

Steven and Julia's Big Day Out

For Clancy

By TheSpiralledEye

Transformations For You specialises in changing people into their wildest fantasies. After spending time as a pair of high heels for a stressed businesswoman Steven discovers her wild side and they decide to take things a step further.

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Steven looked up at the unassuming building and wiped the sweat from his palms. Transformations For You was the newest branch in the franchise sweeping the nation. He'd heard reports of course and when this office opened up down town it had been an overnight sensation. It seemed like all of a sudden it was all people talked about. Men and women alike in his office came to work raving about being transformed over the weekend. The FOMO was starting to finally get to him and so he'd somewhat impulsively booked an appointment.

Steven glanced down at his watch; a few minutes till his appointment. He was starting to regret this decision; getting transformed into something sounded fun on paper but the more he thought about the reality the more uncomfortable he became. He was about to walk away when a woman walked out of the shop, she was giggling to herself, her face flush with excitement and happiness.

"Come on, Steven." He whispered to himself, "You can do this. You never do anything risky."

He swallowed and walked forward, pushing open the door making the bell ding as he stepped inside. The office was surprisingly comfortable. All themed in red and burgundies. It reminded him of a dentist's office without the sterile edge. The walls were covered in posts showing smiling people next to clothing and shoes with slogans like "You can step on me any day!" written across the bottom and Steven swallowed again.

He'd always been interested in transformation stuff, even before the tech existed. But being confronted with the reality of your fantasy was very different to indulging in stories and pictures online. He walked up to the front desk and let his eyes roam over the displays covering the back wall.

Shoes of every shape and size, dresses, jeans, even a few shirts and bras. Each with a little name badge underneath. Instead of sizes or designers though, there were names and Steven realised with shock that those items were *people*. All waiting to be picked up by a person who hired them. His heart began to race in his chest and he forced himself to step up to the desk.

A woman with dark hair and thick glasses smiled up at him.

"Good morning, what can I do for you?"

"I uh, I have an appointment, Steven Brown?"

She clicked away at the computer for a moment.

“Ah yes, here we are, first time?”

“Yeah,” He blushed, “I’m not a hundred percent sure yet.”

“Don’t worry, it’s really fun!” She assured him, “I was a pair of party shoes for my little sister’s prom the other week. It was so fun, like reliving the glory days.”

Steven smiled and nodded politely, the mixture of excitement and nervousness was starting to make his stomach feel queasy.

“Alright if you’d like to come with me.” The woman stood, handing him a clipboard filled with terms and conditions to look over, “The woman we have paired you with is running a bit late but that’s alright, we’ll transform you in advance.”

Steven’s eyes swam over the wall of text and did what most people did in that situation; signed anyway. He wanted a bit of excitement in his life, he couldn’t back out now. He flicked to the back where a shiny piece of laminated paper was. It was filled in with one of those erasable pens with his details as well as what had been ordered.

“I’m going to be turned into stilettos?”

“Four inch business heels specifically.” The woman grinned, “A great first change in my opinion.”

When he’d booked his appointment the only details he’d been able to request were what sort of transformation he would have and whether or not he wanted to be worn by a man or woman. He’d secretly been hoping for some jewellery or perhaps a skirt. Shoes felt...touch. Wouldn’t it hurt having a woman step on him all day? Despite what the poster said, it didn’t seem like it would be very fun. He’d already signed though so it wasn’t like he could walk away now.

“Here we are.”

She indicated to a machine that reminded him of a bit of a solarium. A soft, plush mattress was inside and the walls were lined with velvet. If he peered closely though, he could see small wires threaded through the soft fabric, tiny round diodes pressing upwards where they would make contact with his skin.

“Your clothing will be kept in one of our lockers until you’re returned.” The woman said, “If you do not show up at the appointed return window you will be fined. There will be tracking technology placed within you inanimate form so if the wearer refuses to bring you back, we will be able to find you.

Please take comfort in knowing that any damage done to you inanimate form will not cause any physical damage to your real body. We will find you if you are discarded and change you back, free of charge. The person who wore you will also be charged. Does all that make sense?”

“You’re very thorough.” Steven admitted.

“We want our clients to know they are safe.” The woman grinned, “Now, feel free to strip down and lay in the transformation pod. When you’re ready, close the lid down and I will return to initiate the sequence.”

Steven was left alone with a little plastic bag with his name on it.

“Okay, time to be brave.” Steven told himself, slowly unbuttoning his shirt and pants and folding them neatly along with his watch, underwear and shoes.

Once he was naked he stretched, taking a moment to enjoy his human body before it was gone. He was no model, but he’d always thought he was pretty handsome. The idea that his pale skin would soon be changed into shiny, stiff plastic sent a shiver down his spine and made his cock twitch between his legs. He blushed, forcing the arousal away; the last thing he wanted was that woman coming back and finding out he got off on this sort of thing.

Then again, he wasn't the only one surely. Maybe she just assumed everybody who walked in the door had a transformation fetish. He got so caught up in his own thoughts he ended up standing there, naked for almost a full minute before he shook himself free of the thoughts. This is exactly why he needed to do this; he spent so much time worrying about nothing, he needed to learn to take some risks or his life was going to be nothing but dull.

Stamping down his nerves he clambered into the contraption and pulled the lid closed. It was strangely comfortable inside, despite the darkness and the little wires thrummed with tiny lights like stars to keep him company. The receptionist's voice crackled on the intercom.

“Ready?”

“Ready.” He replied before he could second guess himself.

The wires lit up and Steven held his breath.

“Close your eyes, it’ll be less disorienting that way.”

“O-Okay.”

He squeezed his eyes closed and felt his other senses come alive. He swore he could feel every fibre of fabric brushing against his naked body as they hummed with electricity. A sort of static made all the hair on his body stand on end, sending tingles across his skin and then...he felt things begin to shift.

His skin started to feel stiff and rigid while everything else beneath felt oddly fluid. His eyes were still squeezed closed but the lids felt so rigid Steven was sure he couldn't open them now even if he wanted to. Then, all at one he began to shrink. He expected it to be painful, having all his bones and muscles shrunk down to a completely different shape and size but instead it felt lovely. Like having a sore muscle massaged.

His stiff skin became even harder and he realised with a thrill that he was slowly taking on a recognisable shape. He could feel the thin heel that was his new stiletto, the hard shiny outer shell, even the soft inner lining where soon a woman's foot would be resting.

He heard the pod open and all of a sudden his vision returned. He tried to blink but of course that was impossible. The receptionist smiled down and gently lifted him out of the transformation machine, turning him from side to side as if to inspect him.

"Wonderful!" She beamed, "Here, take a look."

She carried him over to a mirror and Steven felt a sense of surrealism wash over him. He could see himself, a shiny pair of high heels, resting in the woman's palm. Even seeing, feeling, the proof of the transformation didn't quite convince him. This was incredible.

"Alright, I'll go put you with the others while we wait for your appointment."

She walked back to the front room and replaced the lady who had taken up residence behind the counter, placing Steven on the wall facing the front window, along with several other shoes. His nerves were totally gone now, replaced with fresh excitement; he couldn't wait to find out what it felt like to be worn properly. In the meantime he experimented with his vision, he found if he concentrated he could 'look' from anywhere on his shoe form, even the inner lining or sole.

He watched the window as people passed by. A few stopped to look, reading the name plates and looking at him with fascination. Steven had never been the centre of attention before, or put on display. It felt nice to be the object of so many people's desire. Some looked at him with envy, others with bitter jealousy. A group of teenage girls walked past and smiled at his design, talking about how they couldn't wait till they were old enough to wear high heels like him.

He expected to become easily bored without the ability to move on his own but on the contrary the time seemed to fly. In no time at all the door was opening and a young, attractive Asian woman with dark hair walked in with an apologetic smile. She was dressed in a pencil skirt and tight fitting blouse; enough to be sexy without ever moving past professionalism.

"Sorry I'm late, Julia Hendricks?"

"Ah yes, no problem miss Hendricks your shoes are all ready for you." The receptionist smiled, walking over to his shelf and lifting Steven off it.

A thrill passed through him; this was it!

Julie held him in her palms and smiled, shifting him from side to side and nodding in approval.

"This is just what I need! Thank you!"

She carried him over to a little bench at the side of the room and slipped off her flats to hand to the receptionist.

"I have a big job interview today." Julie told him, placing him gently on the floor, "Just having some company will do wonders for my self confidence. There is also the fact that real stiletto heels are pretty expensive, it was actually cheaper to get somebody transformed than to buy a pair."

She slipped her foot inside him and Steven could not believe how sensual the act felt. She was wearing sheer stockings, placing the thinnest of barriers between him and her skin. He could feel the warmth of her sole against his inner lining though, even smell the scent of her skin wafting over him. Her toes wiggled a little inside the tip of his shoe and it sent electricity coursing through his entire form.

"A perfect fit." She grinned, "You're so comfy I'll be sad to give you up!"

She gave a little giggle and Steven once again felt elation surge through him; this was so much more fun than he'd ever dreamed. She wiggled her toes and stood up, taking a few experimental steps. He could feel even the subtlest movements of her foot, the way her arch lifted and the muscles tensed and released. It was so *intimate*. In just a few seconds, he had become the person in the world most familiar with Julia's feet. He glanced up at her from his point of view on the ground and found he was able to stare right up her pencil skirt, despite the tight fit. He could see her black panties underneath the stockings and he quickly looked away; very glad he could no longer blush.

"Alright, nobody at the interview can know you're not just a regular pair of shoes, okay?" Julia told him, holding up one foot to smile down upon him, "So I am going to stop talking to you now. But now I am so thankful for your help, Steven."

A warm fuzzy feeling filled him; the way she said his name was so...nice. He couldn't explain why, only that the memory of that sound was already locked up tight in his mind and would likely be bouncing around for months to come.

They stepped out onto the street and true to her word, Julia ignored him. She walked with purpose, legs taking long hard steps as she power walked toward her interview. Each step was an experience unlike any Steven had undergone. Her foot would press into him hard, leaving an imprint for half a second before his spongy sole snapped back into place as her foot raised.

He could feel the slight tug of her stockings against his straps as well. It felt like sensual fingers stroking along the most sensitive parts of his skin to the point of overstimulation but he could do nothing but endure it. It was tortuously good and if he still had a heart he was sure it would be racing.

Eventually Julia stopped into a sleek office building, the slightly rough asphalt ground giving way to smooth tiles that clicked under his sole. He liked the sound a lot actually, it commanded attention; more than one person turned to look Julia up and down. In her sleek, business attire she looked incredible and Steven caught several eyes locking with him.

It was such a thrill, not only to be beautiful but to be a beautiful object. He could feel himself getting more and more turned on as Julia crushed him into the floor, tapping the tip of his toe into the ground over and over again as she waited impatiently for the elevator.

She didn't even spare him a glance in the mirrored walls when she stepped into the lift. She didn't even look tempted. The idea that he truly was an object now, a play thing to be used and discarded at a moment's notice had him so turned on it was almost painful. The

arousal only increased his sensitivity as well. Each step felt like a lover slowly teasing his shaft; only his shaft was now *all of him*.

He was so distracted by his own desire and enjoyment he barely paid attention to the interview itself. The only thing that made it through his haze was the strong cadence of Julia's voice. She spoke with bravado and confidence that made him shiver. She had such a commanding tone and yet, he could feel the nerves bubbling beneath the surface. Not in her voice but in her toes. She scrunched them inside him, tapping them and wiggling against his stiff material.

Once again he was struck by just how intimate this whole situation was. To the people interviewing Julia she probably looked like the picture of calm and professionalism but he knew better. Despite only having met this woman an hour ago he felt as though he knew her on some deeper level.

He wondered what the interviewers might think if they knew he was here. Would they be disgusted? Interested? The idea that in this clean, professional environment he was getting off on being worn as shoes in plain sight was so hot. Somebody could stare right at him and not know he was closer to orgasm than he had ever been in his life. Constantly teased with the satisfaction he couldn't have.

After what could have been minutes or hours Julia finally stood again, walking up to shake hands with each of the interviewers before saying her goodbyes and walking back to the elevator. He half expected her to break once the doors closed, to talk to him again but she didn't. All she did was press his toe into the ground while she waited for the lift to descend.

The walk back to the transformation office was quick, mostly because Julia had a spring in her step now. It was a different experience to the hard walk over. He could feel the lightness in her toes as they bounced off the ground; her whole body seemed to thrum with excitement and he felt it pass through him in turn.

He was sad to feel the plush carpet of the office once more; had several hours really passed? He felt like they were just getting started. Julia slipped him off but to his surprise, held tight to his form for a few extra moments.

"Once you're changed back, come outside and meet me." She smiled, "I'd love to have coffee with my shoes as a thank you."

Steven felt a tingle pass down his straps; the fact that she called him 'my shoes' should not have been so hot. The receptionist took him and Steven mourned the loss of Julia's soft hands. Her skin was so much nicer and already he could feel the lingering warmth left by her feet inside him fading.

All too quickly he was placed back in the machine and several minutes of stretching and warping later he gasped, blinking his eyes and finding himself back in human shape. His cock instantly hardened and he was forced to awkwardly grasp the base to stop himself from cumming. All the pent up pleasure and teasing had really gotten to him. It took all his will power to soften himself before climbing out to redress.

He looked at his clothes and made a face; if he'd known he was going to be going on a coffee date with a hot woman today he could have picked something more interesting than Jeans and a plain shirt.

"Not a date." Steven reminded himself, "Just thank you coffee."

He could hardly blame himself for the flutter in his chest though. After that hot, domineering treatment from Julia it was hardly his fault he'd developed a little crush. Just as promised she was waiting outside for him and instantly all the confidence he'd gained from the transformation seemed to drain away. Now he wasn't a sexy pair of heels, totally at her mercy; he was just plain, boring Steven.

"Hi, I'm...your shoes?" She introduced awkwardly, offering his hand which Julia took.

"Nice to meet you, well, in the flesh." Julia giggled, "Thank you so much for being my heels, let's go get some coffee, on me."

Steven just nodded, following a few steps behind. It didn't feel right to walk beside such a beautiful, professional looking woman in his sloppy outfit. They took a seat in a nearby cafe and Steven sweated trying to figure out what to order; did 'real' men drink black coffee? Would that impress her or would he just look like a try hard? He ended up going for a latte and sipping at his nervously as Julia spoke.

"I think I nailed that interview, all thanks to you." She grinned, "What was it like being shoes?"

"Oh..." He felt his face turning red, would she be offended if he was honest?

"Don't hold back." She insisted, "I want to know every detail."

What the hell did he have to lose?"

"It was really hot. I was pretty turned on the whole time." He admitted, once the words started to flow it came easier. They leaned in close over the table, talking in hushed whispers as Steven gave her every detail he could think of.

His embarrassment began to fade as Julia eagerly asked questions and didn't seem the least bit weirded out by his arousal at the experience. If anything, the dusting of pink across her cheeks showed him she was in a similar boat.

"I swear, I only looked up your skirt once though." Steven insisted, "I didn't want to be a creep."

Julia giggled.

"I'm surprised! Looks like I wore my sexiest underwear for nothing."

"You...you really get off on transformation stuff too don't you?"

"Oh yes, but it's so hard to find people in real life to talk about it with." She sighed, "I assumed anybody who signed up to be my shoes would be into it so...two birds one stone."

The two of them chuckled and Steven felt that connection again; it was fun knowing a secret side to somebody like this.

“Hey, I have an idea.” Julia whispered, “I want to know what it’s like to be heels...how would you like to wear me?”

“Ah...I’m not sure a pair of heels would suit me.”

“That transformation office does more than just inanimate transformations.” Julia whispered, “They could turn you...into me.”

“And I could wear you as shoes while being you?” Steven gaped, it was so much, far too good to be true.

Julia nodded.

“What do you say?”

“It’s crazy...I am in.”

Julie gave an excited squeal before getting to her feet.

“Let’s go.”

They rushed back to the office, eager to put their new hair brained scheme into action. Julia giggled like a schoolgirl the whole way.

“Being a woman in business is impossibly hard.” She explained as they walked, “There is so much pressure to be professional and perfect. When I get that job, and I’m sure I will, I’ll need to be the model of civility and decorum.”

“So you want to do one big blow out day before that happens?”

“You get it, Steven, you really get it.”

Steven hadn’t felt this alive in years, the receptionist didn’t even blink an eye when they walked in together for the second time in a day. He wondered just how many people became repeat visitors after their first try. Unlike the inanimate transformation, having a full body gender one took a lot more paperwork, mostly for Julia. Having somebody fully assume her identity required several hours of checks that left them both buzzing with impatience.

It felt like forever had passed when Steven was finally laying back in the transformation pod. His skin was already tingling with excitement, so it took a moment longer for him to really feel his body start to move. Unlike last time his overall shape didn’t change so drastically.

He could feel his skin stretching and warping in places but instead of becoming rigid, it became soft. Supple, pretty breasts grew against his chest, his thighs thickened to support his growing rump as it pushed his hips higher off the plush mattress. He winced a little as his bones shifted and cracked, taking on a new shape in order to support his newly feminine physique.

This time, he didn't stop himself from getting hard; he let his erection press against the roof of the pod until slowly it started to retreat. It stayed hard, but it began to shrink in size and Steven was sure he could feel it slowly being swallowed back up into his body, forming a wet hole as it went.

How many times had he wondered what it felt like to have a pussy? Now he wondered no more. As his pussy lips turned damp he could feel even the tiniest tickle of fabric against them. The limited airflow in the pod was still enough to send a shiver down his spine. He'd always know vaginas were sensitive but this was on a whole other level; how did women even concentrate with such lovely sensations between their legs at all times?

The change ended and he spent a few minutes just...breathing. Taking in the feeling of weight against his chest before pushing open the pod and stepping out into the cool air. His skin felt hot and sensitive, his nipples immediately hardened. He couldn't resist running a hand down the curve of his body and admiring Julia's lovely figure. Her olive skin was perfect all over, not a hair out of place.

With some difficulty, he put on the clothes she had left for him, struggling to get the bra in place before finally managing to get the little hooks together and pull on the rest of her business attire. He especially enjoyed the soft feeling of those stockings rolling up his legs. It felt odd but also incredibly sexy to be wearing these women's clothes. There was something about the business attire that made him feel equal parts hot and powerful. Perhaps it was the tight fit of the pencil skirt, the way it hugged his curves, drawing attention to them without ever being overt. It was like a sneakier sexuality than the obviousness of mini skirts or tank tops. Once dressed he eagerly waited for the receptionist to return with his shoes.

When she did his eyes lit up and he gently held the pair up, inspecting them the same way Julia had him.

'Hello!'

He almost dropped the shoes as Julia's voice echoed in his head. The receptionist chuckled.

"She requested the ability to communicate while transformed. It takes a bit of extra time but makes the experience a little more...intimate." The receptionist smiled knowingly. "Have fun both of you."

Steven gave her a nod and noticed for the first time how odd it felt to have long hair touching the sides of his face.

'You look amazing, now I see why men stare at me sometimes.'

"You feel pretty amazing." He admitted, "And your uh, figure is lovely. Sorry but I couldn't help but notice."

'Oh don't worry about that!' Julie scoffed, 'I don't care if you see me naked, that's sort of inevitable. I am impressed you limited yourself to a quick look.'

"Well, it wasn't *that* quick." He admitted sheepishly, the sound of giggles filled his mind.

He sat down on the bench and slightly nervously began to slip Julian onto his feet. The plush lining of the stilettos felt lovely against the soft pads of his feet.

'Oh wow this feels so weird but...good. Oh...move your toes against the end a little more! Yeah, just there....'

Steven found himself blushing profusely and very glad he didn't have a dick anymore. Hearing those moans bouncing around his skull was sure to make him hard. Julia was really enjoying being worn, maybe even more than he did. He couldn't resist wiggling his toes a little as he stretched out his foot.

'Oooooohhhhhh wow! Okay, do that again!'

He did, and was rewarded with another round of moans that made warmth bloom between his legs. Finally he stood, making sure to crush his toes into Julia's lining as he walked over to the mirror conveniently placed nearby. It was odd, he'd checked Julia out before, of course he had but now that he was in her body he felt like he could fully appreciate her body in a new way.

He turned and posed, taking in the subtle curve of her ass in the pencil skirt, the way her breasts shaped her blouse and especially how sexy her feet looked in those shiny black stilettos.

'Let's go outside!' Julia urged and Steven didn't need to be told twice.

Once again he became aware of the click clack his shoes made as he walked. It was surprising really, how easily he managed to balance on the razor thin heel, Julia's muscle memory seemed to be doing most of the work which he was grateful for. It gave him more mental energy to simply enjoy the experience of walking as a woman and feeling his hips sway. The soft fabric of his new stockings and skirt pressing against his sensitive inner thighs made him shiver.

They wandered, walking with purpose towards no destination in particular. Both of them just enjoying the new experience of being a woman and shoes respectively. Eventually though, Steven felt his ankles beginning to ache from being at such a high angle for so long.

'Cafe?'

"Cafe."

They found a different cafe to last time and Steven sat down at a table alone, revelling in the freedom to order the pumpkin spice latte with extra whipped cream and sprinkles he'd always dreamed of. He popped a finger into the cream and licked it off with a happy sigh; if only he could drink these all the time without judgement.

'Hey, Steven, you can't sit like that.'

"Like what?" He whispered, he was sitting the same way he always did.

'It's not ladylike, cross your leg.'

He did, enjoying how he could feel his pussy lips pressed against one another as he did so. Experimentally he tensed his thighs, feeling a shiver of pleasure pass through him as his new pussy was crushed between his legs. Oh yes, sitting this way was definitely the best option. Julia seemed to be enjoying hanging in midair as well.

He finished his coffee, occasionally tensing his thighs to enjoy the small burst of pleasure it caused. Eventually his eyes drifted to the clock on the wall, it was almost closing time for Transformations For You; they were going to have to head back. With a disappointed sigh he paid and headed back out and immediately stumbled as his left shoe caught on something.

'Ewwwww, gum!' Julia groaned, 'Oh it feels disgusting!'

"Sorry." He whispered, doing his best to scrape the gum off the bottom of the shoe on the curb.

'There is a shoe repair shop not far from here.' Julia told him, *'Take me there, I can get buffed and shined while we are at it!'*

"Two birds with one stone?" Steven chuckled.

'Exactly.'

"You're a very opportunistic person, anybody ever told you that?"

'I prefer the term ambitious.'

Steven managed to hold back fully breaking into laughter by faking a cough as he walked along the street following Julia's instructions. The shoe repair shop was one of those mom and pop places, with a young man, likely the son of the owner, sat behind an old wooden desk polishing a pair of leather boots.

As he stepped towards the desk Steven realised for the first time that he was about to have to act like a woman.

"Hi there." He smiled, his voice coming out far more breathy and flirtatious than he intended. "Could you do me a favour?"

"Sure." The man behind the desk swallowed and once again Steven felt that thrill, the power being a woman gave him was intoxicating.

"I stepped in gum." He pouted, "Could you please polish up my shoes and clean the gum off."

"O-of course."

'Oh this is going to be so fun!'

Quickly, Steven bent down to slip out of the shoes and whispered to Julia.

“Just remember he can hear you if he touches you, so keep quiet!”

He handed Julia over and watched as the man carefully used a sharp tool to pick off the gum before grabbing a cloth and sliding it over Julian’s tips. He rubbed her straps down with polish and wiped all the excess off before finishing up by shining her surface. Steven had thought Julia looked good freshly transformed but now she looked positively runway ready.

“Thank you.” Steven said gratefully, making sure to lean over the desk a little too far so his breasts rested against the hardwood. “How much?”

“Oh no charge.” The man smiled, “I’m happy to help.”

“Oh aren't you a sweetheart!”

Steven took the shoes gratefully and slipped them back and was immediately bombarded by Julia’s thoughts.

‘Finally! I thought you’d never put me back on. Oh Gods, Steven, that felt so nice. The slightly rough rag raking over my material felt soooooooo good. It was like a full body massage but even better. You have to try it!’

Steven smiled slightly awkwardly to the man once more before quickly getting to his feet and walking for the exit. Hearing Julia talk like this was getting him hot all over and he was once again very grateful that as a woman nobody could see just how aroused he was.

‘And when he put his hand inside me to hold me down while he rubbed my outside ah! Fuck I would have cum if I could have.’

“Stop turning me on so much.” He whispered as loud as he dared on the street.

‘We should do this tomorrow! Then you can have a go!’

“Yeah, sounds like a good idea, but we need to hurry now before they-oh crap.”

‘What?’

“Look for yourself.”

Steven grimaced up at the little sign resting against the windowed door of Transformations For You.

CLOSED.

‘Closed? But they close at five!’ Julia said, not sounding at all upset.

“Not on Thursdays.” Steven sighed, taking the time to read the little display below the sign, “They close early today.”

Steven pressed his lips together in frustration; this was fun, very fun but he hadn't planned on staying in Julia's body all night! According to the shop window, Transformations For You Wasn't going to open until nine tomorrow morning, which left him with just over twelve hours until he could be himself again.

'Don't be so glum, remember what she said? We just have to be here first thing tomorrow and maybe pay a little late fee. I'll cover it.'

"That's not the point." Steven sighed, "What am I supposed to do now? My stuff, my keys and everything, they are in the locker back in the transformation room!"

'Come on, this is fun! You get to be a woman for a night and I get to enjoy being these shoes. Why don't you go back to my place, change and we can go out clubbing.'

Steven had to admire just how brazen she was; he was almost suspicious she'd made them late on purpose. At least he wouldn't have to be homeless for the night though. He thought for a moment before shrugging and heading off in the direction Julia told him her apartment was.

'That's the spirit!'

"Still not sure about clubbing." He muttered, taking out Julia's phone so he could talk aloud without looking like a crazy person. "I never clubbed...before, and I don't know how to do it like this."

'I'll teach you! It'll be fun! Come on, if we are stuck like this, why not make the most of it?'

"You have a point."

'Naturally. Have I steered you wrong yet?'

"Well...no."

'Exactly.'

Eventually they reached the cab rank and hopped into a sleek yellow car, Steven giving Julia's address. As the ride went on he couldn't help but notice the bubble of excitement forming in his chest. He was curious; what would it be like to go out to a club as a hot woman? He'd only ever gone a handful of times as a man and found the whole experience lacking; a lot of loud music, drunk people and judgemental women who assumed all he cared about was getting into their pants.

His curiosity built and his excitement grew as he hopped out of the taxi and followed Julia's instructions, taking the elevator up to her apartment. Idly, he wondered what sort of place a woman as cool on top and wild underneath would live in. He took out the key and turned it in the lock taking a deep breath as he did so in anticipation.

Steven stepped inside, his eyes widening in awe at the sight that greeted him. The apartment exuded an air of sophistication and minimalism, with clean lines and open spaces. The furniture was all black, white or silver, with the only splashes of colour coming from the paintings on the walls.

The living room boasted a large, plush couch the colour of coal, perfectly complementing the polished marble coffee table that sat before it. A sleek floor lamp stood elegantly in the corner, casting a warm glow across the room. The only hint of personal touch came from a collection of carefully curated books displayed on a minimalist bookshelf, each spine perfectly aligned. The space spoke to sophistication and perfectionism; not a wild sex fiend.

'Come on, let's get ready.'

Under Julia's careful instructions Steven swiftly found himself slurping down a quick cup of noodles for dinner and making his way to her bedroom and flinging open the wardrobe. After the stark monotone of her apartment the wardrobe was a feast of colour; dresses, skirts, shirts, blouses and everything in between. Clearly business attire was not her everyday wear.

He perused the options before picking out a black mini dress that would go with almost anything and slipping it on, enjoying how the tight fabric held to his body and accentuated his new figure. He posed this way and that, enjoying how sexy it felt to be in this body.

'Try on those sandals.' Julie urged and Steven chuckled, she was really getting off on being treated like an object.

So he decided, with a wicked grin, to indulge her. She had been quite bossy today after all, she deserved to be taken down a peg. He did as she was told, immediately cut off from their telepathic link and he slipped into the comfortable flat sandals. He posed for a few minutes before proclaiming;

"You know what, I think I like these even better than you, Julia." He shot her a sly smile, "I think I'll wear these to the club instead of you."

He grinned to himself, making a big show of grabbing one of her purses and leaving. Going so far as to walk out the front door and lock it behind him. Giggles threatened to burst through his lips but he managed to hold them back. After waiting a few minutes he walked back and ran for her, grabbing the shoes and immediately being met with half rage and half arousal.

'You bastard! That was...okay it was really hot but I knew you were coming back!'

"Did you?" He teased.

'Hurry up and put me on, I want to get clubbing!'

Laughing, Steven struck one final pose in the mirror and turned, Julia snuggly on his feet one more, to head out into the world.

~

Julia sent him to a club not far from her apartment, it was the sort of place that was yet to really find any identity of its own. As a result it was painfully generic, with a bit of neon here, a few spotlights there and a DJ playing songs popular enough for anybody to get up and dance without complaint.

Steven found himself feeling awkward, his feet tapped to the beat, much to Julia's delight but otherwise he had no idea what he should do. Walking as a woman was one thing, dancing was quite another. Idly he scanned the crowd and froze.

'What is it?'

"That guy over there...his name's Dale, we work together."

'Oh you should flirt with him!'

"What?"

A drunk woman gave him a judgemental look as she passed and Steven smiled sheepishly.

"I can't flirt with him in your body!"

'Sure you can, it's easy, just go up to him and say 'what's a handsome guy like you doing all alone', guys love having their ego scratched. Trust me.'

Dale was a bit of a hot shot in the office; always bragging about how many women he took home. It might be fun to mess with him a little. Putting on his best confident act Steven strutted across the room, putting one long leg in front of the other until he was right by Dale's side. He smiled up at him through hooded eyelashes and gave his most winning smile.

"What's a handsome guy like you doing here all by yourself?"

The line sounded so cheesy and yet, Dale turned to him with nothing but sincerity.

"Looking for company." He drawled, "and it looks like I just found it."

Despite himself a nervous giggle escaped his lips and Steven leaned closer; this was fun! Julia egged him on, giving him line after line and soon Steven found himself stroking Dale's ego so much that their faces were only inches apart. Dale ran a hand along the curve of Steven's face and a shiver went down his spine. In just a few minutes he'd gone from joking around to being genuinely charmed by this man. A genuine rush of attraction surged through him and to his shock, he leaned forwards.

'Fuck yeah!'

Julia's thoughts matched his own. He'd never made out like this before, his lips felt so soft against Dale's strong ones and before he could stop himself he was opening his mouth fully

and letting the man's tongue explore. Fuck, he'd been so sure Dale was lying about his conquests but feeling this, knowing first hand what an amazing kisser he was Steven knew every word he'd bragged with was true.

His body started to get hot and he reached forward to hold onto the lapels of Dale's loose jacket and crushed his body closer. He wanted to keep making out, hell, he wanted much more than making out after today's teasing but it wasn't right. He was leading Dale on and while the guy was a bit of an ass, he didn't deserve that. Reluctantly he pulled away and both Julia and Dale groaned in annoyance.

"Sorry I...I have to stop."

"Why, wasn't it good?" Dale seemed genuinely confused.

"No it's just, Dale I need to tell you the truth."

Dale's eyes narrowed;

"How did you know my name?"

Despite Julia's urging Steven found himself confessing the truth, Dale huddled in a corner with him as he talked about Transformations For You, meeting Julia and her insistence they flirt.

"No way." Dale shook his head, "You can't be Steven, you're too..."

'Pretty? Feminine? Stunning?'

"Not Steven."

'Eloquent, isn't he?'

Steven shushed her which made Dale's brow furrow even further and gave Steven a brilliant idea. He leaned forward, half straddling Dale against the wall while pressing one of his heels to a patch of bare skin by Dale's ankles.

"Talk to him." He whispered.

'Oh! Good idea! Hi Dale.'

The man nearly jumped out of his skin but after a moment he became accustomed to Julia's third, telepathic voice in their little trio.

"That's nuts, this transformation place sounds amazing."

"Oh it is." Steven insisted, "Shame we had to stop but I couldn't lie to you."

"Who says we have to stop?" Dale gave him a rakish smile and Steven's heart began to flutter. "We're all consenting adults here, having fun getting our rocks off in different ways."

“B-but you’re not gay!”

“And right now you’re not a woman.” Dale shrugged, “C’mon, aren’t you curious.”

The heat between Steven’s legs flared once more.

“Yeah, alright then.”

In their minds Julia cheered.

~

The taxi ride back to Julia’s apartment was awkward, now that sex was on the table, keeping his hands off Dale was proving the ultimate test of self control. The taboo of this coupling, the fact that he was a man in a woman’s body, the fact that Julia was right there watching; it was all so thrilling and hot. The trip up to her apartment seemed to take an age and the moment the door was closed behind them, Dale was on him. His lips claiming Steven’s own and he moaned in satisfaction; finally able to fully enjoy the experience.

‘Keep me on for as much as possible!’

No problems there. Steven stumbled through the apartment, stopping at each bench and table to press his body into Dale’s and feel the rippling muscle under his shirt. His fingers deftly undid buttons and soon his palms were pressing against warm skin.

With a shrug the shirt was off and Dale was wrapping his arms around Steven’s new body, running his hands down the curves until they reached his peachy ass. He gripped the cheeks hard, giving them a squeeze that made Steven squeak with shock and pleasure. For a moment his fingers dipped under the hem, tickling at the underside of Steven’s butt before yanking the dress upwards and off; leaving him in nothing but his stockings, bra and panties.

Steven had never felt sexier, he took a step back, sticking his hip out to the side and smiling, letting this dark hair fall over his face as Dale looked on with hungry eyes.

‘Oh damn, that’s a good look.’

They joined again, this time clothing went flying, his bra was gone in an instant and so were Dale’s pants, all while Julia cheered and directed him.

‘Now get on your knees, and take his boxers with you.’ She urged.

He did as he was told, his pussy was *burning*.

‘Now kiss his cock,’ Julia instructed, ‘Take nice long licks, swirl around the head.’

Steven had never dreamed he would give another man a blow job, nor that he would be so good at it. With Julia’s instructions he soon had Dale grunting and panting his balls twitching in his hands. He was sure the man was close to cumming when his hands braced

themselves on his shoulders and pulled him away, slipping the cock from Steven's mouth with a pop.

"Fuck that's...damn. I almost came." Dale panted.

'Aw, I wanted to see him cum down my throat.'

Steven ignored her for the first time, getting to his feet and leading Dale the last few steps to the bedroom. He didn't say anything, he didn't have to. Wordlessly Dale clambered onto the bed, laying on his back with a smile of anticipation. Somewhat awkwardly, Steven lowered the stockings enough that his pussy was free but Julia didn't have to be removed from his feet. Having her there watching was making him so wet it was starting to drip down his inner thighs.

Despite how wild this all was, and the fact that Julia had been instructing him, Steven still felt in control as he crawled up Dale's body until he was straddled at his waist.

"Ready?"

"Oh yeah."

Steven sunk down on his cock, all the air leaving his lungs as a bolt of pure pleasure pierced his body. Perhaps it was muscle memory, or perhaps he was developing a sense of feminine instinct because his hips began to roll all on their own. Dale's hands reached up to play with his tits as he started to bounce up and down on his cock and Steven felt as if stars were flying across his skin.

After so much teasing today, he was finally about to get the release his body had been begging for. He rode hard and fast, unable to make his own body slow down. Dale bucked his hips up into him, slamming against his G-spot and ensuring both their ecstasy.

It didn't take long before Steven felt the orgasm inside him building, his whole body turned rigid as the pleasure reached its highest point and then he was cumming. His body writhed, still bouncing on Dale's cock as he felt the man beginning to pump hot seed up into his pussy. Julia was moaning in his ear and his whole body shuddered as it finally came down from the high.

For a moment they stayed that way; Dale panting beneath him, Steven half collapsed over his chest with Julia pressing against both of their bare skin.

'That was hot as hell, fellas.'

"Thanks." Dale chuckled.

'Steven, be a dear and put me in that shoe box at the base of my wardrobe. I think you two deserve some private time.'

With some reluctance Steven pulled himself off Dale's cock with a shiver and complied, slipping Julia off and carrying her over to the box.

"You really get off on being treated like an object don't you?" He teased.

'Have fuuuuuun. I'll be listening.'

Steven just laughed and threw her into the box and shut the lid before turning back to see Dale already half hard again on the bed.

“Let me guess, she said something pervy?”

“Forget about her.” Steven waved a hand as he climbed back into Dale’s lap, “Let’s get you hard again, I want you at least three more times before we sleep.”