

SLOW CHANGED

Cooper Kadee



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By

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CHAPTER 1.

There he is. I can see it: the change. Already. It's in the way he walks, a new tentativeness, a deeply felt nervous energy. The sight of him already so changed sends chills through my body, and I cover my mouth, giggling, my whole body shaking with mirth.

He used to strut around campus like he owned every blade of grass, but now he's walking more on his toes, and he's looking around, glancing out of the corners of his eyes, like he suspects danger at every turn. He reminds me of something, something ---

A doe. A doe in the woods—skittish and afraid.

I don't know if anyone else can see it. Not as clearly as I do. They might just think he's stressed, or maybe worrying about a test or something. Off, for sure, but they can't know. They can't know what I know.

Because I know that last night I cast a spell on Max. Oh, such a sweet little spell. I found it in a book. An old, leather book with thick, vellum pages that smelled like— fish, and dust and magic. On the cover—the leather cover felt so soft, and I loved to run my fingers over it. So soft. In the center—a slit. And that, too, felt soft. Anyway, I found it, and I opened, and inside I found such an amazing spell, a spell that I knew right away I had to cast on Max.

Jerk. He cheated on me. Lied to me. Led me on. Other girls warned me. Not friends. I don't really have any. I'm too weird, I guess. Too not normal or more normal or whatever. Who cares?

Anyway, so, these girls who weren't even my friends warned me about him, but I didn't listen. And I regretted it, and now he regretted it, or he would when I decided to tell him. He had made his way across the quad, stopping to talk to some girl. She opened her arms for a hug, and I saw the way he leaned and hugged chest to chest, keeping his hips waaaaaay back, worried they would touch—terrified they would touch. Then, he hurried off, and would soon pass beyond my sight.

I grabbed my backpack and slung it over my shoulder. It had a decal of Lolita CompleX. I liked the way they looked more than the way they sounded. I'd also slashed at the canvas, painted some black slash marks across it. I wanted to keep watching Max. to observe him. I couldn't take my eyes off him, the new him, and my whole body still had that excited tingle, like I was in love, and I was, but not with him. With my work.

Watching him walk away, I imagined it. How it felt. What it looked like. He ran into some friend, a dude with a backwards baseball cap and a t-shirt with the sleeves cut off. His bro pulled him in for a bro hug, and I saw the terror and discomfort in his eyes as he once again thrust hips back, terrified he might brush up against his bro, his bro might notice, might

feel... as it was, I saw Max blush! Oh, my god, he blushed, and then he dropped his head, looking to the side! Again, I covered my mouth, stifling my giggles, imagining the feelings, the confusion, the shame. As he hurried away from his friend, he glanced back over his shoulder, eyes clouded with fear. I ducked behind another kid—I'm short, small. It's easy for me to hide, but I quickly slipped around the kid and looked at him, at Max, at his cute little butt, because I was imagining it again, what it looked like, felt like.

We were the only ones who knew, Max and I. The only ones who knew I had gathered the items in the spell, most easy to get accept for the nightshade, but I had found it, and I had sat down and cast that spell, and I had felt the magic flow through me, had seen a vision, even, of it working.

And that's how I knew Max now had a soft, wet, pink pair of lips between his legs. That Max had woken with a vagina. I had seen it take shape as he slept, a vision, granted me, so sweet. I wish I could have seen him wake up, seen the shock and shame, the disbelief.

But it was good enough to see him now—her, I guess, but he still seemed a he to me—just a he with a sweet little slit between his legs. I could see the way it had already undermined his ego, his confidence. He had to hide in plain sight now, hide from the world that he had a vagina, that he had become a girl—or rather a boy with a vagina.

I loved the idea he was a *boy with a vagina*. I loved the idea of *Max* with a *vagina*. I loved that he had to hide now, to deny, to pretend to be something he wasn't. I loved seeing him so skittish and, really, cute and adorable. So nervous!

He got to his first class, found a desk in the back and sat, glancing around nervously. I hurried off to my class, smirking, thinking about how he'd blushed when that boy had hugged him. Was Max having some different feelings now? I wondered. Had the change been more than just physical?

I didn't know, though the idea that he might start wanting boys made me shiver with pleasure. The idea that he would want a boy inside him? It was too much to hope for.

But beyond hope, I knew I would be having fun playing with Max now, watching how his new reality changed him, and pushing him further and further to a place where he would never be a threat to any girl again.

CHAPTER 2.

I got out of class, and I went looking for Max, but I couldn't find him. It annoyed me—a lot. I really wanted to see him, watch him, but whatever. There would be plenty of time for that, and I needed to study, so I went to my usual study spot under a big, weeping willow, where I read for, like, five minutes before I fell asleep. Some kids woke me up, a guy and a girl, holding hands, probably looking for a place to make out. “Uh, sorry,” they said when they saw me wake, and then they slunk off.

I knew Max had another class in, like, 19 minutes, over at the Steinam Building. I knew them all from when we dated. I went over there, taking a seat at the back of the lecture hall—an auditorium style room with a rising, half circle of chairs. I looked around. No sign of Max, and when the professor arrived, clutching his beat up old leather satchel, I decided to wait. He started speaking. From where I sat at the top, it looked like a Christmas tree as most of the students pulled out their phones and texted or shopped.

Max, Max, I thought, disappointed. He probably went back to his room at Sig Ep to hide. Well, not a problem. I had only, like, forever to watch him and see how things—evolved.

I snuck out, struggling with whether to go back to my apartment and probably not study or else go to the library and make some kind of effort. I finally went to the library, and as I moved among the stacks my heart leapt—Max! He had a stack of books, one opened, he huddled over it, like he wanted to hide what he was reading from anyone. I resisted the urge to walk up to him. I wanted to wait a few days. Wait until it really sank in, till I would know he felt so super lonely. So, instead, I snuck along a book shelf that ran along the study table he sat at, across from him. I carefully stepped on the bottom shelf, then climbed a little higher, until I could finally look over the top of the dusty old books and-- My eyes went wide and I fell backwards, hitting my head on the floor, covering my wife, struggling to stymie my convulsive laughter.

I'd seen Kevin staring at a biology textbook's colored portrayal of a vagina, and it just struck me as soooooo funny to see him there, staring at a picture of his new addition, his slit, so scared someone would catch him.

"Hello?" I heard him call.

His voice sounded different. Not so much higher, but buzzier. Definitely more like a young woman's voice, though it could still be either.

Getting on my hands and knees, I stared through the books, looking at his feet beneath the table. I held my breath. I didn't want him to see me here, didn't want him to suspect that I knew. It wasn't

my plan for us. He stood, and I saw him start to walk around the table, stop, then hurry off.

I took a deep breath and got to my feet. Craning my head, looking around until I was sure he was gone, I walked up to the table. The Female Anatomy book was there, still open to that goofy drawing of a vagina. I smiled, thinking about Max looking at it, curious, just like some young girl becoming aware of her sexuality. I wondered how it felt for him to look at this now, knowing he had one of his own, that these pink, fleshy folds now belonged to him. Vulva. Clitoris. Labia. No longer the mysterious parts of those others, they now defined Max just as assuredly as they defined any female.

I closed the book. I actually found it uncomfortable to look at that stuff. I never liked to look at it or think about it when it came to my own body; Max's body? Totally different story, but the drawings in the book grossed me out.

I looked at the other books. More biology textbooks, but then I looked at the title on one, surprised. *Gender Identity and Formation*. I nodded, impressed in spite of myself. I didn't know Max had any idea about the idea of gender. He'd seemed just like some dude. It made me think he was already questioning his identity, trying to figure out who he was now that the thing he had been so proud of, that had been at the core of who he thought he was, his penis, was gone. Then, there was an old blue book something from the 1950s, called *Gender Dysphoria*

and Other Psychoses. What crap, I thought, not sure if I liked the idea Max would be thinking he was now mentally ill, sick, in need of a cure. Maybe it was okay for him, but it bugged me for everyone else.

If that makes any sense.

CHAPTER 3.

For a few weeks, I forgot all about Max. Some random guy from my history class asked for my number, and we hooked up. He fucked me pretty well, and I actually got into him a little. I have a tendency to crush pretty hard on any guy who gives me an orgasm, so for the next couple weeks we hung out and had some pretty good sex, but then he started bugging me for blow jobs, and I got sick of him and so I ghosted on him, just ignoring his texts until he stopped. That left me feeling horny and annoyed, and so I started thinking about Maxie, again, and how much guys annoyed me, and what an asshole he was and what he was up to now, how he was getting along. I watched for him as I walked around campus, but I didn't see him. It annoyed me so much. Then, one night, and looking through my spell book, running pages through Google translate, I found a spell that promised to make the target horny—or I was pretty sure that's what it was supposed to do. I smiled, an evil little plan forming in my mind.

I took pictures of the pages, gathered my materials, and a couple nights later snuck up to Max's window. He had a basement room on the side of his frat house, and I snuck through the darkness. I could hear some of his stupid bros grunting in the backyard. I could see the flickering flames from their fire pit, and I worried Max might be out there hanging with his bros, but as I crept up to his window I saw his legs stretched out on his bed, and sighed with relief. I

snuck up till I could see him there on his bed. His shoulders trembled, and he had a pillow pulled over his face, and I realized he was crying.

I felt a lump in my throat, and my heart actually went out to him. I had to believe the tears related somehow to what I'd done to him, and even though the whole idea had been to make him suffer—do I have to explain it, really? I don't know, because I did feel bad for him—her-- I think it made me think of him as a her, and I could empathize with a girl, but then I remembered what he'd done to me, and I swallowed and looked at my pages, and then I hardened my heart and started to cast my spell, lighting a burdock stick, and waving the smoke toward his window. The burdock smelled like lily, and I chanted the words, feeling a chill run through my body, and then I could almost see a shadow growing along the floor of Max's room, stretching her hands toward Max, her fingers running down along the length of his body.

Max stopped crying. He sat up, looking confused, his eyes red and glassy. He lay back down, pulling the pillow to his face, then tossed and turned. I saw he kind of squeeze his legs together, then sit up again, running his hands through his short hair, biting his lip, knees pressed together.

I grinned, shaking my head. *Is someone feeling all hot and bothered?* I wondered. He pushed the sheets aside, and I had to stifle a laugh at the sight of a dark, red spot on crotch of his pajama pants. It had to be so weird for him feeling what he

was feeling, something only a girl should feel as he got sooooo wet.

He got off his bed and padded over to his desk, where a laptop sat, screen saver of geometric shapes sliding around. He was sitting to the side of me, so I could see his profile, the laptop. Looking nervously around as if he was afraid someone might catch him, he got up to make sure his door was locked, then went and sat down at the computer, wiggling uncomfortably. Then, he called up a Google search and my heart leapt with glee as he pulled up a picture of a shirtless dude with rippling abs and bulging pecs.

I'd been right! The spell had changed his orientation! I leaned closer to the window, my whole-body tingling as I thought about Max's struggles as he found himself checking out dudes, getting turned on, struggling against new needs and feelings that to his mind meant *gay*.

This was better than I had ever hoped or dreamed. Oh, Maxie! I looked down at Max as he practically drooled over a shirtless dude with a chin full of scruffy whiskers of the kind Max couldn't grow anymore. How awful it to be for him, finding himself with the needs of a horny, 19 year-old coed, living in a house of sweaty, smelly, horny *men*. It had to be driving him crazy, and now with my spell on him? I chuckled thinking about how dizzy he had to be feeling, so terrified of what he was feeling toward all those hot, young men surrounding him now.

Max bit his lip, running his fingers along his smooth cheek, and then squeezing his chest as he stared at the picture. He clicked, pulling up another picture, and then another, squeezing his legs together, and then he did another search, and he went to Youtube and started watching a video from Riverdale. Archie and Veronica were in a closet together playing seven minutes of heaven, and I saw Max's chest heave as his nose turned pink.

That's it, sweetie, I thought. A girl loves a good story to go with her porn.

I could see so many feelings on Max's face—desire, fear, shame, need, disgust. His arousal won, his flush spreading from his cheeks down to his neck, and I felt myself getting horny as he partially stood, shoving his pants down over his hips—did his butt look different? Then sitting, squirming. He shook his head with disbelief at what he was doing, feeling, and for a moment I thought he was going to fight off the feelings, the needs. But then. Archie kissed Veronica. He paused the video, slipping his fingers down the front of his jockey shorts, hesitating, then slipping them down further, unleashing a full body gasp as he touched his vagina for the first time.

He closed his eyes and probed further, making small sounds, and then he started to push his fingers in deeper, and then he was pulling them in and out, in and out, finger fucking himself, panting, making small little feminine noises... oh oh oh....!

I got wet as I watched, my panties getting damp, and I bit my lip, watching him, imagining what it felt like for him to stab his stiff fingers between the puffy, wet lips of his vagina, to surrender to the need to have something inside him, the desire so foreign and terrifying to straight males, and my nipples were hard, aching, and I grabbed them, squeezing, and I watched as Max arched his back, gasping “oh my god” and I knew he’d orgasmed, and I orgasmed as well, thrilling at the notion of that asshole having a female orgasm, feeling it rolling through his body, knowing that he was feeling something only a woman felt.

Max finished, pulling his fingers out of his underwear. He smelled them, smelled his womanly juices, and then he once again put his hands over his chest, squeezing. I didn’t see any sign of breasts, but he seemed more stimulated by his chest than most guys. Then, he kind of tilted his head to the side and smiled, saying, “Well! Wow. That was crazy.” A dreamy, relaxed, fulfilled look filled his eyes. He unpaused the video, put his chin on his hands and watched as Archie broke off the kiss, and Veronica smiled up at him, the same look in her eyes as I saw in Max’s.

He shrugged and squirmed, smiling, and then he paused the image again, running his index finger along the line of Archie’s lips, giggling. Suddenly, his door rattled as someone pounded on it.

Max jumped.

“Bro!” Someone yelled, rattling the handle. “Why’s the door locked? You whacking off in there or something?”

“No!” Max said, his voice cracking. “I’m just...” He ran over to his storage rack and grabbed some toilet paper, folding it up and trying to wipe himself dry, his pajama bottoms around his knees. I caught a glimpse of the triangle of hair between his legs, glistening with moisture, a perfect womanly triangle of pubic hair. It was the first time I’d seen his new sex, and it was kind of sweet to see him there wiping himself. “Give me a minute.”

“You are wacking off!” The dude on the other side said. “You sick fuck!”

“I’m totally not!” Max said, kicking off his jockeys and pajama bottoms, then putting on some dry clothes. The dude kept pounding on the door, shaking the handle.

“Max is jacking off!” The guy yelled.

Finally, Max opened the door. The guy that stood behind it was tall and ripped, wearing a tank top that showed off his huge, bulging shoulders and arms. Max’s nose was still pink, and I figured his body still tingling and horny, the glow still lingering from his orgasm. The dude looked around, sniffing the air. “You got a bitch in here?”

“Nah.”

“It smells like pussy in here.”

“What’s up?” Max said, crossing his arms. I didn’t even think he realized it, but he kind of threw a hip out to the side, with the opposite leg stretched out in the other direction. It was a very feminine pose, and one girls often made when they found a guy---cute?

“We’re going to have a meeting about the game this weekend. Everybody needs to be there in ten minutes. You sure you don’t have a bitch hidden in here somewhere?” The dude said, stepping past Max and into the room. I saw Max’s eyes drop to the dude’s butt, and then he pulled them away, clearly disturbed by everything he was feeling toward this big stud all the while terrified he would be exposed as a dude with a slit who’d just been fingering himself. I had to guess none of those things would earn him any respect from his “brothers.”

He went to his fridge and grabbed a couple cans of Old Milwaukee. “Brew—*ski*?” He said, voice cracking again.

“Yeah.”

Max tossed him the can, and they cracked them and drank. The dude sat down on Max’s.

Max walked over to his dresser and grabbed a can of body spray, trying to seem casual about it. He sprayed some down his torso, and I thought he spent a little extra time on his secret place. He leaned

against the dresser, trying to look cool, and then his eyes went wide as the dude reached down, grabbed the pajama bottoms Max had been wearing, and brought them to his nose, taking a deep sniff.

“Bro, you did have a girl in here,” the guy said, smiling. “I love the smell of pussy. Just the smell alone gives me a boner.”

I could *feel* Max blushing as this guy smelled Max’s vaginal fluid, getting turned on by Max’s womanly odor. This had to be creating all kinds of crazy in Max’s little head. He nodded and, his voice hoarse, said, “Me, too, bro. Me, too.” He seemed very fidgety, and I wondered if he was getting wet again, if he was—

“Hey!” Some called. “What are you doing?”

I turned and ran. Glancing back, I saw a shadowy figure standing next to the frat house, watching me race off. He didn’t seem to want to follow me, and I didn’t think he would call the police. I figured he probably would love the idea some chick was sneaking around their house.

Assholes.

I ran back to my room, climbing into bed with my favorite sex toy and taking care of myself. Watching Max discover himself as a woman had taken me places I couldn’t have imagined, and as I

worked myself into a frenzy I was imagining Max in full make-up and wearing a slinky little black dress, a sparkly little clutch purse dangling from his forearm. His lips were wet and red, and his the tip of his nose turned pink, and I cupped his face and kissed him, and I felt his body changing, his chest growing soft, swelling, and I kissed him again, and now I felt his breasts pressing against my body, and he was making little chirping noises, and he took my hand and pushed it under his dress, and then I was slipping my finger between the hot, wet lips of my ex-boyfriends twat, and he screamed out in ecstasy and I came as I imagined him on his back, looking at me between his spread thighs as I let myself, and he called out in a high-pitched, girl's voice, "please stay."

It took time to work through the spells in the book, trying to find one that would make Max want to wear make-up, but I never found one. I did find one that seemed to say I could scry Max, watching him from afar. I got a bowl of water and cast the spell. Sure enough, I saw Max sitting there playing video games with some of his dude friends. Pretty cool, I thought. Pretty cool. But the next few times I checked in on him he was just studying, or playing games, or drinking beer. He actually seemed to be just—dealing with it. I felt annoyed, and for a time I lost interest, thinking maybe this was it. I would just leave him like that, forget about it. I had found a new

fuck buddy, and I was busy with my classes, so didn't have time for Maxie.

CHAPTER 4.

Then, a few days later when I saw Max walking across campus, I almost didn't recognize him. In fact, my first thought was—that girl has an amazing ass. Then, when she stopped to talk to someone, I almost walked past and missed that it was Maxie with that plump, sexy butt. I did a double take, making sure it was him.

The jeans looked like his same old brand—Lucky jeans—and I figured he must be in denial because he had squeezed that big, sexy butt into those jeans, and now they stretched across the sweet, firm, heart shaped ass of his and put it on display for the whole world to see. He'd developed that pretty sway at the base of his spine that girls had, and then the swelling of his behind, a high, toned butt, really one that any girl would love to have, and any guy would love to fuck.

I almost walked up and said “hi.” I wanted to talk to him now, to see how this had all changed him, but I held back for some reason, just finding a place to watch. His hips had taken on a slightly rounded shape. They weren't birthing hips, but they looked more like a woman's than a man's. He topped talking to his friend of whoever, and then he turned and walked away. He looked thinner to me, leaner, and his profile looked like a flat chested girl's. He didn't look as nervous as before, but he still seemed much more tentative and shy than he ever had before my spell. I could see him glancing around, unsure, like

he felt he might be in constant danger. I also saw him glancing furtively at guys, and I smiled.

Was it the spell? Was it actually changing his whole body? Or, maybe hormones? He didn't have balls anymore—but did he have ovaries? I didn't know if the spell had given him all the female plumbing, but the thought of his head swimming with female hormones made me shiver once more with glee. And, did all this mean he would have periods? Would he have his period soon?

The thought delighted me, and I found myself watching him constantly for the next few days, eagerly awaiting any signs that my blossoming little ex was about to find himself dancing at the red wedding. Before that, I got another thrill. Max came home from school, went into his room, started looking at half naked dudes on his computer. He pulled off his t-shirt, and I saw he'd wrapped a bandage around his chest.

Oh, yes, I thought, looking at him as he unwound the bandage, all the while staring at a picture of Chris Hemsworth. It seemed too good to be true, but the bandage unwound, came off, and then I saw his firm little breasts bounce free.

I laughed, smiling at the sight of his little boobs, like a tween girls, soft and bouncy and with hard, pink little nipples. Max cupped them and lifted, squeezing, and then he pulled up a video of The Winchester Brothers. He watched the clip, puckering,

and I imagined he was wondering what it would be like to kiss them, which every girl loves to imagine, and then he started to play with himself, squeezing one of his tits while he slipped the other between his legs. I watched his little boob bouncing for awhile, but then I lost interest when I got a text from my new friend looking for a booty call.

I went over to his room, and we did it, fast and rough and dirty. I found myself fantasizing about Max and his little boobs, his big plump ass. I almost told my new squeeze about it, but I decided not to. I didn't know if I could trust him.

I felt like it was time for me to go and connect with Max. I thought about him more and more, but I felt nervous, and I kept waiting for the final moment, which when it came, it came. I had finished studying and decided to check in on Max. I cast the spell, and I saw him sitting, studying in the library. I sighed, thinking about tuning out, but then Max made a face.

I thought I recognized that face, and I smiled.

Max shifted, tugged at his jeans, looked down, eyes widening in horror. I saw a dark stain on the inside of his thigh. Max glanced around, shoved his books into his bookbag, hurried to the bathroom. He ran into one of the stalls, slammed the door, unzipped his pants. He had a dark stain on his underwear, and a rusty red trail of menstrual fluid running down the inside of his leg. At the sight of it his eyes filled with

tears, and he sank down on the toilet seat, his head in his hands.

We've all been there, girl, I thought watching him, feeling both pity and glee. He'd seemed to adjust to his new reality too readily, and I was glad to see it getting hard for him. Guys thought it was so funny that girls had to PMS, and it was sweet to see a guy like Max dealing with all those feelings as his Aunt Flo stopped by for an unexpected visit.

I checked my Instagram, answered some text. Max did his best to clean himself up and then went back to his frat house. He walked in and one of his brothers grabbed him and started talking to him about something. Max looked like a trapped animal, glancing repeatedly toward the stairs that led down to his room, arms folded. He kept nodded, saying "yeah, yeah" but every time he tried to step away the guy raised a new topic.

Then, I saw it- that look again. "I really have to go!" Max said.

"Hug it out," the guy said, and I shook my head. Was he actually into Entourage? Was anyone into Entourage?

Max looked mortified as he went in for a hug. As he stepped away, the guy said, "You smell like—pennies."

"Later," Max said, rushing to the stairs. He walked like the way a girl walks when she is trying to

squeeze her legs together and walk at the same time—to keep from peeing, or fighting against her flo, and I loved watching him, a terrified look of feminine fear on his smooth face, as he raced into his room, then stomped his foot. “Damnit! Damnit! Damnit!” He whispered, and as he pulled down his pants I could see the red fluid leaking down his leg again.

He looked on the verge of throwing a hissy fit. I am sure the hormones surging through his body as he went through his cycle combined with the disgust he felt at his period, being a boy and all, had him on the verge of a breakdown. Poor Max. Just another teen girl going through puberty, but by herself, with no one to talk to, and how annoying to have to do it as a boy, his body changing in strange, embarrassing ways, hair not growing on his face anymore, leaving him looking smooth, young and more and more like a girl. I remembered my own puberty and how crazy I had felt all the time, how I would blow up on my mother, throw a tantrum, then run to my room, cry like a baby thinking my life is over! Only to be dancing and singing to Avril Lavigne, like, ten minutes later, happy as could be.

I sat back, eagerly anticipating Max’s hissy, eagerly waiting to see the tears, the throwing of things, the impotent feminine raging.

But then he took some deep breaths, wiped the incipient tears from his eyes, kicked off his pants and his Jockeys and cleaned himself up. He wadded up some toilet paper and shoved it into a fresh pair of

underpants, then pulled them on, then a pair of old sweat pants. Sighing, gathering himself, he sat down at his computer and Googled PMS.

I pounded my fist on my desk, causing the bowl to shake and the image to blur, concentric circles rolling outward, blurring Max's image. How could he be so calm? How could he be so—mature about it all? He was supposed to be freaking out, dying of embarrassment, but he just sat down and researched PMS?

Annoyed, I went to my spell book. There had to be something I could do to him, something that would finally push my 19-year-old boy-girl over the brink. I looked through the pages at what I had already translated, scanned and translated some more. Glancing at the bowl, I saw Max shove more toilet paper into his pants, spray himself down with body spray and then grab his keys and head out. I chuckled, because in his baggy hoodie and sweat pants he looked just like any girl on the rag.

But then my heart fluttered as I saw what was on the screen of his computer—a map to a drugstore the next town over, and a smaller window, floating above the map, showing a pink and purple package that read Tampax Sport. Max was going to the next town to buy herself some feminine protection!

I had to be there. This would be the perfect time for me to re-enter her life!

I blew through a couple red lights, nearly slammed my Fiat into a milk truck, careened into the drugstore parking lot like a crazy person. Max's black BMW sat there, the engine still ticking, and I smiled, because I just really had to be there for Max's big moment, one of his big steps into womanhood.

I slowed down, calmed my breathing, and walked into the store, glancing at the signs above the isles, spotting the listing for feminine protection: Isle eight. Heart racing, I paced over, and I spotted Max in his PMS power uniform on the next isle over, glancing over the top of the magazines, staring at the rows and rows of tampons and pads on the other side, like an explorer gazing over a hedge at a gathering of some foreign tribe.

His cheeks glowed, and I ducked down as he glanced side to side, wanting to make sure no one watched him as he took a deep breath, did a little shoulder shrug and then finally circled around the shelving and walked down the feminine protection isle, for the first time a girl in need of the products, while still a boy curious and weirded out by it all.

He picked up the purple and pink Tampax Sport package he'd researched online, glancing at the text, then biting his lip as he looked at all the other choices, options. It was really crazy how many different varieties of products they put out there for us to have to choose from, all promising we could frolic around in white pants even during a high flow day! It was stupid, and my heart went out to her as he

scanned the rows and rows, confused and overwhelmed, his mind dancing with the thought of how embarrassing it had been to spring a leak in public. His eyes went to some pads—with wings!

While he leaned over to read some of the gibberish, I slipped out of my hiding place, walked right down the aisle and when I within five feet without him noticing, I said, in a very loud voice, “That time of the month again?”

Max shrieked. I mean full on, scared little girl shriek, and jumped in the air, throwing the pack of tampons, causing a whole bunch of them to tumble from their shelves and out on the floor.

“Dahlia!” He said, his eyes wide with panic, his knees together. “I was just—I mean—the thing is—”

“Your girlfriend needed you to pick up some tampons and you are?”

“Um....” His eyes dropped down and to the left. “Yes? That’s right?”

“That’s sweet,” I said, touching his arm. I knew he’d be very emotional right now, and I saw the grateful softening in his eyes.

“What the hell?” We heard someone call, and looking down the aisle saw the clerk, a cute little Latina in a blue Drug Master vest, looking angrily at us. “Are you kidding me?”

“We’ll clean it up,” I said, loving that Max now had to spend more time with his new best friends, and that this cute girl had seen him here. I mean, who cares? But, I was pretty sure it was all adding to his embarrassment. “Just an accident.”

“You better,” the girl said, and I saw her take in Max’s clothes and smirk. I wondered if she thought he was a girl? The thing was, even with his baggy sweatpants on, his curves were starting to show, and he’d gotten so skinny he looked like he might just be a coed now and not a dude at all—or a really skinny dude of ambiguous sexuality.

“You really don’t have to,” Max said, scurrying around, picking up the packages and putting them on the shelf. As I had noticed before, his voice now had a feminine buzz. He still spoke in his old, male manner, and it hadn’t gotten much higher, if any, but it had that higher frequency to it that girls have. I am not sure anyone else would notice as much as I did, but it wouldn’t surprise me if he called a stranger and was addressed as *miss*.

“No problem,” I said, smiling. “It was kind of my fault.” I glanced repeatedly at his face, pleased to see the changes had altered his features, giving him big, wide eyes ringed with long curly lashes, plump lips and a nice, heart shaped face with more of a girl’s chin than his old lantern jaw. Best of all his skin was insane—glowing, healthy, clear; he radiated in the way every girl wished she could, and all without make-up!

When we finished, Max stood there awkwardly for a second, not sure what to do. Then, and it was so adorable, he giggled. It was a nervous giggle, like a girl, and I loved it. "I have to go," he blurted out. "Bye!"

"Wait," I said as he started to hurry past me.

"Um, what? I really need---"

"Don't forget your tampons," I said, shoving the package into his hands.

I swear, he turned three shades of red and then purple with shock, his mouth falling open. "They're not mine!" He said, his voice cracking. "I mean, there for my—"

"Girlfriend. I know," I said, loving his discomfort.

He just rolled his eyes and said, "Thanks. Bye." And then he scurried off.

"Call me some time," I called, planting the seed. "We can hangout."

He glanced over his shoulder, nodding, and I was almost sure I could see all the loneliness he'd been feeling, all the isolation, and a longing for a friend, a girl to talk to.

Weeks passed, and I checked in on Max. He just kept dealing with it all. Going to class. Dealing with his period when it came. Relieving his sexual tension with his fingers as the horniness spell and his daily living with a bunch of hot guys kept him constantly aroused and in need of self-pleasure. I got a thrill sometimes when I would see him come back to his room at night and strip down, pulling his ace bandage off to reveal ever swelling breasts—from a perky and cute pair of A cups he swelled to a firm pair of B cups as the semester wound down. Most nights after he pulled the bandage off he would pull on a super tight t-shirt that functioned somewhat like a bra, and it was fun to see him puttering around his room, his perfect breasts straining against the white fabric of the t-shirt, which also showed off his now slender, lithe, feminine arms to the world.

And did the boy have ever have legs? He could never wear skinny jeans now, or even shorts that didn't hang down to his knees. He'd developed long, lean, rounded legs-- like, Rockette legs—and they went all the way from his ass to the ground, as his widening hips had also left him with an adorable thigh gap. He was, in fact, super-hot, right up there with any girl on campus, and when he stood in front of his mirror checking out his curvy body, I could watch for hours as he turned to the side, checking out his profile, those firm, high breasts jutting out so round and pretty, his tiny waist, plump behind, long, slender neck.

What are you thinking, Maxie, dear? I

wondered, watching him throw his shoulders back and thrust his breasts out, turn and look at the sweet, inviting curve of his plump behind? Are you thinking you would love to do yourself? Or are you fantasizing what it would be like to show this sexy figure of yours off to the world? To job around campus in a pair of leggings and a sports bra, pretending you don't notice as guy's eyes pop out of their heads, watching your sexy little body bounce as you run?

Ugh! All that fantasizing had gotten me aroused, and I had to turn away from the sight of Max admiring his own breasts to take care of my womanly needs. I grabbed my dildo, lay back and picture Max in a pair of yoga pants and a sports bra, sitting prettily while I did his make-up, turning him from a female into a femme, a girly-girl who wanted and needed to feel pretty, and then suddenly we were in each other's arms, kissing, touching, feeling our soft, round flesh pressing together and-- oh!

Yeah. That did it. And when my mind cleared, I got up and started looking through my scans of the spell book, at the spells, because—yes. There it was. The next spell I'd decided I would cast on sweet little *Mister Miss Maxie Girl*.

I finished the spell. Blew out the candle. Looking into the scrying pool, I saw Max laying on his bed reading *Twilight*. He wore his usual tight little t-

shirt, his burgeoning breasts straining, nipples hard, pointing out from the fabric. Whatever scene he was reading had obviously gotten him hot and wet, so maybe that was why, but I didn't see any change. Had the spell failed?

I didn't have time to recast it or watch much more, as I was already running late for my next class. So, I grabbed my backpack and headed out, wondering if Max had joined team Edward or team Jacob. I kinda figured him for a Jacob girl, especially given the way he'd just about orgasmed just talking to a big, hunky dude. Poor girl, reading your paranormal romance novels, dreaming of falling in love, having a boy to love and protect you, but trapped dressing and pretending to be a boy, terrified for the world to know you are a woman, with a woman's needs.

Yes. I decided. Little Miss Mister was most definitely a Team Jacob girl.

A day or so later I saw him walking across campus. He'd finally noticed or maybe someone had pointed out to him that those jeans were NOT working for him, and he now had on his same baggy pajama bottoms, which did a better but not complete job of hiding his sweet, sexy butt. His baggy hoodie hid his slender little waist and tiny arms, so he pretty much could pass for a dude, though he could just as easily have been a girl with his slender profile. I wanted to talk to him, to look at his pretty face, so I hurried my

pace, jogging up to his side and touching him on the elbow, saying, "Hey!"

Max stopped, looked down at me, and I saw his pupils spread, getting so wide and dark, and his nose turned pink, and he smiled, the brightest, prettiest smile. "Dahlia." His eyes grew hazy, and he just kept smiling down at me, shifting slightly, putting a hand on his hip.

We had to look into each other's eyes. The spell! It was working now! Max had just fallen in love with me! Feeling bold, I took his hand, brought it to my lips and kissed it. Max swooned, putting a hand to his chest and turning three different shades of red. "Let's ditch class," I said.

Max bit his lip, glancing over his shoulder toward the Lester Building. "I don't know---"

"I do." I kept a firm grip on his hand, pulling him along, and he trailed behind me, his head spinning, no doubt. In the span of a few weeks he'd gone from a straight guy, to a straight girl, and now suddenly head over heels in love with another girl. It had to mess with a guy's sense of identity.

I pulled him along to the student union, where we got some Rook coffee, then went out back and sat on a bench by Finke pond. We chatted, catching up, talking about what we'd each been up to since our break-up. Max, of course, deflected any questions about relationships, instead focusing on his frat and

his classes. I talked about my classes, plus how I had been really into Twilight lately, trying to get him to drop his guard and let himself get girly, but he claimed he'd never read it or seen the movies.

I did notice that as we sat there he mirrored my posture and some of my gestures, and he even started to talk like me. That gave me an idea, and I led him back to my room. He sat on my bed, cross-legged, and I went over to my desk, pulling out a tube of lipstick and slowly, sensuously painting my lips while he talked about the big party his frat had planned for homecoming. But I could see his eyes sparkle with interest as he watched me doing my lips.

"Um, I have an idea for something fun," I said.

"What?" He put his hands to the small of his back and bowed his shoulders back.

"I want to give you a make-over."

"No way," he said, shaking his head.

"I'll clean it all off after," I said. "No one will know."

"Yeah, no, I don't think so. I'm a dude."

I knew it was something he wanted, but something he feared. It would make his secret new sex just a little less secret. So, I took his hand and squeezed. "Please?" I cooed. "Pretty please? It would really mean so much to me."

Max swallowed. He loved me and wanted to please me, so he nodded—just a slight, little nod. “No pictures,” he whispered.

“Oh, yes! I am the happiest girl. Come over here, and let me get to work!”

Max blushed—he seemed to be blushing, like, all the time now, and I sat him down on my desk chair and got all my stuff out, starting off by putting some lotion all over that smooth, creamy skin of his, then some foundation. “Your chin is soooo smooth and soft!” I said. “Did you get waxed?”

“Just a real good razor,” he lied. “You know I have a thick growth of facial hair.”

“I remember,” I said, running my finger along his baby smooth chin. “But I love you all soft and smooth as a peach.”

I took out my eyeliner. “Look up,” I said. “And stay still.” I blackened the area around his eyes, and when I was done they popped. He looked cute, and then I really went to work brushing three colors on his eyelids—purple, blue and silver, before flushing out those long, curly lashes of his with wet, black mascara. Some blush on his cheeks, and he was so pretty.

“This is taking forever,” he said with a giggle, sitting there with his hands in his lap. “I can’t believe girls go through this every day.”

‘Some girls,” I said, pulling out the same wet, red lipstick I’d used on my own mouth. It felt so erotic to sit there with him, this man, former man, already with the eyeshadow and mascara looking perfectly like beautiful young girl as I painted his plump lips with that slutty red lipstick.

Here was the guy who’d lied to me, cheated on me, used me, looking prettier than me, sitting there as I painted his face, batting those long eyelashes bashfully. It was too much, and knowing that he had a slit between his legs now just made it all the more perfect.

I sat back and gasped, shaking my head. “You could be a Cover Girl,” I said. “Take a look.”

I wish I had one of those salon chairs, so I could have twirled him around, but instead he stood, leaning down to look in the mirror, and I watched as he shook his head, then turned away. “What the hell did you do to me?” He said. “I can’t believe it.” He looked in the mirror again, then back at me. “Okay. Wow. Clean it off now.”

“I like it,” I said. “You look great.”

“That’s what scares me.”

“Keep it on for a little while,” I said. “Let’s just hang out and talk. I just—I really love looking at you all made up, so sweet and sexy.”

I could see the confusion and conflict. "I don't know," he said, glancing back at the mirror.

"Please? For me?"

"Okay, then. For a little while. I do need to go study at some point."

"Let's watch some TV."

"Okay."

"Have you ever watched Riverdale?"

"That Archie show?"

"It's really good."

"I don't know—"

"Just watch the first episode with me," I said, patting the bed. "I bet you'll like it."

"What's the bet?" He said, smiling.

"If you like it, we make out before you leave."

"What makes you think I would want to lose that bet?" Max said, sitting down next to me.

"Who said I do?"

We watched the episode. I put my head on Max's shoulder, watching the show while glancing at him, seeing how he reacted when Archie took his shirt off, or when a cute guy came on the screen. When Cheryl Blossom told Betty she couldn't be on the

cheerleading team, I heard him hrrumpf and mumble, "She's such a bitch."

"I know, right?" I said.

During the scene where Miss Grundy lures Archie to her car and we see them having sex, I slipped my hand to the inside of his thigh and squeezed, then slipped it up toward his slit. He gasped, grabbing my hand and pulling it away from his secret place. Our eyes met. I looked into his, with the frosty eyeshadow, practically dripping with mascara, and then my gaze dropped to his wet, red lips, back up to his face. On the television we could hear the sounds of sex as Archie and Miss Grundy made love, and I cupped Max's face, then leaned in and kissed him on those big, soft lips of his. He sighed, softly, kissing me back, burying his hand in my hair.

We kissed more, and he surprised me by pushing me onto my back, squeezing my breast while we kissed, and I dug my nails into his back. I could smell him, smell the woman he'd become, and decided we'd had enough so far, and I wanted to embarrass him. I grabbed at the tie on his pants, pulling, and he practically jumped off the bed, stepping away from me, crossing his hands protectively over his vagina. I wondered if he was getting wet again, if he was worried the damp stain of his womanly juices would show through, but in any case I just sat up, shaking my head, pretending to be totally confused..

“Um, I don’t think we should-- I’m not ready to go—to do---- ?”

“Max,” I said. “It’s totally okay. I would never want you to do anything that makes you uncomfortable.”

“Oh. Thank god. I don’t want you to think, I mean, you are super pretty and so cool, and it isn’t that? So, well, I better go.” He adjusted himself, grabbed his backpack. I almost let him walk out the door. It would have been so sweet, but I wasn’t ready for that yet.

“Max? Um, before you leave?”

“What?”

“Do you want me to touch up your lipstick?”

“My wha--? OH!” He giggled. “I totally forgot.”

“Sit down here, honey, and let’s get you back to being a boy.”

“I *am* a boy—a guy, a dude,” he said, rolling his eyes.

“A very pretty, sexy boy,” I said. “Who looks great in makeup.”

“Okay. Well, thanks? But don’t tell anyone, okay?”

“Of course not. It’s our secret.”

Max's eyes lit up at that. Of course. What girl doesn't like secrets?

CHAPTER 5.

I caught Max practicing in heels. It was so cute. He'd gotten some boxes delivered from Amazon, and he'd looked all giddy and nervous as he carried them down to his room. I watched, intrigued, and when he opened the first box and pulled out a pair of high-heeled knee-high boots I freaked. He pulled them up his tone, pretty calves, and they fit perfectly. He looked at them, then stood, wobbling, taking some tentative steps and giggling. He was obviously living out a dream, a fantasy that had been building up within him, and seeing how totally happy he looked as he walked around his apartment in his heels, turning, watching himself in the mirror, standing in girly poses with his toes turned in, or his knees together, a hand on his hip—he was adorable, really.

And then he sat down, long legs crossed, and he opened the other packages, laying out leggings, a skirt, and a couple of flouncy blouses. Put them on, I willed. Out them on! I wanted to see him in his new skirt.

But then he opened the last package, revealing an assortment of pretty bra and panties sets in different pastel colors. He lifted one of the bras, smiling, doing a little shoulder shrug, and I found myself giggling as he pulled his shirt off, unbound his breasts and then slipped into his first bra, blushing, his big eyes still sparkling with joy as he adjusted the

cups over his firm breasts, and then fidgeted with the bra straps. He turned away from my scrying eye, giving me a view of his big, firm, heart shaped ass as he pushed down his Jockeys and slipped into a pair of pink panties that matched his bra.

He looked so excited as he checked himself out in his mirror, there in his bra and panties, his high-heels, turning, examining himself from different angle, drinking in his slender waist, the swell of his breasts and booty, now framed in pretty girl's underwear. *Look at you, I thought. What a big step!*

After the got done posing, walking, practicing in his new heels, he eventually curled up on his bed and started reading Twilight. I smiled and went to go study, but I imagined him there, occasionally glancing back at his feet encased in those pretty boots, the angle of his foot, the slender curve of the heel.

By the third time Max came over, he went right to my make-up table and started to do his make-up on his own. I watched him, enjoying the happy sparkle in his eyes as she painted his lips. He'd chosen a bubble gum pink this time that went with his girl-next door pallet of pinks and powdery baby blues. We kissed and watched Riverdale, and then I said, "Can I tell you a secret?"

“Of course,” Max said. He was playing with my hair. I wondered if he wanted to braid it, or brush it. He’d been letting his hair grow out, styling it into a kind of sloppy bedhead that made him look more like a lesbian than a dude.

“Promise you won’t judge me?” I said, getting very serious, putting on what I hoped was a sad face.

“Never. Of course not.”

“It’s just, it’s something really—uncomfortable. But, I really like you, Max, and I don’t want there to be any secrets between us.”

“Me, neither,” Max said, dropping his eyes to the side. “You can tell me anything.”

I swallowed. “When I was twelve,” I said, “we went to visit my aunt and uncle. They had a pool, and I’d been swimming with my cousins, and when I got out of the pool, my uncle—he stared at me. And it was creepy. It made me feel weird and-- scared.

“I thought maybe there was something wrong with me, like maybe I did something wrong, and then I went inside to change. Anyway, when I went into the bathroom, I heard a knock on the door. I opened it.”

Max had bit his lip, and he was shaking his head no. He took my hand and squeezed.

“My uncle stood with his camera. He stepped into the bathroom and pulled the door shut. And then,

in this kind of low, gruff voice, he said, "I want to take some pictures. You're okay with that, right?"

"I shook my head- no—but for some reason I said, "I guess?"

He made me pose, and he took some pictures, and then he said, "You're very pretty. And he kissed me, and then he said, 'this is our secret, right?'"

"Dahlia," Max said. "I am so sorry that happened to you."

"I never told anyone before," I said. I surprised myself as tears rolled down my cheeks, and Max kissed them away, and I had gotten so into my story I was actually feeling all sad and upset even though the whole thing was total bullshit.

I just wanted to lead him along to telling me his big secret.

I figured it might take another week or two. Who could blame him for being reluctant to tell anyone that he'd been transformed into a girl? He had no idea how or why it had happened. How could he? But I knew the day would come. I could see the loneliness in his eyes, the isolation, the longing to talk to someone about it- the change, his new sex. Between that need and my love spell, it was just a matter of time.

I thought I would just wait, and with us spending time together I watched him less and less, and then he surprised me. I finished my homework, and outside rain pelted against my windows. I texted a guy I wanted to fuck, and then just out of boredom I decided to check in on Miss Maxie Man.

I cast my spell and watched as the image appeared: a coffee shop. I didn't recognize it. I scanned over the crowd, looking for Max, wondering where he was and why my scrying spell had focused in on some girl in a tight top that—

Oh my God! It was Max, and he'd gone out--dressed as a girl! I couldn't believe it, and leaned in closer, looking at the image. He wore a tunic blouse with an open collar, his deep, creamy cleavage straining to escape. I could see light make-up—foundation, some blush and eyeliner, lipstick. He had done a good job giving himself a fresh faced, all-American girl look. I could see he wore his skirt and leggings, as well as those cute boots. He'd tamed his bed head, sculpting it into a sassy bob.

He tapped on his phone, an index finger in his mouth, looking just like any co-ed, and when he glanced up and saw some cute guy checking him out, the look on his face was priceless. He looked down at his phone, trying not to notice the guy noticing him, and the guy smiled and got up, walking over to Max, who huddled over his phone, looking terrified.

“Hey, beautiful,” the guy said, leaning on Max’s table. “If I said you had a beautiful body would you hold it against me?”

Max giggled in spite of himself and then looked up, smiling shyly. “Does that line ever work?”

“It did just now.”

“You think so?” Max said.

“I know so, because it made you show me that pretty smile.”

Max seemed confused by it all, and I saw him glance back over shoulder. *Flirt or flight, honey*, I thought. *Flirt or flight*.

“Mind if I sit down? My name’s Chuck.” The guy sat down without waiting for an answer, and I leaned in, eager to see how Max would handle such an aggressive guy coming on to him his first time out as a girl.

“I—um—I’m actually waiting for someone?” Max said, and I loved that his voice slipped up half an octave, and he did a little shoulder lift, his whole demeanor turning more feminine as he tried to deflect this aggressive male.

“Maybe you found him?” Chucky said. He reached for Max’s hand, but just then a really hot dude walked up.

“Hey, sorry I’m late,” the guy said, putting his hand on Max’s shoulder and giving it a squeeze. Then, he turned his attention to the Chuck. “Thanks for keeping my girl company while she waited for me.”

Chuck sized the guy up, looked like he wanted to say something smart, thought better of it and left.

The guy sat down. “You are Belle, right?”

“Yeah,” Max said. “You’re Pablo?”

“The one and only.” Pablo slouched in his chair, his legs spread wide. He had thick, curly black hair and a day’s worth of stubble, plus pale green eyes that popped out from his naturally black lashes

“Thanks for saving me from that guy.”

“It’s what I do. You’re even hotter in person than on Tinder.”

Tinder? I covered my mouth. Get out! Evidently, she’d gone as far as she could with self-pleasuring, and our lezzie make-out sessions probably only made her horny for the real thing. Finally, Miss Max just had to get herself a man. Oh, my little girl was growing up so fast!

I’d missed whatever small talk they’d made, but as I tuned in the conversation had gotten interesting. “My apartment is just a short walk. What say we just skip the awkward chit chat and get down to fucking?”

“Oh.” Max looked scared and sat back, his cheeks flushing even through his light make-up.

“Hey,” the guy said. “I mean, if you want to do coffee first and see what—”

“No,” Max said, his voice hoarse, full of desire, hunger. “Let’s go. Now!”

The guy smiled.

I burst out laughing. Max was so hard up!

As soon as they walked in the door to Pablo’s apartment, he put his hands on Max’s waist and pulled him in for a kiss. Max did a little kiss kick, lifting one leg as he leaned into Pablo, pressing his breasts against Pablo’s chest. They kissed, a deep, wet kiss, and then Pablo grabbed Max’s ass with both hands and lifted him off his feet. Max wrapped his legs around Pablo’s mid-section, and then Pablo spun, slamming them both in the wall, the two of them kissing passionately, Max running his hands through Pablo’s hair, his shoulders.

Pablo carried Max over to his bed, tossing Max onto the mattress, Max’s breasts bouncing, and Max immediately pulled his top off, revealing his red lace bra, the slender straps bright against his white little shoulders. “You are so fucking hot,” Pablo said, climbing onto the bed, sliding his hand up the inside of Max’s thigh.

Max's wet eyes burned with hunger, and he raised his arms over his head, arching his back, panting, moaning. With one hand working its way up Max's leg, Pablo put the other on his breast and squeezed. "That feels ssssoooooooo good!" Max squealed., then again as Pablo shoved his hand completely up Max's skirt and found his special place.

I got all hot and wet watching Max, watching him so aroused, a woman in heat, completely consumed by the female desires of his soft, slender body, surrendering himself to another man, begging for that man to take him as a woman.

The panties came down, the skirt flipped up. I saw a flash of fear in Max's eyes as Pablo positioned himself between Max's legs. He was scared, of course. It was her first time, but she wanted it, needed it, and so he grabbed the sides of the mattress and closed his eyes, biting his lip as Pablo thrust into him, and then making small little chirping noises, raising his hips, slamming them into Pablo, and then Pablo grunted and shot his load, pulled out and lay down beside Max.

I could see it on Max's pretty face; he hadn't come, and he looked confused. He cupped his breasts, squeezed, then propped himself up, leaned over and kissed Pablo. "Can we do it again?" Max said in that same husky voice. "You were so good. I need more."

“I’m shot,” Pablo said, running his hand down Max’s arm. “You were great babe, and you are one fine bitch, but I’m done. Long day, ya know? Looong day.”

Max tried to kiss Pablo again, but Pablo pushed him away. “Hey, babe. You know this is just Tinder shit, right? Go on home. It was a good fuck and all, but that’s all it was.”

I could see the conflict on Max’s face. I figured it was a combination of him being a horny girl who didn’t get off, and him being a guy who totally understood where Pablo was coming from, and he just pulled up his panties, straightened his skirt, grabbed his purse and headed out the door without another word.

The first time is always a let down, I said, maybe as much to myself as Miss Max. I loved the look of post coital confusion on his face. He’d just done it with a guy, for the first time, and it had been more and less than he’d expected. I kept checking in as he made his way home, waiting to see if I would win a bet with myself. I did.

As soon as Max got home, he pulled down his pants and his panties and finished himself off with his fingers. He drifted off to sleep slept like a baby, a little smile on his face. I watched him for a time, wondering what this meant for us, because I didn’t know now that he’d had a man, how he would feel about our little lezzy kissing sessions.

CHAPTER 6.

Two days later, Max finally confided in me. He'd come over for one of what I had come to think of as our "girl's nights," sitting right down as soon as he came in to his make-up. He seemed distant, tense, and I felt tense, too, because I wanted to badly to talk to him about Pablo, and his first time getting fucked by a guy. I lay on my bed, watching him put on his eyeshadow, telling him another secret, this one another lie, but about how when I'd been in high-school I'd had a crush on another girl, and we'd kissed and I'd pretended I was her boyfriend.

Max listened, making himself pretty, meeting my eyes in the mirror, but he didn't crack. I'd talked him into watching *The Notebook*, so we climbed onto my bed with a bowl full of popcorn and started watching, and then, during the opening, Max took the control and paused the movie. "I need to tell you something," Max said, his voice trembling with emotion.

"What?" I said, my heart racing, thinking – *this is it. This has to be it.*

"I don't know how to say this, and I am scared you'll hate me, or think I am crazy."

"You can tell me anything." I shifted my position so we could look into each other's eyes. "You're my bestie," I said. "I would never judge you." I loved seeing Max so sweet, so vulnerable.

He took a deep breath, and then he looked away. "I'm a girl," he finally just blurted out. "I'm a girl now."

"Sweetie," I said, giving him a hug, kissing him on the cheek. "I've—I've been waiting for you to tell me, but I knew. I have known."

"What?" He said. "How?"

"Because you've been coming over here and putting on make-up, then watching Riverdale with me?"

"Oh," he said, rolling his eyes. "Right. But, there's more to it than that. I know it will sound crazy, but I have a girl's body now. I've turned into a girl, and I know people don't just change sex like that, but I did for some reason."

"You mean, like, down there?" I said, playing up my shock and surprise, pointing to his slit, the one I knew he had between his legs now, but which I wanted him to admit to me, to own.

He nodded, blushing. "Everywhere," he whispered.

"You have a vagina?" I said, rubbing his shoulder. He flinched at the word 'vagina.' He hated hearing it, like most men, and more so that we were talking about his vagina. I loved it.

"I—um, yeah. I do."

“How could this happen?”

“I don’t know,” Max said, and he started crying. He was such an emotional girl! “I woke up one day with – that. I couldn’t believe it, and I thought I’d gone crazy. I even went to the library and tried to research it, did searched online, but I didn’t find anything that would make it even seem possible this could happen!”

“Did you go to a doctor? A therapist?”

“God, no,” Max said. “I couldn’t tell anyone about this! I didn’t want anyone to know, and I was so ashamed and humiliated. Who would believe me? And what could they do, anyway? So, I just—went on with life as if it didn’t happen. I thought I could just hide it from everyone, and I maybe someday I would just turn back!”

“You poor thing,” I said. “It must have been so hard for you.”

“It was, but then it got harder.”

“What happened?”

“So many things.” He got up and off the bed, walking over to my window, looking outside. “I started to--- like boys.” He glanced over his shoulder, eye full of fear, and when I just nodded, and didn’t laugh, he continued. “I started to think about them all the time—kissing them. Having them hold me. I became boy crazy, and my body started to change.”

“How?” I said.

He told me all about it. How he’d found himself developing breasts, how his hips had spread and rounded, his face had changed. His skin. “I have a figure,” he said. “I know you can’t see it under these baggy clothes, but I have a girl’s shape—like an hourglass. Me. Can you even believe it?” He crossed his arms and shook his head. “I should go,” he said. “I’m sorry. You must think I’m crazy.” He headed toward the door, his tear drenched mascara running down his cheeks. I jumped off my bed, ran up to him and grabbed him, pulling him to me, kissing him on those plump, red-painted lips of his.

“I believe you,” I said. “Every word.”

I pulled him to the bed, sat him down, our knees touching. “Tell me more,” I said. “Tell me everything.”

He did. He told me about Pablo, his first time as a woman, about feeling unsatisfied, wondering if there was something wrong with him, if it was because he was really a guy, that maybe he would never get off with a guy, but that he wanted and needed to more than he ever wanted or needed anything in his life.

There was laughter and tears, and when he left we had never been closer, and he had never trusted me more, and all I could think of was how I could use that trust to finish Max forever.

I coaxed him into dressing the next time he came over. I took him into my closet and picked out an outfit for him—a hippie skirt, a peasant blouse, and of course he put on a bra and panties. He wanted to explore his feminine nature, and when he came slipped the skirt on, wiggling it over his glaring hips, he twirled, smiling, giggling, just like any young girl, delighting in looking cute and pretty. We talked about boys, fashion. Max was becoming the kind of girl I found boring, and I loved it. He had another Tinder date, and it disappointed me he didn't tell me, but I just kept working on him, pushing him along the path toward coming out and living as a female.

I had decided that Halloween would be the perfect time to finally humiliate him in front of his frat, and so I convinced him to go with me to Halloween party in the next town over—his Tinder town. I tried to talk him into going as a prostitute, but he fixated on dressing as Wonder Woman. I thought it would be kind of funny in its own way for his frat brothers to see him dressed as such an iconic female, and basically in a bathing suit, so I relented.

He looked so sexy with those long legs, his firm breasts lifted and pressed together by the costume. His skin had such a radiant glow, and he'd gotten and wig and done his make-up just like Gal Gadot, and he looked like a goddess, tall, gorgeous, stunningly beautiful.

I had invited all of his frat brothers to the party, so as we walked up the steps, Max's heels clicking

against the pavement, he giggling with excitement, I could barely repress my glee. We rang the doorbell on the house, the pounding of the music rattling the windows. The door opened, and the girl waved us in, gushing over Max's costume and how pretty he looked.

We walked in, and a bunch of people were gathered in the living room, most wearing costumes, but I recognized some of Max's friends. They walked right up to us, and I watched Max, who stood there, a bright, pretty smile spreading across his painted lips.

"Dude!" A guy dressed as a football player said. "You are fucking hot as hell!"

"Omigod!" Max giggled. "Stop!"

The guys all complimented Max, raving at how sexy he looked, and I stood, stunned. Once they got done gushing over what a hot ass bitch Max was, he took me by the hand and led me to a quiet spot in the backyard. "I came out to my frat brothers yesterday," he said.

"Oh," I said, confused. I didn't know what to say. "Um, well-- I—"

"I know you wanted to hurt me. You wanted to embarrass me in front of my friends. But I want you to know something."

"Max, I never intended to—"

“Don’t,” Max said, tossing his long black hair. “Did you really think my brothers wouldn’t tell me about the amazing party you invited them to?”

“I was trying to help you,” I said. “It was for your good.”

“Don’t lie to me,” Max said cupping my chin with his soft palm, tilting my head back. “I just want to tell you that I still love you, and even though you tried to hurt me, I forgive you.”

And then he leaned down and kissed me on the lips, his perfume swirling around me. He walked away, his hips swaying. I looked at his incredible ass, those long, slender legs. He really was a hot piece of ass. He glanced back over his bare, slender little shoulder and said, “I want you to find happiness, kid. And I will always be your bestie!”

As he walked I saw all the guys checking him out, and he clearly loved the attention. I left the party, humiliated and enraged. How could I have been so stupid? That feeling intensified when I got home to find someone had broken into my room. They took the magic book and all my scanned pages. I had no doubt they were friends of Max.

Max had stolen my power. That bitch!

CHAPTER 7.

I called Max demanding my book back. He declined, but invited me to come over to talk about it. I went, knocking on the door. I found Max sitting on the couch with a bunch of the guys playing video games. He wore a shirt with his frat letters in it, but a too tight version that hugged the breasts he now proudly displayed to the world. He wore leggings that showed off his sexy legs. He stood up, and one of the guys said, “Down for a quickie later, sexy?”

“Always,” Max said with a giggle. He took my hand, leading toward the stairs I knew led down to his room. “I have a house full of fuck buddies now,” Max said, “which is a good thing because—I am such a horny slut!”

“I made you love dick,” I said.

“I know,” Max said. “Thanks.”

“You can’t be happy about this,” I said.
“Pretend all you want, but I gave you that slit, and I made you just another dumb bimbo desperate for a man to fuck her silly!”

“Believe what you want,” Max said. He opened the door to his room. “Ladies first.”

I stepped in, steeling my nerves for the showdown. I would get my book back and then—“Oh,

my God!" I gasped looking up a tall, broad shouldered boy with a square jaw and a mop of messy blonde hair. He was the most amazing boy I had ever seen, and my whole body ached with need at the sight of him.

"Hey, cutie," he said in deep voice like liquid chocolate. "You are one hot bitch."

I melted. I hated the b-word- usually. I mean, it made me want to kill, but hearing from this hunk, I just giggled and blushed and said, "thanks." My voice sounded higher pitched, squeaky. The door closed behind me. I had fallen all about Max and my book. I glanced down at the lump in this dude's pants, blushing, confused, powerless. I just wanted him to kiss me!

"So, you wanna fuck?" He said.

I nodded, biting my lip. From that day forward, I was Butch Bailey's girl. I lived to make him happy, to please him. I would become any kind of girl he wanted, and what he wanted was a preppy, pretty girly girl who clung to her man's arm and giggled at everything he said.

Within a week I had put 500 dollars on my credit card buying new clothes. Butch told me he loved blondes, and that day I went to a salon and had my hair dyed. He loved girls with big tits, so I started to wear padded bras, and then over the next few weeks it was like my body heard him, and I found

myself gladly suffering backaches as I hauled around my d-cups, always lifted and wrapped in something too small and too tight, all to please my man!

Of course, I knew that Miss Max had done this to me, but I found I didn't care. I was a girl in love, and I had a man, and all I really wanted in this whole world was for him to marry me, and then give me babies! Feminism was so dumb and so wrong, I decided. Thank God Max had saved me.

We double dated one time. I wore a tiny little pink dress with a plunging neckline that celebrated my epic cleavage. Butch loved for me to dress slutty. Max had been allowed to stay in his frat, having come out as a man trapped in a woman's body. The college paper had run an article celebrating him as a courageous pioneer, and he'd even gotten national attention. The next year he'd used his fame and sex appeal to run for student body president and won.

I pretty much hated him sometimes for being such a confident young woman and achieving so much more than me. He looked great in his slacks, a blouse, his long, lean athletic body so trim and sexy. At one point in the middle of the meal, he said, "Come to the ladies' room with me?"

"Sure," I said, grabbing my purse, ignoring the guy's smirking.

We both wore heels, and I saw that Max had a really good pedi. "I love those shoes," I said.

“You look so cute,” Max chimed back, his voice musical and feminine.

Before we entered the bathroom, Max took my elbow and pulled me aside. “Are you happy?” He asked.

“I am,” I admitted. “But sometimes it makes me mad, too, because I know you made me this way.” I gestured to my huge boobs.

Max bit his lip. “Um, you have me a slit between my legs, remember?”

“I know,” I said. “I guess we’re even, then?”

“Forgive and forget?”

I nodded.

“I’m so happy!” Max gushed, pulling me in for a hug, our soft bodies pressing together. “I have my bestie back!”

“I missed you,” I said, hugging back, relieved to let go of my hate and resentment.

“Well, let’s hurry up and get back before the boys miss us,” Max said, pulling the door open and holding it for me.

“Men,” I said. “What would we do without them?” I said.

“Amen to that,” Max said. “Amen to that.”

Thanks so much for reading.

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