

A Real Woman

By JessicaStrangeTFs

Blake had made a career out of scams: Fake emails, Fake Calls, Fake Emergencies. Fake anything and everything in order to get the money!

One of his favorites, and most lucrative, scams was "Trixxie". Trixxie was a lonely middle-aged woman with a sweet smile, a huge rack, and a history of being disappointed by immature men. She was tired of dating boys, she would say, and in desperate need of a real man. A man who confident, dominate, and able to show a woman how she deserved to be treated.

Trixxie was not real, of course.

She was doctored photographs, fake social media posts, and sappy lines Blake had stolen from erotic romance novels. But it worked. Before long, weak men would be convinced they had found the woman of their dreams and they'd be helpless to resist her requests. He'd seen it work time and time again

Steven had been especially easy.

A lonely middle-aged man, divorced for years, eager to believe a beautiful woman had finally noticed him. For weeks, Blake messaged him as Trixxie. He told Steven exactly what he wanted to hear. He flirted, sent suggestive photos, talked about their dreams of the future, and shamelessly talked about what naughty things they would do on the vacation they would take when they finally met up.

To Blake, it was all just another payday.

To Steven, *she* was everything.

Eventually, "Trixxie" began sending messages about how badly she needed to meet him. How she wanted a vacation together. How she was tired of waiting to be held by a man who knew saw her for who she really was!

Then Steven sent the money.

Blake grinned as the transfer appeared in Trixxie's account.

"A sucker's born every day," he muttered, grinning like a fox.

But when he tried to move the money, his fingers paused. He felt his hand freeze, unable to click the transfer button.

“What the hell!?” He struggled to move his hand, and then... it moved!

Then his hands flew across the keyboard, opening a travel site. A tropical resort. First-class plane tickets. The largest suite the hotel had available.

“What?! What the hell!?” He didn’t do that! Well, he did... Or rather, his hands had... But he... What the hell!?

Blake tried to cancel the booking. He tried to call the airline. He tried to request a refund. Every time, his fingers slipped away from the right button, hung up the phone, or opened another page entirely.

After hours of fighting with his own hands, Blake gave up. Fine. He would just tell Steven there had been some kind of banking problem and ask for more money later.

But over the following days, stranger things kept happening.

Over the next few days, things like that kept happening... He'd be browsing a website or chatting with a mark, when suddenly he'd lose control of his hands and the next thing he knew he'd be looking at a website for beauty care, dresses, or lingerie! His fingers happily clicking “Add to Cart!” again and again. Blake practically screamed when he saw how much money drained from his account when his hands went bra shopping!

Boxes showed up day after day. Despite knowing what was inside the boxes, Blake couldn't stop himself from opening each one. He would then take time (whether he wanted to or not) to try out each and every purchase. No matter how strange or ridiculous it looked or felt on him.

But then, they all started to feel a little less uncomfortable and look a little less ridiculous. The shoes slipped on easier, the dresses hung more naturally, the panties felt less cramped. It all started to feel... natural?

That was because, while his fingers had been making purchases, his body had been going through changes. His hips widened, his waist softened, and his chest became increasingly tender beneath his shirts. Day by day, the rough hair on his legs and arms thinned away. His skin grew smoother. His stomach rounded into a softer curve, while his butt became plumper and heavier until none of his old pants fit correctly.

His chest became breasts and his breasts soon became impossible to hide. Growing larger and heavier each day, stretching his shirts tight. His nipples became dark, large, and uncomfortably sensitive against even the loosest of his male shirts.

Worst of all, was the dwindling away of his cock. Each day, Blake watched helplessly as the poor thing shrunk smaller and smaller until finally nothing remained but a beautiful set of feminine lips.

By the end of the week, the man in Blake's mirror was gone.

In his place stood a soft, curvy, middle-aged woman, uncannily similar to every fake photo Blake had ever sent Steven. His male clothing tossed aside and wearing only the feminine garments he'd been forced to purchase.

When the departure day arrived, Blake could do nothing but watch through eyes he couldn't control, in a body that was no longer his own. He watched as his body packed suitcases, got onto the plane and checked into the luxury hotel suite.

Everywhere he went, he felt his mouth say the same thing

"Hi. Reservation for Trixxie."

Trixxie. Trixxie??? He wasn't Trixxie! Trixxie wasn't real! She was a scam! A Trick! A Fake name to trick men into giving away their life savings! Blake raged in his mind! She wasn't real!



And yet, as Blake lay naked on the enormous bed, staring down at an unfamiliar body, feeling her huge breasts rest heavily against her chest; Her thick thighs sinking into the expensive sheets; Her heart beating in her chest with anticipation.

And then the door opened and Steven stepped inside. Blake tried to cry out, but his mouth wouldn't even twitch for his will. He was now only a thought in the back of Trixxie's mind.

He felt her lips curl up into a warm, and at this point, familiar smile.

"Well hello there, handsome," Trixxie said. Her eyes tracing up and down the man's body, drinking him in. "You ready to make a **real woman** out of me?"