

# TRANSFORMATION CHOCOLATES

## An Easter Special - Part 1 of 2

*A gender transformation story by JohnManTD*

"Here you go, darling."

Janet held out a foil-wrapped chocolate Easter bunny. It was dark chocolate, ninety percent cacao, and completely sugar-free. Gross.

I stared at the depressing lump of healthy cocoa in my stepmom's hand. "Uhh," I grumbled, not reaching for it.

"Henry, say thank you!" my dad snapped from across the kitchen island.

I looked up, plastering on a fake smile. "Uhh, thanks, Janet."

My dad sighed, rubbing his temples, looking profoundly disappointed. "You can call her Mom, Henry. They've been living with us for almost a year now."

"Oh no, it's fine," Janet said quickly, her voice dripping with that aggressively accommodating tone she always used. "Janet is completely okay."

"Yeah, but Kaley calls me Dad," he pointed out.

Kaley, my eighteen-year-old stepsister, leaned against the fridge in her tight yoga pants and smirked at me. "Yeah, because we're a family now."

I rolled my eyes, pushing my stool back and standing up. I was nineteen, stuck living at home for another year before starting community college, and my tolerance for this manufactured family dynamic was at absolute zero.

"Where are you going?" my dad asked. "We have our Easter lunch reservation soon!"

"I'm not hungry," I said, grabbing the dark chocolate bunny. "But thanks for the bunny, guys."

"We really think you should come with us," Janet pleaded gently. "We booked a table for four at that new vegan bistro."

"I uhh... I'm not feeling well," I lied smoothly. "Think I'm coming down with something."

My dad's face immediately darkened with annoyance, but Janet placed a manicured hand on his arm. "It's okay, Steven. He doesn't need to join us if he's sick."

"Thank god," Kaley muttered under her breath.

Janet turned and scolded her daughter, but I was already walking away. "Cool, enjoy lunch guys. See ya."

I headed upstairs to my bedroom. For almost eighteen years, it was just me and my dad against the world. We ate takeout, watched sports, and lived like bachelors. Sure, women had come and gone in his life, but he was always so preoccupied with work and raising me that he never seemed to hold down a relationship. That worked for me.

But ever since his early retirement after selling the company, he'd had a lot more free time to date. Then Janet and Kaley moved in a year ago, and everything went to hell. Janet was a health guru. She swapped out real bacon for rubbery veggie strips. All the good snacks were replaced with bland, low-calorie cardboard. Both of them were the absolute epitome of fitness, completely obsessed with keeping their systems pure. I always figured they were just compensating for their total lack of curves. Is that why women with absolutely no hips and flat, bony chests tend to be such crazy fitness freaks?

I tossed the healthy, low-calorie Easter bunny straight into my garbage can. No thank you. A few minutes later, I heard my dad yell a final goodbye. The front door shut. I looked out my window and watched his car back out of the driveway and disappear down the street.

Ahhh. The house to myself. Finally. It felt like I was never alone in this place anymore.

I immediately pulled out my laptop, set it on my bed, and grabbed a bottle of lube and some tissues from my nightstand. I sat down, ready to browse my favorite NSFW subreddits and finally get some release.

But just as I opened my browser, I heard a car pull into the driveway, followed instantly by the doorbell ringing.

Ugh. Did they forget their keys or something?

I groaned, tossing the lube aside, and trudged downstairs. I looked through the peephole but saw absolutely nothing. Weird. I opened the front door. The porch was empty. But then I looked down and saw a rectangular package sitting on the welcome mat. I picked it up, assuming Kaley had ordered more expensive organic makeup. But the label caught my eye. It was addressed directly to me.

Huh? I never ordered anything.

I took the heavy box up to my room and sat on my bed. I ripped the brown paper away to reveal a sleek, black box with elegant gold lettering on the top.

"The Chocolate Eggs of Transformation."

What the fuck? I pulled the top cover off. Inside, nestled in individual little paper cups, was a massive assortment of chocolate eggs. They ranged from dark to milk to white chocolate, all arranged in perfectly neat rows. There had to be at least a hundred of them. At first, I thought my dad might have secretly ordered me some real, premium Easter candy since he knew I hated Janet's healthy crap. But there was no nutrition label anywhere, no brand name, and the box looked way too expensive for my dad's budget. Maybe it was delivered to the wrong address by mistake?

My stomach gave a loud grumble. Whatever, chocolate is chocolate.

I decided to try one. I reached into the center and pulled out a milk chocolate egg. I noticed a small symbol printed on the bottom of the paper cup it had been sitting in. It read "+m".

Huh. Is that the flavor or something? Macadamia? Mocha?

I popped the chocolate into my mouth and chewed. Damn, it was incredibly sweet. Rich, creamy, and absolutely delicious. I swallowed it down, licking the lingering cocoa from my lips.

I looked down at the box, ready to eat another one. I reached for a second milk chocolate egg, this one sitting above a label that read "+h". But right before I put it in my mouth, a bizarre, intense tingling sensation washed over my entire body.

What the fuck?

I looked down at my hand holding the chocolate. Then my eyes widened as I stared at my

forearm. The skin was literally rippling. The muscle beneath was shifting, bubbling, and expanding right before my eyes. Am I tripping? Were these LSD chocolates? I dropped the egg onto my mattress and scrambled to my feet. My whole body felt insanely hot and tight.

I rushed over to my full-length mirror and ripped off my t-shirt. I gasped out loud. My chest, normally flat and unathletic, was swelling outward. Thick, dense slabs of pectoral muscle inflated under my skin. My biceps bulged, growing round and hard. I watched in absolute, paralyzed shock as my core tightened, the fat melting away instantly to reveal a deeply etched, rock-hard six-pack. My shoulders broadened, stretching my frame until I looked completely ripped.

What the actual fuck!

I reached up and squeezed my own bicep. It was like grabbing a block of solid granite. It was so incredibly odd. I ran my hands over my new, washboard abs, feeling the deep grooves of muscle. I sprinted back to the box of chocolates. Could they have been drugged? Steroids on steroids? I grabbed the lid I had tossed aside. Taped to the inside of the cover was a small, printed key. It explained exactly what each of the labels meant.

I found the "m" on the list.

M = Muscles.

No. This is impossible. This is literal magic. But I flexed my arm again, watching the massive bicep peak perfectly. It was not impossible. It was happening. I somehow had a box of literal transformation chocolates.

I looked down at the egg I had dropped on the bed. It had a faint "+h" etched right into the chocolate shell. I checked the key.

H = Height.

So if I eat this, my height increases? My heart pounded against my newly massive chest. I snatched the egg up and popped it into my mouth, chewing frantically and swallowing.

A loud cracking sound echoed in my ears. My spine stretched. My legs lengthened. The world around me literally shifted downward as my perspective rose higher and higher. The growing pains were intense but deeply satisfying. I stumbled back to the mirror. I had gone from an

average five-foot-ten to a towering, imposing six-foot-two. My sweatpants rode up slightly on my newly elongated calves.

"My god," I whispered, admiring my towering, hyper-muscular physique. "This is incredible!"

I ran back to the box and read the key hungrily. There were so many options. T meant tits. G meant genitals. B meant butt. L meant libido. S meant sex. W meant weight. A meant attractiveness. E meant experience, which I correctly guessed meant age.

There was also a special section at the bottom. The few white chocolate eggs in the corner were labeled "c", which stood for Clear. The key explained they acted as a complete reset. Just to test it out, I grabbed a white egg and ate it. A wave of cold washed over me. I watched in the mirror as my massive muscles deflated and my height shrank back down until I was just plain, scrawny, five-foot-ten Henry again.

I looked down at the box and groaned. I just wasted one of my white eggs. Fuck. I quickly took count. There were ten transformation types, each with ten eggs total. That meant I only had nine clear eggs left to reset myself, nine height eggs, and nine muscle eggs.

Who the hell sent these to me? I guessed it really didn't matter. What matters right now is that I held the ultimate power in my hands, and I had the entire house to myself for at least two hours.

What should I do? My teenage brain raced with the possibilities. I could increase my age, boost my attractiveness, pack on muscles, and go out to buy a ton of alcohol right now. Wait, I didn't have a fake ID that would match an older face. Still, if I acted confident and looked hot enough, I could definitely get a drink at a bar. I could pick up some total hotties and fuck them blind!

But my family would be home soon. I couldn't bring back older babes here. There just wasn't enough time to go out.

I looked down at the "s" chocolates. A wicked, incredibly perverse idea popped into my head. What if I changed my sex? What if I became a woman, used the other chocolates to turn myself into an absolute hottie, and then recorded myself? I could make the most insane, personalized porn videos, change back, and use them to jerk off later! It was the perfect, risk-free way to test the limits of the eggs.

Still shirtless and wearing just my grey sweatpants, I grabbed a handful of specific chocolates and ran into the adjoining bathroom. My heart was pounding out of my chest with pure adrenaline. I stood in front of the sink, popped the "+s" chocolate into my mouth, and swallowed.

The shift was completely wild. I stared at my reflection as my jawline softened instantly. The coarse stubble on my chin vanished, replaced by smooth skin. My shoulders narrowed slightly. But the end result wasn't exactly a bombshell. I just looked like a female twin of my normal self. I had incredibly small, flat breasts that barely registered under my skin. My waist pinched in slightly, and my hips widened just a fraction, feeling distinctly different and strange. I had noticeably less muscle mass, even though I was already pretty thin to begin with.

I stared at the girl in the mirror. I opened my mouth and tested my voice. "Hello?"

It sounded so girly. A soft, slightly raspy feminine pitch. Wow, this is so weird. I reached up and grabbed my tiny new boobs, kneading the small mounds of flesh. A sharp jolt of electricity shot straight down to my crotch. It felt insanely hot. I felt a deep, wet twitch between my legs. I reached down, slipping my hand past the waistband of my sweatpants. I expected to feel my dick, but my fingers brushed against nothing but soft, incredibly damp lips.

Wow. That's so fucking crazy.

But I was not nearly hot enough for my video. With a total smirk on my pretty new face, I grabbed the rest of the chocolates I had brought in.

First, I ate the "+e" experience egg. A sudden wave of maturity washed over my features. I watched myself age up from a teenager to a woman in her mid-twenties. The baby fat left my cheeks, giving me striking, sharp cheekbones and a deeply womanly aura.

Next, I ate an "+a" attractiveness egg. The shift was subtle but completely mind-blowing. My hair rapidly grew out, cascading down past my shoulders in thick, luscious brown waves. My lips plumped up, turning a deep, natural pink that looked permanently bruised from kissing. My eyes seemed to get larger and more alluring. My entire body reshaped itself perfectly, smoothing out into the flawless proportions of a high-fashion model.

I grabbed a "+b" butt chocolate and popped it in. I quickly stripped my sweatpants leaving me in just my boxer briefs. The sensation in my lower half was intense. I felt a heavy, stretching

pressure as my hips flared out violently. My ass cheeks ballooned backward, expanding into massive, perfectly round, incredibly sexy spheres of jiggling fat. I turned to the side, looking over my shoulder at the mirror, and reached back to grab my own gigantic ass. My hands sank deep into the incredibly soft, heavy flesh. Wowee.

Finally, I picked up a "+" chocolate. I ate it and watched my chest intensely. My tiny, non-existent chest began to swell, pushing outward and filling with heavy, jiggling fat. They ballooned out quickly, stopping at what looked like a pair of profoundly plump, overflowing funbags. They were heavy enough to pull my posture forward slightly, the pale skin stretching taut over the sudden volume. I guessed one chocolate equated to a massive, undeniable handful of pure breast tissue.

I grabbed my newly heavy globes and kneaded them furiously. The sensitivity was completely off the charts. Every squeeze sent a hot spike of pure lust straight down to my wet pussy. My nipples hardened instantly, jutting out like stiff, greedy pebbles begging for friction. I got incredibly turned on by my own reflection. I pulled a dirty, slutty face in the mirror and spoke aloud.

"Oh yeah, big boy Henry, fuck my big titties! That's right, sexy stud."

I started laughing at the total absurdity of the situation, but hearing that incredibly seductive, feminine voice say those dirty words was turning me on more than anything I had ever experienced. I considered eating a few more chocolates, but decided against it. I didn't want to be some heavily muscled, towering Amazonian freak just yet, and I absolutely shuddered at what the genitals egg might do to my current flawless female state.

I walked back into my bedroom, my huge ass jiggling heavily with every step, and set my phone up on my desk to record. I threw on a tight white tank top that completely squashed my new, heavy breasts together, creating a massive, deep valley of cleavage that looked ready to burst.

I hit record and started acting out my erotic scene. I strutted in front of the camera, popping my wide hips and showing off my cleavage in the sluttiest way possible. I slowly pulled the tank top over my head, tossing it aside, and stood completely topless. I grabbed my heavy mounds of flesh, pushing them together, rolling my thumbs over my stiff, aching nipples for the camera. I turned around, sticking my massive, heavy ass out, and gave it a loud, wet slap

that sent ripples of fat bouncing everywhere. All the while, I kept talking filthy, dirty praise to the camera, pretending I was seducing the male version of myself.

I eventually figured I had probably recorded plenty of material. I walked back toward my phone to stop the recording. I was fully planning to grab a clear egg, change back to normal, and jerk my cock to the masterpiece I just created.

But as I reached for the phone, I looked down at my baggy boxer briefs. A massive wet spot had soaked completely through the front fabric. My female body was absolutely raging with hormones.

Without really thinking about it, I slipped my hand into the boxers and tentatively touched my own soaking wet pussy.

It felt so incredibly good.

I slowly pushed a single finger past my slick lips and slid it deep inside my own tight, burning hole.

My knees instantly buckled. "Oh god."

The sensation was completely overwhelming. It was a deep, aching fullness that sent a nuclear blast of pleasure straight to my brain. I collapsed onto the floor right in front of the recording phone. I spread my legs wide, ripping my boxers down to my knees, and shoved a second finger inside. I started pumping my fingers relentlessly, my head thrown back, moaning loudly into the empty house.

But two fingers weren't nearly enough. My body was begging, screaming to be stretched and filled by something huge.

I scrambled to my feet, my chest heaving, and ran entirely naked out of my bedroom. I sprinted down the stairs, my massive ass bouncing wildly, and tore into the kitchen. I ripped open the fridge crisper drawer and found exactly what I needed. A massive, thick, green zucchini Janet had bought at the farmer's market.

I grabbed it and sprinted back up the stairs, my pussy practically dripping a trail onto the carpet.

I dropped back onto the floor in front of my phone. I laid on my back, pulling my knees all the way back to my chest, completely exposing my soaking wet, gaping pink slit to the camera lens. I gripped the thick end of the zucchini and positioned the rounded tip right against my entrance.

I pushed down hard.

"Fuuuuck!" I screamed as the thick vegetable breached my tight ring of muscle.

It stretched me to my absolute limit. I slowly forced it deeper and deeper, gasping for air as it filled my empty, aching void completely. It was so incredibly hot. I started fucking myself with brutal, relentless force. I pulled the zucchini almost all the way out, letting the cold skin drag against my highly sensitive walls, and then slammed it back down to the hilt.

"Yes! Fuck me! Oh god, it feels so good!" I shrieked, my girly voice breaking into a squeal of pure ecstasy.

I reached up with my free hand and grabbed my right breast, pinching and twisting the stiff nipple while I pounded my pussy mercilessly. The pleasure was building in my lower belly like a coiled spring of pure fire. I was completely lost in the sensation, a slave to the intense female biology coursing through my veins. The wet slapping sounds of my heavy thighs hitting my massive ass cheeks echoed in the room.

"I'm gonna cum!" I moaned loudly, my hips bucking wildly upward to meet every brutal downward thrust of the zucchini. "I'm cumming! Oh fuck!"

The orgasm ripped through me like a physical explosion. My back arched completely off the floor. My vaginal walls clamped down viciously around the thick vegetable, spasming and milking it with violent, rhythmic contractions. A hot flood of slick nectar gushed from me, soaking my hand and the carpet. I screamed, my toes curling, completely paralyzed by the most mind-bending, earth-shattering orgasm of my entire life.

I laid there on the floor for a long time, my chest heaving, completely exhausted and incredibly satisfied. I finally pulled the slick zucchini out of my ruined pussy and reached up to stop the recording on my phone. This was going to be a very, very fun video to watch later.

I grabbed my sweatpants and a random t-shirt and threw them on. They barely fit my new

sexy body. The sweatpants clung desperately to my massive ass, and my huge tits completely stretched out the fabric of the shirt.

Suddenly, I heard the distinct sound of a car pulling into the driveway.

Shit! It's already been two hours! They're back from lunch!

I looked down at my huge, swinging breasts and wide hips. They absolutely cannot find me looking like a hot twenty-five-year-old woman! I sprinted to the box of chocolates, grabbed a white clear egg, gave my soft chest one last, desperate squeeze goodbye, and popped it into my mouth.

I grabbed the dripping wet zucchini and ran out the door. As I sprinted down the stairs, the cold wave washed over me. I felt my height shrink back down. My massive ass deflated, and the heavy weight on my chest vanished entirely. By the time I reached the kitchen, I was completely back to normal, scrawny, male Henry.

I wiped the zucchini off with a paper towel and shoved it back into the crisper drawer just as the front door handle jiggled.

My dad, Janet, and Kaley walked into the hallway.

"Oh hey guys," I said, trying to catch my breath and act completely normal. "How was lunch?"

"It was good," my dad said, hanging his keys up. "How was your day? Feeling any better?"

"Yeah, I'm feeling a lot better," I said.

"Good, honey," Janet smiled warmly.

"What's for dinner?" I asked, trying to steer the conversation away from me.

"You're hungry?" my dad asked, raising an eyebrow. "You should have come with us!"

"It's okay, dear," Janet said, walking into the kitchen and opening the fridge. She turned to me with a bright smile. "I'm making low-carb zucchini fritters tonight!"

She reached into the crisper drawer and pulled out the exact same zucchini that was, just minutes ago, buried deep inside my soaking wet pussy.

My stomach violently turned. I almost gagged right there on the kitchen tiles.

"Does that sound good?" Janet asked, holding the contaminated vegetable up.

I already hated her bland zucchini fritters, let alone ones seasoned with my own female juices.

"Uhh... sounds great. I'm gonna go rest a bit more."

I practically ran back upstairs to my room and shut the door. Holy shit. What an absolute rollercoaster of a day.

I sat on my bed, and my normal male cock instantly got rock hard at the thought of what I had just done to myself. I definitely decided to watch that video later tonight and save it forever.

I looked over at the black box of chocolates sitting on my desk. I thought about Janet and Kaley. I thought about how totally miserable they made the food in this house. If they weren't such obsessive health freaks, I could actually eat some good food for once.

And then a truly devious idea hit me.

I grabbed the box of chocolates with a wicked grin. I took the box downstairs and started getting mixing bowls and flour out of the pantry while Janet was busy prepping dinner.

"What are you doing, Henry?" Janet asked, wiping down the counters.

"I'm making brownies for dessert," I said smoothly. "As a sorry for missing the Easter lunch."

Janet's face immediately fell. "Oh, Henry, that's sweet, but the sugar content in brownies is just astronomical..."

"Let the boy bake, Janet," my dad cut in from the living room, clearly not wanting to discourage me when I was finally showing some hospitality to his new wife and stepdaughter.

Janet paused, then forced a smile. "You're right. That's so kind of you, Henry. Thank you."

I opened the sleek black box of chocolates on the counter. My dad walked in and whistled.

"Those look fancy."

"They're the core ingredient of the brownies," I said, keeping a straight face.

***To be continued in part 2***