

The apartment he shared with his boyfriend was dark when Skyler finally got home. The Loop had been packed with both office folk and tourists to the point that every station was a four minute stop to try and fit people in. As a result, he was an hour late and missed Carlos leaving for his last shift at the firehouse before he was off for the holiday weekend.

He pulled his hat off and let his hair down over the undercut as shook the snow off. He hung his hat and scarf both on the coat rack. As he pulled off his coat, he noticed a note on the counter.

“Dinner is in the oven,” he read aloud as a finger slipped into the knot of his tie. “There is also something for you in the bathroom for when you get out of the shower. Text me after you eat. See you in the morning. Love, C.”

With his coat hung up and his tie undone, he moved on to see just what his boyf had left for him. Dinner turned out to be a bowl of potato chowder and two grilled cheeses. Both were surprisingly still warm from the oven just being on one hundred. He turned the oven off with a beep and turned on the TV to watch the news. Not wanting to sit more after a whole day of sitting, he leaned against the counter as he ate. Finishing up, he put his dinner stuff in the dishwasher and set it for later and then moved to to take a shower.

In the bathroom was a wrapped box. One similar to what he had caught Carlos wrapping the other day. Picking it up, the box was light. He made a face as he shook it. It did not really make a noise. Turning the shower on her carried the box back to their bedroom and put it down on the bed. Undoing his shirt with one hand, he texted Carlos with the other both to let him know he was home safe and to also see if he could pry something out of his boyf about the box's contents.

[Glad you're home. Sorry I missed you. As for the box, you'll have to see.]

[No hints at all?]

[Well, its clothing but, that's all you're getting out of me until you open it.]

Skyler tossed his phone onto the bed next to the box and shrugged out of his shirt. He looked down at his body and sighed. With everything going on at work, it had been over two weeks since he had managed to get to the gym and all the holiday parties were taking a toll on his physique. His tummy was a bit softer than he would have preferred and the definition of his arms was fading a little.

He felt, perhaps unfairly, that he had to be in peak shape to hold Carlos' attention. It was probably

paranoia sure, but, when your partner found men, women, and everything in between attractive...it sometimes felt hard to compete. As much as Carlos assured him that was not the case, that he felt fulfilled in their relationship, the perceived lack still weighed on Skyler ever once in a while.

He tried to put it out of his mind while he stripped the rest of the way. He closed his eyes, imagining that he was taking his boxers off for Carlos. He felt himself throb as his emotions bubbled up. His cock starting to stiffen at the thought of intimacy with his boyf. He let his fantasy continue, his hands acting as Carlos'. Halfway hard as he got into the shower, his hand absently stroked until he was six inches long and rock hard.

He lathered up with shower gel, massaging his biceps and shoulders before dragging his fingers over his pecs down to his abs. The edge was close as he rinsed off and he turned his attention to his hair so as to not go over it. By time he was finished with washing his shoulder length locks, he was no longer hard though he was still quite big. Drying off got him hard again, his shaft swelling up with more thickness, but, he pulled back from the edge again.

Towel draped around his shoulders, he crossed to the bed and tore the paper off the box. Inside the box was two other boxes. Opening one, he found a pair of crew socks and a pair of knit gloves. Both of them had matching black-and-white stripes.

He pulled on the first glove and realized they were fingerless. On the back, there was a purple star with seven points. Pulling on the other one, he noticed some fabric bunched up, as if they were not pulled on all the way. Tugging at the hems, the gloves seemed to uncoil and stretch down his forearms. He held his hands out in front of him, completely baffled by how what had been normal gloves a moment ago had become arm warmers.

That feeling of bewilderment intensified as, before his eyes, the length of fabric around his fingers came undone, vanished into the gloves, and seemed to move to the other end as they literally grew over his elbows. It was then he noticed the seven-pointed star embroidered into them was glowing.

Freaking out, he pulled the gloves off and threw them on the bed like they were snakes. After a moment, they shrank back to the normal fingerless ones and the light from the star winked out.

[What the fuck did you get me?]

[You tried on the gloves didn't you? You were supposed to open the other box first though I guess that

was 50/50.]

Filled with apprehension, Skyler opened the other box to find a white bra with black lace and a pair of black boyshorts with white lace trim. He snapped a pic and sent it to Carlos.

[Are you sure this box is for me? There isn't some woman at the fire house opening an outfit for me, right?]

[No no, that is definitely the box for you. Which is good because I wrapped everything in the same paper. I was actually worried I grabbed the wrong one earlier and it would look really weird with Steve didn't open his jar of hot chocolate powder.]

[Okay...so you got me magic lingerie and accessories?]

[Yeah, I had a friend of a friend make them. They're actually from a pretty big name designer.]

[Who makes magical clothing? What is she a clothing fairy?]

[That's what I've heard actually. Anyway, I got you those things a while ago because you had been saying you felt like just being a man wasn't enough for me. They should help with that feeling, if you follow me.]

[So you're telling me to become a woman even though being male alone is enough for you?]

[That's not at all why I'm saying. I'm giving you the option to explore, to find the things you feel you lack. If you don't want to, no judgment. I love you as you are and cannot wait to see you (or any variant of you).]

[I sort of get what you're saying and I am less upset.]

[If you do experiment, there should be a note in the box that—EEP! Gotta go! Structure fire.]

[Be safe!]

[I will.]

Skyler put his phone down and looked at the monochrome outfit once more. He had to admit that the fabric of the gloves had felt great against his skin. Then changing as he pulled them on for a second time was a little less unnerving. He tried to not freak out again as he felt a tingle against his skin. Tried to keep from screaming as his joints popped and he squeezed his eyes closed as he felt his hands reshaping.

Opening his eyes, nothing major had changed. His fingers had gotten a little longer, his palms a little narrower. He wondered if his nails would grow out. Almost in response, they did. He sat on the bed and

turned his hands over.

"I wonder if they would paint themselves as well," he said out loud to himself. Again, as if the magic of the gloves was replying to his thoughts, black paint swirled into life on his nails. Whatever was doing it even applied a top coat so that they shimmered in the light.

"Okay, this is...pretty cool. Let's try the socks."

Like the gloves, the socks were at first exactly what they appeared to be, only starting to bunch up like they were considerably longer after a being worn for couple seconds. He pulled the knitted nylon up his shins and calves then past his knees to mid thigh before the stockings felt snug. Like with his arms, there were soft pops as the magic of the clothes sank into his skin. Again though, it did not seem like he had changed all that terribly much.

Which brought him to picking up the boyshorts. Would these really make him into a woman?

The tingle of the magic intensified as he pulled the underwear up his legs. It felt like there was slowly more leg between him and his feet. Finally though, he stood up and snapped the waistband to his hips. His chub from edging looked positively massive. His balls flowed out of either side against his legs. He was just about to take them off when he felt his whole body shudder.

Bit by bit, his manhood shrank. At the same time, there was a feeling like being bloated that grew more and more insistent. The tingle against his skin grew more powerful and his fingers slipped under the waistband to rub at it. He brushed the root of his cock and gasped as a feeling like thumbing his tip crashed over him. His fingers began to circle as something swelled up under them. Before he knew it, he was furiously masturbating with his new clit.

Falling back to the bed, his other hand slipped into the folds of his altered sex. He had never even thought about vagina's sexually until now but, as his body heated up like never before, he was happy to be experiencing his own for his first time. It seemed also that he was not done changing as clit grew thicker against his finger tips and the feeling of his masturbation became even more pleasurable. Which is when he had an idea.

Still jilling off with one hand, he rolled to his stomach and crawled to the bed side table. With his free hand, he searched for the vibrating plug. When he found it, he rolled onto his back and pressed it to his pussy through the undies. The sensation as the vibration hit him, combined with two edging sessions, sent

him tumbling into the most intense orgasm he had ever experienced. There was even a moment when he lost awareness, his mind floating in a humming fog of stimulation.

As he came to, he pulled the panties down to gain better access. Before they were even past his knees however, he felt a shifting in his crotch. Just as his cock had gone away earlier, his pussy began to vanish. His flesh went flat first, becoming a smooth curve before his shaft blossomed forth. His member looked different. Most noticeably, the blush of blood under his skin made it darker. After that, it was fairly obvious his throbbing cock was bigger than it had been. Gripping it with one hand, it was easily longer than his altered palm but, probably would have even been outside his normal grasp as well.

His balls reappeared right after, their weight settling on his taint as the spread from the base of his cock. They, too, seemed much larger. He could feel his pulse pounding in them against his crotch and thighs. Whatever magic made him feminine also seemed to be making him even more masculine as well.

Curious, he pulled the socks down only to feel his muscles surge like he was working out. His legs were easily an inch bigger around than they had been. Removing the gloves seemed to have the same effect as both his upper and forearms pulsed larger. Pulling them back on however, did not seem to greatly diminish his bulk. The gloves certainly softened the shape of his arms, but he seemed just as well developed as a moment ago.

Was this intended or was this a side effect? Was shifting his body so far in one direction causing the pendulum reaction to go further? If he stopped wearing the clothes, would his gains eventually go down? What about wearing the outfit for periods of time longer than just now? Would changing back from that make him hung like a horse or a big as someone taking 'roids? He could see what Carlos meant about being able to explore. This was more than just a sex change, it was a way to be as fluid as he wanted to be.

The first thing would be to know if he went back to normal after a little while. Putting on some pajama pants and an oversized shirt—both were tight. He went back out to the living room to watch more TV. An hour later, he was still big but, his clothes were looser than before. Through all of this, he was edging as he played with his bigger, thicker cock. Two hours later, the clothes fit regularly and aside from his cock, which was still much larger than it had ever been, he looked like he had before his shower.

All that remained was putting on everything and seeing what happened.

Pulling the socks on felt different than before, the tingle even more intense than last time. So much so he almost came just from putting them on. They were no longer close toed, instead forming into something more like gymnastics leggings than stockings with an open heel and exposed toes. Like his fingers earlier, his nails grew out and became painted when he thought about it. He even changed his mind a couple times, just to see what would happen, and each change was reflected almost at once.

The gloves, too, were intense to put on and he was panting by time he picked up the panties to put them back on. Again the feeling of his body stretching washed over him as the waistband passed his knees. The bottom hems were snug against his butt and thighs when he felt the underwear begin to change like the gloves and socks. Like the tide going out, the fabric receded to all but the barest essentials leaving him with something like a banana hammock.

As his junk became a pussy again, he watched other changes take place. In under a minute his ass ballooned out into a bubble butt he would have killed for. From there, his hips widened with a subtle creaking as his bones grew to match his new shape. Thighs thickened, calves tightened, and then, finally, his pussy returned even bigger and plumper than before. Just squirming was enough to make his labia rub his clit like crazy.

Now, for the bra. As he snapped the band in front of him, he laughed a little. If this worked, for once in his life he could go outside, tell someone he liked men and they would likely not shift their eyes as they tried to figure out how to respond to that.

He spun the garment around and slid the straps up to his shoulders. The cups were collapsed against his chest, the band was super tight. He felt a little ridiculous. Then came the tingle and with it the strange feeling of swelling as, bit by bit, he grew breasts. Though small at first, their curves rapidly grew to fill the cups before starting to strain and then overflow them.

Swearing, Skyler tried to get the damned thing off, but his fingers kept slipping on the band. Steadily the weight on his chest grew heavier as his new boobs grew upwards through the alphabet. In a physical paradox, the bigger they got the more sensitive they became until he was at the edge purely from burgeoning flesh sliding past the edge of the cups. The weight finally got to him and he collapsed to the bed.

His whole body was humming with sensitivity now. The feeling of the sheets against his back, butt, and

legs was like a great massage. It was as if the clothes were not just making him look like a stereotypical bombshell but feel and think like one as well. Was it picking up on his arousal and using that to rebuild him, like when he thought about his nails changing, or was it amplifying what was already there?

Either way, his mind was quickly filling with thoughts and fantasies. He saw scenes that were familiar and yet, different. Like being on his knees for Carlos as he sucked his boyfriend until he was hard or getting plowed from behind while he screamed from overwhelming pleasure. There were however, other moments that were completely alien. Going shopping for bras with Carlos, showing off sexy panties, being able to walk around arm in arm without fear of reprisal.

Though he knew the memories of them being hetero-normative were false, they were just as satisfying as a burger or pizza. For a moment, thoughts of controlling the changes passed out of his mind as he let those moments wash over him. His fingers eagerly massaged his pussy as pleasure erupted in his brain while he changed further.

His muscles faded to soft outlines as the curves of his body became more apparent. His pendulous tits overgrew the bra and spread down his torso. His ass ballooned even larger, his hips even wider. He wanted to be fucked beyond all reason. In just that moment of losing himself, he had become the sexed up version of the ideal housewife—and it felt amazing. Working his body, he came again and again, each time swelling him curvier and softer.

He came to his senses as his bust began to envelop his arms. Something about having everything on was making him too susceptible to his thoughts. He had to get something off. He had to break the full body enchantment.

He fought with his desire to keep masturbating and finally managed to pull the now thong-style panties down. As he did, he felt his pussy beginning to flatten out but, the rest of his lower body remained pear-shaped. Even as his cock swelled into being once more, growing to a size that was verging on unreasonable, he still was built like an hourglass.

Thick thighs cradled a sack that looked like it was stuffed with two tennis balls. His shaft kept smacking into his pudgy tummy and massive rack. Was he stuck like this? Would he spend the rest of his days as a hyper sexualized woman with a monster cock? The panic only seemed to make him grow more.

Closing his eyes, he tried to visualize his body as he remembered it. He ran his hands over his arms

and felt his muscles bulge. He tried to shrink his breasts but, as soon as he touched them the growth began again. Instead of getting smaller, they swelled under his hands. He moved onto his stomach, kneading the doughy flesh until his abs once more dominated a tight core. Eventually, he looked like himself again aside from his massive, very sensitive rack.

Which is when he wondered if he could go in the opposite direction. He thought about getting stronger and his body began to burn. He thought about being able to fight anyone and all over his body throbbed. With a writhing feeling, pound after pound of muscle knit into being from head to toe. The weight of his chest lessened as his back and chest grew to handle the mass. Trying to get up, his tits rubbed against the bed as he rolled over. This seemed to set the spell into overdrive as his musculature began to swell as quickly as his fat had. His hanging cock and balls also appeared to be swelling and it was not long before his shaft was pressing down into the mattress. Then it was sliding along the sheet, rubbing pre all over before growing up into his hanging cleavage.

As the sensations of pleasure became a feedback loop, he felt himself growing in every way possible. After a minute, the bed was creaking. After five, it collapsed under his weight as he passed seven feet in height. His hips thrust his cock in and out between his now impossibly boobs. His mind was blank aside from the need to orgasm and he was so, so close. Somehow, the strained bra did not break. The socks and gloves would not tear. The spell continued undaunted.

It was not until his back hit the ceiling that the clasps snapped and the band slipped off him. Almost at once, he began to shrink and it was not long before he was pretty much back to normal aside from a cock that hung to his knees and was bigger around than he could grip with his hands. Once again on his back, he jerked his massive member with both hands.

Then he had a thought.

Planting his feet, he pushed his hips up. His head pressed against his lips, he ran his tongue around it. After sucking and groping and groaning for what felt forever, he felt his staggeringly large testes contract, felt his shaft throb. A gout of cum hit him in the face, splashing everywhere. His cock slipped free and the second burst painted the ceiling. The third was more of a dribble, the volume of fluid rolling down his length. It was hard to tell after that if the further twitches produced any more jizz.

Dragging himself out of bed, he stripped the sheets off, showered once more, and then checked his



phone. There were twenty-three missed texts. The contents of which summarized to: [I just heard that the outfit might be a little powerful and that you should probably wait until I get home to try it out.]

[Too late.]

[Do we still have an apartment?]

[Yeah...wait, what?]

[That's what my friend warned me about when I told them.]

[Well, yes. We still have a place to live, I managed to break the bra somehow.] He picked it up to look at just how he had broken the clasps, only to find it as good as new.

[Okay, and? How do you feel?]

[Overwhelmed. Overwhelmed and horny. The changes were so intense! I love that you got this stuff for me and I cannot wait for you to get home.]

[I'm off shift in...five hours.]

[Okay, see you then. Love you.]

Skyler plugged his phone in and laid down on the couch to sleep. Only, he could not stop thinking about how having a pussy felt. He got up and tugged on just the boyshorts, which slowly became pajama bottoms as his cock was replaced. He passed out with his hand between his legs, dreaming of his boyfriend's cock and a day off together to explore all the wonderful possibilities.