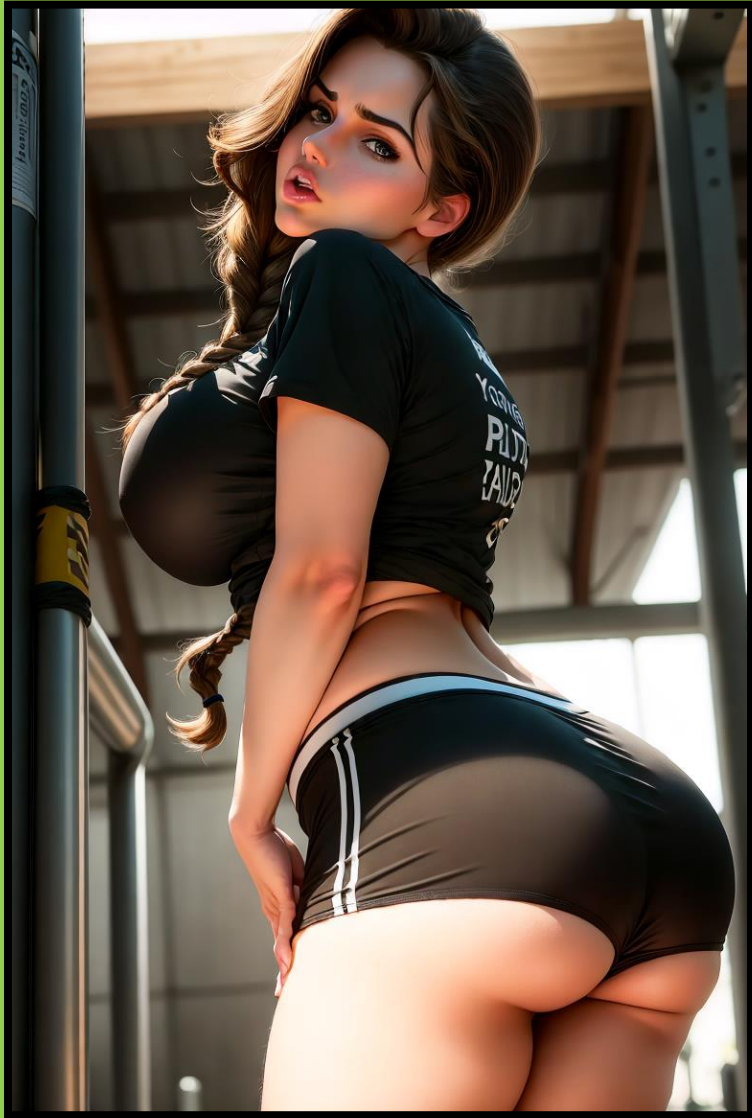




## Chapter 2: Conversion

**BY BEWCI**



### *Ding Dong*

The doorbell rang. Scott fidgeted outside the door, waiting for Robert. He knew what had happened to Nancy. He had cracked the case. Scott's eyes gazed at his phone screen, anticipating a notification that would consume his mind with thoughts of lust. The hypnosis had loosened its grip during the height of peak ecstasy, but the new suggestions later had captured him again. Scott tapped his shoes, pressing the elbow with his delicate fist. All he had to do was swipe down and press the airplane mode option, or the power button long enough to shut it down. Scott, however, was not alone.

"Everything's alright, Samantha?" Nancy asked, her eyes narrowing as she noticed Scott's shaky limbs. "Yeah, yeah, everything's fine," Scott said, putting on a smile. Scott had not arrived at Robert's house by himself. In order to keep tabs on her, he left his car at the gym parking lot and rode with Nancy. The door opened, and Robert walked out with wide eyes as he noticed his wife and his hired investigator standing together. "Oh, Babe! You are home!" he said with hesitation, raising an eyebrow at Scott.

"Oh, honey, meet my new friend Samantha Reid! She's my gym partner now!" said Nancy. "Oh! Hi!" Robert waved his hand at Scott. "He is my husband, Robert," Nancy introduced him to Scott, which Scott responded with a tight smile and a wave as he greeted, "Hi."

"Come in," Robert said. Nancy and Scott trailed behind Robert as he entered the roomy hall and settled on the plush couch in the centre. After a few minutes of chat, Robert

asked Nancy, “You must be tired. Freshen up, and I’ll treat you to dinner.”

“Not just tired. I stink! I need a shower!” Nancy exclaimed, standing up in embarrassment. “But I won’t go out for dinner tonight with you,” she said. “I must follow the diet as per my fitness regimen.”

“Oh, c’mon, Nancy. Don’t be ridiculous. One night won’t differ!” Robert said. Scott noticed Nancy glaring at Robert, but before she could utter a word, her phone ringed with a notification. Scott sighed in surprise as he saw her expressions melt away in a second, her eyes calming down with a longing. She couldn’t help but raise her hand to rub her neck and said, “Sweetheart, I’m the boss around here. I’ll tell you when to take me for dinner. Am I right, Samantha?”

Scott gasped, embarrassed, giggling to ease the tension. “Um, uh, I should go now,” he muffled, standing up to leave. “Sorry for making it weird, honey. It’s just what it is,” Nancy laughed as she walked up the stairs into his room, leaving behind dead silence.

“It’s been over three years. Yet we haven’t had a child in our family. And she blames me for it!” Robert whispers in frustration. “I have done multiple tests. Everything is normal for me. It’s not my fault that she’s barren!”

Scott looked at Robert in surprise, hearing about the entire ordeal. “Why are you still standing? She is gone. Sit down.” Robert said, “Anyway, it is great that you listened to me and became friends with her. So, you must have figured out who’s making her sleepless all night. Who is that bastard?”

“Robert, that’s not wha—” Scott’s words faded in the buzzing ring of his phone’s notification. “Oh!” he gawked at the screen with a message from Nancy. “Hey, Sam, my bad for putting you on the spot. Don’t mind. Hope we meet again at the gym tomorrow!” Scott fell back on the sofa, feeling the rise of heat in his nether. Despite his strong desire to touch it, the suggestions steered his hands away somewhere else. He steered his hands to his arms with much difficulty. “What’s wrong? Are you feeling cold?” Robert asked as Scott rubbed his arms and moaned under heavy breaths.

Scott struggled to speak, as his soul sunk deeper into his subconscious, struggling with Samantha, who wished to take over the lithe body and fulfil the task given to her. Soon her hands were tracing up to her neck, dipping later to her cleavage. Robert was gaping at the sight of the beautiful woman caressing herself. His investigator’s baffling and provocative actions in front of him left him feeling a mix of confusion and curiosity. The knowledge that his wife was just upstairs heightened his desire with a sheer rush of adrenaline. Samantha had been reclusive the night before, but now her behaviour exuded lecherous intentions.

But as Robert stood up to walk over to Scott with a mischievous smile, Scott exclaimed, “No! Stay away!” Robert was shocked by the sudden change of tone and asked, “What’s your problem?! You push me away, then pull me in, then push me away again! C’mon, it’s not gay! You have a woman’s body! And looks like being one is taking a toll on you. Women are said to have greater sexual desires than men. Don’t you feel that in your guts? Yeah, that’s you craving for a man.”

“It doesn’t matter what I want. Just stay away from me!” Scott yelled, regaining control over himself. “Hush! Nancy can hear you! Fine! I won’t force you. The offer is always there for you. Even a grand extra, if you wish!” Robert said, smirking.

“You’re a sick man, Robert. No wonder Nancy is having an affair with Mr. Paul Moore!” Scott said with a sly smile, “I saw them kiss and be intimate in the men’s locker room. Yeah, you heard it right. Your wife was letting him touch every part of her body. And she enjoyed it.” Robert clenched his fists and seethed with anger as he listened to Scott’s harsh words. “There you go, case closed. I will need you to pay me now,” Scott said.

“Not so fast, Samantha,” Robert said, “You speak in great detail about this illicit relationship between my wife and a man named Paul, but you have provided no proof of their intimacy.” Scott’s heart pounded in his chest as fear surged through him, terrified of the consequences that would follow if his lie got exposed. “If you want your money, bring me the photos of them in the act. You’ll get your payment, and I will get my divorce. We all walk away happy.”

Beads of sweat formed on Scott’s forehead as he stood in silence, staring at Robert. His vindictive rage towards Robert made him commit this grave mistake, which had further entrapped him. “Should I keep lying and think of a solution later, or should I come clean before it’s too late?!” Scott thought, “What would be his reaction to the truth?! I said all those nasty things about her wife!”

Scott gulped and let out a weak mutter, “Oh, um, okay.” He couldn’t stand another second looking at Robert’s face. A

deep sense of vitriol and disgust overwhelmed him, urging him to walk away. As Scott made his way home, the absurd and helpless situation brought tears to his eyes and made him sick to his stomach. He couldn't help but puke behind a bush to calm himself down. "Fucking men! What do they think they are?! Fucking scoundrels! Perverts!" Scott screamed, letting out all the rage he had been feeling since he joined the gym training program. He pulled out his phone from the purse and switched it off. "Fuck, I am so exhausted I can fall asleep right here," Scott whispered. He hailed for a taxi as it approached him, then made his way home.

"Ugh," Scott groaned in the middle of the night, turning and sleeping on his stomach and large breasts. "Fuuucckk, get these off me!" he screamed and flung himself onto his side, the suffocating pressure of the cumbersome tits bearing up against him. Hunger gnawed at him, his gut growling in protest since he had skipped dinner. "What time is it?" Scott mumbled, looking around for his phone in the dark with half-closed eyes. With no hesitation, he turned it on.

The phone chimed as the home screen appeared. The sudden, bright flash of light on Scott's face snapped him out of his drowsiness, making him realize his grave mistake. "No, no, no!"

The internet was active, bombarding the phone with a constant stream of notifications stuck for the last nine hours. "Oh, God!" Scott's eyes shot up in arousal as the ringing phone buzzed in his ears. The repetitive pings sent him spiralling towards an unprecedented arousal, surpassing his senses in a way he had never known. With a soft touch, his

hands glided down his neck, coming to rest on his breasts. A gentle squeeze made him yelp in ecstasy and in that moment, his determination faltered and Samantha overtook him. She was restless and eager to revel in her beauty for the entire night. No longer giving a damn about her male alter ego, she felt every curve and crevice of her body, except her intimate area. Her desperation pushed her into a wanton frenzy, rendering her rest of the night sleepless.

Dawn broke, scattering warm rays of light on Scott's face. Scott grunted as he lifted himself up from the bed and gaped in horror at the mess he had caused. The sheets were crusty, caked in his vaginal discharge, and stains of his squirted pee were all over. "Ew!" Scott bawled in disgust, pulling off the dirty sheets to wash. He picked up the phone and switched it off again, putting it in a drawer out of his reach.

Scott had a thorough shower to calm himself down. The question of how he would secure the evidence required to deceive Robert and reclaim the money and his body weighed on his mind. However, showering warm droplets of water hitting his skin offered a small measure of comfort. As his hands moved across his waist, he couldn't help but awaken the memories of his self-pleasure session that night. Scott blushed and couldn't help but chuckle at his thoughts. The wet palms stroking against his soft skin felt too good to deny it under the pretence of his male ego. "Ohh," Scott moaned, feeling the drizzle hit his sensitive nipples. He lifted the tear-shaped breasts with his hands, getting a better angle at them, and giggled as they puckered up from the intense sensation. "I should not fight this anymore. It's so relieving! There's something good about this after all," said Scott. His fingers



glided through the silky brunette hair, tucking it behind his ear before trailing down to his hips. His heart pounded with anticipation, the thumping filling his ears as he prepared to do the unthinkable. The fingers tickled his inner thighs, but couldn't dare to touch the swollen folds between his legs. No matter how hard he tried, the hand refused to move an inch closer. The instructions given to Scott during the hypnosis session came rushing back to him, reminding him he was forbidden to touch his nether regions. "Ugh, this is so frustrating," Scott groaned.

Once Scott stepped out of the shower, he took the time to dry himself off before selecting his gym outfit for the day. With a newfound sense of self-assurance, he was no longer ashamed of being a woman. The change that swept over him was undeniable, and he accepted it, basking in its empowering presence, unencumbered by his femininity. Instead of opting for clothes that provided maximum coverage, Scott selected garments that would feel comfortable and unrestricted during workouts. For his top, he opted for a black t-shirt to pair with a white lacy push-up bra, while for the bottom, he chose black shorts. While going through the bag of clothes, Scott stumbled upon a box of makeup. It had a cleanser, foundation, concealer, and all kinds of other accessories. He had noticed the other girls in the gym, their faces adorned with makeup. "I should blend well with them," Scott said, lifting the brush to paint his face. By taking care not to overdo it, he spent fifteen minutes perfecting his face, his eyes widening as he observed the outcome. "Wow, I look gorgeous!" he gasped, looking into the mirror. With patience, Scott brushed his long hair until it

untangled and braided it using his newly acquired skill. He packed his water bottle and other essentials in a bag and rushed to the gym.

Scott had left his car in the gym's parking lot, as he wanted to keep track of Nancy and meet Robert. So, he had to walk two miles to reach Venus Gym. As Scott walked by, he couldn't help but feel self-conscious as he noticed the lingering gazes of men fixated on his revealing outfit. Scott frowned and walked as fast as he could without drawing more attention to him. Meanwhile, he was also ashamed of choosing so skimpy outfits. He regretted prioritizing his comfort over covering his body. But that feeling didn't last long as he noticed the men staring at him. Their intentions were obvious through their gaze. What started as shame for himself soon morphed into a repugnant feeling towards them. Scott yearned for the men to fade away, as if they were mere figments of his imagination. He didn't want to be bothered by their presence at all. In those moments, he realized that the best way to achieve that is to not let their presence bother him at all.

Scott pushed back all the negative thoughts and walked with confidence, his hips swaying and his stride exuding elegance. A smirk appeared on Scott's face as he revelled in his dominance over those men. By embracing his true self, he had already conquered a significant part of the challenge. Scott's enjoyment extended beyond the power he possessed; he soon relished the attention as well, resulting in an energized gait that caused his curves to jiggle with every step. Turning heads of not just men, but everyone around him, Scott didn't care anymore about flaunting his curves in front of strangers. The exorbitant strides left him breathless and

drenched in sweat, giving him an intense workout even before he stepped into the gym.

“Hey, Samantha!” Nancy called, waving his hand. Scott noticed her and Lucy standing outside the gym and walked up to them. “Hi, guys,” Scott greeted with heavy breaths. “Wow! Girl, you’re dedicated!” said Nancy. “Actually, she forgot her car over there,” Lucy said, pointing to the car parked in the lot. With its chapped paint and shabby seats, the old Mustang looked like it had seen better days. Nancy and Lucy cringed, looking at it. Nancy couldn’t hold a chuckle as she said, “Sam, I apologize, but that is trash! Where did you get that?!” Scott, feeling a sense of judgment, let out a nervous giggle as he replied, “That’s actually my father’s.” The girls stopped the ridicule and turned serious. “Oh, my God, I am so sorry,” said Lucy. “I’m sorry, Samantha,” Nancy said, “I love that you cherish the memory of your father. But you deserve to live your own life! That car needs some extensive servicing, or you should buy a better car!” Scott expressed gratitude for the concern and stated, “I will take it for service.”

“You can always send me the bill if you need any help. I don’t want my friends to be lacking, you know,” Nancy said. As Scott heard the sarcastic undertone, he couldn’t help but feel a slight sting inside. He wondered, “Does she really feel embarrassed about being my friend just because of my car?”

“Oh, but I don’t need that. I can take care of it myself,” Scott said, walking into the gym by himself. Scott noticed the irritated look of both Nancy and Lucy in the reflection of the glass door and smiled. As he walked in, he recalled his actions

and said, “Wait, why did I antagonize myself to her for a petty statement? I need to be her friend for the investigation to continue! Shit!” But as Scott turned around, he saw Nancy and Lucy enter the gym and move past him without joining him.

“That was really uncalled for. She was just being nice!” whispered Lucy as she walked by Scott. Nancy headed to the squat section while Lucy settled in her seat as the receptionist. Scott was unaware of the schedule of the specialized training. Lucy halted him as he entered the special training section and spoke. “Self-Love Unconditional Training is only on weekdays. Today is Saturday, so it’s only physical workouts for now.”

“Oh, thanks for letting me know,” Scott said, walking back to the large workout room and lifting a pair of dumbbells. While he was doing a set of biceps-curls, he noticed Lucy staring at him, while reading some piece of paper. Scott was not so amused by her attention, as being a private investigator, he could tell she was looking with malicious intents. But he didn’t know what it could be. As far as he was concerned, Lucy and he were still friends. Despite being aware of her, Scott attempted to stay focused on his exercise, not wanting to let her know. As he was amid lifting squats, he saw Nancy and Lucy engaged in conversation, glancing in his direction once in a while. Scott’s unease grew as he became more suspicious of the gossip swirling around him.

“What is going on?” Scott thought, as he released the bar and walked up to them to confront them. Scott said, “Hey, Nancy,

I am sorry for being so unpleasant out there. I know you just wanted to help. I hope there is no animosity between us.”

Nancy and Lucy looked at each other and burst out in laughter. Their sudden change of behaviour surprised Scott, amusing him with laughter too. “We got you!” Nancy said. “Trust me, Nancy has a short temper, but she is never mean to anyone,” Lucy said. “Oh, thank you!” Scott exclaimed.

“In case you’re still wondering, we were talking about you. How you could be the next trainee of the month!” Lucy said, raising her hands with excitement. “Trainee of the month?” Scott asked.

“Yes! Mrs. Ritchson has taken a liking to you. Your enthusiasm in the last training program, and your physique, I mean, look at you! You’re like a perfect role model for other members!” Nancy said. “That’s why she has included your name on the list of trainees who will be voted based on their participation in the training and popularity in the class!”

“Oh, wow,” Scott said, as he whispered under heavy breaths, “shit.”

“Mrs. Ritchson wants to meet you! Come with me!” Lucy said.

*(To be continued)*

*(Chapter 3 coming soon!)*

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