

Curves For A Month - Part 1

For Anon

By TheSpiralledEye

Metamorpho inc specialises in giving people their dream bodies, but due to a mix up, Domonic ends up in the body of a curvy woman instead of the body of his dreams. Now, he is stuck in this new form for a month and slowly discovers the perks that come with it.

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My foot bounced on the floor out of a mix of impatience and nerves. It had taken me over a year to save up enough for an appointment at Metamorpho Inc, and now here I was being treated as if I were here for a flu shot, not a life changing experience. The STEM cell research the company had pioneered was cutting edge; still technically in its experimental phase and all volunteers had to pay a hefty price to get one of the few spots available.

Body transformations were still relatively new on the market and when they had opened up the applications to those outside the science sphere I had jumped at the chance. Though my wallet was significantly lighter for it. It would be well worth the cost though; instead of spending years at the gym and money on dyes and makeup, now I could finally have the body of his dreams without any work! Well, unless you count the year I spent slaving away living on cup noodles in order to afford it.

I'd expected at least some level of professionalism when I arrived, paperwork in hand with my perfect body description filled out in excruciating detail. The golden hair, the toned muscles, the cock that was at least half an inch bigger than average; I was going to be amazing. And yet the woman at the desk couldn't even get my name right.

"Welcome, Mr McClean."

"McQuad. Dominic McQuad." I'd corrected, and then again twice more as she checked through my paperwork. Or at least I checked the paperwork, the secretary seemed more preoccupied with her computer.

"Sorry Mr. McClean, the system has been down all day and it's making the appointment details hard to input."

I'd just sighed and not bothered correcting her a third time, McQuad wasn't the most common name but it wasn't *that* hard to get right. I began to tap my foot louder until the secretary looked up in irritation. I raised my eyebrows and tapped my watch.

"My appointment was an hour ago." I pointed out before she opened her mouth to complain.

"I understand that sir," She said through gritted teeth, "But we did try to call you to mention the computer issues-"

"And reschedule, I know." I cut in, "But I paid a lot of money for this appointment and I want it to happen today. I have plans."

Plans that involved a classy bar right next to a fancy French restaurant; with my new body I knew I'd have no problem chatting a woman up and together we would celebrate. A toast to my new, confident life.

"I understand that-"

"Stop saying you understand, you don't." I snapped, "with tits that size I bet you never get passed over. This body means a lot to me and I want. It. Now."

She smiled tightly at me, grabbing the paperwork from her printer without moving her eyes from my face.

"Very well. Give me five minutes."

"You've got two." I grumbled.

Was there no such thing as customer service anymore? After a few minutes past my anger cooled and guilt began to seep into my veins; I hadn't meant to snap and be quite that rude. I just, really wanted this body. I'd been counting down the days to this appointment and the delay was slowly driving me mad. Once the procedure was done, I'd apologise. Maybe even invite her out for a drink if she was amenable.

"We're ready for you now Mr. McClean, sorry for the wait!" The flustered secretary smiled as she returned; it was tight and fake but I gave her a genuine one in return.

I didn't even care that this airhead apparently couldn't get my name right; all that hard work was about to pay off and I was finally going to be perfect! She led me down to a quiet, unassuming room in which sat a large metal contraption. On all sides were metal arms with a variety of needles and tubes attached, it looked like something out of a horror film and for the first time I started to have some reservations about this whole process.

"I know it looks scary." Chuckled a deep baritone, a man with the most perfect jawline and a pair of thin silver glasses was standing behind one of the desks and greeted them with a warm smile. "But I promise, aside from a little discomfort, it won't be a terrible experience. We have fed plenty of painkillers into the system to ensure you feel no pain during the procedure."

Of course; I knew that, I had researched this whole procedure extensively.

"I am Dr. Klein and I must say," The man continued, "this is probably the most extensive change we have ever done, it took me quite some time to get the machine calibrated to your specifications."

I blushed and gave the doctor a sheepish grin. Maybe I had gone a little overboard with the details of my new body.

"Sorry, I just really wanted to make sure everything was perfect."

"Understandable, this is a big change you're going through and we are excited to be the ones to help you realise your dreams!" Dr Klein smiled, "Now, have you signed all the paperwork?"

"Yes, terms and conditions, all that." I waved him off, "Let's get to it."

I'd waited long enough; it was time for my fantasy to become reality. I stripped off, settling down onto the table naked and closing my eyes against the bright glare of the surgery lights.

"Now, I'd recommend keeping your eyes closed, like I said, we use pretty strong painkillers to ensure there is no pain while your muscles and bones change shape to support your new shape. They are likely to make you a little discombobulated afterwards and may

make you nauseated. I recommend waiting a minute or two after we finish before opening them.”

“Got it.”

“Ready?”

“More than ready, let’s do it!”

I felt my skin buzzing with excitement only for it to turn numb as the first needle slipped under my skin. A moment later I lost all sense of my own form. I could feel my body, but it was tingly and strange. My chest was stretching and I resisted the urge to giggle, it felt as though it was stretching impossibly big, far bigger than the pecs I’d described. That was probably just the drugs in my system though.

If it wasn't for the numbing drugs I'd been tempted to wiggle as my whole body began to warp and change, as if pulled on giant arms like taffy. I lost all sense of where I started and stopped; my feet seemed to shrink, my crotch totally numb to everything and my head felt like it was in a constant state of pins and needles. Even my lips felt like they were vibrating. The entire experience was surreal.

Time lost all meaning, I was sure I'd been here both only a few minutes and a few hours all at once. Maybe I'd even dozed off once or twice because when I finally heard the voice of Dr. Klein again it felt as though he were very far away, like I had cotton wool in my ears.

“You can open your eyes.”

I blinked, the whole world seemed to be glowing slightly, like somebody leaned too hard on the bloom filter. My confusion must have shown on my face because Dr.Klein smiled understandingly.

“Just adjusting to your new iris colour.” he explained, “Give it a few minutes and it’ll fade, now, get up very carefully and you can go inspect yourself in the mirror. I’ll give you some privacy. If there is any issue, just yell, okay?”

“Okay.”

I cleared my throat; my voice came out high and nervous and I giggled with embarrassment. Dr. Klein didn't seem to mind though and simply patted me on the shoulder once before exiting the room, giving me my promised privacy.

The numbness began to fade and I wiggled my toes experimentally; the skin all over my body felt soft and sensitive, perhaps as a side effect of the procedure. It was quite nice actually. After enjoying it for a moment I sat up and immediately felt something was...off. My chest felt heavy, but not with muscle, I looked down and blinked in confusion. A pair of round, female but admittedly beautiful breasts were sitting on My chest. Instead of bulging muscles I instead saw a waifish figure that formed into wide curves.

I was heavier compared to most women, with wider hips, large breasts and thick thighs; like the pinups from the 1950s. This...this couldn't be right! My eyes, it had to be my eyes adjusting surely. I got to my feet and ran for the mirror set up in the corner; with each quick step I could feel the telltale sway of my hips and bounce of my curves.

When I reached my reflection I pressed my hands up against the polished glass in pure shock; Dominic felt as if I'd been doused in a bucket of cold water; curvy, copper waves of hair flowed from my head and full lips greeted me. Most telling of all, my cock, the cock that was supposed to have gotten bigger, was now gone completely, replaced with a mound of curly, slightly reddish dark hair. If I peered closely I could see a pink slit down the middle, more importantly, I could *feel* it; wet and warm between my thick thighs.

The sound of my own heartbeat was deafening; I could feel the pulse in my ears and my whole chest was throbbing with the intensity. I did my best to squash down the panic, taking several deep breaths; there had to be some explanation for this. I was hallucinating, a rare side effect of the anaesthesia perhaps. Yes, that had to be it. I pinched myself, finding my skin was anything but numb now and the vision in the mirror didn't change. The same curby, beautiful stranger stared back at me.

“What the fuck!?”

I hadn't meant for the words to be so loud, or so profane but I was still in shock. Dr. Klein came running in with a panicked look on his face.

“Is everything alright?” he asked, having the gall to look genuinely confused.

“Do I *look* alright?!”

I was still so appalled with what had happened I didn't even care that I was standing stark naked in front of a stranger; doctor or not.

“You look beautiful.” Dr.Klein insisted with a soft smile, “I am sure these changes must feel different in the flesh but-”

“This isn't what I ordered!” I screeched, hating how high pitched my voice turned. “Why am I a woman!?”

For a moment Dr.Klein looked confused, then the colour began to drain from his face and he rushed to the desk where he'd originally been working and grabbed a clipboard.

“Is this your file?” He asked hesitantly, handing it over.

The description on the page was for the very body I now had, complete with a bunch of scientific mumbo jumbo I didn't understand; probably whatever stem cells and stimulants were needed to create each specific change. I handed it back with a shake of my head, that cold water feeling was getting stronger; the dread practically formed ice in my veins as both the doctor and I came to the same conclusion simultaneously.

“They gave me the wrong paperwork.” He said after a moment, “it seems you've been given the wrong body.”

“No shit, Sherlock.” I hissed, my icy dread now turning to furious fire. “Get my actual paperwork in here and give me the body I paid you for! A lot of money mind you!”

Dr.Klein looked flustered and he scrambled over the desk, reading over seemingly random pieces of paper and information and hurriedly summoning the secretary who caused this whole mess.

“The thing is...” he stammered, “Well, as you know the change isn't reversible for at least a month.”

“A month!?”

Did this man seriously expect me to live in this womanly body for an entire thirty days? Was he insane?

“Yes, it was all in the terms and conditions you signed.” He squeaked, nervously handing me a robe to cover my nakedness.

“Nobody reads those! Not in full anyway!” Domonic cried, snatching the clothes away from him.

I could feel a humiliated blush spreading across my cheeks, then my shoulders and breasts. This was too much, it was bad enough that anybody had to see me this way; now he was telling me I had to spend a whole month like this? There was no way I could hide it for that long! Hell, even a week would be pushing it!

“Even so, you did sign it.” Dr. Klein said sheepishly, “And of course we will be happy to change you to your preferred body free of charge, provided it is safe to do so but there isn't anything we can do to speed the process up I am afraid.”

This could not be happening. I cleared my throat and did my best to stand up tall; it was hard to seem threatening when you were suddenly a foot shorter than you were used to.

“No, you listen here.” I said seriously, “You’ll fix this, right now, or I’ll sue the absolute pants off of you! I will ruin this business, and I will ruin you personally, doctor. You’ll never work in medicine again! I will make sure I get every single penny you have for this!”

Dr.Klein had the audacity to look irritated; as if his day had been ruined.

“As you know.” He said with some slight edge, “This technology is still in its experimental phase, all who sign up for use sign a waiver that states they understand there may be unseen side effects.”

“Unseen-this isn't a side effect, you fucked up!”

“I see no proof of that.” Dr. Klein said with a small smirk, “If you didn’t read the paperwork before handing it over to me for programming, that is not my problem. How was I to know?”

“But the secretary did that! Not me!”

“Prove it.”

I felt my anger drain away; I couldn't. It was his word against mine and odds were, he'd get the secretary and everybody else who worked here on their side. No lawyer would take my case even if I did sue; without some form of solid proof I was screwed.

"I was prepared to fix this until you became so rude." Dr. Klein said simply, polishing his glasses, "I cannot abide by bullies who try to threaten to get what they want."

"I am not a bully." I cried, feeling desperate, "Can you blame me for being upset right now? I've been changed into a woman and I'm thousands in the hole!"

Tears burned at the back of my eyes; this was so unfair! I lost my temper just once and now I was stuck like this? Maybe forever.

"Please." I begged, "I'll come back in a month, I won't sue but please, you have to put me back into a male body at the very least. I'm sorry I was rude to your secretary and to you but...come on, can you really blame me for being a little high strung right now?"

"Fill you another form and we will make you an appointment for one month's time, if your cellular structure is strong enough, we will reverse the procedure."

"And I'll get my perfect body?" I asked hopefully, Dr. Klein nodded and I breathed a sigh of relief.

Okay, one month. I could deal with that; I was going to have to.

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I'd never felt so humiliated. As I stepped out onto the street I could feel eyes on me, judging me and my now soft cheeks turned pink. Logically, I knew the strangers I passed on the street didn't know the truth, they were just looking at the woman wearing clothes that were completely the wrong size, with her head bowed and her face red; they probably thought I was doing the walk of shame in some one night stands spare clothes or something. Somehow that made the walk all the more embarrassing.

My jeans were now far too long, to the point that I had to bunch them into my sneakers to keep from tripping. Yet around my wide thighs and hips, they were far too tight, meaning they stretched over my peachy butt in a less than flattering manner. My shirt was

far too tight across my bust, so that the picture on the front was all warped and starting to crack. I had a feeling by the time I took it off it would be unwearable in the future.

A man snickered as he passed me by, another wolf whistled and a bolt of shame struck me. Obviously I didn't own a bra, a fact that everybody could see as my nipples were so prominent; another side effect of wearing a shirt that was too tight. With each step I could feel them jiggling and moving making it near impossible for people not to notice. No matter how softly I tried to tread, it didn't seem to help and my back was starting to hurt from the extra weight. This was miserable; I couldn't bear the idea of it lasting an entire month.

I walked as close to the buildings as I could, trying to disappear into the background. As I walked I watched the various shop windows pass me by and began to notice just how many different clothing shops there were. I have always been the sort of guy to buy at the big chain stores; boutiques and 'themed' places haven't really been my thing since I was a teenager and Hot Topic was the 'in' thing.

If I was going to be stuck like this for a month I'd need to buy at least one or two outfits; for my own comfort at the very least. I could feel my jeans bunching up around my crotch, the rough jean fabric rubbing against my boxers and thighs; I'd have a rash in no time if I didn't find some that fit.

Selecting a shop at random I walked in and immediately felt out of my depth; underwear seemed like the logical place to start. I grabbed a random set of black panties and a bra before hurrying over to the women's section and grabbing a pair of jeans and a shirt without paying much attention. I must have looked a bit more frantic than I intended because the sales assistant at the change rooms blinked in surprise when I rushed past.

"Miss! That's the mens!" She called out after me.

Oh yeah, obviously. With my face positively burning now I raced to the other side and locked myself into the cubicle and breathed a sigh of relief. It felt so good to be in a place where nobody else could see me. The comfort didn't last long though as I opened my eyes and turned to see the three walls that made up the cubicle were all mirrors. Now I could see my awkwardly dressed self from multiple angles; lovely.

Ripping off my clothes had never felt more freeing and for a moment I stood there just enjoying the feel of air against my naked skin. The clothing had left pink marks over my body where the fit was too tight and I took a strange amount of pleasure in watching them fade away.

With the initial shock of the transformation gone I finally felt calm enough to really examine my new body. Of all the forms I could have possibly gotten, this one wasn't half bad at least. I'd always preferred my women a little thinner, with longer legs and blonder hair but

this body had its charms. The wide hips and big butt were actually sort of cute now that I could see them from all angles and the big breasts were...well, big breasts. I hefted them up once or twice and giggled; it felt almost naughty, like I was peeping in on the girl locker room back in high school or something.

I wondered who had requested it; they were probably just as mad as I was that somebody was walking around with their dream body. Would Dr. Klein reset the machine? Would I stumble upon my own perfect twin some time in the future? That could be fun, if it wasn't bound to be so damn awkward.

Putting that out of my mind I slipped into the panties and bra and grimaced, the underwire cut into my sides and didn't feel like it was supporting me at all. Despite the cups fitting when I pressed them up to my chest, if I let them go great gaps opened up, I knew before I even put the shirt on that it wouldn't work, one wrong move and everybody would be staring down my top.

"Excuse me?"

A knock came at the door, "Do you need any help?"

Maybe it was the fact that my body had recently been flooded with hormones, maybe it had just been a long day but whatever the reason I felt my eyes start to burn again, only this time I couldn't stop tears from springing forth.

"Nothing fits." I sniffled, feeling supremely stupid and embarrassed as the assistant unlocked the door from the outside with her key.

To my surprise, she didn't laugh or smirk, instead she gave me a look of supreme sympathy.

"Hey now, it's okay, you just have the wrong size on that's all. When were you last measured?"

"Never." I admitted, wiping away the tears.

"Here, let me."

She pulled out a measuring tape and wrapped it around my bust a few times before disappearing. I underdressed again in time for her to return with the same bra and panties in a new size and handed them over. It was like night and day; as soon as she helped me do

up the hooks at the back I felt better. The soft fabric of the bra matched the contours of my body perfectly, the underwire supporting and pressing up my breasts to form a cute little bit of cleavage and my back immediately stopped aching.

I looked in the mirrors and felt my lips quirk into a soft smile. The curvy body looked so...cute. The bra wasn't the most conservative, nor was it full on lingerie but it looked and felt amazing. For the first time since the procedure I felt comfortable.

"There, see how much difference just having something that suits you makes?" The assistant smiled, "Would you like me to help you find something to wear over the top?"

I looked down at the random pair of jeans and shirt I'd selected; odds were they were the wrong size too.

"Yes please." I smiled nervously, "And uh, thank you."

"You're welcome." She smiled warmly, "we all have those days when we hate our bodies a little, even when they are fabulous like yours."

She added a wink and a laugh and I felt a girly giggle bubble up inside me. It felt...nice. Maybe this month wasn't going to be so bad after all.