

# Fake It Till You Make It

For ryu289

By TheSpiralledEye

*Lucas is a shy scientist who creates a potion to make him more confident. What he didn't intend was for that confidence to come in the form of a whole new personality that transforms his body into a flirtatious Korean woman!*

~

Lucas slammed the door behind him and ripped the stupid name tag off the front of his shirt, scrunching it up between hands and throwing it across the hall.

"Fake it till you make it..." He hissed, storming his way down to the basement. "What a load of croc."

Whoever said that was obviously not an anxious person. Lucas' cheeks were still burning with embarrassment as he grabbed his gloves and coat and made his way down into his personal lab. He'd known speed dating would be a disaster but he had hoped it would surprise him. All he wanted was a little company, he wasn't even looking for anything serious so why was it so hard to talk to anybody?

He'd sat there, stammering like an idiot while the clock on the table ticked down. Adding that stupid time limit had only made him more awkward as it loudly announced how long it took him to stammer out his name and occupation. He'd thought at least a few of the shallower women would be interested once he mentioned he was a scientist but apparently his pasty skin and stammering was enough of a put off even the gold diggers.

"Back to plan A." He sighed, flicking on the switch and taking a deep breath of the chemical scent that permeated his personal lab.

This was the one place in the world where he felt like he could relax. Science made sense, science never let him down. At least, not often. He walked over to his latest project and stared at the bubbling liquid he'd left simmering while he was away.

For the last few years he had been tinkering with a mixture to fix his problem, a confidence potion. Then he wouldn't have to fake it in order to make it, it would just come naturally. Then all those women who cringed at his attempts to smooth talk would be eating out of the palm of his hand.

He flicked off the burner and checked the chemical makeup. It was looking solid; the last few testers had given him a mild euphoria and another had lowered his inhibitions but neither had been quite what he was after. Hopefully this would be third times the charm; at least some of those old sayings had to be right.

He let the liquid cool and sighed contently as he brought the solution to his nose. The scent was odd, not bad, just strange. There was a floral undertone and something unidentifiable about it. When he closed his eyes it conjured images of bedrooms and silk sheets and then he was blushing for an entirely different reason.

“Well, here we go!”

After the disappointment of the speed dating event he was in serious need of a pick me up. He drank the potion down, finding it tasted surprisingly good and then...nothing. He waited and waited, eyes once again on a ticking clock as five minutes passed. Then ten, then thirty, soon he was nearing the hour mark without even a single hint of change. At least the other failures did *something*. This was the most disappointing potion yet!

Feeling thoroughly defeated, Lucas shrugged off the coat and ripped off his gloves. Clearly it was a wash. He stomped up the stairs, trying to take calming breaths. It was only nine thirty, he had the whole night ahead of him it wasn't as if he had a date or anything. He'd make some coffee and then get started on a new solution from scratch. His mother had always told him no matter how negative a situation was, there was always a silver lining. Something Lucas seriously doubted when he opened his fridge and was hit with a wave of sour air. Of course his milk had spoiled; that was just fan-fucking-tastic.

The last thing he wanted to be doing on a Friday night was walking down to the store but there was no way he could pull an all-nighter without coffee and if he didn't succeed at *something* today he was going to scream.

As he walked the sound of giggling voices met his ears; two women in dresses far too short for autumn weather were walking along behind him. No doubt heading for the local nightclub a few blocks away. His heart ached with jealousy watching them; their friendship, their attractiveness, and the attention they drew. It must have been so nice to be the centre of attention and now sweat bullets over it.

Actually, that ache was growing. It was getting less metaphorical by the second and spreading across his entire chest. Lucas felt a mild panic beginning to build, was this a heart attack? Stupid as it sounds, he actually felt a stab of irritation, he would be that unlucky guy who managed to have a heart attack in his late twenties, wouldn't he?

He stumbled slightly, pressing a palm to his chest and wincing as he found the skin there far more sensitive than normal. With a groan he wandered off the main street and into an alleyway as his skin began to tingle all over. He was really starting to panic now, he swore he could feel the skin beneath his shirt *moving*. It felt as though air was being pumped beneath his skin, causing the skin and muscle to swell in two round mounds on his chest, almost like...

“T-tits?” He gasped, “Wh-what the fuck!”

The top button of his dress shirt was straining, a moment later he could only watch in horror as it popped off, the front of his shirt flinging open to reveal ample cleavage. In a panic he backed up against the alley wall, gasping for breath and watching as his new boobs rose and fell with each heave. Not only that but his pasty white skin was taking on a darker, more olive hue, spreading across his skin at a rapid pace.

“No-N-no this can't be-oooh my ass, what's happening?” He groaned.

Pressed against the brick wall he felt something shifting. That same inflation was spreading to his ass cheeks now, so much so that he could feel his body being pushed off the brick wall as it turned bouncy and round. He could feel his butt cheeks pressing against his trousers, the fabric straining to contain the extra size. Soon it was stretched thin and Lucas could only gasp as he felt the cool rush of air against his skin as seams began to fray.

“S-stop! What’s happenin’ to me?”

He muttered, hearing a strange lilt to his voice that he couldn’t quite put his finger on. It seemed higher pitched with a hint of an accent? Or perhaps it was just the blood rushing in his ears that made it sound off. He didn’t have much time to wonder about his voice though as he was immediately distracted by his hips. His ass was swollen and now it seemed the rest of his body was catching up. He felt his hip bones widening and combined with his now ample chest he couldn’t help but notice he’d developed quite the hourglass figure.

The potion! He felt foolish having not realised it until now, this had to have something to do with the potion but how? He never wanted it to do anything like this! A tickle at the nape of his neck showed his mousy brown hair was growing, changing colour just like his skin. Instead of olive brown though it was sleek, silky black. He pinched a few strands between finger and thumb, lifting them before his face in fascination as he watched more and more slack form as it lengthened.

Just then a voice appeared in his mind; a voice stunningly similar to the one that had just escaped his mouth.

*“Hurray! Let’s go have fun, today has been so boring!”*

He looked around, hoping to see another woman heading for the club to explain where the voice came from but there was nobody. Just him and his rapidly changing body. Another button flew off his shirt and the voice shrieked in delight.

*“Yeah! Show ‘em what you’ve got! What’s the point of having a great set of boobs if you can’t show them off!”*

“I’m not supposed to have tits at all!” Lucas wailed, pressing both his hands to his chest in a vain effort to somehow push the breasts back in, instead he gasped, feeling warm pleasure spread across his entire chest.

*“Ooooooh, that felt lovely! Do it again!”*

His hands flew away from his chest and slammed against the brickwork, terrified of what following the voices suggestions would do. Especially because the moment those words flowed through his mind, he felt tempted to do just that.

His thighs were thickening, his legs growing smooth and long. He could feel his shoes becoming loose as his feet shrunk and he could only imagine the dainty little things they had become. He was becoming a woman, right here in an alleyway. Any second somebody might peep down here and see him, a freak.

*“A hottie! Yes, let them see us! I want them to see!”*

He moved to take a step forward, almost in a trance before stopping himself; what was he thinking? As his legs moved though he became aware of a new sensation, a tingling right between his legs where his length was hanging.

“Oh no, not that!” He breathed, shaking with nerves, “Not my p—pen-AGH!”

The wail turned to a groan of pleasure. He didn't want to like it, but the sensation was unlike anything he'd ever experienced. He could feel his dick shrinking and yet it felt twice as sensitive as usual. It seemed to recede back into his body, turning warm and wet with each passing second until it was nothing more than a tiny bundle of burning nerves surrounded by pleasant warm heat. A clit. It had to be. His balls went the same way, melting into his skin and making him groan, forced to brace himself against the wall.

“S-such a pretty pussy, I can't wait to play with it.”

It was that voice again, but to his alarm it was not coming from inside his head anymore, but his lips.

*“What is happening?”*

His voice bounced around inside his skull but never made it to his mouth. Instead breathy moans were escaping there as the final small changes to his body finished up. Lucas felt what could only be described as a mental push; sending his consciousness tumbling to the back of his mind and once he'd gathered his bearings he realised he was nothing more than an observer in his own body.

Some other force, other personality, lifted his now soft palms up in front of his face and examined them before giving a happy squeal.

“Oh, I'm so pretty!” Said the voice before turning sour, a pout of his lips, “But these clothes, ick! I can't go out to a club dressed like this! No offence, Lucas. Let's go find something more fun to wear.”

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Chija skipped down the street with a smile on her face; lucky for her there was a mall close by that was open late so she could find some proper clothes. Poor Lucas, he really didn't know how to dress himself, especially now that she was here. Chija looked at herself in the glowing shop windows as she walked and took on her appearance for the first time.

Olive skin, almond eyes, jet black hair that was straight and silky and an ample figure that swayed and bounced as she walked. The sight alone was enough to make her squeal in delight once more. She loved it! She looked like she belonged on one of those K-Drama's Lucas sometimes watched when he was bored.

*“What's going on? Who are you? What's happening?”* Cried Lucas in the back of her mind, she could feel him futile trying to press forwards but she ignored him.

She wasn't sure how much time she had before he would force her out; she wanted to make the most of it. She walked into the little late night boutique and smiled widely at the selection;

like a child she bounced on her toes, flitting from rack to rack trying to narrow down her choices.

“Maybe this one? Or this one?” She grinned, “Oh they are all so pretty!”

She held outfit after outfit up to her new curvaceous body; oh she could spend all night here if she wanted to!

“Can I help you miss?” The saleswoman asked, Chija could practically feel Lucas regressing further, he hates talking to salespeople. He felt bad if he didn't like their suggestions and ended up buying whatever it was anyway. Chija had no such issues.

“I can't decide.” She pouted, “What do you think would look good on me? I want to go to the club!”

“Hmmm, how about this little silver number?” The woman replied, holding up a sleek, form fitting dress made of a shimmery silver fabric. It had a deep V neckline and practically no back. Chija gasped in delight.

“It's beautiful! And it'll look even more beautiful on!”

She did not hesitate, slamming her credit card on the table to pay for it, ignoring the price tag entirely and running for the change rooms. It felt so good kicking off those tight pants and broken shirt and for a moment she simply admired her naked figure in the mirror, pressing up her breasts and wishing she had the time to go shopping for some proper panties and a bra. Then she could get some real cleavage going on.

Oh well, the dress would have to do. She stepped inside it and pulled the fabric up, feeling it pressed against her smooth skin. She slipped her thin arms through the spaghetti straps and posed before the mirror, hands on her hips. The fit was tight, stretching across her ample double-D bosom and peachy ass. Her nipples were noticeable thanks to her lack of bra but Chija found she liked them; there was nothing wrong with flaunting what you had after all, isn't that what she'd told Lucas during her manifestation only a few minutes ago.

She left his old tattered clothes behind, even his boxers, instead opting to go commando. The dress was short enough that she might run into the problem of flashing people if she bent over too much but she could be careful.

Her excitement began to mount as she approached the club, she could feel the vibration in feet, working its way up her legs and into her chest. It was exhilarating; how Lucas found it scary she would never know. Inside was hot, the air was thick with heat and smoke and people drank and danced.

Chija did not hesitate. She was on the floor, swaying her hips and feeling her breasts and ass jiggle to the beat as she jumped up and down. People stared, she lapped it up. Some were jealous, others disgusted at her display but she didn't care because most of them were appreciative. She watched men stare at her ass, eyes following her every move and she lapped it up. It didn't take long for one to offer her a drink, then another. The attention made her wet and she tightened her pussy in an effort to stop the wetness dripping down her legs; she didn't want to stain her dress after all.

The hours whiled away with her alternating dancing on the floor and spending time with her many admirers and basking in the attention and drinks they gifted her. Somehow

she ended up in one of those dark corners of the room, half drunk glass of vodka soda in her hand courtesy of her new friend whose name she was yet to learn.

“You’re really hot.” He mumbled, too drunk for eloquence or subtlety.

“I know,” Chija whispered with a giggle. What was the point in being humble? Nobody would believe it anyway.

It was then she noticed he was pressing against her, pinning her against the wall as his hands slid down her body to cup at her full ass. She whimpered, feeling those firm fingers digging into her sensitive skin and the wetness she had managed to keep at bay finally began to flow freely.

Next thing she knew they were kissing and her whole body shivered. It was like her skin was a live wire, sending spark through her entire body until all she could focus on was this stranger’s lips on hers and the way his hands glided across her skin. He pulled back and Chija whined at their loss.

“Wanna get out of here?”

“Hell yeah.”

They only made it a few steps out of the pub before she was pulled into yet another side alley, the second of her night, and roughly held against the walls. Chija moaned, pressing her psalm into the brickwork and leaning over as she thrust her ass out into the air and spread her legs. Her new friend easily lifted her skin tight dress up and over her rump and gave him a gentle squeeze. She shivered, partly from the cold night air on her bare pussy and partly from anticipation.

Lucky for her, she didn’t have to wait long. Her new friend was not one for taking things slow. He thrust in fast and hard, pressing into her with one hard movement that knocked the air from her lungs and filled her vision with stars. She’d barely come to terms with the bolt of pleasure that singular movement caused when he started thrusting in earnest.

Pounding into her tight hole over and over again, grunting like some sort of animal. Chija pushed back, rolling her hips up and down to maximise the friction between them. She was getting tighter and tighter with every thrust, her inner walls burning, her mouth agape as the pressure continued to rise.

“Mmmmm yes! Yes!” She wailed, not caring if the people leaving the club could hear here, “Just a little more!”

The cock slammed against her G-spot and Chija wailed, gushing juices as she came hard. Her pussy pulsed, squeezing around the cock and milking every last drop of cum for it as her partner fell over the edge. He slumped against her and Chija closed her eyes and sighed; his body was so warm and solid. She loved it.

He pulled out and awkwardly shuffled away but Chija did not hide. She strutted out of that alley with a grin on her face, not caring if anybody saw the cum dribbling down her leg. She’d come out for a good time and that was exactly what she’d gotten.

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Lucas woke slowly. His body was aching and his head throbbed as though he had a hangover. Like water dripping from a facet the memories of last night slowly came back to him and his eyes flew open. He was laying in his bed, still wearing the now ill-fitting silver dress. His body was back to normal but still bore the marks of last night's activities. He shuddered. What the hell had that been?

In an instant he was on his feet, racing to the bathroom and relieved to see his regular reflection in the mirror. If it weren't for the dress and...substances, on his inner thigh, he could have dismissed everything as a dream.

Chija...what was she? He remembered being her, but it was fuzzy, like a dream. The hot, confident Korean woman who partied hard and had more confidence in her pinky toe than Lucas had in his entire body. He'd wanted the potion to make him more self-assured but he hadn't wanted a whole new personality to come with it!

He took deep breaths and turned on the shower, dumping the dress in the bathroom basket and doing his best to forget about it as warm water washed away the other evidence. It didn't matter, it was over now, the potion had clearly worn off and he was free to continue his research without ever thinking about Chija again.

At least that's what he thought. Three days passed as they usually would; Lucas working away in his lab. Sending off reports to the various companies he freelanced for until finally the emptiness in his fridge could no longer be ignored. It was just supposed to be a quick trip to the supermarket, nothing eventful. But then he'd walked through the large park a few blocks from his house in order to cut time off the journey. People had been laughing, swimming in the public lake and his eyes had locked with the crowd and refused to move. That same ache formed in his chest; the desire to go and join them that was held back by his own anxiety.

But then the pressure in his chest began to build and he realised all too late what was happening. He barely managed to stumble his way into a cluster of bushes in time to keep his transformation private. Biting down on his knuckles as his cock was swallowed up and his breasts burst forth as Chija emerged once more.

She had none of Lucas' shyness and within the hour had charmed her way into another woman's spare bikini and was enjoying the water and sun. Within two hours a man had charmed her away from the group and into the very same bushes she had hidden in to transform. His fingers had slipped up into her hole and she's been in Heaven. Kneeling on the ground helplessly rocking her hips in time with his digits until she came, biting down on his shoulder.

Then of course, she had no choice but to reciprocate. It was the friendly thing to do after all and Chija was nothing if not very friendly. She was a quick study and found that handjobs were actually quite fun to give. So fun in fact that she talked three more men into having one until Lucas finally pushed through and repressed back back down long enough to run home.

Even in his male form, his hands stank of cock and he hated that even with Chija repressed; a part of him still loved it.

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Lucas had never been the most social person before Chija came along; now he was basically a shut-in. He couldn't risk going out and seeing people having fun, lest Chija burst forth and go join them. Months had passed and he'd lost count of how many times she had

taken over. He'd danced at clubs, attended strangers' parties and spent so much money on clothing it was painful. Chija had no impulse control, she simply did whatever she felt like doing, which more often than not was men.

It was humiliating! Emasculating! And yet, the longer he stayed home keeping her at bay the more tempted he was to stop fighting. When he was Chija, he was so much happier. He finally made friends and of course his libido had never been so satisfied.

*"Come on! Stop being so hung up!" She begged, "There is a big summer party happening at the club tonight! It'll be totally packed! We'll have such a good time!"*

"I'm not letting you out." He growled through gritted teeth, trying to concentrate on the formulas in front of him.

*"But this is booooooring."*

"This is important."

*"If it was important it'd be more fun."* He could hear the pout in her voice.

"This is a cure for...you."

*"Oh that. Well that's just silly, you don't really want to get rid of me!"*

"Of course I do."

*"No you don't we both know you could have cured me ages ago. You just don't want to admit life is more fun with me around. What was that saying, fake it till ya make it? Well you made me so there you go!"*

Lucas bit his lip; he wanted to tell her she was wrong but he knew she wasn't. It was really hard to lie to yourself at the best of times. When you had a whole other personality living in your head it was basically impossible.

"But it's embarrassing." He whinged.

*"Not for me! And it's not like anybody can prove we're the same person, right?"*

She did have a point. Still, Chija was wild, there was no telling what crazy shit she would get up to.

"If I decided to let you out," he said slowly, "Will you try having sex with some girls now and then, no offence but I'm not gay."

*"You are when I'm in control." Chija giggled, "Hmmm, actually are you? I don't know how this works as far as labels go."*

"Focus."



*“Sorry! Sorry! Yeah, ladies I can do that, sounds fun actually...”*

Lucas' heart began to beat a little faster as excitement built.

“And don't get us too drunk. Or at the very least drink some water.”

*“Fine, fine!”*

Already he could feel the familiar sensation of his chest beginning to stretch and his hope widen.

“Nghhhnn....and ah...oh, yeah...make sure not to dress t-to slutty ooooh.”

His nipples were turning hard and pink under his shirt as they grew. His hands pressed into the soft skin as it swelled and inflated, first to a C cup, then D, then E...

*“Sounds fair.”*

Lucas let himself fall into the change; turns out the whole process was pleasurable if he didn't fight it. His hair turned long and black, cascading down his back as he shrugged off his lab coat and kicked off his pants in time to feel his butt start to turn peachy.

“Maybe...one guy, or two. Two is good, and a girl!” He moaned, feeling his cock being sucked up inside him.

“All of the above!”

The voice came from his own mouth as Chija began to take over. She sounded just as excited as he felt. Now that they were working in tandem even being shunted to the back of his own mind wasn't as disorienting. It was sort of like sitting back in a comfy chair, ready to watch a movie. Except the movie was from your own point of view and you could feel everything as well!

“Oh yay! It's been forever!” Chija grinned, “Let's go!”

She raced upstairs to the box where Lucas had been stuffing her clothes and pouted at the mess.

“You got it all crinkly!” She whinged, holding up the low cut tank top, “Tomorrow we are sorting out this cupboard and giving me some space!”

*“Yeah okay, seems fair.”*

After a bit of digging she managed to find the neon purple bodycon dress she'd purchased the other week, the one that was laced up both sides to show her bare skin. Lucas had been horrified when he saw it, even more so when he saw how much it had cost on his bank statement. Now though, she could feel him in the back of their mind cheering.

Knowing there was no longer a time limit she enjoyed herself; taking her time applying makeup and picking out the best heels to wear with her new outfit. When she strutted out into the street, club ready and eager she could feel Lucas was finally enjoying this just as much as she did. She let her hips sway, her ass jiggling as she sashayed down to the club. The dress turned out to be the perfect pick because when she got to the front of the line the bouncer didn't even charge her. It seemed he was...distracted.

She walked into the club with a spring in her step, not hesitating for a second to walk up to the bar and lean over the structure so that the wood pressed into her breasts. She grinned, watching the bartender turn red; he was trying so hard not to look at her chest but it was a losing battle. She blew him a kiss in thanks when he shakily told her it was on the house.

"Hey," A deep voice rumbled from behind her, she turned to see an Adonis of a man. The guy was tall and broad, the sort of guy lived at the gym.

"Hi." She smiled sweetly.

"I was wondering if you'd like to dance." He said confidently and Chija nodded.

"I'd love that." She replied, pulling herself to his chest and pressing their warm bodies together as her fingers wound into his shirt.

"Where should we dance? Near the stage or somewhere more...private?"

The man just grinned and threaded his fingers through her dark hair.

"How about we start at the first and see where things go?"

Chija let herself be led to the dancefloor and the world devolved into sensations; the pounding of the music, the scent of sex in the air and most importantly, the feeling of strong hands gripping her in all the right places. Lucas had told her to go for a girl but somehow, she didn't think he'd mind if she slept with this guy first. She had plenty of energy for multiple rounds tonight.

At some point the drinks started to flow and a warm tongue followed. Chija moaned into the man's mouth as his strong arms hugged her tight. She could feel herself getting wetter by the minute and she revelled in it. It was only a matter of time before she was being led outside to the alley which was swiftly becoming her favourite spot in the world. He held her against the wall, bucking into her hard and fast as she wrapped her legs around him. Oh yes, this little arrangement with Lucas was going to work out just fine.

She threw her head back against the brick work and wailed as she came and somewhere, deep inside her mind she thought she could hear Lucas cumming too.

*'This is just the beginning, Lucas.'* Chija thought as the man continued to fuck her through her orgasm, *'we are going to have such fun together.'*