

Enjoy Your Flight (Airplane Captain to Bimbo Stewardess TG)

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A Story Tier Prompt

Archer is a serious, self-important aeroplane captain who doesn't like any funny business on his commercial flights. But when his aircraft passes through a strange lightning storm, he finds his body changing more and more each flight, along with his mind. Soon, the new stewardess will find herself struggling not to let passengers join the mile high club with her.

Enjoy Your Flight

"This is your Captain Archer Loward speaking. I just want to welcome you aboard flight 221 heading to Hawaii today. It's an eleven hour flight from our destination and we will be going overnight. I just want to remind passengers that even though you're likely looking for a good time when you land, that this plane is no place for any funny business. Weather is looking a little patchy so there might be some turbulence. You will be fine, but don't act up as a result. Thank you."

Archer flicked off the comm switch and continued his flight path, leaving the rest to the stewardesses. He caught the sideways look of his co-pilot Erik.

"What?" he said in a surly voice.

"Nothing," the younger man said, throwing up his hands. "It's just . . . you could throw a joke in there. A little bit of warm welcome."

"I'm the pilot, not some vapid stewardess."

"First of all, pretty offensive to our lovely ladies - and men - running that side of the show. Second of all, this *is* part of our job still, Archer. We can't be a stick in the mud to our own customers."

Archer just rolled his eyes. "Let's focus on the flight and stop bantering. It's unprofessional anyway."

"You're the boss."

"You're right. I am."

And that was the final word on the subject, as far as Archer was concerned. He relaxed back into his seat, happy to have established authority. The man was in his early forties but often was mistaken for slightly older due to the grey hair at his temples and his thick black moustache. He looked as if he'd fallen out of the 1950's; a strong-willed dominant man with thick muscle and an even thicker skull when it came to understanding humour and relaxation. For him, it was all business, and the fact that commercial flights went to such lengths to 'entertain' passengers was a point of ridiculousness. Bad enough that a

stewardess had been found having sex with a passenger as part of the 'mile high club' last month. She'd been fired, of course, but only because he had been the one to file the complaint repeatedly and pull strings to get rid of her. It turns out everyone else was covering for her, Erik included.

"Just an ordinary flight," he said to himself. "No funny business."

He couldn't have been more wrong.

The storm was stronger than expected, and the forks of lightning amid the dark clouds were a vivid, almost unnatural purple. Archer may have been a total stick in the mud, but he was a damn good pilot. He worked in excellent synergy with Erik to adjust the flight pattern, keep his hands on the controls, and prevent the turbulence from getting too bad. His announcement to the passengers had been almost tactless, however, and it had been up to Erik to elaborate and reassure the near panicking group.

"Adjusting course further left," Archer said. "Nearly out of this patch. Keep your eyes on the instruments and tell me if anything goes outside expected parameters."

"Uhhh, captain?"

"Yes, is something out of the normal range?"

"Yeah - that!"

Archer looked up just in time to see a bright purple bolt of lightning hit the front of the plane. It was luminous and terrifying, crackling with energy. The instruments in the cabin suddenly went haywire, and others turned off completely. The purple lightning crackled visible across the flight panel before jumping past Erik's face and landing in his own lap. He howled in shock as the energy coursed through him . . . only to dissipate.

As quickly as it had come, the power surge was gone, and the instruments and panel and flight controls were working again.

"Are you okay?" Erik asked the shocked captain.

Archer took a moment to compose himself. "Get your head back in the game, co-pilot! Back on the instruments. We need to get out of here!"

There was an investigation, of course. The Airbus was pulled apart and examined and fixed up. Reports were made, questions asked, medical evaluations made. But at the end of it, Archer and Erik were cleared to return to their pilot and co-pilot chairs, both given a clean slate of health to keep on flying. It was a good thing too: one of the few things Archer

actually enjoyed was flying, though he preferred it to be perfectly silent, much to the chagrin of his chatty co-pilot.

And yet, he couldn't deny that something seemed a bit off when he returned to the captain's chair. Ever since the strange storm incident and the crackling purple lightning that had coursed into him he had been feeling oddly energetic. Borderline youthful, in fact. Sure, he was a very fit man, but there was a freshness to the energy that was unfamiliar to him, and it was matched by the fact that his wrinkle lines looked less obvious, his age less advanced. In fact, it wasn't until he examined himself in the mirror during the flight back to mainland America that he realised his grey temple hairs were gone: they were now all-black.

"Erik, so I look different to you?"

"Hm?"

"Do I look different to you? Younger, maybe?"

Erik examined him. "You look the same as ever, chief."

"But I used to have grey hair at my temples."

"Can't say I ever saw that, chief. You're a spry man in his late thirties. I imagine grey hairs are a while away yet."

Archer frowned. "I'm forty four, Erik."

"Are you sure? I could have sworn you were only thirty seven or something."

And that was that for the conversation. The flight continued as normal, but Archer couldn't avoid the odd sensations in his body, and occasionally had to excuse himself to the bathroom. His nipples in particular were quite sore, and it was difficult not to touch and rub them. His arms were looking thinner too, as were his thighs and waist. Perhaps the recovery after the lightning incident had been marked by less eating on his part? It was hard to remember.

"I'm sure I look, *like*, perfectly fine," he said. Then he shook his head. "I just said 'like', as if I were some dumb valley girl. Get your head in the game, *Archie*."

He didn't correct himself that time. He didn't even notice. For the rest of the flight he was more concerned with wringing his hands, which were certainly smaller and less callused, and trying to get Erik to notice that something was weird about him. But his co-pilot assured him that all was fine, and when he landed, the familiar stewardesses and stewards, as well as airport staff who knew him, didn't notice anything amiss.

"Hey everyone! This is, um, your captain speaking. I'm Archie. I mean, Archer. I'll be your captain today. We're heading up to Toronto - sorry, Ontario. It's going to be a really great

flight, I promise, and only five hours. A good sweet short one. Enjoy the films everyone! No turbulence expected!”

Archer flicked off the comm switch and wiped away his sweat. Why the hell had he spoken like that? And what the hell was wrong with him in general? His body had continued to change and was now noticeably quite younger. Hell, he looked to be in his early thirties, his dark hair turning light in colour and now going down to his chin in length. His nipples had become full and feminine looking, pink and perfect, and the flesh beneath them was starting to rise as if he were growing breasts. This was accompanied by a markedly thinner waist, wider hips, and overall softer features. His body, refined from long hours at the gym when he wasn't flying, was receding away into liveness.

And Erik didn't notice a damn thing. Instead, the fool simply put up his thumb.

“Nicely said, captain. Glad to hear you giving the crowd a nice boost up. I can't stand how some pilots are all business.”

“But - but I'm usually all business!” he protested, his voice squeaking up an octave by accident. Erik didn't even bat an eye in response.

“Nonsense, you're a bag of laughs, sir! Now let's get this bird going.”

Archer went along with it, scratching at his sore chest all the while. Something was deeply wrong: his licence listed him as only thirty three years old, and he looked increasingly like his younger brother that he'd never had - or worse, his younger *sister*. Even his cock was starting to feel strange, and he could have sworn it used to be bigger! The same for his balls too.

“*Like*, what is happening to me?” he mumbled to himself.

And then he did something he *never* did. He *giggled* out of nervousness.

With each flight, the changes continued. Archer tried to take time off, but quick leave wasn't easy to arrange, and something compelled him to keep going regardless. Even as his hair went down his shoulders (he couldn't bring himself to cut it, as it was starting to look rather pretty), and his body took on a lovely hourglass shape, no one noticed any changes. It was like reality was bending around his transformation, right down to his clothing: soon, a bra was manifesting in his wardrobes and cupboards and even on his person. As freaky as it was, it was probably a good thing though; his little breasts were growing faster and faster, going up a cup size each flight. They were presently B-cups, perky and modest, but he could already sense the promise of growth in them.

And *still* no one noticed the changes. When he approached doctors, they waved his concerns off, and soon they were even calling him *Miss Archie*, a name reflected in his

licence and all other documents. The figure in the little photograph looked to be a full woman, with gorgeous blue eyes and gorgeous blonde curls that were to die for. His own hair was now light brunette and heading to golden blonde, and a small part of him was excited for the change.

“No! No, I’m, like, totes not!” he whined to himself as he readied his feminine pilot’s suit prior to the flight. “I’m not excited about any of this. It’s, like, totally the pits!”

The fact that his capacity for language was changing was even worse. He was saying ‘like’ a lot, giggling like some bubble-headed bimbo, and even laughing and smiling at men’s jokes even when they weren’t funny. He was deferring by instinct more and more to Erik, and the worst shame came when he sat down in the pilot’s chair only for Erik to cough deliberately.

“Um, you’re in my seat, Archie. You’re the co-pilot, remember?”

‘Archie’ giggled in embarrassment and swapped seats. “I’m sooooo sorry, Erik! I guess I wasn’t thinking!”

Inside he was aghast, and yet something seemed oh-so-right about the arrangement. Having a big strong man like Erik in the pilot’s seat only seemed proper, especially since his body was feminising faster and faster.

“No problems, Archie. Just happy to have a lovely dame like you along for the ride!”

“Awww, shucks. You’re, like, such a gentleman, Erik.”

Inwardly, he realised he *meant* it. The changes to his mind were making him more sweet, more submissive, more willing to defer to men and hang on their opinions. When Erik kept glancing at his changing form - especially his now C-cup breasts pushing against his top - during the flight, a not insignificant part of him was especially flattered.

“This, like, can’t be happening,” he mumbled to himself.

But it was, and it was only getting worse with each flight. Archie’s penis reduced more and more in size, his figure became fully feminine, with wide babymakers for hips and gorgeously shapely legs. His breasts expanded to impressive D’s, then Double-D’s, and his hair became fully golden-blond with sweet curls in them. His outfits were now completely female wear, and they were incredibly comfortable. It was getting harder and harder to resist showing off his beautiful body and almost *desiring* to become a full woman. Reality already saw him as one, after all, and God knows that Erik, the other male pilots, and every male passenger on a given flight looked at him with lust in their eyes.

“Gawd, what if I end up, like, doing something really, really stupid?” he muttered to himself, his voice verging on a sultry soprano.

Archie turned up for a standard flight to Canberra. It was a long one, but there was something different about today. Not only had the mental changes gone further than ever and made the former male start thinking of herself as a *her*, female pronouns and everything, but her body truly was female now too. She'd woken to discover a pussy between her legs, perfectly formed and oh-so-sensitive as she soon found out. Dressed in her tight uniform, one that pulled well especially against her bust, she made her way onto the aircraft, little blue cap atop her head, and marched into the pilot's cockpit. Her mind was increasingly foggy and unfocused, and she waved happily to the other members of staff, stewards and stewardesses, as she stepped past them.

"Hi Archie!

"Good to see you Janet! Ohmigod, your hair looks soooooo amazing right now."

"Yours too! You're the nicest, Archie. Gonna hit the mile high club tonight?"

She giggled, finding the question ridiculous. But then again, it did make her lick her lips. The idea of a man fucking her, his hard cock entering her as they did it in a private stall, so taboo and so sexy and so . . .

"So, like, totes wrong!" she muttered to herself. "I'm, like, totally a man. I'm not even meant to be, like, only twenty three years old. I'm meant to be a . . ."

A pilot. But when she stepped into the cockpit, she saw that the two seats there were occupied: Erik in the pilot's seat, and a man whose badge named him as Robert in the co-pilot's. It was then that she realised the horrid truth: she was dressed not in a pilot's uniform, but that of a stewardess, cute little dress and cap and all. And she looked *fantastic* like that.

"Anything we can help you with, Archie?" Erik said.

She paused, frozen. The realisation was terrible, but the instinct to play her role was still there. She forced a sweet smile up. "Just want to see if there's anything I can do for you, cap!" she exclaimed.

"Sure, a coffee would be great."

"Right on it, sir!" she said, saluting ridiculously. She stormed off to go get one, feeling his eyes on her ass. She had to breath slowly and calm herself: her brain was already thinking about *other* things she could do for him.

As stewardess, Archie quickly found her place. Her mind was filled with the knowledge of what to do, how to speak to passengers, and all the right protocols. Better yet, the passengers *loved* her. The women adored her sweet and friendly manner, and the men liked her for more . . . obvious reasons. Her formerly male mind railed against this, trying to see it

as disgusting, trying to maintain her dignity. But it was impossible for her not to walk with a sexy sway in her hips, or to lean over seductively as she served them food and drink across the aisle, or to bite her lip and giggle when they flirted with her.

Of course, it all led to a climax, quite literally. As the long flight reached into the night, a particularly handsome man - a passenger who had identified himself as Harry - called her over for another coffee.

"Not sleeping, sir?" she asked him.

"I'm not one for sleeping on flights like these," he said. "Especially with such a fantastic view."

He grinned at her, and she giggled.

"I'm serious, babe. You're the best looking stewardess I've ever seen. Please tell me you're not married."

She was heading into dangerous waters, she knew, but his words were like honey to a fly. "Not married, sir. I don't, like, even have a boyfriend! Though I'd really, really like one. I get serious needs these days. I can't stand it!"

Archie cursed herself mentally, wishing she hadn't said such a ridiculous sentence. But instead the man just chuckled. "Well, I don't blame you with a body like that. I hope I'm not being too forward here, but we've gotten along every time you come by. If there's a free stall somewhere, maybe you and I could . . . ?"

He left the sentence hanging, and it took her bimbo-like brain longer than it should have to process his words. Images of this handsome man banging her, joining her in the mile high club and taking her new female virginity . . . it was too much for her aroused self. She tried to say no, to walk away, perhaps even to report him to the other stewardesses. But the need to play her new role in this reality was much stronger, and her resistance had already failed at every other point. She was no longer a stick in the mud, and she realised she no longer wanted to be. People liked her now, they liked talking to her, looking at her, and if this man meant what he said, soon they'd like having sex with her as well.

Archie took a deep breath, causing her uniform to strain against her beautiful Double-D's. She bit her lip, rubbed his hand with her own, then gestured for him to follow her.

"Right this way, sir," she said, barely suppressing a giggle. "There's a club we should both, like, totally join. I hear it's a super fun one."

"I do like a bit of fun," Harry said, following her down the aisle while most of the customers slept. As she opened up the stall and stepped in, her anticipation rose. He joined her, and soon after locking it the two were upon each other, and she was in sweet ecstasy.

"I I-like f-fun too, now," she moaned, as he began to grope and squeeze her breasts. She grabbed his cock while he pulled down her panties, and in moments he slipped himself

deep inside her. She whimpered in pure pleasure, so glad to have been changed by that storm.

“I think I’ll like having f-fun like this f-forever!”

It was a good thing too, because the sexy, horny stewardess was never changing back.

The End