

Holiday Punishment (MtF TG)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Roman is enjoying a holiday in Spain, and planning to seduce a lot of hot girls while there. But when his demeanour catches the attention of a forgotten female deity, she punishes him by transforming him into his sexy female self: Rafaella. Now the new woman is the one being seduced as part of her punishment.

Holiday Punishment

Roman grinned as he soaked in the warm sun of the Iberian Peninsula. It was his first time holidaying in Spain, and already he loved it. The weather was warm, the midday siesta was relaxing, and the party and club scenes were vibrant. But most of all, of course, there were the women. The hot women. Gorgeous girls all around the city of Palma, many of them bearing their toned olive midriffs and sumptuous legs.

“Yes, this is what I’m here for,” he said to himself as he walked along the beach area, enjoying the many sights of women in their bikinis and tight bathing suits. He mentally undressed a few of them, imagining what it would be like to seduce them fully. Not that he had anything to worry about in that department, not with his looks and charm.

Roman was from Poland. He was twenty eight years old, and while he was a little skinny, his tall height and casual confidence usually got the ladies interested. He generally preferred a buzzcut with some stubble, his brown hair looking better when it was short. He sported sunglasses beneath the warm Iberian sun, but when he took them off one could see that he had deep, dark brown eyes that almost seemed hypnotic. No, he wasn’t the primest specimen on the beach, not by far, but he didn’t have to be. He just had to be charming and interested, and *interesting* in turn.

“It’s just a numbers game,” he told himself, moving towards a group of hot girls. “One of them will be interested, and then the fun begins.”

He struck out the first few times. The ‘charming Pole’ act could only get you so far if it turned out the ladies already had boyfriends of their own. Another was simply uninterested. The fourth woman he struck it up with, though.

“I love your accent!” she proclaimed. “It’s really sexy.”

“Well, you don’t look so bad yourself. Are you from around here?”

“Palma born and bred,” she said, grinning.

“They breed them beautiful around here, then.”

She giggled. “I’m Gabriella. Gabbie.”

“Roman . Would you like to go swimming with me?”

They did a lot more than swimming, in the end. Roman and Gabbie flirted over the next hour, and when the afternoon sun began to hit, the two of them retreated back to his hotel room. She was a cute chick - next door neighbour cutie type - but man was she a good lay in bed. Her chest was flatter than Roman would have liked, but she more than made up for it with her passion: she rode him like a cowgirl, bouncing in tune with his bucking hips and crying out in orgasm when he came into the condom.

“F-fuck yeah!” he exclaimed, riding the high of fucking a local chick. “That was good.”

She grinned, tossing her hair to one side and kissing him. “Would you like to do it again tomorrow?”

He grinned. “I’ll check my calendar, but I might have some availability.”

Roman didn’t, though. He had no interest in actually forming a relationship. He was here to get with as many hot ladies as possible, preferably local Spanish ones, and that meant enjoying the variety of female forms available. So he effectively ghosted Gabbie the following day, and took home another woman, this time a blonde French girl named Sofia. She wasn’t as good in bed, but her tits were better as far as he was concerned, and that made up for it. The following day he managed to snag some Spanish girls, one after another. They were both eager, the second one especially. He went to sleep with one in his arms, looking forward to kicking her out at the appropriate time in the morning and venturing out for a new conquest.

Unfortunately for Roman, something else was watching him during these proceedings. *Someone*, really. Her name was Yalira, and she was not a creature of flesh or blood or mere mortality, but an ancient presence. A forgotten goddess who roamed across these lands, occasionally influencing events where she saw fit.

She saw fit now.

The goddess waited until Roman had let the woman with him out. He was in the shower, cleaning himself to get ready for another day of seduction, when suddenly he heard a strange, ethereal, and very female voice speak to him.

“Roman. Roman, we must talk.”

“Who? What? Is someone out there?”

He turned off the tap and pulled aside the shower curtain, but the direct line of sight the open door of the bathroom gave him to the main area showed that no one was there.

“Huh, must have been my imagination.”

He turned the hot shower back on, enjoying its warm rinse, when suddenly the voice came again.

“Roman, I am right beside you, Roman.”

Roman *jumped*. He turned his head to the origin of the voice, and this time he *could* see something. The faint outline of a female form, wearing some kind of ancient dress, her face beautiful albeit transparent, as if she were some kind of ghost.

“What the f-fuck!?! Who are you!?”

The ghost-woman put up a hand. He wanted to flee, but she was blocking the doorway.

“Do not fear, Roman. I am Yalira, an ancient goddess who presides over the affairs of women and their sanctity.”

“A - a goddess?”

“Yes, indeed. I am here because I have been watching your actions over the last few days, and I see it as necessary to bring down my wrath upon you. You have treated women like accessories. You have collected and discarded them, viewing them as little more than notches upon your bedpost.”

Roman was panicking by this stage. He hadn't even turned off the shower, his body frozen in confusion. “No! I mean, I guess I was a little. I didn't mean to - I was just having some holiday fun seducing some hotties! I didn't expect - they wanted it too!”

“They did, but they also did not expect to be discarded so quickly and selfishly, not to be replaced so quickly. Besides, your attitude spurns on theirs. If you treat women as disposable objects, there to enjoy union with only to discard, then that is how they will see their own role. For this action, this attitude towards the other sex, you will be punished.”

“No! Please, don't kill me!”

The goddess paused, looking somewhat shocked. *“I would never kill, Roman. I am a goddess, a being who inspires change and understanding. And now it is time for you to understand women, and exactly what it is like to be coveted for your body by men. This spell I cast now will make you see the light, and you will learn a valuable lesson. Learn it well, Roman.”*

At that, there was a sudden spark of translucent light from the goddess. Her figure dissipated from sight, and the strange presence also fled, leaving Roman feeling less frightened. The shower continued to pour its hot water. He stood there, wondering what to do.

“Was that all in my imagination? It had to be. Maybe I went a bit hard last night when - what the hell?”

Something was happening to him. His stomach was lurching, his muscles tensing. His whole body seemed to squirm and flex, his very bones aching. He tried to turn the tap off, but he could no longer even control his hands: they were changing somehow!

“Wh-what's h-happening to me?” he gasped. “What the f-fuck!?”

Right before his eyes, his hands began to shrink down. His fingers slimmed, his blemishes disappeared, his nails became longer and perfect. He grunted as something similar happened to his feet. They became smaller, daintier. *Female.*

“N-no! What are you doing? Come back, goddess! Yalira! I’m sorry! Please don’t - nng!”

His nipples expanded, followed by a burst of flesh in two spots on his chest, right beneath them. There was no pain, but the sensations were strangely discomfoting and reluctantly pleasurable all at once. Like balloons his new breasts inflated, sucking fat away from the rest of his already-lithe body. To compensate, his height shrank, pulling him down centimetre by dread centimetre. He cupped his chest, hoping to stop the advance, but all he succeeded in was experiencing how wonderfully and terribly sensitive his expanded pink nipples were.

“Wh-why am I g-growing boobs? Ahhhh . . .”

They got bigger and bigger until they had a nice jiggle to them. They stopped around what he guessed were a C-cup or so, bigger or equal to the girls he had been having one-night stands with lately. They were pert and full and perfectly shaped, but most of all they were *his*. They were *on his chest*. It was then that he realised his body hair had fallen away, and the same was true along his arms and legs. Those same arms and legs began to slim also; the fat and tissue within them that was no longer necessary slid along beneath his skin and lowered down to his rear and hips. These areas took on greater curves, aided by the discomfoting sensation of his hips expanding outwards. His buttocks filled also, surging forth to become a shapely bubblebut, the kind he went crazy over, especially when he visited the beach and enjoyed the sight of women walking away from him. He squirmed, cocking his hip to one side, and this seemed to have the effect of making them widen yet further. His bones creaked, not just there but everywhere, leading to his form contracting yet further: arms and legs, spine, even his ribcage all changed shape. His waist contracted, pulling inwards to the extreme and leaving him not just petite and slim, but with an hourglass figure that was definitely of interest to any red-blooded male.

“Yalira!” he cried out, voice rising in pitch, softening. “Yalira! I’m sorry! What do I have to do? Do I have to pray or something!”

“You must simply accept,” came the voice. *“Accept and go out into the world as your new self. Not as Roman, but as Rafaella. You will live your new life and not hide yourself away, and when the time is right, you will have learned your lesson, and then I will come before you, and you may choose to turn back . . . if you still wish to do so. Until then, let’s fix up that face of yours, and make it the kind you enjoy.”*

Roman clutched his face and head, as if hoping that he could somehow stem the tide of change. It was a futile effort, of course. His short buzz cut hair began to spill forth from his

scalp, sliding out from his pores in an alien fashion, getting longer and longer until he now had shoulder length brunette hair. His features rearranged themselves: his jaw cracked to take on a smoother shape, his eyelashes extended, his cheekbones rose to promise, and his stubble simply fell away. His lips puffed up just a little bit, and his nose shrank slightly. In the mirror beside the shower, steamy as it was, he could just manage to see the profile of a gorgeous woman with a very pretty face. A stellar brunette, really.

And one with only a single major change left to go.

“Nghhhh! Ohhhh, sh-shit! You can’t take this from me! You can’t take my -”

But Roman was suddenly silenced, as his penis withdrew back into his body, sliding inwards and inverting, becoming a feminine passage with only a sensitive clitoris remaining from his former male appendage. His balls plopped back into his tunnel, unfurling to become ovary sacs. The poor man doubled over as his uterus formed into existence within him, and this final change cracked his voice again, leaving him to whimper in a feminine tone.

“Ohhhhhh, this is . . . ahhh, this is impossible!”

He even *sounded* sexy now. He reached a dainty hand up to turn the water off, then staggered out of the shower and towards the mirror. He rubbed it clean, trying to ignore the bounce in his lovely breasts and wobble of his juicy bottom.

“Shit!” he said. “I’m a fucking knockout!”

He was indeed, the kind of babe he would have loved to have fucked, if she didn’t look so much like a female version of himself. A sexy female version of himself.

“This can’t be happening. This can’t be happening. Pull yourself together, Rafaella.”

She paused. She had just called herself ‘Rafaella.’ But her real name was Rafaella.

“Wait, why can’t I think of myself as Rafaella? I mean, Rafaella. Shit! And why am I thinking of myself as a woman? This is a nightmare!”

She instantly set about destressing herself by towelling her hair and getting dressed. She didn’t even realise what she was doing until she was finished, at which point she realised that she wasn’t wearing male clothes anymore, but instead a cute set of shorts that outlined her wide hips and derriere perfectly, as well as a tube top that was both perfect for the summer heat and showed off a great deal of skin - and teased at her cleavage.

“No, no, no, no! Yalira, turn me back! Yalira, you can’t do this to me! I’m sorry, okay?”

It was weird hearing herself sound like an emotional woman, but then again, she *was* an emotional woman now. She managed to control her breathing, dealing with the drying of her hair in the meantime. There was lipstick at the counter that apparently belonged to her, and she set about fixing her face while her mind raced over what to do. When she got back into the main room and saw that her luggage and clothing everywhere had changed, she realised how far the goddess had changed things. She paced back and forth, trying to get used to her new lower centre of gravity and how her hips swayed.

“Okay, so I’m thinking of myself as a woman. My ID even says I’m Rafaella. I know how to do female stuff like makeup, and it also is sort of instinctive. Yalira said I needed to get out and act normal, like I’ve been doing, in order to have a chance at changing back. Shit! The guys will be feasting over me!”

But she had no choice. If she didn’t get out and act like a gorgeous *female* Pole on holiday in Spain, then she might well remain trapped like this. She gathered her things, automatically taking a purse instead of a wallet, and got her shoes on. One last look in the mirror confirmed her frightening new reality.

“Goddamn, I look good,” she said, posing a little before stopping herself. “I - I better not start acting like that.”

She left the hotel, heading out into town. It was going to be a long, long day.

Rafaella, formerly Roman, quickly learned quite a few things about the female experience. Over the course of the day she visited the beach, went shopping in town, and attended to several tourist attractions. She had lunch publicly, enjoyed some sweet feminine alcoholic drinks, and generally tried to act as she might have done as a man, only in a more female manner. The problem was how she was perceived and treated now.

For one, everywhere she went, male eyes roved. She was quite the looker now, but instead of feeling a bit smug about the attention, instead it felt like she was prey. Men catcalled her, complimented her without solicitation. Even waiters took a moment to gaze at her cleavage or midriff when they served her for lunch, and the beach was a complete nightmare. She hadn’t been able to help it, but she indeed wore a bikini when she went there. The instinct took over and it seemed natural, but suddenly so much of her body was on display and men were showing interest. A few even whistled. When she dried herself off and changed back at the hotel, she could only sigh.

“Was this what I was putting so many through? Surely I’ve learned my lesson now!”

But Yalira didn’t answer, so again Rafaella went out. One man touched her bottom as he passed, causing her to go to curse him out. But the sudden intimidation of his size prevented her, and she kept on walking. Others treated her kindly, and women seemed to be almost protective of her, warning her of where the ‘bad parts’ of town were for female visitors, and encouraging her to get a male escort.

“Not bloody likely,” she told herself. “I’m not getting a male anything. I may be a woman now, but if Yalira expects me to expect the *full* other side of the female experience, she has to be joking!”

But the best laid plans of mice and men often go awry, and on her first night as a woman, Rafaella had a chance encounter with a man who was just like who she had been. A man who was on the prowl for a good looking woman, and found it in the form of a sexy brunette.

Of course, she didn't see him at first. She was out at a nightclub, feeling deeply uncomfortable and yet strangely proud of how beautiful she was. The new woman was wearing a tight green cocktail dress with a short hem that revealed much of her luscious thighs, and it was sleeveless too. It had a low neckline, and combined with the build-in pushup bra, it certainly did well to suggest her womanly curves.

"Can't believe I felt compelled to wear this," she complained to herself. She ordered another drink, downing it in order to feel at least a little tipsy. The relaxation that came with a bit of alcohol absorption made it easier to accept her bizarre situation, and even giggle a little with how much her boobs rose and fell with each breath, how her hips swayed as she strutted in her high heels. At least the mental changes had accommodated for that lack of knowledge; she was damn dynamite in those heels, and her perfectly done-up hair and makeup accents only made her more appealing to the men around her.

"Stupid men looking at me. Was I really this bad?"

One winked in her direction. Another grinned and waved her way as she stepped away from the bar. She couldn't help but smile back, emphasising the wiggle of her hips a little more.

"Stop it, Rafaella," she hissed to herself. "Why are you putting on a damn show?"

She knew why, of course: because it *felt* good. Not just being a sexy woman or pulling off a hot dress, but also because her new female mind was actually *attracted* to men. Much as she wanted to be disgusted by it, she couldn't stop looking at their broad shoulders, their impressive physiques, their handsome chiselled features and broad forearms. It made her nethers tingle, and her large nipples stiffen. It made her desire them, which was why she was walking away from a group of them.

But sadly (or happily?) for her, she ran straight into another man, one who had been looking at her for a portion of the night already.

"S-sorry!" she exclaimed, feeling more passive than aggressive as a woman.

"Nothing to apologise for, I should have looked where I was going. Hey, are you here by yourself?"

The man she'd run into was young, definitely in his early twenties. He was tall, muscular, and deeply handsome, and was dressed like he knew it too. His hair was blonde and his eyes a dazzling ocean blue, and the way he looked at her made her feel strangely gooey inside. His eyes roamed over her form but returned to her face, whereupon he smiled.

"Um, yeah. I'm just enjoying a single night out," she said.

“Me too,” he replied. “I won’t lie though, I’m looking for a good time. I noticed you across the bar before, and I think I saw you at a cafe earlier today too. I thought then that I should have tried to talk to you, so I won’t lose the opportunity now. Can I buy you a drink?”

She indicated her current glass. “I already have one,” she said, smiling sheepishly.

But his own smile just broadened. “Well, looks like I’ll have to do something for you. I’m Jake.”

“Rafaella,” she said, extending a hand.

He shook it, though he did so delicately, seeming to enjoy the feel of her skin. Despite herself, she enjoyed the feel of him as well.

“I’ve got a nice booth over in the corner,” he said. “You’re welcome to come over. I’d love to get to know you better; you’ve got a real sexy accent.”

“It’s Polish,” she said.

“Is that right? I love Polish girls. Though I won’t lie, I’ve never seen one as hot as you before.”

She should have been disgusted. She knew that. But instead the man’s appearance continued to intrigue her. It was impossible to stop gazing at his chiselled jaw and muscular appearance. Just the feel of his hand upon hers had not been enough, and so it was that instead of finding an excuse to slip away, she instead said: “You’re not too bad yourself. Take me to your booth, Jake.”

He led her over there, and the two sat down. It was shocking to Rafaella how easily flirting came to her. Jake was younger than her, but it was clear in her eyes that he was of a similar type to her formerly-male self. He was using all the same techniques and tricks to get into her pants, convincing her towards a one night stand. He complimented her body and fashion, talked about how interested and cool she was, discussed her hobbies as if they were the most fascinating thing in the world. And all that time the alcohol kept coming - on him, of course. She wasn’t stupid, she knew what was happening. He was prying her open, getting both of them nice and tipsy so that anything could happen. For a brief moment she had a spike of fear that he was trying to get her even drunker, but thankfully he was just a woman-chaser, not a creep, because when she began giggling more and more he stood up and extended a hand.

“Okay, maybe that’s our cut off time. Shall we hit the dance floor together?”

She accepted more readily than she imagined she would. The club’s music pounded in her ears, feeding the adrenaline in her system and working well with her inebriated state. She had always enjoyed dancing up on girls as a man, but now *she* was the one being danced up against. More than a few guys looked her way, some even approached, but it was clear to all that Jake was the one she was with tonight, and he was more than happy to do his part. Her breasts bounced in her dress with each movement, and she shook her hips and

ass expertly. She hadn't even been a woman for a day and yet somehow she had fallen perfectly into the part. It scared and amazed her, but more than anything she was starting to get aroused. Jake began to hold her, caress her as they danced, and as the tension mounted and the pop song came to a crescendo he leaned forward to kiss her.

She did not resist. The compulsion was there to play her part, just as the goddess' magic had assured, but the truth was that she *wanted* this. She wanted to feel this man against her.

She felt something else from him too, as he pressed against her. Something hard and long and eager.

"Want to get out of here?" she heard herself saying.

"Fucking absolutely," Jake replied. "My place is nearby. The bed is real comfy."

"Mhmmm," she moaned, pressing her full chest against him, her arms around his neck. "Sounds perfect."

He took her hand and led her out of the club, back onto the street, and towards the hotel that he was staying at. Rafaella's mind buzzed with thoughts, many of them anxious.

"What the hell am I doing?" she muttered to herself.

"What was that?"

"Nothing," she said, clinging to his arm further. She was anxious, she was afraid. She was playing a part she was never meant to play.

But she wanted to play it all the same.

Jake and Rafaella began making out as soon as they entered his hotel room. The moment the door was shut, he was all over her, and she all over him. His muscular arms encircled her, making her feel wanted and safe. His lips were on hers, and his tongue snaked into her mouth, eliciting erotic moans from the new woman. He ran his hands through her long hair, and for once he didn't miss his buzzcut at all. Even the strange sensations of his nipples stiffening and yearning to be touched, and his pussy becoming moist with desire, all felt fine in that moment. Strange, but fine. Her aroused state only grew as he began to suck on her neck, causing her to whimper.

"Mhmmm, ohhhhhh, that f-feels good."

"Yeah? How about this?"

He began to feel her breasts through her dress, lowering one hand to squeeze her peachy ass. His fingers sank into the flesh, and once more she was astonished at how sensitive her skin was, how much more bliss her womanly form was already giving her than her male one.

“Yesssss, that f-feels good!”

“God, I love your accent. So fucking hot. I want to fuck your brains out, Rafaella.”

“Mhmm, do it! Please, do it before I ch-change my mind!”

Perhaps the alcohol was making a difference, or perhaps it was the compulsions. Or perhaps it was just her sheer state of arousal. In the end it didn't matter, because at that moment she wanted him inside her. Together they worked her out of her tight dress, and she practically *ripped* the buttons off of his shirt, much to his amusement. He had to stop her from ruining it.

“S-sorry! I just want you!”

“Well, it's hot as hell, so I'll allow it,” he said, kissing her again. He unclasped her bra with one hand - a devastatingly sexy move that Roman had used more than once on a woman - and when her breasts were unburdened he began to massage them again, rubbing her bare nipples.

“Ohhhh, f-fuck! They're s-sensitive.”

“I'll bet they are. I want to suck on your tits so bad, Rafaella.”

“P-please!”

He removed his trousers and pants, leaving his enormous cock in her view. Her eyes went wide at it - how would it even fit inside her? But that question was forgotten as he lightly pushed her back onto the bed and crawled on top of her. Jake licked and sucked on her nipples, producing pulses of pure pleasure, then he angled his cock against the entrance to her pussy. She guided him in, something she always loved when women did it to her as a man. Now, instead, she was the penetrated one, and when he took the plunge she was momentarily silent.

“Ohhhhh! Yessssss,” she moaned. “Yessss! That f-feels soooo good!”

It did. Somehow, it felt far better than thrusting into a girl. Jake began thrusting, ploughing deep into her fields. She moaned in ecstasy.

“Are you on the pill?”

She shook her head.

“That's alright. One moment.”

He pulled out, disappointing her for a moment, but he was quick to put a condom on. Thank goodness someone had remembered that detail - what would happen if she got pregnant? Would Yalira turn her back?

“Here we are,” Jake said, his cock still fully erect. “Round two. Or one point five. Ready?”

“Hurry up! I need it!”

He grinned. “I love how horny you are.”

She was, and when he began to thrust into her again, she did all the things she loved women doing to her. She gripped him with her thighs, wrapping her legs around him. She arched her back, presenting him her breasts to caress and suck upon. She moaned in a highly erotic fashion, crying out louder and louder as orgasm approached. She played her part perfectly, and somehow it made her situation all the hotter. She was being fucked by a man, as a woman, and she was *loving* it.

“I’m g-going to c-cum! OHhhhh!!!”

And so she did, and he followed not long after. His cock throbbed within her, sending her over the edge a second time, and because he was still thrusting, a third orgasm hit her not long after her, managing to overlap the first and second ones. Smaller climaxes followed in their wake, and it took a long time for her to come down from it all.

“Oh God, that was . . . oh shit. Ohhhh . . .”

Jake kissed her on the forehead, an act that left her beaming for reasons she couldn’t understand. Only after several minutes did he pull out of her, which made her gasp again.

“That was some fucking hot sex right there,” he said.

She nodded wordlessly and almost breathlessly. She had to agree.

“Oh yeah, I’ll definitely call you.”

Those cruel little words. Rafaella was familiar with them from the other side. She had fucked him three more times - one more that night and twice in the morning - before Jake indicated that it was time for her to go home. She had gotten back into her dress after breakfast, her hair still a bit frazzled, her mind a bit shellshocked at all she had done. And then he had hit her with that line.

“You will?” she asked.

“Oh yeah, definitely. You’re one of a kind, Rafaella. I’ve just got some things to take care of for the next few days, but after that I’ll definitely be around. I promise.”

The promise was what sealed it, in her mind. She was never seeing him again. He had flirted with her, coveted her, slept with her, and now he was moving on to other girls. It was the same *modus operandi* that she had favoured as Roman, and now she caught the bitter sting of it from the other end. That sensation of being discarded. When she made it back to her hotel room she couldn’t help herself: she grabbed a box of tissues to help with the weeping. It was then that the voice spoke.

“Now you know how it feels, don’t you?”

Rafaella turned, and sure enough the apparition of the forgotten goddess Yalira was there in the room, waiting expectedly.

"I - I do," she admitted. "I really do."

"Do you think you've learned your lesson?"

Rafaella nodded. She had. Sex was good. Women were wonderful. But she had been cruel in her dealings with them. She had not been honest about wanting one night stands, preferring to lead them on in order to cast a so-called 'wider net.' And now she knew how it felt to be on the other end of that scenario.

"I have," she said.

Yalira paused. *"I believe you. Tell me, Rafaella. Now that you have learned this lesson, are you ready to change back?"*

Rafaella was about to say 'yes' when she paused. She had only been a woman for twenty four hours, really. There had been some strange heartache, some uncomfortable situations, but there had also been pleasure. There had been beauty and sensitivity. There had been fashion and interest, and a whole new experience that felt strangely . . . right. Was she ready to change back? She had learned her lesson, but did that mean she had to stop learning in general? What else was there to learn about being a woman that she needed - or wanted - to know?

"Rafaella?"

The new woman coughed, gave a sheepish expression. "Um, is there an extension policy on remaining a woman, perhaps?"

The goddess grinned.

The End