

# Confidence Pill

**For Sam**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*A self-conscious young man gets taken out by his coworkers and given a pill to help his confidence by giving him a full transformation into a dark-skinned party girl.*

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Chris sat at his desk, watching his coworkers from the corner of his eye. It was Friday evening, and the office buzzed with the usual end-of-week excitement. Groups of colleagues chatted animatedly, discussing plans for the night. Chris's heart sank as he listened to them plan a night out clubbing, there was a new nightclub opening up not far from their office building, and it was all people had been talking about all week. He wished he could join them, but the mere thought of it made his stomach twist with anxiety.

Chris always found himself on the sideline at social events, if he even garnered an invitation in the first place. He remembered his mother saying that his anxiety would go away once his awkward teen years were over; she'd been wrong. He envied his coworkers' confidence and ease in each other's presence; always knowing just what to say without panicking. He imagined what it would be like to laugh and dance with them, to be part of the group instead of the guy who always went straight home. They probably thought he was a total sad sack...maybe he was.

As he watched, Sarah, one of his more outgoing coworkers, glanced in his direction. Chris quickly averted his gaze, pretending to be engrossed in his computer screen; a foolish move considering it was turned off and Sarah could clearly see that from this angle. He cringed imagining her giggling about it but to his surprise, he heard footsteps approaching.

"Hey, Chris!" Sarah called. "We're all going out to Club Eclipse tonight. You should come with us!"

Chris's eyes widened.

"Me?" he stammered.

"Yeah, you!" Sarah laughed. "Come on, it'll be fun. We're all heading out in a few minutes."

Excitement surged through Chris, mingling with a heavy dose of nervousness.

"Okay, sure, I'll come," he said, trying to sound casual but feeling anything but.

As they left the office and walked toward the nightclub, Chris's mind raced. He was thrilled to be included but also terrified of making a fool of himself. He tried to join in the conversation, but each time he opened his mouth, he second-guessed his words, overthinking every reply.

"The Midnight Club is supposed to have great music," Sarah said, turning to Chris. "Do you like dancing? I feel bad we've never asked you to come along."

Chris nodded, then panicked.

"Yeah, I... I mean, sometimes. I guess! Dancing sure is....an activity." he blurted out. Sarah smiled.

"Well, I'm sure you'll have a good time. Just relax and enjoy yourself."

Okay, that could have been better. He tried again.

"So, do you guys come here often?" he asked, cringing inwardly, everybody knew it was opening night! A few of the guys in the group chuckled, and Chris wanted to die inside.

Chris forced a smile, feeling his cheeks burn. As they reached the club, the pulsing beat of the music vibrated through the air, and Chris's anxiety spiked. They queued outside, the line moving quickly, and soon they were inside, surrounded by flashing lights and thumping bass. His coworkers immediately headed to the dance floor, but Chris hung back, unsure of what to do. He wanted to blend in, to look cool and relaxed, but he felt like everyone could see how out of place he was. What had he been thinking, this was a disaster waiting to happen. He stepped away and retreated to his familiar corner; no matter where he was, he could always find a nice dark corner to lurk in and feel sorry for himself.

To his surprise, Sarah came to find him with a sympathetic smile. She handed him a drink, and Chris was thankful to have a reason not to talk, sipping the cold beer instead. The bitterness seemed more pronounced than normal, though. Maybe it was his jealousy watching the rest of the group party it up without him. They didn't seem to be missing him at all, but then again, why would they?

"You get anxious, don't you?" Sarah said after a while, and Chris sighed and nodded. "I see you watch us chat every Friday with this look in your eye like you want to join. We've been waiting, but you've never taken the first step."

Great, so everybody in the office *did* know he was a sad sack.

"So...I think I have a way to help you," Sarah said slyly after a minute, reaching into her pocket. She pulled out a little case, inside of which were several little green pills.

"Don't worry, they're not addictive or anything." She said quickly, "They're Bimba-EX."

"Bimba-EX?"

Chris wasn't a total idiot. He knew a few drug street names, but that was a new one to him.

“They are like that drug Bimbathryone, except they are designed to bring out your inner extrovert,” Sarah explained. “See Dave over there? He took some a few minutes ago.”

Chris looked over and was shocked to find the usually pasty white IT guy now had a handsome bronze tinge to his skin and was easily flirting with a woman at the bar. His jawline even seemed harder, the pudgy stomach now flat; it was still recognisably Dave, just...cool Dave.

“Just take one, you don’t have actually to swallow it if you don’t want to.” Sarah smiled. “Just food for thought.”

Chris reached inside and plucked out one of the little green pills, rolling it back and forth between his thumb and forefinger as Sarah returned to the dance floor. He wanted to join her so badly, but without all those anxious voices in his head. What would it feel like to walk out there and be able to actually to enjoy himself? Could this Bimba-EX really do that for him? It was worth a shot, right?

“Time to get out of my own head for once,” Chris whispered, hyping himself up before placing the pill on his tongue and swallowing it down with a mouthful of beer.

The liquid frothed in his mouth and down his throat as the pill disappeared and it was all he could do to keep from coughing. Then he waited, the music thrummed and Chris wasn’t sure what he was supposed to do. How was he supposed to know when it would kick in? He watched as people came and went from the dancefloor, dancing their way in and out to avoid running into anybody.

Lacking any better ideas, Chris started shuffling his feet, trying to get into the groove and hoping the Bimba-EX would just take effect. As Chris moved tentatively, his body stiff and uncertain, he felt a strange sensation wash over him. The music seemed to pulse through his veins, making them throb with his heartbeat, and a change came over him.

His heartbeat seemed to fill his entire chest and with each pulse, it grew. His once flat chest began to swell, his hips widened, and his limbs grew more delicate and graceful. The change was happening but...it wasn’t what he expected. He wasn’t turning into a suave, toned man like Dave if anything, he was becoming more feminine!

His hair lengthened, falling in soft waves around his shoulders. He blinked, looking down at himself in shock as his clothes somehow morphed to fit his new form, his jeans rode low on his now wide hips, and his shirt was tight, stretched across a pair of beautiful round tits. Strangest of all, he could see his skin changing colour under the nightclub lights; from pasty white to a smooth dark brown. His hands flew to his head and felt tight dark curls there, then sharp cheekbones as they slowly descended. Full lips, long lashes, sloped shoulders; the Bimba-EX has turned him into a woman!

In a panic, he looked around, expecting stares and finding...none. Everybody was too involved with each other, the music or the flowing drinks to care that a man had

transformed into a woman right there on the dance floor. Then again, everybody was moving so much and the lights and smoke machines were going so hard that maybe nobody had seen.

It was...freeing. After all his time fussing and fretting, nobody was looking at him. Well, nobody except the handful of men who were giving him appreciative glances as they moved to the beat. His own hips were starting to dip slightly in tune with music and he could feel his ass moving, jiggling in response. He upped the movement and in turn he felt his ass start to bounce. Rather than being embarrassed by it though, Chris felt himself smiling; the appreciative looks continued, and his confidence began to soar.

Maybe it was the Bima-EX, maybe it was the fact that nobody would ever guess this gorgeous black woman dancing was actually the white loser from the office block down the street; either way he'd never felt more confident in his life! He let the music move through him, letting his body move in the way that felt most natural without any regard to what people were thinking if they saw. His eyes fluttered closed and he focused on how good he felt right now; he could feel his new breasts bouncing with each jump and his hair swaying despite the tight curls.

"Woo!"

The cheer came from a crowd: his coworkers! Sarah was smiling and pumping her fist in time with the beat. Without a second thought, Chris danced over to join the group and soon, all of them were dancing together. Sarah's arm was around his neck and he felt a few hands brush over the curve of his ass as men tried their best to feel him up. The old Chris would have been embarrassed but not this one; he took it as a compliment and made sure to thrust out his butt as much as he could while dancing to entice more touches and tease those not brave enough to try.

"No way you're Chris." Sarah laughed, "You're a totally different person."

"It's me, alright, just with a little Bimba-Ex touch!"

He felt no need to hide it; God, why had he hidden so much of himself for so long. He'd wasted so much time! Now he planned on making up for lost time. All his anxiety was long gone, replaced with seemingly effortless confidence. He smiled and winked at men by the bar and as a result had an endless stream of drinks. He used his new form to enjoy any drink he pleased without fear of judgement; sugary cocktails, vodka cruisers, pumpkin spice shots that burned his throat. When one man bought him a cosmopolitan topped with a cherry he took great pride in tying a knot in the stem with his tongue, eliciting a cheer from everybody at the bar who saw.

The early morning hours arrived and before he knew it, the night was over. He and Sarah stumbled along the footpath, giggling like the best of friends. In a single evening, he'd become closer not just to her but to all his coworkers, too. It was slow, but he could feel the

Bimba-EX leaving his body, his cup size slowly shrinking away. No doubt he would be his old self in a few hours but Chris didn't mind, in his pocket was a little container of replacements, courtesy of Sarah. A week from now, his confident, beautiful, dark-skinned self would ride again and he couldn't wait.