

Curves for a Month - Part 2

For Anon

By TheSpiralledEye

It turns out there were some advantages to having a female body, like being able to use flirtation to get wined, dined and fucked.

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Stepping out of the boutique was a totally different experience the second time around. The woman in the shop was right; having the perfect outfit really did make all the difference. I held my head higher, feeling my hips sway naturally before snapping out of it and doing my best to walk normally. No matter how hard I tried though, that natural sway came back if I wasn't paying attention and I felt my cheeks turning pink. I felt so...silly.

I'd chosen a tight fitting pair of jeans that hugged my new ass as well as a light, pink shirt that flowed a little in the wind. The neckline plunged, showing off my ample cleavage and delicate shoulders. I'd gone into the shop with the express purpose of finding clothes to hide my body and walked out with the exact opposite. The worst part was that part of me liked it; a part of me that was growing bigger with every moment. I couldn't help but giggle a little; it felt sort of exciting, like I had some big secret nobody but me knew. The sound made me cringe; it was nothing like my normal laugh.

Every time I watched a man pass on the street and his eyes ducked to my chest I felt a glow form inside me. Especially when they realised I noticed their attention and blushed, walking away quickly. Just how much more embarrassed would they be if they knew I'd been a man only a few hours ago? It made me feel naughty and...powerful.

I began to walk with even more confidence, letting my hips sway and my long legs stretch out like I was on a runway; even a few women were looking my way! In a way, Metamorpho had given me exactly what I asked for; a body I could be confident in. Even if it wasn't the one I'd originally asked for, the end result was the same. Shame burned inside me for enjoying the attention; I was acting like a whore.

I passed by many other shops as I walked through the downtown area, my eyes catching on all the various outfits and imagining myself in them. A slinky red cocktail dress, mini skirts and fishnets, a flowery sundress, even a white wedding dress. This body had so much potential and I would need at least a decent wardrobe to get through a month; as good as these jeans were I couldn't wear them every day.

A pouted; women's clothing wasn't exactly cheap though, how was I going to afford it? Not to mention food and rent when I couldn't very well go to work looking like this. I didn't want anybody to know who I really was; I'd never live it down!

"A face that pretty should never pout."

The voice made me jump a little as I turned to face the voice. It was a taller man with slicked back hair and five o'clock shadow. He was wearing what looked like an expensive suit that had seen slightly better days and despite the early hour, I could smell alcohol on his breath.

"Aw, c'mon sweet heart, don't be coy." He chuckled, "I'm just paying you a compliment."

I felt my lips quirk; this guy screamed desperate. He clearly wanted to stroke his own ego, or more likely, wanted somebody else to stroke it. If I paid him the right kind of attention I might even be able to get him to pay more than just a compliment. That would solve my money issue, at least when it came to clothing. I put on what I hoped was my most charming smile and did my best to look flattered; giggling girlishly.

"Oh what a nice thing to say."

"What can I say? I'm a nice guy."

'I'll be you are.' I thought darkly.

I took a deep breath and steeled myself, I was just doing this to get some more clothes. Not because I enjoyed it.

"I'm normally very happy, it's just..." I trailed off and my new friend immediately took the bait.

"Except for what? I'd do anything to see that pretty smile again."

He leaned in close; bourbon was clearly making this guy more confident but I forced myself not to lean away.

“I was hoping to go out tonight but...I have nothing to wear.” I said, sighing dramatically, “clothes are so expensive these days.”

“Well you’re in luck!” The man grinned, “I happen to have plenty of extra cash, how about we make a trade, I get you something pretty and you come with me to that bar over there for a drink?”

Excitement bubbled in my chest; that had been so easy! And I was probably going to get a free drink out of it too! The excitement was immediately marred with embarrassment; what sort of man got excited by this sort of attention from another man? Clothes, this was just about being practical. I repeated those words over and over again in my mind like a mantra.

“Oh that would be just wonderful.” I gushed as if he were my own personal prince charming.

“I’m Charlie, by the way.” He grinned, offering his arm. “What can I call you?”

“I’m...” My mind was blank for a second, what was my name now? “My name is Katie.”

The name was simple; Katie could be a total slut or a respectable woman; it worked no matter what persona I felt like playing with.

“Pretty name for a pretty woman.” Charlie said, pushing open the shop door for me and I laughed as if it were the wittiest thing I’d ever heard.

Manipulating Charlie was not only easy, it was fun. And fun was dangerous; intoxicating even. A complement here, a bit of eyelid batting there and he was putty in my hands. What started as one dress became two, then four, then eight. I tried on each one, enjoying the silky feel of satin and rough linen against my skin and constantly making excuses with myself to try on just one more. Charlie sat on the plush chair outside the changing room, admiring every inch of my body as I did so and I drank in the attention.

I’d never imagined that having a man’s attention could feel so good; so addicting. I just couldn’t help myself from twirling and showing off my new curves just to see the way his eyes lit up. It felt so good to be desired! It became a game, picking more and more expensive outfits and each time Charlie flashed his platinum card without hesitation.

“Sun’s going down, darling.” He chuckled, “How about that drink?”

My stomach rumbled and I smiled nervously. I'd just saved so much money letting this man treat me and all it took was sacrificing a little dignity. What was a little bit more for a free drink?

“Of course.” I cooed before simperingly adding, “Which of my new dresses would you like me to wear?”

Charlie beamed, leaning back in his chair with an arrogant grin on his face. I felt dirty; using my new body like this but also strangely turned on. The feeling intensified as he picked out a short, low cut black cocktail dress with silver chain trimming. My bra was showing across the low cut back and for some reason it made me feel even more exposed; in a good way. I hated how much I loved it.

Charlie offered his arm to be once more and I graciously took it, squeezing him close to my side so that my breasts pressed against him. The touch felt nice. Really nice actually. The dress fabric was so thin I couldn't help but shiver. The thin layers of clothing were the only thing that separated us and I couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like to have bare skin brushing against me. My own desire filled me with disgust but then my stomach rumbled again and I realised just how thirsty I was. Just a drink, a drink and some bar snacks.

I let Charlie lead me down the street, heading right for a local dive bar. My eyes scanned the buildings and landed on Lumier's. It was an upscale French place I'd passed half a dozen times while downtown but never dreamed of entering. The food there was said to be second to none and considering how much it cost to even get water; I believed it. A wickedly naughty idea formed in my mind; it had been so easy to get clothes from Charlie, maybe I could get more. It made me feel dirty but...when would I ever have the chance to eat at a place like that again? I put on my best wistful expression as I stared up at the gilded golden sign.

“I bet you've eaten there loads.” I said forlornly, “A successful man like you, I bet you have business lunches and dinners at places like that every night. I'm so jealous.”

I could see the look in his eye; he was mentally calculating how much money he'd already spent on this strange woman, was an expensive dinner on the cards? I hugged him a little closer, making sure to angle my body so that his eyes found my cleavage.

“Anyway, let’s go to that little bar over there, standing here is just making me envious of all those people going inside.”

My nudge worked and Charlie smiled like he was God’s gift to Earth.

“Well then, let’s fix that.”

He started to lead me over to the restaurant and I put up a big show of insisting he not do it; after all he’d been oh so very kind to me already but of course he kept insisting. Were all men like this? So easy to manipulate with a simple stroke of the ego and a bit of cleavage? No, that couldn’t be right. It was Charlie. Something had happened, maybe he’d lost his job or his wife, I didn’t really care. What mattered was that he wanted to feel like a big man and I was more than happy to oblige. Even if it made me hate myself a little.

As we entered the restaurant, the ambiance wrapped around us like a warm embrace. Soft lighting, soothing music, and the clinking of glasses created an atmosphere of luxury and indulgence like none I have ever dreamed of experiencing. The maitre d’ greeted us with a flourish, and Charlie beamed with pride as we were escorted to our table. He made a big show of talking to the waiter with bravado, requesting the table by the window with the best view of the street below and nearby park. I let him pull back my seat and push me in; I’d never felt so pampered. It occurred to me that this was now a proper date; one day as a woman and I had already sunk so low.

For a moment I considered the tattered remains of my masculinity; I could get up and leave right now. I didn’t owe him anything; it was his choice to pay for all those clothes. But the ambiance of the restaurant was so inviting and the air smelt of expensive wine. I leaned forward, letting my chest rest on the satin table cloth and met Charlie’s eyes with a coy smile. It was time to stroke that ego and earn myself a bottle of the expensive wine on display behind us. If I was going to humiliate myself I may as well go all the way.

"So Charlie, tell me about yourself. I bet you are just fascinating."

His stories were engaging enough, he talked about business and other such topics. Things I really didn’t care about and clearly neither did he, he just wanted to impress me so I let him pretend he was. I laughed in all the right places and his face lit up with a mixture of delight and flattery as I hung onto his every word. I made sure to nod at the right moments, encouraging him to continue down the path of his narrative.

My gaze, fixed intently on his face, mirrored admiration and fascination, ensuring he felt like the centre of the universe. While also daring him not to look at my breasts as I

fiddled with the diamond necklace hanging from my clavicle. It was an expensive gift; I wouldn't need it in a month's time of course so I was going to sell it. Just the thought made me hesitate though; it looked so pretty around my neck. To distract myself I went back to trying to woo Charlie into buying me more food.

As I leaned in closer, I allowed my hand to graze his arm, a gentle and calculated movement that sent shivers down his spine. I could see the effect it had, the slight hitch in his breath, the way his pupils dilated as his gaze lingered on me a moment longer than necessary. It awakened a new feeling inside me; a warmth was spreading through my core and I realised I was getting turned on by this little game more than I first realised.

The menu arrived, an exquisite leather-bound booklet that boasted food with names I couldn't hope to pronounce or afford. I feigned indecision, pretending to deliberate between the lobster bisque and the foie gras, all the while knowing exactly what I wanted. I gently suggested a few of the more expensive options, and Charlie took the bait without a second thought, eager to impress.

The courses arrived one by one, each more exquisite than the last. I savoured every morsel, not just of the decadent food but also of the power I held over Charlie. He was like a puppy, desperate to lap up every drop of attention I dained to give him. God it made me wet; I could feel the moisture gathering between my folds and I seriously considered sneaking off the bathroom to explore my new pussy a little further; if only to stop myself from doing something even more humiliating. I was having too much fun to stop now though; no matter how much I wanted to.

As the dessert menus were presented, I leaned in once more, batting my lashes in feigned innocence, suggesting the delectable chocolate soufflé. Charlie nodded eagerly, oblivious to the manipulation as he signalled the waiter who also topped up my glass of wine. I could get used to this; I'd never considered myself a snob but now that I was finally experiencing the finer things in life I could certainly see myself making it a habit.

And it was all thanks to this body.

In the space of a single afternoon and evening I'd gone from a man to a complete whore, ready to shill out skin and smiles just to feel special. I looked at my reflection in my wine glass and felt like cringing; I was a simpering, horny mess. Pathetic.

That wetness and warmth between my legs continued to grow as we finished up our deserts and worked our way through the bottle of wine. Charlie was growing bolder, no longer trying to hide the way he was looking at my chest and I couldn't help but tease him more. Each time my own arousal grew; I even excused myself to go to the bathroom multiple times just to give him an excuse to look at my ass.

I felt so slutty, parading around like this and loving it. But I just couldn't help myself, it was too much fun! And it felt so good; I'd do it just a little more, then disappear but a little more became a lot more with each passing minute. When Charlie finally paid the cheque it took all my self control not to let my eyes bug out of my skull; he'd spent more on that meal than I would on an entire week's worth of food. Adding up the clothing, he'd spent almost a thousand dollars on me; and all I'd had to do was laugh at his jokes and show off my tits a bit!

A shiver went down my spine as the true potential of this wonderfully curvaceous body finally occurred to me. All the men I could wrap around my fingers...I'd never have to work again.

"Shall I call us a taxi?"

I blinked in surprise, having gotten so lost in my own thoughts that I hadn't realised we were standing on the curb. Charlie was looking at me expectantly, his face close and he leaned in. Oh, of course. He expected sex. After all the money he'd just dropped it was only natural and to my slight shame I realised I'd basically sold myself for clothing and a fancy meal.

His lips brushed mine and a tiny moan escaped my throat; I was already so turned on that even a small touch elicited pleasure in me. What the hell, I'd already paraded myself around like a whore; why not act like one in full? I was in too deep to stop him now.

I let Charlie deepen the kiss, letting him explore my mouth so I could fully appreciate how it felt to be kissed as a woman. It was different, that was for sure. My lips were so thick and plump compared to what I was used to, there was much more skin there to play with. Charlie nibbled and ran his tongue along the ridge and I sighed in pleasure.

By the time the taxi pulled up I was positively buzzing with sexual energy. I was actually excited to have sex with a man and I felt disgusted with myself. No matter how much I loathed the way I was acting through; I couldn't seem to stop myself. The smallest part of my mind was worried but it was overridden by the part that was feeling Charlie's hand explore my thigh. Who cared about masculine pride? It wasn't like anybody could prove I'd been a man once. Or at least, Charlie couldn't.

Again I shivered, feeling so out of control and naughty deceiving him like this. I could only imagine the horrified look on this man's face if he found out he'd just wined dined and then fucked a man. The thought made me giggle, which of course Charlie attributed to his wandering fingers which were now playing with the hemline of my dress.

The digits tickled and played with the sensitive skin of my inner thighs while he leaned over to brush his lips against my neck. I could feel the five o'clock shadow rubbing against me and it tickled. I giggled again; glazing up to notice the driver watching us in the

rear view mirror. Knowing I had an audience made me feel all the more ashamed but then I smiled devilishly at him, giving him a quick wink before letting my eyes roll back.

The idea of having two men turned on by me was so hot, I couldn't help myself. It wasn't hard to do either; a moan here, a gasp there. Charlie was emboldened by my sounds of bliss and his hands began to wander further, threatening to slip right up to my panties. By the time we pulled over the driver was white knuckling his steering wheel; I didn't need to lean over the seat to know he was hard too. God I was such a slut, what was wrong with me? Why couldn't I stop myself?

Charlie led me out of the car, half dragging me in his eagerness to get to his own front door. I shot the driver a wink and blew him a kiss; utterly thrilled and ashamed with the knowledge that he'd be a few minutes late to his next job thanks to me.

I felt like such a whore, I was acting like the sort of shallow trashbag of a woman I'd always judged. Of course, I'd never realised before now just how fun acting this way was. Charlie unlocked the door and immediately threw me up against the inside wall; I moaned, letting his body crush into mine. I could feel every inch of him and his worn suit; especially the bulge pressing against my mound.

Just the general hardness made me shiver; I could feel the fabric of my dress and panties pushing inside my folds as Charlie crushed against me. My clit ached and as I spread my legs and let the soft lining of my panties brush against it I let out an almost pornographic moan. This felt...intoxicating. I wanted more; no, I *needed* more.

My fingers began unbuttoning Charlie's suit jacket and removing his tie with dexterity that shocked even me. My own eagerness surprised me as well; lust was a burning need I had experienced before but never like this. Not even at the height of my teenage years where wanking at least once a day felt like a necessary survival tactic. I could feel something inside me aching, an emptiness that begged to be filled and knowing just how eager Charlie was to do that filled me with anticipation.

We stumbled down the hall in the dark, stopping to kiss and pet at one another along the way. Each time I discovered something new about my body that made me love it all the more. Like how nice it felt to have my dress bunched up around my hips while Charlie stroked his fingers across my upper thighs and ass. How sensitive the skin of my stomach was now and how each tiny touch was capable of making me wetter than before.

I could feel myself soaking the expensive silk panties Charlie had bought me as he slowly pressed his fingers against the lining, pressing the soft, wet fabric against my clit. My pussy quivered and I decided I was done being patient.

I began to shred the clothing off him, pushing the shirt and jacket off his shoulders so my fingers could feel along the rough hair on his chest as we kissed. My own clothing was quickly removed until I was naked again. Unlike last time though, I revelled in it despite

myself. I loved the feeling of nothing between me and the open air, except of course, hot skin.

Charlie pressed into me, the length of his cock sliding between my folds as we tumbled backwards onto a couch. I was trapped beneath him, pinned on either side by his knees and that would not do; I had to take some form of control back. Even if I couldn't help myself from fucking this man at least I could try and take the lead. Or did that make it worse? I wasn't sure and was well past caring.

"I want to see your face." I moaned, the lie coming easily.

Like a loyal dog he rolled over to sit on the couch so I could mount him; a surge of power came with the pleasure as I rubbed myself against him. I'd never had sex that was so...sensual. Usually I was keen to get inside a woman when we fucked but in this body the foreplay was just as pleasurable. No wonder women insisted on it.

Making sure to lock my eyes with Charlie's in the low light I raised myself up and slowly lowered myself down on his cock. The feeling of being penetrated was...something. I couldn't even describe it, not even to myself. It was an entirely different kind of pleasure to what I was used to and for a moment, my mind went blank.

Then Charlie bucked upwards and I saw stars; my body responded with some built in primal, female instinct and my hips began to roll. Soon we were fucking in true, Charlie gripping my hips hard as he helped me too bounce up and down on his cock. It was so good, I was moaning and gasping with every thrust no matter how hard I tried to keep control. I felt like the masculinity was getting fucked right out of me. My grunts turned to womanly gasps and moans more and more as we went on.

Charlie's mouth found one of my nipples and began to suck, teasing me at both ends with his cock and teeth. I wrapped my arms around his head and held him closer; forcing as much of my breast into his mouth as I could as pressure began to build inside my core.

"Oh yes! Yes!" I cried, "Don't stop! Fuck me harder!!"

Charlie obeyed and I felt the bliss complete; my shame and arousal all building together into one beautiful, sensual feeling of ecstasy. I was vaguely aware of a splash somewhere deep inside me as Charlie came as well. Groaning hard and making a sound that was somewhere between desperate and relieved.

"Oh fuck..." Charlie breathed, "That was....I haven't cum so hard in forever."

“Me either.” I groaned, hiding my face in his neck. “You feel so good...”

I could still feel him inside me. I had just experienced the best pleasure of my entire life and I had never felt so ashamed. Not only because of how I'd acted but because despite all that; I already wanted it again.