

Digital Destiny - Part 3

By TheSpiralledEye

In a world run by a huge AI that predicts the compatibility of two individuals on a quantum level everybody simply waits to meet their perfect match, rather than wasting time dating. But for Victor things take a strange turn when he is paired with another, straight man. The AI refuses to believe he is wrong and so to 'fix' the problem, transforms Victor into a woman so he can be with his 'soul mate'.

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Victor woke feeling warm; that perfect cosy kind of warm that could lull him right back to sleep if he so wished. The blankets were wrapped around him firmly, almost holding him in place and comforting him like a hug. He sighed contently and snuggled deeper into them, ready to let himself drift off again when he noticed the blankets didn't actually feel like blankets at all. They felt like...arms.

As sleep slowly faded he realised they were arms; Charlie's. They were wrapped around his waist and chest, hugging him into the man's chest. Victor felt his face burn when he realised that Charlie's palm was perfectly cupping his breast. Beneath it, his heart pounded furiously. Obviously nobody had touched him there yet, even he had been hesitant to experiment. So now having a man's full hand grasping his breast was...a little overwhelming.

It felt nice though; he couldn't deny that. Charlie was holding him so tightly that getting out of the embrace without waking him was going to be impossible. He shifted slightly and Charlie groaned in his sleep, snuggling closer. It felt...nice, being held like that. Victor couldn't help but relax just a little. There was no harm in enjoying himself for a moment or two.

But then he started to feel something else, something distinct and hard between his ass cheeks. Victor felt his cheeks flush. No need to read into it; morning wood was perfectly natural, normal even. Especially if Charlie's body was feeling a woman laying beside him. Victor shifted again, trying to extricate himself but instead he felt the cock slide between his cheeks again, with only the nightgove keeping them apart.

It had been so long his body couldn't help but respond; warm wetness began to form between his legs and his mind began to wander. What would it be like to have sex like this? What would it feel like to cum as a woman, he'd heard the rumours that they could cum as

many times as they liked. That was enticing if nothing else. And Charlie was a handsome man, a man he got on well with. Maybe they could give it a try, be friends with benefits?

He shook his head, trying to get rid of the thoughts; the whole point of this was to show how wrong CogniPlex was. If he went and had sex now it would ruin everything, or at least his pride.

Charlie moved again and pressed his hips harder against Victor's ass and a little squeak escaped his lips. He had to get out of here. Throwing caution to the wind he jumped out of bed, ripping himself from the comfortable embrace so fast that Charlie jerked awake.

"Wha-uh? Victor what's...Oh." Charlie's face went from confused to horrified in a matter of seconds. "Oh God, I am so sorry I swear I was asleep I-"

"It's fine!" Victor replied in a pitch that was a lot higher than usual. "I'm going to shower and then we better get going, big day of travelling right? Yup. Okay...bye."

If the shame didn't kill him the embarrassment would.

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Pandora's box had been opened; now that Victor had entertained the idea of sex as a woman it was all he could think about. He was on his dream trip to Japan and he could barely pay attention as they wandered the beautiful gardens and temples on their day tour. All he could think about were the couples that surrounded them, all holding hands and leaning up against one another. How would it feel to hold Charlie's hand?

It didn't help that it was cherry blossom season; everywhere they went pretty pink petals danced around them in the air. It was like one of those romance anime he used to watch when he was a teenager and the association was not helping. By the time they reached the late afternoon he felt like a hot, horny mess and hiding it was bordering on impossible.

He hoped the cooking class they'd been signed up for would help but it seemed to do the opposite. Charlie was enraptured; hanging off the teachers every word and taking notes. His passion was infectious and Victor couldn't take his eyes off him. He looked so handsome and happy; Victor felt his heart begin to swell every time the other man smiled.

No matter how hard he tried he couldn't focus on the food in front of him, they were supposed to be making some simple pickles but Victor's hands were distracted and shaky. He cursed under his breath looking at the mangled slices of vegetable in front of him; he was too distracted to concentrate.

“Here, let me help.” Charlie smiled, moving behind and taking hold of Victor’s hands.

Victor felt heat creeping up his neck; his back was pressed against Charlie’s chest and those strong arms were around his shoulders. It was just like this morning in bed.

“Now grip the knife like this...and move forward as you chop.”

Charlie guided his hands, chopping the vegetables into perfect thin slices to pickle. But all Victor could focus on was the hot breath on his neck. There was no erection this time but he was keenly aware of the mound pressing against his ass. His breath quickened for a moment before the teacher said something in Japanese and they both froze.

It was then that Victor realised he and Charlie had been chopping air for a good minute.

They sprang apart, blushing profusely and went back to trying to prepare the dish. When it was finally done Victor didn’t taste a single bite.

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“What a day, I am beat.” Charlie flopped onto the bed.

Victor was as well, after all that walking and the various day tours he should have been ready to fall asleep; but his body was still too wired to even think about relaxing. Knowing he was about to climb back into bed with the object of his desires was...distracting to put it mildly.

“My feet are killing me, why did CogniPlex not pack me any flats?” Victor sighed, kicking off the heels with relief.

“Want some help?” Charlie smiled, sitting up and moving onto the floor.

Before Victor could protest he was on his knees in front of Victor with his feet in his hands, massaging them.

“Oh that’s nice.” Victor groaned.

“One of the plus sides to being a chef, I’m great with my hands.”

The double entendre was not lost on Victor who blushed, but ignored it. Was Charlie...flirting with him? Slowly, Charlie worked out the sore knots in Victor’s foot before moving to the other one, then those hands moved up to rub at his ankles and Victor’s breath caught in his throat.

Charlie was looking at him intensely now, almost asking permission or waiting for Victor to tell him to stop.

He didn’t.

The hand moved up his smooth leg, gently massaging the muscle there as it reached the hem of the dress, then slipped underneath it. Victor watched as Charlie’s throat bobbed.

“I...”

“You can keep going.”

He did, the hand stroked up against Victor’s inner thighs and Victor could feel himself getting hotter and wetter there. Charlie’s finger brushed against his panties and he couldn’t hold back a moan.

“This is a bad idea.” Charlie said thickly.

“Definitely. Don’t stop.”

Those fingers slipped into his panties and began to stroke and Victor opened his legs wider; it felt wonderful. He couldn’t help himself, he started to buck against Charlie’s digits, forcing them toward his hole until finally they slipped in and began to thrust.

Their eyes met as Victor panted, mouth in a perfect O as the pleasure began to grow and grow. It was different to being pleased as a man, somehow it felt so much more primal and overwhelming. He couldn’t bear it if Charlie stopped now. The man’s eyes were wide and filled with wonder; he obviously liked what he saw and Victor felt a sense of affection and confidence growing inside him. Charlie was looking at him as if he was the most exquisite creature on the planet and it felt good.

So good it was what pushed him over the edge. With a shudder he came, slicking Charlie's fingers with more juices before they withdrew. Leaving Victor with a wonderful afterglow and a horrible feeling of shame.

"Umm...That was...thank you." He stammered awkwardly.

"No problem." Charlie swallowed. "I...need to go take a cold shower."

With that he flew from the floor into the bathroom and locked the door. Not knowing what else to do Charlie changed and got into bed, listening to the shower running long past the point where the hot water would have run out. By the time Charlie finally came out; he was fast asleep.

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The next few days were awkward. Even the most simple of activities felt oddly romantic; walking through temples, riding roller coasters at the theme park, even just getting meals. What made it worse was just how easy it was to fall into quiet conversation.

Victor knew sparks were flying between them, especially Charlie. The man didn't have to tell him; it was obvious he had feelings for Victor. CogniPlex had been right about one thing, their chemistry was electric and now that the physical limitation was gone, there was nothing to stop that spark forming into strong romantic flames. It was the last day of their trip; now in Kyoto and they had one final temple to visit.

"Kiyomizu is incredible." Victor breathed, "I've read all about it back when I was planning this trip for myself, but...did they really have to put it on such a big hill."

His feet were killing him.

"You've had plenty of chances to buy new shoes if the heels were bothering you that much." Charlie pointed out and Victor blushed; he'd gotten so used to them he'd not even considered that.

In fact, after all his grumbling that first day, Victor hadn't bought a single new outfit for himself, instead opting for his feminine wardrobe. They just felt better on his body, wearing clothes that fit properly made being a woman all the more manageable.

“What’s that?” Charlie asked, pointing to a small temple off to the side where people were crowded about.

“Not sure, let’s go see.”

They made their way to the top and saw a number of people all buying charms and fortunes, as well as walking to touch a small boulder that had been placed in the middle of the path for some reason.

“Oh! I remember reading about this place, these are the Love Stone!” Victor grinned before blushing, “The idea is that you have to touch one, then close your eyes and walk in a straight line to the other one at the end of this street.”

He pointed through the crowd.

“If you make it, you’ll be lucky in love, or so they say.”

Charlie smiled.

“I’m surprised these sorts of things are still popular, with the matchmaking system and all.”

“Yeah...”

They stood to the side of the crowd for a while, watching a group of teenage girls take turns trying the challenge; giggling all the while. It was silly, just an old fable really, but Victor felt his chest pulling him toward the stone.

“Did you want to give it a go?” Charlie asked, instantly reading his mood.

“Yeah, why not.” He shrugged, trying to sound casual.

“I’ll wait for you at the end!”

Charlie jogged down to the other stone and Victor took a deep breath, placing his soft fingertips on the cool rock before closing his eyes. With his eyes closed his other senses seemed to intensify. He could hear the crowds milling around him and his heels clocking with

each step; his long dress skirt squished against his legs and for the first time Victor realised how right it felt. Perhaps right was the wrong word but it didn't feel *wrong*.

In fact, a lot of things about this trip had made him relax more. He liked spending time with Charlie, hell, he even liked their little moment of intimacy. Could it be possible, could he learn to live with the change CogniPlex had made?

He was so caught up in his thoughts; trying to figure out if he could actually make peace and be happy in the life the AI had made for him, that he forgot about walking straight.

“Woah!”

He smacked straight into something; not a cold rock but a warm body. Victor hadn't realised just how quickly he'd been moving, because he ran into Charlie with enough force that they tumbled to the ground, Victor landing on the man's chest leaving them both stunned. All around them people giggled and cheered and Victor couldn't help but giggle too.

“This is like a scene out of a cheesy romance film.” Charlie chuckled.

“Yeah, just without the kiss at the end.” Victor replied.

Both of them swallowed; Victor's curiosity was killing him and the fact that Charlie was obviously restraining himself didn't help. There was so much want in his eyes that Victor could feel it himself.

“Fuck it.” he whispered and leaned down to press their lips together.

It wasn't like the movies, where there were metaphorical fireworks flying but there was an indescribable sense of connection. They moved together perfectly, there was none of the awkwardness that he had come to expect from first kisses. Charlie's hand threaded through his long hair and pulled him closer and they started making out right there on the ground of the temple. Was that sacrilegious? Probably.

They pulled apart and Victor felt his face heat with embarrassment, glancing around at the small crowd that had gathered around them. Charlie cleared his throat.

“Um, I can't get up.” He whispered.

“Oh, sorry!” Victor sprang to his feet and offered Charlie a hand up.

They both straightened up their clothing awkwardly and shuffled to the side while members of the crowd giggled or gave them the stink eye. They walked as quickly as possible down and out of the temple ground, back into the little shopping district that surrounded it; it was only when they rounded the corner of a shop to hide that Victor realised they were holding hands.

Charlie looked at their entwined fingers, then to Victor and they both burst into laughter.

“Oh my gosh, I can’t believe we just did that!”

“We’re on somebody’s feed for sure.”

“Without a doubt.”

They giggled some more before Charlie’s face turned serious.

“Sorry, I know you don’t like being a woman, but I can’t help but be attracted to you. The fact that we get on so well...”

“No, Charlie. I feel the same way.” Victor sighed, “Sort of awkward to know that my body really was the only thing in the way of us being soulmates.”

“Yeah...”

The unasked question hung in the air; was his old, male body worth giving up Charlie? The answer had been obvious just a few weeks ago but now Victor felt genuinely conflicted. He reached up and ran a hand over Charlie’s cheek, feeling the bristle of stubble there.

“Let’s go back to the hotel.”

The taxi back was a blur, as was the walk and elevator ride. It was as if his brain had stopped functioning entirely in anticipation for their return and the moment the door closed, Charlie was on him.

They tumbled down onto the bed, laughing breathlessly as they kissed and explored one another’s bodies without hesitation. Victor was surprised how much he enjoyed the solid feeling of a man above him; that had always been him in the past, this new point of view was thrilling!

He laid back and enjoyed taking it easy; Charlie kissed the arch of his neck, his face and his shoulders over and over as he slowly removed their clothes. Even though Victor knew he'd been driving the man crazy in this body Charlie wasn't rushing; he was savouring every moment, kissing every new bit of skin revealed and touching Victor gently.

Loving, that was the word. Without words Victor could tell that Charlie wanted him to know this was more than physical. They were both naked now and their eyes met, understanding passed between them; it was the most intimate 'I love you' Victor had ever experienced. Followed immediately by the most intense pleasure he'd ever experienced.

There was something indescribably good about being penetrated; there was a twinge of pain that heightened the intense pleasure of his inner walls being stretched and filled as Charlie entered him. His back arched instinctually and he moaned.

"That is the sexiest damn sound ever." Charlie groaned as he began to thrust. "Oh God, I have been imagining what you would feel like for weeks."

"I hope I'm living up to your expectations." Victor moaned, nipping at the shell of Charlie's ear.

"Exceeding them>"

There was no more talking after that. Just moans and gasps of pleasure as they gave into their primal urges. Victor could feel the orgasm building and the anticipation only made things feel that much better. Charlie was wrapped around him, their bodies flush as his thrusts turned fast and short.

"I...I...Ahhhhhh!"

The ecstasy washed over him like a wave, filling his limbs entirely as his whole body tightened then released. That was all it took for Charlie to follow suit as well and they both rode the high together before finally shuddering and laying still.

Victor enjoyed the afterglow and the feeling of a man laying atop him; he could feel Charlie softening inside him as he stroked his fingernails up and down the man's back. That was just the first time they'd had sex too, there were so many other positions to try out, not to mention other acts for them to try. Yeah, maybe he could get used to this.

