

Cocktail of Chaos – Part 2

For JessicaTG24

By TheSpiralledEye

I woke with the taste of ash in my mouth and a headache pounding behind my eyes. Despite the groan, I felt a smile form on my lips. It had been so long since I could afford to get truly hammered, I was probably the only man alive right now glad to have a hangover. Something stringing caught between my lips as I rolled over in bed, hair. My brow furrowed; my hair wasn't long enough to get in my mouth surely...

The events of last night came roaring back; Casey, the spell, Charlie, the *fingering*. I shot up in bed, making the whole world sway and forcing my eyes closed as spot danced across my vision. Being thankful for a hangover lasted all of five minutes. After a few long seconds the light-headedness faded and I blinked open my eyes, staring down at my body and swallowing. I was still half dressed, having apparently stumbled home and collapsed into bed without even removing the dress the spell had out on me. My chest was rising and falling rapidly as panic set in; I watched as my new tits bounced with the moment which only caused the alarm to heighten. Everything after that orgasm was blurry, had he and Charlie done more? I don't think so; the memories were hazy; dancing, more drinks, walking home alone. God, it was a miracle nobody accosted me!

One hand clutching my head I stumbled to the bathroom, opening up the cabinet and swallowing down two aspirin dry and almost gagging. I splashed cold water onto my face with one hand, closing the cabinets mirror door with the other and looking up at my own reflection. The beautiful woman from last night was still there, though she'd seen better days. Her dark hair was matted and stringy and dark circles surrounded her eyes. That ashy flavour on my tongue, now made bitter by the medicine turned her mouth into a grimace. First things first, I feel disgusting, a shower would do me wonders; then when I can think straight, I'll be able to figure this out.

A sigh of relief escaped as I pulled the dress down over my bust and ass; my tits finally free and slightly sore from being compressed for so long. It seemed they were the only thing keeping the outfit in place as well, as it fell to the floor once they were free. I ran my fingers across the sore skin with curiosity, tracing the slight red band the tight band had left and admiring the tits Casey's spell had given me. They were full and round, with deep pink nipples that were soft and sensitive. A featherlight touch of my finger pad made them tingle pleasantly and I stopped. Getting hot and heavy is what got me into this situation in the first place; I sure as hell wasn't going to risk making it worse by indulging in my usual morning wank. Was it even called that if you didn't have a penis? Gods, this was confusing.

The shower instantly filled the air with steam and I could feel my pores opening as I stepped under the hot spray with a sigh. A night's worth of sweat and spilled drinks flowing off my skin with the usual grime. The water rivulets ran down my curves, gathering between my legs and under my breasts. Showers had always been one of my favourite ways to unwind but in this body it felt downright sensual; who knew the flow of water across the backs of my knees and neck could feel so good. Perhaps this body was simply more sensitive than my old one? It was the only explanation I could think of for why the water felt so good. Ducking my head under it soaked into my hair, making it heavy and sticking to my neck and back. Gently, I began running my fingers through it; lathering shampoo and massaging it into my skull. The aspirin working in tandem with the massage to slowly

soothe the headache away under the water's caress. Stepping out of the shower, I felt like a new person and in a way, I suppose I am. The towel felt so much rougher as it dried my skin and hair and I made a mental note to get some new ones as soon as I got the chance.

With the hangover under control and felt less gross I could fully appreciate this new form in all its glory. Using the old towel, I scrubbed the fog from the mirror and began looking over it with almost analytically. My skin was still pink of from the heat of the shower, giving my cheeks and curves a rosy tint that really bought stood out against my pale skin and dark hair. Despite the strangeness of the situation, a smile tugged at my lips in recognition; there was the beauty form last night, she'd just needed a little help to come out. Perhaps a lesser man would have panicked but I somehow managed an almost unnatural calm; yelling and freaking out would not do me any good right now, I needed to focus and come up with some sort of plan.

Work was not going to be an issue, since I worked from home, I could still finish everything on time and communicate via email. On the rare chance somebody needed to call or video chat, I could feign a sore throat or broken webcam without much hassle. My parents only called on holidays, none of which were coming up, so that was taken care of. For once, having a small social circle was a blessing, none of my 'friends' ever messaged first, let alone dropped by unannounced. This little...transformation being discovered was honestly the least of my worries. What I needed to focus my time and attention on was getting a cure; up until last night magic had just been a thing of fairy tales but knowing it was very much real through first hand experience meant that was the best avenue open to me.

I threw on a pair of jeans and a shirt, shifting uncomfortably at the ill fit. The jeans stretched across my wide hips and ass, squashing them almost painfully while the legs were far too loose. The shirt was much the same and as I sat down at my computer, I found myself constantly defined and trying to adjust my bust to be more comfortable under the constraining fabric. Half way through the boot up sequence I discarded it all together; this was my house and if I wanted to be topless that was my choice. Though I couldn't help but blush as the screen dimmed momentarily and my reflection looked back at me, pink nipples on full display. If I had not been so thoroughly gratified last night it likely would have stirred something in me; they really were a spectacular pair of tits.

Fortunately, the screen lit up, hiding the reflection and I shook such thoughts from my mind. Just googling 'magic transformation' felt stupid but where else was I going to start? The first link was for a magical girl anime discussion forum; nope. The second a fetish website, also nope. Back in college I'd always joked that if it didn't appear on the first page of google, it didn't exist; the theory seemed to be proved right because after several more pages I was still no closer to any sort of lead. I tried a variety of other searched; 'learn magic', 'learn real magic', 'transforming into a woman', 'curses' and every possible combination and variation thereof. After an hour my eyes were burning from strain and I leaned back, groaning. This was going nowhere. If I had just gotten Casey's last night, maybe then I could find her online and go from there but as it stood, even if I shrunk the search to Casey's in the local area, there were still hundreds to choose from, many of whom didn't have profile pictures. The idea of trying to get my hands on a dark web browser occurred and was swiftly dismissed, all I'd find there was drugs, guns and God knows what other illegal contraband and I certainly was not confident enough to risk the police knocking on my door. Did they do that if they detected dark web activity at your address? I've no idea and frankly zero desire to find out.

I shifted in my chair again only to hear the tell-tale sound of ripping fabric and popping stitches. Brilliant. With a world weary sigh I stood, twisting around to see the prominent rip right across the ass of my jeans; these had been my favourite pair too.

“Perhaps some new clothes are on the menu.”

All I had that fit me properly was the outfit from last night; hoop earrings, heels and a mini dress were hardly the sort of thing people wore at 10am in the morning though. Hang on a moment...the club! Maybe if I am lucky Casey and her friends visit it regularly, If I go back tonight perhaps I could run into her again! I had the outfit all organised and maybe I could even score a few drinks while waiting. No more hook ups of course, my face flushed as memories of how good that man's fingers felt between my folds. A familiar warm wetness began to form there now and I slapped my cheeks in distraction; getting horny is what got me into this mess in the first place. I needed to stay in control this time. With a nod to myself I went to lay back down and rest, I needed to be fully rested and ready tonight in order to be vigilant. Casey was my only hope of ever becoming a man again, I couldn't let temptation draw me away.

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Walking down the street toward the club had me filled with anticipation. For the first time in my life, I could feel eyes on me and didn't want to shy away. A bolt of pleasure coursed through me each time I watched a man's eyes dip to my chest or ass as I walked, enjoying the gentle sway my hips took on so effortlessly. While I certainly had no desire to stay a woman, I had to say it did come with a few little perks. One of which being that a pushed out chest and a few bats of my eyelids got me into the club without having to pay the cover charge. It felt almost empowering, to walk in knowing I looked so good I didn't even need to debase myself to get something I wanted.

The smell of fog machines and cheap liquor greeted my nose and I took a great lungful, Gods I had missed being out on the town on a regular basis. Still brimming with high of getting in using my new beauty my eyes found the bar. A quick scan of the room showed no sign of Casey but the night was still young, I made my way over to hover by the drinks. It was the logical thing to do after all, if Casey and her gaggle of women were to return, they would surely head right this way so it was only natural I wait here. And if somebody chose to buy me a drink while I waited well, there was no harm in accepting. I had to enjoy the perks of being a woman while I could, didn't I?

I was leaning back against the wall, idly scanning the room when I spotted him. A young man a few years my junior, likely one of the guys from the local college judging by how green he seemed. He was staring at me unabashedly; such a attention should have made me disgusted but on the contrary, I found a soft smile playing across my lips and before I could think it through, I was motioning him over. The man's friends all 'oohed' and wolf whistled, congratulating him on the potential pick up. I had no intention of doing anything with him, obviously, but it was quite warm in here and I my throat was beginning to feel parched.

“Hey, babe.” I tried not to smirk; he was trying so hard to sound cool

“Hey, yourself. You know, it's rude to stare.”

“Oh uh, sorry it’s just you’re...you’re fucking hot, okay.”

God, those words felt so good. Nobody ever complimented guys like that and even if they did, nobody would have ever said something like that to me. My confidence grew, soaking up every drop of attention this man could give me.

“That’s okay, buy me a drink as an apology?”

It really was that easy, a moment later a fruit, sweet concoction was in my hand and I drank it down like water. Cocktails were so underrated, why on earth had I wasted my time drinking half a dozen beers when I could get instantly tipsy with drinks that tasted better and were four times as strong? The man’s name was Greg and soon our chatting turned to subtle flirting. A familiar warm feeling began growing between my legs but I ignored it, along with the burn of vodka as I down another free shot.

“Did you want to dance?” Greg asked as the music changed.

It was a silly idea; I was supposed to be looking for Casey but the way Greg was looking at me was addicting. To be so wanted, so desired; it was like a drug. So, with alcohol once again in my veins I found myself nodding and taking his hand. The thong of people that made up the dancefloor felt different as a woman, as a guy I’d always hated the jostle and cramped space but now, every time somebody brushed against me, I felt myself shiver in pleasure. Greg pulled me close, hands gripping my hips as he moved to the music. I couldn’t resist wiggling closer, pressing my breasts to his strong chest, thankfully the loud music disguised the soft moan that escaped.

Greg’s hands began to move from my hips down to squeeze at my ass, pulling us flush together so that I could feel the hardness between his legs pressing into me. The flame inside burst into a great fire and suddenly, I felt very sober. This is what had happened last time, who knows what damage could be done if I came under a man’s touch again! I managed to pull away, mumbling some excuse before rushing to the bathrooms where I knew Greg could not follow. Breathing heavily, I leaned against the sink, splashing a little cold water on my face to try and cool the fire inside. It just felt so good to be wanted like that; after so many years of being overlooked was it any wonder I got turned on when somebody touched me like that? I could see the stalls behind me in the mirror and bit my lip. It would be so easy to slip into one and bite down on my tongue; I’d not masturbated in this body before; I couldn’t help but wonder what it would feel like to slip my own finger into that aching hole...

“Hey, are you alright?”

A gentle hand appeared at my shoulder, I'd been so busy looking at the stall and fantasizing I'd not seen the woman approach. She was short and blonde and her bright eyes were crinkled with concern.

"I saw you run off the dance floor, did that guy try something?"

"Do I...I don't know you?"

"No, but what's that got to do with it?"

A different kind of warmth bloomed in my chest; when a guy tripped and fell everybody laughed but here was this stranger, honestly worried for him because he'd left the dancefloor in a hurry?

"Girl code." The woman smiled, "We look out for our own in places like this, don't we?"

One of our own...

"Yeah." I swallowed, "And uh, no the guy was great I just started feeling queasy all of a sudden. Too much alcohol I guess."

"Poor thing, do you want me to call you a taxi?"

I really should stay, it was only just reaching midnight, the scene would be active for at least a few more hours and Casey could show up late. But the idea of going back out there, with all those men and the free drinks...it was too tempting.

"That would be great. Thanks."

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It was the same the next night and the one after that. I just couldn't help myself! The attention, the way I could so easily wrap people around my finger with a simple touch or flutter of my eyelids; it was intoxicating. More than once things had gotten heated, a man's hands almost reaching into my panties before I had to jump away and get a hold of myself. And each time it got harder and harder

to say no. All Casey had told me was that cumming locked the spell in, so I couldn't even masturbate to get rid of some of the pent up horniness. Now all it took was a sultry look as I was getting turned on. Staying sober would have helped but well, it had been so long since I'd been able to indulge in this sort of fun. I wanted to make the most of it. I was just downing my third tequila slammer, compliments of a new friend when I felt something loom behind me.

"Girl, you can really hold your drink."

A shiver ran down my spine, the voice was so deep, a rich baritone that awakened something I'd never known existed within me. My pussy lips were instantly wet as I turned to face the giant of a man behind me. He was a full foot taller, making me look positively petite in comparison. He looked like a gymbro's wet dream; all muscles and bulk with a strong jawline. Until this moment, I'd been excusing my rampant hormones as my loving the attention but this. This was different. This man was hot, undeniably sexy and for the first time I realise I was truly attracted to a man based on appearance alone.

"Yeah, I love shots." The words came out of my mouth fast, butterflies raced in my stomach.

Now was not the time to have a personal crisis about my sexuality; it was this body, yes, this body that wanted this man so much. I just so happened to be inside it and feeling the want second hand. I didn't have much time to think on it more as the man passed over a note to the bartender and presented me with yet another shot, only this time he grabbed the salt and placed it against his bare shoulder, sticking it in place with lime juice.

"Body shot?"

I should say no, why wasn't I saying no? Why was I moving forward with my tongue out!? The flavour of the salt was overwhelming but I could also taste the man's dark skin against my tongue, it was warm and wonderful and I found my tongue doing several passes over it under the guise of picking up each and every grain. I pulled back and placed the shot glass at my lips, the alcohol burned and the fire inside raged like an inferno as I bit down on the lime, eyes never leaving his.

"Want to get out of here."

"God yes."

His confidence was so hot, the way he took my hand in his strong one and lead me to the door. I shouldn't do this, I couldn't do this but fuck, I wanted it so badly. So much I couldn't even feel ashamed of myself as we rounded the corner into the alley and he pushed me up against the wall.

"What's your name?" He mumbled, placing a kiss at the hollow of my throat.

"J-Jessica. You?"

"Names are overrated."

He pulled back as he said so, leaning into me so that I could feel the hardness in his trousers against my leg.

"I agree."

There was no music to mask the moan that escaped me as the man pressed his lips firmly over mine. I yielded to his touches immediately, almost melting as his fingers brushed across the curve of my breasts and soft planes of my stomach. His fingers slunk under my dress, gently pulling down on the waistband of my panties and peeling them away from the wet mound of hair between my legs. I was so turned on, I just needed to be touched, all I could do was moan, tasting the remnants of tequila on the man's tongue and he awkwardly unzipped his fly.

This was happening. I was about to be fucked in an alleyway outside a night club like a common whore. I tried to fight it, to even feel some level of humiliation for acting so but I couldn't all I could feel was lust and as the man held me up against the wall, I instinctually gripped him tight. My legs wrapped around his waist, arms holding tight to his neck as he pressed my backs into the brickwork. The tip of his thick cock rested against my hole and glided in with no resistance. I was so wet he began to slide up inside me without any issue and my eyes opened wide. The sensations were overwhelming, the burn of my inner walls as they stretched to accommodate his girth, the pleasure of finally being filled, it was all too much.

"More, more! Please!"

I tried in vain to buck my hips but I was pinned by my partners strength, all I could do was try and pull him in faster with my legs but he held back, clearly enjoying torturing me with the pleasure. I gasped as he finally reached his sheath. I was so full, I could feel the tip of his cock buried deep inside me, pressing against some deep bundle of nerves that felt so good I was seeing stars.

This man, whomever he was, was not about to show me mercy though. Before I had the chance to get used to this wonderful full feeling he was withdrawing, almost leaving me completely

before thrusting back in fast and hard enough that the air left my lungs. I could feel every inch of that length inside me, my inner walls squeezing it as he continued to thrust in and out of me with abandoned. Words failed, all I could do was moan and beg for more as the pleasure began to build within me. With each thrust he brushed against that little bundle of nerves right at the back of my chamber, making me wail each time. I clenched, trying to keep him buried inside me as long as possible as he groaned. I could feel myself getting closer, the bliss building to a crescendo I knew I had to stop. Maybe if I faked it, he'd stop before I came and then...then...oh fuck, just a little more, it felt too good to stop. I just wanted a bit more, just a little, one more thrust....one more...

“Oh, fuck I-Ooooooh!”

My pussy pulsed, clamping down hard on the man's cock as I came, wetness squirted inside me, trapped by his sheer size and my vision went white. The whole world disappeared; all that was left was the ecstasy between my legs filling my body in waves. I'd never come so hard in my life. When it finally passed and I felt another splash inside me from my partner I went limp, whole body weak and shakily from the sheer intensity of the orgasm.

“Fuck babe, you're something special alright.”

He withdrew, my overstimulated pussy quivering as he left me. I could barely stand; my legs were shaking so much. Shame began to taint the bliss as I realised what had just happened; I had given in to those desires I'd tried so hard to fight. Not only that but I had abandoned my search for Casey, what if she was in the club right now? I couldn't very well walk back in there with my dress crumpled and cum leaking from my hole and down my legs. The dude flicked a piece of paper my way as he zipped up his trousers and winked.

“Call me if you want to go again.”

My traitorous body shivered in response.

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I had run straight home, curling up under the blankets in shame and it was where I stayed until lunchtime the next day. Even then I only got up to get food from the kitchen and slink back to bed. What had I let myself become? If I was honest, I'd not even been looking for Casey the last two nights, I'd just been basking in the attention this body could give me. Not only had I become an attention whore, I was one monetary transaction away from being an *actual* whore. Since when did I have so little self-control, I was a grown ass man, well, sort of. Regardless, I should know better. And yet even now, as filled with humiliation and shame as I was, my pussy still ached gratifyingly. When I slipped into sleep again it was filled with dreams of silken sheets and that handsome man from last

night. At least now that I had finally had some satisfaction I wasn't quite so on edge. Still, I stayed home instead of hitting the club. I knew the temptation would get the better of me eventually and besides, I had to find Casey still. But maybe going cold turkey for a single night would be a good idea.

It was strange, I'd always been so introverted; spending nights alone had never bothered me too much. I loved clubbing, but a night at home wasn't torture. Before now. The room was so quiet, I missed the sound of crowds, the feel of bass in my bones and most of all, that freeing burn of alcohol on my tongue. The time passed achingly slow, how did I ever stand it? Watching movies and reading no longer entertained, especially not alone. If only I had some company this infernal quiet might but somewhat bearable.

I slammed open a window, breathing in the cold night air and letting it blow through my hair. If I strained my ears, I could hear the faint pounding of rock music from the nightclub, just a few blocks away. It would take me no time at all to be down there...a few minutes more to have a drink in my hand courtesy of a handsome stranger who'd take my hand and drag me to the dance floor to writhe-No!

I ducked back inside, shutting the window loudly, not caring if the neighbours complained about the noise. Those were exactly the thoughts I was trying to avoid. I stripped off and put on my frumpiest, most ill-fitting football jersey and curled up under the covers. I was in control and I was going to prove it to myself, I would stay here all night. Even as I promised it though, I knew deep down I'd be the first one in the door of the club.

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"Buy you a drink?"

"...No thank you."

Those words should not have been so difficult to say but as I turned down my third offer for the night it was almost physically painful. The whole reason I'd been changed like this was so I could get free drinks and have a good time, now I was denying myself despite the distinct lack of upsides. Well, I supposed there was one upside, I hadn't gone into an alley and fucked anybody yet. The desire was there, sitting ignored in the back of my mind and ignored is where it would stay. So long as I didn't get drunk, I knew I could keep my horny side in check.

Instead, I kept scanning the crowd, it was Saturday night, that meant twice as many people as had been here through the week. I just desperately hoped-

"Jessica?"

I felt my jaw drop, there she was.

“Casey!”

I ran forwards, flinging my arms open and embracing her with a mixture of elation and relief.

“What are *you* doing here?” Casey asked bewildered, “Looking like...that? Jason, I warned you not to cum, what the hell did you get up to.”

“Look...that’s not important. The important thing is that you change me back!”

“Come on.” She hissed, grabbing me by the arm and dragging me outside with a few excuses given to her crew. Once we were far enough away even the bouncer could not hear she let go.

“Jason, magic isn’t a a logical practice! I don’t make the rules, I just obey them. I don’t have much of a choice.”

“What sort of spell can turn you into one thing and not back based on such arbitrary parameters!”

“Wow, parameters, somebody took 8th grade science.” Casey raised an eyebrow, “Look, all I know is, magic works the way it does. You’ve got a better chance of making water not wet, that’s just how it is! Cumming locks this spell in for a week. I turned you last Saturday so really, you should be turning back any seconds now.”

I flushed, looking away and I heard Casey sigh.

“When was the last time.”

“A few days ago...”

“Right then, just abstain for a few days more and you’ll be yourself again. Not too hard, right?”

“Yeah.” I licked my lips, “If I am honest, being a woman has been...a lot of fun.”

Casey just beamed at me.

“It really is, isn’t it? Though, I do feel sorry for you, have you been wearing that same outfit every day?”

“I wash it!”

She giggled and looped an arm through mine.

“Come on, let’s have some fun. You can join me and the girls, then tomorrow morning we’ll take advantage of the Sunday sales and get you some proper clothes.”

Despite knowing it was probably weird to be excited, I smiled. That really did sound like a lot of fun.

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Before today I’d never been clothes shopping with a woman, unless you counted going with my mother as a child. It was certainly a very different experience. Normally, I left buying new clothes until the old ones were falling apart and then it was just a five minute affair; get in, grab a shirt that fit and looked halfway decent, pay, get out. But as Casey had explained to me when we arrived at the mall, that was not how it worked for women. Shopping was an *experience*.

I couldn’t help but think of all those sitcoms I grew up watching, where the man would fall asleep waiting as his girlfriend or wife tried on outfit after outfit. When Casey first grabbed my wrist and insist we start at the little boutique specialising in summer dresses, I expected it to be much the same. I’m still a man deep down after all but to my surprise, browsing all the racks was actually fun. Before I knew it, three hours had passed and I was yet to even make a purchase.

“You know, you make a pretty good girl friend.” Casey smiled, handing me a bubble tea.

It was sugary sweet and I almost gagged as one of the bobbas shot up my straw. Strange, yet satisfying.

“Thanks? I guess.”

“We’d better start actually buying stuff soon though.” She mused, “Oh, I know, let’s go over to Veronica’s, that shop has wonderful clothes for every occasion.”

“I’ll be turning back in a few days.” I replied quietly as we approached, “Shouldn’t I just get something cheap and simple?”

This place looked pricy and despite all the free drinks I’d been getting, my bank account wasn’t much healthier than it had been back when I was Jason. This boutique was all black and shiny, the signs written in looping silver font; it sure looked like the sort of place that cost a pretty penny.

“Jennifer,” Casey shook her head, “You’re only a woman for a few more days, you should treat yourself! Really make the most of the experience.”

She did have a point, still, I blanched when I noticed how much even a single pair of pumps cost when we walked in past the display. There was no way I would find something in my price range here, still, no harm in looking...maybe even trying something on.

Casey disappeared into a pile of designer jeans I was not even going to entertain while I wandered the racks. I reached out, letting my finger brush against the fabric of the dresses as I walked by when suddenly I felt a tiny shock of static. The sting was minimal and I looked down to see what had caused the offense and drew out a hanging with several items hanging off it at once.

“That’s one of our all in one evening packs.” A smiling sales woman spoke up, seemingly appearing from nowhere. “It comes with the dress, underwear and a set of shoes and earrings, all together. No need to mix and match.”

“That’s...convenient.” I mumbled, barely paying attention, the dress almost felt as though it were calling me.

“Oh wow, Jennifer that’s gorgeous!” Casey cried as she walked over, “You absolutely have to try it on.”

I didn’t bother looking at the price tag, I simply nodded. I felt as though I were almost in a trance, something about the outfit was drawing me in, almost like it was begging to be worn. The dress was nothing special on the face of it; short and black with sheer shoulders, yet something about it seemed special. Before I knew it, the curtain was closing behind me in the mirrored cubicle and I was alone; holding the hanger between my delicate fingers.

What was the harm?

I stripped off, enjoying a few moments of freedom standing totally naked in the stall. My reflection smiled at me, a hand bunching under my blonde hair and pouting; truly a remarkable woman...

First things first I suppose, the underwear. The panties were small, with enough fabric to cover my crotch with a G-string style back and thick waistband made of lace. As I slid them up my legs, they tickled the inside of my thighs and I felt my breath hitch before regaining control. The silky inner lining felt heavenly cupping my pussy, it was like sitting on a cloud and thanks to the G-string, my ass felt free; jiggling at even the slightest moment. Next came the matching bra, strapless and dark silver, that same dark lace patterned across the cups. I lifted each of my heavy tits into them and struggled to get the hooks done up. When they were finally in place, I felt my chest compress tightly; cleavage doubling as my tits were pushed up. The bra was bottom heavy, ensuring the top half my breasts could move when the rest of me did, while almost supporting them from below. Already I could imagine how they'd look as I twisted and bounced on the dance floor. It was as if they were made for me.

I slipped on the shoes and placed the pink rose shaped studs through my ears before finally turning to the final piece; the dress itself. I shouldn't be enjoying this so much, shouldn't have a stupidly happy grin on my face as I step into the dress and gently tug it over my rump. It felt so nice though, the fabric was tight in all the right places with just the right amount of stretch. The sheer shoulders had a slight glimmer to them, naturally drawing the eye to my bare clavicle, the implication of being braless was far stronger than I realised.

Perhaps it was arrogant; but I had known since the very first night this body was a ten out of ten but now, here in this outfit, it was a twelve. I looked goddamn runway ready and as I stepped out and Casey squealed with delight and the clerk gasped; I knew I wasn't the only one to think it.

"O-M-G, Jen, you look AMAZING! You have to buy it, it's your moral imperative!"

"You think?" I couldn't help but let a girlish giggle burst out from me, it felt so nice having such attention.

I'd never been gorgeous before now; certainly, never felt it. This confidence was new and intoxicating, speaking of...

"We should go out to the club tonight; I have to see if this outfit can pay for itself!"

"Girl, it'll pay for itself twice over before midnight."

I handed over my card without a second thought, all ready to wear the new clothes out when Casey grinned.

“Let’s make a day of this, we’ll get our nails and hair done, then back to mine to have dinner, do our make up and then head out! My treat!”

“Sounds awesome!”

And it really was, I never knew how luxurious it felt to have long hair washed in one of those basins at the salon. I almost fell asleep as the hairdresser massaged my temples. Two hours in the chair flew by and when it was finished, I had some dark honey highlights through my gently wavy hair. The nail salon proved just as fun; with Casey and the technician telling me of the latest gossip in the area. I had no idea who Pete and Rachel were but their love life dramas could feed an entire soap by the sounds of it. I was actually sad to leave before hearing the end of one of the escapades.

“Don’t worry, sugar,” The technician smiled, “I’ll tell you when you come in next week.”

I was halfway to Casey’s house for dinner before I realised I didn’t correct her; oh well, maybe he could ask Casey to pass on the rest of the story.

“Hey, Casey?”

“Yeah?”

I threaded my arm through hers as we walked into her apartment building.

“When I’m a man again can we still be friends? I can’t remember the last time I had this much fun hanging out with somebody and well, I’d like to do it again. Even if I just carry your bags or something. It’s not like I could get a manicure as a man but...well I wan to know how Pete makes up with Rachel after that whole fiasco.”

“Me too.” She snickered, “Why they are still together I’ll never know. But yeah, we can be friends. I meant it when I said you made a good girl friend, I’m sure you’ll make a great guy friend as well.”

The backs of my eyes begin to burn; when was the last time I had a proper friendship like this? I honestly couldn't remember.

~

We spent the evening goofing around, watching movies and ordering pizza which smudged all our make up so it had to be done again. Casey couldn't stop giggling the whole time and almost ended up with crooked lip liner. Walking up the night club; I'd never felt more confident in my life. All eyes turned; some full of envy, others of lust. I beamed; men wanted me, women wanted to be me, I had it completely made. It was no surprise when the bouncer 'forgot' to charge my entrance fee, too distracted by my bountiful cleavage to even ask. Casey gave me a sly smile.

"You have certainly adapted; I'll give you that."

"Like you said, I am making the most of it." I grinned back, "Now, let's get complete shit faced on other people's dime."

"I'll cheers that, once I can." Casey laughed, "First one to get a free drink is the winner."

"Oh, you are on, girl!"

Like a pair of giggling school girls we stumbled over to the bar, I leaned back against it, arms spread so that my chest thrust out naturally, pretending to survey the dance floor. Within a minute the bartender was tapping me on the shoulder.

"Here miss, compliments of the fellow at the end of the bar."

It was a vodka mixer, not my favourite drink but a good starting point. I stuck my tongue out at Casey who was still drinkless a few feet away and then raised the glass to my lips. My eyes slipped closed as I savoured the overly sweet drink and the tingle it left on my tongue; the bass was low, the music loud; this was the *life*. I swallowed down the rest of it and turned to see who it was that bought it when my heart froze. The man was handsome, smiling at me with straight white teeth that seemed brilliantly white against his tanned, olive skin. It wasn't his good looks that had my heart slamming though, it was the fact that I knew him.

Danny, we had gone to college together. He was a playboy, a massive flirt and I had spent the better half of three semesters trying to ride his coattails to try and get girls with little success. I'd never understood how he managed to charm women so effortlessly but now that I was on the

receiving end of that wry smile, I think I finally understood. Apparently, he took my somewhat flustered look as invitation to approach and he did so, sauntering over like he owned the place. If I were still Jason maybe it would look arrogant, maybe I'd scoff, but as it stood, watching those long legs approach only made my cheeks turn pink with anticipation.

"Hey there, Danny." He thrust out his hand and I took it; his grip was so warm and strong.

"Jessica." I replied without hesitation, the name feeling more at home on my tongue than ever, "Thank you for the drink."

"You finished it so quickly, allow me to get another?"

On some level I knew logically this gentleman act was just that, a ploy to get me into bed. Danny never hooked up with the same girl twice, so why was I falling for it? Why was my stomach full of nervous butterflies as he passed over a fruit concoction and lifted it to my lips? Why was I drinking it without ever taking my eyes from his? Why was I *so wet*?

"You here alone?" He asked, "Seems criminal a girl like you walking around unaccompanied."

"No, I am here with a friend." I glanced around only to find Casey making out hard with a stranger at the other end of the bar, "but I think she's a bit...preoccupied."

"What a shame, I guess we'll just have to keep each other company, eh?"

"I guess so."

The drinks flowed freely between us and soon I felt myself slipping into that familiar, tipsy mode where the world seemed so much looser and more colourful. I knew Danny was a rake, but hell, he was charming and fun and I couldn't get enough of the way he was staring at my ass. A bubbly, happy feeling began to build in my chest as Danny told some joke his words all mushed together in my increasingly drunk brain but I was laughing all the same, letting him pull me close. The beat changed, turning fast and frenetic and my face split into a grin.

"I love this song!"

I was grabbing his wrist, dragging him into the thronging crowd and jumping on my toes, somehow keeping my balance despite the brand new heels. I could feel my chest and ass bouncing as I moved, more importantly, I could see the way Danny was looking at them. His hands grabbed hold of my hips, swaying his own hips to the beat as we slowly got closer. I could feel the bulge in his trousers as they pressed against me. God, it felt so good. I thrust right back, disguising the movement as a dance move and soon, we were writhing against one another. His hands running down the length of my back, nails digging into my skin through the thin, sheer fabric by my shoulders. Casey was completely forgotten, all other people in the room reduced to a blur of colours and shapes as I gazed up into those handsome eyes.

Our lips met, not with a gentle brush but hard and rough. This was no romance, this was primal, a need. Danny had no idea who I was; this was so wrong and something about that made it all the sexier. I moaned into his mouth, feeling the vibration of his sounds in return as the bass continued to beat in time with my racing heart. It was clear where this was heading and I could not wait. Our petting continued until rough hands separated us, security scowling.

“Come on you damn horn dogs, get out of here!”

“With pleasure.” Danny winked at me and I giggled, taking his hand eagerly.

My pussy felt like it was on fire; somehow, we managed to tumble into the back of a cab and Danny gave out an address before resuming our make out session. The fruity flavours on my tongue slowly eroding away till there was nothing but the taste of him. I didn't care where we were going, I just wanted him to keep touching me. If it weren't for the way the driver honked his horn to force us out at our destination, I am pretty sure I would have fucked Danny right there in the back seat.

The next few minutes were a blur of hands and mouths, my new dress was discarded leaving me only in the lingerie and Danny actually groaned when he saw it.

“Fuck, girl you are incredible.”

“Just wait till you have me.”

I have no idea where those words came from but they felt so right coming out of my mouth I didn't care. I was done fighting off my natural impulses, this body was build for sex and I wanted to push it to the limits, no more trying to hold back. Danny surged forwards, kissing at the cleft between my breasts and lowering me down onto a soft mattress. When had we even made it to his bedroom. Idly I thought about poor Casey, still back at the club, but then Danny's fingers slipped inside my panties and all other thoughts fled my mind. For a moment, I was back in the club that first night, being fingers by Charlie only this time I had no shame.

I moaned, bucking my hips up to press his thumb harder into my clit and whimpered when he moved away, tugging down the panties as he went. Danny knelt between my spread legs, juices dribbling down onto the sheets below my ass. He ran a hand across the curve of my breasts, still in their beautiful new bra. For whatever reason he didn't remove it before lifting my hips to press his manhood against me.

"Ready?" His voice was husky, but then again so was mine.

"Please-Oh yeeeeesss!"

The moan was dragged out of me as he pushed in slowly; the now familiar sensation of my inner walls stretching was so good I almost came then and there. Then he started to thrust and I was lost.

"More, more! Please!"

He wasn't as big as the man from the alley but he made up for it with stamina and sheer speed. It felt like no part of my body was safe from his onslaught. I could feel my hard nipples pressing against the cups of my bra as my insides began to tighten; the bliss rising before crashing down in my biggest orgasm yet. That wasn't enough for Danny though, he kept on going, fucking me through not just the first but a second orgasm before shuddering inside me and cumming himself. He collapsed against me and I hummed in contentment, squeezing the softening cock still inside me.

One more week as a woman wouldn't hurt, then again, I did just come twice so perhaps it would be a fortnight. Frankly, I really didn't care, deep down I knew I'd be staying this way for a long time regardless.