

Discovering Daisy

For Auspicious

By TheSpiralledEye

Cameron looked down at the tiny bottle of pills laying in his palm and ran his thumb across the handwritten label.

'Bimbathryone'

Ever since he'd heard whispers of the drug around his college campus years ago, he'd been curious. He quashed it as best he could but once an idea was planted, it was hard to completely ignore. At first, he told himself it was idle curiosity as he began researching the rare and mysterious substance. Then he was finding stories, both fictional and supposedly real, about men becoming women. It had become his secret obsession and soon, he had an entire hard drive of pictures and erotica hidden beneath his mattress.

The idea of anybody finding out the macho, muscled, star baseball player spent his nights fantasising about being a woman was terrifying. So, when Terry, his roommate had been helping him clean and picked up the drive, his heart had lodge into his chest. In hindsight, he should have just told him it was his porn stash and left it at that. Nothing weird about a guy in his twenties having a secret hard drive of porn under his bed. But instead, he'd panicked, diving for it and making the drive all the more fascinating. Terry had teased him, holding him back while he plugged it into the laptop and flooded the screen with images.

He was sure he'd die of embarrassment right there. He started begging, barely able to hold back tears as he desperately tried to think up some excuse. Only to realise a moment later he didn't need one. Terry's eyes had been full of guilt as he apologised.

"Look, whatever you're into is your business, I shouldn't have done that." He'd sighed, "I won't tell anybody."

Relief had flooded him and he'd hoped things might return to normal.

But they didn't.

Something had shifted in their relationship that day in some ephemeral, unexplainable way. Now that Terry knew his biggest secret, confiding the smaller ones didn't seem so hard and Terry in turn, confided in him. Over the months they went from casual acquaintances to actual friends, then best friends. Terry confessed his secret bisexuality one night over drinks and Cameron had felt a warm

glow in his chest at being trusted with something so personal. He now knew of Terry's strict, evangelical upbringing and appreciated just how hard it would be to admit something so 'sinful', as Terry had put it.

Cameron wasn't sure what had compelled him to grab hold of his friend's hand but he did and Terry gripped it tight. Two guys holding hands...if they had been anywhere but the safety of their little apartment, he would have been worried. But as it was, in that tiny private bubble he had learned he could be himself.

That is what had led him here. Terry had found a link on the dark web for illegal drugs; most of it was hard stuff he'd never touch in a million years but when his friend had swivelled the screen to show him Bimbathryone his heart had stopped.

"It's Christmas in a few weeks, you can tell everybody you're going home for the holidays and tell your family you're staying here." He'd suggested, "We could order three weeks' worth and you could live out your fantasy. If you want to."

"You'd be okay with that? It wouldn't be weird."

"Of course, it would be weird but it'll be amazing for you."

Cameron's heart had done a strange flutter. The fact that Terry was so honest, none of those 'I won't find it strange' platitudes, just honesty and acceptance. Before his secret was out, he'd never realised just how wonderful that was.

So here he was. Standing in the tiny cramped bathroom staring at the bottle of pills that had arrived this morning. There was silence outside the locked bathroom door but he knew Terry was sitting on the other side of it. After a few minutes a voice called out.

"Just let me know when you've taken it okay? If we've been scammed and I have to call 911 or something I need to know."

"Yeah. Give me a minute."

His hands were shaking as he unscrewed the lid, tipping a tiny, unassuming pill out onto his hand. It looked like any old vitamin you got at the chemist yet it felt heavy despite its tiny size. Now or never.

He slapped his palm against his mouth, tossing the pill onto his tongue and swallowing, feeling the sugary outer coat dissolve on the way down his throat.

"I've taken it."

His voice had a quiver to it.

“Okay, I’ll be right out here, mate. Just call if you need something.”

“Yeah.”

From the accounts he’d read, the pills could start taking effect in a few minutes, or a few hours. It depended on the strength and there was really no way of knowing. After a minute or two had passed without a single sign of change he started to calm, if only because adrenaline couldn’t sustain itself long without further stimulus. Lacking any better idea, he undressed, carefully examining his body for any signs of change and neatly folding his clothes in a corner just to give his hands something to do. And to keep them in view. A few of the stories he’d read always had the fingers be the first to change but his were just as stubby and thick as they’d always been, complete with fingernails bitten down to stubs.

With a sigh he sat on the edge of the bath only to freeze. He couldn’t explain how exactly but sitting felt...different. He shifted slightly, running a hand across the curve of his-the *curve!* Full of joy and anticipation his eyes looked down, finding his ass just that little bit thicker and steadily growing. Like a balloon inflating those firm cheeks were becoming round bouncy, his hips widening to accommodate their extra weight and size. A tiny squeak escaped his mouth and he quickly covered it.

“Cam? You okay?”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m fine. It’s...it’s *working.*”

He didn’t hear Terry’s reply if he gave one, his mind now fully focused on watching his ass swell in the bathroom mirror. His thighs were following suit now, smoothing and thickening to support his new rear which was now pretty and peach shaped. He tried to force himself to feel conflicted but couldn’t manage; the only emotions he felt were elation and unsurprisingly, arousal. He ran his hands down the slope of his mid-section, gleefully taking in the curve that was steadily forming there. Excitement began to build at the prospect of having an hour glass figure.

He turned forward, watching like a hawk for his chest to start growing, already he could feel the skin starting to stretch, muscles shifting to accommodate more fat. Funnily enough, it was his nipples that changes first; gradually turning pink before growing slightly, areolas darkening and expanding across the smooth skin as it too began to inflate. Cameron couldn’t help himself, he moaned; it was just so hot watching his body change before his very eyes. He’d watched so many videos online of this happening but now that he could feel it all himself, it was overwhelming. Desire pooled in his stomach as it smoothed over and he couldn’t resist bringing his hands up to cup those

beautiful breasts as they grew. They were so soft, both his breasts and palms. While he'd been distracted with his butt, his hands had indeed changed, fingers now long and pretty with half moon nails. They felt wonderful against his sensitive skin.

Cameron would have stood there indefinitely, holding his new tits but a tickle at the nape of his neck distracted him. His hair, normally cropped to his skull, was growing. Soft brown waves moved down to frame his face and then kept going, spilling over his shoulders and down his back. It was so silky, he couldn't resist tossing his head this way and that, watching the wave of hair dance in the mirror. He looked like one of those women out of a hair commercial, even more now that his face was beginning to change.

He moved in close to the mirror, barely more than two inches from the glass so he could take in and memorise every detail. Watching his strong jawline soften, sharpness moving to his cheekbones while his lips plumped and eyelashes extended. Eyelashes, Cameron decided, were incredibly underrated. He batted them, admiring the dark hairs and how they framed his eyes. He'd always found his brown eyes boring, two muddy pools that lacked any remarkability. But now, framed by those lashes they looked warm, welcoming and darkly sexy. He let them become hooded, shifting his face so easily into a 'come hither'. It was so hot.

He'd become so horny over the time his change was taking place, he'd not even realised he was reaching for his cock until his hand closed over empty air. Cameron sucked in a breath; this time his eyes stared straight ahead rather than lowering. He let his sense of touch do the exploration, gently moving his hand down to rest on his mound. How had he not even noticed his cock disappearing? His pussy forming. A shudder passed through him at the thought; *his* pussy. He had one of his very own now.

With reverence he pressed a finger against the slit, folds eagerly spreading and embracing the digit in damp warmth. Another moan escaped; this time he was sure his voice was different; a higher pitch with a desperate breathy quality that made the wetness between his legs increase.

"H-How are you doing?" Terry's voice came through the bathroom door, it was shaking slightly.

"Good." Cameron moaned, pressing down on his new clit, "R-really good."

His finger began to stroke while the other gripped the sink; his eyes glued to his own reflection, still shifting before his eyes into that of a woman. His mouth was hanging open, eyes glazed over as he continued to touch, pressing down on that little nub between his legs. It was so much more sensitive than his cock had ever been, even the tip. That tiny bundle of nerves made his heart race and insides coil in pleasure. Orgasm came quickly, almost sneaking up on him; one moment he was leaning against the sink, the next his entire body was quivering as a wave of ecstasy flowed through him. With that wave, came the final changes; his ass inflating one last time, eyelashes lengthening and hair growing a full inch within a second.

With a gasp he felt forwards, hand flying up to press against the mirror glass to stop him from falling forward. He looked up, the woman in the mirror was breathing heavily, breasts heaving

with each intake of air; there was a trail of translucent fluid on the glass, dripping from his pointer finger. Outside the door, he swore he heard somebody groan.

After washing his hand, he took a step back, pressing into the wall opposite the mirror to try and admire as much of his new body as possible. He didn't get the hourglass figure he'd hoped for, not that his breasts weren't impressive, they just had nothing on the weight and size of his butt. He certainly had plenty of junk in the trunk, there was no way his old jeans would fit over it now.

"I think it's done." He called, enjoying the musical lilt his voice now possessed.

Lacking any clothes that would fit he wrapped a towel around his new curvaceous frame and unlocked the door. Terry was standing there waiting for him, something grasped tightly in his fist which was swiftly hidden behind his back.

"Wow." He breathed, "You look...amazing."

"You think so?" Cameron blushed, "I feel amazing."

He wanted to say how right this body felt, how at home he already was in it but he bit his tongue. This was probably already weird enough right out of the gate. He didn't want to overwhelm his friend too quickly.

"I probably should have bought some clothes though, I don't think my jeans will fit anymore." He laughed.

He couldn't help but notice the way Terry's cheeks dusted pink as he giggled.

"Actually, I thought of that." He said, not meeting Cameron's eyes, "hang on."

He dashed off, returning from his bedroom a moment later with a bundle of fabric which he then unravelled to reveal a dress. It was white, with a sheer lace patterned with embroidered daisies that gave the outfit a pop of yellow. The bodice was tight but the skirt flared out in an almost retro style; it was girlish and beautiful. It took Cameron's breath away.

"I didn't know if it was too forward. But I thought you might like something...girly. I hope it fits! If you want it that is."

“I do.” Cameron responded instantly, taking the dress from his friend and holding it up against his body. The yellow complimented his brown hair perfectly.

He didn’t hesitate to rush back into the bathroom to put it on; there was a little space in the bodice since he lacked a bra but he would soon sort that out. He stood in space and twirled, enjoying the breeze between his legs and the feeling of soft fabric swishing against his skin. It was Heaven. Terry’s eyes lit up when he exited.

“You look beautiful.” He blurted out before turning red, Cameron just laughed.

He felt like he was walking on air and nothing could bring him down.

~

They decided to head over to the local shopping centre to get him a few more outfits, not to mention some underwear. Having his ugly, male boxers on under such a lovely dress felt like sacrilege, but at least nobody else could see them. They had just entered the mall when a familiar voice called out, their neighbour Darren.

“Hey Terry! Who’s the pretty lady?”

Cameron blushed.

“This is my friend from out of town.” Terry answered before suddenly becoming tongue tied.

“Daisy.” Cameron answered, loving the sound of the name on his tongue.

It was the name he’d used in RPGs for years whenever he played a female character, which was more often than not. Something about the name just felt right. Perhaps that is how Terry knew to get him a dress patterned with them.

“Lovely to meet you, Daisy.” Darren smiled, his eyes dipped over Cameron’s body and he couldn’t help but flush further.

Nobody ever checked him out.

“Yes well, sorry Darren but we have to go.” Terry cut in tersely, “I promised her we’d go shopping so, bye.”

Before Cameron could stop him, Terry had grabbed his hand and was dragging him toward the closest boutique.

“That was pretty rude.”

“He was being a leech.”

“I didn’t mind.”

“You should.”

Terry’s grip was iron and he dropped it with an apologetic smile when he saw Cameron wincing. The rest of the day went well; at first, he’d tried to hold back, only buying a few outfits, enough to last him the three weeks without blowing all his savings. But once he’d gotten started, he found it hard to stop. It was just too much fun to see this new body in so many new lights; slinky skirts, tight shirts, flowing dresses; there were simply too many options. Not to mention the colours; he soon found that almost any one suited him but he kept coming back to yellow. Maybe it was because of that dress Terry had gifted him but he found himself drawn to the brightness of it; for the first time in his life, Cameron wanted to stand out and be looked at.

To his surprise, Terry seemed to be having as much fun as he was, even chipping in for some high heels to go with his new dress. He’d tried to dissuade him but Terry was hearing none of it. It was when they were walking back to their apartment, Cameron enjoying his new heels, when he finally got up the courage.

“Do you think...would it be weird if you called me Daisy for the next few weeks while I’m like this?” He asked, “Cameron doesn’t really suit me.”

“Yeah, of course.”

“Thanks. It’s only temporary.”

Even as the words left his mouth, he wished it wasn’t.

~

The weeks passed far too quickly, perhaps it was because for the first time in her life; Cameron now Daisy, felt right. The name felt right, her body felt right, spending each day with Terry felt right. She told herself it was the bimbathryone talking, that the little butterflies in her stomach that formed when they sat together on the couch were just the drug talking. When it wore off and he changed back to being a man they would be gone; along with her happiness. Indeed, the bottle of pills had become a ticking time bomb in his mind. Each morning when she shook one free, she looked at their number dwindling. Now that she'd had a taste of it, she never wanted to let this body go. Going by she and Daisy had been frighteningly easy, another thing she'd blamed on the drug initially; but now it was obvious, Daisy wasn't an act, Cameron had been.

And as she reached the final days, with only two pills remaining she finally took the plunge. She and Terry were sprawled out across the couch, legs tangled together watching some garbage movie without really paying attention; the words burst forth suddenly, almost against her will.

"I want to order more."

"Pizza? You're still hungry?"

"No...the drug."

"Oh."

Terry's eyes were wide, his face a mess of emotions he was struggling to reign in and immediately Daisy felt she'd made a mistake.

"I'll find a new place, don't worry, and I'll explain to my family I just...this is me. I think this has always been me, deep down, I've just been trying to hide it."

She was suddenly aware of how intimate their position was and she shuffled back into the corner of the couch, legs tucked under her chin.

"You don't have to." Terry said after a moment, "This is your home too."

His voice was strained and Daisy flinched, he was trying to be nice.

“No, it’s okay. I know this must be weird for you but I hope when I move out we can still be friends.”

“I want to be more than friends.”

A ringing formed in her ears and she looked over to where Terry was sitting, eyes wide and palm slapped across his mouth. Those butterflies were back again and Daisy felt her emotions running wild; elation, trepidation, fear, joy, they were all mixing together and she didn’t know what to feel.

“I...I’ve had a crush on you for ages.” Terry finally confessed, looking away, “I thought...when I found the bim bathryone I thought maybe I’d have a better shot with you as a woman. Then I realised how selfish and dumb that was.”

Daisy swallowed.

“I’d be okay with that.” She whispered finally.

Terry was her best friend, more than a friend really. She wasn’t quite ready to say she was in love with him but there was no denying that he was the most important person in her life, not to mention the closest. Right now, he was looking at her with wonder and Daisy realised that if she spent each day with a man who saw her like that, she could die happy.

“You mean it?” He asked, slowly shuffling till they were sitting next to one another.

“I do. I think, maybe I have liked you as well but I was so caught up in this new body I didn’t have time to realise it.”

An awkward silence filled the air, with neither of them quite knowing how to proceed. Till finally Terry reached a hand up to cup her face.

“Can I kiss you?”

Daisy felt a soft smile tug at her lips.

“You’d better.”