

# Masturbation with Extra Steps

**For Clancy**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*A man gets his hands on a machine that can clone and transform his body in wonderful ways.*

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I put down the thick manual with an excited smile. It had taken me days to get through it; you would think the people who created such an amazing machine would be able to write more concisely without all the techno-babble but oh well. It didn't matter now, I knew with confidence that I could now operate the machine in front of me without much hassle.

It was sleek and shiny, in the shape of a round tube, almost like those flume water slides at the park where you had to cross your arms over your chest before falling. It had taken me over a year to save up enough to buy it and even then I still had my doubts. You can find all sorts of things on the dark web and what had started with a futile search for Bimbathyrone had ended with me finding this instead.

The Dream Machine seemed just that, a dream. It couldn't possibly have been real but the more I looked the more I knew I had to have it. A Machine capable not only of turning me into my dream bimbo self but also cloning and transforming me in other ways? It was everything I'd fantasied about.

Ever since I could remember I'd frequented the fetish sites I saw online, falling down the rabbit hole of transformation and transgender stories. It wasn't that I wanted to be a woman permanently but something about the feeling of growing breasts and my dick disappearing made me feel horny in a way that nothing else could.

Perhaps it was the loss of control in those stories or perhaps it was just curiosity. I'd always wanted to know how it felt to open up and have a cock slide inside. I'd tried experimenting with guys of course but found the experience middling. Besides, for obvious reasons most of them didn't like the idea of me acting out the part of a woman. And all the girls I'd been with wanted a gym bro macho man, or some sort of sissy. They were never interested in the sort of role play I was into. Trying to find a girl or hell, even a guy, to roleplay my fantasies had proved impossible but I knew another me would be willing. Still, I didn't want to rush into things, I had to savour this experience.

I stripped off, making sure to focus on the tiny details of how it felt. I wanted to compare how it felt to remove my male clothing after I was transformed. Was female skin really more sensitive like it was in all the stories? I was hungry to find out.

I hit the power button and shivered with delight as the machine hummed to life, I watched the screen attached to the side flickered to life and the keyboard swung around to be used. The menu face was simple green text on a black background that instantly sent me back to the early computer of my school days but that didn't matter. So long as it actually worked, that was all I cared about.

I exchanged the thick manual for the fashion magazine I had picked up earlier today. Cara Delevingne smiled at me from the cover. She had been my celebrity crush ever since I was a teenager so I did not hesitate to select the Gender Bend option and punch in her features.

I then carefully folded my discarded jeans and shirt and placed them within the drawer at the machine's side, programming the machine to make them into an outfit that would suit my new self as soon as she was ready to face the world.

With that I hit enter and a green light at the top of the machine turned on with a loud ding; a second later it opened up to reveal the inside. It was surprisingly plush, like a mix between a solarium and a bed but standing up, with little Xs placed at certain points so I knew where to rest my head, feet and hands. The clear outline of a human body there ready to accept me. It was twice as large as it needed to be, probably to accommodate the spaces my hips and bust would soon be filling.

Taking one final deep breath I stepped inside, turning back and closing the door behind me like the lid to a solarium. It was pitch black for a second before the lights turned on and the machine began to vibrate and rumble. A thin beam of light appeared down by my feet and slowly began to move upwards, as it touched my skin I could feel it starting to feel strange. Excitement bolted through me; it was real! This Dream Machine was actually going to transform me and make all my fantasies come to life!

Pins and needles set in, then an almost numbing effect and then, before my very eyes I watched as my skin began to warp and change. My toes curled at the strange sensation, half pain, half pleasure. It felt like every muscle was being pulled and stretched until it was nothing but pure relaxation. I had to fight the urge to shift in place as the tickling got stronger, I could feel it seeping into every pore, even my bones were changing as the hair on my feet disappeared and they shrunk down, becoming dainty.

“H-holy shit it actually works! Oh fuck, I’m actually going to be a beautiful woman...”

My chest began to heave as my breath quickened; the light was moving achingly slowly up my body now, thinning my ankles and removing hair along my calves as they too slimmed and even seemed to lengthen slightly. I looked down at my heaving chest, imagining how it would look when the light reached it. Before that though, it was going to get to my crotch.

My cock had been half hard all morning thinking about what it would be like to finally experience this machine. It was getting harder as the light approached, that tingling was now filling my legs and only getting stronger; I was starting to shiver with the intensity as my legs turned to jelly. Perhaps that was the reason for the strange shape of the machine because even if my knees gave out as they were currently threatening to do, I would be held upright by the foam inlay.

“Hnnng, oh fuck...my t-thighs.”

The skin there was stretching out, the muscle becoming more rotund instead of thinning. My thighs were turning thick, not fat, but shapely, ready to support my new womanly ass when it too was brought to life. A moment later I could feel it, something deep inside the muscles of my butt expanding out.

“Oooooohhh yeah...”

My hips were widening, I swore I could feel the bones shifting in place, turning my boring old figure into the hourglass I've always wanted. The reality of the situation finally began to set in for me, I could feel my new womanly shape taking hold and a moment later the light fell on my cock.

“Fuck! Oh God oh ffff-Hnnnghnnnn.”

The tingling I had felt in my lower body was nothing compared to feeling it all through my dick; I couldn't help but writhe slightly, as much as the inlay would allow, feeling my cock slowly shrinking. My balls receded back up into my body until they melted back into my skin as if they'd never existed at all. No, wait, I could still feel them, moving up inside my body, forming into my new womb as my length finally disappeared and left behind only a hole.

The hole was instantly wet and soft folds appeared around it, blooming like a soft pink flower between my legs. Even in this airtight tube I could feel the air brushing against them; they were so sensitive; how did women stand it? I wanted to stop for a moment and really savour the new sensations without distraction but the machine had other ideas. That

line was moving upwards still, smoothing over my lower stomach and cinching my waist in before gradually making its way up to my chest.

I held my breath as I watched the skin there begin to inflate. Almost as if two balloons were being blown up beneath my skin. Hard muscle turned soft and round and soon two clearly defined A cup breasts were visible. My nipples turned a darker shade of pink and grew long and hard but to my delight, the light finally stopped. I stayed perfectly in place, stimulating and growing my new tits until they were a B cup, then a C, then finally a D.

I couldn't help but groan feeling the heavy teardrops rest against my chest. I so badly wanted to touch them, to see if the skin there was as sensitive as my tingling ass but I couldn't. My hands were still locked in place as the light finally moved up to my neck.

A strangled gasp escaped me as I felt my Adam's apple melt away; what started as a manly grunt turned to a breathy moan and it was like music to my ears.

"A-almost done, oh wow, my voice..."

It was so pretty, lilting and slightly posh making me feel slightly sophisticated as well as turned on. The light seemed to pause before splitting in two, moving across my clavicle and then down over my shoulder.

"Ow! Ah, fuck!"

My shoulders cracked and bent as they went from square to sloped but the pain was short lived. I hummed in contentment feeling all the hair on my arms thin as the skin smoothed over. My thick fingers stretch out and become more dexterous as my nails neaten to little half moons.

The lights flickered out and reappeared an inch from my face and I found myself dazzled. There was no choice but to keep them closed and focus on the sensations of my features changing. My lips grew, my lashes lengthened and I could feel my hard jawline melting away. It was heavenly, like having all the kinks massaged out of my back. A second later that tingling sensation started to build on my skull and hair began to spill forth. I desperately wished I could see it!

I wiggled my toes in anticipation feeling the hair tickle at the nape of my neck, then shoulders, then my front as the waves spilled down over my shoulders and over my new breasts. It felt just growing! By the time the machine finally whirred to a stop I could feel the long locks brushing at my hips and ass.

There was a hiss as the hydraulic locks on the door opened and I was able to lift my hands from the soft inlays and push it open, stumbling out into the world. Immediately I

began to stand on my toes; twisting and turning to try and examine every inch of my new body with wonder and awe. The plump, peachy ass, the beautiful heavy breasts, the smooth slightly olive toned skin, the dark blonde wavy hair that brushed against my ass; I was gorgeous.

An excited giggle escaped my lips; it almost gave me whiplash, hearing such a beautiful sound and knowing it came from my own mouth. There was a sharp ding from the machine and I ran back over to it with glee, taking out the clothes that it had transformed for me. What had been boring jeans and a plain old shirt were now a tan mini skirt and black wide sleeves shirt with a pair of strappy sandals to match.

It felt luxurious, slipping into my new clothes, perhaps it was the softness of my new skin but every touch felt electric. I'd never cared much for clothes before today but now I couldn't get enough; I studied the way the skirt hugged my hips and stretched over my bubble butt and the way the flowing sleeves of my new shirt seemed to accentuate the longness of my limbs. My hair cascaded down my back, the various levels of highlights giving it such depth. At its darkest points it almost looked brown, while at the top of my head it was a dusky blonde. I flipped it back and forth, admiring how it moved through the air like silk. Part of me was tempted to use the machine to create some more clothes to try on but I had more exciting things in mind.

Transformation was not its only trick and so with baited breath I hit the clone button. Another similar scanning light appeared and looked my body up and down before the machine began to buzz and whirr once more. I waited, bouncing impatiently on my toes as the minutes passed before finally, the door hissed open and out stepped another me.

Same sexy female body. She looked at me at first with shock, then delight.

"It worked!"

"Oh my god!"

We embraced like all the women in those sitcoms do, bouncing up and down as we crushed our bodies together. I could feel her breast pressing against my own and my stomach did a flip.

"Do you have my memories?" I asked, eager to get to know this new me.

"I remember everything, right up until pressing the button...then, I was here."

"Amazing. You look incredible!"

“We look incredible.” She laughed before putting a hand on her hips, “This is going to get a bit confusing though, which one of us is well, ‘Julian’?”

She had a point. We were identical in every way and for a moment I imagined all those videos I had watched of twin threesomes and my new pussy tingled.

“I’ll be Alpha, you be Beta.” I suggested, “Just while we’re together.

“Hey, how come you get to be Alpha.” She pouted.

“Cause I pressed the button.” I replied teasingly, enjoying the little thrill of power, “Now, if you really are me you know the next step of the plan.”

I watched as Beta’s eyes dilated and her face took on a slight blush. Of course she would know our plans, we had the same mind after all and I had carefully planned out my first transformation in intricate detail over the course of the last few days.

“Oh yes.” She whispered, “Let’s do it.”

It was time to test out the machine's third but not final function; the transformation button. Beta eagerly hopped back inside while I closed the door, already I could feel my new pussy starting to moisten and I eagerly selected the item I wanted. Part of me was jealous that she got to be transformed first but I also wanted to spend time in this new body, getting to know it properly before I skipped ahead.

This change didn't take nearly as long as the cloning did and a moment later the clothing drawer opened and presented me with a soft pair of sheer black pantyhose. The only adornment a tiny glass button, the sort of you often found sewn inside clothing to act as a spare, except instead of thread and holes this button had a small indent. The reverse button, according to the manual.

“Wow Beta, that really is you.” I breathed, gently picking her up and letting her new fabric form unravel.

No voice responded of course, she wasn't able to speak or move on her own and a delicious thrum of thrills and power surged through me. Full of girlish excitement I ran up the stairs to the bathroom, enjoying the feeling of my new curves bouncing as I jumped from step to step.

Funny how something as simple as walking up stairs, something I did every day, was not delightful and worthy of note in this body.

I'd purchased a floor length mirror for the bathroom for this exact purpose and for a moment I simply gazed at myself in the glass, taking in the reality that was my new sexy body.

"Fuck, Beta, we're going to look amazing together." I breathed, pressing my fingertips against the glass before turning to the task at hand.

I stretched out the waistband a few times, trying to imagine how it must feel to be Beta right now as I lowered her to the floor and slowly slipped the pantyhose up my legs. They were so soft and thin, it was like a second skin. I loved the feeling of the silky material against my inner thighs and sensitive ass. I had not bothered to put on any panties, so the inner lining pressed against my new pussy, the soft fibres making it quiver.

I couldn't resist turning and lifting up my skirt to admire how my butt looked with Beta stretched across it. Gently I brushed my hands over my cheek, feeling a blush form across it as I did. Could she feel the heat of the blood beneath my skin? Was it turning her on as much as it was me?

"Gods, this is so fucking hot."

I couldn't believe this was really happening; not only had I been transformed into a sexy goddess of a woman but I was wearing another version of myself. Did this count as narcissism? I wasn't sure, then again I didn't really care. I wanted to flaunt this, I had to show the world.

"How about we go show you off?" I spoke to the pantyhose, giving my new rump a small smack and watching the skin jiggle.

I ran back to the machine and retrieved my clothing from before, now transformed into a pink singlet and classy black skirt. As tempting as it was to walk out my front door in nothing but Beta, I didn't want to spend the rest of the night down at the station explaining why I had no ID, or even a name.

I slipped them on, mentally comparing the subtle differences between this body and my male one. The way the skirt rubbed against my thick thighs, the way my shirt now hung off my chest rather than clung to it thanks to my new boobs. As I slipped my feet into a pair of classy heels I couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like to be part of my outfit like

Beta. Wearing them felt so different; they made my foot arch and my toes stretch out slightly, so different to my usual sneakers. With a giggle I ground my ass into the seat.

“Hope you’re enjoying this as much as me.” I teased before getting up and walking out the front door with more confidence than I had ever possessed in my life.

I couldn’t resist going for a walk around the block, something simple yet exciting thanks to my new body and companion. It felt naughty, salacious almost to be walking around my boring old suburban neighbourhood while wearing another version of myself.

As I walked along I waved to people, giving them my most charming smile. They waved back, the men especially; turns out the whole world becomes friendly when you’re a smoking hot woman in a short skirt.

I could feel those pantyhose rubbing together as well, each time I took a step they would brush against one another, tickling my inner thighs and making me grow wetter. How must it feel to be Beta right now. I was hungry to know. Still, I didn’t want to rush things, I continued my walk and made sure to treasure each and every small detail; like the bounce of my breasts, the click clack of my heels on the ground or the way my hair blew in the breeze before finally returning home to the machine.

There was one final function I was yet to test out and my hand hovered over the button filled with both eagerness and trepidation. The moment the pad of my finger made contact; I was gone. For a brief moment there was nothing and suddenly I was overwhelmed with sensation.

I could feel my form stretched over hot skin, the heady, feminine smell of pussy juice was permeating the air and I could even taste it, feel it, on parts of my new fabric body. I heard Beta gasp as we switched places; her now back in the form of a woman while I was the pantyhose she was wearing.

“Oh fuuuuuck.” Beta moaned, “That was so fucking hot, you must be experiencing it now right? The taste of us? How good is it?”

She was right, I wished for a tongue so I could lap up more of the juices but of course, I was pantyhose, I had no way of moving or even making my will known. I was at the mercy of Beta and her quivering pussy as it pressed against me.

“This is really naughty you know.” Beta smirked, walking back up to the bathroom so she could use the mirror, “Look at you, not only are you fucking yourself but you’ve turned yourself into a literal object.”



I swivelled my vision so that I could see the mirror, Beta was wearing a flirtatious smirk that made me feel dizzy with lust. I loved how I looked stretched over her skin, I somehow made her look even more hot and judging by her expression she agreed. I'd never realised I could make such a face.

"I bet you're getting turned on right now, in fact, I know you are because we're the same person."

She sat, right there on the tiled floor so that I was crushed beneath her huge ass. It pressed me into the floor, forcing me to taste her skin as a fresh gush of pussy juice flowed freely from her cunt.

"Such a degenerate," She whispered, sliding a finger between my waistband and her skin, "When people say to go fuck yourself I don't know if this is what they mean-Oooooohhh..."

Her taunts melted away in a pornographic moan as her finger slipped down between her lips, slowly stroking over her bulging clit while I was stretched back and forth by the movement. Her legs were trembling, her breath shaky as she started to speed up, finger gliding easily along her slick folds before pushing inside her puckered hole.

"Y-you can't imagine how good this feels," She breathed, "S-so much better than jacking off, oh my god, s-so good I...hng! Mmmm oh...ohhhhh."

I could feel everything that was happening as I was stretched forward and back over and over again. My stitches strained and I wished I could moan along with her as more and more of that wetness slowly got absorbed by my fabric. Soon there was too much and it began to spread.

She was getting close, she had to be, she was bringing her knees together, whole body shuddering as she pumped in and out with abandon. As pantyhose I could not cum, so instead I revelled in the sounds she was making and the taste of her as more dripped down.

"Yes! Yes, so close, yes just...there!"

Her whole body shuddered and I felt it in every pore of my being. Each of my tiny stitches quivered with her as she came, and my mind felt so filled with lust I could not conjure a

single thought. Her legs spasmed and me along with her, I was absolutely desperate to experience it for myself. Beta gasped and caught her breath, staggering to her feet almost drunk with the ecstasy she'd just experienced.

“Just wait till you remember what that felt like.” Beta sighed, sounding happy and content.

She reached down and I felt her press that little indented button on the side of my waistband. A moment later I blinked, back in my womanly body with the blood rushing in my ears. I felt dizzy; my head temporarily heavy as the combined memories of Beta and Alpha melded together as I became one once more.

My pussy was throbbing with residual pleasure, my fingers were sticky with viscous fluids and my pantyhose had disappeared. I looked at myself in the mirror, face flush with pleasure. That had been unlike anything I'd ever experienced and a thrill went through me knowing that I had only just scratched the surface of what that machine could do.

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“No fair, how come you get to be the woman?” Beta complained as I stepped out of the machine and shook out my long hair.

Spending the night back in my male body had felt odd, just a few hours of this female one and already I was addicted. Beta, still male was standing there with his arms crossed and brow furrowed. The first thing I did when I woke up that morning was clone myself. After putting together the machine I had made sure to take a few sick days to play around with it properly, so I wanted to make the best of the time I had. I smiled at him; it was time to try something I had always wanted to do.

“Don't worry, I think you'll still enjoy this.” I whispered, pressing my naked body against him and pressing our lips together before forcing my tongue down his throat.

It was strange, kissing myself and yet, there was a layer of separation. At least while we were like this, Beta and I were separate people; but that didn't mean I suddenly forgot what it felt like to be a man. I tilted my head and let out tongues intertwine, gently scraping my nails through his short hair the way I knew would drive him wild.

A deep moan rumbled from his throat and I swallowed it down, gently forcing him backwards step by step until we fell onto the couch in a tangle of writhing limbs. It felt so

different, to be soft and small. Normally I was the one doing the holding but now I could enjoy the feeling of strong arms wrapping around my waist, pinning me in place as Beta broke our kiss and began to trail his tongue along the curve of my throat.

I felt frozen in place, my full focus on the wonderful warmth of lips against my chest and breast before a soft tongue stopped to lap at my breasts.

“Oh that’s...nice, so nice.”

“I know you’ve always wondered what it felt like.” Beta chuckled between sucks, “I can’t wait to remember it myself.”

“Hmmm, mmm what? Oh yeah, ah-ahhhh...”

I couldn’t form the proper words, my mouth wasn’t responding, neither was my brain actually. There was just pleasure, each tiny suck at my nipple seemed to short circuit my mind and I found myself at Beta’s mercy as he rolled me over and pinned me down to the couch. He was so much stronger than me now, even if I wanted to wiggle free I couldn’t. The change in dynamic made me shiver and a small moan escaped my lips as I felt his cock pressing into my thigh.

I was really going to do this, finally I would know what it would feel like to be fucked as a woman and by somebody who knew exactly how to make me wail. I could tell by the smile on his face that Beta was getting off on knowing just how to touch me. There didn’t need to be any talk of what to do, we knew what we liked.

“Ready?” Beta taunted, pressing his tip against my clit.

“Yesssss.” I hissed, wrapping my legs around his square waist and pulling him into me.

Coming together felt like fireworks, like all those romance books always said it would. I’d had sex plenty of time before but never had I felt such gratification in the first few moments. I could feel my walls parting, skin stretching and burning to make room for the length and I couldn’t help but tighten around it.

“Fuck, so tight-!”

I could tell by the look on Beta's face that this was just as good for him as it was for me. We may never need another partner in the bedroom again. After all, who knew how to fuck me better than...me? That logic went both ways though.

I squeezed him tight, rhythmically pulsing my new pussy in time with Beta's thrusts until we were both overwhelmed by the stimulation. I moaned and wailed, knowing how much the sounds were driving him wild as well as feeding my own lust. Every few thrusts he hit my G-spot. It was one giant tease, drawing out the pleasure until my body simply could not take it anymore. I felt something start to build, I gripped Beta's arms hard and rolled my hips faster, increasing his pace as his thrusts turned short and sharp.

"Y-you won't last much long." He taunted, "I know it. Especially if I. Thrust. Right. Here."

Each word was accentuated with a hard push inside me, stretching my walls to the limit as his tip pressed against that wonderful bundle of nerves deep inside me. He was right, it pushed me over the edge. For a moment there was nothing and then it all came crashing down like a wave.

"Ahhhh! Yes! More!"

My body shook as orgasm took me, my pussy tightened harder than it ever had before, squeezing Beta tight enough that with a few expletives he came as well. I felt a wet splash in my new womb and shivered; what would it be like when we rejoined and I could remember this from both sides? Part of me was tempted to find out right away but I had other plans.

For a moment we laid together, a tangle of sweaty limbs enjoying the afterglow until finally, Beta pulled out with a shudder. Like the gentleman he was, Beta cleaned us up while I basked in the afterglow just a little longer.

"Alright, time for part two?" He asked.

"Date night." I nodded, "You go get dressed, something classy, I have a few things I want to prepare."

Beta gave me a curious grin but obeyed, disappearing into our bedroom while I headed back over to the machine. They say the perfect date doesn't exist well, I was about to prove that wrong. The only issue was, which role was I going to play?

Being the envy of every man with a beautiful woman hanging on my arm, the swooning date? Or her clothing? Even both of their clothing! Thanks to this machine there were just so many possibilities!

I looked at the machine with curiosity, trying to make a decision. First thing I did was change the programming slightly. Having a button on my clothing forms was far too dangerous. What if I leaned against it accidentally and suddenly turned back when I was halfway through something? Fortunately there was another option.

I pressed a button at its side and a small table version of the display appeared, small enough to pass for a phone. Of course, it couldn't be used to transform anything on the go, but it could mean Beta and I could switch positions at will, at least then we could both experience a few different positions throughout the night if we wanted to.

"How do I look?"

I turned to see Beta wearing a smart dress shirt and dark blue pants. It was strange, I had worn that outfit plenty of times and somehow, women hadn't been throwing themselves at me. Now that I was one, I could easily see that I was a catch; strong jaw, broad shoulders, I made a mental note to wear the outfit more often.

"Amazing." I smiled, "So amazing in fact I think we need another one of you."

Beta needed no further encouragement to jump to the machine and select the cloning option, a moment later a third version of myself stepped out looking vaguely confused for a second before his memories caught up with him.

"Don't get out of there too fast!" I laughed, "Uh...Gamma! Yeah, we'll call you Gamma, let's make you more...feminine."

A few minutes of fiddling and machinery whirring and Gamma was my identical twin and her clothing transformed with her. I couldn't help but feel a little jealous of her dress; I was still naked but thanks to the machine she now had a beautiful sparkling black cocktail dress, and a pair of matching heels and stockings.

"Oh, this could take some getting used to." Gamma giggled as she wobbled on the heels, "Ah! It feels wonderful to be a woman again, not that sex with you wasn't fab of course, Alpha."

“Look at your ass-uh my ass.” I grinned, patting the stretched material over her cheeks.

This machine was liable to make me the most arrogant guy on the planet; but who could blame me? With fresh eyes I could truly appreciate just how hot both my bodies were, not to mention the clothes themselves.

“Well, judging by our outfits and uh, lack of outfits,” Gamma giggled, “I’m guessing we’re the ones going on the date so how will you be joining us, Alpha?”

I hummed in though, I knew I wanted to be close, perhaps her stockings, then again, I’d already been pantyhose before.

“Perhaps as your dress? Or maybe your heels?” I mused, “I just can't decide.”

Beta wrapped an arm around me fondly.

“How about the best of both worlds?” He suggested, pointing to the controller in my hand, “We’ve got a good amount of time before we’re really hungry, why don't you be Gamma’s dress and then for the date proper you can be her heels. We both know how you feel about having a strong, beautiful woman step on you...”

A shiver went down my spine; they really did know me. A giggle escaped me at the thought; they were me, of course they knew!

“Sounds good!”

Beta didn't give me time to second guess myself, he pressed the corresponding buttons on the remote and a moment later I felt my consciousness change. My body shifted out of space and my vision warbled until I came back to myself and realised I was now hugging Gamma’s wonderful curves.

Beta was standing in front of her, grinning down at me. This was so different from being pantyhose, I could feel the warmth of her skin permeating my fabric at the top where I hugged her tight; feel the stretch over her bubble butt but also the flowing freedom of the loose fabric that brushed the ground. I was aware of every stitch and sequin. It was unlike anything I'd ever experienced.

“How do you think she is feeling?” Beta asked Gamma, who ran her hands down her sides.

“Good, no doubt about it.”

They were right on the money. Those hands felt so lovely, they came to rest at her hips and I could practically taste the skin as I was trapped between hip and hand.

“Look how beautiful she makes me look.” Gamma cooed, strutting through the room until she reached the mirror, striking a pose in front of it.

I felt so overwhelmed; this wasn't like being pantyhose where I could only feel her pussy and ass. Now I could feel her whole body, except of course, her pussy. It was one giant tease, being constantly stimulated but kept away from that lovely flavour I have developed a taste for. I wish I had thought to remove a bra from the clothing transformation though, having even that thin fabric between me and her tits was too much, I desperately wanted to feel her nipples against me, rubbing at my inner lining-

I blinked. I had eyes again. I was standing upstairs in my bedroom, controller in hand with a tiny fluoro sticky note attached.

*‘You can't have all the fun!’ - Beta*

That sneak had switched places with me! Now I was standing back in my male form, half hard with the memories of what it had felt like to hug Gamma's sexy body. It was whiplash, being back in my male body again without warning but I couldn't help but smile. Between the three of us and this remote today was going to be chaos. Sexy, hot as fuck chaos. I could not wait to cause some myself.

I slipped the remote into my pocket and made my way back to Beta and Gamma; the latter of whom was still posing in front of the mirror, admiring herself and speaking as though I were still her dress.

“That's Beta.” I chuckle, “Little sneak switched places with me.”

“Oh really? Gamma said with a wry grin looking down, “So naughty Beta.”

She rubbed the fabric between finger and thumb and a shiver went through me imagining how it must feel. I let my eyes roam over the dress; fully appreciating just how hot my female

body was. Gamma looked utterly perfect, my dream girl with her curvaceous figure and ample breasts. I couldn't believe that not long ago I had looked like that as well.

I sat myself down on the couch and watched her continue to pose; pouting and biting her lip as she practised sexy expressions in the mirror. It was like having my own private modelling show or perhaps lap dance would be a more appropriate descriptor as Gamma teased me with a flirtatious smile.

"I suppose it doesn't matter which one of you is in there." She shrugged, lowering herself down onto my lap. "I can have fun either way."

She leaned in and I groaned as her tongue pushed into my mouth, exploring it gently yet firmly. I wrapped my arms around her back, sliding a finger up and down her exposed spine, each time getting a little lower until it was tracing along the cleft of her ass as well.

My cock twitched, poking against her mound and Gamma moaned, allowing me to take the lead and nibble on her bottom lip as my hands gripped her bouncy ass tight. Keeping my hand on her as she let the other slip down to the remote, switching Beta into her feet and chuckling to myself. I wonder how that would feel, to be so suddenly switched without any prior warning.

"D-don't mess up my dress now, we have a date to get to." She shuddered, "Not to mention Beta..."

I gripped the fabric tighter in response, Gamma moaning for the both of them as my hands began to roam, pressing against every inch of that shimmery material before slipping inside the cups of her bra. Her nipples were rock hard and felt even better than I'd imagined when I was a dress.

Gently I tweaked them, drinking in the small gasps and moans that escaped Gamma's lips. It was tempting, so very tempting, to go further, to lift up the hem of that dress and lower her onto my cock but I resisted. We had a date to get to after all. Besides, I had somewhere else I desperately wanted to be.

"We'd better get going." I breathed huskily, looking over at the clock, "We're going to be late."

Somehow we had been on this couch fondling one another for almost half an hour now, poor Beta would probably be a mess but that wasn't my problem, at least not until we all rejoined.



“I’m s-sure we could go just a little more...” Gamma whimpered, grinding down on my cock and causing us both to gasp, “Please?”

I shook my head, not trusting myself to speak. Instead I pulled her close again and kissed her deeply, savouring the taste of her on my tongue before pulling back.

“Fooling around with you is fun, but I was promised a go as your heels I believe.”

“Don’t worry, Beta and I will put on a good show for you.” She winked.

With a press of the remote I was gone again, mind reforming into something much more stiff and hard than the dress or pantyhose had been. I could feel the soft downy material of Gamma’s stockings pressing lightly against me through the indentation of her dainty feet and the pads of her pretty toes.

I was moving, being lifted as Gamma raised her leg in the air so that I could see both her and Beta smiling at me. Beta tapped my tip and grinned.

“Enjoy it, I certainly did.”

A moment later Gamma was standing and I was overwhelmed with a whole new wave of sensations. I could feel her pressing down on me and my stiletto thin heel pressing into the floor as I supported the arch of her foot. Logically I knew it only took a minute to walk from the couch to the front door but for me it seemed to last an age in the best possible way. Each time one of her feet raised and the pressure lessened, the other one doubled. There was no relief, only that constant feeling of the soft stockings and feet pressing into me. I could taste her skin through the fabric, smell it on her with a mingling of downy floral scents from the material.

Each time her weight crushed against me it felt like a mixture of pleasure and pain that left me lightheaded; if I could even use that term in my current form.

“It felt amazing,” Beta’s voice floated into my consciousness as they stepped outside, arm in arm with Gamma. “Being crushed between you two while you were making out. Once or twice I mentally slipped down into the heels and I could feel your feet. It was magical.”

“Oh, I am so jealous! Gamma pouted, “I want a go too.”

“Maybe later, oh let’s be honest, definitely later.” Beta laughed.

“What was the best bit?”

“Your toes.” Beta sighed, sounding horny, “When Alpha bit your lips your toes curled and pressed down into the sole of me and mmmm...it was unlike anything I’d ever felt.”

“Oh really.”

A moment later Gamma was wiggling her toes; the pleasure that radiated from the soft yet firm touch would have had me cumming were I able. The best equivalent I could think of was the sensation of a soft tongue running up and down my length; except there were five of them on each shoe sole and they were all moving at once.

“You’ll be driving him mad doing that.” Beta chuckled.

“Good.”

I was in Heaven. Not only was Gamma’s weight bearing down on me, not only could I smell and taste her with each step but she was also wiggling her toes against me whenever she got the chance. The sharp sound of my stiletto heel clacking against the ground was the only sound I could clearly make out and I was sure that from now on I would have to be very careful about being around women in heels; or I might risk popping a boner from the sound alone.

Warm air flowed over me as we all entered the restaurant. It was amazing how a new perspective could change how I viewed the world so drastically; the change from hard sidewalk to soft, plush carpet was incredible. Enough to keep my mind distracted the entire walk to the table. It was so soft, tickling at my heel and front as Gamma continued to press me hard into the ground.

“Oh my gosh I love your shoes!” A woman’s voice carried and I looked up to see a sweet looking dark haired woman gazing down at me with envy.

“Thanks,” Gamma said sweetly, lifting me slightly so that my shiny leather caught the light. “They are my favourite pair.”

“Where did you get them?”

“I made them,” Beta replied smugly, “One of a kind.”

“Oh how incredible I am so jealous.”

A sense of pride swelled within me; there was objectification and then there was this. To have strangers not only admiring and complimenting me but the knowledge that they had an idea I was even here was intoxicating. They couldn't know that the shoes they were looking at had a soul, that they were feeling and seeing everything around them and getting turned on by it.

This had all the excitement of public sex without any of the risk; hell, Beta and Gamma probably looked like a regular couple. Nobody knew that not only were they currently engaging in a low grade threesome but in reality we were all the same person!

Beta and Gamma sat down and set about reading the menu, all while Gamma slowly stroked one of my heels up and down Beta's leg. The slightly rough material of his dress pants tickled my side until it was oversensitive but there was nothing I could do to stop it. Even if I wasn't revelling in the teasing it wasn't as if I had any way to tell Gamma to stop.

I could hear them both ordering two of our favourite dishes. Fortunately for me, shoes did not need food so I wasn't hungry. Thought I would get to enjoy the memory of eating both steak and seafood later tonight when we all rejoined. One day I should make an entire party of myself and get to eat everything on the menu, that would certainly be fun.

Gamma was the biggest tease out of all of us though I decided as she continued to play with me throughout the meal. When she tired of pressing me against Beta's leg she started to shuffle me across the floor in tiny bursts, back and forth, back and forth. Making the carpet tickle my bottoms while my sides rubbed against one another. Eventually she pressed the toe of my right shoe against the heel of the other, slipping it partially off to slowly stroke the inner lining with her big toe.

I could change my vision from any point of view so I enjoyed many wonderful views. As she stroked her toes over me I watched them, admiring how pretty they were through the sheer material of her pantyhose. Perhaps next time we should paint her nails too, make them look even naughtier and then I would be able to feel the hard lacquer press into me.

When she finally stopped she tugged me forwards slightly, leaning over onto the table so that only her butt was perched on the seat. This gave me a perfect view of her pussy. We had, of course, decided to forgo panties again and so the only thing between her flower and me was a thin swath of sheer black fabric.

I could see her getting wetter as Beta's hand reached over to stroke her thigh beneath the table, riding up the skirt of her dress ever so slightly to brush his thumb across her smooth stockings. From my vantage point on the floor I could see the tent in Beta's

pants as well and I felt my own lust beginning to grow. God I was so fucking turned on and there was nothing I could do about it! I was stuck, at the mercy of Gamma's teasing toes.

As she and Beta slowly moved their chairs closer she hung my loose shoe off the end of her toe, dangling me in the air while the other half she crushed hard into the ground. I could feel the hard material that made up my structure bowing. It felt like having a sore muscle stretched; painful but good at the same time. I knew there was no risk of me breaking, I was made of sterner stuff; I only wished I could moan to let out some of the pent up sexual frustration that was building after what had to be hours of torture underneath this table.

"We should probably head home." Beta whispered, somehow loud enough that I could still hear, "If I have to wait one more minute to have you I think I'll explode."

"Agreed." Gamma said with her voice shaking, "I'm so wet and I can only imagine how Alpha is feeling down there."

She crushed both her feet into me.

"Not very 'alpha' or in control I bet." She giggled.

"We both know he's loving it."

"I bet he cums as soon as he's in a human body again, I've been teasing him all night."

"Well, let's see how he fairs being teased all night; we'd better put him somewhere he can watch."

Fuck. I wanted to cum so bad. Already my mind was filled with mental images of Beta and Gamma, my male and female selves, writhing together in bed while I watched on, a silent, horny observer. They made a note of teasing me all the way home once the bill was paid; Gamma wiggling her toes incessantly as they chatted to one another knowing full well I could hear them.

"Perhaps we can stuff him under the bed, then he'll just be able to hear us and feel the mattress dipping."

“No, I think he should be put somewhere high, a bird's eye view of us. Perhaps on top of the shelf.”

“He can switch his vision from one shoe to the other, right? Maybe we should put one on either side of the bed so he can watch from both angles. Really give him a show.”

“Fuck, I never knew I was so into being watched.”

“Me either, let's hurry before we add public sex to our list of new kinks.”

Their steps quickened, I clicked against the hard ground faster and faster and Gamma half jogged. She practically skipped up the steps to our front door. Each time pressed the pads of her feet into me so hard I really was worried I might snap. Fortunately though, I didn't and the two fell in the front door, hands already all over one another as they made out with abandon.

Gamma kicked the door closed with me and immediately found herself pressed up against it. I found myself wishing I was a dress again so I could experience what it felt like to be crushed between them. Instead I felt Gamma's weight all but disappear as Beta lifted her up. Strong hands holding her peachy ass as she wrapped her legs around his back. I was pressed against myself, Gamma's feet and now Beta's back. The smell of sex was quickly filling the air or perhaps it was simply my own arousal playing tricks on my brain as Beta carried Gamma to the bedroom and me along with her.

For a moment we were weighty as he threw her playfully onto the bed, and then we were bouncing a few times while Gamma laughed breathlessly. She slipped a finger into each of my heels and gently removed me; she gave me a wicked grin for a moment before tossing me across the room where I landed a few feet from the foot of the bed. Beta looked as though he was about to climb onto the bed and leave me discarded and forgotten when he turned.

“We really should involve him.” He sighed and Gamma's eyes lit up.

“I have the perfect idea.” She smiled widely, “And I know Alpha is going to love it.”

Excitement ran through me as she gently picked me up once more. I was full of anticipation, ready to see what she had planned. She slipped a hand seductively into Beta's pocket and drew out the remote, clicking away at the tiny configuration screen for a moment before hitting the final button.

My vision warbled like ripples on water. The world became a blur of colours as my shape and texture changed. I felt myself shrinking, becoming softer and small enough that when my vision finally cleared I was tiny enough to fit on the palm of Beta's soft hand.

I tried to take stock of my new form; I felt soft, yet sturdy and ever so slightly slick on the inside. I watched as both Beta and Gamma chuckled teasingly looking down on me and finally I realised what I had become.

I was a condom.

"You're ribbed for my pleasure too." Gamma giggled and I realised she was right. I could feel the slight raises along my outer surface.

I was ecstatic! How had I not thought of this myself? Being a condom had always been one of my biggest fantasies and yet even when I acquired the machine the idea didn't occur to me. Well, at least not this version of me.

Gently, Gamma placed me down on the bedside table, propped up against the lamp so I had a perfect view of the pair of them on the bed. Beta seductively crawled up the bed as Gamma undid the buttons on his shirt before pressing her palms against his firm chest and pulling him down to kiss.

I ached with jealousy watching Beta slowly get undressed by Gamma beneath him. I desperately wanted to have those nails scraping across my skin, slowly removing my clothes but I could do nothing but watch, getting hornier and hornier knowing full well there was no release in sight. I sat, boiling in my own lust watching Beta strip off his boxers; it was all one giant tease and I loved it.

Then it was Gamma's turn, though removing her dress didn't take nearly as long, with a simple tug from Beta she arched her back, balancing on her toes and it flowed off easily in a great glittering black wave. Leaving her in nothing but her stockings and bra. Both of which I watched Beta remove with reverence. How they were both taking things so slow I could not understand. Part of me, the impatient part, wanted nothing more than to get my hands on that remote and switch places with one of them so we could finally get started.

Finally, after what seemed like an age of passionate kissing, Gamma reached for me. They rolled so that Beta was on his back, erection standing upright and proud with a dot a precum already visible on his tip. Gamma pinched my end almost painfully and began to stretch me out. I felt my surface burning with satisfaction as she did so and I greedily stared down at the waiting cock, eager to taste it only for Beta to hold out a hand for gamma to stop.

“Put it on me with your mouth,” He ordered.

*Oh. Oh*, that sounded incredible. My other selves were on fire with their ideas tonight, and I was more than happy to submit myself to them. Gently, Gamma placed me in her mouth, balancing my tougher ring between her lips so the rest of me could sit against her tongue. Together we descended towards Beta’s waiting cock, the smell of his sex hitting me hard a moment before he did. I felt the tip stretch over my pinched end and Gamma swirled her tongue around it, making sure I was on tight before slowly descending.

She hollowed her cheeks so that I was pressed against her and Beta’s cock.. Not even the tiniest of air bubbles could fit between me and their skin, save the tiny area at the very tip which would soon be filled with seed. Gamma’s tongue slid down my sides, swirling around Beta’s cock stimulating us both. She moaned and the vibrations moved through me making me see stars in the darkness that was her mouth.

I could feel the minute movements of Beta inside me as his cock twitched and quivered at the stimulation. Both of us being pleased together by Beta’s tongue and voice. She descended down, deepthroating us both so that I could feel my latex tip brushing the back of her throat. Who knew I had such a good gag reflex? I couldn’t wait to try being in her position one day.

Then she was leaving, with me now fully applied to Beta her mouth popped off his dick with an audible slurp and I was left in place. Gamma grinned down at me and I felt Beta shift as he sat up to admire their handy work.

“How do you think he’s feeling right now?” Gamma asked, almost sweetly.

“Hella horny.” Beta chuckled, gripping his cock and by proxy me, by the base.

“So am I.”

“Let’s get to it then.”

There was no more slowness, no more tenderness. This was no longer about teasing out the pleasure as long as possible this was fucking; and I was right in the middle of it. I watched as Gamma’s pussy hovered over my tip, descending down ready to engulf me. Time seemed to slow as her wetness dripped down on me, sending warm tingles across my latex surface. I was already stretched across Beta’s cock, so when Gamma’s hole finally began to swallow me I expired the ecstasy of being squeezed on both sides. She was so tight that even just having her on my tip made me feel exquisite.

For the briefest of moments I was in complete darkness as Gamma's pussy quivered around me. I could feel every inch of her inner walls stretching around me, holding me in a tight embrace that encompassed every fibre of my being. Her smell and taste was everywhere. Her pussy juice coating my outer layer and I desperately wished I could taste her inside as well. Then again, if I could I wouldn't be able to taste Beta's cock.

The two flavours were so similar and yet so different at the same time. Beta was strong and musky, a manly scent cut through with a slightly sweet, slightly sour taste of the precum on his tip. Where Gamma was heady and rich, much stronger and together they made for an unstoppable force.

They began to move. I felt Beta's hips roll beneath me as Gamma raised herself up. Light flooded in as all but my tip slipped out of her but I still couldn't see clearly, I was too coated in slickness. Even if I wanted to though she swiftly descended with a deep moan. All sounds were muffled while buried inside her. Making my pleasure seem to grow as my other senses strengthened to compensate for my loss of sight.

They continued to thrust, muffled sounds making their way to be whenever they made a particularly deep thrust. It was as if my entire body had become one giant erogenous zone, pleased and teased to hell and back. I could not cum myself, though that was probably a blessing in disguise because there was no way I would have lasted long having my whole body pleased this way.

Eventually the light stopped all together as Beta's thrusts became shallow and fast. I could feel myself being slammed against a patch of slightly rougher skin toward the back of Beta's pussy and I knew he was teasing her G-spot. She must have been wailing because even buried deep inside I could hear her moans, her begging for more. It made him even hotter.

Beta's dick began to spasm, at the very base of my condom form I felt skin tightening as his balls prepared to push him over the edge. A second later I felt a vibration move through his entire body as a guttural groan escaped him. Moments later a heavy, hard stream of cum slammed against the top of my inner lining. Then more, and more, I was being assaulted on all sides as Gamma squirted and Beta came. The sweet flavour of juices mixing with the sour one of cum. It was delicious though; better than any meal they could have eaten at the restaurant. I was in Heaven; I never wanted it to end.

Finally though, I was full and I felt Beta's cock begin to still. Beta's pussy quivered with aftershocks and hugged me with each and every pulse. Eventually though I felt her move, slowly lifting off me to reveal the blurred world beyond. A hand gripped my base and slowly began to slide me off the cock, turning me flaccid, yet still slightly stretched by the weight of all the seed inside me.



I was held between Beta's fingers as he stretched my ends a few more times with a teasing grin before typing me up in a knot.

"What do we do with him now?" Gamma asked.

"Same thing we do with all condoms when you are finished." Beta shrugged, giving me one final look before tossing me through the air.

The cum inside me sloshed in my few seconds of weightlessness before I landed with a soft thud in the wastepaper bin. The same one that stank of soiled tissues from my days before the machine. A part of me was slightly concerned, they didn't actually mean to leave me here did they? But I was still basking in the afterglow of the ecstasy I had experienced and couldn't bring myself to fully panic.

A good thing it seemed for a moment later my entire perspective changed. A wave of dizziness passed through me as I suddenly found myself back in my male body, with fingers and feet and all the things that came with being human. After being objects for so much of the night it took me a moment to even remember how to speak.

"Tricked you." My female self cackled holding up the remote, "sorry I couldn't help it."

"Don't apologise, that was unreal." I breathed, feeling my cock twitch at the memories.

"I'm Beta by the way." My female self informed me, "Gamma is over there."

She got up from the bed, walking over to the bin and plucking the used condom out of the bin. After a bit of rummaging, she located the remote and clicked a few buttons and I watched as the used condom shifted to a brand new one.

"Gamma was getting off knowing you were in her, she had to give it a try."

"Well then," I grinned, indicating to my already rock hard dick, "Let's give them a show, shall we? I think we're going to have a lot more fun tonight."