

**The Potion Dealer – Part 1**

**(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 sexy body possession.

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Brittney was a complete asshole. Unlike her, I always did my best to try and help out everyone in the world. Even when I was young, I helped out in soup kitchens, I helped build low income housing, and nowadays, I work helping the local homeless wherever I can. I offer food, medicine, and even a place to stay. I just wish there was more I could do.

Brittney, on the other hand, always said that she helped people, but she was too selfish. She only helped herself to whatever she wanted and even when she went to 'help the homeless', she often just sat around on her cell phone not doing any work at all. I just wish there was some way to make her pay for her actions. Today was the day that I had to deliver some late lunches to the homeless where they were, tent city, as some call it. Brittney didn't even show up, of course. However, today was different. Very different.

First, let me tell you about Robert. He was a crazy, old man. Homeless too. Unlike the others who were in their tent city, Old Man Robert always was off to the side with his tent. One, he didn't get along too well with the others. Too... aloof, one might say. That... and he cooked up some crazy, weird things by his tent. No drugs or anything. Police have checked him over and over again. He's 100% clean. He just makes weird

juices and strange concoctions. I figured I might as well chat with the man. Find out his story. What happened to him? The day I really sat down and chatted with him was the day my life changed forever.

It was a warm summer day. The humidity was beating on me hard and I took a drink of my ice water out of my jug I brought with me. The other homeless people were sitting around in the park. I just passed out some meals in little paper bags I got recently and they were chowing down in the hot summer weather. Seeing as how old Rob was off in his tent, I figured I'd go bring it to him personally. Make him feel welcome. If he needed help, I'd offer a hand in anything. I always liked helping out. He should join the rest of the group sometime and make some friends.

I approached his yellow tent and smelled some weird odor coming from it. It was like ginger and garlic and burning wood. It didn't smell bad, but it was certainly an odd smell.

I unzipped the tent and found old man Robert sitting by a small fire he started. There was a hole in the top of his tent letting the smoke out. He sat there, his back facing me. I saw a small pot of water boiling over a wood fire. I was impressed. He had himself a nice collection of knickknacks and various other things all around his tent.

I saw lots of old books piled on top of one another. Lots of old papers with various scribbles on them. There were strange brown objects in one corner. Looked almost like things that Indians used to use many, many years ago in America. His tent was quite bare. Except for a few rugs laid out and his dirty, smelly pillow, he was mostly sleeping on grass and dirt. He lodged his tent next to a tree. Today, at least, the ground was dry. I'm sure that when it rained, it really ruined his stuff.

"Robert?" I asked quietly. I didn't want to startle the man.

He didn't respond.

I noticed he was holding onto a little wooden stick with little leaves on the side of it. He was steadily and slowly bouncing it up and down with his hand in an up-and-down motion. He was also murmuring something to himself. It sounded almost like he was humming, but I'm sure he was saying something.

He kept repeating those murmuring sounds over and over again. I was intrigued. What could he be doing here? I felt a strange wave of nervousness wash over me for a second. I didn't know why. I just felt randomly nervous. It was almost like some mystical spirit was just... making me feel weird and strange as I stood in the presence of his chanting. I decided to ask one more time.

“Rob?” I asked.

Still no response. But then, only a second or two later, he then threw some kind of black-colored powder in the pot and it made a very small explosion. It shocked me a little bit. Then, the water in the pot changed into a bright yellow and he stopped murmuring.

He took a small vial out of his dirty trench coat and, using a set a long iron handles, he dipped the vial into the pot and put it into the vial. Then he put a cork on the top of it. He then turned to me and smiled.

“I’ve done it.” He said quietly.

“Done what?” I asked, still holding his meal in my hands.

“I’ve made my formula. It took me years to finally do it, but I’ve done it.” He said happily. He had a deep, rough voice. I could see his yellow teeth and he wreaked of cigarettes.

“I... I don’t understand, Robert.” I put his meal down on a pile of books.

“You don’t. But you soon will. I’ll see you soon, buddy.” He said happily with a little grin on his face.

He shook the vial a few times in his hand and then took the cork off it. He put it right up to his mouth and drank the whole thing down in just one gulp. He winced at the horrible taste. Then, the formula took effect.

His eyes went wide and he dropped the vial onto the ground. Suddenly, his body slowly faded away. He went from being right there in front of me to becoming partially transparent, like a ghost, to then becoming completely invisible! I couldn't believe it. He just disappeared in front of me! Was this some kind of magic trick!? Where did he go!?

Suddenly, I felt a hand on my chest and I was pushed down and outside the tent. I looked up and Robert was gone. I don't know what pushed me down. I swear, I must've seen him vanish or something. I couldn't believe my own eyes. I must be mistaken. He couldn't have.

I started walking back to the other homeless people in disbelief. I had to ask them. Did they just see what I just saw? There was no way that that just happened.

I walked back to them. I couldn't believe what I saw. He just vanished. I asked the other people who were now just finishing up their meals.

"Did you guys see Robert?" I asked.

"Nope." One of them replied as he was finishing up the last of his potatoes. "I never see him anyways. He's never around. Always off in the woods or whatever."

I started heading back towards my car. Before I got in, I took one more look at the homeless guys. Robert was not with them. Was I seeing things? There was no way that a man could vanish like magic. No possible way. But... there wasn't any Rob here. And like the man said, he's never around anyways. Maybe my anger at Brittney and well... I am under a lack of sleep, probably took an effect on me. Maybe the best thing to do was to head home and rest.

And so, that's just what I did. I didn't get a lot of sleep last night, so when I got back home to my apartment, I just took a little nap. That nap, ended up being a bit too long and I slept from almost 5pm to 5am the next morning. I don't normally sleep like that, but when you're as tired as I was, you kinda have to.

I got ready for my day, had a little breakfast, and then went back out to work at the office. I worked at the Center for Lower Income Citizens in the areas right outside of Boston, Massachusetts. It's never usually too busy here in the office. My job mostly revolves around little office work here and there. I have my own private office and I do a lot of work on my own. Sometimes, I go out and help the homeless, if I don't have any work to do.

I arrived quite early today and sat around my desk just skimming through older e-mails. I had a lot of work to do, so coming in early was the best bet. That was when Brittney arrived in my office. What's she doing here so early? Did she follow me here? Brittney usually slacks off and comes in a bit late. I was surprised, to be honest.

Brittney is about 5' 7. She's a good height and has a smoking hot body. She's got large, soft breasts, beautiful, sensuous skin, and nice lips. She always wears just the right amount of make-up and she has long, straight brown hair. She's very attractive for a girl her age. She's only 22 years old. Just turned about a month ago, however, she's quite spoiled. She went to a rich college because her parents paid her way in and she never studied at all, yet she still managed to pass with good marks. Rumor has it that she's used her very pleasant body to help boost her grades here and there. I can't believe it. Especially when I tried so hard to get into college. And here she was, walking into my office.

It's a private office. Except for the two nice windows behind me, it's quite private and very quiet. I like to relax and think here. Speaking of that, why was she here so early? It's not like her to be... on time and all.

"Hey there... babe." She said walking in.

I noticed that today she was totally NOT dressed according to the office standards we have around here. It was way too sexy. What was she thinking? She was wearing a pink shirt that showed her thin and trim waistline and belly button, she wore a short mini skirt, and she also had on some nice silver, strap high heels. God, she was looking very hot today! I was impressed. I tried not to get a little excited by her appearance today, but I was impressed. However, I'm an important man at this place. I have to maintain my maturity. And... did she just call me 'babe'?

She walked over to me. Her high heels accentuated her legs. Her big breasts appeared even larger in her sexy push-up bra she was wearing today. She was carrying a pen and a folder with some papers in it from her desk. She put it on my desk, but the pen fell on the ground.

"Ooops." She said as she reached down to pick it up. I could see her sexy cleavage through her shirt. She had a nice pair of breasts that I never noticed before.

She put the pen back on my desk and then proceeded to walk closer to me.

"I know what you really want." She said to me sensuously.

I gulped. I hoped she wasn't going to do what I thought she was going to do. This wouldn't be the place for such antics. I mean, I know she's very

attractive and sexy and... but still, I should be the strong one here. I shouldn't give in. Why was she acting like this anyways? Could it have anything to do with Rob yesterday? There's no possible way.

I was sitting on my chair and she went and sat down on my lap. She put her arms around my neck and looked into my eyes. I noticed that she usually has brown eyes, but today they were blue. Were they always blue? That was a little bit odd.

"I... I don't think this is..." I tried to tell her, but before I could get another word in, she started making out with me right then and there. I could feel her big, soft lips up against my own. She had such a beautiful body and her lips felt like little pillows up against my own. I tried to resist, but when I've got this hot girl right here in my lap... I just couldn't help myself.

I kissed her back and it was magical. She felt so good. I was getting slowly turned on by this whole thing too. I could feel my dick rising in my pants. It stood up like a spear and right up against her soft, sexy thigh. She felt it and started massaging it from the outside of my pants. She was coming on quite strong, I wanted to resist, but it just felt so good. With her little, feminine fingers she started pumping it up and down, up and down

gently. It felt so good. My eyes felt like they were going into the back of my head from all the pleasure.

She stuck her tongue out and started French kissing me. I could feel her tongue up against my own, doing a little dance. It felt so good. Her warm tongue in with mine. I felt her breasts pushing up against my own chest. Her large, soft, warm orbs gently nestling up against my body.

I took my hand and started gliding it up and down the curves of her very sensuous body. From her nice, tiny shoulders down to her thin waist and out to her nice and wide hips. She had such soft and supple skin. Absolutely beautiful. I knew many a men who would kill to be in my position. I was nervous, but so turned on. I just decided to go with it anyways.

Soon, my hands found their way to her large, soft, warm breasts. I felt them in my hands. They were perfect. I loved the feeling of them. I traced the outside of them and then slowly made my way in closer to her hardened, rubber-like nipple. I started flicking it up and down, side-to-side with my finger. I could tell it was turning her on wildly.

Her face became even more blushed red and she started kissing me much more passionately. She kissed harder and harder. Really rolling her tongue around with mine. It felt so good. I started flicking her nipple and

moving it around with my finger. I could hear little soft moans escaping her perfect, beautiful lips.

In one quick motion, I stopped kissing her and lifted up her shirt, exposing her big, sexy breasts to me. She looked down at me with desire, biting her little finger as she eagerly awaited my next move.

I then lowered one of her bra cups, allowing easy access to her tits. I then put my tongue up to her breasts and nipple and began sucking and playing with her beautiful, sensuous breast. She was perfect. A beautiful, sexy being who I was dying for. I wanted to fuck her so bad.

I kept licking her nipple more and more, moving it all around in my mouth. I would sometimes gently bite down and roll it around with my teeth. Gently playing with her beautiful body. Her breasts were so soft and warm in my mouth. I loved feeling her up. It felt great.

I took my other hand and traced it down the curves of her back. She had such perfect, soft, beautiful skin. Just the sheer touch of her body was enough to excite me so much. I was so hard now. I wanted to fuck her so bad, like a lion king goes to fuck its female.

I took my hand and brought it down to her short, sexy skirt. In one smooth motion, I unbuttoned her skirt and let it fall the ground. Then, I

took her panties off as well. She had these nice, lime green panties with little frilly lacing on it.

I brought my hand closer to her warm, dripping wet pussy. She knew where I was going. She anticipated it and shuddered as I slowly inched my hand closer to her warm slit. She tilted her head back, letting her long, luscious hair cascade down her back.

I brought my finger closer to her warm pussy. It was already wet and dripping down the sides of her thigh and onto my pants. It had a very musky smell to it. I took my middle finger and started to gently massage the outside of her soft, pink, warm hole. She was so sensitive. I could hear her moaning and breathing hard and I made little circles with my finger.

I started slowly and carefully. I wanted her to really enjoy the pleasure I was giving her. I wanted to carefully feel up every bit of her. It got me so hard to see her trying to resist the intense pleasure. She brought her index finger up to her mouth and bit down, trying to contain herself. I wasn't done yet, though.

I started going faster and faster. I wanted her to cum and cum now. I wanted to hear her moan. I was a little angry at her for being such a stuck-up bitch. I wanted her to suffer for what she's done. If all she thinks about

is herself and her own pleasure, I was going to give it to her. And give it to her hard.

I fingered her harder and harder, faster and faster. I could feel her warm, sticky juices coming out and covering my finger and hand. They ran down my wrist and some of it dripped onto the nice carpeting. I couldn't believe she was getting so turned on by this. She was quite the slut.

I wanted her more and more now. I felt this raging desire flowing through me. I had such passion and desire. I wanted to fuck her so hard. I couldn't contain myself. While she was sitting on my lap, like a brute, I took my hand out of her pussy, picked her whole body up and plopped her onto my desk. She was laying out on my nice, mahogany desk. Legs hanging off the ends in front of me. Her pussy exposed right there. She looked up at me, shocked at what I just did. The tables had turned. If she wanted sex with me that badly, then I'd give it to her just the way she wanted.

I brought my hand back into her pussy and started massaging her g-spot. Using my finger to heavily massage that one spot that makes every girl go wild. She bit down on her lip, trying to contain herself, but she couldn't. She twisted and squirmed around on my desk, knocking many of my nicely organized papers onto the ground.

I kept fingering the hell out of her little, moist, sensitive pussy. Her juices splattering everywhere. She was moaning like crazy. I bet she never felt this good in her entire life. I kept massaging and playing with her. Harder and harder, faster and faster.

“Fuck.... God...” she said breathlessly, in between her moans of pleasure, “... it feels too good! Shit, I’m going to... cum!” She said

I didn’t ease up. I went harder and harder. Really trying to massage every part of her very sensitive pussy. I kept going harder and harder, more and more, faster and faster.

I didn’t think her body could handle this much pleasure. And sure enough, it couldn’t. I felt her groin contract and then warm up suddenly, and a wave of hot, sticky pussy juices gushed out like a wave all over my already soaked hand and then leaked out onto the table. So much came out. I couldn’t even believe it. There was so much of her juices everywhere.

I took my hand and wiped some of it off on the side of her smooth, sensuous thigh. There was still a lot on my hand, though.

“Fuck... this girl can cum so much! My god!” She said.

I was a little surprised she referred to herself as, ‘this girl’, but I didn’t care. I still didn’t cum yet and I desired it badly.

I was a little bit exhausted after the end of it all. I felt tired from everything. Still, she wasn't done yet. She wanted more. And I was totally alright with that.

“Fuck... that felt great.” She said.

She was never one for swearing very often. It was a little bit odd to hear her say these things, but then again, I'm horny and I don't really give a damn. I just want my release.

“Now... it's your turn.” She said to me.

She got off the desk and got onto the carpeting. She crawled up playfully up to me. I was standing and she was right there in front of me with the huge tent in my pants. My dick was so hard now. It was craving some attention finally.

She unbuckled by belt and took off my pants and boxers, exposing my hard dick. It was as hard as a rock and I couldn't wait to fuck her brains out. First, though, she wanted to warm me up a little bit. As if I wasn't warmed up enough already.

She crawled up next to me and took her soft, smooth hands and used them to gently massage and pump my dick. She went gently and easy. It felt amazing. My dick was slowly starting to get all warmed up. I could see it getting red. The blood was flowing through my dick.

She giggled as she watched how I reacted. I bit down on my lip and relaxed as she pleased me with her smooth, angel-like hand. It felt so good. Then, she got a little closer, took her tongue, and started licking the tip of my dick. It felt unbelievable. Every touch and stroke of her tongue sent me over the edge. I could feel the pressure building in my dick. I didn't know if I could handle it much longer.

Soon, she had her whole mouth around the shaft of my dick. She liked to lick especially under the head of my dick where it was the most pleasurable. I couldn't believe it. It was so amazing. I never felt so good in my life. I never knew she could give such a great blowjob before.

Her long, wet tongue wrapped around my warm cock. She started licking every bit of my dick, up and all around. It was so good. Then, she went faster and faster. Her mouth bouncing up and down on my dick. Harder and harder, more and more. Really turning me on like hell. I couldn't believe it. She kept going. She was like a little nympho, trying to get me unload my warm, sticky seed right into her awaiting mouth.

She didn't stop. She kept going. Harder and harder, faster and faster, more and more. It felt so good.

“Fuck, girl! Shit... this feels so good!” I grunted.

I took my hands and put them on the sides of her head. I started using her head like a little sex toy. Something for my own pleasure. Just to please me and only me. I made her pump me harder and harder, faster and faster. One hand was on the side of her head, the other was holding back her long, sexy hair.

I made her suck the hell out of my dick. Harder and harder, faster and faster. It felt so good. I couldn't control it. I needed release. I felt the warm pleasure reaching its brink. It was just too amazing. I felt like I was in heaven. One more pump. Then one more. I couldn't bear to go any further. And then I felt myself give in. My body couldn't take this kind of intense pleasure.

I shot a giant load of sticky, white, and warm cum right into her awaiting mouth. There was so much. I never felt so great in my entire life. Hell, I never came that much before. This girl was a miracle worker. I felt amazing. I shot a ton of it right into her mouth and she even swallowed a ton of it right down her throat. It was incredible. When she finally opened her mouth back up, there was still lots of sticky cum steadily dripping down her cheeks and chin, then sputtering onto her chest or carpet. She tried to catch some of it in her mouth, but it pooled up and drizzled down her arm.

She let out a very satisfied sigh of happiness. I could see with her smile that she enjoyed taking that large load. I never knew Brittney was such a raging slut. Maybe she always had the hots for me and finally gave in? What was with her anyways? I looked into her eyes. Her new blue eyes were a little strange. I know very few people with blue eyes in my daily life. She always had brown eyes. Now they were blue. Kind of just like Roberts. He had that color. Whatever happened to the man anyways?

I looked back down at her body. She was sweaty and covered in her own and my own sticky liquids. She smiled happily, knowing she did her duty. But my dick wasn't done yet. It only needed a short, one minute break before I looked down at that beautiful girl in front of me. Her smooth, sexy skin, those big breasts, that amazing pussy. My dick might've shot out one load, but it was far from done.

I pushed her down onto her back and she looked up at me. She knew what I wanted now. She spread her legs and exposed her pussy to me. With my hard dick, I got closer to her, bent over her, and shoved my warm, cum-covered dick into her warm pussy.

I didn't need a condom. I didn't care. I was too driven wild by the pleasure. I just wanted to fuck the hell out of this girl. I still had one more go in me and I was determined to keep going. I was driven wild with desire.

Her pussy was so tight and felt amazing. Every little bump felt like ecstasy on my dick. It was so warm and wet in her pussy. It felt perfect. I shoved my dick in as hard as it could go. She moaned out as I jammed it in. It felt so good! I couldn't believe it!

I started rocking my body over hers, grabbing her shoulders, and using that as leverage to shove my cock deeper and deeper into her pussy with every stroke. I went hard and deep. It felt like heaven. My dick was covered in her warm pussy juices. Every bit of her pussy just felt so unbelievable.

I pumped in and out of her. Sometimes I speed up and go as fast as I could. Fucking her harder and harder. I felt driven with lust. All I wanted was to get off. Her pussy was so warm and moist. It almost felt too good. I didn't know if I could hold it any longer.

Every time I kept going hard and fast, she would lean back a bit, letting me get a better angle. She'd take her soft, smooth legs and wrap them around my hard back, bracing herself. She hold onto the back of my head and neck with her arms. Her eyes looked like they were going into the back of her head, she was in so much pleasure. Brittney's mouth was wide open. I went down and started to make-out with her passionately.

She closed her eyes as our tongues danced around each other. I could smell her breath through my nose. Her body was a little bit sweaty. I could feel it on her back and sides. That didn't slow me down, though. I kept fucking her as hard as I could. Really pushing my dick in as deep as I could get it. I could almost feel the end of her pussy with the tip of my big cock.

“Cum for me, baby.” She said to me. “Cum. Right into my pussy.”

This girl didn't hold back. She really wanted me to do it. Cum right into her. I admit, I was on the brink. I could feel the pressure building in my dick. The pleasure was immense. I could shoot out my heavy, thick load any minute now.

I kept jamming my dick in and out of her warm, wet, amazing pussy. Her juices were flowing like a little stream down her body and onto the floor. I fucked her as hard as I could. Harder and harder. Faster and faster. It felt so good. The pleasure was too much.

“Fuck... fuck... I can't...” I said breathlessly. “I'm cumming! God, your pussy is so good!”

I tried to hold back, but I was so lost in the pleasure that I couldn't control it. I didn't want to stop. I wanted to keep going. Then, it happened. I felt the pressure build and build until I finally burst and blew my heavy, thick, white load all into her warm, wet pussy. I lay there, my

eyes half open, as a thick stream of my cum shot out. It was like a burden of carrying a thousand pounds was finally lifted off me and angels were gently and pleasantly flying me away to heaven.

I let out a deep breath of relief and slowly collapsed onto her big breasts. She lay there, her legs spread, my dick still in her pussy. She was still a little sweaty, but I didn't mind. She looked at me and smiled, running her hands through my hair gently. She was just as happy as I was. I felt so sleepy after the end of it all. I just wanted to rest. My eyes felt very heavy.

She giggled.

“Well... that was the best fuck I had in a while.” She said. “Didn't know you'd be that good, buddy.”

I lay there, but I couldn't just sleep. For one thing, while I was still early to work today, it was going to be starting soon. Brittney and I were still the only ones in the building. Secondly... why did she say 'buddy' again? The only person I know that says that is... Robert. But he's... I don't know. Things have been crazy lately.

I shook off the sleepiness, got up, and got dressed. She did the same. I felt strange. Today... Brittney wasn't acting herself. Plus... I just fucked the hell out of her. And... we're co-workers. What's going on here? I don't

understand. She was ok with this. I didn't know whether to feel happy or weirded out.

It took me a few seconds to comprehend the situation. I looked her down and up again. She was dressed super hot today. We just had sex in my office in the early morning. This girl would never fuck me in a million years. What was I thinking being with her? Something is not right here.

I looked at her one more time. She looked back at me and smiled. Something was off about her. I could just tell. Instinctively.

"Brittney. Are you... feeling... alright?" I asked, looking at her with a look of suspicion.

"Of course. Never better." She replied back.

That answer didn't work with me. I was trusting my gut on this one. Something was off about her. I just needed to find out what.

"Your eyes are... a little bit different..." I told her.

"Really?" She asked, feigning ignorance.

"Yeah. Usually they're brown, but today they're blue."

"Well... I'm wearing color contacts today." She replied. She thought she was being smart here.

She sat down in my chair and looked up at me. She smiled. It wasn't a happy smile, though. It was a fake, I'm-up-to-no-good type of smile.

There was one thing that intrigued me, however. The way she sat down. Women don't sit like she's sitting now – Brittney especially. When wearing a skirt, they always cross their legs. You don't cross your legs and you wear a skirt, other guys can see straight through to your panties. In which case, that was the view I had right there. Sexy, no doubt, but this was not Brittney. Could she just be acting more casual today? I confronted her about it.

I paused, looked at her one more time, and told her.

“You're sitting... like a man, Brittney.”

“What? It's more comfortable this way. Can't a girl do what she wants these days?” She giggled.

She had a point. I can't hold her accountable for that. And for the colored contacts thing? Well... I can't get close enough to her to really inspect it. Nor do I really care. I must be going crazy. I must be. I probably should get more sleep every night, eat a healthy diet, that kind of stuff. I mean... look... I'm not even thinking straight. First, I imagine Robert vanishing before my very eyes. Then, I'm having sex with my co-worker. And after that, I'm calling her out for being not the real Brittney. Yup, I'm losing it. I think I need to take that vacation after all.

It was getting hotter out now and the room was heating up. I walked over to the air conditioner and turned it on maximum cold air. The machine was a little bit dusty. I really should clean this thing more often.

“Fuck, Brittney.” I said, feeling a little defeated, my head drooping down. “I think all these long hours are getting to me. Coming in early, leaving late, doing all these extra tasks here and there. I need a vacation. Listen, once you get up, mind grabbing me the holiday request forms? I think I’ll head to Mexico or Hawaii. Use up my vacation time for once.”

I walked over to get a tissue in the corner of the room. Might as well get the dust of the air-con unit as well as some of the other dust around here. Right as I headed to the tissue box to grab one, Brittney let out a big sneeze. Probably from all the dust blowing about.

“Shit!” She said. But weirdly enough, her voice was a deep baritone this time. It sounded weird. I turned around to look at her. “God, this place is dusty!”

That was so unlike her. Her voice was... deep. Masculine-sounding. It was weird seeing that manly voice coming out of her beautiful, pink lips. Did I just hear her right?

“Brittney?” I asked.

“Yeah... what is it?” She said again. I don’t think she noticed.

“You sound like a... man.” I told her.

She quickly put her little, girly hands up to her mouth in an attempt to cover herself up. Her eyes went wide. She then tried to clear her throat and tried to speak again, but it wasn't working. She still had her deep voice again.

“You sound like...”

She shook her head, trying to deny it. She knew what I was about to say.

“You sound like... Robert. The homeless man.”

She shook her head again. I grabbed her hands and pulled them away from her mouth.

“You're not Brittney! You're Robert!”

She finally relinquished. She knew the gig was up. She looked up at me in her cute, little eyes.

“Alright, you got me.” She said, Robert's booming voice coming out of her cute, little mouth. “It's me. Fuck! You're a smart one, I'll give it to you. Guess I still need to work on the whole 'voice' thing, right.” He laughed.

“Wait... so... what the fuck? Did I just have sex with...?” I asked.

“Yup, you did.” She said, happily.

“Oh my god!” I felt sick to my stomach.

I basically just had sex with Robert, the stinky, crazy, old, homeless man who lives the other end of town! Holy shit! I couldn't believe it. Here I was. At work. And Brittney isn't even Brittney. It's that creepy fucker! Did I just fuck a man!? I feel so gross now. I don't know what to think.

She just laughed.

“I got you good, didn't I?” She joked.

“I had sex with a man!”

“No, no, no. You didn't.” She looked at me smiling. “You had sex with me, Brittney. Your girl that you've had a crush on for so long.”

I looked back at him.

“Yup, that's right, my boy. I can read her memories. Access her thoughts and mannerisms. I know everything. She knows you have a little crush on her. She sees it. She knows. And... funny part is... she likes you too.”

“Oh my god.”

She just couldn't stop laughing.

“Well... I must say. Sex as a girl certainly feels fucking fantastic. I loved it. It felt so much better than sex as a man, that's for sure. It was unbelievable.”

“God, I feel all weird.”

“Don’t worry. It’s all fine. There’s one little secret I forgot to mention to you.”

“And what’s that?”

“It’s just a potion, my friend.”

“A what?”

“Yeah, remember when I was in the tent with you. I cooked up a little potion. It’s from hundreds of years ago. I found the book that told me everything. It took a lot of work, but I finally crafted it. It was the possession potion. Very powerful. So, when you saw me turn invisible, that’s when I gained the ability. I ran past you and went to where Brittney was.”

“How’d you know about her?”

“C’mon, I see you two there all the time. Or, at least, I see you there all the time. Handing out food and stuff. She sits around and does nothing. I could see the look of both frustration and... desire on your face. And since I’ve got no home, I get to explore the city quite easily. I do enjoy that very much. I found out where she lived. Once I took the potion, I just met up with you the next morning and BAM, here we are now.”

“Why? Why do this?”

“Well... first... you’re a good man. Always helping people. Second... she’s not very good. She could be taught a little lesson. Third... I have always wanted to try out being a girl. And let me tell you...” He said as he felt up his soft, new breasts. “... I enjoy it very much.”

“I don’t know how I feel about all this.” I told him.

Here I was, in my office, with sexy Brittney and... it wasn’t even her. It was... Robert. I couldn’t comprehend it. This hot, beautiful girl with her amazing breasts and that perfect ass... and it’s not even her.

“Don’t worry. I have one final gift to impart upon you before I leave.”

“And what’s that?”

“She’ll remember everything. In a good way. I can alter her mind. She’s in a deep sleep right now. But I will alter her memory to make her think that she did all this stuff right now. She’ll be sucking your dick dry every night and day now. This is something you’re going to love.”

He then relaxed his shoulders and almost rolled his eyes into the back of his head. His eyelashes flicked rapidly for a few seconds, before he finally returned to normal.

“And... done.” She said.

“Just like that? That’s it?”

“That’s it. And one final thing. I’ll still be around. Don’t worry about that. I’m having too much fun being a girl. And... I still haven’t even completed my mission yet. You’re such a distraction, y’know that?” She giggled.

“Well, anyways... I think my time here is done.” She said. “I’ll be seeing you around... buddy.”

Suddenly, her body spasmed and shook. Her eyes went wide and her back arched. Only about three seconds later, she stopped and fell to her knees. I ran and caught her.

I felt a hand on my shoulder briefly before it went away. When I looked, nobody was there. I looked down again at Brittney.

“Are you okay, Brittney?” I asked.

“Huh? Wha... what’s going on? Where am I?” She asked before finally looking back up at me.

“You fell over there. You okay?”

“Yeah... yeah. I’m ok. Thanks.” She said as she got up and brushed herself off. “I have a pounding headache. But thank you, though.”

She reached out and kissed me on the lips.

“Work’s... about to start, y’know.” I told her smiling.

“Yeah, it is. Well... I’d better be going now. I’ll be seeing you.”

I looked at her as she walked out the door of my office. I wondered if she knew how she was dressed right now. It was kinda funny seeing her walk off to her desk in such a sexy, slutty outfit. Then again, I didn't mind it too much. What I did want to know about was what was going to happen to old man Robert.

Where did he go? What did he mean by his 'Mission'? I had no idea. But a part of me wanted to find out. I don't want any more trouble out of this guy. I don't think his plan with that potion is to just... 'Try out being a girl'. No way.

I walked towards the exit of the building. Brittney was sitting in her desk in a cheery, smiley mood. Odd, of course, because she's never happy. Zack and Stacie, two of my other co-workers, had already arrived and were sipping on some coffee gossiping about Brittney – especially her new appearance today.

"Brittney, I'm taking the day off. I'm not feeling so well. Let the boss know. Ok?" I said as I headed out.

"Sure thing." I heard her say before the elevator doors shut behind me.

I was not going to rest until I found Robert and discovered what he was up to. It wasn't going to be easy. He could be anywhere and anyone.

But seeing as how he liked to hang around some of the indoor shopping malls in the area, I think I could narrow it down.

Things are about to get interesting.