

Stripper Contract (Man to Stripper TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for holsteinxxx

Desperate for a job, James makes the mistake of signing a job contract with a shady agency. The result? He is magically transformed into a busty blonde bombshell and bound to work as stripper for one year. Forced to adapt to her new life, James becomes Jessica, and comes to find that she is not the only one who has been transformed at this establishment. Can she survive the year with her male pride intact?

Stripper Contract

James was in a sombre mood. Well, he was often in a sombre mood, but this time it was obvious. He'd planned no shaving today, but instead left it as a three-day beard to match his brown hair and brown eyes and generally brown demeanour: which was to say that the skinny man felt plain as a biscuit and stuck in the mud.

The reason was obvious: yet another job application had been knocked back, and this one was just for entry level retail! Hell, even the job working at a pill storage warehouse sorting deliveries had been a no-go, and he was perfect for that! He was literally six feet in height, after all, which meant that he could reach the taller shelves with ease and increase productivity. But evidently, in today's competitive job market, it simply wasn't enough.

"No luck, dude?" asked Brennan, his roommate and friend. He was a well-built guy with black hair and a love of women, which occasionally caused issues for the pair of them in the tiny apartment, but the two bonded over their love of video games and movies, as well as their respect for their mutual space. Besides, Brennan was one of the few people that could pull James out of his shy shell.

"Nothing," James replied. "Rejection, rejection, rejection. Over and over again. It's like I'm toxic or something. Am I doing something wrong? Am I coming across like a loser?"

"Not a loser, dude, but you might be a little shy in your interviews or something. I mean, are you keeping eye contact like we practised?"

James sighed. "I thought I was. Molly tells me I suck at it, though."

"Just be glad she's still with you."

"Oh, I am. I don't know how long it'll last though. I think she's at the end of her tether. She calls me 'mopey.'"

"Better not the interviewers see that side of you. Are you smiling, but not the whole time?"

"Yeah, dude, I'm not completely hopeless."

“But when it turned conversational, were you able to make yourself interesting and engaging?”

James gave a deeper sigh. “I don’t know. Maybe that’s where I fucked up. The point is I didn’t get the job, again. If I can’t get one soon, I’ll be in real trouble. I won’t be able to pay the rent, buddy. And Molly’s already complaining that I don’t take her anywhere.”

Brennan put a firm hand on James’ shoulder. “Well, I’d say I could sport you, but I’m not making loads in my own job, buddy. Construction has some good pathways, but I’m only at the start of it all, you know?”

“I wouldn’t ask you that anyway.”

“I know man, just wanted to clear the air before it ever got awkward.”

James nodded, sighed a third time, and looked back at his emails. Rejection after rejection after rejection. He couldn’t live like this. He needed to work to support himself. It wasn’t like he was at college, after all: he was twenty seven years old now, and past the time where idle study could put off the realities of the world. He scratched his short brown beard and considered the disappointing series of emails.

Only to stop at one.

It was a message he’d starred as important, to revisit later if need be, but in the hubbub of interviews and hopes and promises and ultimate rejections, he’d forgotten about it. A job agency had contacted him after catching data about his numerous submissions, and offered their services via a machine-made email.

“Maybe I can just bite the bullet and use these guys, then,” James said, indicating the email.

Brennan, also quite tall, looked over his friend’s shoulder.

“*JobSmart*, huh? That is . . . a hilariously vague title, dude.”

“No kidding. Have you ever heard of them?”

“Man, I’ve been working factory floors and now construction for nearly seven years. I haven’t looked at job applications that weren’t yours in a long time.”

“Luck you,” James mused. “Well, I hate job agencies because they basically interrogate you and try to fit you into every job that would never work for you, but fuck it, when you’re out of options, right?”

“That’s the spirit,” Brennan said, chuckling. “I’m going to put some cheap, shitty, tasty pies in the oven. You have fun.”

James smirked, before letting his naturally sombre expression return. He hit reply to the email, and started typing.

“Welcome to *JobSmart*, the agency that promises to find the best job for every profile!”

James gave an awkward, silent grin at the overly-enthusiastic secretary.

“Uh, hey. I’m James Steers. I had an appointment at nine-thirty to help get me a job?”

The woman checked her computer, then nodded. “Of course! Come right through! Your psych eval will just be through the second door on the left.”

“A psych eval?”

She nodded. “To help determine the job with the best fit for you. It’s standard procedure for us.”

James felt that made sense. “Uh, okay then. I gotta say, I’d never heard of this place until now. It’s kinda wedged back between those two buildings, isn’t it? Do you get many customers?”

“Only the ones we need!” she declared, and that was apparently it. He didn’t feel like pursuing anything further, so he ambled down the hallway and took the second left, trying to avoid putting his hands in his pockets as he often did. He pushed the door open gently, and a severe-looking older woman was waiting for him on the other side, already seated.

“James Steers?”

“That’s, uh, that’s me.”

“Come take a seat. I’m just going to ask you some questions if you don’t mind. All this information will be kept anonymously, and simply be used in an algorithm to determine the best possible job posting.”

“Oh, okay,” he said, taking a seat.

“So, what was your previous job?”

“Um, I worked as a barista. A bit embarrassing, but I was pretty good with customers.”

“I’m sure you were. What kind of skills and assets do you possess?”

“Well, I can make a mean coffee,” he said awkwardly, grinning. He didn’t have Brennan’s confidence though, so the joke fell flat. “Well, I’m very hard working, I can operate light machinery, I’m excellent at organisation and archiving - it was part of my major, you see - also drama, for some reason.” At this he gave a nervous giggle.

“Drama? As in performance?”

“Uh, yeah.”

“No offence, Mr Steers, but you seem a little shy for that.”

He sighed. “Yeah, I can be a bit like that. But I’ve always been good at ‘switching on’, if that makes sense? When the performance, or the customer service job, or whatever starts, then I can just sort of get into character and go with it. Drama was just a way for me to build that confidence I guess, and it worked, at least when I, uh, ‘switch on’, like I said.”

She nodded, and noted something down. "That could be most useful. Why should an employer hire you, James?"

"Oh, I guess that hardworking stuff was something I could have mentioned earlier. Well, I'm dedicated, and I can work any shifts, and I'm a no-conflict kind of guy, and I don't care if I have to get my hands dirty or do something out of my comfort zone, so long as I can get a job. Honestly, I'm just desperate for work at this point, so I'll take anything!"

The woman gave a thin smile. "So, tell me about your hygiene and how well you maintain it in the workplace?"

James raised an eyebrow, but told her regardless. It was not the only funny question in the bunch, as soon it started to get more psychological in nature: what kind of partner he looked for, his favourite colour, what made him truly happy, his confidence in uncertain situations, and so forth. By the end of the assessment, he almost felt as if his very personality and history had been pulled out of him, but he'd tried to answer honestly, replying that he liked the classic girl-next-door type (though admitting he did like blondes with larger breasts too), and that his favourite colour was red, and while he wasn't confident in uncertain situations, he was pretty good at adapting so long as he had help, and so on. The psychologist simply took notes, then fed the data into her computer, and waited for several awkward minutes.

"Okay," she finally said, "we have a match!"

"What? Really? You've got me an interview?"

She smiled. "I've got you a *job*, Mr Steers. It's in entertainment. Multiple roles available for your standing. You just need to go to the *Red Cherry* on Maybourne street. Are you free tomorrow afternoon around one?"

"Uh, yes! I am! Isn't the *Red Cherry* a club?"

"It is. Just be aware that you will have to sign a contract, and may be taking on work that you are not used to. But you will be earning a paycheck, Mr Steers."

"I can only hope. Thank you for this! Thank you!"

He left in high spirits after organising the meeting for the following day. Brennan was absolutely stoked for him, and the two celebrated by watching some action films and even cracking a few beers. For once, James actually felt like celebrating.

The *Red Cherry* was more . . . saucier, than he thought it was going to be. The place was certainly ritz-looking, but it also advertised a strip club behind the regular club, and had some images of some deeply attractive ladies who were evidently going to be 'on' that night. For James, whose own relationship with his girlfriend Molly been slowly stalling while looking for

a job, it was hard not to look at some of the tantalising cleavage on display, particularly since the images had the women in tops that threatened to fall off at any moment. He tried to stay professional, however. He'd trimmed his beard professionally, and was wearing a professional white shirt and slacks with a belt. He'd even polished his shoes so that he could come across right, and asked Brennan to coach him on good body language.

"Don't worry mate, I'm a fucking champ at this," his friend had said, cradling a beer. "I like a cheeky stripshow every so often, and trust me, the *Red Cherry* is the bomb. Just make sure to be confident, as manly as you can muster, and look the boss man straight in the eye. Oh, and tell me if Candy is still there. She's the fucking hot Asian chick who gave me a birthday lap dance a couple of years ago."

James could only sigh. His friend, much as he loved him, truly was shameless. Still, it was good advice, so when he was directed to the man named Alan Wells, he thrust out his hand confidently and clasped the other man's hand in a firm but not intimidating manner. Not that he could intimidate Mr Wells: he was a tough-looking figure with a bald head, a wide figure, and golden rings on his fingers. He looked like a bouncer who'd ended up owning the club he once worked at.

"Good to meet ya, James," he said, clasping him on the back. "Come with me, come with me. The agency sent a contact ahead to work things out. We'll sit down in the back room and work it all out, and then you're set for the job!"

"Wow, gee, that's - that's amazing, actually. I'm just a little confused about what the job will actually be, Mr Wells?"

"Alan, just call me Alan!" he said cheerfully. "And trust me, we'll work it all out in a moment. No fuss, no fuss!"

James was already picking up that Alan liked a bit of drama, and that he loved to repeat his phrases at least twice. He was ushered into a backroom that was gaudy but resplendent, and directed to a chair while Alan closed the door. A plain-looking woman with glasses was already seated, going over several files on a computer.

"This is Martha," Alan said. "She's the one re-jigging your details. Or going over them. Well, the latter then the former, I guess. Ha!"

James chuckled nervously, not understanding what he meant.

"Okay, it's all good," Martha said, handing Alan a contract that her mobile printer had just churned out. "Everything is there under a contract for one year."

"Here you go then!" Alan declared, placing it on the small round coffee table in front of James, and looking over his shoulder. "A contract of work for us for one year! It binds you to work with the *Red Cherry* for that duration of time, afterwards you can extend the contract or leave, at your will. Raises and bonuses come if you choose the former, of course. Of

course. But if you breach the contract and leave us, then there's a breach payment you've got to pay up, understand?"

James nodded. He felt a little nervous, actually. He'd never actually signed a contract with breach conditions like that before. But he was desperate, and besides, Alan seemed nice, if a little shark-like.

"Just show me the dotted line," he said, chuckling a bit.

"Thataboy! Thataboy!"

"Seventh page," Martha said.

James turned over the pages. Indeed, the money didn't seem too bad, and better yet, the offer of tips was present as well. Some aspects he didn't understand, such as the clauses regarding 'alteration' and 'body detailing', but he just assumed that was referring to dress attire and what was an appropriate look for the office.

He signed on the dotted line.

"And witnessed," Martha said. She dealt with the copy of the contract, and made sure Alan had the other. "A copy will be sent to you as well, Mr Steer."

"Oh, yeah. I mean, yes."

Alan nodded, chomping an unlit cigar, his eyes gleaming as he beheld the contract. "Fantastic!" he said.

At this, Martha stood, having finished packing her briefcase. "Very well, our business is almost done. How would you like James to look?"

Alan mused for a moment. "Well, ever since Delilah left two months ago we've been out of the classic busty blonde bimbo stripper."

James' eyes widened. The sudden turn in the conversation caught him for a loop, and he had to wonder what they were talking about.

"That can be arranged. Any specific dimensions?"

"Well, go big or go home, as my pappy told me," Alan said with a chuckle. He looked over James, who was the only one still sitting. "Let's go classic hourglass. I'm thinking wide hips - guys love that. Good ass too: Delilah was all-natural, so we didn't grow her the best one. And - ah, hell with it! - let's make the sequel bigger and better, bigger and better! Delilah had some nice double-D's, let's go E-cups for this one. Nah, fuck it! F-cups! Make the regulars really be able to tell the difference, huh? Make her short too. They love that."

James furrowed his brow. "Um, I'm sorry to interrupt, but can I go? Or, get a sense of my job? I feel like I'm, well, I'm interrupting another meeting, or something. I don't quite understand."

At this, Alan flashed a shark-like grin. "Oh don't worry, you will."

Martha handed the boss a simple slip of paper, what looked to be a separate contract between the pair of them that she had just written up. He signed it eagerly, then passed it back to her.

“Confirmed,” she said flatly. “The transformation will begin any second now. I’m sure all parties will be satisfied. Well, our two parties. Mr Steers may need some adjustment.”

At this, James finally stood, really feeling like he was being left out of the loop. “I’m sorry, I don’t want to be rude, but can someone actually explain what’s going on with - NGHH!!!”

He suddenly doubled over, clutching the low coffee table to avoid falling over. He felt strange. *Very* strange. Like his skin was sliding all about, and his guts were spinning like a jet turbine.

“Ohhhh,” he moaned, his voice sounding oddly higher than normal. “Wh-what’s - I n-need help! I think I’m gonna - Eugggh!!”

He fell backwards, back into his chair as he continued to grunt and groan. Something was happening below his stomach, and it was making him queasy as all hell, like his insides were shifting around to accommodate something new. No, not *like* that. *Exactly* that. He could feel something new ballooning into being within his gut, and it was all wrong.

“Oh God - ahh! Please, I think I’m having a m-medical episode or something! I need you to c-call an ambulance!”

He hyperventilated as his body began to shake, his skin feeling strangely smooth and wrong, as if it didn’t belong to him. He scratched his head as it began to itch terribly. He tried not to panic, but his voice was sounding oddder and oddder by the second, as if it was retreating back into puberty or something.

“Don’t worry, James!” Alan said, slapping him gently on the shoulder. “It’s all part of the contract, nothing to worry about!”

“Wha-what are you talking about-OHHH!!!”

Suddenly, his left shoulder caved in, reducing in size even given his skinny nature. Then, his right shoulder followed, the very bone rearranging to take on a slimmer proportion. He gasped, unable to even form words, as his entire torso followed suit, slimming down and smoothing over. James gaped as his shirt suddenly became too big for him, and he realised in that dreadful moment that he wasn’t just getting even slimmer, he was also losing height!

“P-please!” he cried, his voice now positively effeminate. “What’s h-happening to m-me!?”

Alan just chomped his cigar, forever unlit. “Well, just like we were discussing, Martha and me, we need a new stripper for the club, something to really boost our numbers, see? Now your contract specifies you to take on a role of my choosing in the club, as your boss of course. So you’ll be a bombshell for us, James. A bombshell!”

It was insane. It made no sense. And yet even as James managed to stand to try and run, his arms and legs were hit by the next round of changes, and he nearly collapsed upon the table, with Alan just managing to steady him. The table had a reflective glass surface, and with James staring directly at it, he was able to see how far his changes were taking him. Right before his eyes, his face began to alter. His jaw cracked, making him gasp in his light voice once more, and then rearranged along with his cheekbones and temples, leaving him with a cute, heart-shaped face. That look was enhanced by his cheekbones becoming more prominent, and his beard hair literally falling away, first from his face, and then from existence partway through their descent to the coffee table's surface. It left his face eerily smooth, without even the evidence of a shave.

"Oh God, I'm starting to look like - MMPH!!"

He stopped speaking as his lips ballooned. They became full - overly so - and very pouty, the kind of lips Brennan always loved on girls because of their so-called "blowjob potential." His long, thin nose shrank, becoming button cute, and his eyes glimmered. For the briefest moments he was blinded, but before James could panic, he could suddenly see again, except the reflection now showed his eyes to be *blue*, and with long eyelashes and well-defined dark eyebrows.

"No! Stop! I don't want this j-job! Anymore! I especially don't want all *this long hair!*"

He said the last part as it grew out, extending further and further until it slid over his shoulders. As it did, it turned a bleached blonde look, where it was impossible to tell if the hair was natural or simply dyed. But it left his face looking entirely female, a fact that married well now to his voice, which was increasingly talking on a sweet, sensual quality that utterly disturbed him. It was an awful epiphany to realise that his face was now far, *far* more attractive than his own girlfriend's, a fact she knew the woman would detest.

"Christ on a piece of toast," Alan declared, looking to Martha. "She's gonna be a damn hit! A damn hit, I say! You magical eggheads have done your work well again!"

"It's what you pay us for," Martha said, voice flat and professional.

Somehow, the banality of their reactions only made James panic further. He managed to get to his feet and stagger backwards, only to see that not only had his limbs altered to further match his growing femininity, but his clothes were magically changing as well. His professional pants had shrunk, and were continuing to shrink, and were becoming a vibrant red. His shirt was likewise shrinking, and taking on a similar colour. It now revealed his arms, which had slimmed and softened and shortened, so that they now matched his increasingly short proportions. The same was true of his legs, though they were also very shapely, smooth, and he now had a pair of thighs he just knew someone like Brennan would go gaga for.

"Please, I h-have a girlfriend! I just n-need work so we can *make it work!* AAAIEE!!"

To James' utter humiliation, his voice managed to somehow go *even higher* as he let loose a cry that sounded halfway between pained shock and overwhelming ecstasy. The truth was that this description wasn't entirely inaccurate, because as discomforting as the changes were there was also an increasingly strong - and wrong - aspect of pleasure associated with them. James tried to bite his lip, an easy thing to do now given how full they were, but it was impossible to fight the waves of bliss that accompanied his form and made it similarly impossible to flee. He held the edge of the coffee table, moaning like a porn star as he shook his ass back and forth. As if reality itself was mocking him, a strong pressure grew in his rear and continued to expand.

"D-don't want a b-big ass!"

"But the customers will!" Alan replied. "Oh lord, they will!"

"OHHHhhhh!! Why does it f-feel so - OOhhh!!"

It grew, rounding out to become a full booty that you could bounce a quarter to the moon off of. James' changing clothing altered to accommodate his big bubble butt just in time. It now looked like he was wearing a pair of tight shorts made of bright, semi-reflective material. His midriff was now on show, and his stomach had changed from a scrawny appearance to an impressively toned, yet obviously feminine one.

"S-stop! Please, just - void the contract! I didn't r-realise!"

But Alan and Martha simply beheld his changes. His hands and feet shrunk, both ending up dainty. The fact that a pair of bright red and sparkling heels suddenly appeared beneath James' feet only made him wobble, unused to such footwear. His nails extended, and red nail polish appeared on them also. He shrunk yet further, until he had to be shorter than not just the average man, but the average woman too! The world seemed so much bigger.

"Hmm, I'd say five foot three," Martha mused, as if psychically reading him. "Right on the mark of the contract."

"That's way too short!" James whined. But then he had bigger problems, because a set of new and very worrying pressures started up across his body, the kind that he most certainly couldn't ignore what they signalled. It was in his hips, his genitals, and on his chest.

"Fuck, oh fuck! No, no, no, no, it's not too late! It's not - OHHH!! Why d-does it h-have to feel this w-way!?"

Alan smirked at the changes, looking only a little sympathetic. "Think of it this way, kid, least it feels good, right?"

And it did. That was the shame of it. It felt *damn* good. James' hips cracked wider, his left hip popping outwards, followed by his right, just like with his shoulders. They rounded out, adding to his already impressive lower curves, and it was undeniably that in mere moments he now had a set of hips that would make Shakira blush, and would certainly tell

no lies. The fact that his 'shorts' were now shrinking down and merging with his pants to form something that was increasingly close to becoming lingerie only emphasised this fact further.

Which was where the bulge in said soon-to-be lingerie came in.

James gave up all pretence of professional pride and instead focused on his male pride. He clutches his manhood even as a reverse pressure began like a suction between his legs, pulling his genitals back into his body. He whined, uncaring how feminine he sounded, so long as he could remain masculine *where it counted*. It was to no avail, though. He grasped his penis and testicles, ignoring how much his top was shrinking, how much smoother his skin was becoming, and the soft womanly fat settling on his hips. All that mattered was his cock and balls.

"No! NO! FUCK! OHHHHH G-GOD!!!"

He orgasmed. There was no other way to describe it. It hit him like a freight train, and he wailed in a voice that would have given him a hard erection if he still had the cock to achieve that feat. Instead, it suckered back into his body, followed by his left ball, then his right. They plopped inwards, leaving a feminine slit and tunnel behind, with labial lips flowering into being to complete his slightly damp vagina.

"Mhmmmm! Ahhhh! NNghh!!!"

More orgasms rocked him, even as his panties completed their alteration. His lower half was now devastatingly female. All of him was, in fact, except for one area. Two areas, really. And they were correcting themselves in a very noticeable way. James brought his dainty hands up to his chest in response to the sudden expansion and stimulation of his newly sensitive nipples. They grew, becoming like little pink raspberries, and wide areolas formed around them. His chest pushed out, and where there had just been skinny pectoral muscles before, now they were softening and expanding to full breasts.

Very full breasts.

"T-too big! Stop them! Oh, f-fuuuuck! Ohhhhhh!!!"

James was helpless as more orgasms rocked through his form. His breasts quickly took on a rounder shape, then a set of perfect teardrops, then a considerable weight and heft as they jutted forth ever more. He arched his back, only emphasising them further, and his top quickly became a sexy red lingerie bra with big, *big* cups to accommodate them. He couldn't look away either: the sight of his increasingly globe-like tits getting bigger and bigger was too overwhelming *not* to take in.

"Ohhhhhh, no! No! Yes! Yes! YESSSS!!!"

The last, and greatest, of his new female orgasms hit him, and he flopped against the coffee table, his big boobs bouncing, now fully settled into their cups. They felt enormous. They *were* enormous. As the new woman raised himself up to stare in his reflection in the

coffee table, he could see that they hung like a pair of overripe fruit from his form, a gorgeous line of deep cleavage between them. They each looked to be the size of his face.

“What have you done to me?” the new woman whispered, and somehow even that aghast whisper sounded hot as hell. Like an invitation to bed.

“We’ve made a woman out of you, my dear girl,” Alan said. “Martha, you’ve done wonderful work!”

“Glad to be of service.”

But James was more confused than ever. He raised his body up, still not used to its softness, or its small height, or the way certain . . . parts continued to bounce and shift and wobble. “Please, I only came for a job. Why have you d-done this to me?”

It was Martha that explained. “Simply put, our specialty is to accommodate job applicants for positions they are well-suited for but wouldn’t even think about. Our agency ran our tests on you, including the psychiatric evaluation, and found that with some magical alteration, you would be a perfect fit for a stripper at *The Red Cherry*.”

“That’s . . . that’s insane!”

Martha shrugged. “Not insane, just a well-kept secret.”

“That has to be illegal!”

“If you can find laws on the books dealing with magical transformation, be my guest. We’re a private company, Miss Steers, not a moral one. We make a profit with businesses who need perfect applicants but can’t readily find them. Trust me when I say the contract is genuine and magically binding: after a year you can choose to extend your stay in this body and position, or you can walk away and return to your male form. But only after a year.”

“You can’t be serious! I’m meant to be a man! What, is this just some sick scheme to enjoy watching a guy like me turn into - into this!”

He gestured at his very female form, disgusted at showing off so much of it. His chest was jiggling, and he wasn’t used to that strange sensation. The same went for his ass, which his lingerie was riding up most extensively. He had to resist the urge to fix it.

Alan put his hands up in a placating gesture. “Oh, trust me, James - we’ll have to think of a new name for you now, by the way - as your new boss I would most definitely not lower myself like that! No, you really did get assigned here because you were the perfect candidate, whether you knew it or not.”

“History of drama performance,” Martha said. “Being able to come alive on stage. A need to impress others. Willingness to take on any work. Desire for money, appeal for good tips. Not to mention an aptitude for adaptability, a healthy respect for women, and a male perspective of the female form which will be most suited to monetising in your new form.”

James swallowed. He was still breathing heavily, aghast at all of this. Alan just clasped him on the shoulder, which was a much more hefty action now, and easier done with James so much shorter.

“Don’t worry, don’t worry, you’ll get exactly what you wanted, James! A regular paying job, good tips, and good company. Not to mention it’s only for a year, and you can see how you feel at the end of it. For now, let’s get you acquainted with your new line of work, and get you to meet Candy, your new mentor. Which reminds me, we need to come up with a good stage name for your new self, given that legally you’ll be someone else for a spell - ha, for a spell! How about Jessica? Jessica Star? I bet with those attributes you’ll be a real star, right?”

James didn’t say a word. The new woman was borderline catatonic as he - or rather, *she* - was led out of the room as Martha went the other way. The former man was now an incredibly sexy woman, with large breasts, a tiny waist, and a perfectly shaped ass. She was even shaved down there! If only Brennan could see her now, he’d have a stroke. A happy one. Actually, there were multiple definitions of ‘stroke’, and all of them were bad in her mind.

“Oh God, I knew I never should have gone with that agency,” James whined.

And then she was led to the back, to get dressed and meet her new coworkers.

“So, you used to be a guy too, huh?”

James blinked, realising what had just been said. Alan had practically dropped her off at the changing room, where a number of women were going in and out and getting into all sorts of scantily-clad attire, or otherwise just putting on regular clothes after giving a special midday show for the day bar customers. The woman named Candy - the one Brennan had spoken about giving amazing lap dances - was the one Alan had handed her off to before he left to attend some matters. She was short, somehow even shorter than James’ new form, and had a much more lithe appearance, though still had a pair of nice B-cups that were pushed up to look more like C’s. Her hair was dyed slightly purple in places, about chin-length at the front before trailing to the back. It gave an almost anime-style look. But despite her cute appearance, and her lack of height, she had an air of authority and an almost motherly care as she fetched James a warm coat to cover herself with and then a cup of tea.

“Y-yes,” James said. “There are others here too?”

“Drink first, then I’ll explain,” Candy responded in a slight accent that was possibly Japanese. James followed her instructions, and found that the green tea was indeed

soothing, and did calm her a little. Him. She was a *him*: it was just hard to think of herself as such while she had these huge boobs pushing out the woman's coat she had been given.

"Nearly half the staff here at *The Red Cherry* used to be someone else," Candy explained. "We took contracts just like you did, only some of us were even more eager than you, new girl. I, just to name and shame someone, took a contract that lasted *five* years. Yeah, five. Imagine that."

James couldn't, but before she could try to answer, Candy just motioned for her to drink and breathe.

"Just listen. Get used to your body and take in as much as you can. Now, not all of us used to be men. Victoria and Hayley were just regular frumpy and dumpy girls, for instance. Now, well, Vicky has perfect long red hair and a set of hips that would make any guy drool, and Hayley's got that big black gal ass that appeals to a large demographic of our regulars, and my can she work it."

She indicated to a very curvaceous black woman who would be described as 'thick in all the right places', even by James himself in his former life. She threw a smirk in Candy's direction.

"Ya'll talking about me."

"Just admiring what God - or the contract - gave you."

"Hell yeah. I just gotta find a way to keep these curves while still getting another job after this one!"

She let loose a belly laugh before changing to head out. James was flabbergasted.

"She wants to stay this way?"

"Remember, she was always a girl. We're a bit different. The same is true of the bouncers."

"The bouncers?"

"Oh yeah. A few of them were women before too. Not stripper ladies or even with the kind of bods we have, but women too. Turns out their psych eval just put them as having all the right traits for protecting the establishment. Besides, them wanting their original bodies back goes a long way towards making sure they're actually good at their job, right?"

"I guess so, sure. But . . . how do we escape?"

Candy raised an eyebrow, then proceeded to laugh. It wasn't malicious, but certainly had an air of condescension to it. "Honey," she said, "there's no escape. You've got a contract, you abide by it. Alan may have swindled you into this job, but he's not a bad boss. He makes sure all us girls are protected, ensures the rules are followed, and we make good money and keep our tips. He just wants his establishment to be successful. But if you try to breach contract, you won't be changed back."

"Until the year is out."

She shook her head. “No, you just *won't get changed back*. Period. That's the thing. And you'll have to give a payout, which none of us want to do.”

James crumpled down, setting the tea aside. “This fucking sucks,” she said, sulking. She was keenly aware of the feeling of her big, heavy boobs resting against her knees as she drew her legs up. “I don't want to be a woman, or a stripper, or to work here at all - well, now at least.”

“Them's the deal, kid. You just gotta play the hand you've been dealt. Come on, I'll show you the ropes. Your first show is tonight, but it's a short practice one to warm up the crowd while us experienced gals get ready. I'll teach you as much as I can.”

“It just . . . I feel so ridiculous! And tiny!”

At this, Candy put a hand on her lip and smirked. “Girl, I used to be six three with muscles on my muscles. Don't even talk to me about tiny. I'm five zero flat. C'mon. I'll give you the tour. Just don't spill out of that bra. I'm not sure it can take the tension of those massive knockers.”

James frowned. “They're not *that* big. Are they?”

“Lady, if you weren't paid to show off that deep well of cleavage, I'd say you were smuggling bowling balls in your top. Now come on.”

James was shown the tour and the ropes by Candy, who showed her around *The Red Cherry*, explaining each room along with the responsibilities of those stationed in or around it. The club was surprisingly large, with a more general bar and lounge area, and then the strip club proper which made up the majority of the establishment from the customer side, being able to seat over a hundred individuals, though it often had empty zones where regulars lounged more freely. There was the back changing room, as well as a safe room for if anything wrong - “not that we've ever used it while I've been here,” explained Candy - as well as the more general security room for monitoring. The bar area has its back, and there were the kitchens for serving the food - “bet you wish you were working there,” Candy said with a laugh, “but those knockers would only get in the way, I'd bet!” - and then there were the toilets and the offices, including Alan's main area. Of course, there was technically the backstage area, but it was effectively part of the strip lounge, just with some cover behind the curtains to ready for the performance or transition from a previous one.

But for James, who was being introduced to everyone as ‘Jessica’, it was effectively a fever dream. Everything about the tour and the teaching lessons from Candy were a strange blur, interrupted by the occasional question about how she was and if she needed some time to take it all in, and of course, the bobbing of her breasts and bouncing of her ass

as she moved from room to room. The fact that some of the security men were eyeing her in a particular way only made everything so much the stranger, and all the more wrong.

“I have to be dreaming,” she said to herself, repeating it like a mad mantra. “This is just some kind of crazy dream, and Brennan is going to wake me up at any moment. Or Molly.”

“Friends of yours?” Candy asked.

“Uh, Brennan is my friend and roommate, and Molly is my girlfriend.”

Candy gave a sympathetic smile. “Well, I’d advise having Brennan wake you up, unless you’re into that. And Molly . . . well, I hope she’s a loving girlfriend. Mine certainly wasn’t.”

James/Jessica frowned. She was well aware that things with Molly were strained already, and not looking up. This job was meant to be her chance to turn it all around. And now she had a huge pair of all-natural F-cup tits and a shaved vagina to show for it. That, and a regular pay, which was about the only good thing, given when she was expected to do to earn it.

On that note, the former man was introduced to several of the other workers and strippers at the club. One was the previously mentioned Vicky, who still had over a year on her contract, and another was June, who was shockingly *not* on contract at all, having been formerly a man seven years ago, and taken to her role with such alacrity and excitement that the general consensus was that she was trans without knowing it at the time. She worked at the club but could quit anytime, yet showed no signs of doing so.

“How could anyone be like that?” James mused, though she was being addressed as Jessica by everyone.

Candy just shrugged. “Frankly, I can’t wait to be a big man again, but keep in mind that you get used to a new body quicker than you’d think. And sometimes these walls . . . they get to you. First you can’t stand them, then you can’t live without them.”

She waited for a moment, and then James actually chuckled.

“Wait, you’re quoting *The Shawshank Redemption*, aren’t you?”

Candy grinned. “A woman of fine taste, then! Just be aware you’ll be entertaining men without fine taste. I’ll teach you how to go about it while the strip lounge is closed. Curt, mind if we enter?”

“Sure, go ahead,” a male voice said, one that sounded kind of nice to James’ ears. But before he could see what this ‘Curt’ looked like, she was ushered up onto the empty stage, complete with the walkway between the seats and the stripper pole for dancing on at the end. It made James realise why her new female form had such strong legs. She was magically altered with the perfect fit and sexy physique to wrap around that, and it didn’t make her feel good.

“No way,” she squeaked.

“Way,” Candy said. “Just watch.”

And with that, she strutted her stuff down the walkway, sliding out of her top so that her lithe bust was almost spilling out of her sexy lingerie top. She wiggled her hips suggestively, stopped to twirl and shake her ass in an imaginary customer’s face, then ran her hands up her thighs and then all the way up over her breasts before adjusting her hair. She gave a sexy grin, then sashayed her hips as she made her way to the pole. With practised ease, she hoisted herself up onto the pole, spinning around it to show off her amazing legs, before shifting again to link her legs to the pole and then spin the other way, her near-topless upper half extended to give all the imaginary guys in the bar a show. It was as much a display of athleticism as eroticism, really, and for a moment James was genuinely astonished, before realising that she also needed to achieve such feats.

“That was . . . pretty amazing, actually,” James said once Candy had dismounted.

“It comes with practice,” Candy replied with an easy confidence. “With your legs and your height - not to mention that ridiculous bust - you’ll manage to do even better. But don’t worry, you won’t work the pole tonight, except for some of the most basic moves. I’ve been doing this for five years so I know my stuff, but if you get out there and try something wild, you’ll just end up looking like the sexiest girl with a broken neck in the world.”

“Don’t worry, I don’t want to do any of this. I just . . . *have* to.”

Candy gave a sympathetic grin, reached up and squeezed her charge’s shoulder. “Trust me, it gets easier. The first night will be the worst. After that, it’s all downhill. Well, mostly, until you get to the lapdances.”

“L-lapdances?”

Candy waved it off. “Don’t even think about that yet. Just work with me, and I’ll help prepare you as best as I can for tonight. Remember, it’s just a couple of transition performances you’ll be doing. All the practised girls, me included, will be the ones doing the real entertainment. You won’t even have to run drinks, because you’ll be observing us and seeing how we move from the side stage. Got it?”

James nodded. “I think so. This is just . . . so crazy.”

“Not as crazy as those curves, girl. You’ll get tips for tits for sure. Now c’mon, let’s get practising. We’ve only got a few hours, after all.”

James groaned. “Of course.”

For the next several hours, they did indeed practise, with Candy showing her basic movement skills of how to be a stripper. They weren’t putting James in heels just yet - that would come later - but Candy did make sure she lost the coat and practised in a miniskirt and crop top over her lingerie, and showed her how to remove those articles in a highly sexual manner, building up to the removal in a deeply sultry and showy way. To say that

James was embarrassed would be the understatement of a century, but Candy had one very good tip for him:

“Just. Don’t. Be. James,” she said, emphasising each word as she modelled again how to twist one’s hips to jiggle an ass in a perfect manner, all while thrusting out one’s very female chest.

“What do you mean? Also, this move is degrading.”

“It’s all degrading, honey. Men *want* the degrading, even this Brennan fellow you’ve talked about. But what I mean is that while I’m Candy, *that’s* the identity I stick with. Well, technically I’m just Aoi in my regular life, but while here I’m Candy. And in neither public nor private do I think of myself as Asahi, because that was the person I used to be and it doesn’t help to dwell on being that person. If I think of myself in female pronouns and take on my female name, it’s a lot easier to accept being thrust into this very female position. Does that make sense?”

It strangely did.

“Okay,” she said to herself. “I’m Jessica. I’m Jessica. I’m not James while I’m here. I’m Jessica. Jessica Star.”

She made the identity her own - for now - and got back to shaking her booty in preparation for the night.

It only made it a little easier to stomach.

The time passed far too quickly, and soon the strip club was reopened and ready to go for the night’s festivities. Customers were pouring in, and the darker, sexier lighting filled the room with a sensual ambience. Jessica took this all in with a great deal of trepidation, particularly given that she was up early. For the rest of the strippers, it was apparently a rite of passage that they all undertook.

“Trust me, the first night is the worst,” said a dark-skinned woman who went by the stripper title *Dainty Mae*.

“So I’ve heard,” Jessica said. “You used to be a guy too?”

“Uh-huh. I’m only four months in, and still getting used to it.”

“It gets easier?”

“Yeah. My word of advice, just make friends with the bouncers. Many of them used to be women, so they take protecting us seriously. Curt’s not bad.”

“Okay, I’ll remember that.”

Dainty Mae chuckled. “Oh, and steer clear of Vicky. She’s always been a girl, so she thinks there’s some kind of pecking order. She can be a real bitch, always laughing at us

guys who used to be, well, guys. Hayley's cool though. She helps us with the makeup, since even the longer time guy-turned-gals haven't mastered it the way natural girls have."

Jessica nodded. "Thanks, uh, Dainty Mae."

"Just call me Mae. Oh, sounds like you're about to be called on. You go break a leg."

Indeed, Candy was there, all dressed up in a coat that clearly was covering a lot more revealing clothing beneath. "It's time," the mentor said, giving a comforting yet serious expression. "Are you ready, Jessica?"

"No," she answered honestly, indicating her overly busty blonde form. "Hell, I'm still getting used to these!"

She wobbled her shoulders, which caused her very large F-cups to wobble as well.

"I can only imagine," Mae added, giggling. "Mine are 'only' D-cups! Jealous, Candy?"

"Oh, shut up, Mae. Look, even if you're not ready, you just have to remember what I taught you, okay? Now come on. The worst disaster is coming out late. They'll expect a better show if you take your sweet time. Let's go!"

Jessica followed reluctantly. Her heart trembled in her chest, seeming to skip every second beat. She was wearing a tight yellow dress, one that was designed to peel at the centre, and then down the sides, so that by the end she was wearing a crop top and half-skirt, only to be able to throw those away too. The fact that her chest was straining to escape the too-tight bust was just another frustration, though at least it stopped them jiggling so much.

"This is insane," she muttered to herself as she made her way backstage.

"No, this is show business," Candy said. "Now get out there and strut your stuff. Let me give you the standard good luck sign."

"What's that?"

Candy slapped her on the ass, forcing the new woman out on stage.

Right in front of a nearly totally crowded bar lounge of an almost entirely male persuasion. The air was filled with smoke, and the lightning was moody, with all the attention focused on her body. She took a deep breath.

"Presenting the new and lovely Jessica Star, everybody! And boy, has she got a small introductory show for you! Remember to be nice: she's on her training wheels. But as you all know, our girls learn fast, and we think she'll be a showstopper in a short while. Make your moves, Jessica!"

There were a series of cheers from the crowd, including one large, rather ugly man to her left whose breathing was somehow louder than the sexy ambient music. Jessica stayed paused, though, frozen in terror. Her time in drama class had not prepared her for this.

"Hurry up!" Candy hissed from the sidestage.

She swallowed again. Time seemed to slow.

“Hurry up, Jessica! Don’t be shy now: the crowd will be nice and encouraging, won’t we, everyone?”

There was another series of cheers, but this time they were more stilted and hesitant, almost frustrated. A few hecklers at the back were already crying for her to hurry up.

“Remember, you’re Jessica now!” Candy hissed. “Just. Be. Jessica. Not James!”

Jessica focused, closed her eyes, and forgot her male pride. When she opened them again, she was giving a bright, cheery smile, and strutting down the catwalk, her hips sashaying from side to side just as Candy had taught her. There was a more genuine cheer from the crowd.

“There she is!” the announcer’s voice echoed.

She reached the pole, and tried a minor twirl around it, but almost lost her balance immediately, still not used to her centre of gravity. There was an amused laugh from the crowd, and she smiled sheepishly at her blunder. She picked herself back up, and gave a mediocre shake of her ass, not quite committing to it fully. One male up close was clearly disappointed, as was the second she shook it too. It was then that she had to tear off the midsection of the dress, but in her hurry she accidentally got it caught, and had to halt to really get it off. This led to another round of laughter, which only made her even more embarrassed than before.

“Goddamnit,” she muttered to herself, before speaking a little louder. “Sorry, everyone! This dress really doesn’t want me to show myself!”

“Well, someone get up there and help her out!” someone shouted, and several hands went up to volunteer. It helped restore some genuine vibe to the proceedings, and from there she was able to bare her midriff and shake it, thrusting out her chest just as Candy had taught her, bouncing up and down a little to let it shake. It wasn’t very good, none of the performance was, but for now at least she was able to get by on her looks alone: a number of the men were calling out crude comments that, while degrading, at least told her she was impressing them in *one* way. Or two, technically.

“Nice tits, hot stuff!”

“How much for a lapdance?”

“Oh yeah, shake that chest, baby! That’s gotta be the best pair of melons in the house! Lose some more!”

She did so, pulling the sides from her skirt more effectively so that her luscious thighs were bared. Strangely, losing another article of clothing only made it easier to shake her stuff, as if there was a greater honesty in what she was doing. She continued her show, occasionally fumbling, but giving the house what they wanted, though another pole swing only went moderately more successful. She had just removed her crop top to reveal her big melons bouncing in her very full bra when things went wrong.

She had just moved to shake her ass again, and once more relented in full committing to lowering too near a customer's face, when one already-drunk individual became vocally frustrated about this.

"Get closer honey, you're wasting your goods!"

"S-sorry!" she exclaimed, before trying to move on, but he wouldn't have it.

"And where's the titty show? I want to see you shake those globes in my face, honey!"

He stood, and actually grabbed her leg. James had never been in a physical altercation since he was in his first year of high school, and all he could do was stumble over as the drunken fellow reached out and pinched her on the ass, trying to move her so he could see her tits at the same time.

"What the fuck? Get away from me!" she cried. She kicked at him feebly, cursing her lack of strength.

Thankfully, security moved fast. A man came out of the wings, one who didn't look anything like she suspected. He had a thick black beard that ran an inch below his chin, and a number of tattoos on his left arm. But he didn't have a bouncer's look. Instead, he appeared almost hipster, with a taller, thinner build and round glasses that made him stand out. But he was obviously plenty tough, because he pulled away the bigger man with practised ease.

"You're done here," he simply said, his voice surprisingly gentle. "Are you okay?"

It took her a moment to realise he was talking about her. "Um, yeah, sure."

"You get behind stage and take care of yourself. I'm sorry this happened. Your dance is done, don't worry."

There was a small commotion as he moved the complaining man out of the room somewhat forcefully, and the announcer quickly came on again.

"Just a reminder not to touch the girls while they dance unless explicitly given the okay during specific dances! Even then, we'll tell you what's allowed. We hope you enjoyed Jessica Star, everyone. She'll be rising in the north soon! Next up, we've got Classic Candy!"

Jessica wandered off stage, embarrassed, humiliated, but deeply thankful for the man that had rescued her. Candy passed her, and the crowd was already cheering loudly.

"Not the worst start, kid."

"Who was that?" Jessica asked. "The one that rescued me."

"That," Candy answered. "Was Curt. Sets off my hormones fierce, despite the fact I used to be a man. One of the good ones, at least."

She headed out to dance for the adoring crowd, leaving Jessica to think further about that bouncer. She was still coming down from the helplessness and fear, but something in her couldn't help but focus her thoughts on him.

“One of the good ones, huh,” she said.

She wondered how he’d come to work at *The Red Cherry*.

Jessica stayed the night at Candy’s place after shooting a text to Brennan that made up some excuse. There was no hiding it forever though, and Candy was clear that it was better to come clean: reality wasn’t exactly rewritten for them, but *JobSmart* did at least help clear up some messy details by offering new accommodations once acclimated, as well as helping smoothe over issues that would make life impossible: driver’s tests, inspections, anything that would get the government on their back when they noticed a very female someone using a very male someone’s access.

Still, it didn’t make it any easier to break the news to Brenna, and so Jessica opted to simply stay with Candy a couple of days under the excuse that she wanted to learn more of the ropes from her about being a stripper, or else she might never get her body back.

“Fine, fine,” Candy said. “But you get a week, then I’ve got to clear you out. I’m happy to come alongside to explain it to this Brennan character, too.”

Jessica actually smirked. “Probably not the best idea, he’s a customer at the club occasionally. He bragged that you give the best lap dances in the world.”

Candy laughed. “Well, I’ll take it! Five years on the job, I suppose I’ve earned that mantle. Okay, I’ll help you practise a bit. First thing’s first, though. I don’t want to teach this all twice, so let’s get you training on *heels*.”

Jessica cringed, but knew that she had to learn. What was a stripper without a good pair of heels? Especially since, when she wore a set of red pumps, it made her already impressive ass and big stonking tits stick out even further.

“That’s right, gal, make ‘em bounce! Guys love ‘em when they bounce, and you got a lot of bounce!”

“This is already hard enough without the cheerleading,” Jessica complained.

“Just imagine me as a two hundred pound lard with an erection and you’ll be back in the club.”

Jessica saw her point, and continued. As the days passed, she surprisingly got quite used to the heels. They fitted her well, and while her ankles got sore and she had to have breaks, she was able to adjust. It even made her stripper moves easier once she got the balance issue down a bit more.

“You’re a natural!” Candy claimed. “Well, magically unnatural, technically, but aren’t we all.”

“I’m just glad the bouncer saved me. The one called Curt. That first night was awful.”

“Yeah, Curt’s great. He’s dependable. Very cute, too.”

“Didn’t you used to be a man?”

Candy shrugged. “Trust me, you live long enough as a woman, it does things to your brain. Plus, my brain is one hundred percent heterosexual. Which means when I’m a woman, I’m into dudes. I’ve had some nice lays, even though I want to be a guy again.”

Jessica couldn’t believe this, but Candy explained it was normal for most people in the club to have their preferences flip from their previous state, in line with their new gender. It made her wary of how she was thinking about the bouncer with his athletic frame and soft voice. She focused on her training instead. Candy had a stripper pole in her apartment, one she’d had installed years ago, and so Jessica’s mentor trained her hard each night, even as Brennan’s confusion over why she was still away on ‘family business’ remained. But she was determined not to lose her job and flunk out of her contract. Alan was resolute: she needed to improve, and had just two weeks to do so. He encouraged her at every turn as well, and she found it hard to hate the man until she remembered that he had been the recipient of the deal that had left her like this. A willing participant.

“I know, I know. You hate me. You got a reason to! But that doesn’t mean you can’t enjoy yourself. Enjoy your body. Get out on the town and look sexy, appreciate a woman’s point of view and all that. So go nuts, Jess. Keep improving and soon you’ll be a natural, and life will get easier. I promise.”

She didn’t quite believe him, but part of what he was saying did connect. Initially repulsed by her new body, Jessica hadn’t really experimented with it, trying to keep a hands off approach. But that was getting hard to do. Everyone else was sexualising it, after all, so why couldn’t she? She hadn’t seen Curt much around, but whenever she did spy him, he always gave her a hello or said a kind, encouraging word. It made her tingle, and after nearly a week of training to make others aroused, she was sick of being aroused herself, and needed relief.

It was after a long evening of practising her moves, including the dreaded ‘titty jiggle’ as Candy so crassly put it, that Jessica made her way to bed, feeling frustrated and tired and utterly horny.

“Fuck it,” she said to herself. Candy’s room was down the hall, and she was certain she could be quiet. It had been too long since she’d done it with Molly anyway, and her girlfriend wasn’t even responding to her messages, so that relationship was probably done. “Might as well get some pleasure from this annoying busty body.”

She began to play with her breasts. They were certainly big enough, slightly flattened on her chest as she lay on her back, large nipples stiff with arousal. She rubbed those nipples, shivering in response to the pleasure it gave her.

“Mhmm, that actually f-feels really nice.”

She squeezed and groped them, beginning to pinch her nipples and cup the undersides of her boobs. They were so full and soft, pert yet perfect. She pressed them together, aroused by the sensation of them against each other. A part of her male fascination with breasts had definitely survived the transformation, because she began to moan longer and more deeply as she played with her F-cup puppies. She rubbed her thighs together, beginning to simmer as her feminine parts began to moisten. It was a sensation unlike any other, and there was no male counterpart. She bit her lip, continuing to tease her nipples with one hand as she lowered her other between her legs.

“OOhhhhhhh,” she moaned, trying to keep her voice lower. She traced her fingers around her vulva, feeling her lower lips and locating her sensitive clitoris. It was throbbing with need, and she began to rub it, slowly at first, and then with greater firmness and speed as the sensations became more powerful.

“Ahhh, h-holy fuck, that f-feels good! Oh God! Oh G-Gooooood . . .”

She mumbled and murmured, gasped and groaned as her female body responded to her own touch. She closed her eyes, still trying to keep quiet as the ecstasy rose and rose in intensity. She slipped two fingers inside of her, and almost squealed in surprise at how wet and responsive her new tunnel was. She shook, squirming on the bed, breasts shaking, her gorgeous legs spreading as if she were receiving a man.

“Mhmm . . . a man . . .”

She couldn't help but imagine it. A man on top of her, his rigid cock stiff and big, entering into her. Thrusting into her. Ramming into her. Making her a woman for real.

“OOhhhhh, yes! Yes! I'd like that! T-take me! Take me h-hard, Curt!”

The handsome bouncer with his thick beard and cute hipstery look and firm arm muscles emerged into her mind, and before she could realise what she was doing, she was imagining him fucking her, grunting and whispering all sorts of kind things as he came inside her. It was enough to make her finally cum too.

“OHHH! YESSS! YESS! YESSSS!!!”

She seized up, shaking, tits bouncing as she trembled on the bed. It was so different from the one-and-done male orgasm. It was just as intense, perhaps even more so, but this one invaded her body in a series of successful campaigns, rampaging across her form and drawing pleasure from her core, her womanhood, her tits, all of her.

It was only after she collapsed back down that she heard Candy yell down from the hall: “Well I'm glad *someone* enjoyed that! You're moving out tomorrow!”

Jessica blushed a deep red, and yet didn't regret it one bit. Except, that was, for her thinking about Curt. About men in general.

“Stupid sexy female body,” she complained.

The time had come to explain things. Jessica had been the opening act and in-between dancer for over a week now, and was slowly getting better. She was still clearly the weakest dancer in the show, but her very pornographic-looking body was managing to make enough splashes into waves that she was being cut some slack. Hell, some of her bumbles on stage were enough to make them laugh, and so already she was being considered as a busty blonde dumb bimbo type. Not her proudest achievement, but at least she could play it up while she improved her actual stripping. At least now she was able to get down to her lingerie without tripping over her own skirt. She had a nip slip on accident - generally they only did Topless Tuesdays as well as some Friday night events, but it didn't have the crowd complaining any, even if it did ruin her dance and make her dreadfully embarrassed.

But even as all of that occurred, her roommate was still asking after her, and Molly was either refusing to text back or sending a flurry of messages *demanding* they meet in person. In the end, Jessica decided to bite the bullet and just meet both of them at the same time, as she readied to move back into her apartment.

To say that Brennan was shocked when he opened the door would be an understatement. She was dressed conservatively, Candy having helped her pick out some good jeans and modest tops (even if she had insisted she buy at least one 'hot dress' and crop top and all that, which Jessica had no plans on wearing).

"Wow, okay, I was expecting someone else," Brennan said. He gave a smirk like he was about to go into flirt mode, and leaned against the door frame in a way that showed off his muscles. Jessica hated that her eyes wandered over them. "Can I help you?"

"Yeah, Brennan, we need to talk."

He paused for a moment. It was clear he was looking at her chest, which would have been obvious even if she were wearing a woollen sweater.

"Sorry, do I know you?" he said, his voice surprisingly low. She'd known that voice half her life, and now her stupid hormones were finding it *interesting*. Gross.

"Yeah, Brennan. It's me. James."

He chuckled. "Sure, and I've got a bridge to sell you. Are you the reason James has been absent for a whole week? Cause if so, then damn! Well done him! But if not, would you like to come inside and explain the story?"

"Trust me, it's a story," she said, stepping in. "And you are not going to believe it. At first. Is Molly here?"

He followed in after. "Uh, sure, yeah. James said he'd be coming. Look, have you been here before, because-"

He halted as she got herself a drink and banged the pipe just right so that the water came out. It was a habitual thing that those who lived in the apartment knew about.

“How did you know to do that?”

She drank the water. “Where’s Molly?”

In the living space. It’s round around th-”

But she was already moving there. Always moving, because that way she could go faster than her own embarrassment. Sure enough, Molly had sat down in the living space on her phone. She was a fairly plain woman who still managed to be out of James’ league, with a cute bob of red hair and smattering of nice freckles. She was slim, and while James liked that, she often complained that she didn’t have a bigger pair of tits. It actually made Jessica feel weirdly smug.

Who the hell are you?” Molly snapped. “You look like one of Brenna’s bimbos.”

“Ah, Molly, catty as ever with other women.”

Molly was momentarily struck silent, as was Brennan behind her. Jessica herself was shocked: since when did she have the confidence to talk back to her girlfriend’s perpetually irritated manner?

“I’m sorry,” Molly said, who wasn’t sorry at all. “Just the who the fuck are you and how do you know me?”

“I’m your boyfriend, Molly. I’m James.”

“Yeah, right.”

But Jessica just folded her arms beneath her breasts, accidentally emphasising their large shape, and cocked an eyebrow. “Then who else knows you’ve got a mole just above your left asscheek that you desperately want removed? Who else knows that you used to sneak out of your parent’s house at night to smoke a strawberry vape? And Brennan, who else knows that you had a one night stand with Cindy Caley two years ago and you spent two weeks terrified you had an STD until it turned out you were allergic to the organic soap I buy?”

There was another struck silence.

“No way,” Brennan said.

“Way.”

“Surgery?”

“Worse. Look, just listen up, the pair of you, and I’ll explain every-”

But Molly was already standing, and reaching out to slap Jessica. She barely managed to step out of the way. Molly huffed.

“This is crazy. Some stupid prank so James can break up with me, all because he can’t commit and can’t get a job to support us. I’m out of here. Tell James I said he’s dumped. Hope he’s happy.”

She slammed the door as she left. Jessica turned and shrugged at Brennan.

“You did warn me that she was going to slap me when she dumped me, though you said it’d only last a few weeks. Turns out I wasted a year on her.”

Brennan took a moment to pick his jaw off of the floor. “Holy shit, it really is you, isn’t it, James?”

Jessica nodded. “I go by Jessica now. Let me explain everything.”

It took quite a lot of explaining. Brennan was fascinated, but kept interjecting with annoying questions about how much Jessica had felt herself up and how it felt to have tits and if female orgasms were better than male orgasms, and so on and so forth. It was deeply irritating to Jessica, who was trying to explain all the humiliation and struggle she had been through, and the fact that Brennan seemed more than a little fascinated by her work at the strip club left her a little bit disturbed.

“Holy shit, I can’t believe that half the girls at *The Red Cherry* used to be dudes. That’s so fucked, but also weirdly hilarious. And kinda hot. No wonder they know how to make me so fucking turned on: they literally know what guys like most, ha!”

“Yeah, it’s not so fun from my end, dude.”

“Did you get to choose your body? Because if so, you chose well.”

Jessica sighed. “No, I just ended up as their blonde busty type.”

Brennan grinned, and it was a wolf’s grin. “How busty we talking?”

“Well, you’re going to find out at some point. F-cup.”

“No way! Holy shit!”

“Stop saying that dude!” Jessica said. “This is my life we’re talking about here. I literally have to strip for a year, and it freakin’ sucks.”

“Are you any good at it?”

“Not the point, man.”

“I’m just curious.”

She rolled her eyes. “Don’t be. And don’t you dare go visit *The Red Cherry* either. It’s fucking humiliating enough that I’ve got to show off my body and learn how to dance and walk in heels.”

“Cross my heart and hope to die, dude. But . . . can you at least show me your tits?”

Jessica stood up. “Well, that’s enough for today. I’m moving back into my room. I expect you to actually knock from now on before entering, and not to perv on me. I know that’ll be hard on you.”

“Ha, *hard*.”

She couldn't help but chuckle. "Dude, this gal is off limits. You're still my best friend, so don't make this weird. It'll just be video games and movies as normal."

He nodded. "Okay. Of course. I know this sucks for you, James. Jessica, whatever. I'll do what I can to help. In fact, my girlfriend Sabrina -"

"Another girlfriend already?"

"She's great, trust me. And pretty curve - though not as curvy as you! But she can help you with feminine stuff, you know, outside of the club."

"That would be pretty appreciated, actually."

"No worries, *dudette*."

Jessica laughed. "Well, I'm going to get settled back in my room, and try to come to terms with all this insanity. I've got to work tonight."

Brennan blinked. "Wow. Yeah. Okay. My best friend is a hot stripper now. Um, good luck with it?"

She sighed. "God knows I'll need it. Candy says I've got something new to learn tonight."

Candy laughed. "No, no, make your legs go out more! Use your ab muscles! Trust me, they'll support you, and then you can rotate to let those big ripe melons of yours hang nearly out of your top."

Jessica groaned in frustration, but continued. Apparently it was time for her to start really learning how to use the pole, and Candy was adamant that she could do it. Jessica had just finished another show, which officially marked over a week since she had started, but there was still plenty to go before she could master the pole. But when she pointed that out, Candy had just laughed.

"Yeah, so why not start now, hot stuff? Alan wants you to be one of our star attractions. After all, you've got the bod for it, and the bust in particular!"

"Don't remind me."

"We just need you to show a little, well, backbone, darling. Alan thinks you'll be a hit, and I'm inclined to agree. You're actually picking up on this faster than I ever did."

Jessica was momentarily stunned. "Really?"

"Oh yeah. The other girls are pretty surprised as well. Even a couple of the bouncers. You've really started swimming, no sink at all!"

"Which bouncers?" Jessica asked without thinking.

Candy raised an eyebrow. "Which do you think?"

The new woman blushed. "Let's just get back to dancing. As you say, I have to master the pole."

Candy chuckled, then got down to teaching her.

The weeks continued to pass, and Jessica became more and more familiar with her body and even comfortable with it. After all, humans were adaptable, so soon the feeling of her big tits jiggling and her ass bouncing and her hips swaying just seemed . . . normal. What took longer was the mental adjustment of suddenly being a woman: the way guys took her opinions less seriously, or made gross come-ons and catcalls at her in public, or how other women acted as if she were simply a bimbo due to her pouty-lipped, busty look. Strangely, it was only at *The Red Cherry* that things felt more normal: everyone understood what it was like to be changed there, after all.

Just as Alan had predicted, Jessica was slowly becoming a hit. After just one month of dancing, she felt much more confident and able to take on the pole. She even took to adding in some personal touches to her dancing, playing up a slightly ditzy persona that saw her accidentally 'trip' in ways that revealed her cleavage, or caused her to burst out of her top. On Topless Tuesdays - still her least favourite days - she would make a brief show of her bra being too tight, and so the only way to relieve the pressure was to take it off and fling it to the crowd. Not that there wasn't truth to that: the feeling of removing a bra at the end of a long day was phenomenal.

"You're getting almost too good at this," Candy remarked one day. "Are you sure you're not enjoying it? Even a little?"

Jessica could only blush in the changing room. "No, I'm just determined to get back to being a man again."

"And yet you were grinning like a maniac out there. That was a real show you were putting on. You've even got a crowd of regulars!"

Again, Jessica turned red, a deeper shade this time. "Look, it's easier to just 'switch on' while on stage. It doesn't mean I don't like it."

"Well, you almost caused a minor incident, you realise? There was a scuffle in the back, and one of our bouncers almost missed it because he was looking your way."

Jessica paused. "Which one?"

Candy grinned. "Oh, wouldn't you like to know? I might even tell you, but first you need to take your next step in stripper stardom. Alan's passed down word, and frankly I'm surprised he waited this long."

"Oh God, what is it now?"

“Lap dances.”

Jessica banged her head against the table in hyperbolic frustration. “You’ve got to be kidding me.”

“Don’t worry, there’s strict rules. And the bouncers watch like hawks. But it’s part of the job, girl, and the last step, really. Once you’re used to giving them it’s just another part of the job, like the twerking or the pole dancing. Trust me.”

Jessica nodded. “How soon do I need to learn?”

“Real soon,” Candy replied. “After all, in two months I’m not going to be here anymore. I’ll be a man again.”

Jessica lifted her head. “Wait, seriously? Oh my God, Candy, that’s amazing!”

“I know, right! I can barely believe it!”

She gave a yell of excitement, and Jessica yelled with her, and the two former men embraced as if they had been two excited girlfriends all their lives.

“I’m going to miss you,” Jessica said.

“You’ve still got me for two months. It just means I want to leave you as my masterpiece. Don’t worry, I’ll drop by as a man, just so you can meet the ‘real’ me.”

“You better. Just don’t order a lapdance.”

Candy laughed.

Brennan almost spat out his beer when Jessica let slip that she was learning to do lap dances. He was with Sabrina, his girlfriend, and she arched an eyebrow at this revelation. She had been let in the know about Jessica really being James, and the only reason she believed it was because she knew Vicky from the club before she’d been changed, back when she’d been much . . . doughier.

“You can’t refuse?” she asked.

“Unfortunately not. I was hoping I’d just be doing dances.”

“Well, I’m afraid I can’t help you with anything like this,” Sabrina said sympathetically.

“No, you’ve done enough already. I really appreciate all the stuff you helped me with.”

It was true. Once Molly had left, Jessica felt as if she’d lost any possible connection to help her out with femininity in her own private life. She couldn’t rely on Candy for everything, after all, and Brennan was useless, since he just suggested “more thongs and bikinis” on a damned loop, the absolute pervert. Several times she had tried to contact Molly, only to hit dead ends - that relationship was truly dead, another victim of the damned contract that trapped her. However, with Brennan actually going steady with Sabrina, a local part-time model, Jessica was overjoyed to find that the woman was quite sweet and willing

to help her out with feminine hygiene, clothing, shower tips, and so forth. There was the occasional catty comment, like “ah, but that might not work with your overdeveloped bust” or “but the pouty lip work will clash, unfortunately,” but these were few and far between. Jessica was irritated at first until Brennan explained that it was simple jealousy: Sabrina was a model in a relationship with a man who lived with another woman who was even bustier and curvier than her. There was bound to be *some* tension, and Sabrina was practically a saint for managing to mostly look past it all. Jessica couldn’t totally disagree.

But evidently this latest revelation was a shocker.

“So, what,” Brennan started, “you’ll just be offering lap dances to whoever?”

“If they pay, I guess. I don’t know. I didn’t really want to be doing it, dude.”

“You’ll make a lot, I bet,” Sabrina said, indicating to Jessica’s bust, which was quite outlined by the tight top she was wearing. “No offence.”

It was an only slightly jealous comment, so Jessica overlooked it. “None taken. I suspect the same. God, it sucks.”

“At least you do have a job now,” Brennan said. “Besides, I bet you’re making good money from it. Tips, too.”

Jessica smirked. “Well, it’s not bad in that department. I managed to pay my half of the power bill, right?”

“Damn straight. You might make enough to pay the whole one soon, dude.”

“Don’t count on it.”

It wasn’t a lie: she *was* making more and more money out of stripping. Far more than she expected. As in, enough to live a comfortable lifestyle levels of money. As James, Jessica had often wondered why some women stayed stripping for so long, even as their prospects diminished. It turns out that many had their regulars that would continue tipping well, and they could otherwise make good money. At least at *The Red Cherry*, that was the case, because men were stuffing her with tips quite often, though there were rules about where they could put the cash in her thong and bra, of course. Didn’t stop them from enjoying it, and she was getting their money after all. It was degrading, of course, but that feeling of earning her keep still felt nice, and sometimes that niceness was more powerful than the degrading aspects.

“Maybe that will be the case for lap dances?” she said to herself hopefully.

As Jessica discovered, it very much wasn’t. Lap dances were grimy, overly-personal and overly-close affairs, often with sleazy looking men that had gross sausage lipped smiles on their features. Candy had tried her best, but after a couple of weeks of training on her

mentor, who tried to imitate said gross men as well as she could to prepare her, it still wasn't enough. Like with the regular act of stripping, she was embarrassed and unfamiliar and uncomfortable at first, and like that first dance act, she was told that the first time was indeed the very worst one.

They were wrong.

Lap dances were not fun from the woman's side. She had to act as if they were, but men were paying high dollar to have her entertain them, grind against them, and simulate the closest thing to sex *before* actual sex as possible. There was nothing about that she could find empowering. She could only approach it as a test of skill, and do her best to improve as Candy was teaching her. She had at least gotten over her fear of showing off her immense bust or rounded ass to men, but it was something completely different to feel them cop a brief feel of her thigh or her side until security told them to knock it off. Somehow, they almost always tried.

But thankfully, as her time as Jessica Star left the 'weeks' category and entered the 'months' category, she became more used to it. While the actual strip shows could be fun - the choreography, the way she worked the crowd, the fun and silly outfits and so on - lap dances had to be approached as a technical affair of skill and empathy. Of figuring out what the client wanted and how to achieve that with minimum fuss and maximum flair. In that respect, she felt she could tolerate it. Whatever ill will she still felt towards it were patched a bit when Alan visited her and gave congratulations.

"Well done, you're doing better than I could have dream, darling, could have dreamed!"

"Well, you literally had me magically cursed to be this way."

"Ah, but we can't change the brain, dear! Not the brain! Of course, most of the new girls end up being into guys while changes, but we think that's not a change, but simply a redirection of the original sexuality - straight to straight, so to speak. What I'm trying to say is, this is all on you! You've earned every tip. So next month we're finally making you the Star girl."

"S-star?" she murmured. "But that means-"

Alan grinned. "The biggest shows of the night, and you get reserved for only the best paying lap dances. You'll be a high roller, honey. I told you I'm not a totally bad boss, right? Right?"

Jessica was nervous and excited and embarrassed all at once. She was really becoming a star attraction of *The Red Cherry*, and that would mean that the money she had once been terrified of never earning in her life was now flowing like water from a healthy, strong river.

“Well done, girl,” Candy said when the news came out. Vicky and Hayley and a few others had already given their congratulations - the writing was on the wall, it seemed, though Vicki was a bit bitchy about it. At least Hayley was excited. “You’ve earned it. You’ll end your contract with quite a nice fund at this rate. Feels good to finally pass the baton.”

It was then that Jessica realised the reason for her promotion. “Wait . . . does this mean?”

Candy grinned. “I got an early release from my contract. One week earlier, out of five years, but still! I’m going to be Asahi again!”

They embraced, but Jessica couldn’t help but feel sad. “What am I going to do without you?”

Candy shrugged. “Don’t worry, I’ll still be around. We’ll catch up outside of this dreadful place. I’m going to miss you, Jessica, but at least you’ve taken to this better than I ever did.”

“I’ll miss you too,” Jessica said. “Thanks for everything you ever taught me.”

“What can I say? I’ll have to unlearn how to shake my ass like a queen.”

They both laughed.

It was two weeks later than Jessica gave the two most important lap dances yet. A very tall, broad, and quite strong Japanese man came in, looking partly bewildered and a little confused. He had a nervous look, and Jessica found it quite endearing. She was doing the rounds at the time, which also meant lap dance duty, and so she approached the rather tall man and asked him what he would like today.

“I - I’m just trying to get it out of my system,” he responded in a slight accent.

“Mhmm, I can help you with that,” Jessica said, using that purring voice of hers. “If you want a private lap dance, that can be-”

“It’s me, kid.”

Jessica paused. “Holy shit, Candy?”

“Well, when I wasn’t working I was Aoi, remember? But I’m Asahi now.”

“Oh my God, you’re huge!”

Asahi laughed. “I know! I feel it. It’s a lot to get used to. Used to again, I suppose.”

“What are you doing here? I thought you said you’d never come back?”

Asahi bit his lip - it was a slightly feminine action, one that clearly lingered in him. “Well, I didn’t plan to. But I don’t know, I feel a weird connection to this place. It’s like my business isn’t done. I don’t feel like much of a man yet. I don’t know how to respond to the things I’m meant to respond to, yet. It’s been too long. I can’t explain it. I don’t know what I’m

here for. Closure, I guess. To try and appreciate it from the male end and feel like a man again.”

It was then that Jessica realised what her friend needed. And it was the very thing her mentor had trained her for, unwittingly.

“Come with me,” she said. “This one’s on the house.”

“What? Hey, Jessica, where are we going?”

“To get you to a private chair for a private lap dance, dummy!”

Asahi looked confused as he was gently pushed back into his seat in the private room. “I don’t think that this is . . . are you sure?”

“Why not?” Jessica asked. “You want to feel like a man again. I can help. Just enjoy it, dummy.”

She got to dancing before him, slowly removing articles of her clothing. Asahi looked uncomfortable at first, but as she continued, pressing her bust near his face so that his nose was nearly in her cleavage, she could tell he was getting into it. He smirked, then openly smiled and gasped as she began to dance on his lap, shaking her money makers in front of him. Soon, he was sporting a very obvious and quite impressive erection in his pants, and it actually caught Jessica’s eye more than once, reminding her yet again that her sexuality was flipped, and why she couldn’t stop masturbating to the idea of hot guys, no matter how much she tried to stop.

When she was done, the former Candy was looking embarrassed, but very happy, even as he tried to cover his obvious erection.

“That was . . . wow. I taught you well.”

“I was a good padawan to your master.”

“A what?”

“Sorry. *Star Wars* thing. How do you feel?”

Asahi grinned. “Pretty damn good, actually. I was worried I’d struggle to feel like a man, especially one into women, and all that. Guess that answers that question. Thanks again, darling.”

“Any time. Just keep in touch.”

“I might need a week or two to come down from that experience. I know you hate it, but hot damn you’re good at lap dances.”

Jessica beamed. She felt weirdly proud about that. And just like Asahi said, they kept in contact, meeting for drinks and laughing about old times and ongoing events at *The Red Cherry*. They never spoke of the lap dance Jessica had given him, but he never felt the need to visit the club again. In fact, he seemed quite happy. It felt strangely good to have made a difference with her body like that, Jessica mused.

The other significant lap dance came after Jessica had been a woman for five months. She was nearly halfway through her contract, and going through the motions of being a stripper, feeling pretty normal about it in fact, when something very worrying occurred.

Brennan walked in.

Into *The Red Cherry*.

He had promised never to visit, and given that he was with Sabrina it seemed likely that this would never happen anyway. He was overly excited, and cheered when the girls came out and danced, giving loud wolf whistles when she herself gave her dance. It was her weakest performance in quite a while: she made a couple of small missteps, and didn't shake her ass or tits as much, not while Brennan was shouting, "shake it baby! Show us those tits!"

She glared at him as much as she was able. Curt was on duty: she and he had not really talked much, though she enjoyed his presence and professional demeanour. He was a good rescuer, and always had a kind word. Unfortunately, she couldn't exactly call on him to throw Brennan out: he wasn't doing anything wrong.

Which was why she was really, *really* pissed when he ordered a private lap dance from her. She stepped into the private room, him sitting back in the chair with a goofy ass grin on his face.

"What the fuck, dude?" she snapped.

"I'm just asking for one private lap dance, man," he responded. "You have no idea what it's like, living with a total eleven out of ten like you. Just one lap dance. I've already paid for it!"

"You are an asshole. You're meant to be my best friend!"

"I am! And you'd do this for me as my best friend, right?"

She glared, but her job was clear. Alan was on the floor, otherwise she might have refused. So she gave Brennan a lap dance. A damned good one. But she did it robotically, without a feeling in her heart, without a trace of emotion or passion. She thrust her tits near his face, slapped his hand from her thigh, and gyrated in ways that clearly made him hard and *throbbing*. And unlike with her own mental stimulations, she didn't find that arousing one bit. When she was finished, she simply stood up, folded her arms, and glared.

"Wow, that was amazing," Brennan said. "Look, I know you think I'm -"

"Friendship over, asshole," she said, and walked away, not caring what a show she was giving him of her ass in a thong.

She was so distraught that she ran backstage, uncaring of how it would look. She couldn't go to the changeroom - Vicki was there and she was a total gossip monger - and

she couldn't leave. So instead she went to the private closet space and cried her fucking heart out. She'd never felt so damn betrayed. She cried and cried, giving in to her feminine emotions, holding herself in that moment of vulnerability. After several minutes, she felt ready to put on a better face and get through the day, when suddenly someone opened the door.

It was Curt, with his thick black beard, tattooed left arm, and his quasi-hipster look.

"Hey," he said, "are you okay, Jessica?"

"F-fine," she said, clearly not fine.

"Did he - did he hurt you? We're understaffed at the moment, but I should have been closer in case-"

"No, no, it's not that. It's . . . he's my roommate. My best friend. Or at least he was when I was a guy. But he promised never to come here, and now he came in and ordered a fucking lap dance from me!"

"Motherfucker."

"Yeah, exactly."

"Shit, I'm so sorry."

"Not as much as he will be. God, I'm so fucking humiliated."

"I get it. Well, kinda. Look, I'll arrange for you to have the rest of the shift off. Fully paid."

She paused. "You can do that?"

Curt gave a confident grin. It wasn't an unhandsome one. "I've got pull, don't worry. Alan owes me a couple of favours. You can rest up and go home."

"I can't. He'll be there."

"Ah shit, yeah. Well, look, my shift is just about over anyway. Why don't we go grab a coffee and chat about it. I can help you out. We can talk girly stuff."

She arched an eyebrow. "You often do that?" she said, a little suspiciously.

Curt just kept her stare, and thrust out a hand. "Coutney," he said.

"Wait, no one ever told me that -"

"I keep it private. My contract finishes in seven months."

"Same."

"Then let's cheer ourselves up and talk about all the exciting things that aren't shit and won't ruin our day when we change back, huh?"

Jessica gave an earnest smile. "Sounds like a plan."

It turned out that Curt was quite the coffee expert, because the cafe he took Jessica to made the best damn cappuccino she'd ever had.

"The owners are from Australia," he explained. "Don't let anyone tell you any differently, but Melbourne coffee is the best in the damn world."

"Hot damn they are," she said, taking another sip. "God, this is just what I needed. Thanks for cheering me up."

He shrugged. "I've been there. Well, not so much the crying, but feeling ashamed and preyed on."

"I didn't think you'd feel that way with those guns," she said lightly, indicating his arms.

He chuckled at that. "Nah, I haven't felt like that for a while now. But when I was Courtney - well, here's what I used to look like."

He showed her a photo on his phone of a mousy woman with light brown hair and a shy expression.

"No way," she said.

"Way. I was nervous as I looked too. Turns out my psych eval found that I'd be a perfect bouncer if I had a bit more testosterone and a figure that would make me more confident. And they weren't wrong, I think I'm not half bad at it."

"You've been excellent. Saved my ass from being groped more than a few times."

He smirked, and Jessica gasped, slapping his arm playfully. "You perv!"

"Sorry, but *you* brought it up. And it is a pretty excellent ass."

She laughed. "Pretty good. You got hit by the ole 'reversible sexuality ray' too then, huh?"

"We all did, I'm pretty sure. It was weird adjusting to being into women."

"Have you ever . . . ?"

"Once," he said. "Well, three times, actually."

She grinned. "Thoughts? I'm interested to hear a former lady comparing them?"

He sighed, as if a little embarrassed. "Well, I won't lie, I think a woman has better orgasms."

"I knew it. Even, uh, experimenting myself, I could tell."

"Ah, but have you ever . . . ?"

"No, just, um, me."

He chuckled. "Well, I can tell you something then: women orgasm better, but men orgasm *each time*. That's a big difference. Not that I had a whole lot of lovers as a woman - I was pretty shy and honestly a pushover - but men are greedy in bed, and just want their own pleasure. So while it was nice as a woman, it was often unfulfilling. I won't lie, I'd take the guy's experience any day."

“Wow, I never thought of it that way.”

“Because you were a guy,” he said, grinning again.

“Good point. I wasn’t the biggest Casanova, mind. That was my asshole of a former friend, Brennan. God, I’m still angry with him. Furious, even. I was just getting used to being a woman, being a stripper no less, and then this happens. I feel like I’ve been reset.”

Curt’s expression was compassionate. “I get it. It’s happened to me a few times.”

“How do you cope?”

He shrugged. “One day at a time. And also by embracing the parts of your new body and life that you actually like. As Courtney, I was always seen as small and weak because, well, I was. Plus I was a bit of a nerd. I liked arthouse French films and going to prog-protests and stuff.”

“Well, I was a total nerd. Still am. Video games and science fiction.”

“Nice,” he said. “I like that. I’ll show you a French art film sometime. You might like it: I had a science fiction habit too. But my point is while I’m not super thrilled to be a man, I like the physical stuff of the job, so I focus on that. You know, being able to toss out bad behaved patrons, taking care of other people, making my presence known, all the stuff I would have been too scared or unable to do before as a girl. Does that make sense?”

It really did. Jessica considered his words. “I guess I like the confidence boost I get when I’m stripping. And while some of the patrons are gross as hell, I like encouragement. The applause. The fact that I feel desired. Plus, being a woman carries some good stuff, at least. Hey, it let me meet you.”

“I’m that cool, am I?”

“You’re a total hipster - art films and all - you’re not *meant* to be cool. But sure, you’re pretty cool.”

He smirked, seemed to consider saying something, then paused.

“What is it?”

“I was just thinking, and this is up to you, but did you want to catch up for a coffee again sometime?”

She was going to say no. After all, that would sound something like a date. The fact that she had occasionally thought of this man, among others, while masturbating would also make it weird. But there was something so kind about his eyes, and attractive about his rugged, offbeat appearance and thick black beard that made her want to spend more time with him. It was hard not to look at the muscles of his arms as well. God, she could almost imagine them encircled around her.

“Sure,” she said, trying to be nonchalant. “That sounds nice.”

She moved out the following day despite Brennan's protests. She was staying with Asahi for a while until she got her own apartment, but her former best friend was aghast.

"Dude, I'm sorry! I was drunk!"

"No you weren't. We kick out drunk patrons all the time. And you were *not* drunk. A tiny bit tipsy at best. No, you just got sick of me in this big titted, buxom body, knowing that I was out there stripping, and you not getting to see it."

"It was just once, dude! I'm sorry! I just figured if I was a chick, I would have shown you my body. It would have been hilarious. And a little hot. And I - hey, where are you going?"

"Literally anywhere else."

"Don't you need help packing?"

"I've got Curt and Asahi for that."

"Who?"

Curt appeared at the doorstep, taller than Brennan and clearly fitter, despite the latter being in good shape himself. "Hi Brennan, I'm Curt. Let's not have any problems here, okay?"

Asahi was on the other side, even more massive. "Oh, please give me a problem," he said. "I've been dying to finally put these old muscles back to the test. Just try me, asshole."

Brennan was forced to a sulky time out. He muttered several more complaints, made a few more apologies, but otherwise just appeared frustrated and humiliated. Jessica was more than happy about that.

"You were my best friend, dude," she said as she got into the car. He was at the front door, pleading with her to reconsider. "And you stabbed me in the fucking back. You think about that. Hell, what would Sabrina think?"

She indicated to Asahi to start driving, Curt in the back holding some of the easily broken stuff still. She didn't even want to hear her friend's reaction.

There was one good thing that came out of Brennan's betrayal, which was Jessica's friendship with Curt. She managed to find a place to stay three weeks after crashing at Asahi's, and it was a good thing she moved out when she did too; as much as her former mentor remained a close friend, it was obvious now that he was a man again he had also gained a new . . . interest in the female form once more. But while the two figured out how their friendship would work with this new dynamic, Jessica continued to catch up before work or on spare weekends with Curt, who took her on a tour of the different coffeehouses and

all-natural ingredient restaurants and eateries around the city. She had to chuckle at how stereotypically hipstery he was, but it was appealing nonetheless; she was seeing a new side to the place she had lived all her life, and was actually having quite a lot of fun with him. He had a dry, confident sense of humour, and when he was around, other guys left her alone. A good thing too: she had taken to wearing more confident outfits that showed off her bust a little more, and even her hourglass figure. It was getting warm in season again, and so she felt more confident to let her body be seen, though certainly not to the same extent as at *The Red Cherry*, obviously.

“Can I say you’re looking good today?” he asked one spring morning when they were catching up. She’d actually dared to wear a crop top on Asahi’s advice, and felt she was pulling it off. It was bright pink, which would have embarrassed her a couple of months ago, but now she actually liked the look, especially when paired with her denim shorts. Who cares if it was a little ‘Barbie’ - it worked!

“Not at all,” she replied with a smile. “You look good too.”

“Is this a mutual attraction thing?” Curt asked. “Sorry, I have to ask.”

“Let’s not call it anything for now, okay? I like hanging out with you, and you like hanging out with me. I don’t really want to get into it anymore than that.”

He nodded, smiled, but she could tell he was a little disappointed. He looked at her in such a carefully considered way all the time, like he was checking her out, but respectful enough not to stare. It led to her occasionally teasing him, especially since he used to be a girl. The fact that he was formerly female at least meant she had another helper for adjusting to femininity, not that she hadn’t come far in that regard.

And yet, despite her shooting down anything to do with actually dating, it didn’t stop her nightly pleasures. She could have sworn she was getting more aroused than ever when thinking of Curt. Naturally, this meant that she was getting more frisky with herself more frequently, and because she was now easily paying for her own apartment (not to mention doing well saving for house, given how much in tips she was making), she could be as loud as she wanted when she wailed in pleasure. And wail she did, often calling out Curt’s name accidentally. He was basically the *only* man she imagined now, and it was a source of frustration to her. She was meant to be a man, for God’s sake, not a woman crushing on a guy and wanting his tattooed arm around her while she kissed his lips. But just the thought of that action made her body go all flush with heat, and it was a nice feeling.

So she continued to go on not-dates with him, as they both started calling them. It was his idea, the name, but despite the title the things they did together were more like dates than ever the more they caught up. By the time Curt was entering her eighth month of being a woman - and now clearly the headliner stripper at the establishment - she and Curt were catching up four to five times a week if not more, and not just for coffee. He took her to

watch arthouse films, and she made him watch some original *Star Trek*. Neither really caught on to the other, but it was a fun way to understand each other. He took her ice skating, and had to catch her numerous times.

"I can watch in six-inch heels and dance on a stripper pole with my legs twirling either side of me, but I can't ice skate!?"

He just laughed. "Holy my hand, and I'll keep you steady."

His words made her heart flutter, and she had to privately tell her heart to shut up and stop enjoying itself so much. The same was true for some of their other adventures, like when he took her to the observatory and they had a look at the midnight stars, or when they went out for a picnic hike together. It was like he was *trying* to be as romantic as possible, but he just laughed when she accused him of such.

"I can't help it if I'm just more inventive in not-dating than most other men. I'm just doing all the things I know I wish my boyfriends had done!"

"But you're not my boyfriend," she said, crossing her arms underneath her breasts. She was wearing a top that showed off a dangerous amount of cleavage, and she knew it. It wasn't the sort of thing that someone uninterested in dating the man she was with typically wore, and she cursed herself for it, even if she liked how he looked at her.

"Yeah, sorry," he admitted as he packed away their sandwiches. "I guess I'm just finding it hard not to be interested. I've been secretly wooing you."

Jessica was flummoxed. "Well, first of all, even from a former guy, you've not been subtle. At all. You literally bought me roses the other day, dude."

"Okay, I admit that was probably not subtle."

She couldn't help but blush and smile. "Okay, and second of all, you're going to be a woman again in less than four months! And I'll be a guy again! Why woo at all?"

He seemed to consider that for a moment. He always had a pensive way about him, something he even carried while he was working as a bouncer. But it wasn't like he wasn't thinking either: there was a lot going under that surface, she knew.

"I guess . . . I'm willing to try and be Curt up until I'm Courtney again. I don't know how to describe it. Look, we get along, right?"

"Right," she said, far quicker than she would have thought.

"And I like spending time with you. A lot. I hope that's been obvious."

She grinned. "That expensive steak dinner you paid for was a clue. Also the fact that you bought steak at all, given you're a vegetarian."

A small chuckle. "Well, I guess I wasn't subtle at all. Look, cards on the table, Jessica. I like you. I want to go out with you, on actual dates. I'm sure they'd look the same as our current not-dates, but I figure I'd be able to call you my girlfriend, because, well, that's

what I want. And I think you want that too. And if we reach the end of our contract and we want to stay like this *because* we work together, why not give it a shot?"

"Are you serious? Me stay a girl?"

"You seem to enjoy it. And while I wasn't flash okay with being a man, I do like a lot of it. More than being a mousey little shy girl with a flat chest anyway. But if you want to be a man again, then I'd change back too, if it meant we could try and make something work. Or maybe we do none of that, and just enjoy our time together as Curt and Jessica, and see what we think when we reach the end of our contract. But I think we deserve to live a little. I want . . . I want to take a chance on this, Jessica."

She hesitated. For a small moment, she wanted that too. He was so handsome in the natural light of the warm day, and she was imagining the brushy feeling of his beard. But it was too much, all at once. She wasn't a woman, not really. Not matter how damn good of a stripper she'd become, no matter how many lap dances she'd given, no matter how much she was getting to accessorise and even show off her tiny midriff and prominent bust and fantastic ass. No matter how much she styled her hair and make up, and enjoyed giggling and showing emotion and being feminine in her manner.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I can't Curt. I just can't."

"Shit," he said. "I've stuck my foot in it, haven't I?"

"No, it's just . . . I think you should take me back home."

He did so, and when she arrived back in her apartment she had to brush away stray tears, though she couldn't quite explain why.

She and Curt stopped catching up quite so often, and restricted their chats to coffee breaks and the occasional coffee stops outside of the club. Jessica continued to be the star of the show at *The Red Cherry*, to the point where Alan was literally begging for her to renew her contract in less than three months' time. She was a seasoned stripper now, and was able to please the crowd with great aplomb, showing off her body and even baring her tits during Topless Tuesday without any shame or embarrassment. While lap dances were still her least favourite part of the job, she had reached a status where she could accept or decline payments rather than it being purely part of the job, and so she was able to terminate any contract with a patron who was being too sleazy, or simply turn a dance with an individual she had a bad vibe with. Alan didn't care: she was shaking her ass and letting her tits wobble on stage, twirling on the pole so that her boobs threatened to spill out of her top. Every guy wanted her, and that was intoxicating in a way. She finally felt like she was actually embracing her femininity, and enjoying the way her wiles let her exercise some

control over men. Even Alan wasn't immune: a flutter of her eyelids or a particularly innocent pose with her chest 'just happening' to be thrust out could manage to get all sorts of conditions out of him.

The only unfortunate thing was Curt. She couldn't stop thinking about him, and Asahi thought she was an idiot for not going for it when they caught up for 'girls' nights. It was an indulgence for the former Candy, who liked to occasionally be a little girly after her five years and enjoy a chick flick romance.

"No offence kid," he said, "but you're an idiot. You should go for it. At least for a nice lay. Seriously, I'd have done it, but he wasn't into me."

That was oddly comforting to hear. Curt wasn't just looking for the experience, but had *chosen* Jessica. She smirked a little to herself. "Yeah, but you were Candy for five years, and -"

"Kid, I had sex after three months. I can't believe you lasted this long."

"Three months, seriously?"

Asahi just laughed. "What can I say, I had a libido. And I know from the too-thin walls of my apartment when you were living with me that you do too. Go for it, girl. You'll regret not trying it when you change back."

Jessica mused on that. "I don't think it's sex, though. I think he *likes* me."

"Huh. Even better. Go for it even more."

"Why?"

"Are you for real? Your girlfriend dumped you, kid, and your best friend turned out to be a total asshole. The James-you had pretty poor judgement, I'd say. But Jessica-you, well, you got me as a mentor, so I'd so you started off excellent. And how has Curt been? Has he betrayed you, or turned out to be a real asshole?"

Jessica had to be truthful. "No. He's been . . . awesome, actually. And really respectful. He even tries not to stare at my tits."

"A Herculean task, but we must commend him for trying. So go for it, that's my advice. Besides, don't you realise you have the ultimate excuse to get out of the relationship if it fails? You can turn back to a man in three months, and he can be a woman, and you can both go your lonesome ways."

Jessica paused. She hadn't considered it like that. But it still wasn't enough. She couldn't understand it. She could dance and smile and laugh while stripping, showing all the boys a good time, but the thought of even admitting she was on a proper date with a man was another step entirely.

It took Brennan coming back into her life for her to finally take that step. She'd just had a particularly successful night - Topless Tuesdays always were - and she had been collecting money out of her panties and bra for what felt like full minutes. The guys who tried to snap her bra when placing them were the worst, and once more Curt had been great in stemming the tide of creeps. But she actually felt damn *buoyant*. She tried some new tricks, and even went all out on the pink outfit rather than the red, playing into the bubbly blonde persona in a way that had the men going gaga. Squeezing her ripe tits together as she leaned over to thank them only got more tips too, as she discovered.

"Tips for tits!" as Hayley often said, quite the well-endowed girl herself.

But as she left her shift, fairly late at night, she was astonished to see her former best friend waiting for her. She was about to snub him and walk past when he spoke.

"Jessica, wait! Please, just one minute."

She crossed her arms. She was wearing a coat, but her bottoms were fairly tight. She wondered if he was trying to be a voyeur, but instead he was looking straight in her eyes, and his own were filled with tears. It actually made her stop and listen.

"Look, James. Jess. Jessica. However you want to be called now. I want to apologise. Fully, this time. No excuses. I was a goddamn asshole. I'm not with Sabrina anymore, she left me. You know, because I visited a strip club and all."

"Yeah, that would do it, Brennan. Look, it's late, and I'm real busy-"

"I know! And I know it's probably too late to save our friendship. I was an asshole, and I took advantage of you in the worst way, and I lost my best friend and a great girlfriend out of it at the same time. Shit, I fucked it all up. I know you changed your number and you weren't responding to my emails. I respect that. And I'll respect it if you never want to see me again. But if you can find it in your heart to forgive me man, then maybe I can do whatever it takes to make it up to you. I don't want to wait till you're a guy again to try and act like nothing happened. It was all me. I admit that. And I'm sorry. Anyway, that's my piece. I was never great with words like you, except with chicks." He chuckled. "But look how that turned out, right?"

She smirked a little. "Not too successful, Brennan."

"Yeah."

They were silent a moment. She didn't walk away.

"Are you going well?" he asked.

"You mean as a stripper?"

"I mean are you going well, is all I mean."

He did seem to mean it that way. "Yeah, Brennan, I'm going well. Making a good amount of money. I've got my own place. And there's this guy . . ."

She paused.

“Well, there *is* a guy. I don’t know man. I’m caught in a fucking wedge. This stupid body likes him. I like him.”

Brennan nodded, clearly less shocked than she expected. “You should go for it,” he said.

“That’s what my other friend says. But it’s too weird.”

He shrugged. “Maybe. I mean, I’m good at seduction - well, I thought I was - but not at romance, clearly. But I know you, man, all the way back to high school. When you got a feeling about something, or an impression, I always knew I could trust it. You’ve always had better instincts than me, and the only reason things went bad for you job-wise and girlfriend-wise and stuff was because you got nervous. So, I guess the question is, do you wanna trust your gut or be nervous? Maybe that’ll help.”

She didn’t know what to say. It *did* help. Maybe just hearing it from a friend who’d known her as James and Jessica had been enough to reassure her and make her realise. Brennan turned to walk away, but she caught him.

“Brennan,” she said. “You were an asshole. But I forgive you, man.”

He choked back tears. “You do?”

“Yeah.”

“You’ll move back in?”

“God no. But . . . maybe we can start hanging out again.”

“I’ve got pizza we can heat up? The new season of *Battlemania* is on too.”

But she just shook her head. “I think I need to be elsewhere tonight. You helped me make a decision.”

“Ohhhh,” he said. “*Nice.*”

“Dude, gross!”

“Not, it’s an encouraging kind of gross! Got jump his bones, man!”

“God, you’re wingmanning me, I guess.”

He laughed, wiped away a stray tear. “See, I told you I’d get you a good one! Only, I didn’t expect them to be a man.”

She hugged him. “Thanks, dude. I’ll text you. Maybe in a few days.”

“Good enough for me. I’ll buy the bear.”

“Get me something girly instead,” she said. “I’ve got to be off!”

When Curt opened the door after her knocking, she didn’t give him a chance. She simply leapt into his arms and kissed him on the lips. She’d been antsy for that anyway, and it seemed he was too, because he kissed her back, passionately. He was so damn strong, and

the former man loved the feeling of the former woman's strength. It embraced and encircled her, and his hands lowered down to cup her soft ass. It made her moan in his mouth, which was hot as all hell. It was only after quite a bit of making out with the front door to his place still open that he managed to come up for air.

"Wow, that's quite an entry!" he exclaimed, more animated than usual. "Is this a not-date?"

"This is a 'I want to be your girlfriend, dummy', dummy," she said, grinning. Her nipples were already hard against her flimsy top, and her womanhood was moist with arousal. She giggled. "I had a couple of friends basically convince me - well, make me realise there would be a better way to put it - that I want to give us a try. As boyfriend and girlfriend, I mean."

"I figured that's what all the tonguing was about."

"Mhmm, we could do more, if you want?"

"Let's."

He shut the door and pulled her against him, lifting her up so that her legs were wrapped around his waist. He was like the pole, and she the dancer, and she squeezed him tightly as she pressed her full chest against him, kissing and caressing him further. It was heaven. She couldn't believe it, but the feeling of his beard scraping against her soft chin was just divine.

"This is really - ahh - nice," she moaned as he kissed her neck. She could feel his hardness against her belly, and she was enjoying the feel of it. The length of it. She wanted to see it.

"Yeah," he responded. "We better stop. Should be enjoying dates *before* sex. Was always my policy."

But she just grabbed his head and planted another long kiss on his mouth, licking his tongue with her own. "Nah, we've already had dates. We both know they were actual dates. Let's skip to the part where I get to finally feel what it's like for my boyfriend to fuck his hot stripper girlfriend."

He grinned. "Okay," he said, stoic yet excited.

He hoisted her up easily, giggling over his back as he took her up the stairs and threw her gently on the bed. Her huge tits burst out of her top, the buttons splitting.

"Oh shit, sorry!" he cried.

"Mhmm, don't be," she replied. "It's kind of hot. I'm giving you a show, right? Do you want a lap dance, hottie?"

He did. He very much did. So instead of going straight to the bed, she made him strip down naked on a nearby sofa seat, and she removed everything down to her lingerie. He was finally staring at her tits with relish, and she loved the feeling of his eyes on her more

than any crowds. She began to dance just like she would on stage, but threw some extra moves in just for him, squeezing her breasts together and making them jiggle, taking his hands while she danced up on him and letting them wander her form. Normally, he'd be there to stop that behaviour, but now he was the recipient, and she wanted his touch.

"Mmhm, squeeze them! Get this fucking bra off me!" she cried.

He did so with one hand, which was incredibly fucking hot, and then moments later he was running his hands over her breasts, squeezing and groping them just like she wanted. She pressed her huge tits in his face, practically drowning him in cleavage. Her motorboated her, causing her to giggle. Then, to her shock, he slapped her ass lightly, which only made her bury him more deeply in her F-cup tits. He came up for air, licking and sucking on her nipples one by one. It was pure ecstasy.

"Oh God, I f-fucking love lap dances now!" she said, half-moaning and half-laughing.

Curt didn't laugh, because he was too busy stroking her naked curves, and helping her slide out of her thong. His member was impressively big and hard, and she was getting wet and ready just at the sight of it.

"On the bed?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No. Right here. I want to ride you right here. I want to dance on your pole, big guy."

"Fuck, that's hot."

"Just you wait."

Brennan had been right. She had been nervous, but her gut had steered her true. And now, though she'd never had sex before as a woman, she was in a familiar element: she was entertaining a man with her body, and putting on a show. She was just going a lot further than usual.

Curt gripped her, and she placed her knees wide on either side of him, so that he could fit inside her. She gasped as he pressed against her dripping vulva. There was a momentary pain as he entered, and her eyes went completely wide, not used to the feeling in the slightest. Gently, he lowered her so that his full girth and length was inside her. He slid in, parting her sensitive walls. She let out a long, high-pitched groan, and in doing so thrust her big, ripe melons right in his face. She sucked her nipples as she finally slid down to rest against him, his hard cock fully extended within her. It was wonderful.

"You'll like this next part," he whispered in her ear.

"P-please," she begged. "Fuck me. I want you to f-fuck my brains out."

He did. Oh my, he did. And so did she. They worked together in a perfect rhythm, matching each other's thrusts as she rode him. She drew herself up so that he nearly fell out of her, before taking his entire length back in. She was so fucking wet she couldn't believe it,

and yet her vagina pulled tight against his cock, milking it for all it was worth. They moaned together.

"I I-love this!" she cried, as the pleasure rose and rose. "I c-can't believe how m-much I'm loving this! I want you to c-cum in me, Curt. I want you to c-cum on your big-titted stripper girlfriend! Do you - ahhhh, oooh! - want that?"

"I do!" he cried. "Oh God, Jess, I'm about to - AHHH!!!"

"YES! YESSSSS! OOHFFF!!!"

He came inside her, big time. There was a warm rush as she was filled with semen. It flooded her tunnel, and it made her orgasm again and again. It was better than any masturbation. Candy/Aoi/Asahi had been right: self-pleasure was a pale imitation of the real thing, especially since her sensitive breasts were awash in pleasure as well, brushing against her boyfriend. They held themselves in that position for some time as she rode out orgasm after orgasm. She was almost about to pass out when finally she collapsed against him, cooing.

"That . . . that was pretty good," she admitted.

"Only pretty good?" he asked. "I must be losing my touch."

"Hmm, maybe next time, you give me the lap dance, big guy?"

"Only if you let me go down on you. And take you on a date-date."

"Mhmm, I can wear something nice and pink for you. And do something nice later. Maybe . . . if I'm ready for it, and I'm not saying I would necessarily be, but maybe with my mouth?"

He swallowed. "Wow. That would be something I haven't had before."

She grinned, kissing him on the lips. "No promises. But maybe we can see where this leads. Us, I mean. Because . . . I really like you too, Curt. I really do."

She had managed to pull back the words she was going to say. The very nervous ones that she suspected were true, because as Brennan would say, they were a gut instinct.

She was going to tell him that she loved him.

The day had finally come for Jessica to turn back, or for her to just end her contract, or for her to renew her contract. Three big choices, and still a nervousness about it. Curt was with her outside *The Red Cherry*. He was handsome as ever, and as she could attest from that morning, he was still *very good* at sex. They'd been officially boyfriend and girlfriend for two months, and during that time they'd been going at it like the world was going to end. When she stripped, she liked to throw in a little extra something in his direction, or just be more enthusiastic when he was there. And in private, she gave him his own little shows. They

were already talking about moving in together, but whenever they did, the realisation that it might be ending soon came up.

“Do you think you’ll renew your contract?” Jessica asked him, his arm around her waist. She loved the feeling of her full chest against him, and they held each other romantically, as if on the verge of being pulled apart.

“No,” Curt admitted. “I’ve earned some solid money in my contract, and I’ve been saving it up. I want to open up my own business. A coffee place.”

“Really? I thought that the market was oversaturated?”

“I’ve picked out a good spot and made some offers. I’m not the only hipster in town, Jess. There’s a bunch of people who want some nice vegan and vegetarian deli offers to go with their soy lattes. Call me silly, but I think it’ll take off. I know a few vendors looking to move some stuff like that, and I reckon it’ll appeal.”

“I believe in you,” she said truthfully. “Though I’ll bring my meat in when I eat there.”

He laughed. “But I’m staying as Curt.”

It made her pause. He’d maintained that line for over a month now, but she hadn’t known whether to believe him. “You’re sure?”

“Yeah, I’m sure. I wasn’t keen on being a guy at first, but I can’t go back. And . . . I don’t want to pressure you. You choose the path you want, Jess. But it’s Curt that fell in love with you, Jess, not Courtney. I don’t know if Courtney and James would get along. I suspect they really would. But it’s Jess I’m in love with.”

She swallowed. “The L-word, huh?”

“I figured I’d go all in. I’ve been meaning to say it for a while.”

She took a deep breath. “Oooh, boy. That’s a lot to take in.”

“You don’t have to feel the sa-”

“I love you too, Curt. I have for a while. I have that first night together. I just . . . it just complicates things.”

“It simplifies them for me. I love you, so I’m staying Curt because I want to, but also on the chance that you love me too, and want to be with me. As Jessica.”

“You just love my huge F-cup tits.”

He grinned. “I love all of you. But the tits are an excellent bonus, I won’t lie. Trust me, as Courtney I would have killed for even half your size.”

She wobbled her chest deliberately, just to make him turned on. They shared a laugh, then kissed. It was a long kiss.

“Okay,” she said, when the butterflies had settled. “I’m glad we said that.”

“You don’t have to tell me your plans, or stay Jessica. Don’t let me pressure you.”

But she just kissed him again. “Don’t be coy. This is another not-date scenario. you manipulative hunk.”

“Guilty.”

“But it’s too late,” she admitted. “I’ve already made up my mind.”

And with that, she turned and waltzed away, swaying her hips suggestively so that he had a nice look at her swaying ass.

“Tease!” he exclaimed.

She just smirked, and headed straight for the meeting with Alan. He was already throwing offers of extended leave, higher pay rates, anything to keep her on.

“You’ve got so much potential, and you’re a real business boon. Hasn’t this all work out, right? Right?”

She leaned forward, fluttering her eyelashes, aware of the annoying *JobSmart* woman in the corner with the contract that could change her back. She had made sure to dress to impress today, and flashed her boss some cleavage even the owner of a strip club couldn’t ignore.

“I don’t know, Alan. I mean, I’m meant to be a man. Sure, being a woman is great and all, but this isn’t me.”

“I know love, I know. But think of the opportunities! Think of what we could offer you?”

She smirked. She had him, she knew. Hook, line, and sinker. Now all that it took was to reel him in.

“Hmm, maybe . . . maybe I could extend my contract, Alan.” She bit her lip suggestively, making herself cute and demure yet seductive and manipulative all at the same time. “What kind of offer can you make me?”

She walked away with a pay boost, paid leave, and a goddamn *dental plan*. But more than that, she walked away as a *she*. For five years, at least.

She had no regrets on that score at all.

The first thing she did when she left the building was to walk right up to the still, surprised, and overwhelming joyous Curt, and leap into his arms. He caught her easily, and she wrapped around his body, kissing him several times.

“I knew you’d stay,” he said.

“No you didn’t,” she replied.

“Okay, I was nervous as hell.”

“Well, you’ve got me. For five years, at least. And, if we still love each other by then, for life as well.”

Another kiss, this one even more passionate.

“You mean it?” he asked

She teased his beard. “I mean it, Curt. Brennan won’t believe it. I bet Asahi will just laugh at me. She knew all along, I reckon. But just so everyone doesn’t tell us to hurry up and do it, let’s move in together as soon as we can.”

“I’d really love that,” Curt said. “We can have a room together. More private time with each other.”

He grasped her butt, which made her moan.

“Even better,” she said. “I’ve got a manly job for my boyfriend?”

“Oh yeah?”

She grinned cheekily. “I want him to install a stripper pole in our bedroom. I want plenty of time to practise before a *private audience*, if you know what I mean.”

He did. He made the order that very night, after a round of passionate sex. Jessica still couldn’t believe it. She was a woman for at least five more years, and a stripper at that too. She’d have her curvaceous, ridiculous body for years yet - if not for life, most likely - and she’d be having sex with an actual boyfriend, all while living with him. It was totally bananas. It was not how her life was meant to go.

She was damn pleased it had, though. She couldn’t imagine life otherwise.

The End