreads out along his nervousness system, going to every inch of his body. His mind becomes a light with pleasure, sparking dreams of lust and delights, which ironically only helps lure him deeper into his slumber just as his cock reaches full mast.

His cock’s metamorphosis into a puffy vagina begins once again, balls pulled up his body, cock throbbing harder yet growing ever smaller with each throb and ache, but this time there is more going on. His chest puffs a bit faster than the time before, with perky aching nipples. His skin takes on a steady smooth shine as every hair from the neck down is pulled into his body, smoothed away.

*“That’s a good look on you,”* he thinks as his cock twitches in delight, reinforcing the euphoria he’s feeling, stoking the flames of passion he’ll have with Tim when he’s complete.



The sleeping human's features continue to smooth. In the low light it's difficult to tell but a smooth shine rolls over his body. His cock shrinks down ever smaller while the breasts steadily balloon out a bit more. The puffy sex starts off a bit more rounded, with a slight exaggeration while his balls are pulled into his body.

Sara resists the temptation to caress his shrinking dick, not wanting to wake up before everything is in place.

Tim moans in a dream, feeling himself diving into a silky-smooth white pond. Like a feminine soap commercial. Pleasure washes over his body. It feels like his skin is stretched. A tension of tantalizing delights. It's hard to quantify and explain, but in his disassociate dream state, he's flying through the air, the air teasing every inch of his body, the pleasure growing, physical sensations transcending to the dream world and beyond.

The colors and hues of his Caucasian skin softens shifts ever so slightly. Slowly taking on a more manufactured quality. Life-like but not quite there. Not in the area of uncanny valley to bother the mind. That happy medium of being close to reality but not *too* close. Tim's length shrinking down further, his body squeaking softly as he shifts, turns and moans. Sara working to stay out of his way as he dribbles pre-cum from his length, coating his shrinking length with his disappearing essence.

"*This is going to be a lot of fun,*" she thinks, gently caressing his thighs, trying to thread the needle of feeling his changes, and not waking him. She feels his skin gain a faux feeling. Sleek, smooth, rubber-like. Over the steady progression, Tim's chests balloon out, but lack the heft that gives them a natural curve. Exaggerated breasts with perk blown up nipples. His dick nearly gone, and Sara has to work to keep the ring in place to let the around fuck hole form to its completion. That inviting round tube that he can just sink his aching length in. His body continues its transformation at a delightful toying pace.

Tim's fingers puff out, hourglass figure becoming ever more pronounced as the last bits of his masculinity is washed away under smooth latex skin. He doesn't quite manage a climax as his member and balls are pulled into a shapely fuck hole that is eager to take in more dick. It shifts and tenses within his wet dream. And with each moan, Tim's mouth becomes more pronounced, open, curricular. A nice round hole that just screams *fuck me*. In fact, as Sara held the ring up to Tim's sex, markings that just said that formed right above her sex, pointing straight down at it.

"*Fuck, she's so hot,*" Sara thinks, watching that there is not a single visible muscle. A smooth sleek dolled up body. The breasts are lovely round pillows, hips for days, with thighs to match. So much to grab and hold and use to push himself right into that nice tight around hole... His cock twitched in delight, the ring sending tingles of pleasure through him as his transformation into the manly man was not yet complete.

Tim's dreamland, a sleek smooth rush of pleasures. His body covered in chocolate, as he dreams himself melting into the deliciousness, as with most dream's logic is tossed out of the proverbial window. Endless, everlasting twists and turns of delight, but also over in an instant. When he wakes up his body feels smooth, light, aching, wanting. His skin feels tense around

every inch of his body as it has a desire to move into a relaxed, arms and legs spread away from his body.

“Huh...” he grumbles, his mouth moving, yet much like his limbs, it wants to relax into that open around fuck hole with his tongue just slightly sticking out. He licks his lips, “I didn’t drink last night, did I?” he mutters, sitting up, rubbing his head with a squeak. The noise knocks some of the fog from his mind. He looks down at his smooth dolled up body, “Sara? What did you do?” he calls out, looking around to see her not in the bed. “Sara?!”

The door to the bathroom swings open, the light blinding Tim as he hears a deep manly voice, “Don’t worry sweetie. I’m right here to show you a good time,” he chuckles.

“Sara how long is this going to last?” he asks with nervousness yet a pleasing excitement that his body just can’t shake. It screams to him to be taken, to be fucked. That round hole is aching to be completed by something round and throbbing. A sensation several fold stronger than when he was a normal woman.

“Don’t worry, it should be over by the time you have to go into work,” he says, chuckling as he steps in closer.

Sara’s massive throbbing dick dwarfing anything that Tim could have thought was possible or what he could have hoped, “W-what did you do?” he asks, eyes locked on that throbbing, aching dick. It twitches rising up several inches before relaxing, the sheer weight and size of it, defying gravity.

“I wanted to see how manly and big I could get. And I wanted you to be able to take it,” he replies, crossing his muscular arms across his pectorals. Sara’s eight pack showing off in well-defined glory. A body-builder style body but without the exaggerated features that make one look unhealthy. She’s more akin to a famous Austrian from a few decades ago, than anything today, “How do I look?” he asks, flexing, which makes the cock bounce.

“Ahhh...” he remarks, unable to find the words.

Sara chuckles, “Glad you approve. And I’m sure you’ll love what I have to give. I know I will. You have no idea how hard it is to ignore just how hard I am for so long, especially when I am this long.” He moves in closer, climbing onto the bed which creaks under his weight. His size dwarfing Tim’s in stature and mass, “Now I know what its like to be the big man,” he says, reaching with his massive masculine hands, giving the doll’s breasts a firm squeaking squeeze.

Pleasure shoots through Tim’s body, making him let out a soft girly moan, but the pleasure was far more than what he’s expecting. Every touch of Sara’s hands across her form was like a micro-orgasm of pleasure, but the tension of his skin feels wonderful, and that tension grows across her entire body, pushing up from the inside out, like there’s nothing but air being shifted around.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?”

“Ahhh...” she moans, as the urge to spread her limbs back out to their *natural* position grows with each firm squeeze. Her body wants to give in and just accept her partially objectified nature. “Fuck me.... Fuck me... *fuck me...*” Tim’s eyes would widen if they could. The

painted-on look of a lustful woman unchanging despite just how much pleasure he's feeling. Its now he realizes that he has never blinked since he awoke.

Sara slaps his massive length against Tim's thigh, leaving a streak of pre-cum as it leaks from his tip, "Don't mind if I do." He moves his grip to Tim's luscious hips and sides, caressing the smooth skin, giving a firm squeeze as he pushes his thick throbbing length deep into that eager hole. He lets out a deep moan, pre-cum gushing into the tight hole. Each thrust lets out a massive squeak that is mixed in with Tim's high pitched needy moan.

The rush of pressure along Tim's body puts him in a state of constant pleasure and ecstasy. The massive dick pushing deeper into the sensitive region. Sara's hands gripping along her thighs, pushing the "air" around, which makes his grip around the cock even tighter. His body stretched and used as Sara hilt into him, sending a shock of pleasure, hammered in by the massive balls that crash into the needy hole, "Fuck me harder," she cries out. Unsure of the words are her own or the body giving out a 'pre-recorded' type statements to play up her hypersexual nature. It didn't matter for Tim was too busy sinking into the vast ocean of pleasure to even think on it.

Sara is drawn into his own lust. His massive girthy dick pounding into the tight hole, feeling the grip grow stronger not only from Tim's eager clenching and milking but the tighter he holds onto her, the tighter that eager hole becomes, only encouraging him like a well-trained dog to get a treat. He squeezes and pins Tim down, ravaging his body, letting the pleasure build up deep within his loins. His body wants it, he needs it. There's nothing stopping him from just claiming Tim for everything he's worth. To use him like the fuck doll that she is and claim her as his and only his. Completely lost in his own manly instincts, his body driving him to pound harder into his lover, knowing deep down that he did this to her, knowing now she could take it and fully sink into the bliss of the moment.

And like a rock, sink Tim did. The tormenting seas of pleasure, and she's a listless vessel accepting her fate for what it was and loving it. Like a crazed captain, yelling against the storm in sheer joy, for it made life worth living. She fights against her body's natural urge to spread herself, only to wrap herself around Sara's massive body. Her round breasts squeezed and rubbed up against Sara's chest, further increasing the pressure within her. Even wrapping herself around him, added to just how tightly she can squeeze and pleasure her lover, making her not want to let go, embracing him as she's taken again and again and again.

This is their moment together. One working to please the other and fitting into their roles. The round cock into a round aching fuck hole. Completing each other as their hips slam against one another. Squeaks, moans, gasps, sweat, lust, pure instinctual ecstasy was beyond compare, except to the previous moment which was a shadow of what the current one is.

The moment lasts as long as it does, not because it wasn't pleasurable enough, but because it is so pleasurable neither wants to be the one put over the edge to end it. The bed itself creaks and groans under the force of their passionate love making. The head of the bed smacks against the wall again and again. Sara moves in to kiss that open fuck hole of a mouth, sinking

himself into Tim, till no matter how much will, desire, and strength they possess, every good thing must come to a greater end.

The pressure within Sara's loins, the balls pulling up, the rushing of delight, the heightened increase that gives only a half a moment's notice that this is it, this is the time to just let it all out. He slams himself into her, unleashing a massive pent upload that has been hours in the making.

Tim on the other hand quivered and quaked. Every thrust was an explosion of pleasure that she felt could not be topped till the next one happened. She held onto Sara for dear life, crying out his name, and moaning out more fuck me harder phrases. And then came the surge of seed pumping into her. The hard spray of male juice flooding into her needy hole as her body went into overdrive, climaxing, mixing doll and man juice into one brilliant concoction. She squeaks and moans, unable to do anything but to accept it, wanting to embrace every pleasurable mind breaking moment for what it was. Enhanced more by just who is giving this brilliant moment to her. Her one and only and she wouldn't have it any other way.

She relaxes back into a default fuck doll position, left aching, yet feeling so good as the afterglow overcomes the two of them. Sara's heavy body pressing down onto her. She is pleased to give support and feel the increased pressure caressing her body from the inside and out. Slowly she manages to rub Sara's sides, "Maybe... I can call in sick for work today."

Sara pants heavily, cock still lodged deep within Tim's body, and even in its half-mast state, it feels tight within Tim's hole, "Y-you know..." he says, taking a moment to catch his breath, "I was thinking the same thing."

They smile, kissing one another the best they could, taking a moment to enjoy their afterglow moment. Simply pleased and in love with the other. Unable to imagine anyone else by the one before them, no matter what form they take. Their bond transcends the physicality. What else could be said except they are made for one another and will never let the other go for anything in the world.