

In Sickness and Health

For Jessicatg24

By TheSpiralledEye

A hypochondriac, anxiety ridden man accidentally receives an experimental hormone treatment instead of his flu shot. Then with the help of his wife, he begins to learn how much fun it can be to be a woman.

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It seems like a redundant thing to say; but I hate doctors surgeries. I mean, nobody likes going to the doctor, not even hypochondriacs like me. Not that I've been diagnosed as one but I know I am. It's why even though I hate this place and it's stupid antiseptic smell, I am in this waiting room at least once a month.

Lila flicked through the same magazine she had the last time she brought me here. She looked bored.

"Why did I have to come again?" She asked, without looking up from her article on the benefits of olive oil as skin care. "It's just a flu shot."

"You know how I am with needles." I whispered, "If you're here at least I wont pass out. A man fainting at the idea of getting a jab in the arm is so embarrassing."

"More embarrassing than needing your wife to hold your hand?" She asked, only half joking.

I ignored the heat in my cheeks. Lila patted me on the knee reassuringly and went back to flipping through the magazine. I glanced over at the glossy pages filled with beautiful women on the arms of even more beautiful men. She paused on a page that showed a muscle bounce soap star bench pressing his girlfriend and I looked away.

Sure that guy was the pinnacle of masculinity and I was a scrawny software developer who was scared of needles but Lila married me so...the guy couldn't have been her type anyway. Even if she did always pause on that one page every time we came here. I couldn't help but wonder if she picked the same old magazine each time just for him. Or

maybe I was just being paranoid, maybe I should ask the doctor about that as well when I got my shot.

“Jason Felix?”

The old battle axe of a nurse who ran the counter called out my name and I was on my feet quickly, eager to get this over with in order to have time to ask about the whole paranoia thing. I don't know why she bothered calling out my name, Susan knew me by face and was staring right at me.

“Thanks.”

Lila and I made our way down to Dr. Hendricks office as usual and Lila plopped herself down in the spare chair at my side and offered her hand which I took. Mine was already sweating, anticipating the shot.

“Hello Jason, how are we feeling?” The doctor asked as he closed the door behind us.

I liked doctor Hendricks, he always made me feel welcome. The fact that he charged ninety dollars per consult probably had something to do with that. At this rate I was probably putting his kid through college or something.

“A little nervous, also a tad...” My eyes slid over to Lila, I couldn't mention this stuff in front of her could I? Did that make me even more paranoid? Maybe I didn't need a doctor to confirm it; I was definitely being paranoid.

Then again, paranoia is irrational right? So if I had a rational reason for being nervous, like my wife not thinking I was man enough for her, then I couldn't be paranoid. Right? Was that how it worked?

“Earth to Jason.” Lila called, “You're spiralling in your own head again honey.”

“Oh uh, sorry.”

“Quite alright, I know how shots make you. So wonderful that your wife is always here to support you.” The older man beamed, pressing a button to call in one of the nurses.

Rather than the old battle axe Susan, it was a new girl. Her hair was red, frizzy and desperately trying to escape the tight bun she's somehow wrangled it into. She seemed half distracted by trying to keep it that way, pushing the tray of tools with one hand while futilely trying to poke the loose curls back into the band with her other.

"Flu shots?" She said, barely paying attention, "Here you go Dr. Henry."

"Hendricks." The doctor chided, "Sally go fix your hair so you can focus, for goodness sake."

She didn't need to be told twice and Dr. Hendricks just shook his head.

"Head in the clouds that girl, a bright spark, she'll make a fine nurse one day if she can learn to stop letting that hair of hers distract her." He chuckled. "Now, let's not draw this out."

I winced, clutching to Lila's hand as the doctor rolled up my sleeve. I tried not to concentrate on the feeling; luckily I still had my little paranoid or not paranoid thoughts to keep my mind occupied.

"There, all done."

Huh, that was quicker than usual.

"Did you want one while you were here Mrs. Felix?" The doctor offered but Lila shook her head and stood, seeming eager to leave.

"No, I have a good immune system. I'll be fine. Let's go, darling."

I nodded my goodbyes to the doctor and reminded myself to call the office later tonight when Lila was showering to make an appointment to talk about the paranoia.

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It's funny where your mind goes in those moments before wakefulness. When you're simultaneously aware that you are in bed, half asleep but you can't make your brain have a rational thought to save your life. For me personally, I always found my mind would go to the darkest of places for no reason. So when I woke with a deep ache in my chest the first thing that sprung to mind was 'heart attack'. I was having a heart attack and was going to die in my sleep at thirty; one of those unlucky few that are young and supposedly healthy.

I rolled onto my side and clutched at my chest. Or rather, that's what I attempted to do. Instead of my fingers scrunching into the fabric of my shirt they instead grasped something warm and soft. The texture was familiar, supple, with a very specific amount of give. It also resulted in a shape and a surprising pinch of pain and I yelped awake properly.

"Mmmh...Jason...s'too early." Lila groaned, rolling over to face the wall, "Go back to sleep."

There was a small amount of light peeking through the bottom of our curtains and the clock against the wall blinked 5:52am. She was right. The fog of sleep still clung to me, so much so that it took me a second to realise I was still squeezing my chest. I looked down in confusion and felt the last of the drowsiness instantly dissipate.

"Uh...Lila?"

"Sleeping."

"No really, I think you need to see this." I said shakily, eyes still locked on my hand. "I need you to tell me I'm going crazy."

She groaned again rolling over and blinking up at me sleepily; I watched as her face went from irritated and sleepy to alert in moments just as I imagined mine had.

"Are those?"

"Tits, yeah?"

Because that was the only word for them. Two round, soft, tear dropped shaped breasts were now hanging from my chest. Two or three cup sizes larger than Lila's own too. I finally let go and felt the soft skin bounce back against my chest, the nipples turning hard enough to see clearly through my sleep shirt. The article was stretched beyond repair by this point

and I felt myself pout; it was stupid really to be worrying about something like an old shirt when I had somehow spontaneously grown a set of tits but well...I really liked this shirt.

Even that couldn't keep the panic from rising though. Why were they still there? This was a dream right so why wouldn't he wake up. A finger appeared in my side vision as Lila poked at them, making the breasts jiggle slightly before settling back to stillness. Well, as still as they could be while my chest was heaving.

"What, no, this is...ahhhhh!"

I couldn't think let alone speak properly and I jumped out of bed, pacing and spluttering incoherently.

"Okay, Jason, just calm down." Lila soothed.

"Calm down? Calm down!? I've got tits out to here, Lila!"

"Yes and they are quite lovely, so maybe focus on the positives?"

"This isn't a grey cloud silver lining sort of situation! How did this even happen?"

I was pacing more manically now. Surely there was no disease that caused this sort of thing? Wait, what if these weren't breasts at all what if they were growths and I was seconds away from-

"Jason! Hey, Earth to Jason!" Lila was in front of me, clicking her fingers to get my attention. "You're spiralling again. Deep breaths. Whatever this is, I am sure there is a logical explanation."

Lila was right, I needed to stay calm. I took several deep breaths, a handful more than was usually necessary to calm me thanks to the added weight of my breasts being a constant reminder of this weird situation.

Lila took a step back and let her eyes roam over me.

"You know, I don't think the breasts are the only thing that's changed, you look a little...thinner."

I did? I twisted my body around, trying to get a good look and realised she was right. My boxers had sunk down to ride low on my hips. The waistband felt loose; it was as if all the fat from my lower body had been relocated into my new boobs. That wasn't the only thing odd about my hips either, they seemed to jut out a bit, paired with the boobs they gave me an almost feminine figure. It was subtle, nothing a pair of baggy sweat pants wouldn't hide but still.

“I think we should call the doctor from yesterday.” Lila mused, “This all started happening after your appointment and it's the only major break in your routine.”

Her eyes were focused, finger resting on her chin the way it always did when she was working out a problem. A lot of guys hated when women tried to solve their problems for them, found it irritating or something. Not me; I loved that Lila's reaction to my issues was to try and fix them. At least then I didn't have to do it myself.

“Let's shower, have some breakfast and head down there.” She decided, “If we call they might make us wait, but if we walk in...well, they'll know you need to be seen right away.”

“Go out? In public, like this?” I winced, the hips could be hidden but there was no hiding my chest. “I'll look like some sort of half transitioned freak!”

“No you won't. I'll make sure of that.” Lila waved me off. “Now, go wash up, I'll make breakfast then we'll switch.”

She placed her hands lightly at my back and started pushing me toward the bathroom.

“And make sure to tell me if you spot anything else that's changed!”

Thai was all so overwhelming; Lila seemed to be coping with this far better than me; at least I could lean on her. Gave me all the more time to focus on freaking the fuck out. Normally, showers were something that relaxed me. Being clean always helped to clear my mind and for a while I could just stand under the hot spray and relax. Now it filled me with dread.

Peeling my clothes off felt like an exercise in torture. I had never been so relieved to see my own cock and balls between my legs. Lila was right, I was a little lighter and my hips a little wider but other than that and the obvious I was still my usual self, right down to the scar on my inner thigh where I accidentally stabbed myself with a pocket knife years ago.

I ran a finger over the tiny raised mark and shivered; most people lost sensation in their scars but for me it was the opposite. Seeing it filled me with hope; maybe things wouldn't change any further and I could get this all sorted out and be my normal self by the end of the day.

I stepped under the spray and had to hold back a strange sound in the back of my throat. Right, breasts were sensitive, especially when you weren't used to having them. My nipples ached from being hard for so long and I carefully cupped my hands under the spray and held the warm pools after water to the tight skin and sighed in relief. The heat sunk into them, softening my nipples back down and finally letting me relax.

A light, warm pleasure pooled in my stomach as they did so but I did my best not to focus on that. Instead I grabbed for the loofa and started to scrub at my skin. I avoided my chest area for as long as I could before finally scrapping the slightly rough sponge over the newly stretched skin. The sensation made my whole body shudder and I hung the loofah back up after only a quick wash.

That heat in my stomach was slowly moving southwards and I could feel my cock starting to twitch in response. I swallowed, forcing the feelings away as I switched the shower to cold and instantly regretted it as my nipples turned diamond hard once more. I wasn't about to risk using hot water to soften them though so instead I jumped out and began furiously drying myself with a towel.

The soft, fluffy fabric seemed impossible, deliciously rough against the hard diamonds on my chest and I bit my lip to avoid moaning as my cock fully began to harden. This was so embarrassing! I couldn't let Lila walk in on this!

Lacking any better ideas I squeezed my shoulder where I'd gotten the shot yesterday, letting the sore muscle distract me enough that my erection went down. That spot was a lot sorer than usual; I was pretty familiar with my yearly flu shot after so many years and there was something...different about it this time.

I moved over to the mirror and inspected the skin there, surprised to find it...smooth. There was a small red mark thanks to my own squeezing but otherwise the skin there looked perfect; no sign of the needle hole at all. My body hair also seemed finer, less noticeable. I traced a finger up and down my arm; it was subtle but I could almost feel where the change ended just above my elbow, almost like the area surrounding the injection site was more delicate than the rest of me.

"The shot." I breathed, feeling the panic building once more, "It had to be the shot."

I wrapped a towel around my waist and ran to the door only to pause and wince as my new breasts bounced almost painfully with the movement. Biting my lip I awkwardly manoeuvred

the towel, wrapping it around my full torso the way I'd seen my wife do after her own showers. It felt so emasculating but running around with my tits out would have been even more so.

"Lila!" I called, "I think I figured out what's going on!"

"Oh?" She looked up from her toast as I stumbled into the kitchen, slipping slightly on my damp feet.

"The shot, it has to be. There was something wrong with my flu shot and now it's done this. We have to get down there and talk to Dr. Hencricks. I'm going to sue the crap out of them when I...Lila are you listening to me?"

She was staring at my chest before blinking a few times.

"Oh sorry, what was that?"

"Lila, I need you to focus." I cried, "My body is warping and you don't even seem to care!"

"That's not true!" Lila scolded, "I just don't see the point in panicking over every little thing like you do. How will that help?"

"This isn't a little thing!"

"No, you have me there." her eyes dipped down again, "They certainly aren't little."

I felt my face turn hot and covered my chest with my arms; since when was my wife such a perv?

"How can you be enjoying this!" I cried, "You're supposed to support me, that's what a good wife does!"

Lila sighed, giving me a sympathetic smile.

“I do support you, darling.” She said, “but it’s hard to maintain concern when you freak out so constantly. Granted, this is a little bit more than usual but you’re not in pain and as far as we can tell it’s not like your life is in danger.”

“Still!”

“Look, I’m sorry. Why don’t we get dressed and I’ll take you down to Dr. Hendricks.”

“Thank you.”

This was so humiliating. Still, at least she was taking it more seriously now, I was actually about to start calming down when a brand new thought occurred.

“My clothes! what will I wear! I can’t fit these things into any of my usual shirts!

“I’m sure we’ll find something.” Lila dismissed, “I’ll go have a shower while you change and we’ll go, okay?”

“Fine.”

I grumbled, walking back to the bedroom to rifle through my drawers in an effort to find something to wear. Most of my shirts were simple button ups or pull overs. I wasn’t much into clothing so it wasn’t like I had a huge variety to choose from. I had exactly enough outfits to last me through a fortnight or so before I was in desperate need of laundry. None of which looked like they would fit properly.

I managed to squeeze myself into a pair of jeans; they were a little tight around the waist but otherwise were wearable. The shirts were another thing though; I picked up my favourite blue one and immediately dismissed it. I didn’t want it stretched beyond repair like my pyjamas already were. Perhaps a button up would work better, at least those could be ironed out and the stiff fabric wouldn’t stretch too much.

That idea went out the window as soon as I tried to button one up. The lower buttons weren’t a problem but by the time I reached the base of my new bust I was having to strain to get the buttons through the holes.

I tried to press my boobs closer together enough to squeeze the buttons closed but it was just no use. When I finally managed to get the middle one closed one breath in had the button flying off and a small chunk of fabric ripping. A giggle made me turn and I saw Lila in her own towel covering her mouth.

“Sorry.” She said sincerely, “I just didn't think buttons could do that outside cartoons. Come on, you can wear one of my shirts.”

She reached into her cupboard and selected an outfit for herself before handing me a plain white T shirt.

“It'll probably still be a little tight around the bust, sorry, you're bigger than me. But it'll at least fit.” She smiled, “I'd offer you a bra but well...none of mine would fit.”

My cheeks burned but I swallowed my pride and took the offered clothes. At least she wasn't making fun of me; I could tell Lila was trying to be sensitive after my little outburst. The shirt was at least comfortable, even if I constantly felt the need to have my arms crossed to cover my nipples.

“I look ridiculous.” I sighed, glancing at myself in the mirror; the square jaw and big chest made me look mismatched. I'd never been the most confident guy before but this was a new low.

“Let's go to the doctor and we'll get it all sorted out.” Lila patted my back, “You feel normal in no time. This happened so quickly, I'm sure the cure will work just as fast.”

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“What do you mean you can't reverse it!?”

My voice took on a high pitched, almost screeching sound as I cried out. I couldn't help it; I'd never felt so angry in my entire life as Dr. Hendrick sat behind his expensive desk telling me there was nothing he could do.

“Really, Mr. Felix, I am very, very sorry this happened to you but it's the truth.” He sighed, “The new hormone acceleration drugs are still in the early stages of testing. They were supposed to be used for clinical trials on volunteers yesterday afternoon when we realised we were one vial sort.”

“How the hell did you manage to get experimental hormones mixed up with flu shots?” Asked Lila, “I’m no nurse but surely those things wouldn’t be kept anywhere close together.”

“I’m afraid Sally may have been...distracted, while filling flu shots yesterday.” Dr. Hendrick’s winced, “It seems she wasn’t looking when she grabbed the vial’s and accidentally took one from the wrong shelf in the bio-fridge.”

My whole body was trembling with rage.

“What exactly will this stuff do to me besides...well, these.” I indicated toward my ample chest.

“That’s the thing,” The doctor winced again, “These are the first human trials. We’re not sure just how strong a single dose is yet, let alone how to reverse any changes made. I am afraid our best option will be to wait and observe. Then, when we are sure your body is no longer changing, look into a way to reverse whatever has been done.”

All the anger flowed out of me and was replaced with a numbness as I flopped down into the chair. I could be stuck like this for weeks or more. The emasculation was too much to bear.

“Hey now,” Lila patted my arm, “It’s not all bad. We can work this out.”

“You think?”

“Of course, I have two and a half decades of experience being a woman, I am sure I can give you some pointers.”

I took a deep breath and remembered what she’d said this morning; freaking out wasn’t going to make the problem go away. It would only make it worse. It was hard but I managed to reign in the swirling emotions and find a modicum of calm; perhaps I could try things her way for once.

Several more apologies later and promises from Dr. Hendricks to waive any fees for the future we left. The man was sweating bullets by the time we walked out the door; probably seeing lawsuits floating around his head. I collapsed into the car and leaned against the window, letting the cold glass soothe the headache threatening to form my temple.

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A few emails and a phone call later I had enough sick leave to cover the next few weeks. Thankfully Lila was happy to call for me and explain to my boss that I was down with 'the worst flu I've ever seen, probably pneumonia'. There was no way I was admitting what had really happened.

I spent the rest of the day in a constant state of anxiety until exhaustion finally pulled me to sleep. I was terrified of what I would wake up to but to my shock, everything seemed pretty much the same as far as I could tell. A tiny glimmer of hope formed; perhaps the breasts were all there was too. While they didn't seem to have shrunk any over night, they at least hadn't gotten any bigger either.

Lila left for work and I soon had a new problem. Boredom. I hated being by myself; when I wasn't working I usually relied on Lila to plan our time. She was good at picking out movies or activities to fill our weekends but now I was home alone for the first time in what felt like forever.

Lacking any better ideas I flopped down on the couch and began to flick through Netflix and mope. There was nothing good available, how could I have hundreds of shows to my fingertips and still be so bored. I shifted on the couch, feeling oddly hot and itchy; no matter how I positioned myself I couldn't seem to get comfortable. My ass was aching as I rocked it back and forth along the thin couch cushions.

I was always complaining to Lila about them but she insisted there was nothing wrong. I kept at it, watching half a true crime documentary before switching to some sitcom. Slowly but surely I seemed to wear a groove into the couch and find a comfy spot; I laid back, sighing in relief when I realised something wasn't right; the couch wasn't getting more comfortable, my *ass* was.

I shot to my feet and to my shock, felt my ass bounce in much the same way my boobs did when I moved suddenly. Oh no, *oh no, oh no!* Without thinking I reached both hands around to clutch at my butt, finding soft, supple cheeks straining against my pants; thank god I'd put on a pair of sweats, any other kind of fabric would have ripped by now. I couldn't believe how huge it had gotten before I noticed; all peachy and sensitive.

I ran my fingers down the side, feeling the curvaceous figure that had formed without my even noticing. I began to strip off, pulling the loose clothing away to fully study the feminine physique I just seemed to all of a sudden possess.

That smoothness seemed to have spread from the injection site over my entire body, leaving my whole body slightly pink and supple. If it went for my face and cock, I'd think I

was looking at a woman's body, there was nothing masculine about it. I was horrified, of course but also...a little turned on? My cheeks flushed red; what a thing to find hot.

There was nothing hot about my rough, manly body slowly being smoothed over and turned womanly. Nothing hot about the idea of my ass expanding, getting more and more sensitive as I traced his fingers over the peachy cheeks. It didn't turn me on, or make my cock start to turn hard...fuck.

My balls ached, not just because I was getting turned on but because I could feel them shifting as well. Not growing like my chest or butt, quite the opposite in fact. They felt like they were getting smaller.

“Oh f-fuck...”

My discomfort and shock was being replaced with more horniness and I couldn't help myself. I groaned, feeling my balls slowly shrinking, melting back up into my body leaving smooth skin behind. It was so wrong, but it felt so good. My legs started to tremble as I felt that same shrinking sensation spread to my cock. Oh fuck, oh God it felt nice, so nice. What would my wife think if she came home right now and saw her husband struggling to stand from pure ecstasy as his goddamn manhood disappeared?

My knees shook and I fell back onto the couch, hips bucking against open air against my will. The stretching, shrinking sensation was so lovely and it mixed with the humiliation and emasculation till I couldn't tell up from down. I'd always been a bit of a submissive guy but I never realised it went this deep.

“Ahhhh....ahhhh...oooohhh...”

My cock was totally gone now, disappeared into the curly dark hair between my legs that was slowly changing shape. All of a sudden, a burst of sensation bloomed between my legs. I could feel myself opening, the skin there moving and becoming more sensitive than even my new rump. Almost immediately I felt a wetness blooming there and I shuddered, watching my new pussy form.

My new pink clit bulged and I felt a bolt of pleasure move through me so intensely that it made my eyes roll back. It had to be an orgasm, I couldn't be sure though, the feeling was unlike any orgasm I had ever experienced. I seemed to fill my whole body and radiate from the deepest part of my new hole all the way out and down my legs to my toes. My head felt light and stars danced behind my closed lids.

The sensation left me breathless, collapsed back on the couch in a state of pure relaxation and bliss. For the first time in days there was no anxiety, no paranoia, no negative emotions at all. Only soft, warm comfort and the fading pleasure between my legs.

With a groan I pushed myself up on my hands, looking down at them with fascination. My fingers were longer, more dainty for lack of a better word. I lifted one to my face, oddly disappointed and yet simultaneously gratified to feel the roughness in my cheeks. My face was still the same, but for how long?

I slowly pulled my clothes back on, pulling one of Lila's shirts over my head and wincing as the sweatpants stretched over my ass. Even the baggy, soft material was struggling to contain my new shape. I twisted to look at my ass, its cleft and shape clearly defined over the too tight fabric.

My skin felt scratchy and wrong, these clothes were so ill fitting and I knew if I looked in the mirror I would hate what I saw. I didn't risk it, staying well away from the bathroom until I heard Lila's key in the door. Nerves filled me once more; there was no way to hide these changes from her even if I wanted to.

"Hey, Jason. I'm ho-oh...wow."

Her eyes drifted up and down my form, taking in the long, slightly curved shape of my legs, the plump add, the sloping shoulders. I stood slightly hunched, as if making myself as small as possible would somehow hide how freakish I looked.

"You look incredible!" She gasped, "Sorry, I just, wow."

"You don't need to lie..." I mumbled, "What sort of wife wants her husband to look like this?"

"No really!" She insisted, "You look so cool! I wonder if your face will change too."

"I hope not." I lied, feeling an odd sense of guilt swish in my stomach, why did I want that so badly all of a sudden.

"I tell you what though, you really need some new clothes."

"No!" My face burned with want and embarrassment, "I can't buy women's clothes!"

“Why not? Trust me, a well fitted outfit makes all the difference. You’ll feel so much more comfortable in your own skin once you do that.”

I remembered this afternoon and just how comfortable I had gotten in my own skin. The idea of enjoying this body more filled me with a sense of unease. I wasn't supposed to be enjoying this. I wasn't enjoying this! It was just Stockholm syndrome or something, could you get that with your own body? Could you Stockholm yourself?

“Jason? Spiralling darling.”

“Sorry, sorry.”

“Tomorrow.” Lila nodded matter of factly, “We’re going shopping, it’ll do you good.”

I tried to quash the tiny part of me that was excited.

~

It was odd, how waking up the next morning felt so normal. My hip jutted into the mattress more when I slept on my side, as I stretched I felt my shoulders crack slightly, their shape having slightly adjusted in the night. It wasn't until I stumbled out of bed to the bathroom mirror to wash my face that I felt any sense of strangeness overtake me.

I ran my smooth fingers over my face and felt no resistance, no stubble, no Adam's apple, and most notable of all, the shape of my face was all wrong. I rubbed the sleep from my eyes and squeezed them closed for a moment; anxiety was threatening to build but also a sense of resignation and acceptance. On some level I knew this was coming and that made the change all the easier to handle.

I took one final deep breath and opened my eyes. The person looking back at me had a look of awe on their face and it was odd, I expected to see a stranger in the mirror but instead I saw...me. Okay, not quite but my eyes were still there, my hair was still it's usual short and shaggy look, my eyes were still the same colour and I could even see the tiny raise to the left side of my lip that had always been there.

It was the fine details that had been changed and fine was certainly the right word. My eyes had a delicate, slightly hooded look to them with long lashes that fluttered in the most lovely way when I blinked. My lips were full, the delicate curve of my cupid's bow more pronounced beneath my button nose.

The person looking back at me, despite the haircut, was clearly female but she didn't feel like a stranger. My lips quirked into a small smile. Maybe things might work out after all.

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My confidence was short-lived. By the time we were pulling up at the shopping centre I felt my nerves reaching their peak. The idea of buying new clothes seemed awfully daunting. Especially in the fanciest mall in town.

“The Diamond?”

“You need clothes of your own, darling.” Lila giggled, “Come on.”

The diamond was the biggest and most expensive shopping centre in the city. Lila loved it, every trip here went the same way; I sat on a bench while she burned through our entire credit card budget. As we walked into the glittering common area I felt a sense of trepidation fall over me; suddenly all the shops and lights were intimidating.

Lila's arm looped through my own, linking our arms together and squeezing.

“Relax, just follow my lead.”

“No.”

“No?”

“I...I don't want new clothes, I just want to go home. I don't want everybody...looking at me.”

“Darling, they are looking because you are beautiful.”

My cheeks turned pink; it felt nice hearing somebody say that. Even if this little voice, what remained of my masculinity, told me it was not a compliment for a man to be called beautiful. Not that I was much of a man anymore.

“Come on, let’s play dress up.” Lila teased. “It’s been years since I had a girlfriend to shop with.”

She grabbed my arm once more and practically dragged me to the boutique. It was a small place, the kind that only seemed to have one of each item of clothing. No mass market, mass produced stuff here. If the price tags were anything to go by this was all hand made, one of a kind fare.

“S-surely we could go somewhere a bit less fancy?” I suggested. “It’s not like I’ll need these clothes for long anyway.”

I hoped. Or did I? I wasn't sure.

“Oh I am sure I can wear them afterwards.” Lila dismissed, completely ignoring that our sizes were totally different.

There was a look of excitement in her eyes I’d never seen, a spark. It took my breath away. SO much so that I always walked right into a rack of clothes, making Lila laugh.

“First things first, you need some support.” Lila told me, go into the change room over there and I’ll go get one of the assistants to measure you.”

“M-measure me? You mean my...my?”

“Boobs? Yes, darling.” She laughed, “It’s not embarrassing, don’t worry, they do this every day.”

It felt so wrong, stepping into the little room with only a draped cloth between me and the rest of the world, stripping off. I winced as my tits raised, pulled up by the tightness of my shirt before bouncing back down against my chest. Why did they put mirrors on all three walls of these change rooms? I felt vain just glancing at myself.

A second later I jumped as the curtain slid aside and back again, a young woman only a few years older than myself was standing there smiling at me. Her teeth reminded me of a shark.

“Hey there sweetie, your wife wasn’t kidding you really need some new support. Your poor back.”

I just giggled nervously, how else was I supposed to react to a woman just blatantly staring at my chest as if I were a piece of meat. She rolled out a long measuring tape and had me pose, forced to stare at my own reflection as she pressed it into me. My soft skin gave way slightly as she wrapped it around my middle, clamping over my nipples in a way that turned them hard. If she noticed, she didn't seem to care.

“Single E cup, good for you.” She smiled, “Hang on and I'll have your wife bring you something.”

I just nodded and swallowed; the way Lila had been looking at the racks like a kid in a candy store told me she wouldn't be getting me anything simple or plain. A new sense of excitement started to build inside me; this was actually a little bit fun, when it was uncomfortable or weird.

As predicted Lila let herself in holding a bra in a deep plum purple with black lace trim, a matching pair of panties folded neatly beneath it. I'd never worn anything but boxers but I did have to admit they were a lot less comfortable under such tight clothes.

“You'll look stunning in these, trust me.”

“Why so bright?” I winced, “Nobody will even see them.”

“No, but you'll feel better in them. Confidence Jason, that's all you really need. This new body is an opportunity to get you some.”

She stuffed the bundle of cloth into my hands.

“I'll be right outside, picking out some clothes for you.”

“Okay.” I don't think I could have stopped her if I tried.

With a swallow I stripped off my bottoms so that for the briefest moment I was totally naked. I couldn't avoid looking at my reflection this time and I was surprised to notice that it looks...fine. I didn't feel weird or out of place at all really. If anything, I actually wish I'd not gotten a haircut last week.

I stepped into the silky soft panties and lifted them up to cup my pussy and ass. The lace was like clouds against my inner thigh, not scratchy like I expected. I couldn't help but

sigh in comfort. That was nothing compared to the bra though; feeling those soft inlays caress my sensitive curves felt heavenly. Once I had struggled with the hooks for a few minutes and finally gotten them done up I had to hold back a groan.

How had I not realised how much strain my back was under. With the support finally in place not only did my tits look incredible they felt it too. I posed, turning from left to right as I admired my now focused figure; Lila was onto something maybe I was beautiful after all. I actually walked out of the change room with my head held high before I realised I probably wasn't supposed to walk around in just underwear, not that Lila seemed to mind.

“Alright!” She clapped her hands together, “Let’s find your style.”

In the time it had taken me to work out the bra straps she had gathered up what felt like an entire wardrobe of options; everything from pink and frilly to slinky and sexy. Neither of which extremes felt right at all.

I opened my mouth to ask if we couldn’t just get a shirt and pair of jeans in my size but Lila seemed to anticipate the question and thrust a pair of shorts into my hands.

“Just try them?” She begged, “Please?”

“...Okay.”

Somewhat awkwardly I slipped into the jean shorts, pulling them up over my rump and finding them surprisingly comfortable. They were tight, but in all the right places and I couldn’t help but admire how shapely they made my ass look.

“Not bad.” I admitted, “But...they’re a little tight. Did you pick anything a little looser?”

“Sure! Lila beamed, “Try these!”

I hesitated slightly at the sight of the fine netting; fishnet stockings were certainly a look. They weren't totally sheer either, the fishnets were overlaid over a sheer, soft black fabric that shimmered purple in the light. They were very eye-catching, exactly the sort of thing I’d never wear and yet something about them drew me in.

Sliding them on felt almost sensual, I kept waiting for the ultra thin fabric to snag or tear but it didn’t. Instead it glided over my soft curves and settled over it like a second skin; it felt right. For a moment I glanced back at the mirrors and smiled, these did not show off my

ass in quite the same way the shorts had but the slightly see through fabric seemed to accentuate the natural shape and draw attention in all the right places.

“Here, try this as well.” Lila urged excitedly, handing over a dark skirt with a purple fringe.

It fit like a dream and was cut short at mid thigh. Long enough to swish as I turned and show off the shape of my legs and butt without being too revealing. I couldn't help but smile at it; something about this experience was becoming intoxicating.

“What's next?”

Lila beamed; clearly happy I was enjoying the experience.

We tried on several other skirts; short, long, stiff, flowing; all of them stylish but none felt quite so right as the first. Then there were the tops. At first I started small with regular plain shirts but they looked too...plain. With my stockings and skirt I needed something a little more daring. I moved onto tank tops, then boob tubes and finally settled on a cropped singlet with a matching purple fringe to go with the skirt.

A cute decal made to look like a spray paint smile sat right atop my breasts. With just enough cleavage showing to be sexy without looking like a total tart.

“You look amazing!” Lila squeaked, bouncing on your toes.

“I feel it,” I admitted with a blush, “If it's not too much trouble...do you think we could get some shoes as well?”

“Oh honey, we are not stopping there! Makeup and hair next.” Lila winked, “Oh and this.”

She slid a cropped, leather jacket over my shoulders, completing my bohemian style outfit.

“There, perfect, now let's get you some heels!”

An excited giggle escaped my lips before I could stop it. My hands flew to cover my mouth but Lila simply laughed and looped her arm through mine again.

“Let it out darling, have some fun!”

She had been right about worrying before; she was probably right about this. So I let her lead but my wife no longer had to drag me, this time I walked enthusiastically toward the racks of shoes and smiled widely as I tried pair after pair.

Finally, it all made sense! Why women flocked to shoe stores and spent hours trying things on. Men’s shoes were just so boring compared to the sheer variety on display here. Unlike what I was used to, where it was simply a matter of finding something comfortable in a colour I liked here there was much more to take in. One pair of heels could look vastly different from another before colour even came into it. There was shape, form, the way I looked in each pose.

I never realised just how much the shape of my shoes could impact how the rest of my body looked. The higher the heel, the straighter I seemed to stand, the more my ass naturally stuck out and most importantly; how much my hips had to sway in order to maintain balance. One step perfectly in front of the other, the subtle shift of my ass cheeks turned to full on swings as I strutted in the silver stilettos down the middle of the store while Lila clapped like an excited seal.

I’d never felt so confident; nor had I seen Lila so enthusiastic about my appearance. It was a feeling I could get used to. As we walked out of the boutique together arm in arm I felt a lightness wash over me; I tried to remember the last time I went so long without worrying about...well, anything and found I couldn’t.

“Salon next?” Lila asked.

Alon. Hair, nails, make up it all sounded so intimidating and yet exciting at the same time. I realised as we stood there people were looking, not with derision, but appreciation. For the first time in my life, I was being checked out by men and women! It felt...good. I held my head high and nodded.

Walking into the salon still made me feel a bit self conscious though, not because I was secretly a man under all the heels and tits but because I didn’t have a lot to work with. My nails were short and neat already and my hair was still short, shaggy but short. What could a place like this really do for me?

Lila seemed to sense my unease and gave my arm a squeeze before going to chat with the woman meaning the desk.

"This is my wife, Julie." She said proudly, prouder than I had ever heard her speak of me now that I thought about it. "She's been feeling self conscious lately so I think a full session is in order for both of us, mani and pedicure, hair, make up."

Julie, the name rang in my ears and made me flush pink; not with embarrassment but pleasure. Something about that name seemed to settle over me and it felt so *right*. A lot more right than Jason did looking like this.

"Oh aren't you a dear." The older woman smiled, "And so lovely to see such a progressive young couple. I support your community. I'll have you know."

The woman pointed proudly to a rainbow sticker on her name badge. I cringed a little inside but smiled; she was being nice, if a little overzealous. Especially considering we weren't really lesbians but how could she know that. I just hoped she didn't spend the session talking about how much sympathy she had for 'the gays' or something.

Thankfully the risk was averted when we were directed to a set of chairs with two different technicians on the other side of the salon. The sweet scent of fragrant oils filled the air as I settled into a plush chair, surrounded by shelves filled with bottles of colourful nail polishes and rows of nail art accessories. The manicurist, a friendly woman named Sarah, greeted me warmly and explained the process.

"First, we'll begin by soaking your hands and feet in a relaxing warm water bath. This will soften your cuticles and prepare your nails for shaping."

I couldn't help but sigh a little as she began, dipping my delicate fingers into the water as she began to work her magic, I marvelled at the gentle touch of her hands as she massaged my cuticles and shaped my nails. It was a truly relaxing experience, and I could feel the tension melting away. She pampered my hands and feet with scrubs and lotions, leaving my skin feeling soft and rejuvenated. Next to me Lila smiled, she seemed to be enjoying my pleasure just as much as her own.

"Now," Sarah said, "What shall we do for colour?"

"I get to pick?" I replied dumbly and she giggled, "Of course, we can even add some little accessories if you like, rhinestones and such?"

I tried to feel embarrassed about the anticipation building inside me but I just couldn't; I was like a kid in a candy store.

I never knew this many colours existed! There were so many shades to pick from – soft pastels, bold neons, and everything in between. I finally settled on a deep royal blue for my nails, and a lovely blush pink for my toes. Sarah deftly applied the polish, creating flawless coats that made my nails look stunning. They perfectly matched my outfit as well and that newfound confidence inside me seemed to swell. As she showed me an array of intricate designs and sparkling rhinestones, my eyes widened with excitement. I felt like a creative artist, ready to turn my nails into a masterpiece.

To think, a part of me I barely even thought about each day could bring such joy! Or birth such creativity. It didn't matter that my nails were short, by the time Sarah was done with them they looked beautiful and the silver tips and tiny stones I'd chosen to accent them glittered under the bright lights of the salon.

As the final touches were put in place, I couldn't help but admire the artistry before me. My nails looked like something out of a fashion magazine – stylish, unique, and brimming with personality. Lila had a full set of red nail art, swirling oranges and yellows that looked like fire to match her boldness. My new pussy seemed to thrum; I'd never felt so attracted to her in all my life.

For a second our eyes met and I felt a spark pass between us; a hum of electricity suddenly seemed to be in the air. I couldn't remember I felt such a passionate connection with her, if ever. For a moment my body acted on its own, taking a step toward her to...to...I wasn't sure what my intentions were. Something lustful no doubt but I never got to act on them as suddenly the woman from the front desk appeared between us.

"The hairdresser is ready to see you!" She said just a little bit too brightly.

"Right, of course." Lila smiled, licking her lips. I watched the moisture on the soft skin slowly dry; it seemed to captivate.

"Actually, could we go home?" I asked somewhat huskily, "I'm feeling a bit tired."

Lila seemed as though she was about to argue with me but then that feeling passed between us once more and an understanding seemed to form.

"Yes, I think that's a good idea." She said carefully. "Thank you for all your services."

Time seemed to have taken on a new dimension, moving fast and slow at the same time. Lila paid and we moved in a blur back towards the car. My new pussy was throbbing now and I could feel the wetness soaking through to my new panties. Normally, I let Lila initiate sex, she was the confident one but I today, thanks in part to her, I was feeling bold.

The parking structure was empty, not that I would have cared either way at the moment. As she reached for her keys I found myself moving and then pressing our bodies together; breast to breast, crotch to crotch. I could feel her nipples through her shirt and the heat from her pussy. The embers burning in my lower stomach fanned to a flame.

We didn't speak, we didn't need to, instead we used our mouths for a much more pleasurable purpose. I pinned her to the car and forced my tongue into her mouth, running it along her own and swallowing the deep, sinful moans that made their way up her throat.

Hands fumbled at my skirt, slipping beneath the fabric to rub at the front of my stockings and panties. The sound that escaped me was...indescribable. Breathily and high yet also undeniably a moan. Lila mirrored it and I in turn copied her motions, reaching beneath her own skirt to press at her panties.

"I can finally show you just what I like." She said breathlessly, "Now copy me, okay."

"O-okay."

Fuck this was hot.

"Slip your hand inside like this..."

Her finger reached down into my panties till a single digit rested against my folds.

"Then stroke from the back all the way to the front."

The motion made my whole body shudder and more wetness squirted from my new hole. I copied her and watched her eyelids flutter slightly. I repeated it, again and again, swirling around her clit as she did the same to me. It was so hard to mirror her actions when my own head was starting to feel light with ecstasy but somehow I managed it.

"Now, slowly....ahhhh....push up-!"

Her finger pressed up into my hole, the soft pads of her fingers pressing into my folds and drawing a ragged cry from my mouth. I copied, letting the tiny stone on my finger tip scrape

gently against her insides. Her eyes rolled back for a second and I almost came right then and there. I repeated the motion, over and over until her hands started to shake inside me.

“Oh fuck, yes, yes...yes!”

We were being so loud and I didn't care. All I could concentrate on was the way Lila's face was forming a look of pure bliss as my own pleasure rose and rose. Suddenly, Lila's fingers seemed to spasm inside me and she let her head fall back against the roof of the car. I felt her pussy squeeze around my fingers as juices gushed over them and her face twisted in pleasure.

She was cumming, and the sight alone was enough to tip me over the edge as well. My pussy tightened against my will and then suddenly pulsed, sending wave after wave of pleasure cascading through me.

A shiver went down my spine as we both finally stilled, leaning against the car and one another until we finally slipped our fingers out of one another.

“That was...new.” I gasped.

“Good though?”

“Very good.” I nodded.

I took my hand and wiped my fingers on my new skirt.

“Did you still want to go home?” Lila asked, her eyes head lidded and a coy smile on her face, the invitation was obvious. “I spent so long getting you into those clothes, I'd like to be the one to take them off.”

“I think I'd like that.” I purred, leaning in to kiss her one final time before we finally got into the car.

Perhaps waiting for a cure wouldn't be so bad after all.