

# On The Edge - Rewritten

By TheSpiralledEye

*Michael is rubbish in bed, so he decides to transform into a woman with the aid of a witch in order to learn what women like.*

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“Stop. Just stop, this is going nowhere.” Lacey sighed.

Her voice was frustrated and disappointed; the worst tone to hear from your girlfriend in the bedroom. Michael sat up, wiping his fingers against his jeans sheepishly and looked away. He'd been trying to get her off for almost thirty minutes now but the closest he'd managed were a few nice moans.

“I don't get it.” She said, “I am telling you exactly what to do, Michael, do I need to draw you a damn diagram?”

“Sorry,” he muttered. “I'm trying.”

“Yeah well, you've been trying for months. A girl has needs, Michael, and explaining to you how exactly to get me off move by move isn't exactly a turn on. Didn't you read those web pages like I told you.”

“I did!” He insisted truthfully. “I'm just still not very confident.”

“Well, confidence is sexy and you Michael...sorry, you're just not. This isn't working out.”

It was a song and dance Michael was familiar with. He'd done it three times this year alone; meet a nice girl, hit it off and then ruin it all in the bedroom. He had hoped it was just a fluke the first time but after three women in a row he was forced to face the facts; he was rubbish in bed.

Lacey put her clothes back on, collected her things and left without another word, leaving Michael to stew in his own pathetic misery. He'd tried everything, watching videos, reading instructions, hell, he'd even donned a pair of shades and checked the Kama Sutra

out of his local library! Men were easy, all he needed was a gentle hand or a wet hole and he was golden but women were so complicated. Each of his past girlfriends had gone on and on about G-spots and rhythm and speed till his head spun.

Glumly, he sat himself down at his computer, cracked open a can of beer and went back to trying to find the piece of advice that would make everything click. What he needed was to understand how it felt to be a woman, what felt good, bad, how to tease. If he had some first hand experience that would give him the confidence he needed in the bedroom, he was sure.

He tried various variations on 'what it feels like to cum as a woman' until a little ad on one of the forums caught his eye. A witch; specialising in transformations. He was three beers deep by this point; drunk, depressed and desperate Michael found himself clicking on the link. The expected spam, viruses maybe, not a suspiciously professional looking website.

He knew witches were real, rare, but real, they had shown up in the media and the news enough times that it was indisputable. But he'd never heard of a witch transforming a person's sex before. The more he read, the faster he drank and before he knew it; he'd emailed her and set up a meeting for the next day.

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Michael shifted uncomfortably on the couch. He'd been imagining this meeting for weeks, ever since he tracked the witch down online and this...wasn't what he was expecting. Rather than a wooden hut sequestered away in the woods he was sitting in a regular living room patterned in pastels with a 'Live, Laugh, Love' poster taking up much of the wall. If anything, the normalcy made him feel more uncomfortable and this so-called 'witch' wasn't helping.

She looked more like a yoga instructor than a bestower of magical spells. She wore tights and a tank top and had light brown hair that bounced on her sun-tanned shoulders. When he'd arrived, he'd assumed he'd gotten the address wrong until she gave her name.

"So," Sally plopped herself down on the adjacent couch, "you want a spell to become a woman?"

Michael nodded and blushed deeply.

"I just...all my girlfriends told me I'm rubbish in bed and well. I thought if I knew what it felt like..."

God this plan was sounding so stupid. Sally smiled softly as he continued to stammer. Sally listened patiently as he explained about Lacey and the women who'd come before. She sat, curled up with a mug of tea that stank of herbs, occasionally asking a question but otherwise staying silent. When he finished Michael was red in the face with embarrassment; admitting

you had zero skills in the boudoir to a hot woman was hardly his idea of a fun time. Thankfully, she didn't seem to be judging him but instead she looked at him with sympathy before placing down her empty mug.

"I can do this." She said finally, "It's a tricky spell, unstable, but I can do it."

"I figured there would be a cost. At this point I am willing to risk side effects."

"Yes," she nodded sagely, "I figured you might be. Undress and we can start."

He had to be...naked? That made sense the more he thought about it so with a shrug he removed his shirt and jeans, trying not to stare at Sally's ass in her tight yoga pants as he did so. The last thing he needed right now was a boner, that may well have made the humiliation levels fatal.

Sally approached, her hands glimmering and warping strangely as they began to glow with magical light. Michael had to admit seeing them made his nerves calm a bit; up until this moment part of him was sure he'd been scammed and would wake up in a bath full of ice missing his kidney.

"Ready?"

Michael took a deep breath and nodded as Sally placed her hands on his shoulders. As soon as she did his skin began to prickle, it wasn't painful or unpleasant, just odd. Gently she pressed against him and he felt his skin warp, his shoulders took on a gentle slope as she pressed down on them. Then she moved to his chest and he gasped as she pulled the flesh forward, smoothing it into round, perky breasts. Running her fingers over them, moulding them into the perfect shape. She swirled her digits across his nipples, sculpting and shaping them to match his new breasts. Such a simple change made his breath hitch as the skin became more sensitive. He had little time to savour the touch before she moved down across the planes of his stomach, body hair disappearing into smooth creamy skin. She continued this way, moulding his body like clay, widening his hips, smoothing his legs, shrinking his feet before reaching back up to his groin.

He was hard, the sight and feel of a sexy woman running her hands over him had been too much but Sally to her credit was professional, she ignored it. Michael's breathing quickened even more and she reached for him, his length disappearing into thin air as a warm wet slit replaced it. He wasn't sure if he was happy or sad that she decided not to linger there. Sally's ministrations continued back up his body, adding small details here and there until finally he was forced to close his eyes as she ran her fingers along his eyelids and lips. She finished by raking her fingers through his hair and he could feel it growing, spilling down his back in gentle waves.

“All done.”

With some trepidation, Michael opened his eyes and looked down. His form was alien to him now, he wasn't model thin but rather curvy, some might even say bodacious. Curiously he ran a hand down his side, feeling the curve of his breasts, his hips, eager to explore the new sensations. Sally took a few steps back, eyes roaming over his new form with approval.

“Some of my best work I must say.” She said, sounding satisfied, “come, take a proper look.”

She led him to a mirror to better examine himself, or should he say herself. The woman in the mirror was beautiful, there was no denying it. The dusting of freckles across her button nose gave her an approachable, girl next door vibe and yet, the rest of her body was built for sin. This body had curves to die for! His hair, which had been so messy before, was now radiant gold and flowing down to the small of his back. He gave a small smile and a dimple appeared on his left cheek.

Nervously, he raised a hand to his breast, holding the soft flesh firmly. It felt...nice. Slowly, he lessened the force and dragged a feather light touch across his nipples, sighing at the warm sensation that spread through his core at the touch. This would work.

“Now, this is very important.” Sally said seriously, “Experiment all you want, but if you cum like this, the change becomes permanent.”

“Wait, what?”

Sally just looked at him sternly.

“This spell will wear off on its own in two days but if you cum, the magic will settle and you're like this forever. Understand?”

“B-but the whole point of this is so I can learn what feels good!”

“You can do that without cumming.” Sally pointed out. “Just be careful. These sorts of spells are unstable, it's why barely any witches offer them. If you mess this up, I will deny it till the cows come home.”

A thrill went through him at the danger but he didn't let it show. He could manage that, after all he just wanted to know a few insider tricks as it were. He could stop when he found something that felt *really* good. Right?

"I understand"

Quickly, he thanked Sally for her services and dressed himself. He was eager to get back home and start experimenting. His clothes fit him oddly now, his jeans and shirt now stretched with the added shape to his ass and chest, he might have to get some new clothes for the next few days. In his haste he took the stairs two at a time only to have to stop when the movement caused his breasts to bounce uncomfortably. Clothes *and* a bra.

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Walking the streets had felt different in his new body. For the first time he became aware of men's eyes as they looked him up and down making him flush with embarrassment but also flattery. He'd never been an object of desire before. There were even a few women looking at him!

The thought made him wet but to his slight embarrassment, also made his nipples harden. He could see people staring at them through the thin material of his shirt and he'd had to double his walking speed once he was off the bus. Unlocking his apartment with shaking hands he undressed as soon as the door closed behind him.

Already this had been worth it, he never realised just how subtle female arousal was. It started as a warmth between his legs that seemed to spread through his whole body. But unlike a boner, there was no way for anybody besides him to see it. He could be randy as fuck sitting in the bus and never know it.

He grabbed a pen and paper and laid them on his bedside table, ready to take note of anything that worked well. Then, he laid down on his back and took a deep breath planning to take it slow at first.

He started with his breasts, running his fingers over them before cupping them both, enjoying the sensation as he squeezed. Now he realised his past mistakes, he'd always been so rough, thinking more pressure would be better but he was wrong. In his case at least, less was more. His nipples hardened at the touch and he ran a thumb across them which elicited a gasp. He did it again, noting the bolts of pleasure that ran through him, straight from his nipples to his pussy. Each stroke seemed to increase the wetness forming there as he experimented, tweaking the nipples between his thumb and forefinger. He lost all sense of time as he played, each touch only seemed to make him ache more, he could feel his heart beating in his chest. His pen and paper forgotten.

He swallowed, slowly running his hand down his side to rest over the mound of hair at his crotch. It was soaked through already and seemed to throb with want. Gently, he pushed a finger between the folds and started to stroke. The gentle touch made him moan and he didn't hesitate to add more pressure. His finger circled his new clit, causing more wetness to flood out of him. Biting down on his soft lips, he pushed inside. The warm folds

parted easily, aching to be filled, it felt as though his inner walls were on fire as he began to stroke. They almost seemed to constrict against his finger, eager for the friction.

Within moments he'd picked up speed, pumping two fingers in and out of his wet hole causing primal grunts and gasps to escape his mouth. Each stroke felt better than the last and he never wanted it to stop. But he had to, he knew he had to, if he kept going like this, he'd cum for sure and he couldn't let that happen. He was getting closer and closer, just a few more touches and he'd stop. Then his fingers brushed against that tiny bundle of nerves he'd heard about so often, his G-spot. He cried out in pleasure, only barely managing to pull his fingers free before he came. Breathing heavily, he bunched his fingers into the sheets on the bed. It was so, so very hard not to plunge his fingers back into his sopping wet cunt and keep going but he had to stop.

Biting his lip, he stood up and went to go and take a very, very cold shower.

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Michael slept fitfully, dreaming of hands and tongues across his body, eventually waking in a cold sweat. He got up, took another cold shower and looked down at his pitiful notebook. He hadn't even written anything yesterday.

Doing his best to recall as much detail as possible he wrote down his discoveries from touching himself, as well as notes on how it dealt to walk and move as a woman. As he recalled it, Michael could feel his body getting warm again and he cleared his throat. This was no time for getting horny, he had research to do. And a distraction from the warmth between his legs was in order.

Shopping was the perfect alternative. It had only been a dozen hours but already his back was aching without support for his heavy chest. It had actually been fun, trying on various outfits and getting to know what looked good on this new body. He'd ended up picking a frilly bra and panties made of matching pink lace. If he was a woman for the next two days, why not go all out and be as girly as he pleased? If anything, he'd have even more material to work with when he turned back and re-entered the dating scene.

He spent the morning doing girly everything he could think of. He went to the salon and relaxed as a woman who smelt of acrylic chatted his ear off and shampooed his now long hair. Enjoying the way it shone in the sun once it dried. He tried on stick after stick of lip balm and a dozen bottles of perfume at the mall. His nerves disappeared in this form, he was no longer that nervous weedy Michael, but a beautiful woman about town. Somebody to be respected and desired.

Now he sat on a barstool, sipping at a glass of wine and admiring his own reflection in the mirror behind the bar. His new dress was dark green and made of a stretchy material that hugged his body in all the right places. The day had passed him by and he was eager to get back home to continue experimenting, vowing not to get so caught up this time and take some proper notes. After all, he only had one more night with this body before it turned back. He swallowed down the last mouthful of wine and pushed the glass toward the bartender fully intending to stand before a man sat himself down next to him.

"Buy you a drink?" He offered.

Michael looked his new companion over. He was tall, with dark hair and green eyes that seemed to sparkle. For the first time in his life, Michael took in the form of another man and found his insides twisting as arousal grew in his loins. It seems his new body didn't want to wait until he got home to see some action.

He could tell what the man's intentions were by the way his eyes roamed over his body. Michael had never been with a man before but he realised this was an opportunity. Now he could find out what women felt when a man touched them and he of course, he wouldn't need to worry about cumming since he wasn't really attracted to other men. With a warm smile, he nodded and let the man buy him another drink.

Aden, as his name turned out to be, was charming. He laid down compliments without hesitation, calling attention to Michael's figure, his bust, his face and even his eyes which had remained unchanged. They talked for a time, slowly inching closer until Aden's hand came to rest on Michael's thigh, slowly crawling up it as they talked. It was getting harder and harder to concentrate on chatting for Michael, all he could focus on was that hand on his thigh and how only a thin piece of material and an inch or two of distance separated it from his pussy.

"Do you...want to come back to my place?" Aden asked eventually and Michael did his best not to answer yes *too* quickly.

The pair jumped into a taxi and Aden held back no longer, wrapping his arms around Michael's waist and pulling him into a kiss. It was different to be on the other side, to be the one with soft lips who yielded but Michael found he liked it. With a soft moan he let Aden's hands wander as their make out session continued, squeezing his round ass so tightly it almost hurt. He could feel the bulge in Aden's pants pressing against him and Michael found himself shocked by how much he desired it. By the time they arrived at his apartment he was wet and keening.

They stumbled up the stairs and Michael gave a girlish yelp as Aden scooped him up, both hands on his ass and carried him inside his apartment. Michael wrapped his long legs around Aden's waist, holding himself up as they continued to kiss, once again all logic had left his mind as desire took over. After what felt like an age Aden placed his feet back on the floor and broke them apart to start undressing.

With practised hands Michael made quick work of his partner's shirt, removing it and running his hands down the smooth planes of his chest before taking a step back to remove the dress he'd purchased only hours earlier. Aden took in the pink lingerie with approving eyes before moving forward to once again crush their lips together as Michael gave a breathy laugh. This was the most fun he'd ever had during foreplay. With deft hands Aden undid Michael's bra, allowing his breasts to sag with weight unsupported before pushing him gently down onto the bed, pinning his wrists above his head.

Slowly, he started kissing at Michael's neck, biting and sucking at the skin, running his teeth over the indents left by his teeth. The strange mixture of pain and pleasure had Michael's eyes rolling back in his head. He wanted more, no he *needed* more and his partner was eager to provide. Letting go of Michael's wrists Aden worked his way down from

the neck to his clavicle and then, his breasts which were rising and falling rapidly with his moans.

Michael cried out as he took one of his nipples in his mouth, swirling his tongue around the sensitive skin and making Michael writhe. Sparks were flying beneath his skin as Aden began to alternate sucking and licking at his nipples, taking things almost painfully slow. Already pleasure was beginning to pool in his lower stomach and Michael found himself unable to stop the wanton moans coming from his mouth.

“You’re a loud one.” Aden teased before trailing his tongue down the plane of his stomach.

Was he? Surely, he wasn’t going to-

*Oh.*

Slowly, a tongue parted his folds and Michael found himself silenced by the sheer intensity of the pleasure that came from that one small action. Gently, Aden licked up and down, circling his tongue around Michael’s clit almost lazily. Michael threw back his head and gripped the sheets, unable to think of anything but the sensations between his legs. He could feel wetness leaking from his hole and Aden eagerly lapped it up, even sliding his tongue inside him a few times.

He couldn’t take much more. He tried to think of something to distract him but Aden began to suck gently at his clit and that became impossible. Aden switched between sucking and licking ensuring the bundle of nerves wasn’t spared for a second. There was a pleasure building within Michael’s loins, taking him over. He couldn’t feel all the muscles inside him tightening-

“S-stop!” He breathed, “it’s t-too much!”

Michael couldn’t decide whether he was happy or not when Aden listened, leaving him just on the edge. With a few deep breaths, Michael bought himself back. He was so turned on it was almost painful. He felt a sense of emptiness within him that he’d never felt before. A need to be filled, a need so strong he couldn’t fight it.

Aden stood before him, now fully naked with his hard cock already leaking precum. Michael felt his guts twist. He’d calmed himself; he could take more. He just...he needed a little bit more. Without another word he reached for Aden, pulling him close and treasuring the body heat between them. With a primal growl Aden pushed him back into the sheets, gently turning Michael so they were positioned doggy style.

“Please.” He begged, “I need you in me.”



Michael didn't realise how true those words were until they'd left his mouth. He needed this so badly he felt he'd burst if he stopped now. Slowly, far too slowly, Aden entered his wet hole making Michael bite down on the mattress to stifle a moan. It was indescribable, the feeling of being filled, his inner walls stretching to accommodate that hard cock. It felt so much better than his fingers, he felt stretched to his limit in the most wonderful way. Then Aden began to thrust at a steady pace, as if he had all the time in the world. Michael keened each time he plunged back inside him, he should remember this position for when the roles were reversed but each time he tried to Aden would thrust back inside and he'd see stars.

His partner leaned over him, reaching under and taking both his breasts in his hands and massaging them. Thumbs dancing across his nipples in a way that made Michael almost cry out. Firmly, Aden lifted him slightly to a better position, thrusting so deep inside it made Michael shudder. Suddenly, there was a burst of pleasure so deep that Michael's vision whited out momentarily. His G-spot, Aden was hitting his G-spot, over and over again.

It was too much, his nipples, the fullness, that little bundle of nerves deep inside him being teased mercilessly. The pleasure was all through him, he couldn't control himself any longer.

"Oh God, O-Oh God that's t-that's-" He couldn't even speak.

"You like that don't you." Aden growled, "You're so tight, I can feel you getting close. Cum for me girl, come on."

Michael had to stop this, he had to fake it so they could stop but he couldn't find the words. His eyes glazed over as the pleasure began to build, along with a pressure deep inside him. He just wanted more, he never wanted this to stop.

"More. More oh G-gods, don't stop, don't stop!"

What was he saying? He had to stop. He was so close...so *close*...

Michael felt every muscle in his body tighten. His cunt included, squeezing around Aden's cock trying to keep it inside him as long as possible. Aden picked up speed, roughly thrusting in and out, showing Michael no mercy. His cock hit Michael's G-spot just as both his thumbs grazed his nipples and he was lost. Pleasure overwhelmed him. A desperate, wonderous cry escaped him as he came and came. Wave after wave of pleasure washed over him as wetness flooded out his already soaking pussy. Aden continued his onslaught, fucking him hard through the orgasm drawing every single ounce of pleasure he could.

"That's it, cum for me babe, cum for me!!"

Michael had no choice in the matter, he was a slave to the ecstasy he was experiencing. Each time he felt the orgasm fading Aden would hit his G-spot again and another wave crashed over him. It felt so good it almost hurt. Michael was moaning, crying out unintelligibly as he tightened over and over again. Aden shuddered and more wetness soaked through him as he came as well. Sweating and spent they collapsed into the bed together and Michael felt the magnitude of what just happened hit him. He was a woman now. Forever.

He didn't have the energy to care right now though, with Aden curling himself around him, his now half hard cock twitching against Michael's hole. No, right now all he could think about was how long he'd have to wait until they could do that again.

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Michael woke, it had been two full weeks since that first orgasm and since then he'd lost track of just how many he'd had. Every night, a different man. He'd tried every position, every act he could think of and had an absolute blast. But today, reality called.

With a groan he reached over and grabbed his phone and smeared at the calendar reminder on screen. His leave was up; he was due back at work tomorrow. Which was...a problem. Considering he now looked nothing like himself and had no way to fix it. Showing up at the office looking like he did now wasn't going to go over well.

Best case scenario they threw him out and he lost his job for not showing up; worst case he got sent to the nut house. He'd been ignoring the problem for the most part, living it up partying with different guys but that little calendar reminder made everything so much more real.

With a groan he rolled over and pressed himself against his latest beau's back, enjoying the warm skin pressing against his naked breasts. He'd picked him up late last night after a few too many shots; what was his name again? Gary? Barry? Something like that. He couldn't even remember what name he'd given himself since he changed it almost every time. Michael cringed at himself; he'd become such a slut so quickly.

Next to him, Barry or whatever his name was stirred and rolled over with a lazy smile. He was half hard as he hugged Michael close.

“Hey babe, want a little morning delight before we get up?”

What the hell, he'd waited this long to sort his shit out. What was one more round? An hour and several orgasms later the man was gone and Michael was alone again with no excuse to keep putting things off. He sifted through the various outfits he'd accumulated over the last few days, wincing as he remembered just how much money he'd spent on them. For items that barely covered any skin, bras were expensive. At least the nice ones were.

He laid out each article of clothing and grimaced; they were all so...slutty. Mini dresses; even shorter skirts, tube tops, mesh singlets, thigh high boots; what the hell had he been thinking? Why did he not have one normal outfit?

With a sigh he eventually picked the longer skirt he had, which still didn't reach his knees, and a singlet top. They still looked more like clubwear than everyday clothes but at least they could pass? Hopefully the witch would be able to help him without judging him too badly for his actions.

Eventually, he reached Sally's apartment and took a deep breath before knocking on the door. She opened it and smiled, looking him up and down with some confusion before realisation dawned on her face and she groaned.

“Michael?” She asked, there was hesitation in her voice, like she hoped she was wrong.

“Yeah.” He nodded sheepishly and Sally slapped a palm to her forehead.

“Seriously? Is it that hard not to cum?”

“Yes, actually.” He shifted on the spot, “Can we talk inside?”

She shuffled him into the apartment and flopped down on the couch in defeat.

“Why didn't you come to me right away? Why wait two weeks?”

“I was...embarrassed. I guess. My control slipped.”

Sally sighed and shook her head.

“At least it was just the one orgasm right?”

“Ummm....”

“Michael.”

“It was more than that.”

“Three? Four?”

“...I lost count.”

Sally groaned.

“Oh fuck me.”

“Yeah that was sort of the mentality I've had since the first time.” Michael flushed and Sally looked torn between laughter and tears.

“Okay, you're going to need to get good at forging doctor's notes because I will need a good long while to figure out how to fix this.” She said eventually. “And a hefty payment!”

Michael nodded.

“That...makes sense.”

“Alright, let's try a few simple spells first, rule out the obvious before I go getting too complex. Maybe we will get lucky. I'll need you to strip off, less fabric will make things easier for me.”

“Sure.”

He was so used to being seen naked now he'd lost all shame. She walked around him with a clinical gaze, giving him a little zap here and there with magic but nothing changed. Michael did his best not to giggle.

“You're a lot more confident.” She noted after a few minutes of silence, “If nothing else this experience has done you some good.”

“Really? I hadn't noticed.” Michael shrugged, “Then again, it's a lot easier to be confident when I look like this compared to before.”

“You looked fine before. You just need to hold your head up a bit, does wonders.”

“You didn't think to tell me that instead of agreeing to transform me?” He joked.

“Would you have paid me to give you advice?”

“Probably not.”

“Well there you go.”

Sally continued to poke and prod at him, muttering under her breath with all manner of colours sparking from her finger trips. More than once she tried to mould his skin like clay as she had before but each time his body remained stubbornly solid.

The clock ticked by as minutes turned into hours as the sun slowly began to set. Michael was trying to stay professional but it was getting harder and harder to stay still. Sally was running her soft fingers all over his naked body for hours on end, it was impossible not to get a little turned on.

Unfortunately, that whole being turned on with nobody knowing advantage he had in this body went out the window while naked. As desperately as he tried he couldn't stop himself from getting wet. It was hidden at first but as Sally started rubbing along his inner thighs trying to sculpt him the moisture started to show through his curly hairs. Luckily, Sally didn't seem to notice.

“I have an idea!” She said brightly, snapping her fingers, “We just need a stimulant over your skin to help kickstart the sculpting!”

“Stimulant?” Michael swallowed.

“Yes, wait here.”

Sally hopped up and ran to her little bench, grabbed a handful of salts, plants and bottles and began creating something in her mortar and pestle. That was more the image he'd been expecting when he first arrived; though the yoga pants were still a bit out of place. Michael did his best not to stare as she bounced on her toes while she worked, ass bouncing as she muttered magical words under her breath.

After a few minutes Sally skipped back, holding the little stone bowl in her hands; it was filled with a thick, slightly green translucent gel. Michael tried very hard not to think about how much it looked like lube.

“Okay, so I have mixed together some herbs and crystals that will amplify the magic and hopefully overcome this little hiccup.” Sally grinned, dipping her fingers into the mixture and reaching out to spread it over Michael's skin. “It'll feel a little tingly sorry.”

A little tingly was putting it mildly; a pleasant warmth spread across Michael's skin as Sally began to spread it over his arms and shoulders. He was already feeling over sensitive thanks to all the touching but this took things to an entirely new, almost unbearable level. It felt wonderful and it was all he could do to stop from moaning.

"Are you okay? You're shaking."

"F-fine." Michael lied, staring straight ahead.

"Okay, just let me know."

Her hands kept sliding all over his body, up and down his arms, between his fingers, along the slope of his neck. It felt so sensual, like a lover massaging away all his worries.

"Enjoying yourself?"

Michael finally looked back to Sally and saw her smirking; that tease.

"Is this really going to help or did you just want to see how long I'd last?" Michael asked with a wry smile.

"It could help, but the side effects are pretty fun." Sally shrugged, continuing down his body and over the curve of his breasts. "Besides, I get the feeling you don't actually want to be a man again. You're just here so you can tell yourself you tried."

"is that-ahhh...so?"

She was running her fingers over his nipples now, swirling in circles before moving down to his stomach.

"You are some of my best work, you know that?" Sally grinned, moving her hands lower and lower until they were only an inch away from his aching new pussy.

She teased across the skin, going around his need to stroke at his inner thighs. He was trembling now; not from strain but excitement.

“I’ll make you new documents, a whole new identity.” Sally whispered, standing closer and closer as her fingers moved in. “Provided you do one little thing for me.”

Her slick digits were hovering just below Michael’s pussy now, he could feel the heat from them.

“What?” he asked, his voice breathy and desperate.

“Cum for me.”

And then they plunged inside.