

And They Were Roommates

For Grymmette

By TheSpiralledEye

“Hey, can we talk?”

Wayne glanced up briefly from his phone screen; Eric was standing a few feet away, nervously picking at his nails. It was a trait he'd had since they were kids and a sure sign that whatever it was he had to say had been eating at him for a while. If he was honest, Wayne had been expecting this, Eric had been acting off for months now; constantly hiding his phone and wiping his browser history, not to mention the dozens of packages he snatched up before Wayne could see the label. Putting all those together, plus the extra picking at his nails, Wayne already knew what to expect; his mate had gotten into drugs and now needed his help getting out. So he put the phone away and nodded, already preparing his response with support.

“I...I wanted to let you know that I am coming out.” Eric took a deep breath, “As trans.”

Wayne opened his mouth and closed it again. That...was not at all what he'd been expecting.

“What do you mean trans?”

“I mean, that I'm not a man.”

“Uh, yeah, you are, dude.” Wayne replied, “Not to be weird about it or anything but we went to high school together, I've seen you in a locker room.”

Eric's face was turning red; Wayne knew his friend had never been the most 'manly' of men, no amount of bribery or encouragement could get him to join his crew down at the gym but he was still, well, a guy! At least in all the ways that count.

“That's not what being trans is, I know my body is male but *I'm* not.”

“So what, you're a crossdresser now?” Wayne couldn't help but chuckle a bit, he couldn't help it! The image of Eric in a frilly dress was just too ridiculous.

“No! I’m a woman, I always have been. God you could not be taking this any worse.” Eric’s eyes were shining now and Wayne felt a little bad.

“Look, are you sure you’re not just, y’know, gay?” He tried, “Cause if you are that’s...whatever, I guess I can live with it but come on, you’re a guy. This whole trans thing, it’s just all drama.”

“It’s not drama!” Eric yelled, “It’s about being comfortable in your own body! And...well, if you’re going to be an ass about it we should just stop talking.”

He stalked off and Wayne rolled his eyes; dramatic as ever, he sure had that in common with women at least. What did that even mean, being comfortable in your own body? It was the same body he’d always had; how could he be uncomfortable in it? Wayne pulled his phone back out and continued scrolling; this would all blow over. Eric had always lacked a ‘thing’ like most people; he never stuck to one hobby and this whole trans thing was probably just him trying to find a label to cling to. Wayne felt sorry for him really, he should have just joined him down at the gym, it would have been easier on them both.

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It did not blow over.

Eric started telling more of their friends, usually while Wayne sat awkwardly in the corner desperately hoping one of them would have the spine to say something like he did. They did not. It was all happy tears and hugs from the rest of their friends, even Eric’s damn co-workers, then again, their company allowed them to work from home so they only ever saw them in zoom calls. God when they had finished their work and Eric had told them, right then and there Wayne had wanted to die.

He and Eric had grown up in a good, southern town that had traditional values. Values Wayne, and up until this he’d assumed Eric, followed themselves. Sure they were a little bit more open minded after moving to the big city, compared to most of their fellows who stayed in their hometown, but still; this was going too far. A man had to be strong, this, Wayne firmly believed, a man certainly didn’t dress up and play pretend as a woman. Still, he was not about to throw away a multi decade long friendship so he bit his tongue. At least until the potion arrived.

Eric had placed it down on the dinner table with a guarded expression, waiting for the inevitable question. Wayne grit his teeth, he recognised the bottle, it had been all over the news for months. The fabled potion that bought out one’s ‘true self’ over the course of a month, and so long as they drank it every day, the change would become permanent. It was controversial, basically illegal really; how Eric had gotten his hands on some Wayne could not comprehend.

“You’re going to drink that?” Wayne raised an eyebrow, “to prove a point?”

“No.” Eric replied tersely, “I am going to drink it because no matter how much the full months dosage cost, it’s still cheaper than a sex change.”

“Dude...”

“Don’t call me that.”

He snatched up the bottle, downing it like a shot and gave Wayne a hard stare. Wayne just shook his head; this would backfire spectacularly for Eric but at least he’d finally realize he wasn’t a woman. If anything, this could be the bitter pill he needed to swallow; when the potion turned him into a proper, masculine, muscled dude, Wayne would be there to help him adjust. Well, after rubbing it in his face a little but frankly after all the embarrassment Eric had put him through the last few weeks he deserved it. His friend flung the empty bottle into the rubbish and walked out, head held smug and high; Wayne just sighed, poor guy had no idea what he was in for.

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It took a few days for the potion to start taking effect and when it did, Wayne did not like what he saw. Eric had always been slight but he seemed to be becoming even more delicate; his chin becoming less sharp and his eyes turning heavy lidded. He looked ridiculous and Wayne told him so but his room mate simply shrugged and ignored him. Wayne hated fighting; they had been friends for years! He could not believe Eric was throwing away such a long friendship and for what? To win an argument he would agree was stupid in a few years when he got over this little phase and came crawling back? It was so stupid.

Eric’s hair began to grow at an alarming rate, turning into a tangle of brown curls that, admittedly, did look quite good with his increasingly female features. After two weeks, Wayne could no longer deny what was happening; Eric had emerged from his bedroom with a wide smile on his face, two small but visible bumps on his chest. Wayne had left his breakfast half uneaten, he had lost his appetite. By the time Eric had started actually wearing some of the clothes he’d ordered all those months ago, the contents of those secret packages, Wayne was uncomfortable to the extreme.

“Why are you wearing a tank top, dude?”

“I told you not to call me that.” Eric replied, “and I am wearing it because I look cute.”

“A man should never be considered ‘cute’.”

“That’s for girls?” Eric snapped back, “Well guess what Wayne, I am one! This potion reveals your true self, I think I have more than proven this isn’t some silly little phase like you said.”

“You....you, you just can’t be a girl, du-Eric.”

“Why not?”

“Because you just can’t! You’re a guy, I’m a guy. It’s just not natural to mess with that sort of thing!”

“What’s unnatural is spending my whole life feeling like I was in the wrong body. You cannot imagine how good it feels to finally feel right.”

Wayne was done with this, it was the same argument every day. He stood up, throwing down the tv remote in his hand and giving his former friend a sneer.

“Well, it’s not my fault I wasn’t born a *freak* like you.”

Eric actually flinched; his eyes turning glassy as tears built up and Wayne felt some of his anger drain away. He cleared his throat.

“That was...uncalled for.” He said awkwardly, “I just...you’re acting weird, dude.”

Eric opened and closed his mouth one or twice before sighing heavily. He expected another soft spoken snipe or even for his friend to storm off like before but instead he fixed him with a hard stare. There was fire burning behind the built up moisture and Wayne actually felt his heart flutter nervously; he had never seen Eric so furious before.

“You’ll see.” He seethed before turning and going back to his room, slamming and locking the door behind him.

Maybe Wayne had been a little too harsh on him but the way Eric was acting, who could blame him? The guy was even swaying his hips when he walked! It was downright indecent!

They barely spoke over the next fortnight, existing like two ghosts, passing in the hall but eating alone, their shared living space all but abandoned as they took to their own rooms. Each time Wayne saw Eric he was shocked by just how intense the changes had become; his ass and hips had swelled, his hair was long and curly now, running down his back and those two small mounds had grown into full, womanly breasts. If Wayne did not know better, and he did, he would never have been able to tell Eric was a man. By the end of the monthly period, as Eric dropped his final empty phial of potion into the rubbish, there was no trace of the man who had been.

Wayne waited for the regret, even waited and eavesdropped on Eric's room expecting to hear tears of frustration but if anything, his former friend seemed freer and happier than Wayne could ever remember him being. He even threw a 'renaming party', announcing he was finally Erica well and truly and earning himself a mountain of girly presents from their other friends. Wayne stayed in his room, he refused to take part in such a farce. Hours after the party had ended a knock came at his door and a bright blue eye peaked in; he recognised it instantly despite his, uh, *her*, now long lashes.

"So...do I call you Erica now?" Wayne grumbled as she walked in with a red solo cup.

"I'd like it if you would." She replied slowly, awkwardly thrusting the cup into his hand.

"Here, I saved you some punch. Pretty sure three separate people added to it so it's basically just fuck-me-up juice now."

Yeah, Wayne could use some of that right now. He took it and downed the thing; if they were going to have this conversation he wanted to be blitzed. It burned his throat but was also sickly sweet to the point that it almost felt like syrup. Wayne found himself coughing up a lung in shock then jumping halfway across the bed when Erica laid a hand on his shoulder. Her face twisted.

"What, you think if I touch you, you'll catch 'the trans'?"

"No! I'm not an idiot, you just, surprised me."

They sat in silence for a moment, the air was so tense you could cut it with a knife and Wayne's stomach churned almost painfully from nerves and the sudden dose of alcohol.

"I just, don't understand." Wayne said finally with an exasperated sigh, "Why did you have to go and do this, couldn't you have just I don't know, played dress up? I feel like you've just tossed me away, my best mate is gone."

"I haven't gone anywhere." Erica argued with an eye roll, "I just look a little different is all. You're the one with the problem. Which is why I decided to give you a little lesson in empathy."

She gave him a superior smile and Wayne snorted. Maybe she really was a girl, she was certainly catty since taking that potion.

"Oh really, whatcha' gonna do?" He dared.

"Really, you should be asking what is it I've done." She replied smugly, standing up and looking down on him with a mix of glee and anger, "That drink sure was something wasn't it?"

Wayne's stomach jolted and he felt his eyes go wide.

"You roofied me? What the fuck, dude. I get that we're fighting but that's completely psychotic!"

"What, no!" She actually looked genuinely offended, "I gave you a little of my potion. Only, this one is slightly modified by some chemist friends of mine. Not only do you only need to drink the one dose as you just did, but instead of your true self, it will turn you into the opposite of what you are now. Physically anyway."

Blood roared in Wayne's ears.

"You mean...?"

"Yes." Erica grinned like the Cheshire cat, "You're going to become a woman and then you'll finally understand what it feels like to exist in the wrong body."

So many emotions flared to the surface; shock, horror, humiliation, anger and yet when he opened his mouth Wayne didn't yell or curse, instead he just returned Erica's stare.

“...You’re a real bitch, you know that?” He deadpanned. Erica actually laughed and honestly, Wayne could not blame her, if the situation weren’t so dire on his end he’d be inclined to as well. Everything about this situation was completely unhinged.

He wanted to ask how long it would take for the potion to take effect but that rumble in his stomach answered his question. He felt a pressure moving down from there to his rear and suddenly, he was rising on the mattress as his ass inflated. An undignified squawk escaped his lips and he jumped to his feet, a mistake as the movement causes his new, growing butt to jiggle slightly as it grew. He was wearing loose sweatpants, giving his new curves plenty of room to expand as his hips widened to accommodate them.

Erica had the gall to pout.

“Aw, looks like you’re going to be even curvier than me.”

“Get the fuck out!”

This was humiliating enough without a damn audience; Wayne grabbed her arm and forced her out the door, rules of civility be damned. Erica giggled the whole while and even as he slammed the door in her face Wayne could hear her listening on the other side of the door.

“Aw come on, Wayne, we’re all girls here, it’s nothing I haven’t seen!”

Wayne grit his teeth; that smug voice grated on his ears. There was no way he was giving her once single iota more satisfaction by making a scene. He leaned back on the door, having to slap a palm across his mouth to stop the shocked gasp from escaping as his ass hit far earlier than he was used to. His back wasn’t even touching the wood!

His skin and muscle flowered like water; thighs thickening while his calves thinned. He could feel the thick hair that had been there since his adolescence shrinking back under his skin, leaving it smooth beneath the fabric of his pants. He tried to walk over to his bed only to stumble on his now too small feet; looking down at them made him almost dizzy. He could feel those feet, he could move them but they just looked wrong. It was like waking up to find your skin covered in scales, something about it just did not compute. He tried to walk again but some combination of the new feet and a new lightheaded tingling in his skull made him stumble forward onto his hands and knees.

He froze in position; the movement of the fall had been accompanied by something else. His chest, as he arrested his fall, he felt it...move. Now that he was on his hands and knees he could feel it, a weight that had never been there before now. Logically, he knew what they must be but he refused to look or touch even as the skin there began to stretch and warp almost painfully. He became aware of his nipples, something he usually ignored but now found he could not. They were hard as diamonds, brushing against his once loose shirt as his new tits swelled.

Swallowing he sat himself up on his cushioned new rump, feeling his increasingly large tits flop against his chest. Part of him wanted to close his eyes and pretend this wasn't happening, the other wanted nothing more than to tip off his shirt and behold his new breasts in all their glory. He was paralysed with indecision, opting rather to sit there frozen as his body continued to change. His lips plumped and as he bit down on them, he could feel their smooth fullness. His fingers lengthened, nails neatening as he dug them into his growing hair. Long wavy locks flowed like water down his back and no matter how hard he pressed his palms against his skull, they just kept coming.

The hair finally came to a stop when it reached the small of his back, brushing against his ass which had only just now stopped growing. For a moment, Wayne sighed in relief; at least it was over now he could-Oh. Oh no, no it very much was *not* over.

His cock was beginning to tingle in the same way his skull had and Wayne watched as the tell-tale bulge against the front of his sweatpants began to shrink. There were very few things more emasculating than watching your very manhood disappear and as it began to shrivel up to nothing Wayne wished he could as well. He could feel a sort of inversion take place between his legs; his balls disappearing back up into his body and leaving behind a strange emptiness that could only be a pussy. A subtle ache took hold as he felt his clit and lips form, dampness seeping through the skin and out his new hole to immediately lubricate the area.

His chest heaved, new breasts rising and falling in his vision now as he stared down at his crotch, trying to make sense of what he felt there. He felt...wrong, like his brain had been placed inside somebody else's body, nothing looked right, nothing felt right. He swallowed; no time to panic, he just needed to take a few deep breaths. Closing his eyes he did so, but even then he could still feel that subtle dampness between his legs, the rise and fall of his heavy chest. With trembling, nervous fingers he grabbed his phone, switching the camera to front facing and taking in what he saw; a tanned woman with dark brown hair that flowed in gentle waves, her lips were pink, a tiny indent was left from where her teeth had been digging into the sensitive flesh. Wayne placed the cameras on his night stand and got to his feet, taking a step back so that he could see his whole form. It was curvaceous, even with the baggy clothes, though the front of his shirt was now painfully stretched against his tits.

Almost in a trance he began to undress, morbidly fascinated to see what he looked like without all the details hidden. He wiggled the sweatpants off, feeling his ass bounce as the waistband slipped over it. With a strange mix of fascination and even a little arousal Wayne traced a palm across the smooth curve. Was it weird to find your own body attractive? Well, technically this wasn't his body so it couldn't be weird. Right? It really was a fantastic ass, tight yet soft, shapely and firm without losing that pretty peach shape that was so desirable.

The front was a little more confronting despite being nothing more than a mound of curly dark hair. He could see the pink skin in the middle where his new pussy lips were, he spread his legs slightly, watching them open to reveal deep pink folds. It was odd; as he removed his shirt Wayne felt almost disconnected, his study of this body almost scientific. He cupped the tits, lifting and letting them fall to feel the weight, almost as a wake up call that he was in fact the woman on camera despite how wrong that felt.

The shock of the change had worn off now leaving him simply feeling...odd. A knock at the door made him turn; Erica. Wayne felt anger solidify within him; Erica wanted to teach him a lesson? He would not give her the satisfaction; he was going to prove to her that this whole trans thing was a joke. Being in a different body was easy, he'd show her just what a cake walk it was. Plus, it would

rob her of the satisfaction of watching him squirm. He flung open the door, still naked with as bored an expression on his face as he could manage.

“So, how long am I like this?” He asked, ignoring how weird his new, high pitched voice sounded.

Erica blinked, clearly not expecting such a laissez-faire attitude; Wayne managed to keep the satisfied smile off his face.

“...A month.”

His eyes twitched but otherwise his resolve held.

“Oh, okay.”

“That’s it?” Erica asked, “Okay?”

“Yeah well, it’s just a body.” Wayne shrugged, “Like I said, I don’t know what the big fuss is about. Now if you don’t mind. I am going to sleep.”

He shut the door again, locking it this time and chuckling to himself. That would show her; after all these years of friendship Erica should have known better than to mess with somebody as competitive as him.

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Despite his confidence, Wayne did not sleep well. He had always been a stomach sleeper but now that he had two, frankly far too large to be practical, tits, that was impossible. Like any red blooded male, Wayne had always liked big boobs, as he woke up the next morning though, sore in the chest and groggy from waking, he was ready to write them off. He looked down at the mounds accusingly, looking at the pink stripes his sheets had left across them. Even now they were beautiful; at least he could take solace in that. If he was going to spend a month as a woman at least he wasn’t going to spend it as an uggo.

It still felt weird, even just rolling over to get out of bed had to be done differently to how he was used to but if he was honest, it wasn’t that bad. So he had some extra junk in the trunk but he was still him deep down, why Erica had made such a fuss he was not sure. Speak of the devil, a knock came at his door, briefly he considered opening the door naked again for shock value but decided against it, throwing on his old football jersey which was now long enough he could wear it as a dress.

Erica was dressed in a yellow sun dress, patterned with little flowers; just looking at it made Wayne's eyes hurt.

"So, how're you doing?" She asked teasingly.

"Fine. Don't see what the big fuss is about." He replied, "What did you want?"

"To take you shopping." Erica replied, "You're going to be a woman for a month, you can't go walking around like that."

Wayne smirked, another test to try and make him flustered; if Erica wanted to play chicken, he was game.

"Sounds great!" He replied, "I'll just throw on some pants and we can go."

Erica cocked her head to the side; he could see confusion burning behind her eyes as he chucked on a pair of boxers and ill fitting jeans. Honestly, shopping really did sound like a good idea. He could always give the clothes to charity or his next girlfriend when he turned back. He knew he looked awkward in his thrown together outfit and Wayne did his best not to feel embarrassed as heads turned when they exited the apartment out onto the street; Erica's dress may have been too bright for his taste but he had to admit it suited her; they looked like chalk and cheese next to one another.

How many times had he walked down the street and seen a pair of women just like them. Smirking at the ugly friend next to the hot girl and deciding whether or not she was worth dealing with just to try and get her friend into bed. Wayne felt embarrassed for the first time all morning, not because he'd been turned into a woman, but because he did not look desirable at all dressed like this. It must have shown on his face because Erica elbowed him with a teasing smile.

"Uncomfortable being out in public?"

"Just getting used to it is all." Wayne blushed. "Come on, let's just get to the damn mall."

He hurried along, walking ahead and trying not to focus on how satisfying it felt to sway his hips from side to side. It made his ass jiggle just a little and it felt...nice. They walked into the air conditioned mall and Erica smiled, taking his arm and dragging him toward a little boutique. There was an eagerness in her eyes, something Wayne hadn't seen there in a long time. His mind was flooded with memories of their trips into town together; buying games, Wayne trying to drag Eric to the gym, going to movies, grabbing food; how many times had he seen Eric look towards the

clothing shops with that yearning look on his face and dismissed it. He'd assumed he was daydreaming, never guessing it had been the clothes themselves he was looking at. For the first time since his friend came out Wayne realized that maybe this hadn't just come out of nowhere.

He didn't have the time to dwell on such feelings though as they entered the shop and Erica gave him a nudge inside.

"Go on then, find something you're comfortable in." She dared, Wayne thrust out his chin confidently, fully intending to buy a simple set of jeans and a few shirts that were as close to his old style as possible.

He flicked through the high neck shirts, dismissing each one as too plain or too gaudy, by the time he reached the end nothing had stood out. A flash of blue did catch his eyes though, a simple tank top with a frilly edge; feminine without being super over the top about it. He thought about his curves, still hidden under his jersey. They would look good in that top; the middle would cinch his waist slightly while supporting his tits; he'd look good. Without thinking he grabbed the hanging, along with a pair of skinny jeans and disappeared into a change room before Erica could comment; holding the outfit up against the mirror he could picture how good this body would look in them.

Wayne's brow furrowed; shouldn't he be feeling more...reserved about this? His manhood had been taken from him against his will, shouldn't he be more upset? On some level this body still felt strange but now that the show had worn off it didn't feel *entirely* wrong. But it wasn't entirely right either.

The potion must have done something to his head, that was the only explanation. Though, that didn't really make sense either, Erica had changed him in order to make him uncomfortable, why would she make the potion change his mind about such things?

"You okay in there, Wendy?" Erica called, putting special emphasis on the name.

Wayne made a face; not because being called a girl's name felt wrong but because Wendy was such an...eh name. It certainly was not the female moniker he would have picked.

"I'm fine!" He replied, "Just deciding whether I like them or not!"

He could practically feel the frustration radiating from the other side of the curtain and he grinned; served her right. Truthfully, he was glad for the distraction; his head was so full of conflicting thoughts he did not want to think about. Wayne picked up the jeans and recentered himself, kicking off his old pants and sliding the tight denim up his smooth legs. It felt nice, having the material flow up his legs without stretchy leg hair to get in the way; maybe he'd start shaving his legs when he turned back, he'd never realized how nice smooth skin felt. Plenty of male athletes shaved their legs

for performance, so it wouldn't be weird. Okay, granted that was mostly swimmers and runners but...well weight lifting could count, right?

He snapped the waistband against his wide hips, enjoying the way the stiff fabric supported his rump; allowing it enough movement to be sexy without seeming obscene. He gave his hips a little wiggle experimentally and grinned with delight watching those cheeks move along with them.

Next the tank top; his instincts had been right; it did hug his new body in all the right ways. It was funny, his hourglass figure was further accentuated by the clothing, meaning he looked even more curvaceous dressed than he did naked. His heavy tits sagged slightly with weight, trapping a small amount of the fabric beneath them as his cleavage showed prominently. It looked good...but not great. The potion had blessed him with much bigger boobs than his room mate, but the side effect was they weren't nearly as perky. An idea came to him and with a snap of his fingers he pulled the curtain aside.

"I need a push up bra!"

Erica was sitting waiting for him; face flashing from bored, to cheeky to bewildered in a matter of seconds.

"You...want a bra?"

"Yes, look at these girls!" He hefted his tits up, "Way too fucking big, if I am stuck with them I am going to at least need support."

Erica gave an awkward yet excited smile and nodded.

"Okay, wait here."

She disappeared between the racks while Wayne bounced on his toes, trying hard not to enjoy the feeling of his new revealing clothing too much. She returned a moment later holding a plain black bra and Wayne could not help the stab of disappointment, eyes flying to the low collar of Erica's own shirt where a tell tale swatch of lace could be seen. He bit his tongue though, the last thing he wanted to admit was that the bra wasn't fancy enough. He should have been grateful she didn't grab some pink, frilly thing.

"This is all they had in triple Ds." Erica said apologetically, "Bigger sizes are always a bit more boring."

“Well, I don’t care, it’s the practicality of it.” Wayne said a little too quickly, snatching up the item and walking back into the change room.

However, after pushing the tank top around his middle and hefting his tits into the bra’s cups, he realized; he had no idea how to get the back done up. He wiggled and twisted, trying to get the tiny hooks together at the back with little success. At one point he over balanced, still unused to his shifted centre of gravity, and swore as he slammed into the mirror.

“Wendy?”

“I’m fine! It’s just these....stupid...hooks!”

“Here, let me help.”

Erica pushed her way inside the tiny cubicle and grabbed him by the shoulders. For a moment, he was shocked by the intimacy of the action; how many films had he seen where somebody gripped their love interest by the shoulder in much the same way before kissing passionately? The illusion lasted only a fraction of a second, as Erica swivelled him around to grab at the bra straps and Wayne was grateful. At least she couldn’t see his face burning.

“Bra making you uncomfortable?” She asked smugly.

Fuck, he’d forgotten the mirrors. He glanced up at his reflection, cheeks dusted pink; he said nothing. Better to let her believe he was anxious rather than...well, the other option. Expertly Erica fitted the hooks together and Wayne let out a sigh of relief; he had not even realized how much strain his spine had been under with those heavy breasts. Now that they were supported, not only did they look even better than before, he wasn’t going to get a sore back. He pulled the tank top back on and couldn’t stop a pleased smile forming on his lips; he looked amazing.

“Wow.” Erica breathed, “You really took to this fast.”

“No, I didn’t.” Wayne blushed, “I just...being in the ‘wrong’ body just isn’t that hard. I’m just made of sterner stuff than you is all.”

He stomped out, face burning with humiliation; it was a strange feeling, to be embarrassed by your lack of embarrassment. Wayne thought of what his father would say if he saw him this way, knowing his son was not only parading around as a woman but enjoying trying on women’s clothes and

worse, not feeling any shame at all! Erica joined him outside the boutique and he braced himself for another barb but instead she simply grabbed his wrist and led him to another store. They continued that way; a sort of awkward tension forming as they continued their shopping trip. Wayne continually tried to make himself hate the experience but was not able to ever fully manage it. It was just nice to hang out with his best friend again like they used to before this whole fight started. Plus it was nice to have the excuse to try all these new styles, not just the girly ones either. Wayne had always thought of clothing as purely practical, grabbing whatever he saw first that fit and looked decent. Caring about clothing was 'gay' according to his father, so he'd avoided it. Now though, in the body of a woman nobody would blink an eye if he spent almost ten full minutes comparing two near identical polo tops or wanted to pick something a little less practical because it suited his complexion better. It was freeing; so many colours were open to him now; pinks, purples, and even some blues which had previously been deemed 'girl stuff' in his mind.

As they walked home, laden with bags filled with clothing he couldn't help but feel that stab of confusion; men weren't supposed to spend hundreds of dollars on clothing. And he was a man...right? He certainly was not a woman and there were only those two options so he had to be one or the other! That night as he curled up to sleep, dressed in his new pink flannel pyjamas, Wayne found his mind filled with questions he did not want to answer.

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It was surprisingly easy to hide his new body from the people who knew him; working remotely just meant avoiding the occasional video call, his friends thought he had gone back to their hometown to visit family and his family thought he was still at home. Each morning Wayne would stare at the body in the mirror and sigh; try as he might, he couldn't hate it. In fact as the days began to tick by he found himself growing nervous as the inevitable one month time limit grew shorter and shorter.

He would experiment, wrapping scarves around his stomach to flatten it slightly and otherwise hide the more feminine features. He discovered he liked the curves, but he wished they were slightly less pronounced. The painted nails were good, but he missed his old strong hands. In his most private moments, before falling asleep each night he would imagine his perfect body and found it to be a mix of both male and female.

Erica slowly stopped trying to tease him and actually started treating Wayne as if nothing had really changed. Their friendship was slowly mending itself back together and, in those moments, he realized he felt the most at home. They watched football, did each other's nails, exercised, went to day spas; it was all so *domestic*. One day, as they were stumbling back through the door after over indulging on a wine tour Wayne finally got up the courage to ask.

"Why did you make the potion affect my mind too?"

"What do you mean?" Erica blinked, "It doesn't, it's a purely physical thing. The original formula works on innermost desires, if it changed your mind or personality it wouldn't work."

“Yeah, I get that but your chemist friend obviously changed it somehow.” Wayne argued.

“Yes, he made it stronger, so one dose could change you for a month and almost instantly but he didn’t make it change your brain. How could he? I mean, you can make orange juice super sweet or strong but no amount of manipulation will turn it to apples.”

Wayne screwed up his face in confusion.

“I think that analogy is a bit tortured.”

“Well so-rry, what are you, the analogy police?”

Wayne just shook his head, staggering over to the couch in his heels still slightly tipsy.

“I think we’re getting off topic.” He said finally, “The point is, this thing hasn’t affected me mentally?”

“No.” Erica sat down next to him with a concerned look on her face. “Why?”

Wayne bit his lip; the version of him from a month ago would scoff hearing what was about to come out of his mouth but as Erica placed a gentle hand on his knee Wayne realized for the first time just how much of an ass he had been.

“I’m not...I don’t hate being like this.” He said eventually, “A woman. It’s nice, wearing skirts and painting my nails.”

Erica gave his leg a squeeze.

“We can get more of the potion if you want, it’s okay to be tra-“

“I’m not.” Wayne said sharply before holding up his hand to stop the inevitable counter argument. “I’m not, seriously. I don’t feel like a woman, not really but now that I have been one I don’t really feel like a man either.”

He flopped back into the couch and stared up at the ceiling.

“I’m, I don’t know, something in between I guess and I don’t know how to feel about it.”

Erica was quiet for a while and Wayne started to feel very stupid when finally she whispered.

“You can be both you know.”

Wayne just snorted.

“No, you can’t. It’s one or the other; men act like men; women act like women, that’s just the way it is.” He pressed the heel of his palm into his eyes and rubbed, “I’ll figure it out.”

“Wayne, look at me, there are other options.” Erica said seriously, “Gender fluid, non-binary; people identify as both.”

He looked over to his friend; she was serious.

“I did a lot of research when I started feeling different.” Erica admitted after a while. “At first, I thought I was gay or maybe non-binary but eventually I had to face the fact that even though I was born a man, I was a woman deep down. I think maybe you need to do that same soul searching.”

Wayne licked his lips, glancing over at the calendar hanging on their wall, tomorrow’s date circled in red.

“I’ll see how I feel when I wake up tomorrow.”

“I think that’s a good idea.”

When consciousness returned to him the next morning Wayne kept his eyes closed; focusing on the sensation of simply laying in bed. His hips were lower now that his ass was no longer round, his chest felt light and flat and already he could feel the tell-tale itch of stubble on his cheeks. Some of these things made him sigh in relief, others heavy with loss. As he slowly opened his eyes and sat up he looked down at his body; whole and male again and his stomach twisted. As he opened his camera and looked at his reflection he felt his lips twist; it wasn't right! Wayne's mind wandered back to the conversation he had with Erica yesterday and over the past few weeks. His body had never felt totally right when it was female or male, so he was going to make it so.

Slipping into the bathroom with a bundle of clothes he got to work. First, he shaved; not just his face but his legs and underarms till the skin was smooth to the touch. Then he took out the light purple polish Erica had bought and delicately painted and trimmed his nails. A pair of simple blue jeans and a dark pink T-shirt over the top did wonders and the final touches were the makeup. Nothing heavy, some simple concealers and bronzer to help soften his features a little; giving him an androgenous edge. Wayne smiled, the person in the mirror was a little bit of both, male and female and all Wayne. It felt right.

A gasp greeted him as he opened the bathroom door, Erica with her fist raised to knock. Her eyes were wide and they watched as they roamed across his body.

"You look...amazing. Wayne?"

"Yeah, still Wayne." He shrugged, "I think I'll still use 'he' too, but I think it's a weaker 'he' than I used to have."

"You know, I imagined a lot of outcomes slipping you that potion, this wasn't one of them."

She took a deep breath.

"I should not have done that, Wayne. It was a shitty thing to do. After all that talk of being uncomfortable in my own body, I should never have tried to make you feel that way."

"Nah, dude-uh, girl?" He laughed awkwardly, "I acted like an ass."

He cleared his throat and made sure to look Erica right in the eye.

"I really am truly sorry for all that shit I said. It was wrong and I am glad you taught me a lesson Even if your methods were..."

“Unorthodox?”

“Yeah, that’s a nicer way of saying ‘completely fucking nuts.’”

The two of them laughed and once they started, they found they couldn’t stop. By the time they finally got a hole of themselves Wayne was wiping a tear of laughter from his eyes and his chest ached; there had been so much nervous tension it had all just exploded out of him.

“Hey, Wayne?”

“Yeah?”

“You remember how I said when I first started looking into these things, I thought I might be gay?”

Wayne nodded, his heart suddenly beating much faster.

“That was because I started having feelings for a man...you.”

“Oh.”

He bit his lip; thinking back to how hot he thought Erica looked when she first fully changed, and that moment in the dressing room. His cheeks flushed and he realized just how awful it must have been for his friend to admit what she was to him and be so soundly rejected and mocked. Why she had treated his identity crisis with any amount of respect he’d never understand. Erica was looking up at him nervously, shafting on her feet and already looking like she was preparing for rejection.

Wayne wasn’t about to lie to her and say he was in love, but he certainly thought she was attractive and his best friend. So, he did not hesitate to lean down and press their lips together. Erica gasped gently before melting against him, yielding to the touch easily. They fit together perfectly; like two pieces of a puzzle. Would he have done this had she never come out as a woman? He couldn’t tell, he did not care. All his pretenses, all his worries flowed away; it didn’t matter what either of them were in this moment, who they were was the important thing.

Years of repressed sexual tension exploded and the next thing he knew, Wayne was pushing Erica up against the wall, deepening the kiss and eagerly swallowing down all the wonderful sounds she made.

“You have no idea,” She breathed between kisses, “How long I have wanted you to do that.”

“Let’s make up for lost time then, eh?” Wayne grinned, lowering his lips to the curve of her neck and running his tongue along the skin.

He gripped her hard enough those purple nails left tiny indents in her skin and in turn she raked her own nails down his back, reaching the hem of his shirt and ripping it up and over his head. They fumbled towards her bedroom, doing their best to travel and kiss at the same time; at one point her hands found his jeans and yanked them down causing him to almost trip and knock them both down onto the mattress in a tangle of limbs and breathy laughter.

“How are you still fully dressed while I’m naked?” He grinned, slipping his finger under the string of Erica’s nightdress.

“This is basically a negligee; I wouldn’t consider myself dressed.”

“Well, it’s still far too much clothing for my tastes.”

Wayne sent a silent message of thanks to whoever designed these nightgowns to slip off the shoulders easier and gently laid Erica back on the bed where she raised her hips and allowed him to fully remove the clothing. A choked sound escaped him as he beheld her naked form; the perky, cute breasts, the shaved pussy that was already glistening and pink.

“Do you often walk around our apartment without underwear?” He grinned, gently lowering himself over her, giving her another peck on the cheek.

“Only when I’m feeling horny.” She whispered, nibbling at his ear.

“So, often then.”

After a month without one it felt so strange to have a cock again, he could feel himself hardening against her thighs as he continued to kiss and suck down her chest, taking a nipple in his mouth and moaning as she whimpered in pleasure. Desire was pooling in his gut and as he braced himself on either side of her head he shuddered, feeling that familiar, wonderful heat and wetness press against the tip of his cock.

"I...I haven't had sex in this body yet." Erica admitted, looking up at him with wide eyes before looping her legs around his hips, "I want you to be the first."

Fuck that was hot. Wayne groaned, letting Erica pull him into her and savouring that tight wetness around his cock. She clenched around him once or twice until finally, they were flush together. Once again, he kissed her, moaning as her tongue ran along his lips and he let instinct take over. He started off gentle; in a way Erica was a virgin and he didn't want to overwhelm her. She felt so good though, so tight, it was hard to resist the urge to pound her straight into the mattress. Erica broke their kiss, biting down on his neck and drawing out a deep moan in response.

"I'm not made of glass, Wayne. Fuck me already."

That was all the encouragement he needed; he began bucking his hips hard and fast, eyes glued to the way Erica's face twisted in ecstasy, especially when her eyes flew open wide and she moaned his name as he hit something deep inside her.

"Oh, oh do that again!"

He did, and then continued to repeat, barely able to hold himself back as she started to squeeze tighter and tighter around him.

"Ah, ah...AAAAH!"

Erica came, tightening once more around his cock and Wayne saw white; the pleasure cresting as his cock began to pulse as well. He'd never cum so hard in his life; it left him limp and lightheaded, collapsed down against Erica as they both tried to catch their breath. Soft lips kissed at his temple.

"The people back home will be thrilled when they learn about this." She chuckled darkly, Wayne just laughed and kissed her again.

"Screw them. So long as we have each other, everything will be just fine."

