

# Walking Through the Town as the New Me

A new day begins. I, Alicia, step out of the lab and into the outside world. The morning air, cold against my skin for the first time, brings a freshness like I've never felt before. It's from seeing the morning sun gently paint the town in soft pink hues.

Alicia walks through the town dressed in a white shirt, black slacks, and black leather shoes. However, this attire does not suit her as a woman at all.

"Why did I choose these clothes...?"

The existence of her male ego still lingering in her heart is reflected in her choice of clothing.

Without a bra, every time the fabric of the shirt touches her skin directly, the friction generates a faint heat that stirs her chest. Especially her nipples, every time they rub against the fabric, a faint sensation sweeps through her entire body. It's as if a sweet current crawls over her skin, making her chest feel hot. This is an unknown sensation for her, and she can't hide her confusion over the delicate reactions produced by her new body.

And every time the gaze of men gathers on her chest, this sensation intensifies. It's as if their gazes focus on her nipples, as if their gazes directly stimulate her nipples. Each time, her nipples twitch in response, and it spreads into a sweet sensation throughout her body. Then, it becomes a new pleasure, filling her heart with confusion and excitement.

She instinctively covers her chest with her hand. This reflexive action expresses her embarrassment at having her new body exposed to others' gazes.

However, on the other hand, her heart felt a new joy. Feeling that her new body is being recognized by the people around her was a great joy for her.

"Hehe, come to think of it..."

When I was a man, my life as a scientist was almost devoid of fashion. A white coat and jeans, and a plain shirt... that was my daily style. I was so engrossed in my research that I had little interest in my appearance.

But now it's different. I am a woman. I was starting to take interest in how I present and express myself.

At that moment, a boutique comes into view. The colorful clothes lined up in the store, each one hinting at a new possibility for me. I am drawn to the unique charm each garment exudes.

"I have to find my best outfit. And of course, a bra."



# First Lingerie Shopping

As I step into the store, my heart beats with excitement. I'm overwhelmed by the array of colorful women's clothes all around me, which I had never paid attention to when I was a man. Now, they strongly attract my attention, each hinting at a new possibility for the new me.

However, I suppress my excitement and head first to the lingerie section. As I am led by a salesperson into the changing room, a fresh excitement and nervousness fill my chest.

"Are you okay?"

The salesperson's gentle voice soothes my nerves. She holds a measuring tape to size my bust, and every time the tape touches my skin, it tingles. The sensation of her hand lightly touching my chest, the sliding of the tape, all of it is a new experience for the new me.

She patiently and kindly guides me, explaining how to choose a bra and the characteristics of different types of bras. Padded bras, wired bras, full coverage bras, push up bras... what each type is for, how they differ. The amount of information and the multitude of choices confuse me.

"Now, how do I put this on..."

I pick up a red silk bra, and holding it in front of me, I nervously contemplate the new challenge. I know where the cups go. The problem is the hook on the back. It's a task I've never done before as a man, and I have no idea how to do it.

First, I hold the bra upside down with the hooks in front and slip my arms through the straps. At first, it's a bit confusing, but my body slowly gets used to it, and gradually it becomes smoother. Then, to fasten the hook, I bring my hands behind my back. But it's harder than I thought, and I fail many times.

"Hmm, this is difficult..."

I mutter, smiling wryly at the hook. After trying many times, I finally manage to fasten the hook. My bust is firmly supported, and its shape comes out clearly. As a result, my body becomes even more feminine, creating a beautiful silhouette, which also leads to my own confidence. Feeling satisfied with the successful first bra fitting, I move on to choosing panties.

Next up is panty shopping. A task completely different from choosing men's underwear. Silk, lace, cotton... panties of different materials, shapes, and colors are lined up, and I have no idea which one to choose.

"This is a bit tough..." I mutter to myself as I look at each pair of panties. Unlike men's underwear, women's panties are beautiful to look at, with attention to color and design. I am surprised at the variety and start to feel the fun of choosing underwear as a woman.

Finally, I pick one and hold it in my hands. It's a pair of red silk panties. The sensation of it makes my fingertips tremble slightly. It's smooth and soft, as if it clings to my skin.

"It feels so good..."

Slowly, I put the panties on. At that moment, the sensation of the silk material slipping onto my skin makes my heart beat faster.

Looking at my reflection in the mirror, my heart sways with complex emotions. I am drawn to the womanly figure in front of me. My heart is captured by this new sensation.

I am captivated by my reflection in the mirror. The new curves of my body, the red lingerie accentuating my femininity. My heart is captured by my own reflection, and I find myself in a swirl of confusion and excitement.

"It's like a dream to be able to look like this..." As I marvel at my new appearance, I stand in front of the mirror. The figure reflected there is that of a woman who anyone would admire.

Alicia is entranced by her reflection in the mirror, feeling her heart being soothed. And she begins to want to see more of herself.

And then, a new emotion sprouts in my heart. It's the unprecedented sensation that my new body arouses sexual excitement in myself.

This feeling affects my body too. As the panties touch my sensitive area, I can feel my skin getting damp.

In the privacy of the changing room, I explore my new body. First, I extend one hand to my chest and gently squeeze my ample breasts.





The silk bra gently touches my skin, and the sensation tickles my entire chest. My nipples are already hard and react sensitively inside the bra. The thin walls of the changing room let in sounds from outside. The salesperson's voice, the customers' voices, the sound of choosing clothes. Every time these sounds enter my ears, I tremble in fear that someone might notice my actions.

Is it okay to do such things here? But the guilt only excites me more, and I can't stop my actions.

My other hand slowly descends to my lower abdomen and gently strokes myself over the red silk panties. This sensation is like a fresh exploration for the new me, and a sweet sensation races through my entire body with the excitement. "Ah..."

I let out a voice unintentionally. In a hurry, I bite my lip, but my body still jerks violently.

This stimulation was unknown to me. Well, to be precise, I have had experience as a woman, but the pleasure I felt then was completely different. I was intoxicated by this unknown pleasure.

"Ah... Ah..."

Unable to control my convulsing body, I finally squat down. However, it wasn't over yet. I was unconsciously taking off my bra and panties and inserting my hand inside. There was already soaking wet, and love juice was dripping down to my thighs. My fingertips touch my clitoris. At that moment, a shock like electricity runs through my body.

"Ah, ah! Ah, ahh!"

The pleasure was so strong that I nearly lost consciousness for a moment. But it wasn't enough. I wanted stronger pleasure. That's when it happened. The salesperson's voice came from outside the changing room.

"Are you okay? Do you need any help?"

Fear strikes me, and I hold my breath in an instant. However, the inside of the changing room is silent, and only the sound of my heartbeat echoes like tinnitus.

"Ah, um, I'm fine!"

My voice, raised in response, was surprisingly tense, even to me.

"I just... stumbled a bit..."

"Is that so? Please be careful."

Confirming that the salesperson had left with the sound of her footsteps, "Now..."

I start moving my fingers again.

"I can't... stop..."

I feel something about to overflow inside me.

I let out a voice again. And, trying to endure it, I bite my lip.

"Ah...!"

The moment finally came.

My body jerks! I convulse, and my mouth engulfs my finger. From my private parts, a large amount of tide gushes out. At the same time, the strength of my entire body rapidly drains away, and I slump to the floor.

"Ha, ha, ha..."

While repeating heavy breathing and raising my face, there was an unbelievable sight. My reflection in the mirror—it was a lewd woman, completely naked in the changing room, with love juice flowing from her groin, creating a puddle on the floor.

"Wow..."

I let out a voice unintentionally.

As I wipe it up with a tissue, I blush, recalling my actions just now.

(What am I doing...)

I fall a bit into self-loathing.

(But, it felt so good...)

Contrary to that, a feeling of satisfaction was spreading in my heart.







# Awakening as a Woman: Dress Selection

"Well, next..."

I step out of the fitting room and survey the store. With my heart settled, it became clear what to do next. It's time to buy clothes.

Various types of women's clothing were displayed in the store: dresses, skirts, blouses, cardigans... All things I had never worn before.

"Which one should I choose..."

I pick up each piece of clothing one by one, holding them against my body. Everything is fresh, making the selection process enjoyable. I scan the store, and my eyes land on a rack of dresses. One particular dress among them captivated me. It was a beautiful red silk dress.

To my own surprise, I was fascinated by the dress. A strong desire arose within me to wear it. It was a deep longing and hope to appear more beautiful and attractive as a woman.

I picked up the dress and headed for the fitting room. My heart was full with the anticipation and nervousness of wearing it. I put on the dress and slowly zipped it up.

Seeing my reflection in the mirror, I caught my breath. I looked more feminine and beautiful than I could have imagined. The dress beautifully highlighted my body's lines, and its vibrant red color accentuated my skin tone. I had not imagined that I could look so feminine, so attractive.

My heart was filled with surprise and joy. Gazing at my reflection, I felt a deep sense of satisfaction. It was a new confidence, the ability to accept and take pride in myself as a woman.

I left the fitting room and headed to the cashier with the dress. I felt that this dress was necessary as part of the new life experiences I was about to have.



