

## Curves for a Month - Part 4

For Anon

By TheSpiralledEye

*The last of our protagonist's masculinity fades away as he gives in and accepts his life as a slutty woman.*

~

I could still taste the cock in my mouth; the heady flavour and musk was spread all over my tongue and lips. Not to mention the lingering musk that had been left behind by the man's pubic hair. It was disgusting and delicious all at once and I hated how much I was craving more.

I could have washed my mouth out; run back into the club and asked for a glass or water or even used the bathroom sinks. But I didn't. Because on some level I knew I wanted this. It was utterly humiliating and somehow that made it better and worse all at once.

The walk home was cold and I craved the touch of warm hands. A man's warm hands specifically. I wanted to feel the press of another body against my soft curves, feel them grasped hard enough to hurt. Now that I had tasted what it felt like to really have sex I wanted it more than anything.

A harsh wolf whistle pricked my ears and I looked across the street to where a group of tipsy men waved. Another whistled and they all laughed and called out to me and my cheeks turned red. I *liked* the attention. I loved the way their eyes looked hungrily over my body as if they were stripping me down with their gaze alone. Wetness formed between my legs and I forced myself to turn away and hurry up the street in the opposite direction.

What remained of my masculinity was holding on by a thread. I had to retain it at any cost otherwise...well, I wasn't sure what was going to happen but I knew it couldn't be good. I still couldn't believe how I'd behaved these last few days. I'd never harboured any sort of secret desire to be a woman, or be degraded and yet here I was loving both.

That transformation was supposed to help me unlock my true self; dominant, masculine, sexy; the ultimate man. I was supposed to be the one gripping the girl's hair in an alley as she hungrily swallowed me down, not the other way around.

Even now though, I was imagining what would have happened if I crossed the street to that group of men. It would be easy to entice them into my body, maybe even more than one. My head filled with images of my new curvy body being shared around between them,

sucking cock while on all fours and being fucked from behind while my tits bounced in the night air.

A shiver went down my spine and I felt the wetness between my legs grow. Fuck, I wanted it so bad. The more I tried not to want it, the more I did. It was agony. My hole began to burn, reminding me just how long it had been since it had been filled. Less than twenty four hours, and that was far too long as far as I was concerned.

Lights flashed as I turned the corner and I blinked in surprise. The heavy thrum of dance music and bass moved up my legs and I realised I was back at the club. Without even realising it I had turned around and headed back around the block ending up right where I had started.

My eyes scanned the line of people slowly moving inside, seeing several handsome men who looked like they were alone and desperate for company. A surge of power flowed through me and I realised just how easy it would be to flirt with them. To use this body to its fullest potential and finally sate the hunger inside my hole.

I went inside again.

I bit down on my lip, trying to settle the storm of emotions swirling inside of me. The strong, feminine part of my brain that was desperate for cock and all manner of other dirty things, and the last vestiges of my masculinity begging me to find another way.

My eyes fell upon the bar and the muscular, tanned man who was working it. His shirt was stretched thin over his broad frame and he wore a cocky smile as he served drinks and winks at the pretty ladies leaning over the bar. A compromise formed in my mind and headed toward him, somehow easily moving through the crowd of people.

When I reached the bar I leaned against it, ass out, breasts squashed against the slightly sticky surface so that my cleavage doubled. Immediately, his eyes found me and I smiled; the attention was making me horny already.

“What’ll it be, doll?” He asked smoothly and I shivered.

“Well...what do you recommend?” I demurred, batting my eyelashes like a schoolgirl with a crush.

“For you?” He cocked his head to the side and looked me up and down.

His eyes lingered on my chest and my heart began to race; he thought I was sexy and that made me feel good. I loved the way he undressed me with his eyes, I wished he'd undress me for real.

"How about a mai tai?" He suggested, "Super sweet and very strong."

"Oh that sounds lovely but there is just one thing..."

I wiggled my hips, enjoying how several men were now staring along the bartop, much to the chagrin of their dates.

"I didn't bring my wallet." I pouted, "Do you think maybe I could get one on the house or...pay another way?"

God I loved this, acting like a total whore. Maybe I could resist going further if I just flirted all night. Even if my panties were in danger of soaking through.

"Tell ya what," The bartender grinned, already mixing up the drink, "I'll give ya a drink for a kiss."

My heart pounded. I had to say no.

"I think that's fair."

Dammit! Me and my stupid slutty mouth! Why the hell was my self control so pathetic?

I lifted myself up on the bar, leaning in and pursing my lips. Just make it a peck, I told myself, don't stick your tongue in no matter how bad you want to. The bartender's lips brushed mine and I gasped, mouth opening and fitting with his instinctually and before I knew it, I was sitting on the bartop, making out with him as if my life depended on it.

He tasted like whiskey and cigarettes, the flavour finally washed away the taste of cock in my mouth but I didn't care, at least not while our tongues were dancing around like that. I tilted my head back and let him take control like the good slut I was before he finally broke away, breathing heavily.

My own chest heaved, breasts threatening to break out of the top entirely and the bartender grinned and slid a glass down the bar at me.

“You earned yourself three drinks with that!” He yelled, “Help yourself.”

I did, pursing my lips around the fancy straw and draining the strong cocktail and three long, hard sucks. I watched the bartender's eyes rise, clearly impressed and I felt a warm shiver go down my spine. I finished the drink and sighed happily as the alcohol flowed into my stomach to form a warm ball.

“I’m good with my mouth, as you can see.” I giggled. “I’ll be back for more.”

Then I turned quickly before I could do anything further with him. Though I couldn't resist adding a little extra sway to my hips as I went, ensuring eyes were on my ass as I made it to the dance floor. Fueled by the alcohol now running in my veins, I began to dance.

I'd never been one for club dancing but now I wanted everybody to see me. I twerked, sticking my ass out and letting it jiggle for all to see. Men wolf whistled, women gave me dirty looks, I got wetter.

I let people in the throng touch me, hands brushing over my chest and ass appreciatively and one than one copping a proper feel that left me moaning and wanting. It was so easy to get all eyes on me with this body, all it took was a toss of my hair and a shake of my chest. I ground myself against one man, then another, making sure to never stick with one long enough for them to entice me back out into the alley. That way, my urges were somewhat satisfied without further debasing myself.

Between songs I went back to the bar where my newest friend continued to ply me with free drinks. I could see the glint in his eyes, the hopes that after he knocked off I would still be here and he could claim me. Fuck I wanted that, I wanted to be his, and the man next to him, and the man next to that guy. I wanted every man in this damn club to fuck me raw and it was taking every ounce of my self control not to throw myself at them.

Still, I was loving the attention. I loved rubbing myself up against people before disappearing. Making them want me was so damn addictive. It was like walking a tightrope, teasing myself and revelling in the attention all at once. I danced and showed off my body until the early hours of the morning. Before I knew it, the club was closing and the music was gone.

My skin was hot, my breath short and my eyes aching from tiredness. And yet I still had energy to burn. My hole ached and begged to be filled and my panties were a wet mess and yet I felt proud; I'd done it! I'd resisted, maybe I would be able to survive this month with some of my dignity intact after all!

I walked toward the exit only to stop when somebody grabbed my hand. My heart leapt into my throat as I turned to see that same bartender, hot and sweaty from a night's work in the humid club.

And we were alone.

"I was hoping you'd hang back." He smiled, "I knew you would really, after you kissed me like that."

Had I hung back on purpose? I wasn't even sure anymore.

"You want me, don't you? I saw the way you were acting on the dance floor, letting all those guys feel you up while you ground against them. Trying to make me jealous eh?"

My heart was pounding. I wanted him so bad, but I'd just gotten done congratulating myself on not giving in to my urges! I couldn't lose now, not even as he drew in closer, wrapping his strong arms around my waist in a way that left me breathless.

I opened my mouth to reply to him but instead I surged forward and before I knew it, I was making out with him. It was sloppy, carnal almost, all teeth and wet lips smacking together as my hands thrust into his hair. He did the same to me, holding my head in place as our tongues battled and I submitted almost instantly. It was too much, too good.

Before I knew it I was letting him strip me down as we stumbled across the sticky floor. His hands found my ass and cupped them, giving my cheeks a hard squeeze before lifting me up onto the bartop. I was already naked, wet and ready for him.

I looked up as I spread my legs and my eyes stared directly into the security camera pointed at us. The idea that somewhere some creepy man in a security room was watching us and touching himself made me moan.

The bartender was done talking, he gripped my hips and pulled me forward while I undid his fly and pulled out his cock. Without meaning to, I licked my lips, remembering the taste and for a second I was tempted to hop down onto the dirty floor and take it in my mouth. Then my hole quivered and I remembered the burning emptiness within me and instead wrapped my legs around his waist and pulled the length inside me.

It felt so right and that was what made me feel worse. It was like I was made for this, made to be fucked and used and touched by drunken bartenders in seedy clubs after closing, all while a camera recorded me.

I tried to focus on how humiliating it was, rather than the pleasure but it was impossible. He was fucking me roughly, enough that my passage was burning and it was

delicious. Each time he slammed into my G-spot and made my whole body shudder, grunts and groans escaping my lips with every touch despite my best efforts.

“Moan for me babe.” and I obeyed, immediately rewarded with a flood of ecstasy between my legs.

I shuddered, cumming hard as he continued to fuck me through two more orgasms before finally finishing. By the time he pulled out my legs were jelly and my whole body was sore in the best way. I felt thoroughly used and it was glorious.

“That was worth waiting for.” The bartender grinned, there was still hunger in his eyes.

I could tell he wanted me again and what was worse, I wanted to give it to him.

“I’m on shift again tonight...” He added, “if I see you, I’ll send more drinks your way.”

My head buzzed; this body got me so much attention, I could almost get drunk off that instead of the alcohol. Without thinking, I found myself nodding and planning to come back.

~

It became a habit, every night I would go and whore myself out at various clubs. I’d spend the early hours using my body to win myself free drinks and attention before finally giving in and letting a stranger fuck me raw. Sometimes more than one a night. My bartender friend was a frequent customer, in exchange for all the free bar snacks and drinks I wanted.

Money wasn’t a problem, it didn’t take me long to realise men would give me just about anything in exchange for copping a feel or a blow job. I ate out every night and got eaten out in return. It was only natural to start taking actual money in exchange for services. Making up excuses for my slutty actions became second nature. I had to eat after all and it wasn’t like I could go to work in this body.

Nobody would ever know how low I’d fallen, it was just for a month. All temporarily, I could stop any time I liked. The fact that I loved the feeling of being fucked had nothing to do with it. My craving for cock was totally temporary and would go away soon I was sure. It had gotten to the point where even I was having trouble denying that I got turned on by being degraded and humiliated. It had gotten to the point that just a hint of embarrassment got me hot and heavy.

When a man spilled his drink over my chest, making my tits slick and sticky I'd gotten so wet I'd almost cum on the spot. So you would think I'd be glad when my phone reminder woke me one morning and I saw the date.

It was time for my appointment at the Metamorpho clinic; time to become a man again.

My initial reaction was one of disappointment. On some level, most of them really, I didn't want to change back. I wanted to stay this slutty, carefree version of myself who bought favours and attention with her body. But then I swallowed and steeled myself.

I'd had my month of fun. It was time to get serious and change back before any irreparable damage was done to my dignity. I was sure once the reality of becoming a man set in I would feel relief; then I could reclaim my masculinity and pretend this whole slutty month never happened.

In vain I searched through my wardrobe for something to wear. I knew I should pick one of my old outfits but the idea of walking around in those ill fitting clothes felt wrong. I hated having so much of my skin hidden and if I only had a few hours left in this beautiful body I wanted to show it off.

I opted for the tight fitting, hot pink leather mini dress. It had open shoulders, ample push up bra cups for my cleavage and barely reached the middle of my thigh. Hardly daywear; but I couldn't resist the way it showed off my tits and ass. I slathered my lips with pink lipstick; I'd learned to apply several layers to avoid it smudging off too easily. Then I headed off.

I decided to walk rather than take a bus or train; for the exercise of course. I wasn't trying to delay the change or take any last opportunities to attract attention. People stared as I went by, I stood out like a sore thumb in my clubbing get up at ten in the morning. I drank it in, smugly smiling knowing just how many of the men I passed were probably imagining me naked. Then again, my outfit was so revealing they probably didn't have to imagine too hard.

When I arrived at Metamorpho I signed in and sat down, watching and the clock ticked past my appointment time. Unlike last time though, I felt no urgency; they were probably busy. I didn't want to piss them off by complaining further, better just sit tight and wait.

I found myself growing excited by the possibility that the appointment would get cancelled, maybe they were too busy today. Or perhaps their machinery would break down and I'd have just a little bit more time in this body. Enough time to give my bartender friend one last visit...

"Mr. McQuad?"

I glanced around for a moment before realising the secretary was speaking to me. It had been so long since anybody referred to me as 'mister'. It felt wrong, I bit the inside of my cheek and stood up, trying to deny the dread that was filling my stomach. It would be gone soon enough, I just had to get my perfect male body and everything would be as it should.

"Dr. Klein is waiting for you, right this way."

I followed like a puppy, each step feeling heavier than the last. The click of my heels was the only sound in the corridor and it seemed impossibly loud and foreboding. I stepped into the same room I'd been in just a month before; it felt like a lifetime ago. Amazing to think that now all I had was a tiny shred of my masculinity left and I clung to it desperately, not because I wanted it, but because I *wanted* to want it.

Dr.Klein was sitting at the desk, typing away at the computer attached to the machine that would give me my new body and I swallowed and the secretary closed the door. Dr.Klein looked up and I watched his eyes run the length of my body and his eyebrows raised. Once more I felt my skin grow flush with pleasure as a man checked me out.

"Well, Mr.McQuad...you certainly adapted to your new body despite your initial reaction." The scientist smirked a little and I felt my cheeks colour.

"Just trying to make the best of a bad situation." I said unconvincingly, watching as he stood and walked over to me slowly.

I felt frozen in place by his gaze as he circled me like a shark, wicked grin on his lips and a curious look in his eyes.

"More than just that, I think." He mused, "Tell me...why dress so provocative if you didn't like it?"

"What are you getting at?"

"I think you've been doing more than surviving as a woman," Dr. Klein said, standing behind me and leaning over my shoulder so close that I could feel the heat of his breath on my neck. "I think you've been thriving."



I managed, somehow, to suppress a shiver and turned to face him. Realising all too late just how close he was standing, I'd expected him to take a step back but he stood his ground, meaning my chest was less than an inch away from his, his face looming in close.

Close enough that I could see his chiselled jaw and handsome features. My mind immediately filled with naughty scenarios of fucking in his office while trying to stay silent, lest we get caught by the secretary and I had to force myself to step away. I refused to lose control again, I was here to get fixed!

"Well, you're wrong. I want my male body." I said meekly, so meekly in fact that even I didn't buy it.

Dr. Klein smirked and reached for his fly, unzipping it slowly and removing his cock. My eyes locked onto the length and I couldn't bring myself to look away, even as he began to stroke himself to hardness.

"Tell you what, you resist this and I'll turn you back but if not, you stay this way forever."

"W-why would I agree to that?" I asked, my voice dreamlike.

I tried to raise my eyes to his but I couldn't stop staring at his cock. It was thick and long, I could already feel it sliding up inside me; god it would feel nice. And it would be so naughty...I was already soaking.

"Because I think you like being a cock hungry slut." Dr. Klein chuckled. "I saw the way you were dancing the other night when I went out."

My cheeks burned with shame and arousal; of course he would be one of the few people who could recognise me. I could only imagine what I'd been up to when he spotted me; had he seen me get down on my knees already?

"Go on, all you have to do is say no and I'll zip myself up and get you on the table ready to be turned into the macho man of your dreams."

A war raged inside me, I opened my mouth fully intending to say no but instead all that escaped was a desperate, horny, pathetic;

“Yes...please.”

My knees folded and I grabbed for Dr. Klein's hips, opening my mouth like the good whore I was and taking the length inside. I moaned at the taste; god the taste of cock was so good. I felt myself let go of that last shred of masculinity as Dr. Klein began to fuck my mouth; he fucked it right out of me till all that was left was a desperate horny woman who wanted nothing more than to please.

I didn't care about the mix up anymore, actually I was happy it had happened. Life as a woman was far too much fun and sex was just too good for me to give it up. I hollowed my cheeks and sucked, letting the tip of his cock slam against the back of my throat. I didn't gag, I was too experienced for that now. Instead I moaned and let myself fully fall into my new role in life as a horny woman.

I felt the length pulse against my tongue and warm seed poured down my throat; I moaned, already prepared for round two.