

## Free Use

For SaoirseCook

By TheSpiralledEye

*After being dumped, a man finds himself in a new reality where not only is he a woman, but it is socially acceptable to service men in public.*

~

I held up my hands in defeat as Victoria slammed the door closed, leaving me out on the street with the few passersby giving me strange looks. What sort of person broke up with their partner right before their birthday? All because of a few forum posts? Glumly I glanced up at my watch; 10pm. Two hours from now I would officially be twenty-one. The plan had been for my girlfriend and I to hit the town so I could enjoy my new status without the need of a fake ID. But now that she'd decided to break up with me that was obviously off the table.

"Who needs her anyway? No sex before marriage? It's ridiculous." I grumbled to myself.

Victoria was gorgeous, so I had decided to take a chance despite her being a more conservative girl. I assumed that after a few months of dating she'd eventually break and decide sex was just too good to miss out on for years but she hadn't. Really, it was her fault I even started hanging out on those free love forums.

"You really think a world where any man could just demand a woman 'service' him at the drop of the hat would be fair!?" She'd cried, disgusted. "I can't believe you!"

It had all gone south from there; I should have known better than to try and explain how much better it would be to live in a world like that. The smart move would have been to swallow my pride and pretend she was in the right. Now I was single on the eve of my birthday...great.

I could always go out myself, of course, but going out on the town alone on my twenty-first just seemed...sad. Instead I made the slow, shameful walk home late at night and turned the key in the lock as quietly as possible. So instead of having fun in a club on

my birthday, I slipped into bed and just hoped my brothers didn't give me too much shit in the morning.

~

“Rise and shine! Birthday...boy?”

I groaned; Shane, my elder brother. I rubbed my face groggily and found him standing over me with a strange but knowing grin. That could only mean trouble.

“What do you want, Shane?” I grumbled, “I had a late night last night...”

“No you didn't, liar. Rich and I heard you sneak in early. What, did Victoria dump you or something?”

“Yes.”

“Oh.”

For a second, Shane looked awkward but evidently not enough to apologise.

“Well, up you get, Rich is making breakfast. Come on... up, up, up!”

Shane practically pushed me out of bed onto the floor and I groaned. I hated being the little brother so much. Our parents always said that this sort of hazing would stop once we were adults; how wrong they were! By the time I'd gotten up and dressed, he'd played three pranks on me; flushing the toilet while I was in the shower, hiding my razor and replacing my boots with high heels. At least I didn't need the razor today, my skin was unusually smooth.

I stepped into the kitchen and sighed; no wonder my brother was being such a dick, half his college football team was here, not just his mate Rich. They must have all been in on it.

“Well, if it isn't the birthday boy!” One of them yelled.

“Yeah birthday boy, how's it feel to be twenty-one?”

I ignored them, awkwardly moving through the cramped kitchen to get myself some toast.

“Why are all your meathead friends here?” I asked, and Shane just grinned.

“Well, I couldn’t resist, I already knew you’d be one of the lucky few to go through second puberty. Can you blame me for wanting to seal the deal?”

“Huh?”

I blinked in confusion, what the hell was a second puberty? Suddenly, I felt as though the proverbial ice bucket had been dumped on me; I knew that phrase. It was from the same forums I visited; the idea was based in a fictional world where men who weren’t “manly” enough transformed into women on their twenty-first birthday. Had Shane been snooping on my PC and found me looking at it? Or worse, had Victoria called him!?

“It’s just a dumb story idea.” I muttered, “don’t be an ass.”

Shane gave me a funny look, the same one he always used when he didn’t understand what somebody was saying. It was half confused, half bemused and managed to always make me second guess myself.

“Look, I think I’ll just go out for breakfa-ahh!”

I yelped as I accidentally slammed into the table while trying to back out of the kitchen; did they move the table as well? I turned, rubbing at my hip where it hit the wood and blinked in surprise; my hips looked...wider. The footballers around me all weirdly yelled out in delight at my shock; and it was then I started seeing other changes happening.

My hand was resting on the hip and I could see it changing shape before my eyes, my fingers becoming long and slender and my palm soft. I could actually feel my hips widening beneath my hand!

“What the hell!?”

The crowd of guys around me laughed excitedly, but Shane looked a little concerned.

“Alright guys, lay off. Let her have *some* dignity.”

“Her!?”

What the hell was happening? That whole 'transforming into a woman' thing was only for the stories, not reality! I rushed out of the house, still barefoot and in my clothes from last night; I needed air and to be away from that crowd of meatheads. If I had somehow found myself in a world where the least manly guy transformed, maybe I just needed to get away from that testosterone factory.

Distance didn't seem to be changing things though, my body was still warping. I could feel my shape changing to something softer and more curved; my shirt stretching in the front and becoming loose around my shoulders as they sloped. It was so disorienting I couldn't breathe...or maybe it was the weight of my new tits making me breathless.

"This can't be happening." I whispered to myself, running my hands over my face and feeling the features change.

My fingertips rested on my lips and felt them swell, growing full and round. The sort of lips I'd always liked myself in women. I tried to take stock of everything that was happening but it was happening so fast; my hair growing long, my butt swelling, my dick receding, I couldn't concentrate on any one aspect. I was totally overwhelmed.

Frantically, I tried to hold onto my cock. I didn't even care that I was in public desperately grabbing at my crotch trying to keep my manhood in place. But it was no use, it just kept disappearing, slowly shrinking until nothing was left and my fingers slipped inside warm folds through my shorts instead.

The feeling was a shock; alien, but not unpleasant. My cheeks turned red as I saw people staring and I turned on my heels to run, only to promptly fall on my ass. My body had changed so much that my centre of gravity had totally shifted. Luckily, my newly plump ass provided enough cushioning that it didn't hurt too badly. Except for my pride of course, what little there was left of it.

I got to my feet and wobbled like a newborn deer, trying to figure out how to move on these new legs of mine with their dainty feet and thick thighs. I stumbled before finally finding my balance and sprinting. I could feel my new boobs moving around as my chest pumped from side to side as I ran. It felt so strange having two mounds bouncing on my chest that I was forced to stop, still breathing heavily and feeling them heave.

I leaned over to catch my breath, which only exacerbated the weight on my chest and ass. How did women stand it; feeling them all the time? I looked up, trying to figure out how the hell this had happened. The world looked the same as I remembered, only now I was a woman and apparently nobody thought that was strange at all... not even the kitchen full of men who had watched it happening.

“Are you alright?” The voice was gentle and I realised there was a woman in a smart pencil skirt and blouse was looking at me with a concerned expression.

This was as good a test as any.

“I’m not sure, I just change.”

“From a man?” She smiled pleasantly. “Ah yes, it can be a bit disorienting. Don’t worry honey, you’ll soon get used to it.”

That sealed it; something had gone seriously wrong with reality, or me because what I just said should have had this woman confused as heck. Instead she seemed understanding casually, as if men turning into women happened every day.

She gave me a firm pat on the back and a wave before crossing the street; calling out over her shoulder as she went.

“Good luck!”

I was still reeling from the whole interaction when this new universe of mine threw me another massive curveball. The woman who had just been comforting me stepped up onto the opposite sidewalk just as a stressed looking fellow walked out around the corner. He was power walking, but clenching and unclenching one of his hands while the other had a white knuckle grip on his briefcase. His expression turned to relief as he saw the woman approaching.

“Wonderful, I have a job interview in fifteen.” He said, loud enough for me to hear. “Blow job, please?”

“Sure,” the woman replied, getting down on her knees with zero fuss before pulling out the man’s length and placing it in her mouth.

Right there and then, on the street in full view with zero shame, she started to suck him off. I felt my jaw drop open and glanced around but nobody seemed particularly surprised or bothered. In fact, now that I was looking there was another couple doing it doggy style on the small grassy patch half a block away.

Not only had I been transported into this weird reality where men could transform but apparently they were expected to service men whenever they were asked; and it was just...normal? I'd read stories about it of course, it was a kink I understood but to actually see it in practice was something else entirely, especially now that I was now female myself!

"Long night, darling?"

The voice took me by surprise and I spun around (managing to stay on my feet this time) to see a man about my own age standing there grinning. His eyes were looking me up and down. It was then that I realised how I must look; wearing boxers and a man's shirt stretched over my huge tits, no bra, standing in the middle of the street barefoot.

"I guess you could say that," I replied, swallowing nervously.

The man's eyes were still roaming over me, and from the expression on his face it was clear he liked what he saw. Was he going to ask me to...do things for him? I know the idea should have revolted me but after the insanity of the morning my curiosity had peaked. Plus, I'd always had a thing for exhibitionism. A new body meant I essentially had a new start; nobody knew who I was right now, I could do anything consequence free...including this guy.

"Need something to take your mind off it?" He smiled, "I wouldn't mind feeling those lips on me."

It wasn't some cheesy pick up line, he didn't add any bravado or wiggle his eyebrows. It was all so casually accepted; he was already unzipping his fly because the idea that I would say no hadn't occurred to him. Why did that make this situation so much hotter?

My body was moving faster than my thoughts and before I knew it I was on my knees. I could feel a burning need between my legs that was new and subtly addictive. Was this what it felt like to get turned on as a woman? I liked it. I'd never given a blowjob before and felt slightly clumsy as I opened my mouth to accept the stranger. He smiled down at me and patted the top of my head.

"Don't worry, I'll be gentle."

The gesture was oddly encouraging and I slid forward and felt the cock run along my tongue before closing my lips around it and sucking down. I'd never given a blow job before, but I

knew what felt good from experience at least. I slowly bobbed my head back and forth, surprised by my lack of gag reflex.

The movement felt oddly natural and so much more arousing than I thought possible. At first I let the man guide me with his hand. Tightening and loosening his hold on my hair as he pushed me gently back and forth but then I started to take more initiative. I reached up to grasp the base, running the flat of my tongue along the shaft and swirling it around the tip with each pump till I had him gripping my head for dear life as I pleased him.

“No way this is your first time.” He groaned.

I couldn't answer, so I moaned around his cock and sped up, pressing the tip of my tongue along his slit as I pulled back each thrust. I could feel his balls slapping against my chin as he started thrusting harder; his promises to be gentle went out the window as he got closer but I didn't care.

It felt oddly right being here in this position. I may have been the one on my knees but I felt totally in control. He was lost in his own ecstasy, all thanks to me. I hollowed my cheeks and kept sucking until finally his grip on my hair turned almost painful as he spasmed and came right down my throat. I swallowed without thinking and pulled back out of shock.

Had I really just done that, and enjoyed it?

“Nice work, feeling better?” The man said after a moment, he unzipped himself and offered me a hand up.

“Yes, actually,” I blushed.

“Well, you're a class act.” He grinned, “Thanks. Have a nice day!”

And just like that, he was off, as if all I'd done was give him directions, not the best orgasm of his life. Was this my life now, living as a woman who gave blow jobs on the street without judgement? Another man caught my eye, he was sitting on the nearby bench with the newspaper and waved me over with a wry smile; clearly he'd just had a front row seat to that blowjob. I found myself smiling too as I approached him, new pussy wet and ready. Something told me I'd be using it sooner rather than later.