

Where did it all start, you ask me? Well, here darling. That's the short answer anyway, it started for me right here in this very club.

It all seems so long ago now, my first night here at Wildcats. To be honest I'm not even sure how long it's been, months, years, maybe even a decade since my first visit. It feels like it's been a lifetime ago and in many ways it was.

You see I wasn't part of the staff then, no, no, I was a member of the clientele you see.

It was late into a long night of drinking and partying when I first stumbled through the front door. I had recently broken up from a long term relationship and while all the other bars were shutting down for the night, I wanted to celebrate my recently reclaimed bachelorhood until the break of dawn.

My friends all made excuses, dropping from the party one by one, each mentioning something about needing to get home to the wife or the girlfriend or having to be up early tomorrow for a big meeting. All the tell-tale signs of a group of men who had just passed through the threshold of being called a group of young men.

But not me, oh no! I had no one waiting for me at home, no big corporate presentations to give! I was young, I was single, and I had a belly full of enough liquor to knock over a mountain lion

So I trudged on alone, desperate to find any club or bar that could keep my one-man bacchanalia afloat. And find it I did, in this little hole in the wall.

I don't know what I expected from an establishment that was open so late, but it certainly wasn't this. Slipping the bouncer a few bills as I entered, my eyes widened in delight taking in the sight of girls packed wall to wall throughout the modest club. Dancing, waitressing, tending to the bar and to the customers of course. Each one of them stunningly beautiful and clad only in a tight latex catsuit that left little to the imagination. I'd thought I'd died and gone to heaven.

Making my way to the bar, I tried my best to refrain from gawking at all the hot tail, but obviously this was a feat of willpower that was well past my level of sobriety. A gorgeous blonde woman spotted me from across the dancefloor and with a grin she made her way towards me.

"Hey there handsome," she purred at me. "Welcome to Wildcats, is this your first time here?"

"I- uhm, me? Y-yeah!" I fumbled, dumbstruck at this dream of a woman who was actually talking to me. The latex clung tightly to her ample bosom and wide hips, proudly showing off a body that would make a supermodel jealous.

"What's your name, love?" She asked.

Good lord I was so awestruck from this girl, I'd actually forgotten my own name. A long, awkward pause ensued as my gin-soaked neurons struggled to recall the answer.

"Taylor!" I finally blurted out. "My name's Taylor!"

"Well Taylor, my name is Kat," she smiled seductively, knowing full well the effect she was having on me. "Is there anything I can get you?"

"Ha! That's uh, that's cute. What with the theme and all."

They really had gone all out on it, up close I noticed all the little details, the stilettoed black nails to look like claws, the way her ears seemed to come to a pointed tip, even her pupils formed thin slits instead of circles to complete the cat-like look. Prosthetics and contact lens, or so I had thought, a little bit of theatricality to give the guests a more unique experience.

"Oh yes we take appearances very seriously here. Can't be a real cathouse without a proper sense of presentation darling. Now then, were you looking for something? A drink? A dance? Or maybe," she leaned in close, flashing a smile that showed off her fanged teeth, "Something a little more?"

Oh, erm, I uhhh..." I tried my best to form some kind of response, but my booze-addled brain was still reeling from the realization of what this place was.

"Oh what's that matter dear, cat got your tongue?"

I grimaced, embarrassed to have walked right into that one. She still uses that line you know, on just about any poor dope who can't think of a response fast enough.

"No, it's just I just got out of a serious relationship and I-"

"Shhhh shush," she cut me off, placing a clawed finger to my lips. "Poor, little kitten. Got his heart broken?"

I nodded silently, trying my best not to bring up bad memories.

"What was her name dear?"

"Maggie," I mumbled around her finger.

"Sounds like a real bitch and there's nothing a cat like me hates more than a dog who doesn't know her place. Come with me dear," she said, taking me by the hand. "I know just what you need."

Leading the way, Kat pulled me along. Back behind the bar, through the STAFF ONLY door, and down a dimly lit hallway with dozens of different doors. Still quite drunk I was happy to follow along, mesmerized by the way her hips swayed back and forth in the tight latex.

"Here we are dear," she said, unlocking the last door on the left. Inside was a modest decor, shag carpeting, mirrors on the walls, and one plush, comfortable looking bed in the center.

"Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!" I paused, "I didn't realize this was that kind of place. Isn't this sort of thing illegal?"

"Oh kitten, don't worry," Kat shoved me down onto with a surprising amount of force. "It's only illegal if you pay for it. This one's on the house."

Her lips pressed against mine in a long and tender kiss. It could have been the liquor, it could have been the loneliness, but all I knew was that Kat was right. I needed this, I needed her.

Embracing her, I wrapped my arms around her waist and pulled her onto the bed with me. Following the basest of instincts, I grasped at the latex, attempting to pull free the garments.

"Mmm, fierce little thing aren't you?" She teased, undoing the back zipper. Pulling it down slowly, exposing her naked breasts. "I'll make a tiger out of you yet!"

With a vicious smile and a wild look in her eye, she pounced on top of me. We made love for what felt like hours, our bodies colliding and combining together in twisted and shifting new forms. It was incredible, like nothing I'd ever experienced with Maggie or any other woman before.

Finally after one last passionate throw, I collapsed onto the bed, my energy and stamina entirely sapped. Fatigue set in and the alcohol at last caught up with me. Panting and sweating, I fell back into the comfort of the bed.

Kat towered over me, her feline-like eyes seemed to glow in the darkness. Curling up on top of me, she whispered into my ear as I drifted off to sleep.

"Marvelous, kitten, absolutely marvelous. You're going to love it here."

Now being told something like that should have perturbed me, or at the very least gotten some sort of reaction, but at that point I was simply too tired and too drunk to care. This was a problem I could deal with in the morning.

Okay well late afternoon if I'm being honest. It had been a long night for me and a late rising really isn't all that odd after a night of debauchery. What was odd was that I woke up at home instead of the club.

My mouth dry and my head pounding, I pulled myself off the sofa and surveyed my surroundings. I was in my apartment, my living room to be specific, fully clothed and fully confused. There was, well still is, a blank space in my memory between my encounter with Kat and my return home to the comfort of face-down blackout on the couch.

I would have written off the whole Wildcats experience was just a dream. A mysterious club full of gorgeous latex clad nymphomaniacs? Obviously a concoction made more from rum than reality.

Or at least that's what I would have thought were it not for the business card stuff in my shirt pocket. Feeling it's weight, I pulled out the card to examine it. It was a simple design, the silhouette of a black cat on a white background; no address, no phone number, just the logo and the name Wildcats emblazoned on the top.

Flipping it over I found a brief note written on the back.

Taylor,

Thank you for the wonderful night, you really were a true animal. If you can resist the urges I'd love to have you back. And if not, you'd make an excellent addition to the staff.

*See You Soon,
Kat*

So obviously not the usual note you find after a drunken bender. Of the few I've received before they typically involve something being broken or someone being vomited on. But this was different, urges? What the hell does that mean?

So I tried doing a little research; googled the name of the club, no results. Tried searching the area on maps, nothing. I even tried a reverse image search on the logo, zilch.

Obviously this place values discretion so another visit wasn't in the cards. Frustrated, I tossed the card aside and got on with my regular weekend routine which as a recently resumed bachelor consisted mainly of slacking off and playing computer games.

I tried to put it out of my thoughts, but as the hours dragged on, the more I found myself thinking back to the night prior. The beautiful women, those tight outfits leaving nothing to the imagination, the thrill of feeling Kat's body pressed against mine.

Fuck, I was getting turned on just thinking about it. It was time for that other favorite pastime of a single, young man. Logging out of the game, I happily switched over to my favorite porn site to seek out a different sort of "personal entertainment."

But something was different this time, none of my favorite videos seemed to do anything for me. Sure, I was aroused, I wanted to masturbate, but for some reason no matter how many clips I watched, no matter how much I played with myself I couldn't seem to get hard. It was maddening, this sort of thing had never happened to me before, maybe all that drinking was finally catching up to me?

So I got a little experimental, started looking through the more "unique" sort of porn. The sort of specialty stuff that in the pre-internet era would have been near impossible to find. Desperate to find something to scratch that itch, I flipped through the different categories. MILF? No, I wasn't really looking for older women. Amateur? Nah! Lesbian? Meh. Step-Siblings? Ew! God no! POV? That... could work. Following the link, I scrolled through the list of videos until one in particular caught my eye.

HORNY SLUT GETS PLOWED BY STUD - 53k Views

Like a magnet I was drawn to it, a rush of excitement hit me as I clicked the link. This sounded exactly like what I was looking for.

After a brief moment of buffering, the video started. As promised it was shot entirely from the first person view of a rather well-endowed woman. The camera panned down slowly showing her heavy breasts and wide hips, resting on top of a plush looking bed. My heart started racing, pounding against my chest, something about looking down at that body just turned me in a way I'd never felt before. Almost instantly I was rock hard, imagining all the pleasure she must have been feeling. A breathy moan escaped my lips as I gripped my cock and began stroking it, pumping in time with the woman's motions.

Her free hand reached upward and began teasing at one of her large nipples, without even noticing I started mimicking her actions. Biting my lip, I pinched and pulled at one of my own nipples, feeling strangely jealous that mine weren't quite as large or as sensitive as hers. I was too caught up in the heat of the moment to even question that thought or why I wanted to feel like her.

And that's when *he* entered the scene. Most men in pornos aren't very good looking and this guy was no exception. A beer belly and way too much body hair isn't something most people want to look at, but my eyes went wide when I saw what was between his legs. When you have a cock like this guy you don't really have to worry about looking handsome. Reaching down, the man spread her legs wide and I soon did the same, practically drooling thinking about that dick inside me.

The woman and I both moaned as the stud forced his way inside, our hips rising and falling in unison, our gasps and moans interchangeable. Closing my eyes, I imagined myself in her place, feeling his hot breath on my neck, his massive cock pounding my tight, little slit.

"Yes! Fuck yes!" the woman cried out.

“Oh yes! Please god yes!” I shouted out in response, working my erection harder and harder, feeling myself coming closer and closer to climax.

“Fuck yes! Fuck me! Fuck me!”

“Harder!” I screamed, “Fuck me! Fuck me like a slut!!”

My knees snapped together, my whole body seized up, as the most mind-blowing orgasm I’d ever experienced shook through me. My cock twitched and jerked wildly, spewing a ridiculous amount of seed as I howled out in primal lust.

Falling back into the computer chair, coated in sweat and semen, I slowly opened my eyes. The video was still rolling, but at this point I had no more interest in it. A trembling hand grabbed the mouse to close the tab, before grabbing something to clean up the mess. Dabbing away as much of the sticky fluid as I could, trying my best not to think about what had just happened.

I’d never fantasized about having sex with a man before and certainly never about myself as a woman, but the image of the man between her, *my*, legs still haunted me, burned into the back of my brain. Why had it felt so good, so right?

Yawning, I tried my best to focus, but fatigue was setting in fast. Checking the time, I realized I’d spent hours trying to find the right video and it was now well past my normal bedtime. With a grunt I pulled myself to my feet and began the arduous process of trudging to bed.

With each step I took I felt my energy draining away, replaced with an indomitable desire to curl up and sleep for a thousand years. My body felt sore, tense, like I’d just run a marathon, but I didn’t worry about that. I didn’t worry about my sudden shift in sexual interests. I didn’t even worry that I needed to be up in a few hours for the morning shift. All I worried about was falling face first into bed and getting some well-deserved rest.

I woke up the next morning to two surprises. The first was the horrible realization I’d overslept and missed my alarm. The second was the warm, sticky mess between my thighs.

Now the former was much more urgent, but the latter was more of a shock. I hadn’t had a wet dream since I was a teenager and generally they’d involved, y’know a dream of some sort. But there was nothing but there was just a blank spot between me hitting the pillow and waking up now. I’d rubbed one out just last night, so why was I so sensitive?

Regardless, both problems could be a swift shower, I was running late for work after all, no time to worry about a random nocturnal emission.

Turning the shower on full blast, I stripped down and stepped in the stream of hot water. Closing my eyes, I let the water run through my hair and down my body. Idly, I thought back to two nights prior, about Kat and all the other girls at the club. They probably never had to be up early

for work. They just had to look pretty, wear those sexy outfits, and fuck any cute guy that they wanted. Sounded pretty good to me.

But before I could continue on those jealous musings, my train of thought was suddenly interrupted by a peculiar sound. A wet, slurping sound. Opening my eyes, I located the source around the shower drain. Sitting there, clogging up the water was the largest, grossest hairball I'd ever seen.

My hands kept to the top of my head searching for a bald spot. Finding none, I turned my eyes downward to find to my shock a complete lack of body hair.

Horrified, I leapt out of the shower, sloshing water all over the bathroom floor. Racing to the mirror, I confirmed what I had feared; my chest, stomach, arms, and legs, all that hair was gone. It had fallen out in the stream and was now collecting around my shower drain. There was a little left around my crotch, but it was much smaller and shorter than my usual mess of pubes.

Tracing a hand up my now hairless arm, I noticed how smooth and soft my skin felt now. I blushed, enjoying the new sensation. Turning back to the mirror, I noticed the shedding wasn't the only recent change my body had experienced.

Looking myself up and down, I noticed that I'd seemingly lost some weight overnight. Muscle and fat had disappeared miraculously from around my waist and limbs, giving me a smaller, more petite sort of appearance.

More unnerving though was the change to my eyes. Well eye actually, the right one still looked normal, but the left one's pupil had shifted. Not dilated, but grown vertically, giving it the appearance of a thin slit. Leaning in towards the mirror, I rubbed at it, trying to see if it was a trick of the light or something. But no, no matter how much I fussed with my eye, the pupil kept it's odd, animalistic appearance.

In retrospect, I probably should have done something about that. Seen a doctor maybe, but I felt fine despite the change to my appearance. I was late for work and had already blown most of my sick days on hangovers or cases not-feeling-like-work-itis.

So instead I did what plenty of people do when faced with a difficult problem, ignore it until it gets worse. At the time I was working the register at a department store; one of those low skill, low wage jobs that probably should have been automated by now. But one of the few perks was that the dress code was pretty flimsy and I could hide most of the changes with just a set of baggy clothes and a set of sunglasses. They'd probably assume I'd shown up stoned, I'd gotten away with that a couple of times before.

I'd just come in, stand at my little counter, do the bare minimum at work, and then deal with this situation after my shift ended. Easy, right?

Well obviously that didn't work out, but for the first few hours things went well. There were barely any customers that day, thank god for online shopping, and I spent most of the day just playing around on my phone. Of course the fact that I was using my phone to watch more porn didn't strike me as problematic at the time, but looking back I probably should have noticed that. Unfortunately, it would all come crashing down with one particular customer.

"Excuse me," came a nervous voice from in front of my desk. "Are you busy?"

"Hmmm? Yeah, what?" I snapped, visibly annoyed that someone had rudely interrupted my viewing of a very lucky woman enjoying a nice, wholesome gang bang. But that attitude swiftly changed when I saw who was in front of me.

Now this guy was an absolute hunk; tall, handsome, and absolutely ripped with muscle. Sorry, just thinking about him still gets me excited. So cute with that sandy blonde hair, I guess I have a type regardless of the gender.

I had myself to look away, the longer I stared at him the harder it was going to be to not vault over the desk and dry hump his face.

"Oh h-hi," I said, trying my best to keep my eyes towards the ground. "What can I do to you, I mean for you!"

"Well I was wondering if you had anything like this in a larger size?" the man asked, oblivious to my sudden interest in the carpet.

Slowly, I looked up at him, made a small sound that wasn't quite a scream, and then immediately looked back down. It was underwear, men's boxers size L and just the thought of him wearing them was making me horny. It was a good thing I was behind a counter or he would have seen the massive tent I was pitching.

"I uhm, well there's Large, Extra-Large, Double X-L." I answered, subtly trying to push my erection back down. "They should all be over in the men's section. I can show you if you'd like-"

He cut me off, "No, sorry I don't mean like that. I mean do you have any that have any with more space? In the front?"

"The front?" I asked, feeling confused in more ways than one.

"Yeah you know, like in the frontal area," he continued, unnerved at my odd behavior. "I just, oh screw it! I need something with more space in the groin, because I have a huge penis."

Now in my defense I feel like anyone would have taken a glance after a sentence like that, but they definitely would have done it more subtly than I did. Uncontrollably, my head jumped back

up to make laser focused eye to crotch focus. And good lord, was he not lying. On a normal day I probably would have stopped him for trying to shoplift socks.

"I uh, I just felt awkward asking one of the women here," he said, backing away slightly from the counter.

I didn't so much respond so much as nod and maybe drool a little, I just couldn't look away. Just the outline of his bulge was driving me wild with lurid thoughts. I was like I was hypnotized by his dick, dick-notized if you will.

"Erm, look you know what," he paused, squinting to read my name tag. "Taylor, just forget I said anything man. You're kind of sweating and freaking me out and I-"

"Can I see it?" I said softly.

There was a long pause.

"What?"

"Can I see your cock, bro?!?"

There was an even longer pause now. White hot terror gripped me as I considered what I'd just said, well shouted, really at this poor man. I broke the silence first, making an excuse about feeling unwell and fleeing towards the employee break room.

Ducking inside, I raced to the bathroom and locked myself in. Pacing back and forth across the small room, I thought about what I'd just done. My heart was beating fast, my breathing was frenzied, my whole body was shaking, and worst of all I was still rock hard.

My cocked throbbed and strained, begging for release. Cursing to myself, I relented, dropping my pants and going to work right there in the bathroom, hoping maybe it would clear my head.

Closing my eyes, I could see it all in my mind's eye; the stranger standing in front of me, wearing only those tight underwear, his body glistening with sweat. Him coming around the counter and bending me over it, forcing my legs open, and fucking me right there in the middle of the store.

Groaning, I fell to my knees and the vision shifted. Now I was kneeling in front of him, staring directly at his massive cock. My mouth hung open as I fantasized about him filling my mouth with it, running one of his big hands through my hair, and calling me a good, little girl.

Frantically I pumped my hand up and down my shaft while the other hand slipped a few fingers into my mouth. I imagined they were the stranger's cock, moving them back and forth in my mouth, bumping against the back of my throat.

I swear I could taste his musk and precum, feel him shuddering in my mouth, until with a great thrust he came and so did I, collapsing onto my hands and knees, my face burning red hot with lust and embarrassment.

Lying there on the bathroom tile, I reconciled with what I'd just done. I'd never even thought of men like this before and now I couldn't stop thinking of them. Shoving down the strange new thoughts, I found my way to my feet and calmed my breathing down, but my face was still felt flush with heat. Putting a hand to my cheek, I was surprised to find the skin not only warm, but shifting and twitching against my fingers.

Turning to the bathroom mirror I stared in shock as my own reflection became less and less recognizable. The skin on my face bulged and contracted at odd points of my face, fat burred and swelled around my mouth, pushing once thin shapes out into a perfect, plump pout. Tracing my new kisser with an idle finger, I shivered, thinking about wrapping them around a thick cock.

At least I would have if I wasn't struck suddenly by a splitting headache. Gritting my teeth, I clutched at the sink and held back a scream. It felt like my head was going to explode, pops and cracks filled the air as my face contorted and reformed. Cheekbones pressed out, my jawline softened, the top of my skull squished down on the top of my head. Shutting my eyes tight, I fought back tears as my nose shattered and shrank to a petite form and the cartilage of my ears stretched like rubber to create pointed tips.

Eventually the pain subsided and the sound of breaking bones ceased. Whimpering, I opened my eyes slowly, afraid of who I'd see in the mirror when I opened them. To my relief it was still me, well mostly me, a more feminine looking me.

I stared at my reflection for quite some time, turning my head from side to side. I poked, I pinched, and I prodded at my new face making extra sure this wasn't a dream or some strange trick.

I had to admit I turned out pretty, well pretty; a cute little button nose, big doe eyes, and a fine, bright red set of genuine dick sucking lips. If I wear a man, I would have dated me.

Wait, no! I snapped at myself, I am a man. Despite all the changes I was still a man dammit! I shouldn't be enjoying this and I shouldn't be thinking about these things. I am a man and my name is-

"Taylor!" Someone shouted at me from the other side of the door. "What the hell are you doing in there!"

Cursing, I took a moment to compose myself, before opening the door to find my old manager Brenda standing there with a look of absolute fury. She was an older woman, short,

temperamental, not the sort of person you wanted to piss off. And I pissed her off a lot of course.

"Taylor, what the actual fuck?!?" She shouted, flecks of spittle flying everywhere, "First you show up late again and now I've got a customer complaining that you sexually harassed them! And why are you wearing sunglasses, are you high again?!? Jesus Christ!"

"No, I just, it uhm, I-" I babbled, trying to defend the undefendable.

"And are you wearing makeup now?" She snapped, red in the face, "Why are your lips so red?"

"I-"

"Y'know what I don't want to don't want to hear it," she interrupted, not that I could have come up with a reasonable defense anyway. "I don't know what is going on with you and I don't care! I've been far too lenient with you all this time and it stops now! Go pack up your stuff, you're fired!"

"What?!?"

"You're fired! Shit canned! Finito! Grab your stuff and get the fuck out of my store!"

To be fair to Brenda, that was probably the right decision for her. I was not a very good employee even before all this, but at the time I was mad as hell. Sure I hated this job, but I still needed the money. You make one little pass at a cute guy and this is how they treat you. Storming back to my stand, muttering curses towards management the whole way, I snatched up my few personal effects when my eyes spotted something very interesting.

We call them "go-backs" in the retail industry, basically whenever a customer takes something off the shelf or a rack and leaves it somewhere else, we put it all in a big "go-back" pile until someone has time to put it back where it belongs. Now today I'd been very preoccupied with looking at porn and begging to see customer's genitals, so my "go-back" pile was extra high.

It was mostly women's clothes, not the sort of thing that usually got my attention, but looking at the pile an evil little idea crept into my head, why not take them. This was some high end merchandise, comfortable, stylish, any woman would want them. I was sure I could find some use for them, a pawn shop or thrift store wouldn't ask too many questions and it didn't seem like Brenda would reconsider letting me go any time soon, so might as well make sure the bridge was well and truly burnt down behind me.

Working quickly, I popped the anti-theft tags off, snatched up an armful of the goods, and made a break for the exit. Luck seemed to be on my side this time, there were no alarms, no shouting, just me racing to the parking lot and stuffing the ill-gotten garments into the car and driving off. I giggled like a madman the whole way home, thinking about how I'd gotten away with one last

act of defiance. I'd never stolen anything in my life before, but something in me felt different now, something wild, chaotic.

When I got home, I dumped the clothing out on the kitchen table and got to work sorting through them. Some of them could probably fetch a pretty nice price, but a couple of items stood out to me; a comfortable pair of leggings, a nice bra, and a rather fancy looking set of high heels. Turning the items around in my hands I noted how good they looked and how good I'd look wearing them.

I laughed at the idea at first; it was silly, it was perverse, and it was absolutely tempting. The leggings were so soft in my hands, so smooth, they'd feel great against my skin. And the shoes? Absolutely gorgeous, I never noticed that we had such fantastic footwear before. They were pretty large for a woman too, I could probably make them fit.

I should probably be freaking out, I'd just lost my job for goodness sake, but I just couldn't break my mind from these clothes. I was home alone though, nobody would ever even know. I'd already stolen them, would a little bit of cross-dressing really make things worse? What would it hurt really?

So after a bit of deliberation, I drew the blinds and started undressing, excited at the idea of a naughty bit of fun. Slipping on the leggings felt incredible, the cool fabric slid so naturally up my hairless legs it almost felt like a second skin. And the shoes! I'd never tried walking in high heels before, but from the minute I put them on I was a natural. Thrilled, I strutted back and forth across my apartment, enjoying the way it made my hips rock side to side.

Pausing in front of the mirror, I admired how my posture had subtly changed with the heels, making my butt stick out further. And the leggings shaped my legs just right, making them curvy in all the right places. Bending at the knees, I watched myself bobbing up and down in the mirror. Closing my eyes, my thoughts turned back to the club from the other night. I imagined that I was back there, but this time not as a customer. No, I was a dancer now, strutting my stuff on stage, twirling on the pole, drinking in the hungry looks of men all around me. God, it felt so real. So real that I might have spent all day dreaming of it were it not for my pelvis suddenly shattering.

Oh the sound was horrible, the pain was much worse. My legs went limp, turning to jelly as I collapsed to the floor, howling in pain as my lower half twisted and contorted. Bone scraped against bone as my body reformed itself, legs shrank, my hips jutted out, growing ever wider. Kicking off a shoe, I watched in amazement as my foot shrank down, slimming down to a more delicate, feminine shape, while a coat of shiny black lacquer spread over each toenail.

As my skeleton settled into its new shape, new fat and muscle came next. My thighs bulged up against the fabric of the leggings. I stared dumbfounded as the once spindly limbs filled out slowly with new flesh. I moaned when the soft shapes met for the first time and shifting my hips back and forth I enjoyed the friction of them rubbing against each other.

My posture shifted subtly as my lower body slowly rose up. Fatty tissue was forming around my hips and glutes, completing my lower body's new curvy look.

With a groan, I rolled over onto my hands and knees and raised my rump in the air. Craning my neck back I looked back to the mirror, getting a front row view of my formerly flat ass transforming into the perfect bubble butt.

Slowly I began bucking my hips up and down, watching my rear swell just a little more with each thrust, jiggle just a little more with every pulse. I yearned for someone to grope me, smack me on the ass, and call me a dirty little slut.

With one final, needy thrust I crumpled in a heap on the floor, flustered, confused, and incredibly aroused. Rolling back over, I lifted up the elastic band of the leggings to inspect the damages.

I was still a man, at least in the most strict of definitions, although my manhood did seem a little smaller than I remembered. But everything else below the waist looked decisively lady-like. It almost looked comical there, my miniscule member squished up against a pair of thick, lily-white thighs, but I certainly wasn't laughing. The changes were getting more drastic and the urges were only getting worse.

Urges. The word floated around in my mind for a moment. Where had I heard that word recently? Taking a glimpse back down at my feet the sudden realization hit me that that shade of black nail polish looked incredibly familiar.

Instantly I leapt to my feet, frantic I began searching for the business card from the day prior. Eventually I found it under a pile of unwashed clothes and flipping it over I read through the note once, twice, maybe a dozen times, now with added clarity.

"If you can resist the urges I'd love to have you back." What the fuck? I looked back down at my changed lower half, obviously I wasn't doing a very good job of that.

Something must have happened to me last night at that club and now it was changing me, making me think these strange thoughts, turning me into some kind of nymphomaniac babe like the club girls. I needed answers and the only way I could get them was if I found this place again.

And so the next day I set out on the arduous task of retracing my drunken steps from two nights prior. I tried to dress up in baggy clothing again, but even my largest set of jeans struggled to fit over my wide hips. So it was back to the leggings on that one, I was a bit hesitant to put them on again, but the changes didn't go any further when I slipped them back on and they did make my ass look terrific. Other than that a hoodie covered most of what I wanted covered and a pair of old tennis shoes were the only things that fit comfortably over my now tiny feet. That would have to do because I planned on going on foot. I figured it would be better for my memory if I

did; you know, walk the same streets, visit the same bars, maybe it would jog something up from my brain, but it came with its own set of problems.

Well I say a set, but really it was the same problem repeated multiple times. Have you ever noticed how many hot guys there are in this town? Because I certainly did that day. Seriously, it's a regular stud city out there, every couple of blocks I had to stop myself from thinking about sucking someone's dick or riding someone's face or getting double teamed by a handsome pair of men. So annoying!

But I tried to be good and told myself no, because I knew if I gave in again I'd wind up changing even more. So I fought back the dirty thoughts as best as I could and marched on, searching desperately for a magical strip club that I found on an absolutely shit-faced bender, to keep myself from turning into a sex-obsessed cat girl. Life can take funny turns like that I suppose.

Anyway, after hours of wandering around the city and finding nothing except a surprising amount of handsome hunks, I was left feeling flustered and frustrated. Eventually I figured it would be best to stop somewhere; rest my feet, maybe ask some questions, maybe drink myself into oblivion for my troubles.

So I found myself a friendly enough looking pub and made my way inside. I didn't look around, didn't make eye contact with anyone, I just found an empty stool and sat down at the bar. I kept my eyes pointed down, focusing on the wood paneling of the bar, I felt stupid and embarrassed. Even if I found this place again, could they even help me? Would they want to? Was I doomed to become like all those latex clad bimbos at Wildcats? Was it worth it to even fight it?

"Hey there, what can I do for you?"

The voice sounded familiar and looking up at the source I quickly realized why. Of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the world, I had to walk into the one that underwear guy bartended at.

"You alright, hun?" He asked, idly wiping down a pint glass in the cliché style of a thousand bartenders before him. "You look like you've seen a ghost."

I snapped my eyes back down to the bar as I tried to process things. He didn't recognize me from the day before, that's one small benefit of having my face rearranged I suppose.

"N-no," I stammered out, "I'm just looking for this place, is all."

"Really?"

"Yeah," I continued, trying my best not to think more dirty thoughts about him. "It's this club, all the girls wear latex outfits and dress like cats."

“Shit, I’d like to find this place too,” he joked. “But what’s a pretty gal like you want with a place like that?”

“I’m not a-” I paused for a moment, thinking about what he’d just said. “Y-you really think that I’m pretty?”

I didn’t get complimented much about my looks as a man, not to say I was ugly or anything, I thought I was pretty average looking, nothing special, but not ugly. Still most men don’t get complimented and hearing him call me pretty, well it made me feel better. I liked being pretty for him.

“Yeah,” he said, giving a cute, little smile.

“I bet you say to all the girls,” I smiled back.

“Oh definitely,” he teased, “but I only mean it for the actually pretty ones. Like you.”

I giggled at his little joke, not laughed mind you, a legit schoolgirl giggle. I’d never made a noise like that in my life, but now here I was giggling like a fool and flirting with the bartender.

“Thanks,” I said, “I needed a laugh.”

“My name’s Steven by the way.”

“I’m Tay- erm, I mean Tanya. My name is Tanya.” Now I wanted to think I only said that because he knew my real name, but really that was only half of it. Calling myself a boy’s name didn’t feel right anymore. Tanya suits me much better don’t you think?

“Cute name, I like it,” Steven said, “Now, like I said, is there anything I can do for you?”

Now the rational part of my brain was saying to get up and leave, this guy had already pushed me over the edge once, it could happen again. But the less rational parts were screaming about how cute he was, how strong he looked, and how he was packing a massive dick. I’d been able to resist the urges so far, surely one drink couldn’t hurt?

Naturally though one drink turned into several and the hours started to fly by, the two of us joking and flirting with each other the whole night. Before I knew it, it was practically closing time and as the regulars slowly filtered out it was just me and the bartender left.

“So, it’s getting pretty late here,” Steve stated, in between flipping over chairs and putting them up on the tables, “You good to drive?”

“Oh don-don’t worry about me,” I slurred out, my cheeks blushed red from a combination of alcohol and arousal, “I uhm, I walked.”

“You sure,” he asked, seeming concerned. “You were knocking them back pretty fast there.”

It was true, I wasn't quite used to drinking with a smaller body yet, my usual rate of consumption had left me feeling quite tipsy.

“N-no, naw I'm fine,” I replied, wobbly trying to stand up from the bar stool. “It's good, I'm all good man.”

Steven clearly wasn't having it and walked back over to me.

“Look Tanya, I could call you an Uber or walk you home or something,” he said, putting a large hand on my shoulder. “Just want to-”

It was the touch that did it, just the slightest damn touch that set me off. Before he could even finish that sentence I snapped upright and pounced at him, it was like my body was moving on its own, like instinct or something.

Our lips met in a deep, passionate kiss. Steven wrapped a strong arm around my waist and pulled me in tighter. My body began to sweat as a burning heat filled my core, fear and inhibition melted away in our embrace. My mind was rocked, shaken apart like a ship in a raging storm, replaced with only one single thought, desire. I wanted him, I wanted him so goddamn bad.

Pulling back from the kiss, I dropped down to my knees and grabbed at his belt buckle, my fingers working to undo the latch.

“H-hey, what are we doing here,” Steven asked, his voice a little hesitant, “Are you sure you want to do this.”

“Of course,” I answered, pulling down the zipper on his fly, “Why wouldn't I- dude holy shit!”

My eyes practically bulged out of my head when I saw what was packed into his briefs. Steven hadn't been joking when he said he was huge. This thing was a monster, porn stars would be jealous of him. Hell, horses would have been jealous of him. I was at a loss for words, just staring at the thing in awed reverence at the massive member before me.

“It's, it's too big isn't it?” Steven asked.

“No,” I tried to sound reassuring, but he did make a good point. I had planned to blow him, but unless I suddenly learned how to unhinge my jaw that wasn't going to happen. “It's just that I uh, you uh, wow. Just wow.”

“It's okay,” he said, sounding utterly defeated, “Most women say that. It's cool if you want to call it a night.”

Thankfully for him, I wasn't most women or even a woman at all, at least not yet anyway. I wasn't afraid to take life by the horn or by the cock for that matter. Reaching out, I wrapped a hand around his shaft and started stroking. I'd jerked myself off so many times before, doing it to someone had to be pretty much the same I figured.

"Oooh, god," he moaned, "How are you so good at that?"

"Years of practice," I smiled back.

It was amazing watching him getting worked up by me, the way he bit his lip, how I could feel his heartbeat through his hard cock. I'd never had this kind of control over a man before, it made me feel powerful. I could get used to this.

I started pumping harder, working my hands up and down, faster and faster. I could smell the musk in his sweat, hear his breathing getting quicker, until finally he came, blowing a hot, sticky load all over my hand.

Steven stumbled back from me, shuddering and groaning like a man struck by lightning. I didn't bother looking up at him, my attention was fixed on the back of my hand, watching the viscous, white fluid slowly trickling down my arm.

Bringing it up close to my face, I stuck my tongue out and started licking it up, moving my arm up and down to taste every last bit. I shivered as I tasted cum for the time; it was sweet, but salty as well and delectably masculine.

Then I heard a sound, soft and snickering, looking up I saw Steven doing his best to suppress a laugh.

"Sorry," he chuckled, zipping up his fly. "It's just the way you were licking it. It kind of made you look like a cat."

"What?!?" I shouted, horrified at the notion.

"Yeah, y'know like when they clean their paws and stuff," Steven smiled awkwardly, "It's cute."

I was about to come back with some sort of snappy retort, when a small popping sound brought my attention back downwards. I watched in horror as my still cum covered hand began to contort, the knuckles popping one by one as my fingers began to shrink, growing more slender by the second.

"Oh god damn it!" I shouted. Jumping back up, I jammed the changed hand under my armpit to hide it and sprinted to the exit. "S-sorry! I need to go!"

"Wait!" I heard Steven yell as the door swung shut, "Was it about the cat comment?!? I meant it in a cute way!"

I didn't look back, just kept running as fast I could. I was ashamed and angry with myself for falling for it again. How was I to know it would trigger another change? Everyone knows hand jobs don't count as real sex, that's why we charge so much less for them!

Eventually I got winded and had to stop running. Ducking down an alley, I paused to catch my breath. Holding my hands up next to each other I inspected the differences.

Lefty still seemed pretty manish, but my right hand now had the thin, dainty fingers of a lady. Of course that only lasted for a moment as lefty soon caught up with it's sibling. Joints and bones snapped and realigned, quickly taking on a more feminine form too. Flexing my sore knuckles, I watched to my chagrin as each fingernail began to slowly grow outwards, tearing through my cuticles. The tips stretched outward, tapering off at the end to finely sharpened points. Turning my hands over, I had to admire the excellent manicure of my newly stilettoed nails. And as the shiny black nail polish oozed out to coat them, I noted that it did give them a decidedly fierce look.

The changes moved up my arms, dissolving what remained of any muscle into lighter, toned shape. Grunting, I slammed my back up against a wall as I felt my shoulder blades pull themselves inwards, turning broad shoulders into a more petite image.

I walked the rest of the way home in silence, I should have been fighting this better, but I kept giving in. It had felt so good stroking Steven's hard cock, watching him writhe in pleasure. He wanted me, he thought I was pretty.

No one had wanted me like that before, not Maggie, not any of my exes. Steven had been like putty in my hands, it felt good being the object of someone's desire for once. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad to-

No, no, I couldn't keep thinking these kind of thoughts, that was how they kept getting me. I started walking faster, eager to get to bed and put this whole shameful experience behind me.

It was late at night when I finally made it back home. So late at night, that more grounded individuals would refer to it as early in the morning. Exhausted, I flopped onto the couch, relieved to lay on something soft and comfortable.

I was about ready to pass out when my phone chimed in with a new text. Pulling it out I saw it was from Steven. We'd exchanged numbers at some point, probably somewhere around the fourth or fifth drink I think.

"Hey. U make it home okay?"

How sweet, making sure I made it home safe after I wanked him off and ran away. What a gentleman. Well it would be rude to not answer.

"Heyyyy. Yeah im good. Sorry about running off like that. Kind of freaked out there."

He responded pretty quickly, *"No prob just of worried that I'd upset you with that 'cat' comment."*

"lol no. It's something else, don't worry about it."

"Ok. Things just got kind of intense back there."

I blushed, yeah that was the truth, wasn't it?

He sent another text, *"I'm still thinking about it."*

Then another, *"Still thinking about you."*

And then he sent me a picture. A picture of himself. A picture of one specific part of himself. My mouth started watering just looking at that gorgeous piece of man meat, overwhelming any offense over the unsolicited dick pic.

"Thinking pretty hard I see lol." I responded.

"Haha yeah. How about some tit for tat?"

"Erm, wut do u mean?"

"How about u send me a pic back?"

Uh oh, that could be a problem. He probably wouldn't like it if I sent him back a dick pic, even if it was miniature at this point. But I didn't want him to think I didn't like him, what was I to do? Then an idea struck, I thought back to the pile of stolen clothes. There was a bra somewhere in there, right?

I raced up the stairs, taking the steps two at a time. I tore through the stack of I'll gotten goods, desperate to find the lone brassiere. My fingers rubbed against something soft and snatched it out of the pile. Yes, there it was!

Holding it in my hands, I turned the bra over a couple times, thinking things over. It was a good cup size, it looked comfortable enough, not that I really knew how to recognize a comfortable bra yet. But I did know what would happen if I put it on, I'd change more, fall even further from manhood. My eyes flicked back down to my phone, Steven had sent another text.

"You don't have to. Just thought it'd be hot."

Fuck it, I thought pulling off my shirt. The desire to be desired was too strong. I wanted to be hot for him.

"Gimme just a sec," I texted back, with a few kissy face emojis. Guys like kissy faces I figured.

It wasn't easy getting the brassiere on for the first time, I'd had more experience taking off girl's bras than putting them on. I struggled with the clasps for some time before getting it right, but eventually I managed to make do.

A shiver went down my spine as I snapped the clasps into place, I could feel the change taking hold once again. My chest grew flush with heat as I lay back on the bed, curious to see what comes next.

My nipples perked up in excitement, grating against the soft fabric of the inside of my bra. Sticking a hand under the empty cup, teasing at the pointed tip. I moaned, sensing what felt like hundreds of pinpricks dot around my nipples, expanding my areolas, turning the dark red skin to a soft pink instead.

Rolling onto my side I willed the changes onward. I could feel under my skin as new nervous tissue formed, spreading out across my chest like the roots of a tree.

With each ragged breath my chest pushed out a little further. Fatty tissue grew over my meager pectorals, forming two small mounds of flesh under my bra.

"C'mon," I pleaded, "Bigger than that. Need to be bigger for him."

I started thrusting my hips working myself in rhythm with my changing body. With each pulse my bosom swelled a little more, the small jiggles lasted a little longer. Soon my meager breasts were pressing against the fabric of the brassiere.

"Yesss," I hissed, rolling back onto my back, both hands massaging at my sore chest. "Just like that, grow for mama."

My newly formed breasts were more than happy to obey, straining against the increasing tight bra. I watched in giddy excitement as soft flesh spilling over the cups of the bra, defying their containment. The clasps dug into my back as I pictured Steven's monster cock smushed against my cleavage, giving him a tit fucking of a lifetime.

Eventually the snaps gave way and I yelped as the ruined brassiere rocketed across the room, flung free by the force of my massive new mammaries. I smiled, looking at my impressive new bust, cupping each in one hand and feeling their full weight for the first time.

I nearly tripped racing back to my phone to snap some pics, my balance had shifted a little forward after the latest change. I must have taken at least two dozen different photos, desperate to find just the right one to send back to Steven. Eventually I found a good enough angle to capture my pretty face and my pretty fine tits and sent the picture out. Steven responded back within seconds.

"Damn girl, how did you hide all that under your shirt?"

I was thrilled of course; he thought I was pretty, he thought I was hot, he was probably going to rub one out to that picture tonight. That idea excited me to no end, that I was the focus of so much lust. I wanted more; more affection, more desire, and I knew exactly how I would get it.

Picking up my phone, I shot back one short, simple text.

"Hey, how about you come over tomorrow night?"

I woke up late the next morning, as fitting for a newly unemployed individual, with one simple goal, make myself look as hot as possible. Now I didn't have much in the way of feminine clothes, just a handful of stolen items and maybe a few things that Maggie might have left behind. Half of it didn't fit and half of it was ugly as sin, so obviously a shopping spree was in order.

I spent most of the day hopping around different stores, picking out clothing, trying on makeup for the first time. It was liberating in an odd sort of way, slipping into a new life like that. I didn't have to worry about what people thought of me anymore. I even went back to my former place of employment, walked right past Brenda without even raising an eyebrow. I was free, unchained from my old life, released from my feeble masculinity, I was a hot chick now and could do whatever I wanted.

But something felt missing, a certain je ne sais quoi. No matter how many outfits I tried on, it all felt so basic, lacking in a certain something. It was so frustrating, I didn't just want to fuck this guy, I wanted to rock his world. I wanted to give him something that he'd never forget. I needed flair! I needed style! I needed something perfect!

It was late in the afternoon when I finally spotted it, on the clearance rack of a less than reputable store. My eyes were instantly drawn to the shiny black material and picking it up off the rack I quickly realized what it was, a latex catsuit, just like the ones worn by the girls at the club. Memories of that night haunted through my mind, it seemed so long ago, but truly it had only been a few days. I thought of those girls; how beautiful they were, how glamorous their life had seemed, I thought about Kat and how incredible she seemed, and instantly I knew what had to have it.

I didn't even bother trying it on first, I knew instinctively that it would fit. Rushing through the checkout I hurried home, positively thrilled to try on my new prize. Steven would be coming

soon and I needed to get things ready for him. I dimmed the lights, lit a few candles, watched a few makeup tutorials so I could get my look just right, and then finally made my way upstairs to the bathroom. I needed to try my new outfit in front of a mirror.

Now I don't know if you've ever worn latex before, but the feeling is incredible. The smooth plastic material felt so good sliding over my skin. I shivered and moaned as it glided effortlessly up my body and drawing up the zipper I found that just as I'd suspected the suit fit perfectly, looking like it had been poured directly over me. The black latex clung tightly to my curvy body, proudly showing both my feminine figure and the throbbing, hard package between my legs.

Beads of sweat trickled down my brow as I felt my crotch grow steadily warmer. Leaning against the wall, I pawed weakly at my groin. Sighing with lust, I knew what would happen next.

"Yes," I rasped, laying my head back against the solid wall. "Make me perfect. Make me just like them."

Now I couldn't exactly see what was happening down there, but I certainly felt it in exquisite detail. It started with my balls, the pair of orbs ached and pulsed with strange sensations, pressing up tight against my pelvic floor. With a gasp, I felt the purge of the last of my male fluids. The warm, sticky trickle ran down my leg as the two spheres retreated up inside me.

I traced an idle hand up my stomach as I felt the two pulling themselves upwards towards my core, forming a new set of ovaries. I kept my other hand on my crotch, rubbing it up and down against my tiny member. I could sense the loose skin of my former ball sack pulling up tight, forming the outer lips of a new cavity just aching to be filled. I pictured Steven, I pictured the man from the porno, I pictured half a dozen handsome men that I'd seen on the street yesterday. I rubbed faster and faster, putting the full pressure on my middle and index fingers I teased at my dwindling shaft, feeling the sensitivity grow with each stroke, until it was merely a tiny nub of its former self. Then with a great jolt, it finally released. I screamed, howled, and I blurted out a score of curse words as my whole body exploded, experiencing the absolute ecstasy of a female orgasm for the first time.

And then I woke up. My eyes fluttered open as I realized that I was laying face down on the cool bathroom tile. I could hear someone knocking on the front door downstairs and pulling myself up, I realized I'd actually blacked out from the intensity of the experience. Twenty something years as a man and I'd never experienced anything like that. In a dazed, near fugue state I shuffled out of the bathroom, nearly tumbled down the stairs, making my way to the source of the knocking. Swinging the door open, I found dear old Steven waiting on the other side.

"Hey, sorry I'm late. I tried calling, but you weren't answering so- uhm are you alright? You look kind of out of it."

I didn't answer him, at least not verbally. Why use words when you can let animal instinct do the talking. I lept on him, locking lips and grinding my hips against his. He got the message just fine as he lifted me up with his big, strong arms and carried me back inside.

"So, this is your place," he said, looking around. "Not really what I was expecting, kind of sparse for a girl's apartment."

"Well it's got a nice bed," I shot back, clearly not in the mood for any chit-chat. "Want to see it?"

Steven was more than happy to acquiesce to the request and on making our way to the boudoir, I put my full strength into shoving him down onto the bed.

"Pants. Off. Now." I said flatly.

Another request that he was eager to oblige and soon I was staring at the full majesty that was his huge cock. I smiled, licking my lips greedily, I couldn't think of a more perfect means to break in my new ladyhood. Slowly I drew down the back zipper, exposing my new naked form to him for the first time, like a freshly hatched butterfly, just emerged from her latex cocoon.

Taking his hard girth in my hand, I guided him to my loins. I gasped as his head slid in for the first time and whimpered softly as inch after inch of him slid slowly in, filling my body in a way I'd never felt before. We worked together, our bodies pumping in unison, united together in unearthly passion. Waves of pleasure washed over me as I felt myself approaching climax once again. This was it, this was incredible, this was everything I'd never realized I'd wanted.

If I'd thought the first orgasm was amazing, this one, well it was on an entirely different level. I swear to god I saw stars dancing around my head like a fucking cartoon. A noise escaped my lips, a sound I'd never thought I ever even be able to make. Something between an opera singer and a stray cat if I had to describe it.

"Goddamn," Steven wheezed, "That was awesome."

"F-fuck me," I agreed, "I'm never going back."

"What?"

"Don't worry about it," I replied, "Just get ready for round two."

I think we made it to around round seven or eight before Steven finally conked out. I could have gone a few more, but well I can't really hold it against the poor guy. Squirming my way off the bed, I tiptoed my way to the bedroom mirror to admire my new body one last time before retiring too. I eyed myself up and down in the mirror, I was a woman now, fully, and a drop dead gorgeous one at that. I thought back to my previous life as a man, it all felt so distant now, so

miniscule. I was a nobody before, but now I could have any man I wanted. Nothing against Steven of course, but well why limit yourself, you know?

Leaning in closer, I noticed one last tiny change. My right eye now had the same slit pupil as the left. Well that made sense I figured, I suppose the changes were well and truly finished. I looked just like one of the club girls now. It seemed that my night vision had improved a bit though so that was a nice bonus.

In the darkness I noticed something shimmer on the nightstand, it was the business card that I'd first woken up with. But on flipping it over, I no longer saw Kat's handwriting on the back. Instead in neat, bold letters was an address. Setting it back down, I nodded silently to myself, well this was it then.

I left Steven there, he'd figure it out when he woke up and there wasn't much worth stealing back there anyway. After a quick change of clothes, I made my way out into the night, following the path to the card's address. It was like my feet knew which way to go automatically, I passed by stores and streets that I swear that I'd passed by yesterday, but now it felt right, like I was seeing correctly for the first time. Like when you stare at one of those magic eye pictures for long enough and at first it's just a bunch of dots and squiggles, but after your eyes relax and now it's a picture of a dolphin or a guy on a bike or something. Well now it was a strip club and it was a home. Kat was waiting for me at the door, she didn't say a word. She just smiled and welcomed me in, into the club and into the sisterhood.

And that's it, that's the whole story, how I went from a nobody to the goddess you see before you. From an absolute shithead to an absolute sexpot. From being a fuckboy to being fucked by boys like you.

Maybe you feel a little sorry for me, but please don't, my life was going nowhere fast before I came here. I mean I suppose I could have done more to fight the urges and stayed a man, but after a while it just seemed better not to, don't worry you'll understand soon.

Oh come on, don't give me that look, don't tell me you didn't figure it out yet after my whole story. Yes honey, since we just made fantastic love just now, you're going start feeling the urges real soon. Hell I bet you're already feeling something, do you want to suck a cock yet? Get your back blown out by a pair of hunks? Oh I can see it all over your face, you dirty little slut.

Okay, okay you don't have to change if you want, I suppose if you fight the urges for long enough they'll go away, but why would you? I love my life now, so does Steven actually. You might have seen him on your way in, actually. The cute little blonde girl behind the bar? She goes by Stephanie now though. She loves it here too, shame about losing that cock though, it was a thing of beauty. At least I still have the pictures saved on my phone.

Anyway, please don't try to fight it dear. You'll be much happier here I swear! Great pay, fun work, and all the fucking and sucking a girl can ask for. I can see that there's a Wildcat in you just begging to get out, babe, and I want to meet her.