

Woah, Nellie

For Aajlffalj Basjfk

By TheSpiralledEye

Ethan took a deep breath.

He'd been with Nellie for about six months now and everything had been amazing; he could still hardly believe it. How an average guy like him had managed to snag a smoking hot redhead with a figure as full and sexy as hers he'd had no idea.

She understood him like nobody else and he felt the same way about her. It felt as though they could talk about anything without judgement; she had been the first person he'd ever told about his interest in BDSM, specifically submission. He'd always worried if he told any of his former girlfriends they would think less of him, but he trusted Nellie and she didn't betray that trust.

Not only did she wholeheartedly accept taking on a dominant role in the bedroom without looking down on him, she enjoyed it. The sex they had was incredible, better than any he'd had before. When she had first stepped out of their bathroom wearing a leather bikini brandishing a whip it had almost made him cum right there before they'd even started.

Now there was just one final fantasy he wanted to ask her to help come true. One he'd assumed would always stay just that, a fantasy; a day dream to keep him company in the shower or on nights she was away. Now though, that she had accepted so much he was willing to take the chance and risk everything. He just hoped this little bottle of pills wasn't going to be the final straw that drove a wedge between them and ruined everything.

Gripping it hard in his palm he took one last deep breath before stepping out into the living room. Nellie was curled up on the couch, book in hand, looking like something out of film with her long hair flowing down her back.

"Nellie?"

The book was down in an instant as she turned her full attention to him with a furrowed brow.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing." He insisted with a tight smile, "Why do you think something's wrong?"

“Because you look nervous,” She replied, “What is it?”

Ethan swallowed.

“Remember when I asked you to be my...dom?”

“Yes.” She chuckled, “Is there something more you want to talk about...bedroom wise?”

God, he loved her. Already she could see where this was going, it made talking about it so much easier.

“Yeah there is.” he admitted, “But it’s going to take a few days to get ready, so to speak, so I wanted to check before I started.”

“A couple of days?” Nellie’s eyes went wide before she smirked, “Just what are you planning?”

It took more effort than he would like to admit to uncurl his fingers and reveal the small glass bottle. It was made to look like the sort you got from the chemist, there was a fake label on the front marking them as prescription migraine pills.

“It’s Bimbathryone.” Ethan told her, “I got it off the dark web.”

“Wait, that stuff’s real?” Nellie gaped, “I thought it was just people taking their RP online super hard.”

“Nah, it’s real, at least I hope it’s real, it cost me a bit but I’ve never done it before.” Was it hot in here? It felt very hot in here all of a sudden; Ethan could feel his cheeks turning pink.

Nellie’s brow furrowed and her lips pressed together in a thin line and Ethan swore his heartbeat doubled in volume. This was it, he’d fucked up well and truly this time, she knew what the drug did and she thought he was some sort of freak for even wanting to attempt it.

Suddenly, there was a hand on his knee and Ethan realised he’s closed his eyes in shame. Nellie’s fingers interlaced with his one and she gave his hand a squeeze.

“Is there something...more you want to talk about?” She asked seriously, “Something about yourself?”

For a moment Ethan felt nothing but confusion before the embarrassing reality crashed down on him.

“No! No, no no, this isn't a...I'm not trans or anything this is literally just a fetish thing. I swear.” He insisted.

“Because you know I'd support you if it was more, right?”

Ethan cupped Nellie's chin and kissed her.

“I know that, but I mean it, this is just a thing I have always fantasised about and also...well, multiple orgasms sound really cool.”

Nellie snorted in laughter and soon he was chuckling along with her.

“Alright, what the heck, I've always been a little bi-curious and it's the long weekend tomorrow, why the fuck not?”

Excitement, love and elation swelled in his chest.

“Nellie, have I told you how much I love you?”

“Every day.” She smirked, taking the bottle from him and shaking the first pill out onto her palm, “Now open up.”

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Waking up is usually the most mundane part of the day; not this day though, at least not for Ethan. Unlike most mornings where he woke slowly this time Ethan was instantly alert but kept his eyes closed, instead focusing on how his body felt. He couldn't afford the strong Bimbathryone, the stuff that changed him instantly. Instead he had opted for the cheaper and much easier to get delayed effect pills.

That meant it would be a full two days before he was fully a woman and then it would only last another twenty four hours. Still, it would be worth it; he was sure. Nothing had

changed by the time he went to bed last night but he was sure his body must have started while he was asleep. He focused; starting with his feet.

They felt normal enough, though his legs felt a little odd. It took him a moment to realise he couldn't feel any leg hair there where it would normally brushed against the blankets. Nor were the back of his thighs touching the mattress. He let his hands move to touch the skin of his legs and found smoothness that hadn't been there before as a small yet easy to perceive rise to his hips.

He pressed his fingers to the sides of his ass, finding the skin there rounder and more bouncy. A small, excited squeak escaped his throat; his ass was growing. His hands and focus moved up to take in the widening of his hips and the way his middle seemed to recede back in again ever so slightly. An hourglass figure in the making no doubt.

The changes were more subtle towards his chest, no breasts yet but his pectorals did feel sore and slightly swollen. The idea that he could have tits by the end of the day made his whole body vibrate with excitement; enough that his eyes finally snapped open.

Nellie was still asleep beside him in the bed and he quietly snuck out to the bathroom to get a better look at how his body was changing. Looking in the bathroom mirror he couldn't help but blush as he slowly stripped off his pyjamas to reveal his body.

His legs were curvy and long, his feet dainty and his ass huge. Now that he could see them he could tell his feet had indeed shrunk a shoe size or two and his nails had taken on a neat roundness to them. But he still had a cock and balls and the top half of his body was distinctly male. It made him feel half baked and...well, a little ridiculous.

"Nice ass, babe."

A half slapped against his right cheek hard before the finger dug in and before he could stop himself, Ethan let out a sound he'd never made before. It was a moan, but of a much higher pitch with a breathy edge to it that made his cheeks positively burn. It sounded damn near pornographic and it had come from *him!*

"...Holy shit, do that again!" Nellie grinned, sliding her hand up to grip his hip, "Holy hell."

"M-My voice..." He gasped, hand at his throat, only just now realising his Adam's apple was missing.

He sounded so...sensual, or maybe it was just the fact that reality was setting in. He had dreamed of this for so long and it was finally happening! His cock twitched and Nellie's eyes twinkled playfully.

"I could help with that." She whispered, lightly brushing a finger along his increasingly hard cock.

It was tempting...but no.

"I want to wait." Ethan ground out against his baser nature, "I want you to touch me when I am fully t-tran...transform-mmmm ahhhhh...."

That soreness in his chest was expanding, becoming less and less like pain and more like a stretching sensation. He tried to focus on speaking but the words kept failing as the stretching feeling got stronger and stronger. He doubled over, arms across his chest as he felt the skin there begin to expand.

"O-oooooh fuck, fuck that's...I...I'm growing tits!" He cried with excitement.

He hadn't expected this to happen all at once! Already he could cup them; small but pretty little breasts that were rapidly growing as they sat in his palms. His nipples turned dark and pink, growing outwards as his cup size expanded.

Watching and more importantly, feeling his breasts grow was something indescribable. How many stories had he read about it and yet none of them came close to the reality. His cock was leaking precum now he was so turned on. Hands covered his own, gently pulling them away and his eyes locked with the mirror; he watched in real time as his tits swelled and Nellie stood behind him with a sly smile.

Her hands replaced his, cupping his new tits firmly as they continued to grow from C cups to Ds. Ethan bit his lip; his increasingly full feeling lip, while Nellie played. She ran her fingers over the curves, tweaked the nipples, even lifted the breasts in full and dropped them down letting gravity make them dance.

By the time they stopped growing Ethan's chest was heaving and his heart pounding. With each deep breath he treasured the extra weight now resting against his torso. He always wondered how it would feel; good, it turns out was the answer.

"Tits and ass down." Nellie grinned, "Just a few more bits to go."

She gave him a peck on the cheek before giving his cock one teasing stroke and walking out of the bathroom. Ethan looked down at his manhood, for the first time in his life, it was not a source of pride. In fact, he couldn't wait to be rid of it and he wasn't about to spoil his first orgasm as a woman by tending to it now.

He went and took a cold shower.

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The problem with waiting is that after a while, it becomes boring. All day Ethan had been patiently waiting for his transformation to finish. Every time he felt his shape change, even slightly, he was filled with anticipation only to have his face round or his shoulders slope before stilling once more.

His hair had begun to grow at a rapid pace and it had gotten to the point that his features were more feminine than masculine for the most part. When he wore clothes; lent to him by Nellie, he did look like a woman. With one big exception.

The bulge in his pants.

His manhood was staying stubbornly in place, taunting him. He tried to distract himself in finding an outfit to wear; something sexy Nellie could slowly strip him out of to reveal his curvaceous new body. She had given him full reign over her wardrobe and he couldn't decide between the free flow of a dress or skirt or something tight that showed off his new shape.

He rummaged through the very back of Nellie's drawers, picking out clothes that she hadn't worn in years judging by some of the smaller sizing. A burst of colour caught his eye and he drew out a skirt that made his jaw drop. Nellie had a lot of styles she liked; flowing and casual, gothic, preppy, even a few girly pieces but this, this skirt took things to a whole new level.

It was pink, pale pink and made of several layers of ruffled fabric that was short enough that they would only reach mid thigh. The wavy, ruffled material has tiny hearts patterned around each hem; it was so painfully girlish it almost made Ethan want to throw up. The other part though, was oddly curious. He couldn't say for sure what compelled him to put it on but he did and as he pulled the soft fabric up he felt it brush against his inner thighs.

A shiver danced up his spine and he stood, naked save for the skirt hanging off the curve of his ass. He felt...oddly pretty. The ruffles hid his bulge and let him pretend just for a moment, that the transformation was complete. God, he could not wait for that. He had

always dreamed of what it would feel like to have a pussy; soft, velvet lips that sent shivers down his legs and pleasure pooling in his gut.

There was something about them that was so much more alluring than an ugly cock and balls. He squeezed his legs together, feeling them between his now thick thighs with irritation but then he froze. Something was different, his balls felt...smaller. No, it wasn't his imagination they definitely felt smaller and now that he was paying attention, they were shrinking by the second!

A warm feeling began to coil in his lower stomach as he felt the skin melt into him once more, his cock slowly receding back up into his skin. He could feel it inside him, melting away slowly and giving him the oddest, full sensation that made his whole body shudder with lust.

With a few stumbling steps he fell back on the bed, legs spread and knees up with the pink skirt gathering around his middle. His cock turned hard just before it disappeared entirely and his breathing began to turn short and sharp as pleasure pooled between his legs. A creak in the doorway revealed Nellie watching with wide eyes.

"N-Nellie! It's happening!" He moaned, "Oh fuck it's happening. I can feel it, my pussy! M-my pussy is growing!"

It was, he could feel his lips opening like the petals of a pink flower. Within moments they were moist and soft and what had once been the head of his cock shrunk down to a tiny nub or pure pleasure; his new clit. His pussy had barely finished forming when there was a gush of fluid from his new hole, slickness dripped down onto his thighs and Ethan moaned; it was everything he'd ever dreamed of!

"You look...incredible." Nellie breathed, slowly sitting herself down on the bed and bracing her hands on his hips. "And you're all spread out like a five course meal just for me."

Oh, his body felt like jelly under her touch, a gentle push was all she needed to part his legs further. Ethan couldn't tear his eyes away as her face disappeared behind his frilly skirt and a moment later he felt pure bliss. A tongue licked a stripe along his pussy and it felt better than all of his fantasies put together; the pleasure was like heat and electricity all mixed together.

"Oh fuck, Nellie that's so good!"

Her tongue swirled before her lips fully covered his new pussy, moving across the lips slowly almost as if she were making out with it. Ethan's legs began to tremble, his new tits felt rock

hard and his nipples painfully sharp. Every nerve in his body felt alight and already he could feel something building deep inside him as Nellie's tongue wormed its way inside.

His inner walls burned in the most delicious way as she thrust her tongue in and out. His back arched, pushing his crotch further into her face as his hips began to buck in time with her thrusts. Her hands rested on his hips, pinned them back down to the bed with a forceful push and gave him a small, gentle bite to remind him who was in charge.

The sub inside him melted and a mewling, desperate moan escaped his lips. He needed more; more of her touch, more of his pussy touched just...more. More of everything! Ecstasy rocked his entire being, filling him from head to toe as Nellie's fingers joined her mouth. His tongue moved back to torturing his clit while her fingers dove into his hole. The full feeling made his head spin and he could feel that pressure in his lower stomach beginning to build.

He wanted to hold back, to make this moment last longer but there was just no escaping it. The stimulation, it was all too much. His back arched once final time, his mouth opening in a perfect circle as a breathy moan escaped and pure bliss washed over his body. His legs trembled, his whole body shuddering in pleasure as he came and even more pussy juice soaked Nellie's face.

She continued to lick and finger him through the orgasm, leading into a second almost immediately until he was forced to wiggle away, the ecstasy was so strong it was almost painful. He flopped back, gasping on the bed almost dizzy with pleasure while Nellie went to go clean herself up.

"There's that multiple orgasm you wanted." She teased, "I could have made you go again if you'd let me."

"Fuck." he breathed, "That was....fuck."

Nellie giggled, stroking his now long hair lovingly. This had been everything he dreamed of and more and the knowledge that he had twenty three more hours to make the most of it filled him with nothing but excitement. He couldn't wait to explore this new body and milk every single drop of pleasure he could from it in the time he had left.