

Becoming a Shapeshifter

(TG Gender Transformation Erotica)

By Nikki L. Falcon

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**This book is dedicated to the many TG caption creators out there
making captions and supporting the community.**

Final Notes from the Author

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Themes in this book include: gender transformation / TG / transgender changes / gender swap, body morphing, and shapeshifting.

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It was my 20th birthday, but for some reason, I wasn't feeling very happy. I was a college student at my local community college and I was studying English. I lived alone in my apartment. Not a very exciting major, but it was there. I worked hard, went to work, and that was about it. I had very little money. Throughout my whole life event. I felt like I was just in a daze. My life was just passing me by. And now, it was my 20th birthday. I didn't feel very special. Part of me just wanted to lay back down in my bed and go back to sleep.

From my father's side of the family, they always said magical things would happen when a boy became a man. To them, I guess, it was when you turned 20. Today was that day. And let me tell you, I didn't feel any magic through the air.

After turning off my snooze alarm a few times, I finally got the energy (if you can call it that) to get out of bed. It was nearing noon time and I figured I might as well get up, finish my homework, and play some games on my computer. Not much to look forward to.

I slumped my way over to the bathroom to go take my morning shower. It wasn't much, but a nice, warm shower always helped me to feel

a little better every day. However, when I took that shower that was when I realized my 20th birthday was going to be rather interesting indeed.

I got undressed and looked at myself in the mirror. Same old me. I still look like I always do. Just another day older. I stepped into the shower and let the nice hot water run down my body. I just wished, in some way, my life could be more exciting. Anything. I just didn't know how.

My mind drifted to my ex-girlfriend. Her name was Stacie. She was absolutely beautiful. She had long, blonde hair, a beautiful voice, and a tight body. She also had these amazing pair of tits. I always loved feeling their warmth and softness in my hands. Her hard nipples along my fingers. Her skin was as smooth as silk and she had the perfect, little butt. I admit, I was getting a little horny just thinking about it.

I then put some shampoo in my hair. Some of the shampoo suds went down my face and kind of covered my eyes. If I'd open them, it'd certainly sting a lot. So I kept them shut. I kept the shampoo for a little bit as I washed my body with my eyes closed. Hopefully I wouldn't fall in the shower or anything like that.

As I washed down my body, I felt a little bit tingly and warm. I figured it was just the nice, hot shower doing that to me. Plus, this soap I

was using was this new, herbal stuff so I'm sure it was extra powerful at cleaning.

I kept soaping myself down. It felt a little bit strange. I have some hair on my arms and chest, but as I was cleaning myself, it almost felt like I didn't have any. I also noticed that my arms and legs were smaller and thinner than they normally are.

My chest felt different. Normally, I'm quite the broad shouldered kind of guy, but this time, my shoulders felt smaller than they usually were. Plus... I mean I work out often... but... did I have man boobs or something? It certainly felt that way.

They were soft and smooth. The water running down the sides of them actually felt kind of nice. My nipples were larger than normal. They were hard too. When I brushed against them lightly, it felt almost... pleasurable. My... breasts, although it was strange to call them that, were perfectly round and warm. They had some weight on them. These can't be man boobs, right?

Part of me wondered... there's no way this is me. I must be dreaming. I'd better hurry my shower up. It was silly to think my body was changing or something. That's not even possible. It sounded funny. There's no way such a thing can ever happen. Yet, a part of me was curious. My body felt

less like my usually manly self and this time it felt soft and smooth... it felt feminine.

Just to be safe, I ran my hand down to my crotch. My belly was thin and tight. It was perfectly smooth. I had a little bit of fat on me once before, but it felt like it wasn't even there. My body had a slight curve to it now. My hips felt wider than normal. My butt more plump and round. I then went for my dick. But what I found wasn't my dick... it was a smooth, hairless slit!

“Oh, fuck!” I said out loud.

I quickly got the last of the shampoo out of my hair and jumped out of the shower. The mirrors were all fogged up due to the steam. I wiped it off and what I saw in my reflection was something I'll never forget.

I had turned into Stacie. Face, body, and all. It was absolutely unbelievable. I put my finger up to my cheek and pinched myself. Yup, I wasn't dreaming. I checked out my new body. It felt weird to admit it, but... I looked pretty damn hot. Just like her.

I had nice, large, soft breasts with sensitive, perky nipples. I had long blonde hair and a nice tight butt. Part of me got curious. I traced my hands down my sides, feeling my perfect, tight skin. I was flawless. My hair was wet from coming out of the shower.

I couldn't believe it. Why did this happen to me? How? It's not possible. Not at all. But for some reason, I was a girl. It didn't seem possible at all. Yet, here I was. I felt a little bit scared. A little bit nervous, but at the same time, I felt curious and excited... especially by my own body. I could feel myself getting a little wet. The feeling of warmth in-between my new, girly legs.

My father did say something magical will happen when a man turns this age. I just didn't expect it to happen like this. Looking at my sexy, new self in the mirror. I always loved my previous girlfriend, Stacie. God, she had the best body in the whole world. The hottest girl I've ever seen in my entire life. And now, here I was, with her body. I couldn't understand it.

I let my hand drift down from my soft, red cheeks, down to my smooth, thin neck, and past the center of my heavy, warm cleavage, past my toned tummy, and right to my pussy.

I took my other hand and brought it up to my breast. With my little, girly fingers, I felt the nipple in my hand. It was just like her's. It was soft and rubber-like. It was already so hard too. I pinched it and a light shiver of pleasure shot through my body. I didn't know a girl's body could be so sensitive.

Once I pinched it a few times, I then began to very gently tug on it with my fingers. This too just felt so good. The shiver of pleasure shot through my body. I could feel my pussy warming up from the exciting pleasure.

My other hand slowly penetrated my warm, wet pussy. I sat down on my warm towel that was on the ground. The room felt just nice and comfy. My one hand massaged and tweaked my nipples while my other hand slowly began to massage the inside of my pussy. The feeling was incredible. Waves of intense warm, relaxing pleasure washed over my body. I swear, my eyes were about to go into the back of my head.

I took a gasp of pleasure as I tweaked my pussy harder and faster. It was almost too good. My body felt like it was lighting up. I felt amazing. I never felt this good my whole life. The faster and harder I tweaked my warm, wet pussy the more intense the pleasure became. I couldn't take it much more. I went harder and harder, faster and faster. I leaned back up against the wall and then suddenly, I felt my muscles contract and I let out a large load of my sticky, girly, clear-ish cum all over my legs and towel.

I felt like I was in heaven. The waves of pleasure washing over me like waves on the ocean. This amazing, slow, relaxing, pulsing pleasure. My mind felt like mush. I felt tired. My body was dead. I couldn't believe

how good it felt to be a girl like this. It was ten times better than being a man.

When my father said something interesting would happen on my birthday, he was right. Did I really just shapeshift into her just by thinking about her? That's all it took?

I decided to test it. After a minute or two to recover from the intense orgasm afterglow, I immediately put a towel around my sexy, wet body. I didn't even let it cover my boobs. I liked it hanging loose like that. It looked hot. I looked hot.

I quickly made my way back to my bedroom. I looked at myself in my own mirror again. I still couldn't believe it. I looked just like her in every possible way. From the hair right down to her little toes. It seemed almost impossible, but it was real. No doubt about that.

I have no idea how this all happened. It seemed almost impossible. However, the change happened in the shower. I know that much. And, I was thinking of Stacie, my ex-girlfriend. Perhaps, if I think of another chick, I can become them too. It sounded too easy, but I might as well try it.

I dropped my towel onto the ground then closed my eyes. I dreamed of a hot Asian chick. I thought about every minute detail about her. I

dreamt about her beautiful beige skin, thin shoulders, tight, sexy body. I pictured myself with long, jet-black hair, a cute little nose, puffy lips, and cute, B-cup breasts.

Slowly, I could feel myself changing. My skin felt all tingly and warm. It lasted for several seconds before the feeling started to dissipate. I opened my eyes and I saw a beautiful Asian girl standing before me. I was astounded. I looked just like how I pictured myself. The beige skin, cute, little breasts, nice eyes, everything! It was crazy!

For next few hours, I tried out a bunch of new looks for myself. First, I made my breasts bigger and bigger until they were huge. I made myself into a redhead, a brunette, and all different types. I went from being a pale, Irish girl with wavy hair to a dark-skinned African-American girl. I eventually settled with a Japanese girl with puffy, cute lips and a tight, incredible body. With an ass that's absolutely to die for.

While I was changing myself, I realized that I could even make clothing appear on my body. I tried on all different kinds of heels, skirts, dresses, shirts, sweaters, and tons others. For fun, I chose to have my long hair down. I decided to wear a short, white shirt with short sleeves which showed off my smooth, soft, feminine arms. It fit tightly around my body and accentuated my thin body and large breasts. I also wore a light green

mini skirt. If the wind picked up, you could certainly see my pink panties that I now wore. I had a matching bra on as well. With my shirt being so white, one could kind of see my bra that I was wearing.

I also wore red high heels. When I looked at myself in the mirror, there was no doubt I was super, fucking hot. Even just looking at myself, my male mind with this new, sexy body was turning myself on. It felt strange to admit it, but I was getting a little wet between my legs. I could feel it.

But beyond just turning into hot girls, I thought about what I can do with this power. I could use it for good. Maybe for evil. Maybe just a little bit of both. It's my power. I can do whatever I want.

I was ashamed to admit it, but for the past several years I've had so much trouble in my life. Beyond my father's line of blood likely the ones granting me this power, I really didn't have much in life. I've been struggling, pushing, and fighting to survive. I was lucky to go to college. Even for English.

I was not a bright student. I had trouble enough waking up early for my classes, let alone passing them. My family always had trouble with money. I never had much. My father was never there for me. He was always off doing whatever he does. My mother was never around either.

We didn't have much money. We had to eat cheap foods and our house was a total mess. It was horrible. I was lucky enough to get out of there and get a new apartment. And old, shitty apartment, but it's away from my broken family. My life was so messed up.

I needed money. I needed it badly. I lived only to eat and work the next day. College... if I woke up for it. This power was the only thing good that's happened to me in my life. I felt angry, but I need to do something about my money problem. And I need to do something now. I still have to pay this month's rent and that will not be cheap. I just don't see a way out of this situation.

As troublesome as it was, I had an idea. It was a bad idea. Really bad. But it felt right. It felt like the only answer. I had to take it. I didn't want to, but I had to do it. Just once. Once was it. Honest to God.

I was going to rob a convenience store. With my shapeshifting powers, I can change who I look like and get away scot-free.

This was no doubt a horrible idea. Really stupid. Libel to get my killed or something. But I just needed an extra few hundred dollars. That's it. Just that. Once I get that, I'll properly budget it away and be good. In fact, once I get my money situation handled, I'll find a way to make amends. How? I don't know. But I will. I know that much, at least.

It was dumb. Really stupid, but it felt like the best choice. I owned a small Glock pistol. I don't even have any ammo for it. This is really dumb. It's been sitting around collecting dust for about a year now. But, if I want to get out of my money troubles, I'll have to do it. Just this once. As long as I don't hurt anyone, I should be good.

I waited until later that night. All I did was just sit there thinking about this whole thing. I really did become a shapeshifter. It was like something out of the movies. I felt like I was Mystique from X-Men. When it reached about 1am, I decided to walk down the street to the nearby convenience store. I decided to keep my current outfit on. It'd be easier that way. No mask either. Just go in there, demand the money, and run out of there. When I get back, I'll change my look to my old self again. It wasn't the best plan, but it would work. I was sure of it.

I headed out down the street. The whole time I was nervous. If this failed, it was going to mess up everything. I'd be fucked. My heart sank. I felt the fear shooting through me like ice.

I had to do this. I had to. I entered the convenience store. Except for the clerk who was putting things away, there was nobody here. Not even a car in the parking lot. Lucky me.

I walked over to him. He looked at me. First, I could tell he was impressed with my body. I was quite hot, I had to admit. My thin body, big breasts sticking out right into his face, and my amazing legs. But then, his eyes went straight down towards the gun right there in my little, girly hand.

It was pretty big. With my Asian girl look, the thing felt like a monster in my hand. Plus, you don't look too threatening when you've got long nails, a cute skirt, and make-up on.

I pointed it at him.

“Give me all your money! Now!”

His eyes went wide. He realized this wasn't a joke and went behind the counter. He gave me one last look.

“Don't just stand there, hurry it the fuck up!” I yelled at him.

I saw his hand linger just a second or two too long under the counter. No doubt hitting a silent alarm. He hit a button on the machine and then the register popped open. He pulled out a plastic bag and poured the money in. Good. It was almost too easy.

Once he emptied the register into the bag, he just stood there silently looking at me. A little smile crept across my face. But I didn't have much time to celebrate. I heard sirens off in the distance. No doubt, the cops were heading this way. I had to get moving and fast.

I grabbed the plastic bag and ran out the store. As I left, an older woman getting out of her car saw me running. She saw the bag and I'm sure she understood what was going on.

There was no way for me to run in these damned heels. I threw them off to the sides of the road. Didn't care. Just had to run barefoot down the sidewalk. I ran as fast as I could. I could hear the sirens right behind me. Didn't know where, but I didn't have time to look.

"Fuck! Fuck! What a stupid idea." I thought to myself.

I ran and ran as fast as I could. I got all the way back home. I was completely out of breath by the time I got inside my apartment and shut the door. I prayed that nobody saw me enter here. But, I wouldn't be surprised if they did.

Quickly, I hid the money. I didn't know where, but I chose to hide it right under my mattress. Hopefully that should be good enough. I won't spend it until the heat dies down. I'll be extra careful. I can't let anyone know about this. Not even about my shapeshifting powers. Nobody. This all was going to be top secret.

But after a few minutes, I finally got a handle on everything. I felt better now. More relaxed. I wasn't so tense anymore. I breathed a sigh of relief. And then... a smile crept across my face. In fact, I started to laugh.

I couldn't actually believe that I, of all people, just robbed a convenience store. Not only that, but I did it as a hot girl. Now THAT'S something you don't see everyday. It was rather amusing, I had to admit. I can't believe it all worked too. It was quite funny.

I went and sat down on my couch. Just needed to sit. Process my thoughts. But right as I did that, the unexpected happened.

I heard a knock at the door.

"Police. Open up." I heard a man shout.

I stood up quickly. My eyes went wide. I was caught. Busted. I was going to go to prison for life. Fuck! Not good, not good!

"Oh wait!" I thought to myself. "My powers. They saw a woman. I need to change. I forgot to change myself."

I heard more pounding on the door.

"Open the door."

No time to think. No time. Just had to do it. Now. God damn it.

I changed myself right away. Clothes and everything. I did it fast too. I was certainly getting better at this. I turned into a tall, Caucasian man with short, parted, black hair wearing a nice business suit. I didn't think, I just did it. I thought that was good enough. Don't know how they saw it, though.

I took a deep breath, trying to relax myself. It wasn't helping. My heart was beating fast. If I didn't open this door, they might bash it down or something. Better to act like nothing's wrong. Nothing at all. I hoped that would be enough to throw them off my trail. I had the money, I just had to convince the cops it wasn't me.

I opened the door. In front of the door was two male cops in their uniforms. There was one other guy down by the stairwell down the hall. They looked at me curiously. The blonde-haired, older officer spoke to me.

"My name's Officer Williams and this is Officer Henry. There's been a robbery at the convenience store down the street. Witnesses say she took off towards this apartment complex here. Heard anything? Seen anything?" He asked.

"No, n-nothing officer." I said nervously.

"Really?" He asked. He gave me this look that implied he didn't believe me. "You seem all dressed up tonight. Going somewhere?"

"No, not really." He was talking about my nice, suited up look today. Shouldn't have chosen this. Bad idea. It's almost 2am now and I look like I'm going to work. "I, uh... just got off of work earlier. Haven't changed out yet."

He just nodded.

“Mind if we come in? Take a look around?” Officer Henry said.

“Uh... sure, sure. Be my guest.” I laughed nervously.

They walked in. Fuck. Stupid move. They can't come in unless they have a warrant... I think. They might find something. Fuck me.

They walked into the living room and just looked around. Not leaving the area. Not exploring the other rooms. Thank God! They moved a few pillows around on the couch, peaked behind my bookshelf, and looked at my computer desk. Just looking. They weren't really carefully inspecting the place or anything.

Officer Henry nodded and looked at his partner, who in turn looked at him. I could tell they were thinking the same thing.

Just then, they got a buzz over the radio. It was tough to make out the chatter.

“Looks like we got something.” Williams said to Henry. “Pair of high heels not far from the crime scene.”

Williams walked over to me and gave me a card with a person's name on it.

“This is Detective Robert Masters. He handles these kinds of cases. Call him if you see anything.”

I took the card and watched them as they left my apartment. Once I closed the door behind them, I felt an intense sigh of relief. Like a ton of weight being lifted off of my shoulders. I was so happy.

I sat down on my couch. God, I just couldn't believe the ordeal was over with. There's no way they can trace it back to me. Just no way. I felt more than happy. I felt on top of the world.

After such an intense day, I soon just passed out on my couch right there. Drifted off to sleep. When I awoke, it was already morning. I got up and went to the bathroom. I awoke to find myself changed into another person again. This time, I was a hot brunette girl. I looked like a stripper. Then I remembered my dreams from last night. While I quickly passed out, I did have a brief dream about being at a strip club.

While looking at myself in the mirror, it was weird to admit it, but I felt relaxed as a girl. As a man, it wasn't like I felt strange, but as a girl, I just felt better. I felt comfortable as a girl. Plus, I loved the way my body looked. My nice, wide hips, my beautiful face, and even the way my breasts jiggled and bounced as I walked. I looked hot and I felt great.

I took a shower and got ready for my day. Today, I felt like spending only a few hundred of my new money. Just that. The rest would go straight to paying my bills. Honest. I just need to relax a little bit. A little shopping

would be just what the doctor ordered. I'd head to the mall and just browse around. Sure, I could just change into any clothes I wanted, but I wanted to do some more shopping. At the very least, just see what the latest styles are in person for when I change myself later on. Hell, maybe I won't even spend my money today. Maybe I won't need to. Even though I just robbed a convenience store earlier, I felt relieved. This money would go a long way to helping me out.

I changed my clothes into these nice, black flats, some tight-fitting blue jeans, and a pink polo shirt. I think the casual look really fit my skinny, stripper body. I got my hair into a pony tail and headed out the door.

I walked down the street. The mall wasn't too far from where I lived. Just a few blocks and then up the road. As I walked, I noticed a few guys by would cat-call to me.

"Hey! What's shaking, baby?" One man as he passed me.

"Lookie, lookie! Want to get with me, sugar?" said another.

I'm sure many out there would hate this, but for me... I kinda liked it. I felt strangely desired and wanted. I knew these guys would fuck the hell out of me if they had the chance. I would too, to be honest. I was hot.

I wondered... what would it be like to have sex with another man? Would it feel really, really good? Would it make me gay? What about if I had sex with a girl? How would that feel? Would that still make me straight or would I now be a lesbian? It was interesting to think about.

As I walked, I noticed a black van following me. It had to have been my imagination. Had to have been. But it wasn't. It was following me since I left my apartment.

As I got to a long street, the van quickly sped up and pulled up right in front of me. My eyes went wide. These men were after me. I was about to run, but then these three men got out of the van and grabbed me. I tried to resist, but I couldn't. I pulled and struggled, but there were three of them and they were too strong.

"No! Fuck! Get off of me! Help! Anyone!" But before I could say anything, one of the men put a white, wet rag around my mouth and nose. It smelled like some kind of gasoline or something. In my panicked state, I breathed in too much and too much of the fumes. I started feeling really light-headed and weak. Before I knew it, I closed my eyes and must've passed out.

When I woke up I was in some kind of dark room. Must've been a basement or something. There was cement walls all around me and just one, very dim light coming from the door in front of me. I walked toward it.

My body felt all weak. My muscles were all out of energy. It hurt when I walked. My eyes were sleepy. I had to keep walking. I don't know where I was. Who put me here or why? But I had to get out.

My plan backfired. God damn it! I should've never robbed that store. Everything was fucked now. How could I have been so stupid!

I walked to the big, steel door. I tried to open it, but it was locked. I banged on it!

"Help! Let me out! Anyone! Please!"

After a few seconds, the door opened up. Three men were there. They turned on the lights for my room and entered. They wore all black. One of them was a bit older. I took a few steps back.

I was frightened. I didn't know how to get out of this one. Were they cops? Were they going to rape me? I don't know how to fight people. I'm so dead now. I feared for my life.

The older man spoke to me in a raspy voice. He had this calm, yet authoritative essence about him. The others clearly respected him.

“We’ve been watching you.” He said plainly. “We know you robbed one of our stores. It was under our protection. That money is ours. Yet... we can forgive you this one time. Under one condition... You’re going to help us.”

“And... and if I don’t?” I asked nervously.

One of the men pulled out his pistol from his holster. The man spoke again.

“You don’t want to do that, Mr. Shapeshifter.”

A lightning bolt of fear shot through my body. This was it now. I went off the deep end. I regretted everything. But if I wanted to get out of this alive. I’d have to agree. I’m so fucked now.

“What... do you want me to do?”

With a blank, empty look on his face, he said to me, “Take off your shirt.”

I froze up. This was it. I was done for now and nobody’s coming to save me.

Continued in Part 2...