

TRANSFORMATION CHOCOLATES

An Easter Special - Part 2 of 2

A gender transformation story by JohnManTD

I couldn't sit still. I was lying on my bed tossing a ball up and down against my wall just waiting for dessert when everyone can try my special brownies. Time moved agonizingly slow. Should I experiment with more eggs to pass the time?

"Henry! Dinner time!" Janet called out.

Well, guess it's time.

I headed downstairs and the first thing I saw were my brownies, out of the oven and cooling perfectly on the kitchen counter. I had made four large squares. Two for me and my dad, made with absolutely normal baking chocolate from the pantry. And two incredibly special ones for Janet and Kaley. I had used icing to write our names on each square so there wouldn't be any mix-ups.

I joined the family at the table. Janet served the gross zucchini fritters. I literally could not believe they were chewing on the vegetable I had used as a dildo. When nobody was looking, I quickly slipped my fritters under the table to the dog so I didn't have to eat them. I just wanted dinner to hurry the fuck up so I could enact my plan.

The conversation was light and boring. Finally, Kaley pushed her plate away and started to get up.

"Wait," Janet said, placing a hand on her daughter's arm. "Henry made us something."

I smiled, standing up and grabbing the plate of brownies from the counter. I set them down in the middle of the table. "I know I haven't been the most welcoming lately. So consider this an official welcome to the family gift for Easter."

Kaley eyed the thick, fudgy squares suspiciously. "Are they healthy?"

"Now Kaley, honey," Janet scolded softly. "Henry made these special for us."

"No, it's okay," I lied flawlessly. "I actually made different versions. For me and Dad, we have

the full sugar, horrible ones. But for you guys, I used a special low-calorie, zero-sugar recipe I found online. They're totally healthy."

Janet literally beamed at me. "Thank you, darling. That is so thoughtful."

Kaley also muttered a quick thank you. We all reached out and grabbed our designated brownies.

My heart was pounding like a jackhammer. I had crushed up and mixed several specific eggs into both of their squares. I couldn't wait to see the results.

We all took a big bite.

"Wow, Henry, these are actually yum," Kaley said, chewing happily.

"What chocolate did you use?" Janet asked.

"Just this fancy Easter brand I bought today," I said casually.

"Yeah, I saw the box," my dad chimed in. "It looks really premium."

We all munched down, finishing our desserts quickly. After she swallowed her last bite, Janet wiped her mouth with a napkin and looked at me.

"Thank you again, Henry, this really means a..." Janet paused mid-sentence. Her eyes widened, and she dropped her napkin.

"What's wrong, honey?" my dad asked, leaning forward with concern.

"I don't know," Janet gasped, pushing her chair back and standing up quickly. She gripped her flat stomach. "I just... I feel... really weird."

Suddenly, a loud ripping sound echoed in the dining room. The buttons on Janet's sensible silk blouse strained to their absolute limit. Her chest was expanding rapidly. The fabric tore open, revealing a plain white bra that was failing miserably to contain the massive, swelling fleshy globes pouring out of it.

She groaned loudly, clutching her ballooning breasts. Kaley and my dad stared in absolute shock.

"What the fuck!" Kaley shrieked. But then she stumbled backward, grabbing the edge of the table. "Oh god... I feel weird too!"

I watched in pure delight as Kaley's tight yoga top began to stretch aggressively. Her tiny sports bra snapped instantly. Her flat chest ballooned outward, expanding rapidly into massive, heavy swinging udders. I had specifically used two breast eggs in each of their brownies just to make sure they got incredibly huge.

I just sat there and smiled, but my dad was completely losing his mind. "What is going on!!" he yelled, jumping out of his chair.

But the show wasn't over. Next, Janet and Kaley both cried out as their hips popped and flared outward with brutal force. Their yoga pants ripped at the seams as their tiny, athletic butts expanded into gigantic, shelf-like cushions of fat.

Not only that, but their bodies and faces began to morph gracefully thanks to the attractiveness eggs I threw in. Their features softened, their hair grew shinier, and they looked like absolute pornstars within seconds. And lastly, though nobody would notice it immediately, I knew the single libido egg I slipped into their mix was starting to completely rewrite their brain chemistry.

While the two women were panicking over their massive new curves, I looked over at my dad to see his reaction.

But he wasn't looking at them anymore. He was standing completely rigid, gripping his own head like it was splitting open.

I frowned, confused. Suddenly, my dad's button-down shirt tightened dramatically around his arms. His biceps inflated, ripping through the cotton sleeves.

What the fuck? I panicked.

That wasn't all. He groaned loudly as he grew several inches taller, his spine cracking. And then, horrifyingly, his chest began to push outward. He was growing boobs! Solid, fleshy mounds pushed against his ruined shirt. He frantically ripped the torn fabric off, exposing his newly muscular, hairy male chest that now sported two very prominent, heavy breasts.

"What??" I yelled, jumping up. "What happened? Did you eat those chocolates?"

"Chocolates?" my dad gasped, gripping his new tits in absolute shock. "What?"

"The fancy chocolates!" I repeated frantically.

"I saw you forget to use your fancy chocolate in our brownie mix, Henry," my dad gasped, his voice already sounding deeper, more resonant as his chest continued to heave. "I added a few of the extra ones from the box when you went to the bathroom. I thought you were just being stingy with the good stuff."

"You did WHAT?!" I screamed, the sound echoing in the dining room.

My heart hammered against my ribs, but it wasn't just fear. It was the sensation of change. I looked down at my own body and my vision blurred for a second. My shirt was suddenly too small. I felt the fabric of my t-shirt grow tight across my shoulders, the seams groaning as my deltoids flared out. My biceps surged, pushing against the cotton sleeves until they simply gave way, ripping open to reveal thick, corded muscle. I felt a sudden, sharp growth spurt that sent a jolt of vertigo through my head. I looked down and my feet were further away from the table. I was hitting at least six foot two, maybe more.

But then the weight came.

It was a heavy, sagging pressure right on my chest. I looked down and watched in absolute horror as two distinct mounds of flesh began to push out from beneath my shirt. They weren't just pectorals. They were soft, heavy, and undeniably feminine. I felt my nipples grow large and sensitive, rubbing against the rough fabric of my shirt with every frantic breath I took.

"Oh god, oh god," I whimpered, my voice sounding more mature, more masculine, yet vibrating with the weirdness of it all. I ripped my shirt off, standing there, staring at my own body. I was a mountain of muscle, a fucking stud with a rock-hard six-pack and arms like tree trunks, but I had a solid pair of plush funbags sitting right on top of my chest.

"Henry?" my dad croaked.

He was huge now, towering over me, his face more handsome and rugged than I'd ever seen it, but he was staring down at his own new breasts with wide, terrified eyes. The two women didn't even notice us as they ran to the bedroom for privacy together, leaving me and my dad alone in the wreckage of the dining room.

"What happened?" my dad yelled, his voice a booming baritone, his hands frantically groping his own cleavage. "How is this possible?"

I took a deep breath, trying to steady my racing thoughts. "Dad, look at me. Just listen. Let me explain. Those chocolates... they're special. They aren't normal Easter eggs. Each one is a literal transformation. The labels on the bottom of the cups? They tell you what they do."

My dad's face went from shock to a simmering, dangerous anger as he realized what I'd done. He looked toward the hallway where the sounds of Janet and Kaley's panic were still echoing from the bedroom. "You were going to change them? On purpose?"

"It's reversible, Dad!" I yelled, holding my hands up. "I swear! The white ones! They're the clear eggs. They reset everything back to normal. I was just... I was just tired of the health guru bullshit! I figured if they were actually hot, if they had some real curves, they'd stop being so obsessed with being skin and bone! I just wanted things to be normal again!"

My dad paused. The anger didn't leave his face, but it was joined by something else. A flicker of curiosity. He looked down at his own new muscles, flexed his massive, boulder-like arm, and then tentatively reached up and squeezed one of his own new breasts.

"Reversible?" he asked, his voice low.

"Yes! Completely! We just eat a white egg and we're back to being boring old us," I said, feeling a wave of relief. "Please don't be mad."

My dad didn't say anything for a long moment. He ran into the kitchen to read the box of chocolates and all the labels on the inner lid. He came back holding it, a strange, intense look in his eyes.

"So let me get this straight," my dad said, his voice dropping into a conspiratorial whisper.

"You've just given my new wife massive knockers, a big ass, and a more attractive appearance? Along with your stepsister? And it's all reversible whenever we want?"

I blinked, waiting for the punishment. "Yeah. I'm grounded aren't I."

"Grounded?" my dad said, his eyes narrowing as a smirk began to tug at his lips. He thought for a moment. "Maybe... maybe you're right, Henry. This could be for the best. I mean, they're improved, aren't they?"

I was speechless. My jaw literally dropped. "Wait... are you on my side?"

"I've been sneaking out for smokes and burgers for a year, Henry," he said, stepping closer and clapping a massive, heavy hand on my shoulder. "I'm sick of the zucchini fritters too. And if they're this much hotter now? Maybe we don't tell them it's reversible. At least not yet. We could tell them the brownies were magic, that they transformed us all, and we don't know how to reverse it. It could be fun."

I felt a surge of adrenaline. For the first time since the wedding, I felt like my dad and I were actually a team again. "But Dad, look at us! We're huge! And we have tits! We're enhanced men with boobs!"

My dad looked at me, a wicked glint in his eyes. He reached into the box, his fingers hovering over the eggs. He snatched out one of the 'S' eggs and tossed it to me. He grabbed another one for himself. He winked at me, a grin on his face.

"All of us were transformed into hot women, Henry," he said with a wink.

I caught the egg, my fingers trembling. I was catching on.

"I've got to be honest," he said, his voice husky. "I've always fantasized about what it's like as a chick. Just a fantasy, you know?"

We both popped the eggs into our mouths and swallowed at the exact same time.

"I'm telling you, Dad," I smirked as the first wave of heat hit my groin. "It's fucking awesome."

"When we're ready," my dad said, his voice lowering into a conspiratorial whisper, "we can change everyone back. We'll tell them we found a cure. But for now, these chocolates stay strictly between you and me."

I smirked, nodding along enthusiastically. My dad and I were finally a team again.

The second transformation hit us like a freight train of pure liquid heat. Because we had already eaten the muscle, height, age, and attractiveness eggs, the sex swap didn't just turn us into ordinary girls.

I felt my masculine features melt away, replaced by a devastating, high-fashion beauty. My height stayed, but my frame narrowed, becoming lithe and elegant. The heavy slabs of muscle

on my chest softened instantly, swelling and pooling into two gorgeous, perfectly round globes of impossibly sensitive female flesh. My hair grew out in a thick, mahogany wave. I felt my skin turn to literal velvet. I looked in the mirror and saw an absolute model babe in her early thirties. I was tall, leggy, and incredibly stacked with a pair of perky, heavy funbags bouncing proudly on my chest. I figured I must have accidentally eaten two attractiveness eggs earlier because I was absolutely stunning.

My dad's transformation was even more dramatic. Because he had eaten so many of the muscle and height eggs, the sex swap didn't just make him a normal woman. It turned him into an absolute, towering Amazonian goddess.

I watched in pure awe as my dad's thick, hairy chest smoothed out into flawless, glowing, tanned skin. His massive biceps lost their veiny, masculine edge and softened into thick, incredibly powerful feminine curves. His waist cinched in violently, creating a dramatic hourglass figure that flared out into impossibly wide, child-bearing hips and thick, thunderous thighs. And his breasts, which were already huge, swelled even further on his broad chest. They settled into massive, heavy, gravity-defying watermelons that jutted out aggressively, stretching his skin tight.

He stood there, at least six foot four, an absolute powerhouse of a MILF.

My dad looked down at his own hands, his manicured fingers trembling slightly. He reached up and grabbed both of his massive, heavy melons, kneading the soft flesh with a look of pure, unadulterated shock.

"Oh my god," my dad breathed. His voice was completely different. It was a husky, deep, incredibly seductive alto that sent a shiver straight down to my own newly formed, soaking wet pussy. "It's incredible. I sound so good."

He ran his hands down his smooth stomach, feeling the tight ridges of his feminine abs, and then traced the dramatic flare of his hips. His hands slipped lower, dipping between his thick thighs. I watched his eyes roll back slightly as his fingers brushed against his own swollen, dripping wet lips.

"Holy shit," my dad whimpered, his knees buckling just a fraction. "The sensitivity is insane."

He looked at his reflection in the dark kitchen window, his eyes wide with absolute lust for his

own body. Without even hesitating, he reached back into the black box of chocolates on the counter, snatched up another attractiveness egg, and popped it straight into his mouth.

"Whoa, be careful!" I warned, stepping forward, my own heavy globes bouncing with the movement. "There's a limited amount of those!"

My dad just swallowed the chocolate with a hungry gulp. I watched as his features smoothed out even further. The rugged handsome edges of his previous male face completely melted into a breathtaking, mature, devastatingly gorgeous female perfection. His cheekbones sharpened, his lips plumped into a dark rosy pout, and his eyes took on a heavy, seductive bedroom lid. He looked like an incredibly tall, impossibly stacked supermodel.

He let out a breathy, feminine sigh, running his hands down his massive, overripe chest and squeezing the heavy cleavage together. His eyes fluttered. "God, that feels amazing. I feel so incredibly hot."

He finally tore his gaze away from his own reflection in the window and looked down at the open box of chocolates sitting on the granite counter. He scanned the neat rows of foil cups and his perfectly sculpted eyebrow arched perfectly.

"Wait a second," my dad said, his husky alto voice vibrating with a sudden realization. He pointed a long, elegant finger at the specific row labeled with the letter L. "I didn't eat any of these. But I noticed two of these libido eggs are missing. Did you..."

A totally wicked, unapologetic smirk spread across my glossy lips. "Yeah. I slipped one into Janet's brownie, and one into Kaley's."

My dad's eyes went wide, his gaze dropping to his own massive, heaving sweater puppies, and then looking back up at me with absolute, pure shock. He opened his plump lips to say something, but the sound of a door clicking open down the hallway interrupted him.

Janet and Kaley were coming out of the master bedroom. They were slightly calmer now but their were gone. They were stark naked!

My dad and I quickly stood side by side in the kitchen, our hearts pounding against our newly formed, heavy chests. We both tried to arrange our stunning female faces into expressions of total shock and confusion.

The two women stepped into the light of the hallway, and I practically drooled.

They stopped dead in their tracks when they saw us.

Janet's jaw dropped. Kaley's eyes bugged out of her skull. They stared at the towering, Amazonian goddess standing where my dad used to be, and the incredibly hot, leggy brunette standing where I used to be.

"Oh my god," Janet gasped, her hands flying up to cover her mouth. She accidentally bumped her own massive knockers, sending them jiggling violently.

"Did those brownies..." Kaley stammered, pointing a trembling finger at us. "Turn us all into..."

"Hot women???" my dad finished for her, completely playing along with a pitch-perfect tone of feminine hysteria. He looked down at his huge tits and grabbed them dramatically. "I think so! Look at me! Look at Henry!"

"How is this even possible?!" Janet cried out, walking into the kitchen and staring at us in pure disbelief.

We all had a completely surreal moment where we just stood in the kitchen and freaked out together. My dad and I played our parts perfectly, complaining about the sudden weight on our chests and the weird feeling between our legs. Janet and Kaley kept touching their own massive curves, completely mesmerized by the sheer volume of their new bodies.

After a few minutes of chaotic yelling and bewildered mirror-checking, the panic started to subside, replaced by a deep, carnal silence. The air in the room was incredibly thick and heavy. I could literally smell the sweet, musky scent of female arousal wafting off all of us. The libido eggs were kicking in hard for them, and the sheer biological reality of our new bodies was doing the rest for me and my dad.

Kaley leaned heavily against the kitchen island. She squeezed her thick thighs together, her breathing getting incredibly shallow. She looked up, her eyes glazed over with a dark, hungry haze.

"I feel..." Kaley started, biting her plump lower lip. She shook her head, her huge breasts bouncing heavily with the motion. "Guys I just gotta say it. Fuck it. I feel horny. Does anyone else feel like this?"

Janet immediately let out a loud, breathy moan, her hands dropping down to grip her own wide, flared hips. "Yes! God, I do too! It's like all I can think about right now. I feel completely soaked."

My dad and I looked at each other, sharing a subtle, wicked smirk. We quickly arranged our faces into masks of breathless desire, pretending that the brownies were overriding our minds too.

"I feel it too," I whispered, doing my best to sound overwhelmed. "It's so intense."

"It's driving me crazy," my dad added, his husky voice dropping an octave, making it sound incredibly seductive.

He turned his stunning, mature gaze toward Janet. Janet looked up at him, her eyes completely blown wide with lust. She was looking at her husband, but her husband was now a six-foot-four, incredibly stacked, insanely beautiful woman.

My dad took a step forward, his massive hips swaying with a natural, heavy grace. He played his part perfectly. "I can't help myself," he whispered.

He reached out, grabbing Janet by her thick, curvy waist, and pulled her flush against his towering body.

Janet let out a sharp gasp, but she didn't pull away.

My dad leaned down and smashed his plump, glossy lips directly against Janet's mouth. Janet let out a muffled moan of pure ecstasy and kissed him back with desperate, starving hunger. She threw her arms around my dad's neck, standing on her tiptoes to deepen the kiss.

The visual was completely mind-blowing. The sheer size of their chests meant that their bodies couldn't even press completely together. Their massive, heavy mounds of flesh mashed violently against each other, the soft tissue squishing and spilling out to the sides. The sound of their wet lips smacking and their heavy chests slapping together filled the quiet kitchen.

My dad groaned into the kiss. He reached down with his powerful, Amazonian arms and easily scooped Janet right off the floor. He lifted her like she weighed nothing at all, her huge, heavy ass resting perfectly in his hands. He just carried his wildly moaning, kissing wife straight down the hallway and kicked the master bedroom door shut behind them.

The heavy thud of the door closing echoed in the house.

That left Kaley and me sitting there in the living room.

The silence between us was deafening, broken only by the sound of our own heavy, ragged breathing. I sat down awkwardly on the edge of the leather couch. My massive, soft globes heaved up and down. My pussy was absolutely dripping wet, the slick nectar completely soaking the crotch of my sweatpants.

Kaley stood near the kitchen island, shifting her weight from foot to foot. She looked at the closed bedroom door, and then she looked at me. Her eyes slowly tracked down my long, smooth legs, up my tight stomach, and lingered heavily on the deep, plunging cleavage I was practically spilling out of.

She let out a frustrated, desperate sigh.

"Fuck it," Kaley whispered. "I need release."

She practically lunged across the room. She dropped onto the couch right next to me, grabbed both sides of my face, and forcefully smashed her lips against mine.

I was completely shocked for a split second, but my female body reacted instantly. I opened my mouth, letting her hot, wet tongue slide past my lips. I kissed her back with feral intensity. She tasted like sweet wine and pure, unadulterated lust.

I reached my hands up, grabbing her massive, heavy udders through the stretched fabric of her yoga top. I kneaded the huge mounds of flesh roughly. Kaley screamed into my mouth, her back arching completely off the cushions.

She reached down, her hands frantically fumbling with the waistband of my sweatpants. She shoved her hand straight down my pants. Her fingers brushed past my soaking wet panties and instantly found my dripping, swollen pussy.

"Oh fuck," I moaned loudly, breaking the kiss and throwing my head back.

Kaley didn't hesitate. She rubbed two fingers aggressively directly over my highly sensitive clit. The friction sent a nuclear shockwave of pure, white-hot pleasure straight to my brain. I completely melted into the couch, spreading my long, smooth legs as wide as possible to give

her better access.

I reached over and grabbed the waistband of her tight yoga pants, yanking them down past her massive, flared hips along with her soaked thong. She was completely bare and glistening wet. I shoved two fingers directly into her dripping slit.

Kaley shrieked, her huge fleshy pillows bouncing wildly as she bucked her hips up into my hand. She was incredibly tight and insanely hot inside.

"Yes! Oh god, Henry, rub me!" she begged, completely losing her mind to the libido egg. She didn't even care that I used to be her stepbrother. All she cared about was the relentless, deep pressure my fingers were providing.

We started fingering each other right there on the living room couch. It was a chaotic, completely primal scene. Kaley's thumb rapidly circled my clit while her middle finger slid deep inside me, stretching my tight walls perfectly. I pumped my fingers into her aggressively, curling my hand upward to hit her deepest sensitive spots.

The wet, sloppy sounds of our fingers sinking into soaking wet flesh echoed in the room, mixing perfectly with the muffled, rhythmic thumping sounds coming from my dad's bedroom down the hall.

"I'm so close," I gasped, my entire body trembling violently. The pleasure was building in my lower belly, a tight, spiraling coil of pure ecstasy. My heavy knockers were aching, my nipples stiff as diamonds rubbing against my shirt.

"Cum for me!" Kaley yelled, her own hips thrusting relentlessly against my knuckles. "I'm cumming too! Oh fuck!"

We both hit the edge at the exact same time. My vaginal walls clamped down viciously around Kaley's fingers, milking them with violent, rhythmic spasms. A huge gush of hot slickness erupted from my pussy, coating her hand entirely. I screamed, my toes curling, my back arching completely off the couch. Kaley shrieked right along with me, her own inner walls crushing my fingers as she squirted heavily onto the leather cushions.

We both collapsed into a tangled, panting heap of sweat, massive boobs, and exhausted limbs. I lay there staring at the ceiling, my chest heaving, completely blown away by how incredibly

good that felt.

The next morning, the bright sunlight filtered through the kitchen windows.

I sat at the kitchen island, sipping a hot cup of black coffee. I was wearing one of Janet's expensive silk robes that I had borrowed. It was meant for a skinny woman, so it barely wrapped around my massive new curves, completely exposing the deep, heavy valley of my cleavage and the long, smooth line of my bare legs.

My dad was sitting across from me, casually reading the morning newspaper. He was wearing an oversized t-shirt that stretched hilariously thin across his gigantic, fleshy watermelons. His long, thick mahogany hair tumbled over his broad shoulders in messy, sexy waves. He looked like an absolute goddess just casually checking the sports section.

Janet and Kaley were still fast asleep in their respective rooms, completely exhausted from the marathon of intense, hormonally driven lesbian sex they had demanded all night long.

I took a slow sip of my coffee, feeling the warm liquid slide down my graceful throat. I looked over at my incredibly hot dad.

"So," I started, a totally wicked, conspiratorial smirk tugging at the corners of my plump lips. "Any thoughts on when we should change back?"

My dad slowly lowered the newspaper. His striking, beautiful female face looked completely calm and relaxed. He reached a manicured hand up, casually adjusting the heavy weight of his right breast under the tight shirt.

"Well," my dad said, his husky alto voice sounding incredibly natural. "Janet woke up early and completely panicked again. She booked all four of us for an emergency doctor's appointment today to get scans and see if there's anything medically wrong with us. Some kind of sudden hormonal mutation."

I almost laughed out loud. "A doctor? They're not going to find anything except perfectly healthy, incredibly hot female biology."

"Exactly," my dad agreed, taking a sip of his own coffee. He leaned back in his stool, popping

his massive, wide hips out comfortably. He looked down at his own huge, heavy chest resting on the counter, and then he looked up at me with a completely unapologetic, devilish grin.

"I think for now, we just play along," my dad said softly. He reached up and blatantly groped both of his huge, soft globes, kneading the flesh with genuine appreciation. "I'm not going to lie, Henry. I could really get used to this. It feels too good to give up just yet. Maybe we give it a couple of weeks before announcing we have a cure."

I leaned back on my stool, letting my own robe fall open a little further to expose my flawless, glowing skin. I thought about the endless, incredible orgasms I'd had last night. I thought about the complete, total lack of boring, tasteless healthy food in our future because Janet was too busy being a horny, curvy mess to care about her diet.

I smirked, running a hand through my long, luscious hair.

"Sounds good dad," I whispered, feeling a deep, wet throb between my legs just thinking about the weeks ahead. "Sounds really good."