

The Gentleman's Club

For Clancy

By TheSpiralledEye

Before Michael and his friends got a hold of the transformation booth, his older father and all his friends made good use of it in much the same way.

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Stanley leaned back against the couch; sighing in satisfaction as his spine cracked without any pain. The Booth was worth the thousands he'd spent on it just for that benefit alone in his opinion. One of the cruellest things about human nature in his opinion is that by the time you'd earned enough money to do whatever you wanted, you were too old to enjoy it. Unless you were like his spoiled son Michael, who'd grown up with a silver spoon in his mouth thanks to his doting wife. He prayed the boy never found the machine, who knew what sort of entitled rubbish he'd get up to with it. Michael hadn't earned the use of it yet, not like his old man.

He was sixty-five and sick of his body aching all the time. Luckily, he now had the booth so he and his closest friends could enjoy the benefits of being young men once more.

The machine was more than capable of simple de-aging of course, but it had not occurred to them to try it until their poker game last week. After one too many scotch and sodas Jim had suggested the loser of the game become a woman for an evening. A date, even. Stanley had been game, mostly because he knew he was a better player than the other three but he was shocked when Larry agreed. Especially considering the man had the worst Poker face in existence. So it was no surprise that Larry lost; well, it wasn't a surprise to the rest of them. Larry himself looked thunderstruck at the time.

Now though he was crouched over the machine, playing around with the input settings with a curious smile on his face.

"Stanley, you were really holding out on us, this machine is revolutionary."

"Which is why it's staying secret; it's one of a kind after all. I don't want it turning into a commodity."

"You could make millions." Larry argued, "think of the applications in the medical field, witness protection, spy work; I bet the government would pay you billions."

"I already have millions, more millions than I know what to do with and besides...I just like having it for my own personal use. And you three of course."

Benjamin snorted.

"You just get off on the idea of having something people want and the power not to give it."

Stanley gave his friend a shit eating grin and sipped his drink.

"Maybe."

"Alright! I think I have it." Larry announced and Jim got to his feet eagerly.

"You seem eager." He teased and Larry chuckled.

"You've never been curious?"

"Not to the point that I'd sacrifice my dignity." Jim raised an eyebrow but Larry waved him off.

"Lucky for me, I am extremely comfortable in my own masculinity. Now wish me luck."

He stepped into the booth and slammed the door closed a little too fast in his eagerness. The booth whirred and buzzed for a moment before the screen turned green and dinged. Stanley was on the edge of his seat waiting as the door opened and out stepped a total stranger.

A leggy brunette wearing nothing but a skin tight bra, panties and high heeled leather boots that reached just above her knees. She wore a coy smile that Stanley could never have imagined on Larry's face before now. If he didn't know how the machine worked he would assume it was a magic trick. Jim and Benjamin seemed to be experiencing the same level of shock because their jaws were practically on the floor; especially Jim's.

“Pretty good, huh?” Larry grinned, his voice now deep and sultry.

He walked with ease, his hips swaying naturally as he stepped each high heeled foot in front of the other as if he were on a runway. Each moment Stanley kept waiting for him to trip, hell, to at least wobble; but Larry was as sure footed as he had ever been. Perhaps even more so!

“How does it feel?” Benjamin asked, his voice full of awe, with a rightly raw edge to it.

“Incredible!” Larry giggled, “Like, actually amazing! I feel so...exotic? I don't know if that's the right word.”

“You're doing amazing in those heels, they must be almost six inches!”

“Seven actually.” Larry said proudly, “I programmed them to be high, I guess the machine gave me all the knowledge I would need to use this body to its fullest potential...”

His voice trailed off and a strange expression crossed his face, Stanley swore it was a mixture of curiosity and slight arousal. He was fighting his own desire right now as his brain conflicted with what his eyes were seeing. His body cared only for the sexy young woman before him who was barely clothed and strutting around showing off her body. It was only his years of self control and logical thought that reminded him that the woman was in fact, Larry, a man.

“Like what you see?” Larry asked, walking over to Benjamin and throwing his arms around the man's neck.

Stanley gripped the couch and watched as Benjamin's face began to turn beet red with a mixture of humiliation and arousal. Larry was pressing his whole body against the man, his new breasts squashed right up against his chest so that it would have been impossible not to glance down at the cleavage.

“Uh, yeah.” Benjamin swallowed.

“The bet was for me to be your date, right?”

“Oh yeah, it was.” Benjamin’s voice was getting husky now and Stanley could hardly believe what he was seeing.

Larry had never been so bold before; he’d expected the woman version of him to be blushing and embarrassed, not propositioning Benjamin in front of the rest of them!

“I’m very curious about all the things this body can feel.” Larry cooed, running a finger over Benjamin’s jaw line, “What do you say we skip right to the after dinner love making, hm?”

Stanley felt the seat on the couch next to him sink as Jim silently slipped down to watch. For a moment they looked at one another in disbelief, was this really happening? Should they stop it? Stanley felt his own cock twitch and found himself biting his tongue. It had been years, decades since they did anything this sexy and fun; they were all long past their wild, strip club days. A live sex show was too good to turn down, especially with the quality of Larry’s new body. He was curious to see how it looked under what little clothing still concealed it.

“Do you have a vagina?” Benjamin asked incredulously.

Larry’s hand moved from Benjamin’s jawline to his hand and guided it between his legs as he took a step back.

“Take a feel for yourself.”

Benjamin’s fingers disappeared under Larry’s waistline while the new woman in turn began to press at the bulge in Benjamin’s pants. Larry sighed happily as Benjamin’s trembling hands explored and Stanley felt himself burning with jealousy. Though who exactly he was more jealous of he couldn’t tell. Now that he’d seen it for himself the idea of turning into a woman had him endlessly curious; not to mention frustrated he’d not thought of trying it before now.

Larry was growing even bolder, apparently this new body had brought with it a bucket of confidence as well. His hands undid Benjamin’s belt buckle with ease and pulled down his pants to expose his dick, which was already half hard. A few gentle tugs and it was fully so, which seemed to delight Larry.

“This is so hot.” He groaned, “And it doesn’t even feel weird to do? Being a chick is incredible.”

Benjamin’s hands had started shaking for a whole new reason, so much so that he’d removed his fingers from Larry’s panties and was holding onto his wide hips for dear life.

“I wonder...” Larry whispered, pulling his gaze up to match Benjamin’s.

Was he...?

He was.

Larry pressed his full lips to Benjamin’s and the man groaned. For a brief moment his eyes flicked to Stanley and Jim who were both still watching with rapt attention. Stanley could see the conflict pass over his features; did he really want an audience for this, was it worth it? Apparently it was because his eyes closed and he kissed Larry back with passion.

“You’re an incredible kisser.” Benjamin gasped when they finally broke apart.

“The machine really did give me everything I needed, every instinct...” Larry said with wonder before grinning wickedly. “Which means...”

He suddenly squatted down in front of Benjamin so his mouth was equal with his cock.

“I should know how to do this.”

There was no warning, Benjamin opened his mouth to say something but all that ended up coming out was a groan as Larry took the man’s dick in his mouth. It was a sight to behold, that sexy body squatting with legs apart, perfectly balanced on the tiptoes of those heels, sucking cock as if he’d been doing it his entire life.

Stanley could only watch, totally mesmerised, as Larry pressed his own fingers against the front of his panties while continuing to bob his head back and forth. Wet sounds filled the room along with Benjamin’s groans.

“Oh fuck, you’re perfect! This is the best-oooohhhh...”

Benjamin's body shuddered as Larry swallowed and popped off his cock with an arrogant grin.

"What was that like? Giving head as a woman?" Jim asked, leaning almost off the edge of his seat.

"Surprisingly fun." Larry giggled, "Hot too."

He was still feeling himself up and gave a breathy moan before lowering his panties, finally revealing the soft pink pussy between his legs.

"And I have another idea."

Benjamin was already fully hard again, thanks to the machine he had his youthful virility back and he was putting it to good use. Larry pressed his bare ass up against his erection with a playful smile.

"Wanna take me from behind, big boy?" He asked, "I want to know what it feel like to be fucked as a woman."

"Oh hells yes."

Larry bent over, allowing Benjamin to grab him by the waist and thrust straight into his waiting hole. This time even Stanley moaned. Larry was facing right toward them on the couch, his eyes were wide and his mouth hung open in pleasure as Benjamin began to fuck him. Despite the rough treatment his face was twisting in pure bliss and he somehow managed to stay on his feet.

"Yes, oh fuck yes! C-come to the couch I wanna ride yooooouu." He moaned and Benjamin didn't have to ask twice.

Like coiled springs Jim and Stanley jumped from their place; the other pair seemed so focused on their own pleasure Stanley was slightly worried they might have continued to fuck even if they hadn't moved.

They both stood to the side as Benjamin laid down and allowed Larry to mount him, bouncing up and down like an experienced whore. You never would have guessed this was his 'first time'. Benjamin reached up and groped at Larry's new breast, they were barely

contained in the bra now and Stanley found that he couldn't take his eyes off them; and Larry noticed him noticing.

"Let's put on a real show, eh?" He teased, climbing off Benjamin's dick much to the man's distress.

Stanley could see how red and hard the man was, he was clearly right on the edge. Luckily, he wasn't bereft for long. Larry sank back down on him, reverse cowgirl style so that now he was face to face with the others again.

"Undo my bra, won't you, let get these tits some fresh air."

Benjamin groaned, reaching up and unhooking the bra so that it fell to the floor and Larry began to ride once more. Now his tits were moving freely and Stanley felt like he was on the edge of cumming himself just from the sight.

Larry continued to ride, eyes locked on Jim and Stanley as he bounced and ground down on Benjamin's cock until once again, another idea popped into his head.

"You're maddening." Benjamin groaned as they switched to sixty-nining.

The wet sounds doubled as Benjamin drove his tongue between Larry's pussy lips and he started up a fresh blow job. His eyes never left Stanley and Jim as they watched, hot and hard. A moment later, they finally rolled back into their head as Larry came, shivering around Benjamin's mouth and squeezing his head with his thighs.

Benjamin groaned, his breath coming in short, hot pants as he got closer and closer. Once again Larry popped off his cock and replaced his mouth with his hands.

"Cum on my face, do it!" He dared, Benjamin didn't need to be asked twice.

With a loud groan the man came and white cum coated Larry's chin and lips, a few thick drops even landing in his dark brown hair. It took all of Stanley's self control not to cum himself watching that pretty pink tongue dart out to lick up the seed.

"Does that taste good?" He asked, his voice coming out much more strangled than he intended.

“Yeah.” Larry sighed happily, using his fingers to clean off the rest before sucking the digits clean.

“I’m surprised you’re so eager.” Jim said and Larry giggled.

“In this body, it just feels right!”

A shiver went down Stanley’s spine as Larry turned to regard him.

“You have to try it for yourself!”

Part 2

Stanley gripped his scotch so hard his knuckles had turned white. It had been three days since the transformation. When Larry had finally changed back he'd excused himself quickly and was yet to return his calls, Benjamin had also made himself scarce and Stanley imagined they were still dealing with all the emotional fallout of sleeping together. They were men of a different generation, talking about their feelings did not come easy and Stanley sure as hell didn't want to reach out first.

So he and Jim were alone, drinking in silence listening to the echo of loud music from the garden where Michael was having a party. He'd just finished his first semester at college and had convinced his wife that throwing a party was necessary. So of course she'd given him access to an unlimited budget and now his perfectly maintained garden was being used by a bunch of horny young folk to neck in bushes and throw up. All while a needlessly expensive DJ pounded loud sounds that apparently passed for music these days.

His eyes kept darting to the booth. His dreams had been filled with all sorts of temptations lately. He couldn't stop thinking about what it must have felt like to be in Larry's high heeled shoes.

"So..." Jim cleared his throat awkwardly.

Stanley just grunted in response. The music pounded and his ground his teeth together, fuck it.

"I've been wondering...what it would feel like to change like Larry did." Jim admitted suddenly.

"Really?"

He wasn't the only one!

There was no judgement in Stanley's voice, which Jim seemed grateful for but it didn't make the admission any less emasculating. Especially when Jim shifted awkwardly, Stanley knew that movement, it meant he was trying to quash down an erection.

"I'm not ready to jump straight to sex." He added hastily, "Not like Larry, I just want to feel what it's like to be a woman."

Stanley thought for a moment before clicking his fingers together as an idea formed.

“Why don’t you kill two birds with one stone, turn yourself into a hot young thing and go mingle with my son’s guests?”

It wasn't a bad idea, there were so many people coming and going from the party he was sure Michael couldn't possibly know them all. What was one strange woman wandering about, potentially flirting with a few people here and there. Maybe he could even flirt with some women to warm up, that sort of thing flew with young people these days, didn't it?

They made their way over to the booth and Jim began tapping away at the screen, selecting and programming the transformation he wanted. Stanley tried to lean over his shoulders to get a sneak peak but Jim shoved him away, wanting it to be a surprise. It crossed Stanley's mind, what if after he was changed Jim was as bold as Larry had been? What if he jumped him and they ended up sleeping together like the others had, would he have the self control to say no? Did he even want to say no? His wife had barely touched him since their children were born, to say he was a bit pent up was an understatement, and it wouldn't be gay, would it?

These thoughts clouded his mind as Jim stepped into the machine and it began to rumble. A moment later the bell rang and the door opened. A woman in a black mini dress and golden heels stepped out, her hair a fiery red to match her burning brown eyes. She looked like exactly the sort of wild, young thing his son would invite over for a party.

“What do you think?” Jim grinned, twirling on his toes, as sure footed as Larry had been.

“Impressive.” That seemed like a safe answer, rather than saying he looked sexy as fuck.

“Larry wasn't kidding, this feels as natural as breathing.” Jim smiled, strutting back and forth, even balancing on one foot for a moment. “I always thought heels would be difficult or uncomfortable, but I rather like the little burn in my heels. The angle feels...perfect.”

Stanley's eyes drifted down to those heels but never quite made the full trip, instead focusing on the long exposed legs before him. Jim's new thighs were soft and sun kissed, with thigh thighs to support his round rump. A giggle broke him from his thoughts and he found Jim smiling coyly.

“Are you staring at my legs?”

“Can you blame me?” Stanley asked awkwardly, “I’m a leg man, you know that, tits are great and all but a good set of legs, that’s what gets me going.”

“Are you saying I get you going?” Jim teased and Stanley spluttered, hating that he’d just admitted that.

Jim just grinned again, that same confidence boost Larry had seemed to have affected Jim as well and he blew a kiss to Stanley before turning around and walking toward the door.

“I’m going to go see if your son’s got any strapping young friends who also appreciate a good pair of legs.” He announced, sashaying his way out the door toward the party.

Stanley’s cock twitched; he needed a distraction, there was no way he was going to go get off to the idea of his friend, even if his body was in the form of a sexy woman right now.

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After making himself a few decades younger Stanley had settled in to read a book. Or at least try to. He was restless, each time he heard a girl squeal with delight or laugh down in the garden he had to wonder if it was Jim and whether or not to join him. His fingers had hesitated over the tablet when making himself younger, it would be so simple to do more than just deaging himself. But he chickened out at the last moment.

So here he was, sitting on the couch trying to read some cheap crime thriller about a Chinese detective in gangland Chicago while a wild party raged on without him. All while the booth was calling his name. Suddenly, the door slammed open and in walked Jim, his red hair slightly mussed but otherwise looking...frustrated. He flopped down on the couch dramatically so his red hair fanned over Stanley’s lap and sighed. The golden heels were clutched in his hands leaving him barefoot.

“Now I understand,” Jim groaned, “that nice burn in your foot when you put on heels? It gets stronger the longer you wear them.”

“Sore feet?” Stanley chuckled and Jim nodded.

“Now I know why all my girlfriends complained when I asked them to buy higher heels.”

Stanley couldn't help it, he threw back his head and laughed. This entire scenario was completely absurd and yet it felt so natural. His mate flopped in his lap, complaining about high heels.

“So, other than your sore feet, how was the party?” Stanley asked, trying to sound nonchalant.

“It was fun,” Jim said, “Even when I was young and bright eyed I didn't get half as much attention when I went to a gathering like that. Men were fawning over me and oh Stanley, the jealous looks the women gave me! No wonder Larry felt so bold. I was ready to take on the world with all the confidence in the world.”

“...but?”

“But even with the body...these kids, I can't talk to them!” Jim groaned. “I tried flirting with the guys, I wanted to feel what Larry had with Benjamin but...I couldn't just grab one and head for the bushes. It didn't feel right sleeping with a total stranger. So I tried talking to them and I had no idea what they were on about TikTaks? Mood? Every other word out their mouths may as well have been in another language. And the looks they gave me when I pulled out my phone and they saw it was the original iPhone. God I felt like a fossil.”

“It is sort of a miracle that thing is still working.”

“I don't need all the gizmos and gadgets, I just need to call people! Why is that so hard for kids these days to understand?”

“I guess all the magical technology in the world can't make an old soul a young one, eh?” Stanley chuckled.

“That's deep.”

“I don't think it is. I think you've just had too much spiked punch.”

It was then that Stanley realised his fingers were threaded through Jim's long red hair; he'd started stroking it without even thinking and his cheeks turned pink. Jim looked up at him with a coy smile and something stirred in his stomach.

"So...what are you planning for the rest of the night?" Stanley asked, trying to distract them both from the tension that suddenly filled the air. Jim had no intention of ignoring it though and climbed up Stanley's body, pressing his breasts against the man's shoulders and chest.

"There is one man here on my wavelength, so to speak" He whispered in a sultry voice, "And I know he's just as curious as I am."

Stanley's heart thundered, why the fuck not? He was already getting hard.

"One request." He rumbled, taking Jim's chin in his hand, "Put the heels back on."

Jim grinned ear to ear.

"Your wish is my command."

And he slipped away just enough to put the golden heels back on his feet. He jumped up, once again strutting around the room for Stanley's enjoyment; the man could tell his friend was enjoying teasing him. He'd gotten a taste of what it felt like being the centre of attention and clearly he'd developed a bit of a fetish for it.

Stanley could feel himself getting harder as those heels clicked against the floor. There was something so sensual about a leggy woman in heels; it just did things to him. For a moment he thought of his wife, then dismissed her. She'd been sleeping with their pool boy for years, not to mention the gardener. He had a hot red head who just so happened to be Jim, a guy that got him; he was the whole package right now and he wasn't about to turn it down.

After putting on a little show, strutting his stuff, Jim finally approached, sinking down onto the couch and straddling Stanley's hips. There was no hesitation from either of them as their lips met and Stanley groaned. It had been so long since a woman kissed him like this; with deep passion and eagerness. He could tell Jim was enjoying this just as much as he was, and his lips were so soft and full they felt wonderful brushing against his own.

He nibbled at those lips, marvelling at just how nice they felt and how delicious the little gasps that escaped Jim's throat were. He took the chance and dove his tongue into the

former man's mouth to explore, finding nothing at all that reminded him of what Jim used to be.

His face was rounded and soft beneath his hands, and his tongue delicate as it danced with his own. He couldn't tell which one of them was leading, their positions seemed to shift and move. One moment he could feel Jim's teeth grazing his lips, pushing his head back into the couch and the next he was yielding as his hands moved down his sloped shoulders to hold him in place.

Stanley could feel the man's nipples through his thin black party dress as well, they crushed against his chest and suddenly he felt as though he had far too many clothes on. His erection was straining inside his tight dress pants and he groaned as Jim ground down on it.

His heart was pounding in his ears; the booth had given him back his youth but now he truly felt young again in every sense of the word. He hadn't felt so out of control, at the mercy of his own desire and hormones since he was in college himself a lifetime ago. It was exhilarating, intoxicating even and he was determined to give in to each and every urge.

His hands explored Jim's new body, feeling the gentle curves of his sides and cupping his ass. Jim moaned as he squeezed it tight and the air seemed to turn hot around them.

"This is amazing," Jim breathed between kisses, "I could do this all night."

"I couldn't." Stanley replied, "I want to do so much more than this."

He found the hem of Jim's dress and in one smooth movement, lifted it off, causing his breasts to rise and fall before settling against his chest. They were round and large with all the perky firmness that came with a young body untouched by age. Stanley grabbed great handfuls of the soft flesh and kneaded it between his fingers, groaning; it had been so long since he'd felt anything so lovely.

His fingers squeezed the pink nipples between them and Jim wailed, letting his head fall back so that his spine arched, thrusting the tits closer to Stanley's face for better access. He couldn't resist taking one of those pert nipples in his mouth and sucking gently and Jim rewarded him with more wonderful sounds as a result.

As he pulled back Jim surged forward and began unbuttoning his shirt; within a few minutes they were like teenagers, hurriedly undressing to the point that seams and buttons popped. They got off the couch just long enough for their clothes to be completely removed before falling back onto it in a naked heap. So much skin contact felt glorious and Stanley

held Jim as close as he could before the new woman finally wriggled out of his arms and down to his hips.

“I’ve been curious about how it would feel to do this ever since we watched Larry.” Jim said huskily, taking Stanley’s cock in his hand.

Just like Benjamin before him, Stanley barely had a moment to think before a warm mouth descended over him and he lost the ability to speak, or think really. There was just white hot pleasure radiating down his length as Jim bobbed up and down, swirling his tongue around the head.

It was the best blowjob he’d ever received; firm, but not hard enough to hurt and the suction was incredible. He couldn’t even tell when Jim was finding the time to breathe. His hands fondled Stanley’s balls as he sucked, running a finger from the sack down the sensitive skin between his ass and sack and back again until Stanley was seeing stars. He braced himself against Jim’s shoulders and fucked his mouth right up until completion and shuddered as he pulled away.

The pleasure of the orgasm was so intense he didn’t even soften all the way; he couldn’t remember the last time he went for more than one orgasm in a night but he was determined to break that streak. Jim was swallowing down his seed and that pretty face of his was flushed almost as red as his hair; he had to know what his new O face looked like.

“That was so much fun.” Jim giggled, “Way more fun than going down on a woman.”

“Fuck, I don’t think I could walk after that even if I wanted to.” Stanley groaned.

“Aw, tired old man?”

“Not too tired to fuck you.” He teased right back and Jim shivered.

“Go on then. I dare you.”

Jim leaned back on the couch, offering his naked self to Stanley and who was he to turn down such a sight? He surged forward, pinning Jim down to the couch by his wrists and locking his hips in place with his legs. He could feel Jim trembling beneath him in anticipation. He was tempted to hold things there; tease him a little until he was a whimpering mess before finally taking him but Stanley couldn’t bear the thought of waiting any longer.

He thrust inside with one fluid motion and the rapture that passed over Jim's face was unmatched. As he began to thrust, rolling his hips so that he could reach the deepest part of his friend's pussy he was mesmerised by Jim's face.

“oh...Oh yes, that's...”

“How does it feel?”

“Incredible! Don't stop! For the love of God don't s-stop!”

He didn't consider it for a second; his heart was racing and his blood was pounding in his veins. He felt alive and wild and that only heightened how good it felt to be buried in a tight young, almost virginal hole once more. It had been far too long. It didn't take him long to cum; after that incredible blow job it was a miracle he even lasted more than a minute. Fortunately, Jim didn't seem to mind as his seed splashed against his womb and he too fell over the edge.

His O face was just as hot as Stanley had imagined and he felt the image burning into his brain. Something to revisit when a cold shower didn't deal with his morning wood; weirdness over wanking to the memory of his friend be damned.

Finally spent, he collapsed against Jim's chest, pillowed by his breasts as those long limbs wrapped around him almost lovingly.

“That was amazing.” he sighed.

“I know, I can't believe we never thought of doing this before now...”

“How did it feel? Getting held down and fucked by a man?”

Jim sighed happily.

“Wonderful, you should try it.”

Curiosity burned inside him and Stanley smiled.

“Actually, I think I will, I feel like I am missing out.”

Jim chuckled.

“Tell you what, I have an idea that could be fun and involves you getting to be the woman.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah, but it’s got to be a surprise.”

“Tease.”

“Trust me, you’re going to love it.”

Part 3

Stanley was at his wits end. Jim had insisted on having a few days to get ready before he transformed for the first time and he was itching to know what the secret plan of his was. Still, he'd done everything the man asked; getting Michael and his wife out of the house for the day and for some reason, calling a plumber.

"There is nothing wrong with the plumbing." He reiterated as they made their way upstairs to the room where he kept the booth. "If you're making me waste money..."

"Trust me, this will all be worth it. Don't you watch porn at all? I thought the plumber was a dead give away for my plan." Jim grinned and Stanley rolled his eyes.

"You know my pornography days are long over, and even when I did indulge, I prefer the tactile touch of magazines over those over acted videos on the internet."

"Fair." Jim shrugged. "But I, on the other hand, love that stuff, especially the cucked videos."

"The what?"

Jim grinned, tapping away at the tablet on the front of the booth.

"It's simple, I'm going to pose as the owner of this place and you're going to be my wife. My poor, lonely wife who is all alone at home today..."

"You want me to seduce a plumber?" Stanley realised, letting out a bark of laughter in disbelief.

"Yeah, and then I'll come home 'early' and join in." Jim grinned, "Or at the very least watch."

Having two men fuck him at the same time was a lot for a first time. But after the experiences of the last week; it made him endlessly curious. The others seemed to have no reservations left once they were transformed so maybe he wouldn't either. He felt his cock twitch in his pants; just thinking about how it might feel was turning him on. A wide grin split across his face.

“Let’s get to it then.” He smiled and Jim punched the air in excitement.

He stepped into the machine with butterflies in his stomach; this was it! He was still nervous but his curiosity kept him in place as the machine rumbled to life. After all, Jim became a woman for him and gave him the best sex of his life, the least he could do was return the favour. And hopefully have some fun along the way.

Warmth flooded his body as he was used to and the transformation began. Unlike normal, he could feel his body warping dramatically; chest becoming round and bouncy, his hips stretching and most importantly, his cock disappearing all together. He could also feel a light touch of fabric winding its way around him but in the dark he couldn’t be sure exactly what clothes they made. Only that they barely covered him at all. After a few moments, he heard the bell ring and realised it was time for him to make his grand entrance. His heart pounded, this time with excitement; it was too late for regrets now anyway.

He knew Jim would have made him hot no matter what, so he stepped out with confidence, shocked to find his feet hit the ground much faster than he was used to. He looked down to see a pair of ridiculously high platform heels strapped to his feet, as well as a pair of thin fishnet stockings and mini skirt, as well as a generous midriff.

His round, heavy chest was barely covered by the crop top he was wearing but his greatest surprise was his skin. It was a gorgeous shade of ebony black, smooth as silk and utterly captivating. He walked right past Jim to the mirror and eagerly inspected his new reflection, grinning when he realised that he hadn't even thought about how to balance in these new heels. The machine really had taken care of everything just like the others and him being a buxom black woman felt as natural as breathing. Maybe even a little more so! He’d never felt so sexy in his life!

A ding distracted him from his little bout of vanity and he noticed the machine open again, Jim must have hopped inside himself after he was done. Now in the form of a muscular man with the same skin as himself, he grinned roguishly. Stanley even spied a gold band around his fingers and was suddenly aware of the cool metal against his own digit; wedding bands.

“What do you think?” He asked, “I thought it might make for a nice change of pace. I’ve had my fill of leggy pale women for now, haven’t you?”

“I guess it doesn't change anything.” Stanley shrugged, “The plumber should be here soon, let’s get started.”

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His skin tingled in anticipation as he answered the doorbell, a heavy set, muscular man in washed out jeans was on the other side and immediately Stanley knew this was going to be worth it. The plumber's eyes darted down, taking in his skimpy outfit before shooting back to meet his gaze, obviously trying to hide that he had been looking at all.

“Oh thank goodness you’re here.” Stanley smiled sweetly, “Come into the kitsch won’t you, the tap has been drying me crazy.”

The plumber nodded slightly awkwardly; his eyes moving from Stanley’s new body to the surrounds; clearly he had not been expecting a young, scantily clad woman to answer the door of an austere mansion. Stanley lead him through the house, enjoying wiggling his ass a little as he walked to entice the plumber a bit more.

“So sorry, what was your name?” He asked as they reached the kitchen.

“Jake.” The man said gruffly.

“Jake, what a handsome name.” Stanley cooed, leaning in close and giggling when he saw Jake begin to blush.

This was just too much fun; he never realised just how powerful it could feel to be a woman. How right it felt despite knowing this was just a temporary phase.

“So...what’s the problem?” Jake asked, clearing his throat and moving over to the sink.

“The pipe keeps banging.” Stanley lied, “Lie down on your back and I’ll show you which one.”

He watched as Jake choked a little at his words before doing just that, opening up the cupboard beneath the sink and laying down so he could look up at the pipes. Stanley put on an innocent face and got down on all fours, crawling up against him to squeeze into the tight space.

"It's this one right here." He said slowly, reaching so that his breasts were only a few inches from the man's face. "See?"

"Uh, not quite you're uh, in the way a little."

"Oh am I?" He giggled, "Sorry."

He pulled back, making sure to drag his hand along the man's leg as he went and watched as the front of his pants tensed slightly before flattening again. Jake had good self control; Stanley would give him that. The plumber banged around under the sink for a minute or two while Stanley made a show of leaning over the kitchen table in just the right position so that Jake would be able to see up his skirt. A loud bang and curse from behind him informed him that he was being a very successful distraction too.

"Have you found the problem?" He asked after a few minutes kneeling down next to Jake on the floor and leaning over him once more.

"Problem? Oh uh, no."

"Cause I can see you have a different problem here." Stanley cooed, pressing his palm into the bulge that was now permanently tenting the man's jeans, "But I could probably fix this one for you if you like."

His fingers played with the belt buckle, skillfully unbuckling it with only one hand. His fingers knew exactly how to move and his mouth was already watering; all the experience and female skills flooding into his brain as provided by the booth.

He swung his legs over the man's upper chest so that his ass was on full display, his skirt riding up to show off his pussy, covered only by the thin layer of fishnets as he pulled down Jake's jeans. The man's cock was revealed; thicker than most, with large balls. Stanley was shocked at the hunger he felt looking at them; they looked full to bursting and his curiosity was getting the better of him.

"I can't believe this is happening." Jake groaned and Stanley's full lips quirked.

"Believe it." He whispered before descending down onto the cock and running his tongue along the shaft.

He'd never thought about pleasuring a man this way before but there was something so deeply gratifying about it. Perhaps it was also the confidence boost he got from knowing he was doing amazing. Jake was groaning and grunting; thrusting up so that the tip hit the back of Stanley's throat over and over.

Each time the force had him suck in more air through his nose, increasing his lips grip. He swirled his tongue and fondled those heavy balls between his fingers feeling naughty and wild. He could only imagine how taboo this must have felt for the plumber, thinking he was fucking some other man's wife.

A moan escaped him as fingers parted his new folds; Jake was fingering him, pressing his digits between the holes in the fishnets to thrust in and out of him. Stanley rolled his hips, deepening the penetration each time and marvelling in the experience. Having something gliding up inside him felt so unreal. The pleasure was so different to what he was used to, it almost seemed deeper somehow and he could feel the pleasure radiating out through his entire body as a pressure began to build.

He didn't want to cum yet though; he wanted something much bigger in him before that happened. Something like this lovely cock for example. The one currently hard and stone between his lips as he bobbed. He was tempted to finish Jake off and taste his seed but he didn't want to risk tiring him too quickly; not yet. He made do with the salty tang of precum, rising up and reluctantly crawling away so that those fingers slipped out of him as well.

"Come over here, won't you?" He asked huskily, giving him a passionate kiss before getting to his feet and leaning his elbows down on the benchtop.

Jake was on his feet in an instant, kicking away his pants and underwear entirely before joining Stanley up at the island bench in the middle of the room. He gripped Stanley's hips hard, ready to take him from behind and the former man shivered; this was it.

Jake rubbed the tip of his cock up and down Stanley's slit a few times before slowly pushing inside. It stretched him so much more than his fingers ever could have and Stanley briefly saw white. His entire body felt overwhelmed with sensations he couldn't process; bliss chief among them. His eyes rolled and Jake began to thrust properly, holding Stanley's hips firm to set the pace. All Stanley could do was brace himself against the benchtop and enjoy the ride and what a ride it was! The movement was so intense he could feel his tits swaying free in the air.

He looked up and saw a glint coming from the door which was slightly ajar. Jim was watching. Stanley shot a wicked grin his way before opening his mouth and letting out a

pornographic wail as Jake hit something deep inside him that made the pleasure grow tenfold in just a second.

The sound was all Jim needed to open the door and step in and Stanley groaned in frustration as Jake jumped back, leaving him empty and wanting once more.

“You have such awful timing.” he pouted, standing up and walking over to Jim. “I was getting close.”

“Aw, sorry.” he cooed, not sounding sorry at all and giving Stanley a deep kiss that made his spine shiver.

Jake was babbling, stammering over several excuses before Jim held up his hand.

“It’s alright, my wife and I have an arrangement, don’t we darling.”

“One hell of an arrangement.” Stanley agreed, giggling at their own little joke. “Like what you saw?”

“Oh yes, though I am a little jealous I didn’t get a blowjob too.”

The hint was obvious and Stanley didn’t hesitate to take it, sinking to his knees and grabbing the hem of Jim’s pants along the way, lowering them so he could suck at his cock. He enjoyed himself for a minute or two before Jim suddenly pulled him up and forced him to turn around.

The firm hands pinned him against the kitchen counter and to his delight, Jim began to fuck him. He was longer than Jake; but didn’t stretch him quite as wide. It was yet another flavour of pleasure for him to enjoy and Stanley made sure to show just how much he was enjoying himself vocally, all while keeping his eyes on Jake who was standing, frozen and still hard in shock at what he was seeing.

He mentally compared the pleasure he was feeling being fucked by Jim to what he remembered of the sex with Jake moments ago and realised he couldn’t decide which was better. They were both different, yet good in their own ways and his greed began to manifest.

“Want to join us?” He grinned, shocking both Jim and himself at the suggestion.

Jim stopped thrusting, half buried in his pussy. It was a giant tease, not far enough out to anticipate the return, but not so far in that it was gratifying. That mixed with Jake’s shocked

yet horny expression filled him with glee. He may have been bent double over a table but he felt fully in control of both the men in the room.

“Hell yeah.” Jake grinned and Jim hesitated for just a moment before pulling out and pulling Stanley close.

“You are so bad.” He whispered, a wild smile on his face.

“You made me this way.” he whispered back before giggling girlishly and running over to grab Jake with one hand, then Jim with the other. “Let’s go have some fun.”

Stanley couldn’t believe how risky he was being, it was one thing to fuck upstairs in his game room where the booth was located. Fucking in the middle of his living room added a whole other level of illicit thrill to the affair; what would his wife think if she came home and found three apparent strangers going at it on her expensive couch? It would serve her right for all those affairs really, Stanley almost wished she’d come home.

At least until he pulled both his men down onto the couch and his wife fled his thoughts entirely. Replaced with the wonderful feeling of having Jake’s cock in his mouth and Jim’s in his pussy at the same time.

The pleasure inside him grew; pushing past the point where he would have cum as a man until he could barely stand it. The ecstasy overwhelmed him and he moaned deeply as the two men fucked him from both ends. The orgasm seemed to last forever and yet it still wasn’t enough. He needed more; he’d gone this far and he wanted to be as naughty as possible.

He could feel Jim getting close, his hands on his hips tightened their grip as his thrusts became shorter. At the same time Stanley could feel Jake’s balls tightening, getting ready to empty into his mouth. He sucked and pressed the flat of his tongue to the head, making sure he was as close as possible before popping off at the last second and replacing his mouth with his hand.

“Cum on me, both of you.” He ordered, “I wanna feel it so bad.”

With that Jake quickly pulled out, already groaning and on the edge and Stanley dramatically flopped himself down on the couch, spread open as much as possible as hot seed hit his face. He couldn’t tell who was who really, he was forced to close his eyes and savour the lingering pleasure of his orgasm while the two men gave him a facial.

He'd never done anything half as sinful as what he had today and it felt exhilarating. He could not believe this was his life and what's more, he couldn't wait to use the booth to explore even more avenues of sexual expression in the future. Today had been the best day of his life; it was going to be his mission to top it tomorrow.