

BECOMING STACY: PART 1

A two part gender-bender story by JohnManTD

Chapter 1

The music was a physical thing, a bass line that vibrated up from the soles of my feet and rattled my teeth. It was the kind of party that would be talked about for weeks, the kind of legendary shit that Sigma Chi was known for. Our annual Halloween bash, 'Slasher and Spandex,' was in full swing, and the entire house was a writhing, sweating mass of humanity. The air was thick with the smell of cheap beer, pumpkin-spice vodka, and the cloying sweetness of a dozen different fog machines. I loved it. It was my natural habitat.

I leaned against the kitchen doorway, taking a slow sip of whatever jungle juice Kyle had mixed up in the cooler. It tasted like gasoline and fruit punch, which meant it was working. My costume, if you could call it that, was a masterpiece of low-effort, high-impact genius. I was the 'Slasher Victim.' All it took was an old white t-shirt, a pair of jeans, and half a bottle of fake blood. The real key, though, was the strategic rips in the shirt. I'd spent a good twenty minutes in front of the mirror tearing the fabric just so, creating perfect windows to showcase the abs I busted my ass for five days a week in the gym. It was a Trojan horse of a costume; it looked like I didn't care, but it was designed for maximum effect.

And it was working. My game was on point tonight. I'd been working a pair of girls dressed as sexy angels for the last half hour. One blonde, one redhead. A classic dilemma. They were laughing at all my jokes, their eyes lingering on my chest when they thought I wasn't looking. The blonde, Tiffany or maybe Brittany, was practically sitting in my lap. I had my arm slung casually around her shoulder, my fingers just brushing the top of her arm, feeling the goosebumps rise on her skin. She was into it. I was just deciding which one I was going to peel away from the other when the redhead's face went a sickly shade of green.

"Oh my god, Ashley, are you okay?" the blonde asked, her attention snapping away from me.

Ashley didn't answer. She just slapped a hand over her mouth, her eyes wide with horror. A second later, she was shoving her way through the crowd, heading for the back door.

"I'm so sorry," the blonde said, scrambling to her feet. "I have to go..."

"Hey, no worries," I said, putting on my most understanding smile. "You go take care of your friend. I'll be right here."

But I knew the score. Once you're on vomit duty, the night is over. I watched her disappear into the throng, a flash of white feathers and sequins, and sighed. A damn shame. The blonde had a spectacular ass. Oh well. Plenty more fish in this over-packed, booze-soaked sea.

I scanned the room again, my eyes glazing over the usual parade of costumes. Sexy nurses, sexy cats, a few guys who went for actual humor and were dressed as giant bananas. Amateurs. My gaze drifted, and then it stopped. It was like the whole noisy, chaotic room went into slow motion.

There she was.

She was standing near the makeshift bar, nursing a drink in a red plastic cup. She was dressed as a witch, but not some cheap, Party City version. This was the real deal. A tight, black corset-style top that pushed everything up and together, a short, ragged skirt, and a pointed hat perched on a cascade of raven-black hair. Her eyes were lined with thick, dark makeup that made them look mysterious and dangerous. She was hot, no question. But that wasn't what had stopped my heart.

It was her rack.

My god, what a rack. They were magnificent. Two perfect, gravity-defying spheres, spilling out of the top of her costume. They looked impossibly round, impossibly full. I felt my mouth go dry. It was like they had their own gravitational pull, and my entire consciousness was being sucked into their orbit. I'd seen a lot of tits in my twenty-one years. In person, online, in magazines. But these were on another level. These were Hall of Fame titties.

My previous disappointment evaporated, replaced by a singular, primal focus. Her. I needed to talk to her. I needed to know if those things were real, and if so, what kind of divine being had crafted them.

A new mission objective was locked in. I straightened up, flexing my core instinctively. I reached up and gave my shirt another little tug, widening the main rip across my stomach just a fraction more. A little extra advertising never hurt. I set my cup down, ran a hand through my hair, and started moving through the crowd, a shark gliding through murky water toward its prey.

She was just standing there, looking vaguely bored by the whole scene, when I slid into place beside her. I leaned against the bar, trying to look casual, striking a pose that I knew made my arms and shoulders look their best.

"That's a hell of a costume," I said, my voice a low, practiced purr. I let my eyes do a slow, deliberate sweep down her body and back up, making sure she knew exactly what I was looking at. "Really... captures the imagination."

She turned her head slowly and looked at me. Her eyes were a dark, unreadable brown. She didn't smile. "Does it," she said, her voice flat. It wasn't a question.

Okay, a little cold. Some of them liked to play hard to get. I could work with that.

"Yeah, definitely," I grinned, leaning in a little closer, lowering my voice to a more conspiratorial tone. "I mean, I'm a big fan of magic. And you look like you're hiding some powerful stuff." I gave a pointed glance down at her chest.

A flicker of something, annoyance, maybe, crossed her face. "Right. Look, I'm just trying to have a drink. Do you mind?"

Whoa. That was more than just playing hard to get. That was outright dismissal. My brain short-circuited for a second. That never happened. Girls didn't just... dismiss me. I was Stan Wheeler. Quarterback for two years in high school, number one singles on the tennis team, Sigma Chi social chair. My life was a highlight reel of effortless wins.

I recalibrated. Maybe she was one of those artsy types who thought jocks were lame. I had to show her I was different.

"Hey, easy," I said, putting my hands up in a gesture of mock surrender. "Just trying to be friendly. It's a party. My name's Stan, by the way." I offered a hand.

She just stared at it until I let it drop, feeling like an idiot.

"I'd really just like to be left alone," she said, her voice quiet but firm.

This was starting to piss me off. Who the hell did she think she was? Dressed like that, with tits out to here, in the middle of a frat house, and she expected to be left alone? That wasn't how it worked. It was like bringing a steak to a dog park and getting mad when they sniffed around.

"C'mon, don't be like that," I pressed, my charming smile feeling stretched and fake. I wasn't going to let this girl, no matter how hot, embarrass me. "One drink. What's the harm? I don't bite. Unless you want me to." I threw in a wink for good measure.

That was the wrong move. The final straw. She turned to face me fully, and her dark eyes were blazing.

"Ugh, seriously?" she snapped, her voice no longer quiet. "What is it with you people? Do you hear yourselves? Can you not take a hint? I said no. I'm not a prize to be won. I'm not a piece of meat you get to try and conquer. How about treating me like a human being and not some object whose only purpose is to validate your pathetic ego?"

The words hit me like a slap. The guys and girls around us at the bar were starting to look over. My face flushed hot. I was being dressed down, lectured, in the middle of my own house, by this chick with the god-tier rack. I opened my mouth to say something, to fire back with some cutting remark, but nothing came out. For the first time all night, probably all year, I was completely speechless.

Then, just as suddenly as it had come, the anger drained from her face. The tension in her shoulders relaxed. Her lips, which had been pressed into a thin, angry line, curved upward into a slow, sly smile. It was a complete one-eighty, and it was deeply unsettling.

"Actually," she said, her voice dropping to a seductive, husky whisper. "You know what? Fuck it."

I just stared at her, my brain struggling to catch up. What the hell was happening? One second she was tearing me a new one, the next she was looking at me like she wanted to devour me.

"I... what?" was all I could manage.

She took a step closer, closing the space between us. Her eyes were sparkling with a kind of mischievous, almost wicked light. She reached up and placed a hand on my chest, right over the fake-blood stain. Her fingers were cool against my skin.

"You heard me," she purred. She leaned in, her lips brushing against my ear. "Plans change."

Before I could process the change-up, she leaned back slightly, her hand still on my chest, and she just kissed me. Her lips were soft and tasted of cinnamon and something else,

something dark and intoxicating. It wasn't a tentative kiss; it was deep and demanding, a kiss that staked a claim. My brain, which had been stuck in neutral, roared back to life, all systems firing on a single impulse: yes.

When she finally pulled back, I was breathless.

"Oh, damn," I said, a goofy grin spreading across my face. "Straight to the point. I like your style."

The devilish smirk was back. "Why waste time?" she asked, her gaze intense. "Where's your room?"

I didn't question it. I didn't think about her bizarre mood swing, her lecture, or anything else. All I could think about was her body, her lips, and the fact that this night was about to take a spectacular turn for the better.

"This way," I said, grabbing her hand. Her skin was cool and smooth. I led her through the throng of people, a triumphant grin plastered on my face. A few of my brothers saw me, and I gave them a subtle nod, a silent affirmation of my victory. Chad gave me a thumbs-up over some girl's shoulder. Yeah, I was the man.

My room was an oasis of relative calm amidst the chaos. I'd cleaned it this morning, knowing there was a non-zero chance I'd be bringing someone back. I kicked the door shut behind us, and the thumping bass of the party was instantly muffled, replaced by the sound of our breathing.

She didn't hesitate. She turned and pushed me against the door, her mouth finding mine again. This kiss was even more intense, more desperate. Her hands were in my hair, pulling me closer, while my own hands went exploring, sliding down her back and finding the curve of her ass. It was even better than I'd imagined.

We stumbled toward my bed, a tangle of limbs and mouths. Clothes started coming off. Her witch hat was tossed aside, her corset top was unlaced with fumbling, eager fingers. When it finally came loose and I peeled it away, I had to stop and just stare. They were even more perfect up close, pale and full in the dim light filtering in from the hallway.

"Jesus," I breathed, my eyes wide.

She just smiled, that same damn smirk, and undid the button on my jeans. We kept kissing

as we stripped, a frantic, hungry kind of kissing that promised a wild night. We fell onto the bed, her on top of me, her skin hot against mine.

"How about a condom?" she said, her voice a little breathless as she straddled my hips.

I laughed. It was a genuine, reflexive laugh. The question seemed absurd.

"That's for pussies," I said, reaching up to cup one of her perfect breasts.

She paused, looking down at me. Her expression was hard to read. "Yeah," she said slowly. "It's to stop pussies from getting cum in them."

Her tone was weird, but my brain was too fogged with lust to care. "No, not pussies," I clarified, stumbling over my words. "Like... it's for bitch dudes who are scared. Agh, you know what I mean. We don't need it. I'll just pull out. It's fine."

The smirk was back, but it looked different now. Colder. "You really don't respect women, do you?" she asked, her voice dangerously quiet.

The question was like a splash of cold water. We were naked, on my bed, seconds away from fucking, and she was starting this shit again?

"What the hell?" I said, my frustration boiling over. "Are we gonna fuck or what?"

She smiled, a wide, predatory smile that didn't reach her eyes. It sent a genuine shiver down my spine.

"Oh, darling," she purred, leaning down close to my face. "This is going to be good."

And then she started chanting.

It wasn't loud, just a low, guttural string of words in a language I'd never heard before. My dick, which had been rock hard a second ago, started to soften. This was fucking weird.

"Hey, what the fuck is that?" I asked, trying to sit up, but she placed a hand on my chest, and it felt impossibly heavy. "Some kind of roleplay shit?"

She rolled her eyes, never breaking her chant. The words got faster, more intense. I felt a weird static electricity in the air, the hairs on my arms standing on end. Her eyes started to glow, a faint, violet light that seemed to emanate from within.

Okay, I was officially freaked out. This was not sexy.

"Get the fuck off me!" I yelled, shoving at her, but it was like pushing against a statue.

She finished her chant with one final, sharp word that echoed in the small room. Then she held her palms out toward me, and a wave of shimmering, purple energy blasted out of her hands and slammed into my chest.

It didn't hurt. It just felt... invasive. Like plunging into ice-cold water. A deep, cellular-level shock that vibrated through every bone in my body. I shrieked, a high, pathetic sound. The energy washed over me, and then it was gone.

I lay there, panting, my heart trying to beat its way out of my ribcage. The room was silent except for my ragged breaths. She was no longer on top of me. She was standing by the bed, looking down at me with an expression of detached satisfaction.

"What the fuck was that?" I gasped, scrambling backward on the bed until my back hit the wall.

"A curse," she said simply, as if she were telling me the time. "I think you need to learn a thing or two. A little empathy. A little perspective."

She started gathering her clothes, pulling her skirt back on, grabbing her corset. She moved with an unhurried grace that was infuriating.

"That's it?!" I yelled, my voice cracking. "You pull this crazy voodoo shit and you're just leaving?!"

She laughed, a genuine, musical laugh this time. It was the most terrifying sound I had ever heard. "You didn't actually think I was going to fuck you, did you?" she asked, pulling the corset tight and tying the laces with practiced ease. "God, your ego is astounding."

She picked up her hat and walked to the door. She paused with her hand on the knob and looked back at me, one last time.

"Good luck with the curse," she said with a wink. "It'll stop affecting you when you've learned your lesson."

And then she was gone.

I sat there, naked and shaking on my bed, for what felt like an eternity. What the fuck was that all about? A curse? Was she just a psycho? A performance artist? My mind raced, trying to find a logical explanation, but there was none. The glowing eyes, the blast of energy... that felt real.

Eventually, the adrenaline started to fade, replaced by a deep, hollow confusion. I got up and pulled on a pair of boxers and a t-shirt. Fuck it. I went back out to the party, hoping to find her, to get some answers. But the house was already starting to clear out. The music was quieter, the lights were on in the kitchen, and a few of my brothers were starting the miserable process of collecting red plastic cups. Most of them were just passed out on various couches and chairs. I asked Chad and Kyle if they'd seen the witch leave, but they just grunted, their eyes glazed over.

Defeated, I grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge, chugged half of it, and headed back to my room. I locked the door, stripped down again, and crawled into bed. My body felt weird, tingly, like the lingering effects of a mild electric shock. I tried to dismiss it all as a drunken hallucination, a weird hookup with a girl who was way too into roleplaying.

But as I lay there in the dark, the memory of her cold smile and her final, chilling words echoed in my head.

It'll stop affecting you when you've learned your lesson.

What the hell did that even mean?

Chapter 2

The next morning, I woke up with a pounding headache and a vague sense of dread. The events of the previous night felt like a bizarre fever dream. The witch, the chant, the blast of energy. It had to be bullshit, right? Some elaborate prank or a shared hallucination brought on by Kyle's questionable jungle juice. The curse was a joke. I laughed it off.

I spent the weekend in a haze of football, video games, and nursing a two-day hangover. I asked a few more people if they remembered seeing a girl in an elaborate witch costume. Blank stares. A few guys remembered me leading some girl upstairs, but their descriptions were vague and contradictory. One guy said she was blonde, another was convinced she was a

short redhead. It was like she'd been erased from everyone's memory but mine. That was weird, unsettlingly so, but I pushed it to the back of my mind. Crazy chick. End of story.

By Monday, the whole incident had been compartmentalized and filed away under 'Weird Fucking Night.' I was back in my element, striding across campus in the crisp autumn air. It was Econ 101, my easiest class, a lecture hall filled with two hundred people and one ancient professor who probably couldn't see past the third row. It was prime time for people-watching.

I slid into my usual seat in the back, dropping my bag on the floor. A few minutes later, Heather Armstrong sat down next to me. Of course. Heather was the captain of the cheer squad, a certified ten-out-of-ten baddie. She was all long, honey-blond hair, tanned skin, and a body that looked like it had been sculpted by angels. Today, she was wearing a tight, low-cut sweater that was doing an admirable job of containing her considerable assets.

Professor Davies started droning on about macroeconomic theory, but I wasn't listening. I was staring. I leaned forward slightly, resting my elbows on the desk to get a better angle. From here, I had a perfect, bird's-eye view right down the V of her sweater. Cleavage. Deep, shadowy, and utterly mesmerizing.

Damn, she's fucking hot, I thought, my mind starting to wander down a well-trodden path. My brain kicked into its usual gear, the internal monologue that had served me so well for years. Look at those things. They're perfect. Bet they're soft. I'd love to just bury my face in them. Squeeze 'em. Suck on those nipples until she's begging me to stop...

I was deep in my own private fantasy when a strange sensation broke through. An itch, right in the center of my chest. I scratched at it absently through my polo shirt, my eyes still fixed on Heather's chest. The itch didn't go away. In fact, it got worse, spreading out across my pecs, a persistent, tingling irritation.

I finally tore my eyes away from the view and scratched more vigorously. It wasn't helping. It was more than an itch now; it was a deep, warm, prickling feeling, like my skin was waking up. I looked down, annoyed, and froze.

My pecs looked... weird.

They were swollen, puffy. It kind of looked like I'd just done a chest-workout, but I hadn't since Friday... and they also didn't look their normal hardened low body-fat shape. This was...

soft. I subtly pushed on my left pec with my fingertips. It yielded like a stress ball, soft and pliable. There was no firmness, no hard muscle underneath. Just... flesh.

My heart started to beat a little faster. I looked at the front of my shirt. The light blue fabric of my polo was stretched taut across my chest in a way it never had been before. The buttons looked like they were under strain, pulling at the holes.

Wait... is my top shrinking? What the fuck.

It looked like it was shrinking. The sleeves felt tighter around my biceps, the collar felt snuggier around my neck. But the most alarming part was my chest. The swelling wasn't stopping. I could feel it, a slow, inexorable expansion, a weirdly pleasant plumping sensation that was also terrifying. The fabric strained, and I could have sworn I saw the shadow of a line forming between my pecs. What the fuck was going on?!

I had to get out of there.

I started shoving my notebook and laptop into my bag, my hands shaking. My movements were clumsy and loud in the quiet lecture hall.

"Mr. Wheeler? Is there a problem?" Professor Davies' reedy voice cut through the air.

I didn't answer. I slung my bag over my shoulder, the strap digging into the new, sensitive flesh on my chest, and practically ran up the aisle and out the door, ignoring the hundred pairs of eyes that followed me.

I burst into the nearest men's room, my breath coming in ragged gasps. The bathroom was empty. Thank god. I stumbled to the sinks and stared at my reflection in the mirror.

My face was pale, my eyes wide with terror. But it was my chest that held my horrified gaze. My pecs were undeniably swollen, pushing against my shirt, creating two distinct mounds. Through the small gap where my top buttons were undone, I could see it. It was unmistakable. Cleavage. I had fucking cleavage.

"What the fuck?!" I whispered, my voice trembling.

I needed to see. I needed to understand what was happening. I fled into the handicapped stall, locked the door, and ripped my shirt off. I looked down, and a choked sob escaped my lips.

I was growing tits.

They weren't just swollen pecs anymore. They were breasts. Small, maybe, a full A-cup or a small B, but they were definitely, horrifyingly, breasts. They were round and soft, with pinkish areolas and nipples that were puckered and sensitive from the friction of my shirt.

How was this possible? I grabbed them, one in each hand, squeezing hard. They were real. They felt... like a girl's breasts. Soft, glandular tissue, not hard muscle. I squeezed them again, a frantic, desperate action, as if I could somehow force them back into my body through sheer willpower. It didn't work. If anything, the pressure just made them ache.

A wave of nausea rolled over me. I felt like I was going to be sick. This couldn't be happening. It was a nightmare.

But they were still there, attached to my chest, feeling heavier by the second. And then a chilling thought flickered into my brain. *The curse*. It couldn't be. Did that bitch witch really curse me? What did that even mean? And if she did, why am I only growing tits now...

I thought about what I was doing right before it started. I was staring at Heather Armstrong's tits. I was fantasizing about them. And now... now I was growing a pair of my own. They still felt like they were growing, a slow, steady, tingling pressure from within. I had to cover them up. I couldn't let anyone see.

I pulled my polo shirt back on. It was a struggle. The fabric was now ridiculously tight, clinging to every new curve, outlining the shape of my new breasts in humiliating detail. The buttons wouldn't do up all the way. I looked like I was wearing a shirt that was two sizes too small.

Frantically, I dug through my backpack and pulled out the gray hoodie I always kept in there for cold lecture halls. I threw it on and zipped it all the way up to my chin. The thick fleece hid the worst of it, but even under the baggy fabric, there was a distinct, undeniable protrusion where my flat, muscular chest used to be.

I leaned against the cold tile of the stall, my head spinning. What was I going to do? What the hell was I going to do? I tried to ignore it. I tried to pretend it wasn't happening. Maybe if I didn't think about it, it would go away. Maybe I'd wake up tomorrow and this would all be a bad dream.

But as I stood there, trembling in a bathroom stall, I could still feel them. A foreign weight on my chest. A persistent, tingling itch of growth that hadn't quite stopped. This was just the beginning. I knew it in my gut. And I was terrified.

Chapter 3

The rest of the week was a special kind of hell. I skipped all my classes, held up in my room, a prisoner of my own body. By Wednesday, I was sporting what I could only guess was a solid C-cup. They were heavy. They bounced when I walked. They got in the way when I tried to sleep on my stomach. My reflection was a funhouse-mirror version of myself, a bizarre hybrid of a guy's body and a woman's chest. The growth had slowed and seemed to stop, thank god.

I tried to fight it. I spent hours in my room doing push-ups and chest flies with the dumbbells I kept under my bed, sweat pouring down my face, hoping I could somehow convert this soft, jiggly flesh back into hard muscle. But it was useless. It was like trying to bench press two sacks of jelly. The muscle didn't even seem to be there. My bench had dropped from 300 pounds to barely 140.

My frat brothers knew something was up. I was wearing the same baggy hoodie every day, I was being jumpy and weird, and I was turning down offers to play beer pong or go to the gym.

On Friday night, Chad and Kyle cornered me. They barged into my room without knocking, finding me sitting on my bed, staring blankly at a wall.

"Dude, what the fuck is going on?" Chad demanded, crossing his arms. He was wearing a tank top that showed off the Sigma Chi letters tattooed on his bicep. "You've been acting like a freak all week. Are you on drugs or something?"

"Leave me alone," I mumbled, pulling my hoodie tighter around myself.

"No, man, we're not leaving you alone," Kyle said, his tone a little softer, more concerned. "We're your brothers. You can tell us what's up. Is it a girl? Did you fail a midterm?"

I looked at their faces, a mixture of annoyance and genuine worry. They were idiots, most of the time, but they were my idiots. I couldn't keep this a secret forever. My chest was a ticking time bomb under my sweatshirt. I couldn't live like this, hunched over so nobody could

see, always covered up. A wave of despair washed over me, and the dam broke. "It's the witch," I croaked, my voice hoarse. "From the party. She cursed me."

They exchanged a look of pure confusion. "The witch?" Chad repeated. "Dude, what are you talking about? You were wasted."

"No, I wasn't!" I insisted, my voice rising. "She was real. She did something to me. And now... I think... maybe every time I..." My voice trailed off. How could I even explain this?

I took a deep, shuddering breath. There was only one way to make them believe me. "Just... look."

With trembling hands, I reached down and pulled my hoodie up over my head. I was just wearing a stretched-out t-shirt underneath.

The silence that followed was absolute. Their laughter died in their throats. Their jaws went slack. They just stared, their eyes wide with disbelief, at the two large, unmistakable mounds pressing against the thin cotton of my shirt. My new breasts were on full display, their size and shape undeniable.

"Holy... shit," Chad breathed, his voice a whisper. He took a hesitant step forward, like he was approaching a wild animal. "No way. No fucking way."

Kyle just stood there, blinking, his mouth opening and closing like a fish. "Are those... Stan, are those real?"

Unable to help himself, Chad reached out a tentative hand and poked one of them, right through my shirt. My nipple, which was now insanely sensitive, hardened instantly at the touch. I flinched back, swatting his hand away.

"Get off me!" I snapped, my face burning with shame.

"Holy shit," Chad said again, looking at his own finger as if it had touched something alien. "They're real. They're soft. Dude." He looked at Kyle, his eyes shining with a weird, manic energy. "Dude, Stan grew tits!"

The initial shock quickly morphed into a bizarre, juvenile fascination. The concern for their friend was completely eclipsed by the sheer novelty of the situation.

"So, like, do they hurt?" Kyle asked, finally finding his voice.

"Can you make them lactate?" Chad blurted out.

"Shut up!" I yelled, pulling my hoodie back on, trying to disappear inside it.

"No, seriously, man, this is wild!" Chad said, a huge, stupid grin spreading across his face.

"So, can you, like, motorboat yourself?" He made a ridiculous engine noise and buried his face in his hands, mimicking the motion.

I felt a profound sense of despair. I had confessed my deepest, most terrifying secret to my best friends, and they had immediately turned it into a joke. They weren't seeing my horror. They were seeing a walking, talking circus act. They were looking at my body like it was a new toy.

The weekend passed in a blur of humiliation. The story spread through the house like wildfire. My 'brothers' would find excuses to come into my room, to stare, to ask stupid questions. "Just let us see 'em one more time, man." "Can I touch one?" I felt like an exhibit at a zoo.

I tried to control it. I swore to myself I would not look at another woman's body. I would keep my eyes on the sidewalk when I walked. I would read a book during meals.

It lasted until Monday afternoon.

I had to get out of the house. I couldn't stand the constant staring and stupid jokes. I went for a walk, heading to the far side of campus, keeping my head down, my hoodie zipped to my chin. I was so focused on not looking at anyone that I almost didn't notice the girl walking about twenty feet ahead of me.

But my eyes, those traitorous bastards, noticed.

She was coming back from the gym, dressed in a pair of skintight gray yoga pants. And my god, what an ass. It was high, and round, and perfect. The way the fabric stretched with every step, the slight bounce, the perfect curve where her thighs met her butt... it was mesmerizing. A work of art.

God, what a perfect ass, my treacherous brain supplied before I could stop it. I'd love to just grab a handful of that. Squeeze it. Feel how soft it is.

A strange warmth bloomed in my seat.

I stopped walking, my blood running cold. It was a deep, tingling pressure, emanating from my glutes. It felt like they were being pumped full of air, like two balloons inflating inside my jeans. My jeans, which were already snug from my workout routine, suddenly felt impossibly tight.

"No, no, no," I whispered, reaching behind me.

I could feel it happening. The pressure was building, a pleasant but utterly horrifying plumping sensation that pushed outward, straining the denim. I grabbed my own ass, and my hands sunk into soft, yielding flesh that hadn't been there a second ago. It was bigger. So much bigger. It felt like two perfect, ripe melons had been stuffed into the back of my pants.

Riiiiip.

The sound was sickeningly loud in the quiet afternoon. I felt a sudden draft. The main seam of my hundred-and-fifty-dollar designer jeans had given way, splitting right down the middle, unable to contain the rapid, unnatural growth.

Mortified, I glanced around. No one seemed to have noticed. I quickly swung my backpack around, holding it behind me like a makeshift loincloth to cover the gaping hole and my now-exposed and much, much larger backside. My walk was no longer a walk. It was a waddle. My new, heavier, and more rounded ass changed my entire gait. I waddled as fast as I could to the nearest academic building, my face burning with a shame so intense it felt like a physical fire.

The handicapped stall in the men's room became my sanctuary of horror once again. I locked the door and turned to look at my reflection in the small, metal mirror on the back of the door. It only showed my face. I had to see. I had to know.

I turned around, craning my neck, and looked over my shoulder at my reflection in the main mirrors across the room.

My heart sank. I had a full-on bubble butt. A J-Lo, Kim K, Instagram-model ass. It was huge. It was round. It was undeniably a woman's ass. My profile was destroyed. From the side, I had these big tits sticking out the front and this enormous ass sticking out the back. My waist, my normal guy-waist, was stuck in the middle, creating a bizarre, cartoonish hourglass shape.

This confirmed it. This curse was reshaping me. If I admired a woman's body, I would gain

whatever I was admiring. How is that fucking fair?! Girls always say they don't want to be sexualized, but what's the fucking point of hauling around a pair of big titties or a nice ass if guys can't appreciate them. That's all I was doing... appreciating a fine woman, and I was being punished for it?! How am I supposed to go through life avoiding ever thinking about a girl this way...

The days that followed were tough. It was impossible to hide these changes. I kept to myself, and I saw the looks, heard the chatter. "Dude, what's up with Stan? Is he taking hormones?" "Is Stan going through Gender surgery?" "Maybe all those 'roids caught up with ol' Stan throwing off his hormone balance". I couldn't bear face anyone, so I just stayed to myself, wearing baggy clothes.

But the transformations started coming faster after that, as if my body had learned the trick and was now eager to perform. It was a minefield of triggers. I was at lunch, mindlessly scrolling through Instagram while I ate my sad, solitary salad. A fitness model popped up on my feed. She was in a bikini, posing on a beach. My eyes, against my will, were drawn to her legs. Her thighs were incredible... long, shapely, with that perfect, subtle curve. Her calves were defined but still delicate.

Damn, look at those legs, I thought. I bet they'd feel amazing wrapped around you.

A deep, throbbing ache settled into my bones, from my hips to my ankles. I dropped my phone on the table. Over the next hour, sitting right there in the crowded cafeteria, I felt my legs reconfiguring themselves under the table. The thick, solid muscle of my quads and hamstrings seemed to melt and shift. My thighs slimmed down, losing their blocky, masculine shape and taking on a smoother, more elegant curve. My calves tightened, becoming more defined and shapely. Even my ankles seemed to get thinner. When I stood up to throw my tray away, my stance felt different. My legs felt lighter, and my center of gravity had shifted. I felt... graceful. It was sickening.

My face was next. I was in the library, trying to force myself to study for a history midterm. I was trying so hard to focus on the textbook, but my eyes kept drifting up. There was a girl sitting across from me, chewing on the end of her pen. She wasn't my usual type. No heavy makeup, no revealing clothes. She had that 'girl-next-door' look. Freckles, a messy bun. But she had these full, pouty lips and big, brown, expressive eyes.

She's got that innocent look, my brain whispered, a venomous snake in the grass. Makes

you wanna ruin it.

A tingling numbness spread across my jaw. It felt like I'd just had a shot of Novocain at the dentist. I slammed my book shut and bolted for the bathroom, my heart hammering.

I stared at my reflection, watching in abject horror as my face began to change. My strong, square jawline, a point of pride my entire life, began to soften. The sharp angles receded, rounding out. My chin became smaller, more pointed. My lips, which had been a normal, thin guy-lips, started to plump up, becoming fuller, softer, more pillowy. My brow bone smoothed out, my cheekbones seemed to rise higher, and my eyelashes, I swear to god, grew longer and darker. I didn't look like Stan Wheeler anymore. I looked like his prettier, younger sister.

The voice was the final humiliation. One of my lecture teachers had this sexy feminine and girly voice that just oozed sex when she spoke, and I couldn't help but think about it. It was only later when I was back at the house, and Chad was kicking my ass in FIFA, that I found out it had changed me. He scored a bullshit, last-minute goal that was clearly offside.

"There's no way you made that shot, you fucking cheater!" I yelled, jumping to my feet.

But the sound that came out of my mouth wasn't my voice. My normal baritone shout was gone. Instead, my voice cracked, squeaked, and erupted in a high-pitched, feminine shriek.

The room went silent. Chad, Kyle, and two other guys who were watching all just stared at me, their controllers slack in their hands.

I cleared my throat, my face on fire. "I said, that was bullshit," I tried again, trying to force my voice down into its normal register. But it wouldn't go. It came out airy and light, stuck in a higher octave. It was a woman's voice.

Chad was the first one to break. A snort escaped his nose. Then Kyle started giggling. A second later, the whole room erupted in hysterical, wheezing laughter.

"Oh my god!" Chad howled, clutching his stomach. "Say it again, dude! Say 'fucking cheater' again!"

I felt a single, hot tear of pure, undiluted shame roll down my newly softened cheek. I turned and fled to my room, the sound of their laughter chasing me down the hall.

I slammed the door and locked it, sliding down to the floor. I was losing myself. Piece by

piece, the curse was stripping away everything that made me... me. My chest, my ass, my legs, my face, my voice. I was becoming someone else. Something else.

I sat there for hours, lost in a fog of misery and despair. My body felt alien, a costume I couldn't take off. And yet... it was still my body. It still had needs. As night fell, a familiar ache started to build in my groin. I was still a twenty-one-year-old guy, at least in my head, and my body was coursing with hormones and a desperate need for some kind of release.

But how? The thought of touching myself, the way I always had, felt... wrong. It felt like it belonged to a different person.

Driven by a strange mix of desperation, loneliness, and morbid curiosity, I stood up and stripped off my clothes. I stood in front of the full-length mirror on my closet door, forcing myself to look.

The person staring back was a freak. A boy's torso with a girl's breasts. A girl's ass and legs. A face that was caught somewhere in between with my boyish haircut. My dick weird, completely out of place in this new, feminine landscape.

I turned away from the mirror, unable to look anymore, and crawled into bed. The sheets felt different against my skin, which was softer, smoother all over. I lay on my back, my hands resting on my stomach, my mind a chaotic mess.

Slowly, hesitantly, I let one hand drift upward. My fingers brushed against the underside of my right breast. The skin was incredibly soft. I traced the curve, feeling the unfamiliar weight. A strange shiver went through me. It wasn't entirely unpleasant.

My fingers found my nipple. The instant I touched it, a jolt of pure electricity shot through me, straight down to my groin. It was so sensitive, so intense, it made me gasp. I experimented, rolling the hardened nub between my thumb and forefinger. Every touch sent waves of pleasure through my body, a kind of pleasure I had never experienced before. It wasn't just physical; it was a deep, full-body sensation that made my toes curl.

My other hand started to wander, exploring the new contours of my body. It slid down my now-cinched waist, over the dramatic curve of my hip, and onto my thigh. My thigh was so smooth, so soft. I squeezed it, feeling the pliable flesh. My hand continued its journey, cupping the massive, round curve of my ass. It felt like I was touching someone else, a girl in my bed.

I was getting harder, the familiar sensation a strange anchor in this sea of novelty. I reached down, my hand closing around myself, and started to stroke, the way I had a thousand times before. The pleasure was good, what I was used to, but it was distant, overshadowed by the overwhelming signals coming from the rest of my body. My focus wasn't there anymore. It was on my chest, my skin, the new sensitivity that was firing off in every direction.

My free hand went back to my chest, my fingers tracing lazy circles around my aching, sensitive nipples. My hips started to move on their own, a slow, grinding motion against the mattress. I moaned, the sound high and breathy in my own ears. It didn't sound like me.

The feeling was building, but it was different. It wasn't the focused, localized intensity I was used to. It was a diffuse, all-encompassing wave of heat that started in my stomach and spread outward, making my whole body tremble.

While I continued to stroke my cock, my other hand slid down from my chest, over my flat stomach. It hesitated for a moment, then continued lower, exploring the place where my new, womanly thighs met. I didn't know what I was doing, just following the pleasure, chasing this new, incredible sensation.

The climax hit me like a lightning strike. It wasn't the quick, explosive release I was used to. It was a full-body cataclysm. My back arched off the bed, a scream tearing from my throat, a sound that was pure, feminine pleasure. Waves of ecstasy crashed over me, one after another, leaving me shaking and breathless. My entire body, from the tips of my toes to the roots of my hair, was on fire. My cock sprayed cum all over my stomach and some even hit my tits.

When the last tremor finally subsided, I collapsed back onto the mattress, slick with sweat, my mind completely blank. It was, without a doubt, the most intense, most powerful orgasm of my entire life.

To Be Continued in part 2...

BECOMING STACY



JOHN MANTD

A Two-Part Gender-Bender Story