

**Accident at the Lab**  
**(Gender Bender TG Erotica)**

**By Nikki L. Falcon**

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**This book is dedicated to the many TG caption bloggers out there  
making captions and supporting the community.**

## Final Notes from the Author

Thank you very much for downloading my book. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it. I love receiving constructive feedback on my work, so feel free to message me on Deviant Art. Link is below.

All pictures are used with permission from the stock image creators and any characters in this book are over the age of 18.

Themes in this book include: gender transformation / TG / Transgender changes / gender swap, science fiction, shapeshifting, and mental changes.

Check me out at...

- My Amazon Page: [Nikki L. Falcon](#)
- My Deviant Art Page: [Nebula11](#)
- My Personal Tumblr: [Body Hopper Nebula](#)

Today was going to be the final day of testing at the facility. I worked in the Re-Creations Lab in the Helen Center. It's been around since the mid-2000's. It's a large facility located in Nevada. I work there as a lead scientist. My name is Frank.

As I approached the Center, I noticed the weather today was bright and sunny. It was a little bit warm out today too. Good weather for May. I drove in and parked my car. I had the best spot and I was proud of it. It's what I get for working all those many years at previous companies before getting hired by the Helen Center.

Today seemed quite bright. I had a good feeling about today. I looked at myself in the rear-view mirror one last time and thought about my project.

My team at the Re-Creations Lab just finished up our latest piece of work. It'll make billions. It's a large machine we created for people with physical disabilities. If our testing is correct, then once you step into the machine, it will slowly regenerate your leg back for you. Almost like a 3d printer. It's entirely painless and it takes barely any time at all. The person just stands there for a bit and the machine does the rest. Within a half-

hour, the patient should be fully ready. Their new appendage should have grown back and now they can use it.

I must say that this is only in theory. We've never tested it before on humans. A few times on mice, but that's about it. If everything works out correctly, it should be fine. We'll have a real winner on our hands. I'm proud of that. My team is too. We'll be able to do some real good in the world.

I adjusted my tie and got out of my car, heading in to the building. The secretary by the door, Rebecca, waved to me.

"Morning, Frank!"

Rebecca is quite beautiful for a girl. I'm 31 years old, so I'm getting a bit older now, but I still admire her. She's 21 years old and looks as gorgeous as she always does. She was wearing a white blouse and a black skirt. She has a thin body and beautiful, long legs. Today she wore her sexy, black heels. Her brunette hair was long and wavy. I swear, she looked like a model.

"Morning!" I waved back and headed in.

The Center was quite large. My lab made up much of it. It drew in a lot of power when we first started working. Too much, actually. We had to get our own power generator built up so we don't blackout all of Nevada.

I walked through the main doors and showed my badge to the guard. This guy looked pretty new. He wore a black tie and a dark, blue collared shirt tucked into his black trousers. He wore black polished shoes and carried a small baton around his waist too. Absolutely no idea why the head of security wanted these guys to have it. Often, I see these security guards pretend those things are swords and they start fighting each other. The younger guys do all the time.

“You’re cleared. Morning, Frank.” He said as he hit the button on the door keypad. I gave him a thanks and walked in.

Past the guard, walking down the corridor, and then down a flight of stairs, I reached my lab. Same as it was yesterday. A few of the other scientists were already there working diligently on the project.

I walked over to the snack area and poured myself a nice big cup of coffee. As I was putting my sugar and cream into my coffee, in walked Dr. Vance. He was another one of the scientists that works at the Center here. Good friend of mine too.

“Big day, right?” He says as he poured himself some coffee.

He’s a thin man, about the same height as me. A little bit older too.

“Yeah, I’m looking forward to checking out the new machine. We’ll first do a test run. Just turn it on, let it warm up, and then power it down.

After, we'll have Mr. Wallace, today's patient, get in. If everything works out well, Wallace will have himself a new arm. He's still in the hotel right now. We'll call him in later, more towards the afternoon." I told him.

"Sounds good. Meet me by the machine and we'll get going." He said.

"Oh, and one more thing" He turned around and sipped on his coffee. "Yeah, the President of the Center, wants safety to be our number one concern today."

"Really, huh?" I told him.

This Center is always safe. We're in the middle of the desert. There's no people around. Nothing could possibly go wrong.

"Yeah. She says that when we start up the machine, we should move all non-essential personnel out of the Center."

"Strange." I told him.

To be honest, I was a little shocked the President would try something like that.

"It's for safety. We've never turned the machine onto full power before. To fix up a mouse's tail, it takes only 5% power. We're now turning it to full capacity to fix a human. Even the 5% mode had an effect on the

power systems we've got here. If something goes wrong, we could seriously mess up the place." He told me. He seemed nervous.

"Doubt it. This place is top of the line. Best in the world. There's no way things are going to go south on us."

"Okay. But we're moving everyone out of the building for a bit."

"Fine. If that's what they want." I told him.

He walked out and started making some phone calls. I headed out towards the machine.

We called it the TRM – Tissue Regenerating Machine. Not a fancy name, but it works.

It's a big machine, about 14 feet tall. It's large and cylindrical. It has clear windows all around. The big metal components on the outside light up and, well... to spare the scientific details, they spin around. After about a half-hour or so, using the special neo-lights we engineered, it can create new appendages for people who've lost them. I'm eager to try it out on our first human test subject.

Dr. Vance came by again as I was inspecting the machine. He handed me a clipboard with graphs and charts on it.

"OK, we're cleared now. Non-essentials have been evacuated." He told me.

“Great. A waste of time.”

“No, it could be necessary.”

“Yeah, right. Anyways, let’s get this thing powered up. All the data seems normal here.” I told him as I scanned through the papers.

He hit a button on the table, activating the intercom.

“We’re ready to start the testing. Everyone gather around.” He announced.

“This is going to be one exciting day. If only we could’ve let the press in here. We’d be on the cover of all the newspapers and magazines throughout the world.” I told him.

“Let’s take things one step at a time.” He said back.

The other scientists gathered around the machine, awaiting my orders. Some were older and younger than I was. All were more than qualified. Things were looking up today.

“OK, so... Dr. Stevens, Dr. Ben, and Dr. Yu, you guys head up to the control room and overlook everything. Dr. Vance, you head to the power control room and monitor the levels. I’ll stay right here and watch the machine.” I told everyone.

Everyone moved over to their stations. I was a little bit nervous, but still feeling optimistic.



Soon, I overheard the intercom. It was Dr. Yu, a young man who graduated from MIT, top of his class.

“We’re set here. Ready when you are, sir.”

“Thanks.” I waved to him from where I was. He waved back.

Soon, the intercom chirped up again and it was Dr. Vance.

“Yup, I’m good here. Power is looking fine.”

I looked back at the machine. Then I looked down at the control panel in front of me. This was indeed the first time we ever powered this thing up to full power. Doing a 5% test run had its problems, but I was pretty self-assured that everything would be fine.

I started up the machine. Flicking on the switches and moving the power dial upwards. Turning on the intercom, I chatted with the crew.

“Turning it up now. How we looking on your ends?” I asked.

“We’re good here.” Dr. Yu replied.

“Me too.” Dr. Vance said.

Slowly the meter on the monitor grew. It went from 20% to 30% to 40%. The machine began to hum louder and louder. The metal panels on the side of the machine began to twirl around the machine faster and faster. I could feel the wind being pulled around. I felt a slight bit of static electricity on my skin, but I ignored it.

Soon, the power level went to 50% and then 60% and soon 70%. The machine got louder and louder. It was really starting to suck in the electricity now. More and more now. I was still amazed at what we created. This machine. The ability to restore life. We were going to really change the world.

But in my daydreaming, I failed to notice the Q-power levels were destabilizing. The Q-power is supposed to act as a stabilizer. When the power gets too high, the Q-power switches on automatically and re-routes the power so it's safe. But this time, it wasn't doing it. It was supposed to do it, but it's not. This was not good.

The computer panel flicked open a yellow, flashing error message alerting me the Q-power wasn't able to handle this much. Before I could read into it more, the dial on the main power kept going up and up. I wasn't touching it, yet it still was going up. It went higher and higher. 80%, 90%, until it reached 100%. The machine was really starting to make noise now. This was not good. Not good at all. If we didn't stop this thing, the machine will be compromised. It might fail... in a really, really BAD way.

Dr. Vance got on the intercom.

“Frank! Frank! What’s going on over there! Shut it down! Didn’t you see the warning message! The power generator can’t handle this!”

I looked on the monitor at Dr. Vance. I could see him on the cameras. The power was going to high. I could see steam shooting out of the power generator. Sparking hitting the sides nearby. One of the panels of the power generator flew off due to the steam build up and hit a nearby computer monitor, destroying it.

Dr. Yu yelled out to me through the window.

“Turn it down! It’s off the charts, Frank! It’ll blow if this keeps up!”

I bead of sweat dripped down my forehead. I looked down at the panel again. The warning message went from yellow to red. It was in danger of overloading. Why was this happening? The dial shouldn’t have turned up on its own. Why wasn’t the Q-power stabilizing it? It should’ve been an easy test run.

I looked back up at the machine. The machine was whirling and buzzing about. I saw sparks and steam shooting off of it. One of the rotating panels on the machine flew off and hit a nearby metal pipe, which fell to the ground.

I looked down and hit the emergency stop button. I thought it’d work. It didn’t.

I looked at the monitor below me. Dr. Vance was trying to fix the generator when all of a sudden, I heard a loud explosion and the monitor went dead.

I kept hearing explosions, like cannons being fired all around me. Steam shooting out from the pipes. I heard some people scream. When I looked up, I saw the machine flash a bright blue light and then explode right into my face, knocking me back against the wall. That was the last thing I remembered.

I laid there. In darkness. Although I could smell smoke all around me. It was thick and made me cough.

I woke up. I didn't know what time it was or where I was. What was going on? How much time passed? I looked around me. There was just wreckage everywhere. The whole Center fell apart. Pipes, glass, wood, and metal was everywhere. The big building had crumbled down. The sun was shining through the thick black smoke. Wind was blowing sand dirt onto me. I looked down at myself.

I was covered in dust and black oil. My lab coat and pants were shredded up and I had no idea what was going on. I had bruises all around my arms and legs. I coughed. The smoke was too much. I hurriedly got

out of the wreckage of the building. Nobody was around. It was empty. It was just me. Me alone.

I started walking fast out of there. It hurt with every step I took. My leg hurt and so did everything else. I was limping. I couldn't see anything at all around me. Just the building scraps everywhere. There was lots of smoke, but I could see the paved road. It led out to the city – City of Las Vegas.

I was limping, but I could still move. I had no idea what happened to everyone. The sun was already starting to go down. I walked down the road. I was in pain.

It hurt as I walked. Every step I took. It was very hot out too. What happened to everyone? Were they OK? Maybe they made it out alright. I had my hopes, but I was worried.

I couldn't believe the experiment failed like that. We checked and triple checked everything. There was no way for it to mess up. It was the perfect system. It was meant to revolutionize the world. Change everything. Make mankind something great. But it's gone now. All those years of work was crushed in only a few a minutes. Did something fail on us? Was the machine tampered with? What went wrong?

I kept walking. I've been walking for about five minutes now. The Center is in the back. Just a smoking, crumbled ruin. It's far from the city. If the emergency vehicles were on their way, it'd be a while.

As I walked, I noticed I was feeling better. Did I just walk it off or something? I'm a tough guy, but there's no way could I just 'walk off' something like that. I could've been crushed by the rubble, but I made it out OK. I was lucky. I looked down at my leg. I examined it closely and stopped walking. I noticed the bruises were fading. And not fading like they would with any normal person, they faded almost instantly. Just disappeared completely. I shook my leg around. Felt up my muscles with my hand. It felt fine. I felt as fit as ever. Even the bruises on my arms were gone. I could move everything fine. I felt as healthy as could be.

What happened? Did the experiment change me or something? Maybe it did? There's no way I could heal myself that fast. No human ever could.

I started walking and soon running in the direction of the city. Just five minutes ago, I was limping around, and now I was running. I felt in peak shape. The machine must've changed me. I was amazed.

I slowed down again and went back to walking. I started thinking about the Center and the people that worked there. Dr. Vance, Dr. Yu, and

the others. Were they OK? Did they escape alright? Maybe help already came for them, but not for me? My mind was so full of questions. I started thinking about Rebecca.

I thought my life was over back there. Was she alright too? To be honest, I really liked Rebecca. She was hot and very sexy. I'm single. No girlfriend in years. And there she was, every day with her bright, cheerful smile. Always motivating me on. She was very nice. Her body was also hot as hell. Her long, smooth legs. Her cute feet in those beautiful high heels she always wore. Today she had on her white blouse. She always unbuttoned it a few buttons too. Gave me a good look at her beautiful cleavage. She had very large breasts for a girl. I just wanted to touch them. Feel them in my hands. I wonder if she got out alright.

As I began thinking about Rebecca, I felt my head become a little tingly. I didn't notice it at first. I went to scratch my head, but then I noticed my hair was longer. That was strange. My hair is quite short, but now, it was growing. It kept growing, in fact, until it reached below my shoulders. It was wavy and brown. It smelt almost like peaches too. How'd this happen? It's almost like... Rebecca's hair?

My face became tingly too. I could feel my face slightly shifting on me. My nose got smaller and my lips puffed out a little bit too. My face restructured itself and became smaller. I could feel it.

I found a small piece of glass on the side of the road. Maybe it flew here from the Center. I used it as a mirror to look at myself. I was right. My face reshaped itself. I now looked just like Rebecca. I even had on her same make-up. I looked down at my body. My body was changing too. And rapidly.

My shoulders got smaller like a girl's. My frame got smaller too. I lost a few inches in height. My belly got pushed in and now I had a nice mid-section just like she did. I looked down and noticed breasts were ballooning out on my chest. They got bigger and bigger. They pushed out my shirt until I had DD's on my chest. I noticed the hair on my arms and legs vanished too. The fat on my legs and arms went away as well and I was left small and dainty. My fingers also became smaller and cute with little bits of nail polish on them, just like she had. My legs got smaller and thinner. My feet got smaller too.

I felt my penis shrink away and get sucked into my body. It happened so fast, but I could feel it. It was pleasurable though. It felt so good. It got smaller and smaller. I looked into my pants and I could see the change



happening. It got sucked in and soon, what became of it, was a soft, hairless crotch. I could feel a little opening open up down there. I could feel how wet it was. It was sensitive too. God! I was getting so turned on by this.

I looked at myself again in the mirror. I was amazed at how much I changed. All I did was think about her and I became her. I couldn't believe what happened. That's when I realized it.

The experiment at the lab backfired. I don't know how, but it did. Now I have the ability to fix myself and change myself into other people. I don't know how I could replicate it again if I could. Maybe by concentrating hard? So I gave it a shot.

I thought about Rebecca again. I pictured herself, or rather myself, with bigger breasts. Round, beautiful, soft breasts. That bounced as I walked. I imagined their weight in my hands. The soft, rubber-like nipples on my fingers. Big, pink areolas with little bumps on them. Breasts that felt heavy and large in my hands, but soft and sexy. Breasts that the very thought of would give me a hard on. Boobs that I just wanted to touch and put my lips up to and suck on. I pictured those types of breasts in my imagination. Suddenly, I felt my chest tingle again.

The tingly sensation felt strange. Almost like the feeling I get when something like my foot falls asleep. But it felt good. Almost pleasurable too. When I looked down, I saw my breasts slowly expand like balloons. They got larger and larger, becoming rounder and fuller. They were beautiful. I grew out my breasts to be even larger than Rebecca's. But the problem was that I was still wearing my male clothing.

I decided to change that. If I could change my body, could I do anything else? Maybe. I concentrated really hard. I pictured my new, sexy self in new clothing. I imagined pink, lace underwear, white short shorts, a blue-colored, string top, and sexy, silver high heels. I pictured it in my mind. A girl like me wearing a sexy thing like that. The way she would move. How her hips would sway side to side. She'd have a nice, big butt that stuck out with her shorts. And high-heels would click as she walked along the sidewalk. Her hot, sexy cleavage could be seen because her shirt was so low cut. Some kind of hot girl like that. I pictured it square in my mind. When I opened my eyes again, I noticed the change.

I had the same exact clothes on that I pictured. It was perfect. I could not only change myself, but the clothes I was wearing too. I looked at myself in the mirror. I was one hot, sexy girl! God, just thinking about my own body made me so turned on.

Now, I'll be honest here. I'm a guy. I like being a guy. But my whole life I always wondered what it'd be like to be a girl. Just for a little bit. No need to change and be permanent. But just to try out. And be a hot girl too. And here I was – a girl! And it was real!

I couldn't help but admire my body. I looked drop dead gorgeous. My long, brunette hair flowing in the wind. My new, big, sexy boobs. I had a killer, soft ass and nice, luscious thighs. I was super-hot! I took my hand and felt up my breasts and my cleavage. They were big and heavy, but not too big. Just the right size. I played with them a little. Moving them up and down. They had some real weight on them.

When I touched my nipples, I could feel a light sense of pleasure shooting through my body. It was faint, but it felt really good. Using my soft, feminine fingers I pinched my nipples. I smiled. The pleasure just felt so good. Like a warm, glow going through my body. I could feel my face getting a little bit red. I then took my other hand and put it into my shorts. I started feeling the outside of my crotch.

Just the area outside the crotch felt really good. And when I moved my fingers into my pussy, I let out a deep sigh. My eyes rolling back into my head a little bit. I closed my eyes and bit my bottom lip. My pussy was starting to get very wet. I was getting so turned on. Just even faint, light

motions with my little finger were turning me on so much. Some of it leaked out and got onto my panties. It felt so good.

When I put my finger deeper into my pussy, it felt even better. It was like masturbating as a guy, but even better. The pleasure was almost 10x better. It made me feel really warm. I started rocking my hips a little bit, angling myself so my finger could go even deeper. I couldn't believe how wet I was getting. The weird thing was, as I was touching my new pussy, I started having thoughts about sex.

What would it be like to have sex as a woman? Would it feel even better as a man? It was weird to admit it, but I wondered what it would be like to have a hard dick entering my pussy. Would it feel better than my finger did? I leaned my head back and kept working it. I got even more wet and turned on. I was so wet, I could see a little wet spot not only on my panties, but always dripping down my leg a little bit.

Then I saw a car coming my way. It was a blue sports car. A corvette of some kind. It was driving fast down the road, kicking up dust as it went. I could hear music coming from the stereo. I took my hand out of my shorts and fluffed up my hair. I wonder if this person saw me pleasuring myself back there.

The car pulled up alongside me. It was a man in a navy blue suit, shiny black shoes, hair parted to the side. Looked rich. Handsome too.

What was he up to?

He lowered down his radio as he looked at me.

“Well... hello, little lady. What are you doing out here on this dirty, dusty road all by yourself?” He asked me.

He had a point. Here I was, now a girl, and I was walking around the desert road here with nothing on me. No purse, nothing. Part of me was a little bit scared. Another part, was still very horny.

“Apparently, there’s been a big accident up the road a ways there.” He told me. “The Helen Center’s been destroyed. It’s all over the radio here. The government won’t allow anyone near the place until they can get some more readings. Might be radiation near there. You ought to watch yourself. You see it?”

“Yeah... a little bit.” I told him. I noticed now that even my voice has changed. I really did become a girl. If I wanted to make it out of here alright, I’d better play the part well.

“You can’t miss the smoking rubble past there. Say... what are you doing out here all by yourself?”

“Umm... my car broke down.” I said.

“Yeah, that’s unfortunate.” He said as he licked his lips and eyed me up and down. He was scanning my body. Like I was a piece of meat.

“How about you hop in? I didn’t see your car as I was driving, but I’ll give you a lift to the city and to a place where they can tow your car. How does that sound?”

I knew what the man wanted. I was sure he would give me a ride there... but I doubt it would be a free one.

He was a handsome man. Strong features. Looked well built. It was strange to admit it, but I thought he was kinda attractive. Now, I know on the inside I’m a man. I definitely am. I’m Frank. I’m not Rebecca, but for some reason, maybe my mind is mixing with my new body. I actually find him kind of attractive. It’s making me a little turned on. I feel bad for saying that, but really, I think it’s true. I just hope I can shake this feeling off.

I don’t want to become a girl. However, if I want to get to the city before the sun sets, then I’d better play the part. Once I get situated, I’ll get some money at the bank, get a hotel, and change my appearance back to who I normally am.

“Well... how about it?” He asked again.

“Sure. OK.” I told him and I got in.

The seats were nice and comfy. Made of white leather and it was very comfy inside the car. I really liked it. Made me a little jealous, though. He certainly had some extra money. He seemed like a very important man.

The car sped off down the road. The car top was already unfolded back and I could feel the wind in my hair. It felt good. I felt better than ever. I looked over at him. He was clean shaven and had one hand on the wheel. He adjusted the rear view mirror as he drove.

“Did you hear about the Center?” He told me. “It’s big news. Apparently, some guy named Frank destroyed the place. Scientist or something. Heard he went berserk and wanted to destroy the place, so he sabotaged some kind of project they were working on and the whole place blew up. Thankfully, no deaths. But some people were injured and taken out of there. Then they closed the place is closed off immediately after. Nobody’s allowed there. The fire department can’t even get over there to stop wreck from smoking. They just grabbed the survivors and left. It’s in the desert, though, so it shouldn’t be much of a problem. They rescued the people and now the police are trying to find Frank. He’s a wanted man. Crazy thing, huh?” He told me.

I got a little nervous. Thankfully, my disguise should hold through. I can’t believe they think that I did it. There’s no way! I loved the Center. I

did my best to make that project come to life. It was going to change the world. Now I'm the criminal. Looks like I'll need to be very careful from here on out. I probably can't ever change back to my old self ever again. I'll need to get to the bottom of it and find out what went wrong. Maybe I've been framed? I need to clear my name somehow.

"Yeah, crazy." I said, looking out the window.

"How old are you?" He asked.

"21."

"Really? That's quite... interesting."

As he drove, he kept eyeing my leg and my thighs. I was wearing my short shorts after all. And I had these big breasts. Probably not the best choice I could've made. On top of that, I was still a little bit horny too. This was the worst part. I'm a guy in a hot girl's body. This wasn't going to be an easy trip for me.

He put his hand on my thigh gently caressing it. I was a little taken aback from it. But I sat there. Letting him do it. Partially, I was scared. I was worried that if I moved back and denied him, he might get angry. He might drop me off here in the desert. Maybe he'd drop me off at the police station in the city. Then I'd be in some real trouble. I have no ID and no



purse on me. Just me and the clothes on my back. I'd be in real trouble then. However, to be honest, I was also a little turned on.

I admit, I kind of liked the guy. He seemed handsome. A cool guy. I didn't mind too much if he touched me. Maybe just to make him happy. It was odd for me to say that, but I did like it.

He didn't stop with just my thigh though. His big, rough hand started massaging the rest of my leg too. He had big hands. It felt kind of good. I let him touch me. Feel me up.

Soon, his hand was on my belly and moving up to my breasts. I spread my legs a bit. I could feel myself getting wetter. His hand was on my breast now. He could feel the weight of it. How it felt. His finger brushed up against my nipple, turning me on. I let out a sigh. It felt really good.

Soon, he pulled the car over to the side of the road. Nobody was there. It was just him and I. He hit the button on my seatbelt, making it shoot back into its spot. He undid his own belt and then moved over to the side of the car where I was. He grabbed the back of my head and started to kiss me.

I could feel his tongue touching my own. He was a big, strong man, and there was little I could do to stop him. It felt really good. His hand was

on my cheek, pushing me towards him. He rubbed his crotch up against my body. I could feel how horny he was. His big dick was straining up against his pants. I couldn't stop myself.

I reached over and touched his crotch. I could feel his massive member along the outside of his pants. He let out a sigh of pleasure. I started to massage his dick through the outside of his pants. It was thick and hard. While he was kissing me, I felt his leg and chest. He was a big, strong man. While I knew I was a man on the inside, there was no resisting the fact that this was turning me on wildly. Maybe my male brain and my female self were merging together. I was becoming a combination. I didn't care. I didn't think about it. I was just letting myself get lost in the pleasure.

Soon, I reached over and undid the fly on his pants. His dick sprang through. It was big, but I was so getting tuned on. I couldn't help myself. I started massaging his dick. With my little, feminine fingers, I felt the shaft. It was warm in my hands. I started pumping it up and down in my hands. I could tell this was turning him on so much. I was happy to make him so pleased. I wanted him to be happy.

I used my fingers and massaged the tip of his penis. I did it carefully at first, but soon started to quicken my pace. I worked it harder and harder.

It got really warm as the blood rushed to his dick. I could feel a little bit of his pre-cum cum out of his dick. I was happy he was enjoying it so much. Then, he did something that I didn't expect. He took the back of my little, girly head and slammed my mouth onto his dick right there in the car.

I had his big, thick, warm dick right there in my mouth. I tasted it. It tasted kinda salty. I began to massage it with my tongue. I licked it up and down, side-to-side. Tasting it. I moved my mouth up and down his shaft. Sometimes I'd lick right underneath the tip. That was where he really enjoyed it. I got it all wet. The harder and faster I licked it, the more he liked it. He would take his big hand and slam me harder and faster onto his crotch. I could hear his breathing. His mouth agape. He was really enjoying this.

I started working it harder and faster than I ever did before. Faster and faster. Licking every bit of his big dick. I really loved it. I toyed with it like it was a lollipop in my mouth. I really wanted him to cum. The more I worked it, the hotter it got. I could feel that he was really enjoying this. I must be a born natural. Soon, I could feel him slow down and then his dick got really, really warm. All of a sudden, white, warm semen shot out of his dick and down into my mouth and throat. It was a lot of it. I chocked a bit on it. It was so much. When I took his dick out of my mouth, I used my

hand to try to wipe it off my chin. There was a lot of his warm, sticky cum all over my mouth and face. It tasted salty, but almost kind of good. I licked it off. I was happy to make him feel good. He wasn't done with me yet, though.

He took off his shirt and pants, revealing his large, muscular body. Then he took off my shirt and shorts. He took off my bra and panties too forcefully. Then, in the car, he took his big finger and felt up the outside of my vagina. I was very wet now. I could feel his big finger working my vagina. It felt so good. He massaged the outside of the lips, up and down. Slowly at first, then going faster. The more he worked it, the wetter I got. I was getting so turned on.

Then, he leaned over and got on top of me. His big dick was right there. Still with bits of excess cum on it. No condom. He then inserted his big, thick dick into my vagina. I was tight. I didn't know if it would go in all the way, but it did. It was so big. I felt like I was going to split in half. It was so gigantic. But inside me, it felt amazing. I felt a shiver of pleasure shooting down my spine. I really loved the feeling.

“Ooooh, yeah. It feels so good!” I said to myself.

My eyes were rolling into the back of my head. It was just too much for me. I felt so good. Every stroke in and out of my warm, wet vagina sent

me over the edge. He pumped faster and harder. So much of my wet fluids shot out and onto my leg. It covered his dick. His dick went so far inside me. I could feel it all the way in. It felt like it was hitting my stomach. Even slight motions with his dick just felt so good. My body felt tingly and warm. I took my legs and gripped around him. I was a very light girl. I didn't weight much. He reached over while on top of me and held onto me. He picked me up and then sat down onto the seat. I was now riding him cowgirl.

“Fuck, girl! Your pussy feels so good!” he said. His face was all red from the pleasure. “God, I’m going to cum. You feel so good!”

His big, warm rod was penetrating me. I could feel it all the way in me. I was bouncing on his dick and it felt amazing. My body was like it was on fire. I could feel myself getting on the edge. It all felt so good. Every time is dick pumped in and out it was like a pleasure I never felt in my life. He started going faster and faster, in and out of my pussy. I never knew it could feel so good to have sex as a girl.

I could feel myself getting towards climax. He pumped harder and harder. His dick was getting warmer. I knew it would only be a bit longer. Soon, I couldn't hold it anymore. I came. The warm glow of pleasure was shooting through my body. I felt like I was in heaven. I smiled. I was all

wet and covered with sweat. He kept pumping in and out of my vagina. I needed a break. As he pumped, it was almost too good. My pussy was too sensitive.

“Ugh, I’m cumming.” He said as he came too and right into my vagina.

I could feel his warm semen entering me. It felt really good. I laid there on his lap, up against his shoulder. He was sweaty too. I could feel the mixture of cum and semen on my leg and in my vagina. I felt satisfied. There was still a warm afterglow of pleasure shooting through me. Like a light, it went through me and made me feel so good. I couldn’t help but smile.

I eventually rolled off him and sat back in my passenger seat. He turned the key on and kept driving.

“Phew... you wore me out girl.” He said as he drove. It was nice to have the wind back in my hair again. It was almost too much for me. I was getting too hot back there.

I just laid there smiling. I never felt so good. We weren’t that far from the city.

After about ten minutes of driving, we finally reached the city and he dropped me off at a nearby hotel. He noticed I didn’t have my purse on me.

“Lady, you are one hell of a girl. God! Here.” He said and he gave me a slip of paper with his name on it and a phone number. He also gave me some money. Around \$300 cash.

“You can call me when you get yourself sorted out.” He said.

I took the money and walked to the hotel. He drove off down the road.

Before I entered, I adjusted myself a bit. Make sure I looked ok. It was hard to tell. Here I was a girl and I just had sex with another man. Even more crazy... I liked it.

In the reflection of a window, I checked myself out one more time. Fluffed up my hair, adjusted my shorts. I looked pretty good. There was still a bit of dried up cum on my leg, but I doubt anyone would notice. At least... I would hope so.

As I entered, I noticed this hotel certainly was pretty nice. It's a Holiday Inn. Pretty standard. Several stories tall. Not the best hotel here, I'm guessing, but it'll do.

I walked over to the counter and talked to the man.

“Room for 1, please. Someplace private.”

He was a young man, probably in his early 20's. Had black hair and rough features. Looked good in his uniform.

“How many nights?” He asked.

“3 nights.”

He started typing on his computer and then he swiped a card key across a scanner.

“Here’s your room key. Room 410, 4<sup>th</sup> floor. Have a nice stay.” He said.

As I walked, I noticed him eying my ass. I did have a nice one, I had to admit. I couldn’t blame him.

I got on the elevator and made my way up to my room. I’ve got no luggage. It’s just me. I only have the cash the man gave me. Most of which will have to use to pay for my three nights here.

I laid out on the bed and looked up at the ceiling.

Here I was, a man... or... maybe now I’m a woman, with no ID, no clothes, and little money. On top of that, I can shapeshift into anyone one I want. My old identity is gone. If I try to turn back into my old self, I’ll be surely caught and sent to prison. I don’t know why they blamed me for it, but they are. There’s no way out of this. I need to find some way to clear my name. If I go to the bank to withdraw money from my old account, they might find me. Maybe they’ll arrest me and assume I know where the real Frank is. Of course, because I am Frank.



This was not going to go very well. I was going to have some massive problems on my hands. First thing's first, I needed money. Since I can't go to the bank, I'll need to earn it. Taking up a normal job is probably a bad idea. It'll take too long to get it set up through interviews. That's time I just don't have. I need to make money now because in a few days, I'll be out on the streets.

I'm a girl now. I could be anyone, but now I'm a girl. The best way for a girl to make money, and fast, is to go to the strip clubs. I felt ashamed to say it, but I might have to try getting a quick job as a stripper. I have no idea how to do it, but it shouldn't be that hard. Strippers usually get the job right then and there, work when they want, and get paid pretty well every night. With my new abilities, I could probably do a pretty good job. Earn some nice money. From there, I'll see where to go.

It was going to be weird though. I've frequented strip clubs before in the past. Not very often, but I'd go. Usually, it's Dr. Vance he pulls me out to them all the time for some after work celebration. They're popular here. Many of them all around. I'm sure some of them are looking for some help tonight. So thus, that was the plan.

First thing was first, I had to get myself ready for my day. I took off my clothes and got ready to take a shower. As I turned on the hot water, I

stopped and looked at myself in the mirror. Man, was I gorgeous or what. I couldn't believe all this happened to me today. The machine breaking, the destruction of the center, me being framed, and then I just had sex with a man. It was a little weird, but I felt ok with it. On the inside, I still felt like a man. But somehow, me being a girl was mixing with me and I could say that I was a girl too.

As I scanned my body up and down in the mirror, it was obvious that I was one hell of a hot girl. My long, sexy legs. Big, beautiful breasts. And I had a killer ass. I'd probably fuck myself, if I wasn't already who I was. I had to think about the upcoming job. I decided to change things up a bit.

First, I made my hips just a little bit wider. Add to my sexy shape. Then I changed my ethnicity. I decided this time I was going to try being Hispanic. A sexy Latina. I also made my hair a few shades darker to add to that look. I was getting better now at changing my look. All I had to do was concentrate a little bit and I could make it work. It only took a few seconds, a little tingly sensation on the parts that were changing, and then I was good.

The shower was running and it was getting steamy in the bathroom. I laid a towel down on the floor for later. The steam was fogging up the mirror in the bathroom. I wiped it away with my hand so I could see my

reflection. It was amazing how the hot girl in the mirror looking back at me was actually... me. I look fantastic. I smiled as I admired my hot, new body.

I then got in the shower and let the hot water fall down my chest and back. It was nice to take a shower after what I went through today. I cleaned myself off with some soap. When my hands came across my breasts, I couldn't help but play with them a little bit. I loved the weight of them in my hands. They felt really good. Plus, when I lathered them with soap, my nipples became nice and soft. When I touched them in the shower, it sent a shiver of pleasure down my spine. They were big, beautiful boobs too. I was happy to have them.

I touched them and played with them in the shower. As I touched them, I started to feel horny again. There was no doubt about it. When you put a man inside a hot girl's body, especially a guy with an already high libido, things are bound to happen.

I took my index finger and started touching the outside of my vaginal lips. It made me feel so warm and relaxed. Almost too good. My legs almost gave way. I loved the feeling of my warm, wet finger going in and out of my vagina. It made me remember the time in the car with that stranger. What was his name? I didn't remember.

“Mmmmm.”

I loved my new body. Being a girl just made me feel so good. I was always so horny. I couldn't believe it. But no, I had to stop.

Not now. It's too much.

I washed off my finger in the water and finished up my shower. Sexual pleasure as a girl felt much, much better than as a guy. I loved the look of my new body. How great it felt to play with my breasts and pussy. I couldn't believe I said it, but I almost wanted to have more sex again.

I got out of the shower and dried off. I walked over to my clothes which I carelessly left on the floor. I had a towel around my waist, but my breasts were hanging free. I liked the feeling. I felt much better as a girl than as a man.

I looked out of the city from my window. The city looked great. It was getting late now. It was around 8pm. Perfect time to head on out. I could see one strip club not far from my hotel. It was in walking distance, so I was pretty happy. From the giant neon sign, it read, “Charlie's Girls”. I felt a little excited to go there. I wonder how the crowd would react to me and my hot body.

I turned back around and put on my clothes. However, these clothes didn't really suit me as a stripper. I decided to change them. I turned my

clothes into a dress that cuts off right below my butt. If I sit just right, they could get a peek at my panties. That'll surely help me during my interview. I extended my high heels a few more inches. Give off a better look. Now I looked better. I was sure to get chosen that night.

I locked my door and headed out down the elevator and out the door. The man behind the counter stared again. This time much harder. I couldn't blame him. I was looking much, much hotter than before. He was also probably wondering where this hot Latina girl came from. I smirked as I walked past him. I liked the sexual power I had over men. I knew that I was strong and sexy. Men couldn't help but stare at my beautiful, amazing body. If I was them, I'd do it too, to be honest.

I proceeded down the street. One guy in a car honked his horn and shouted out the window at me.

“Hey, baby! Want to have some fun!?” He laughed.

I enjoyed it. I liked being catcalled like that. He would stop what he was doing and then turn around to call out to me... and me only. I was the hottest girl on the street. To be honest, probably the hottest girl in the city. I liked how he did that. I started to walk more confidently, really strutting my stuff.

As I approached the strip club, I saw the bouncer. He was a large, Caucasian man with big muscles and a bald head. He was wearing a black T-shirt which read “Charlie’s Girls” on it. He was wearing sunglasses and had on large, gray cargo pants. He was checking IDs on a man before he walked in. Then he turned his attention to me.

“Whoa... hello” he said in his deep, baritone voice.

He was a man. Very tall.

“Hello there big boy.” I said as I walked closer, accentuating my movements as I went.

“I’d like to speak to the owner.”

“Sure, right this way.” He said. He opened the door to the place.

It was a fairly large building. It was dark inside, but the music was pumping. There were a few people already there. They were drinking and enjoying themselves. The party really didn’t start yet. I saw several bars around the outside of the club and in the middle there was the runway that led out to the stripper pole. In the back, I saw a door that said, “Private Rooms.”

“Go past the Private Rooms there” he pointed “and then keep going straight. The manager’s office is through there.”

“Thank you.”

“My pleasure” he said as I walked in. The door shut behind me.

I noticed a few girls were wiping down counters and preparing the place. One man was doing a little vacuuming of the rugs really quick. I walked in and headed towards the private rooms.

The private rooms were there for guests who mostly wanted a private lap dance or something even more special. I went to the manager’s office. The door was large, wooden, and painted red. The sign above it was a gold and black sign that read, “Manager – Charlie”. I knocked on the door.

“Come in.” Said a deep voice.

I went in and there was the manager’s office. It was kind of cramped, but I got in ok. There were piles of papers everywhere. The man looked up from his desk and paperwork.

He was about in his mid-30s. He wore glasses and was a little bit fat. He was a large, Caucasian man with black hair.

“Oh... hello. I’m Charlie. What’s your name?” He asked me.

He spoke with a slight southern drawl.

“I’m.... Regina.” I told him.

“Good. Nice to meet you.” We shook hands. “What brings you by here today?” He asked. I could tell he was definitely eying my cleavage. I didn’t mind.

“I’m looking for a job.”

“Oh, be a bartender?”

“No, a dancer. Or, whatever pays better.” I told him.

He brought his hand up to his chin and thought for a moment.

“Well... for you, I’d say being a dancer pays better. Why the interest?

You have any experience?”

“No. But I’ll try my best.” I told him.

I was worried it might not work. I didn’t have any experience. Don’t know if he’d go for it. I was beginning to think my plan might not work out.

“Well... you seem like you’d do ok. It’s not too hard of a job. It’s just dancing. Taking off your clothes. Receiving money. You’ll get the hang of it pretty fast. However, we have a strict policy on who we let in. We need only the best girls. I’ll need to have a closer inspection. Please, take off your clothes. I need to check.”

I walked over to him and began to strip. He licked his lips in anticipation. My body was certainly the hottest he’s got to have seen in his life. There was no doubt about that.

I took off my dress and my high heels for him.

“Hmmm... good... now, bra and panties too.” He ordered.



I took them off as well. My breasts and pussy was exposed for him to see. I was a little nervous he might not accept me. He stood up and walked over to me.

He took his big, strong hand and started touching my body. He slid his hand down from the top of my shoulder down to my hips and he looked me in the eyes.

“You look... beautiful. Y’know that?”

I nodded my head.

“Confident, aren’t we.” He said. Then he reached over and pulled me in to kiss me. I felt his lips on my mouth as we kissed. My mouth opened up and he began to French kiss me right there. I could feel his tongue up against mine. Rolling around. It got me a little bit excited.

He then took his hand and started touching my sides. He brought me in close so I was right up against his body. He hand felt up my large, soft, luscious breasts. He toyed with them in his hands. I knew he enjoyed touching them. While he had them in his hands, he played with my nipples with his finger. Rolling it around. Twisting it. Pinching it. Soon, he stopped kissing me and put his lips up against my breast. He used his tongue to play with my nipple. The more he touched it, the more turned on I got. He knew this. He enjoyed playing with me like that.

He then took his other hand and brought it down to my vagina. I could feel his warm hand up against my pussy. He started rubbing it with his finger. I got very wet. I couldn't help myself. He was turning me on so much. My pussy fluids were getting all over his finger and dripping down my leg. I felt very warm. The pleasure was too much. My legs almost wanted to give way. It just felt too good.

Then, he pushed me down onto my knees and undid his pants. They slid to his ankles and out sprung his big, hard dick. It was so big and warm. I knew what he wanted me to do. I needed the money, so I had no choice. I took his dick in my mouth and began to lick it with my tongue. I played with it. It was big and smelly and warm. The more I toyed with it, the more I could hear him grunt and moan. It was really turning him on.

He pushed me back and slid off his pants and underwear. Then he picked me up and plopped me down onto his desk. I was on my back looking up at him. My pussy exposed for him. His dick was hard and still wet from my saliva. He moved me forward and slammed his dick into my pussy. It was hard and warm. He didn't go slowly. He went fast and hard, pumping in and out of me vigorously.

Every pump just made me feel like I was on fire. My pussy was leaking out so much all over my leg and over his desk. It felt amazing. He

was slamming it in and out of me like an animal. I was being fucked and I knew it. His dick was warm leaked out pre-cum into me. I could feel it oozing into me. He was slamming it so far into me that I could almost feel it hit my stomach.

“Mmmm! Oh god! It feels so good!” I cried out.

“Yeah, take it, bitch!” He said, grunting. “You like that, don’t you. You’re my little slut.”

He kept putting it in and out of me. It felt so good. He bent over and started licking my nipples while I was on the desk. It added to the pleasure. I never felt something so good in my whole life. Definitely not as a man.

He would grab and massage my breasts like a beast. He desired me. Wanted me so bad. I liked being fucked so hard by a man. It felt amazing. I never felt this good ever.

Each time he slammed it in and out of me, I felt an amazing tingle of pleasure shooting through my body. My back arched and I squirmed around on his desk, knocking over a cup of pens. He held onto my hips as he pumped in and out of my wet, hot pussy. He kept going more and more. Harder and faster. Until I could feel his dick getting hot. I couldn’t take it anymore. It was too much. I felt myself on the brink.

“Oh no! I’m cumming!” I cried out as I bit onto my lip.

Him and I both orgasmed at the same time. I could feel his warm jizz enter my pussy and flood me. It leaked out onto the desk and onto my leg. It felt so good to have been filled by him. I never felt so good in my entire life.

He kept his dick in me until the last of his cum left his dick. Then he took it out and wiped off his dick with some tissues nearby. I just laid there on his desk, looking up at him. I was lost in the pleasure. The afterglow was still lingering. Like a radiating warmth filling my body, coming in and out like waves like the ocean. In and out. I couldn't help but smile. It felt amazing.

After wiping his dick off, he put his pants back on.

“I'm going to take a piss and meet up with the girls. You'd better get ready for tonight. The dressing room is down the hall on your left. Don't be late.” He told me.

Then he left and walked out the door.

I was tired, but I had to get going. I slowly put my clothes back on and looked at myself in the mirror. I just got fucked by the manager of the strip club. God! I really am becoming a woman.

But if I want to get to the bottom of this and clear my name, I'll need money and fast. This is probably the only way to do it.

I didn't want to get up. I was still feeling the afterglow tingly sensation of the sex, but I had to get up and get going. I cleaned myself off a bit and got ready to head out to the dressing room. With a little bit of money in my pocket, I'll be able to find out what's going on and why I was framed. But that's for later. Now, I've got to go put on a show.

I headed down to the dressing room where the real fun was going to begin.