

Part III

There was a quiet, almost frightened knock. Lew opened the door, and her eyes went wide as she took in Baxter's messy new hairstyle, then let her eyes drop to his slender, feminine frame and curvy hips. "Wow," she said, as her eyes continued down to his round, coltish legs and then to the wedge heels. "We're the same height now."



Baxter raised his arms to the sides and did a ballet bow. "I have no idea what's happening to me," he said, stepping into the apartment, slipping his purse off his shoulder and setting it on the couch. Lew got her first look at his bouncy new heart shaped ass.

“I think I know exactly—okay, I just have to say, awesome ass, dude—anyway, wow, okay. You’re manifesting life crazy, dude. I mean, I’ve never seen anything like it.”

Baxter sat down, and programmed by his wife with new, feminine mannerisms, he crossed his legs at the knee like a woman. He brushed his bangs back. “Manifesting?”

“It’s when your thoughts become reality. Like when someone thinks of an old friend and wonders how they’re doing, and then that old friend suddenly calls them. That kind of thing, only in this case, well...” she waved at his body. “You want to smoke some weed?”

“Hell, yes,” Baxter said.

Lew went to her stash and got some weed, then sat down next to Bax and started to pack the bowl on her hooka. “I still don’t follow,” Baxter said, looking around the room, appreciating the boho vibe on a level he’d never done before. Her batik wall hangings in particular now really spoke to him. He needed one. Or two.

“You found me, this off the wall, sorta crazy girl who couldn’t be more removed from your corporate robot deal. You wanted escape, right? Something new and exciting?” Lighting the weed in the bowl, she took a toke, held, then released, the air filling with the sweet smell of her always premium herb.

“Yeah,” Baxter agreed, taking a hit from the bong. Holding it.

“Well, you got a taste, and you liked it. Now, you’re manifesting your truest desires. You don’t just want me. You want to be me. You’re turning into me.” She took the hose and took a toke. “And doing a very good job of it.”

“You?” The thought unnerved Baxter because though he didn’t think it was true, he kind of thought it might be true. He thought about his hair, piercings, his changing body. Even just sitting, he couldn’t ignore the feeling of his big, soft behind. “I don’t want to be a girl.”

“You’re body says otherwise.”

Baxter’s ex-wife, Annie, loved that Lew had decided Bax wanted to turn into a pixie dream girl. She loved that Lew had suggested it to him, especially given the stunned look on his face. She decided this was the perfect time to send her husband on another life changing trippy gender walkabout. As Lew and Bax traded the hose back and forth, getting higher and higher, Annie let the magic flow as both Bax and Lew found themselves getting horny, staring into each other’s eyes. Lew took the first move, brushing Baxter’s hair back, kissing him, then pushing him onto his back, ripping his shirt open.

Bax had never felt this horny, and he was a horny man. They kissed, caressed, peeled each other out of their clothes and then... and then...

“Damn it,” Bax said, his voice cracking, but settling back to its normal range. For now. “This never happens to me.” Once more his voice cracked.

“Oh, it happens to all guys,” Lew said. “Anyway, I have an idea of how we can spice things up a bit.”

“Yeah?”

“Wait here.”

Lew went off to the bathroom. Bax waited, humiliated, but aching with desire. His junk seemed smaller, and it wasn't reacting at all to the fact he had a beautiful woman he was crazy about naked and right there. It made him nervous, especially given Lew's suggestion. What was about to happen would make him even more nervous.

Deciding he needed a little more high, Bax lit up the hooka and took a toke, then gagged and started to choke and cough as Lew threw the bathroom door open and stood there, legs spread, arms crossed over her chest in a power pose, wearing a strap on dildo.

Baxter felt his entire body clench at the sight of her strapped up, and the look on her face was—feral. He pushed himself away from her, coughing, pounding his chest, trying to clear his throat.

“It's all about experimentation,” Lew said, striding across the room, her walk now ropey and manly. “It's all about breaking boundaries.”

Annie, loving this turn of events and getting all kinds of ideas how she wanted the scene to play out, made a change.

“I don't think... I don't...” Bax started to say, I don't think so, but he found himself gazing at that dildo, feeling a heat and a hunger growing in him. The dildo was the prettiest thing he'd ever seen, and he craved it, wanted it more than he'd ever wanted anything. “I don't ... I don't think I can say no.”

Lew chuckled, a gruff, masculine chuckle. “You love it, don't you, you dirty girl.”

“Dirty Girl.” Hearing himself called a dirty girl made Baxter's body get hot, flush. “I hate it,” he whispered, “but I need it.”

“I thought so.”

Baxter reached out and grabbed the dildo, squeezed, and the feeling of it in his hand made him gasp. Without even thinking, he dropped to his knees, the cock now right in front of his mouth, and he looked up at Lew, a naughty look on his face. Lew nodded, and Bax grabbed the base of the dildo with one hand while opening wide and drawing it into his mouth. He

felt Lew put her hand on his head, just like he was a woman, and he started to bob, feeling the dildo sliding over his tongue, deep into his mouth. He couldn't understand why he was doing it, but he needed to, and it felt so good, and he knew this was what Lew wanted, how he could prove to her he was no uptight corporate robot.

There was no release. Only growing tension, and somehow, somehow, shocked, appalled and yet aroused like never before, he found himself on his hands and knees while Lew grunted, thrust, pegged him. He was making little noises, and each time Lew thrust into him, his voice grew higher and higher... and at the same time, he felt his chest swelling, rising, now bouncing each time she rammed into him, his nipples hard, aching, sticking out



what felt like a foot from his chest... Thrust, and his voice rose, his breasts swelled, thrust and his voice got higher, breasts even bigger. Maybe it should have freaked him out, but it felt so good, so right. “Unh... unh... unh... omigod... omigod...” he heard himself crying out in a high-pitched, woman’s voice... “Omigod... OOOOOOO--- eeeeeeee!”

Annie felt over laughing as she gave her ex his first female orgasm. Bax looked blissfully confused, not really understanding what had just happened, but knowing that he liked it and wanted more. No man can ever be the same, Annie thought, once he’s cum like a woman. Bax was broken. Totally broken. He would need a new name. She started thinking about it.

After, Bax lay on his side. Lew was spooning him, one hand playing with one of his newly grown tits. He was lost in post-coital confusing, a mixture of pleasure and shame. His mind flickered from one shocking new experience to another, but with Lew gently massaging the soft, firm weight of his new puppies, his mind went to his breasts. “I grew a pair of tits,” he said, wincing slightly at the sound of his feminine voice, which in turn brought the memory of how it had kept rising and rising as Lew had—pounded him.

“And good ones,” Lew said. “So firm.” She squeezed, and he moaned. “Your voice sounds pretty. You sound like a girl. It’s like I fucked the man right out of you.”

“Hey.”

“I don’t mean that in a bad way,” Lew said, kissing him on the neck. “This is all a part of your journey, and I’m just glad I can help you find your truest self, babe.”

“A guy can’t just grow a pair of tits.” Baxter knew he had, indeed, done just that, but he also knew it wasn’t possible. Impossible or not, he could only feel less of a man now that he had big, soft breasts. Like a girl.

“Manifesting,” Lew said, blowing hot breath into his ear, squeezing then pinching his nipple.

“Unh. Should it be called Womanfesting in my case?” Bax said, his voice hoarse. “It’s not right for a guy to have tits.”

“How do they feel?”

“Good,” Baxter admitted as he squeezed his legs together, reveling in fascinating new, female sensations his breasts offered. “Incredible.”

“And how does the saying go, little pixie?”

“If it feels good; it is good,” Bax said, turning to give Lew a kiss, to thank her for all the pleasure she’d given him, the life-changing lessons.

“Okay. Time for more fun,” Lew said, pinching him on the hip. ‘Let’s go... go... go...’

“Where? What?” Bax said.

“Adventure,” Lew said taking his small hand, pulling him to his feet. “But first, you need to make yourself pretty. Time for makeup.”

“Makeup?” Annie let Bax have his normal reaction. No way, he thought. He’d already gone too far... he... he... yes. He needed to know what it felt like to put on makeup, to see how he’d look with makeup. There was only one problem. “I don’t know how to put on makeup.”

“I’m going to show you,” Lew said with a smile. “This is going to be so much fun.”

Bax heard himself giggle, and said, “I can’t wait.” He sat primly, legs crossed at the knees. Lew pinned his hair back, pulling his bangs out of his eyes, then covered his face in moisturizer, then foundation. It felt cool and smelled pretty. She brushed eyeshadow over his eyelids, applied eyeliner and mascara. All of the colors struck him as so pretty, and the floral smell of the products made his head swim. He tapped his foot, tapped and tapped as she had him pucker and then used a wand to paint his lips. As soon as she was done, he started bouncing in place, giggling, “let me see. Let me see.”



Lew handed him her phone, and he squealed when he saw his face now painted with sparkly eyeshadow and blush, sparkly lipstick. The whole while Lew did his makeup, Annie had been sculpting his face, softening his features. His eyes didn’t just look bigger: they

were bigger. Hips lips were more plump and inviting even without the lipstick. “I look like a girl,” he whispered. “I look just like a girl.”

“Not a girl,” Lew said, shaking her head from side to side.

“No?” To his surprise, it hurt hearing her say he didn’t look like a girl. He wanted and needed to look like a girl.

“Not a girl,” Lew repeated cupping his chin and tilting his head back. “A pixie dream girl.”

“Hahahaha!” Baxter laughed his new, high-pitched laugh. He jumped to his feet and hugged Baxter, then started prancing in place. “Let’s go out. Let’s find a party. Let’s dance the chaos.”

“Oh, we are going out,” Lew said. “I want to show you off. Now, come on over to my magic closet of wonders.” She opened the door to her closet, packed as it was with clothes. “Pick whatever you want to wear.”

Perfect Annie, thought. Too perfect.

“Girl clothes?” Baxter hesitated. He wasn’t into cross dressing. But, then, Annie made a change, and he suddenly felt himself tingle with pleasure at the thought of wearing a cute skirt or a sexy dress, maybe a bustier or a corset? It was forbidden, wrong, transgressive. It was so him. A wicked smile lit up his face and he turned to Annie. “The boys aren’t going to stand a chance.” He stopped. “Wait, I don’t like boys or anything, I just—”

Lew put her hands on his shoulders and turned him back to face the closet. “Pick an outfit. We can work on your denial later, toots.”

Baxter’s eyes were drawn immediately to a pair of hot pink ankle boots with spikey straps perched on the shelf above the dress. He took them down, caressing them as he held them to his chest. “Love,” he said.

“You’ve got great taste.”

Bax tore into the closet like a woman possessed. “Omigod,” he said, grabbing a hot pink corset with white ruffles and holding up in front of his body. “I need to wear this.”

“Of course you do.”

He paired the corset with a tiny mini-skirt as well as fishnet stockings. As he slipped into each new garment, he felt like his whole body was being kissed by a thousand pairs of soft, silky lips, his skin tingling, and that delightful tension building inside him until, as he finished zipping up his boots and stood, he gasped, crying out, his knees going weak as he orgasmed again, a feeling like a ball of heat exploding inside him. He collapsed back onto

the chair, knees together, face flush as he fanned himself, his pupils fat with pleasure. “Omigod,” he said. “It’s just... everything is going on inside me like—wow and wow some more.”



“You are one lucky girl,” Lew said, recognizing what had just happened, finding it cute and kind of amazing so see Baxter, uptight, super macho control freak Baxter, getting off by dressing up in her clothes. She was happy for him. It confirmed one of her core beliefs: that most guys who tried so hard to seem so macho, were actually desperately trying to hide their feminine tendencies.

Girl. Baxter wasn’t sure how he felt about being called a girl, though with his newly grown breasts shoved up and threatening to pop out of the top of his corset, he wasn’t really in much position to

argue about it. Girl. He turned the word over in his mind. Hecksy, he thought. Maybe I am a girl.

“I want a picture,” Lew said, taking out her phone. Bax struck a sexy pose, smiling and giggling, and then rushed over to see, squealing, clapping. “I’m fucking hot!” He said in that sexy little voice. “Golly wolly, it’s so empowering to put on a skirt.”

“I wish more men felt that way,” Lew said. “I’ve always felt the world would be a much safer place if men wore dresses and heels.”

Annie chuckled. Her dear old ex was now and forever more would be obsessed with shoes, especially heels, opting to wear them whenever possible. So, he now had a fetish for women’s clothes and shoes as well as makeup, piercings and public dancing. He was coming along nicely.

Bonus

