

# The Other Side - Part 1

**For Trevor**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*Trent is excited to use the new toy he got to explore life as a woman in secret but slowly over time his new persona starts to feel more real and he is forced to ask who is the act and who is the real him?*

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Trent felt his heart give a flutter as the postman pulled up to the curb. He watched, eagle eyed from the second floor window as the man reached into his bag and began rummaging around.

“Come on...come on...” He whispered.

This had been his routine every day this week, watching the post man and being disappointed when he put nothing but magazines and envelopes into his mailbox. Today though, his wait was finally over as he watched the man grab a small brown parcel and place it inside.

He didn't wait a second longer, bouncing down the stairs and out the door to collect it before the postman had even moved onto the next house. He gave the man a polite smile and grabbed the mail before bolting back outside before the worker got any ideas about starting a conversation; Trent had been waiting long enough for this delivery.

Back in his bedroom he expertly peeled back the tape and tipped the box upside down to reveal a rubix cube looking device. Two symbols, split in half that could be made whole depending on if he rotates the squares horizontally or vertically. He'd first seen them advertised in those sketchy pop up online but after a while it felt like they were everywhere. Magic Cubes that could be programs to turn you into whatever you desired, given the correct programming.

The idea had always intrigued him and eventually, after getting drunk and celebrating a big promotion at work he had more money than sense. When he'd woken up the next morning hungover he'd fully intended to cancel the order but something had stopped him and now, here he was, trembling with excitement.

He took one final deep breath and turned the cube's sides horizontally, matching the two halves of the female symbol together and feeling a strange thrum of energy burst forth that made all the hair on his arms stand on end. The cube hummed in his hands, vibrating ever so slightly as the symbol lit up and a beam of wide light seemed to scan over him. Seemed closer to something out of a science fiction movie than the supposed magic at work.

Trent wasn't sure what he was expecting; a sudden jolt in his chest? To pass out and wake up a woman? Maybe even for pain. What he got was...nothing. Not a damn thing. He felt his face begin to turn red; he was such an idiot. He couldn't believe he'd not only fallen for one of those internet scams but actually been excited for it. What a loser. At least nobody knew he'd done it, he could get rid of the cube and pretend like this never happened. Well, except for the sizable hole in his bank account.

With a sigh he got to his feet and took a single step before stumbling. He looked down confused to see his shoe half off, his heels having slipped right out of it. The other seemed the same and as he gently lifted one of his legs the shoe fell off entirely, revealing a shapely heel and smooth even toes that certainly were not his.

He watched, mouth agape, as the thick hairs on his legs began to regress back under his skin as it reformed into long, smooth legs. It was working! Once more his system was flooded with excitement as he felt his thigh thickening as if ready to support...yes!

“Oh wow t-that’s...something.” He ground out as his butt began to grow.

It swelled as if filling with air, no that implied it was light when it most certainly wasn’t. His cheeks now had weight and as he kicked off his remaining shoe he twisted to watch his new bubble but jiggle slightly with the movement.

The strange warping sensation continued up his body; burying itself between his legs and causing him to gasp. All the skin across his cock and balls felt as though it were attached to a live wire; the sensation was not painful but overwhelming. It almost felt too good and to his shame he felt his cock twitch and begin to harden. Only a moment later it stopped and a strange sucking sensation formed right behind it.

Trent doubled over, falling to his hands and knees as his cock began to recede back up into his skin. With two sharp pops, his balls were gone, replaced with wo lick folds, his penis shrinking and shrivelling until all that was left in its place was a single pin prick of tingling pleasure and an aching hole.

The change left him gasping only for the air to be forced from his lungs as his waist cinched and the changes travelled up his torso. His chest began to heavy, not in anxiety but anticipation. He knew what had to be coming next and sure enough that same muscle stretching sensation that had grown his ass spread to his chest. The hair disappeared from his chest and he shivered feeling it all pull back under the skin as it began to shift. Pushing it out beneath his shirt in two round mounds.

His fingers shook as he unbuttoned his shirt in order to watch the change take place. His new tits were growing, turning round and bouncy before settling into pert little teardrops on his chest. Not too small but not so large as to be obscene, The final wave washed over him, thinning down his arms and sloping his shoulders before making its way up his neck. There was another sucking sensation in the middle of his throat as his Adam’s apple slowly melted away. He could feel his vocal cords shifting and changing to suit his new body as the tingling finally moved over his face.

His thick jaw smoothed, his lips plumped and hair began to flow downwards. He felt it tickle at the nape of his neck and was surprised to find it stayed relatively short, reaching just low enough to brush his shoulders. The cube stopped glowing where he had dropped it on the bed and for a few moments, there was silence as he took in the strange feeling of just existing in his new body.

His skin seemed more sensitive, or perhaps it was an after effect of the change. He swore he could feel the subtle change in air around him as it brushed against the bare skin of his chest, causing his nipples to tighten and turn hard.

He’d always been curious about what it would feel like to be on the other side of the gender fence and now he found himself pleasantly surprised. Turning to face the mirror he pulled a face. His new body was gorgeous; his face especially with its long lashes and vibrant blue eyes. But the pair of shorts he was wearing did nothing for his new figure. They stretched across his wide hips and hung off his legs unflatteringly; first things first they had to

go. With disgust he slipped them off along with his boxers and groaned, noticing how stretched the elastic waistband was.

“Hi, nice to meet you.” He told his now naked reflection, running his fingers along the curve of his throat.

The voice was almost musical, as if it belonged to a singer and he couldn't help humming a few notes.

He'd never been a particularly good singer but perhaps if he decided to spend more time in this body he would take it up; his voice was so soft and lilting it seemed made to sing. He admired the soft mound of curly hair now between his legs. Suddenly the idea of a cock and balls hanging there seemed so...ugly. His new pussy was warm and wet and the hair so soft he couldn't help but admire how pretty it was.

“Well, first things first,” He said to himself with a smile, “Better get dressed.”

Part of what had made the drunken order so expensive was the clothes he'd added to the basket. After all, he had nothing but band shirts and baggy jeans for the most part and a body this lovely deserved to be adorned in clothes that flattered it.

He dug around under his bed until he found the bags he had sequestered away there and finally opened the plastic sleeves containing his new outfit. First he pulled on the pair of simple white panties, feeling the lace inlays tickle his inner thighs as he rose them up. They fit snuggling across his new round ass and he found himself feeling surprisingly comfy. He'd always been a boxers man, preferring his junk to hang free; but not his mound was cupped by the soft inner lining of the panties and he sighed in comfort.

Next came the purple pleated skirt, the ruffles were so soft and the feeling of freedom that came with such a flowing piece of clothing was surprising. He never realised how nice it would be to have his bare thighs able to touch while still being fully dressed. He walked a circuit around the bed; enjoying the way air flowered beneath it and how the hem of the skirt tickled his ankles whenever he came to a stop.

Next the black camisole shirt with the spaghetti string straps. It felt so odd to have only two tiny strings keeping his shirt on. Even though logically he knew the fabric would hold he couldn't help but feel he was one move away from exposing himself. Especially because he didn't have a bra. Even drunk he knew that would have been a bad idea and frankly, the fact that something so essential was so expensive was ludicrous.

Finally for his feet. He had been tempted to go with the obvious heels or ballet flats like most of his female friends wore but for whatever reason he had gone in the complete opposite direction. The boots were heavy soled and made of shiny black leather. There was something grounded about their weight as he laced them up. Perhaps it was the juxtaposition between their solid, strong design and the softness of his feet within. Regardless, he felt a strange sense of confidence filling them as he finished the knots and stood back up.

He was standing straighter, despite the new weight on his chest and butt; he expected some nerves, maybe even a little awkwardness but he felt nothing but happiness as he stepped out into the street. He hopped down the front steps and out onto the sidewalk, walking with confidence and purpose despite not having a destination in mind. The extra weight on his hips made them sway and his skirt flow pleasingly behind him in the wind. He

couldn't help but wonder what other clothing would feel like; a tight pair of shorts perhaps or a mini skirt.

An idea slowly formed in his mind as his feet sped up. There was a shopping centre not far from here where his friend Julie worked in a boutique. The idea of shopping for a whole new outfit and getting to be served by his friend without her even knowing was too good a chance to pass up. Maybe he could even pick up a bra; lovely as it was to feel his breasts bouncing as he walked he was beginning to notice some looks from the people he passed by; some appreciative, others clearly disgusted by his apparent lack of shame.

He didn't mind though, he smiled at them all, even going so far as to wave to a few. Nothing, especially nothing as small as a few disapproving glances could bring down his mood now. Full of excitement he approached the mall, grabbing one of the fashion magazines from the rack by the door for inspiration before making his way towards the boutique. It was time to have a little fun.