

# Mini-Story: Change the TV! (Goth GF TG, Tough Girl TF)

By FoxFaceStories

As voted on by our Deluxe Patrons!

*After putting her babysitting charges to bed, a cheerleader and her jock boyfriend discover the family's streaming service has some weird movies on it. Knowing how frisky she gets after getting scared, the jock talks her into watching a cheesy shlock horror porno. However, as they watch, HE gets more and more scared while SHE gets tougher and more into it. By the end, the jock is now a sexy Big Titty Goth Girl and the cheerleader is her buff, tough lesbian lover. They prefer the new them.*

## Change the TV!

Julie had just put little Michael and Paige to bed. It had been a long night of babysitting, but the young woman was pleased with her efforts. Rich couples always paid way too much for simply making sure their kids were fed, changed, and tucked in, and while this pair were a little more mischievous than usual due to the storm keeping them up, they were finally down.

Which meant that Todd could finally come over. The petite little blonde twenty year old was the perfect counterpart to her tough, manly, sporty boyfriend. He was even on the football team at college, and with his light blonde hair and bright blue eyes, they were like a matching set.

"So babe," he said as they settled down on the couch, "what are going to do together?"

"Hmm, we could watch a movie?" she said.

Todd was a fan of the idea. He knew how frisky she got during films, especially if they were scary. She pawed him all over, and when she got too scared to continue she liked to have wild comfort sex on the couch just to feel better. It was hot as hell, and somehow even hotter when it was in someone else's house. A double taboo, of sorts.

"Great idea babe," he said, putting his arm around her. "Let's see what's available. It's perfect weather for a horror, wouldn't you say? All that thunder and lightning?"

"Aww, can't we watch a comedy?"

"We could . . . but what if we watch something really cheesy and shlocky. Look, they've got a streaming service that looks right up that alley. *Nos482*. You ever hear about it?"

She shook her head, uncertain whether she wanted to even watch, but Todd barrelled on ahead. In the app there were numerous films she'd never heard of, and Todd hadn't heard of either.

"Weird," he remarked, "but kind of cool. What about this one? *Escape from the Gothic Carnival: A pair of young lovers enter a gothic carnival and find themselves forever changed*. That could be cool, right?"

"I - I guess. So long as you hold me while we watch it. I might cling to you."

He grinned. He was counting on it. He hit play.

The film started off ordinarily enough. The two young lovers were kind of similar to themselves: young, attractive, albeit way too naive. Julie found herself having to watch through her fingers as the pair entered the strange Gothic carnival that had come to town, with its strange, pale people with their exaggerated figures and oddly menacing natures. There was a mystery building, and she wasn't sure she liked it. She clung to Todd, occasionally squealing when a cat scare occurred, or a strange creature suddenly flickered in the mirror.

"Don't worry Julie," Todd reassured her, enjoying the way she clung to him, her hand on his thigh. "I'll be your tough man, babe."

And he was being her tough man. He was looking forward to the come down sex already. But then something odd began to happen, something that had never happened before: Todd was starting to get scared. He couldn't help himself, it was like a sense of dread at these Gothic monsters, clowns, and entertainers in the film had just descended upon him. He clung to Julie as much as she clung to him.

"Are you finding this a little scary too?" she asked.

"N-no. Just - just hold me too, okay?"

She did, but even as Julie did so, she felt herself strangely emboldened. The sense of dread had passed from her to her boyfriend, and she sat a little taller, taking in the events in the middle of the film with less care. When the first major appearance of the killers appeared with all their strange voices and horrible face masks, she actually laughed!

"How c-can you laugh?" Todd asked, barely able to watch now. He hid behind his hands, not noticing that they were becoming ever more petite, the same being true of his arms and legs. He was changing, transforming, but neither of them recognised it because the film was so captivating in different ways.

As they continued to be entranced by the events of the schlocky horror B-movie in all its cheese, camp, and occasional genuine terror, both of them started to change yet further, mostly without notice. Todd massaged a strange pressure in his chest, unable to recognise that he was being cursed by the film to grow a pair of breasts, and big ones at that. His skin softened, whitened until it was remarkably pale, and his blonde hair turned black. He shifted uncomfortably, pressing further against Julie while his ass expanded and his hips widened impressively. His manhood, once his male pride, began to shrink and pull inside of him. But the reveal of the maniac inside the house of the pair in the film had him squealing in terror and burrowing his face into Julie's chest, not noticing any of this.

Julie, for her part, was also changing, though not as dramatically. While Todd's clothing shifted to a tight black leather corset that shrunk to fit his reducing body, her own body was getting bigger and musclier. She wasn't losing her gender, at least, but with each passing second she was looking more and more butch, with shorter hair that was now a dark brown, and a slightly wider jaw. She looked handsome rather than beautiful, and her clothes became more boyish: a t-shirt and pair of shorts rather than the simple dress she wore. She began to even chuckle at parts of the film, her voice now a lower register. She was feeling her boyfriend up, enjoying his softness without quite realising what was going on.

Meanwhile, Todd wasn't Todd anymore. He couldn't explain it, but he just *felt* like a Kira. It seemed like the right kind of name. Black lipstick coated his fuller lips, while dark eyeshadow appeared on his face. His hair grew out long, dashes of purple running through it, and his long legs were in fishnet stockings with big black laced boots on his feet, running right up to just below his knees.

*Her* knees. She didn't realise it, but she'd passed the threshold to womanhood, and was becoming more obviously womanly with the swelling of her breasts. They were becoming massive, ripe melons that jutted out from her chest like perfect pale white orbs, barely contained by her corset.

"Oh God! I can't watch it! Julie! Hold me!" she cried.

Julie did so, loving the feeling of her girlfriend against her. She squeezed her ass, and ran a hand over her big breasts. It made her moist just thinking about all the things she wanted to do to her sexy, big-titted Goth girlfriend. She licked her lips anticipating that very moment as the film closed out with one last jump scare.

"AAAGHH!!!" Kira screamed, clutching Julie and pressing their chests to one another.

The credits began to play, and it was at that moment that suddenly reality crashed down upon them. Kira pulled back, and looked down at the huge, head-sized tits (or even bigger than head-sized, possible - they were *massive*) hanging heavily from her chest. She was a woman! An ivory-skinned Goth chick who was hotter than hell, and Julie now looked like her buff, tough lesbian lover. She *was* her lesbian lover. She knew it. Both of them did. Reality had changed, all thanks to the film.

"Oh God, Julie. I'm - I'm a girl now! A Goth girl! I've got huge tits and female hormones and everything!"

Julie gasped. "You are. And I'm . . . a lesbian now. Like, a butch one, too. Or at least kind of butch. And I feel really confident."

"I don't! I feel . . . submissive. What are you going to do?"

Julie smirked. She couldn't help it. The sight of this amazingly voluptuous Goth hottie before her was too much. She leaned forward, pulled the other woman by the shoulders, and began kissing her. Passionately. To Kira's shock, she began kissing back. Soon, without even intending to, the pair were making out. Then they were stripping their clothes off, and rubbing their naked breasts together, fingering one another, making one another cry out in passionate joy. Kira gave herself over to the control of her once-submissive girlfriend, and found that she now was the one that wanted to be dominated. She cried out in orgasm, silenced only by Julie who reminded her that the kids were asleep upstairs. Still, she was barely able to contain herself, or the feeling of having her big pale tits squeezed and groped.

In the after math, she lay atop Julie, purring in pleasure. She felt so damn good, and loved the feeling of being so much smaller and submissive, and so differently styled, compared to her girlfriend.

"Did you want to watch another movie and try to change back?" Julie asked.

But Kira just smiled to herself and kissed her lover. "No way. I want to stay like this. I want to be your big-titted Goth girl for life."

"Thank God, because I don't want to go back either," Julie said.

And they never did.

**The End**