

Escape Room



Commissioned by
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I became aware of the hard surface I lay on, which felt nothing like my bed at home. I smelled something else, too- a briny smell like the ocean at low tide, or- let me be blunt- the smell of a woman's sex. I grinned. I must have gotten lucky last night. Still just becoming more fully aware of my body, I cycled through my memories from last night- thumping club music, bodies packing the dance floor, a face- my ex-girlfriend smiling up at me as she handed me a drink. Rene. I pictured her lean body, her firm breasts and plump ass and- what the hell?

I felt a warmth growing between my legs, felt myself growing wet in a way that my brain could comprehend. I pushed my hand down the front of my jeans and felt an empty space between my legs- no cock, no balls. My eyes popped open, my heart pounded. No. This couldn't be right. I searched but didn't find my pride and joy- instead my hand cupped a soft mound, a mound just like the ones I'd felt on my girlfriends over the years. I knew, but couldn't believe, I had a vagina now.

I cupped my vulva, and in a panic I slipped a finger between the lips, my finger rubbing against the nub of my clit and sending a shockwave of feminine pleasures streaming through my body like lightning.

"No!" I said, sitting up, pulling my hand out of my pants. My voice sounded wrong in my ears. Half an octave higher, more like a deeper woman's voice than a man's. Inspecting myself, I saw the rest of my body remained unchanged. Unbuttoning my shirt, I saw my same flat chest. My hands and arms looked the same, though I noticed the gleam of liquid on my finger tip.

Lifting it to my nose, I smelled the smell of my vaginal juices— the smell of a girl getting horny because she was actually a guy with a cooch.

“Good morning, girly,” a voice called out. Looking up I saw a battered old speaker, like you would see on top of a pole in an old war movie. The voice belonged to a woman— a rich voice like a female DJ, but with a harsh, mocking edge. “You have thirty minutes to complete the escape room or you will be trapped as a woman forever. “Your first clue will be found in the mouth of babe.”

“Who the hell are you?” I shouted.

“Tick. Tick. Tick,” the voice answered, and then the pendulum in a dusty



grandfather clock in the corner began to swing, the clock ticking ominously.

At the sound of the ticking, I felt my nipples tingle disturbingly, and looking down I squeaked in horror as little Hershey’s kisses breasts swelled

out the front of my open shirt. I pulled my shirt closed, ashamed to have breasts, but I didn't have time to worry about them now.

"Babe?" My eyes instantly fell on a doll that lay in a crib in the corner. I hurried over to the cradle, unnerved how even these small breasts jiggled when I ran. Grabbing the doll, I saw it was made of porcelain and had no mouth that could be opened. Not sure what else to do, I threw the doll to the ground and watched it shatter into a thousand pieces, scattering across the floor. He sifted through the broken pieces.

"There's no note," I shouted.

"You guessed wrong," the voice called. "Time to blossom, girly she, from perky a's to bouncy b's!"

My nipples grew harder, throbbing and so tight it felt like I could poke someone's eye out with them. I felt a sweet tingling and warmth as my chest swelled once more, my tiny little breasts now round and fuller. My shirt shrunk and now wrapped itself around my breasts as it transformed into a lacy bra, the straps tight against my shoulders. Oddly, I felt more embarrassed to find myself wearing a sexy bra than I felt about having my own tits, and it felt so wrong- too tight, the straps digging into my shoulders. I tugged on the underwire trying to make it feel more comfortable, but—
Tick. Tick. Tick. The clock kept ticking.

I looked around fanatically, even as bangs fell down across his eyes and my hair spilled down to my shoulders. Feeling the cool, silky hair brushing against my bare shoulders, I ran my fingers through the newly grown strands. The hair was straight and fine, feeling like a cool stream running

between my fingers. Brushing my bangs away from my eyes, I spotted a piggy bank. “Babe,” I said, excited, my voice now slightly higher. “Like that move about the pig!” I rushed over, draping one arm across my chest to try and control the bouncing of my breasts. I shattered the pig and saw the note inside. It was written in pink glitter. It read “To open the safe, it is true, hot girl workout you must do.”

“This is fucking insane!” I shouted, hating the sound of my voice. I stomped my foot, sending trembles through my breasts. Looking around the room I saw a safe and in front of a yoga mat and two tiny little pink dumbbells. On the wall was a sign picturing a female silhouette with a ponytail doing squats. As I looked I felt my jeans grow soft and caress my thighs. Looking down I saw I was now wearing a pair of black leggings that showed off my shapely, coltish legs.

“This is so dumb,” I said, tossing my hair as I hurried over to the matt, picked up the weights and started squatting. As I did, the room dimmed, a disco ball began to spin casting sparkly lights over me and the walls and the floor and some kind of girly club music started to play:

Treat me like a slut

Little dirty bitch, I love to fuck

Treat me like a slut

Little dirty bitch, I love to fuck

Treat me like a slut

Little dirty bitch, I love to fuck

Treat me like a slut

Little dirty bitch, I love to fuck

With each squat, I felt my ass swelling even as the rest of my body seemed to melt. I felt like there was an invisible belt tightening around my waist, slendering it. “What the hell?” I screamed. I now had a buzzy, soprano voice. I stopped squatting. “This is, like, bullshit or something.”

“You wanna be a winner?” the DJ voice called out, now sounding like a personal trainer urging a client on. “You better work, bitch.”

I started to refuse. I thought to drop the weights and walk away, but just the thought of quitting made my breasts swell, growing heavier, rounder, and I realized that quitting wasn’t the answer. “Oh. My. God.” I said in my squeaky little voice, rolling my eyes as I started to squat once more, feeling my ass swelling and now bouncing with each squat.

The safe door swung open. Inside was a pair of stiletto heels and a note. “Learn to strut, show off that ass, club girl makeup shall make your mask.”

Tik. Tik.

I looked at the clock. I only had 15 more minutes. “These shoes are too small,” I said, picking up one of the pumps, feeling the cool black leather, running a finger along the hard edge of the heel. I felt my feet shrink. Of

course, I slipped on one of the heels and felt my foot arch, then had to prop myself against the wall as I slipped on the other. Standing, I wobbled and held my arms out to the sides to try and keep my balance as I found myself propped up on my toes, the shoes making my feet ache already, my calves tight. “They hurt,” I said looking around and spotting the vanity smothered in jars and tubes and brushes— makeup.

I tottered toward the makeup table. I was resigned to playing this game. I had to do whatever was asked of me if I wanted to get back to being a man.

“You can’t be sexy without suffering,” the voice called back.

I made my way to the vanity and looked down helplessly at the array of feminine products. “I don’t know how to do makeup,” I said.

“Ask your phone to give you skills you will need as a slutty girl.”

“I— I don’t have my phone,” I said. “Rene, is that you? I apologize I—”

“Tik. Tik,” the woman answered, and I felt my hair lengthen and pour down my back even as my pants pulled up my legs and transformed into a mini-skirt. Wearing just a bra, I felt my long hair swishing along my back, sending tingles through my body. I couldn’t help it. I turned my head side to side, my hair caressing my back like silky hands.

“I don’t have a phone!” I screamed like a furious little girl, but just then I noticed the phone sitting on the vanity– it was encased in a sparkly pink jewel shell, and it wasn’t my phone, and yet I knew somehow it was. I picked up the phone. “Sira,” I said in a voice so cute it turned me on just to hear myself speak. “How do I do club girl makeup?”

“He wants to learn how to do makeup,” the DJ voice answered through the phone. “How adorable. And– you go girl.”

There was a jolt, and I closed my eyes as I felt a lifetime of makeup skills being downloaded into my brain. When I opened them again, I was relieved and ashamed to realize I now knew, like, everything about painting my face. I sat down at the vanity, knees together. It was a shock to see myself. My face was unchanged, though now framed with long black hair it looked more feminine. Beneath my face was now a woman’s body with pretty round little shoulders, tiny arms, the swell of my breasts lifted and pressed together into soft round crescents within my sexy bra. My skin even had the soft, dewy glow of a woman’s skin. I couldn’t help but touch those plump breasts to see how they felt, if they were real. They were. My eyes were also drawn to my hair. It glistened in the light, and a strange, stray thought passed through me as I admired the pin straight, glossy hair that framed my face: I could be a shampoo model.

Tik. Tik. Tik.

No time to think about it. I would be stuck like this unless I did my makeup. I picked up eyeliner and got to work, then mascara, eyebrow pencil,



eyeshadow, lipstick, foundation. I had to do this and I watched in fascination as my face changed with each stroke of eyeshadow, each wave of the mascara, the lipstick. By the time I found myself using a camel hair brush to dust my cheeks with blush, It was no longer my face, but the stunning and feminine face of a gorgeous Asian girl. I puckered my glossy lips and batted my long, wet lashes. I'm in love with myself, I realized as I

hooked my hair behind my ear and used my phone to take a selfie. Oh. I now had long, crimson fingernails.



I might have sat there taking selfies forever, but I heard the Tik Tik of the clock. Looking up, I saw I now had only 6 minutes. “What’s the next clue?: I asked. “I don’t see it.”

“Look in your cleavage.”

“Oh!” I pushed my hand between my soft breasts and found a card. I pulled it out, giggling. It read, “Put the Barbie back again and dress her in her club girl glam.”

I looked around, and as I scanned the room, I saw there were doll parts scattered here and there. Getting up, I began to mince about, heels clicking, hair swishing. I found a leg and an arm.

Four minutes.

The torso. Another leg. Three minutes. Another arm. Two minutes. My chest was heaving, I was breathing hard. I could hear my heart pounding. I felt myself having a panic attack. “Where’s her head?” I screamed.

“Omigod! Omigod! Omigod!”

“Calm yourself, girly. Throwing a hissy isn’t going to fix things. Deep breaths and repeat your mantra: I’m pretty. I’m pretty. I’m pretty.”

I closed my eyes, took a deep breath and began to whisper, “I’m pretty. I’m pretty. I’m pretty.” I grew calm. My head cleared. I saw a hat box sitting on a table in the corner, and I knew that was where I would find the last part of my Barbie.

“One minute,” Mickey, the voice chimed “One minute.”

I hurried over to the hat box as fast as I could in my tight little skirt and heels. It was tied with string— knotted. I looked at my long nails. “How am I supposed to do this?” I started plucking at the string with my long nails, feeling helpless, powerless. I couldn’t get at the string, couldn’t undo the knot. “Oh! No! No!”

Tik. Gong. Gong. Gong. The clock gonged the end of my time, the end of my manhood. “No. I need more time.”

“You are a woman now, and you will be for the rest of your life. Your name is now Mei Xing.”

“My name is now Mei Xing,” I whispered in my soft voice. “I’m a—” I didn’t want to say the word, choked on, but I had to admit the truth. “I’m a woman.”

“Oh, Mei, things are going to be so different now. Take a look.”

I minced over to the full-length mirror that now appeared in the room and looked back at the gorgeous, utterly feminine woman I had now become, propped on my heels, wearing a crop top that celebrated my big, soft breasts, that let my tiny waist and taut, soft tummy. My hips flared dramatically, and my long legs went on for miles. Tilting my head to the side, I watched as my fine, black hair fell away to the side, gleaming prettily in the light.

I turned to the side and saw my big, plump ass swelling out invitingly from the curve at the base of my spine. “Who are you?” I asked, as I struggled to imagine what my life would be like now. “Why did you do this to me?”

No answer. I wanted to cry, but I held back the tears.

I didn’t want to ruin my makeup. I heard the outer door click as the deadbolts pulled back, and then the door swung open. What choice did I have? I slung my purse over my shoulders, tossed my hair and walked toward the door to face the world as a woman.

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