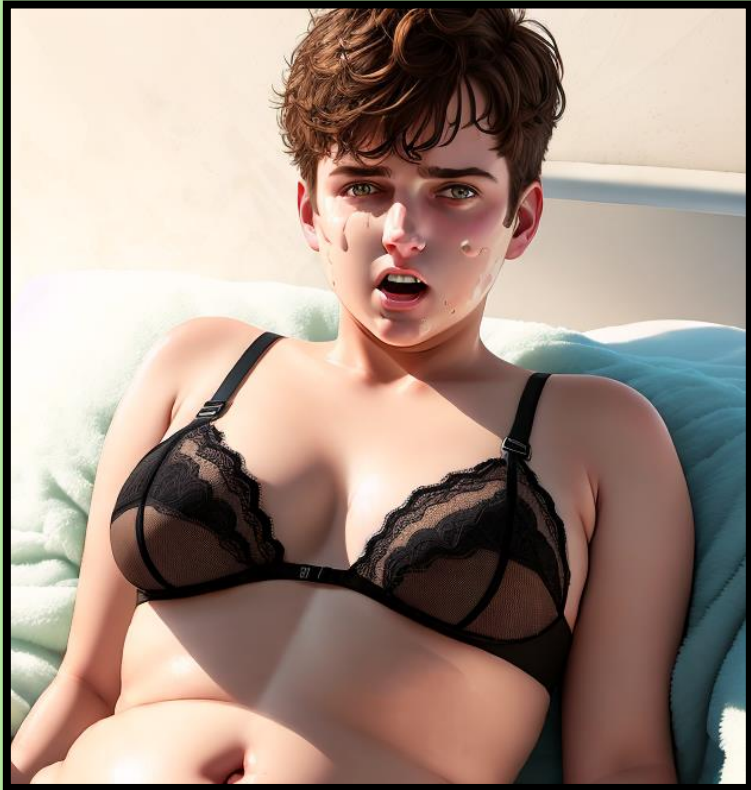




MY GIRLFRIEND'S KINK



By Bewci

<https://patreon.com/bewci>



I had a huge crush on my neighbour, whom I would refer to as “Madam,” but her name was Madam when I first met her. She was the young, fiery redhead with a taller, buxom figure while I was the short, overweight guy in his mid-20s without a social life. She worked in sales, being the extrovert she was, and I figured out to make a fortune within my living room by trading stocks. But our differences were not the reason I refrained from confessing my love to her. My vices that I indulged in the confines of my bedroom kept me from approaching not just Madam, but any woman in my life.

Having way too much time, I used to watch porn and masturbate almost every day. It used to be the usual stuff in the beginning, but then it didn’t turn me on anymore. I felt disgusted by my habit and tried to quit it, but I always relapsed. Every time I did, I came back harder, pushing the edge of my limits inch by inch. From straight basic porn, I started watching incest, adding a layer of taboo and thrill to the mix. My active imagination would put me in the situation, taking advantage of the mom stuck in the washing machine, or the sister under the table. But my conscience would stop me after some time. It never felt right to me. However, the woman giving in to the corruption and relishing in the pleasure made my dick rock hard.



Her corrupted morals heightened her thrill and enjoyment of the situation, surpassing the man's experience. Identifying with her instead of the man, I started giving in to the corruption too, and delved deeper into my guilty pleasures until I came. I felt a rush of excitement and shivers down my spine as I moaned for the first time, like a woman. The post-nut clarity hit me with embarrassment, but a hint of a smile spread across my face as I discovered a new high in my porn-watching sessions. I loved being the woman.

I had opened the Pandora's box and had no intentions of closing it. Over time, masturbation became something I eagerly looked forward to instead of a mere habit. Jerking off my penis to ejaculate was no longer my primary focus. Instead, I was mimicking the women in the videos, exploring every cell of my body. Running my hands down my neck, feeling the fingers tracing down to my nipples. I spent hours discovering the erotic zones in my body that, to my surprise, were quite similar to those of women. Instead of watching porn, I started reading stories of men turning into women and having the best time of their lives. I lost myself in the lust for womanhood in the dark world of the internet.



I found erotica writers taking commissions to write gender-bender stories. NSFW artists, making your avatar transform into the woman of your dreams. I spent thousands of dollars on these commissions, getting off on the product that they delivered. I reached a point where I no longer watched porn, instead solely fantasized about transforming into a woman while masturbating. Once I comprehended the extent of my predicament, it proved to be irreversible.

A psychiatrist diagnosed me with autogynephilia, and she offered me counselling and a route to transition, if I was willing. My heart shuddered at the thought, and I rushed back home. After crying for hours, I gathered myself and decided to not give up. "I am a cis-man, not a transwoman," I thought.

I deleted all the gender-bender stories and pieces of art from my computer. I threw my collection of lingerie that I bought from Amazon into the trash can. Finally, I walked over to Madam's house to ask her out on a date.

"Um, sure. As long as you're paying for the food," Madam said. I was ecstatic. She didn't look impressed by my looks, but she did not dismiss my presence either. After the first date, Madam, to my



surprise, showed more enthusiasm for subsequent meets and movie nights.

“Aww, you’re so cute!” Madam said as I asked for permission to put my hands around her seat. I didn’t care about the expenses, as long as I could be with her. I was happy.

My happiness was short-lived because I was on a long no-fap streak, and spending time with Madam was making me horny. My pent-up desires were taking the haunting shape of my inner femininity. It came back with a grudge, forcing me to shave my whole body one morning. The soft touch of my inner thighs rubbing against each other made me coil in bliss, trying hard not to give in any further.

“Oh, you shaved!” she cheered, noticing my clean-shaven face. Unaware, she did not know that I was as smooth as a baby beneath my clothes.

That day, we visited a mall and a theme park, enjoying the rides and our favourite snacks. I was devastated by the end of the day. Despite Madam giving me the opportunity, I did not make any moves on her. The reason she had stuck with me for so long, I had no clue. With the setting sun, the sky painted itself in a captivating deep blue colour. I was on the verge of



tears with a lump of sadness stuck in my throat, standing outside our houses, when she kissed me. My eyes widened for a moment before they closed, revelling in the romantic moment.

I opened the door, and we walked into my house, kissing and groping each other with ferocious passion. Madam's hands stroked around my shaved arms, and a smile spread across her face. She pushed me onto my bed and climbed on top of me. I was heaving with excitement as she unhooked her bra and pulled it out from the top of her dress, throwing it away on the ground. I didn't sigh a protest as she towered over me, teasing my bulge with her ample breasts until I came in my pants. Flushed with embarrassment, I let out a low moan. Feeling emasculated, the entire ordeal aroused me even more, resulting in another erection.

Madam laughed and pinned my hands over my head, kissing me further after she raised her dress. She didn't let me touch her down there, or even look at it. I could only feel her nude petals parting around the pressed, wet lining of my cock and grazing over it. She kept pushing harder and harder, whispering and humming sweet nothings into my ears until I came again. Some of the warm jizz oozed out of the fabric



and lathered against her entrance, while most of it trickled down my thighs and seeped into my butt crack. “Good, girl,” she mumbled.

“What?” I asked, my heart thumping in both arousal and fear. I contemplated if I had acted too feminine, if she knew.

“Should go,” Climbing out of bed, she said, “I should go back now.”

“Oh, can’t you stay for just tonight?” I asked.

“No, I have to wake up early tomorrow,” she said, trotting to the front door.

I felt confused and concerned if my lack of masculine authority had turned her off. Before I could stand up, she was gone.

I wondered if Madam was still willing to be my girlfriend since I had showed no signs of being the dominant one on the bed, alas; my assertiveness so far was lopsided in our interactions. I shrugged and turned to the bathroom to wash off and change my pants, only to find her black satin bra laying on the floor where she threw it off. A shiver of excitement and anticipation shot down my spine, sending goosebumps cascading from my head to my lower



back. I reckoned she had forgotten to pick it up. Despite ejaculating twice, Madam and I never engaged in sexual intercourse, so I was in a fuzzy stupor of desire. The bra awakened my intrusive thoughts of putting it on, like the old times.

Taking a few moments to control my urges, I walked across the undergarment and went to shower. Stripping naked, I turned on the knob. I gasped in relief as the soothing warm water cascaded down my shaved body. I grabbed my squeaky butt cheeks and spread them under the drizzling water to clean the sticky cum in between. The water poured down the valley and dripped from my sensitive perineum, making me seethe in a sexual frenzy. I had to run my finger down the crack to clean it. As soon as my digits grazed against the rim of my asshole, I shuddered, drooling saliva and gasping for air. My puckered-up nipples twitched as I looked down and smacked my lips, wishing I had a pair of breasts. My finger circled around my clenched asshole until my inhibitions crumbled down and I relaxed, letting it enter inside me.

“Ah!” I yelped, feeling the ridges of the inner lining pull my finger in. The intense pressure of my finger on the prostate caused me to spray out a stream of pre-



cum onto the wall. I popped out the finger, sticking it back in and grinding it against the pleasure button. After a few minutes of anal stimulation, I couldn't stand straight. I needed to lie down and enjoy it on the bed. Exiting the shower with a towel around me, I picked up Madam's bra.

The scent of Madam's lavender perfume and sweat lingered on the black satin bra, intoxicating me as I prepared to put it on. As I hooked it on, the spacious cups pressed against my wider chest, causing them to fill in with my fatty man boobs and giving me a shallow cleavage. The soft fabric wrapped around my chest made my toes curl in excitement. I hummed with ecstasy, lying on the bed and writhing in my embrace. My shaved, sensitive body swirled on the mattress, relieving its feminine desires. My knees were weak, the pulsating arch of climax rising high as my fingers worked on the prostate. I screamed while my penis rocked, jutting a long streak of cum on my face and chest. My instincts craved for a taste, so I opened my mouth and let some of it fall straight into my throat. I gulped it down and after a few more minutes, fell asleep, caked in my cum.

I woke up the next morning with Madam in my room. My jaw dropped, realizing that I hadn't locked the



door after she left last night. Her lack of disappointment on the face surprised me. In contrast, her smile radiated warmth and happiness. I pulled myself up against the edge of the bed as she sat down and confided in me. She told me about her domination kink, and her desire to feminize and humiliate her boyfriends. None of her former boyfriends stuck with her because of her kink. She had some interest in me because she knew I was shy, but after our first date, she was hooked. Madam sensed a deeper reason for my shyness, so she continued to date me. She was getting all the right clues as I was winning all her tests. Her leaving the bra with me was the final one. I was speechless.

“Jonathan, I think you are perfect for me. And I accept you, but only if you surrender yourself to me,” Madam said.

I had no clue how to respond to Madam’s proposal. I stayed on the bed, staring at her in silence. She didn’t spare me any details about the verbal agreement I was about to sign with her. But if I didn’t agree, I was going to lose her. As much as I liked my bodily autonomy, giving it to her felt good last night. Something primal in that sexual interaction made me



relapse harder than ever before. I couldn't live without her. So, I said yes.

Since that day, Madam turned my life upside down. She called a few men that day to pack all my stuff and shift me to her house. When I objected, she reminded me of our agreement, causing me to reconsider my stance. I moved to her house, living in her bedroom like her spouse. It was a dream come true.

While I was working on my trading platform one morning, Madam demanded me to hand over my portfolio to her. The weight of her claim left me not only dazed but also struggling to find the right words to respond. She held my hands and took me to her bedroom, riding my cock for hours and asking me all the passwords and account details until I gave them to her. While her face didn't even budge, I was a spasming mess, having ejaculated nine times with no breaks. She walked out to my laptop and changed all the passwords with a cheeky smile. Now, she had access to all my finances while I lay there, exhausted and trapped under her will for real this time.

Later that week, Madam took me with her to a parlour, giving me the full facial and hair treatment. She asked the lady to give me permanent hair extensions and apply heavy makeup that would still



look natural. I panicked in the beginning, but after taking a few long breaths and watching my beauty unfold, I settled into the comfy seat with a smile.

My heart fluttered, watching my beautiful self in the mirror. I had thick lashes, doe eyes, shaped brows, tinted rosy cheeks, and a contoured face that gave me a slim nose and jawline. The thick, luscious brunette extensions melded with my short natural hair, draping down my shoulders and resting against my arms. I couldn't hold back a few tears despite the beautician advising me not to cry. I looked at my painted nails on my fingers and toes, which were so pretty!

We returned home after four hours of shopping with five bags filled with lingerie, stockings, dresses, for both casual and night outs and other accessories. Madam bought them extra tight, because she had more plans for me than just wardrobe change.

The next day, Madam took me to an HRT specialist. I felt petrified. After all, I didn't consider myself a transwoman. I expressed my emotions to her, clarifying that I didn't want any drug altering my body. She sighed, and said, "Well, okay, I won't give you hormones, but you have to work out daily to get



yourself a more feminine look. Is that a fair trade?" I nodded with enthusiasm.

The next few months followed with an intense diet regimen of leafy vegetables, lean meat, and a special diet pill. Madam rewarded me with a blowjob every night, affirming to me about how I was doing well and looking so much better. Those were the best nights of my life! I would convulse within her arms around my hips as she would rub her tongue down the frenulum and coil it around, making me spill within seconds into her mouth. Her playful antics included holding my release in her mouth, sometimes spitting a bit on me before swallowing it with a satisfied expression. As days passed, she started feeding me my cum daily with her red plump lips touching mine. Our tongues intertwined; our cheeks lathered.

A few months passed, and I had lost over a fifty pounds, giving me a toned stomach. From the daily squats and stretching, my hips and thighs had become plumper. The increased roundness of my butt cheeks caused a pleasant arch to appear on my lower back. I was a bit confused about the soreness in my chest, but I assumed it could have been because I never trained them. The contours of my face had changed, giving me a more feminine look. I



was eager that I had achieved so much in so little time. I hoped for some intimate sex with her in my feminine avatar, but she seemed cold.

One day, Madam talked to me in a dismissive tone, telling me how I was being lazy, that I had to do better. She didn't let me interrupt and ask questions, which puzzled me. She had never been so rude to me. I listened to her new workout regimen that included a lot of twerking in unique positions. She even sent me a few audio files to my phone to listen to while working out. When I dared to ask, she pinned me against the wall and reminded me again of our agreement. I attempted to break free from her arms, but a shocking realization struck me as I realized how weak were my arms. I looked into her eyes and a boner tented underneath my skirt, poking on her left thigh.

Madam smiled and lowered her right hand to my pulsating member. I was so turned on by her domination that I came as soon as she pulled down my panties. I filled her palm with the warm jizz, and she brought it to my face, smearing my mouth with it until I licked a few drops. "Lick it and stay quiet, sissy," she whispered into my ear. A jolt of



goosebumps rode through me as I lapped her palm clean like a hungry cat.

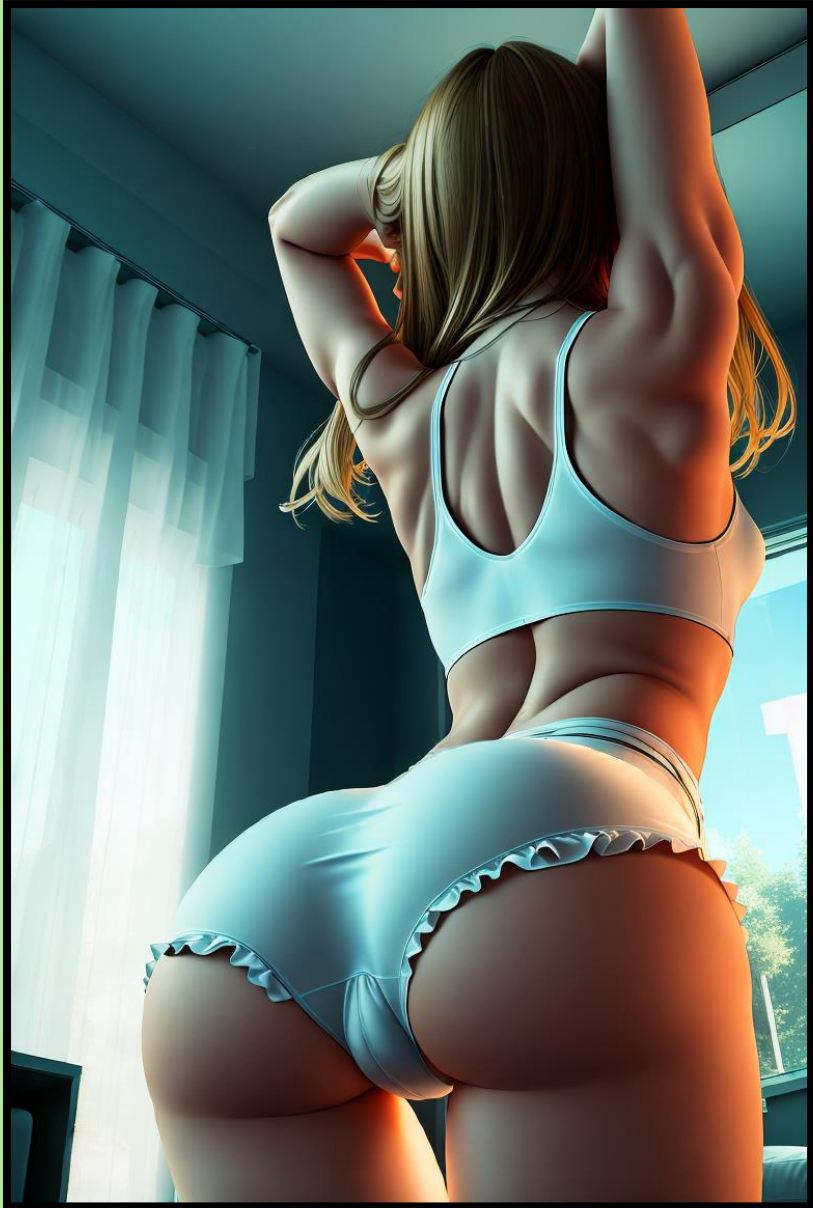
It was impossible to resist the urge, my mind consumed by intense lust. I followed her every instruction like an obedient slave. She taught me how to be gentle with my hands and my mouth while sucking on a banana without squashing it or biting into it. I woke up with a sore jaw every morning for the first few days of training. I gagged a lot, so she used a strap-on to fuck my throat, keeping me in place for almost an hour every day. About a month later, I was slurping on her artificial member like the sluts in my porn videos. My workout sessions were becoming more sexual as well. The audio was indecipherable, but it had a peculiar spell on me. My ability to twerk in a continuous trance increased for a longer time every other day. It felt so good to jiggle my ass in the air that I came from the sheer joy multiple times. Madam called me the “Jizz Jiggler” as I would make a mess every time I climaxed. She commanded me to call her “Madam,” that same day, and I was more than willing to do so.

Our relationship evolved from lovers to that of a mentor and student. She no longer indulged in sexual activities with me, but kept me in a heightened state



of arousal with her techniques. She taught me how to tuck my penis between my legs and keep it pinned against my ass inside my white panties. The experience was excruciating, yet it also awakened my feminine longings as I gazed at my flat nether for the first time. It kept my dick soft, yet stimulated. Soon, I was no longer getting hard, even when not tucked and horny.

When I saw the soreness in my chest intensify, my sensitive nipples ballooning out like pregnant teats, I squealed in surprise. Madam had been feeding me estrogen under the guise of diet pills. She had tricked me. I noticed my legs and hands had narrowed, with elegant toes and fingers. Although my muscles had become leaner, a subtle layer of fat had accumulated beneath my skin, resulting in a soft, cushioned feel. I rubbed the soles of my dainty feet and bit my lips to muffle my moans, feeling the new depths of orgasm induced from my nipples alone. My tucked penis spasmed within the confines of my ass cheeks, spilling out through the thin fabric. I didn't feel bad about her deception at all. She had given me two big reasons to never stroke my dick ever again.





During the next few months, a never-ending wave of euphoria consumed me as my body indulged in the most intense orgasms I had ever felt. Madam taught me how to do a proper enema and gave me a wide range of dildos to fuck my asshole. All those workouts so far had increased my stamina to go on and on over a cock without getting exhausted. My hips never lied once I started twerking on the five-inch dildo. The squelching, lubed asshole kept working every day for hours, adapting to the increasing girth of my tools. My body writhed through the endless orgasms that coursed through my entire body as my ass kept slapping and grinding against the veiny ten-inch rubber dick. Expanded to C cups by the third month, my tits bounced in circular motions, flopping with each thrust when my hands were free from fondling them.

Madam said I was ready. She took me to the parlour to remove the brunette extensions. The beautician gave me a trim, giving me a new, endearing look. But as I was about to stand up from my seat, Madam asked the lady to give me new extensions. My heart skipped a beat as she brought the colouring kit and bleached my hair to a bright blonde. Then, she pulled out the longest extensions I had ever seen and started weaving it on my scalp. The gorgeous locks of



blonde hair took three hours to set. When the beautician was done, I stood up and felt the weight of the hair brushing past my thighs, straining my neck. They blended in with my natural hair with perfection. I winked at the mirror, looking back at my new princess look as I and Madam walked out of the parlour.

Next day, she guided me through the doors of a plastic surgeon's office. The sound of soft elevator music filled the air as we went to the first floor to consult the doctor. Madam made me sign a handful of forms. I was so devoted to her I didn't bother to read the fine print at all. A few days later, I was being ushered into the operating room by a couple of nurses. They injected anaesthesia into my arm, making my vision blur until it went black.

I woke up, sore and swollen all over my body. They had wrapped bandages on my face, chest, hips, and butt cheeks. I couldn't even lift a leg. The pain was mind-numbing, but I had an extensive array of medical professionals taking care of me. I couldn't speak, so I had a bell beside me to call for help. After a week, I could sit and look at myself. I had breast implants, giving me a massive bust, and butt and hip implants that widened my curves. I had bands of gauze filled inside the carved void between my legs



that got replaced every day by the doctors. They had performed sex-reassignment on me, giving me a lubricating vagina. Besides that, I had a tracheal shave and voice box surgery to heighten the pitch of my voice. And the last one, they had done a full facial feminization of my visage. The next few weeks of healing were hellish for me. To my luck, I recovered well and didn't face any complications.

The doctor gave me a speech practice guideline I had to follow for a steady recovery of my voice. She also recommended me to a voice therapist for further voice training. She showed how to massage my breasts, preventing any sagging of the implants. Then, she gave me a bunch of dilators, which looked like dildos, but they didn't have any curve or contours of a penis. To prevent closure, I had to insert and sit on them daily for an hour for a few months, then once a week unless I had adequate sex. "That won't be a problem," Madam interrupted with a smug smile. I blushed. After a month of being under doctor's observation, I walked out of the hospital with Madam, donning a new beautiful face and voluptuous body.

When I saw myself for the first time in a mirror at home, my jaw dropped in astonishment. The doctors had changed everything, leaving no trace of my



former self. They had adjusted my hairline, shaved my facial bones, and lifted my cheeks. My eyes were blue, and my lips were thick and plump. My nose was leaner and pointier. To give my head more of an almond shape instead of a square outline, they had tapered down my chin and jawline.

My breasts were huge and supple, hanging at DD cups and straining against my back. The hips were wider than my shoulders, giving me an hourglass shape. My hands traced down to my vagina, making me gasp at its sensitivity and wetness. I had a clitoris underneath the petal folds that twitched and made my toes curl when touched. I dipped further in and felt the damp, self-lubricating slit. Turning my head back, I lifted my padded butt cheeks, dropping them down and feeling the jiggle as a smile spread on my face.

With the help of a stewardess hired by Madam, I could rest the next six months, allowing me to recover to perfection. My scars healed with medication, blending with my natural skin colour while the swelling subsided. The fat around my implants healed and settled, giving a more natural look to my curves. Voice therapy resolved my cracking and



coarseness, allowing me to speak in a high-pitched voice with a feminine inflection.

Madam's work was finished, and I had undergone a complete gender transformation, now resembling a blonde bimbo in both looks and demeanour. I served no purpose to her kink anymore. She had sold all my trading assets to pay for my every expenditure and had kept a hefty amount for herself. As she longed for a new man to change, she sold me too; the buyer being Mr. Walter, a rich real estate tycoon. I couldn't be mad at her. Thanks to her, I had evolved and come out of my cocoon. I had accepted my true self. I was no longer enticed by womanhood or a woman's body. Instead, I stirred at the sight of a well-hung man like Mr. Walker. I must say, he is a vigorous and determined man who knows how to please a woman. "What are you gazing at, sweetheart?" he spoke in a flirtatious tone.

I heaved my nude body onto him, my lips puckered as I grabbed his thick phallus tenting under the blanket. I smiled and murmured, "Nothing, honey."

.....



Thank you for reading!

<https://patreon.com/bewci>