

Cubicle Change 2: New Staff Contract (TG RC, Preg)

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It's been two and a half years since overweight IT worker Rufus became Bianca, the sexy and curvaceous latina who formed a relationship with Barbara, her boss who was changed into a busty black woman. Now, with their relationship taken to the next level, a new member of staff has been taken on, one who would also like a change in their life.

Cubicle Change 2: New Staff Contract

It had been two and a half years since Bianca's life had changed so completely for the better. Once, she had been Rufus, a tall, overweight and bearded man who had secretly always wanted to be a woman. He had never dared to transition however, stuck as he was in an office environment filled with racist, misogynistic men who would have frowned upon anyone daring to change their gender.

And then everything had changed when Sita arrived, the small Nepalese HR manager who was in reality a sorceress, capable of using magic and arcane contracts to change the office staff into a richly diverse cast. Rufus had not been among those changed, and had come to Sita begging for just that chance. Sita had agreed, and over the next few weeks, Rufus became Bianca, a sexy, hourglass-figured Latina. It had been quite the surprise to suddenly become Ecuadorian, and also to have an ass that made men whistle when she passed. But the far bigger surprise had been falling in love with Barbara, the gorgeous, incredibly busty black woman who had once been Stan, her boss. This voluptuous beauty lifted up her employees with her firm yet compassionate managerial style, and it made Bianca fall for her hard. The only problem had been that Barb didn't remember being Stan; none of those changed remembered their original selves.

And so, through a series of mishaps and a sexual tryst with her boss, Bianca was able to unearth Barb's memories, and they appeared before Sita with a proposition: let everyone get their memories back, and *choose* if they wanted to stay. Most of them had.

The lecherous Dave liked being the perverted Hungarian beauty Olga far too much, especially since she had just gotten pregnant during a one night stand.

Former HR manager and inveterate racist Nathan Menk had been reformed as the demure Indian secretary Chandra, who was already engaged to a boyfriend. To her own shock, she opted to stay, having rejected her former ways.

Depressive Bert had become the wheelchair-bound Cindy, but was on the whole happier and also dating.

And, of course, Bianca and Barbara themselves were now wildly in love, and willing to disclose their relationship. They moved in together not long after, beginning their lesbian relationship in full.

They haven't looked back since/ Bianca - who showed magical talent of her own - continued to train under Sita, with the possibility that she too may one day be able to write magical contracts and help others like herself.

And that is how this story truly begins.

Alan Johnson was nervous. He radiated nervousness, in fact, even when he wasn't. He knew it because he had exactly the kind of look that made people take one look at him and say things like 'are you nervous?' This had the effect of making him nervous for real. It was true though: he looked unhealthily skinny and bony despite all attempts to put on weight, with a long thin nose and sunken eyes. His Irish heritage left his skin pale and his ginger hair was perpetually wiry, sticking up as if shocked by electricity despite all attempts to control it otherwise. Even in proper office attire, his beanpole height and looks made him stick out, and he was so sick of being called a Stephen Merchant look alike that he was half-convinced that he'd left London purely for that reason alone.

Of course, there was another, deeper reason he didn't want to disclose. He had been seen wearing women's clothing and lipstick out on the town on a Friday night by some of his workmates visiting a pub, and to his horror they recognised him despite his best attempts to look like a woman. He had been immediately outed as trans, and the computing department and HR together had done nothing to protect him.

He'd been forced out under false pretences within the week, and he'd never dared try to be his true self again, no matter how much he wanted it.

The door opened at the end of the waiting room, and a gorgeous latina woman stepped through. She had a generous bust that could not be hidden by her formal white blouse, and a pair of grey slacks fitted *very* comfortably around her wide hips and incredibly rounded backside. The last was revealed as she turned, revealing a very, *deeply* pregnant profile. Her wavy black hair framed her cute face, and there was something sensual in her movements as she withdrew her clipboard and checked something off. Or perhaps she was simply glowing with motherhood.

Alan tried not to look at her too much. Women often got the impression that he was ogling them, particularly since he looked a bit like a creep stereotype. In truth, what they didn't realise was that he was *admiring* them: he was attracted to men, but women captured his imagination with their dresses and skirts and makeup and bras, all the things he wanted

to try in a body that matched his conception of self. And, of course, the ability to bear children, the most precious gift of all that he had been denied.

“Mr Johnson? Mr Alan Johnson?” she said in a thick South American accent.

He put up his hand awkwardly. He’d always had gangly limbs that shot out further than he expected.

“Oh, um, that’s me!”

She flashed a charming smile. “Wonderful! I’m Bianca Acosta. Please come with me so we can get your interview started.”

He stood, looming over her as she took him into the next room and offered him a seat. She held her belly and lowered herself awkwardly. She must have been nearing the date of maternity leave by this point.

“D-don’t mind me!” she said with a chuckle as he held out a hand to help her, “just have the little one rolling around in me.”

“Congratulations,” he said.

Another charming grin. “Thank you. She’s the best accident I’ve ever had.”

“Is this your first?”

She nodded, rubbing her belly for emphasis. It certainly explained the size of her ass and boobs, though again he tried not to linger his eyes upon her form.

“Yes, and my wife’s too. But perhaps not the last! We’ll see. But I should be interviewing *you*, Mr Johnson. May I call you Alan?”

“You may.”

“Very good. You may be aware that we here in Commtech are hiring new staff on short and long-term contracts due to some of our staff going on maternity leave. I myself am among them! But we also have several expansion coming to our staff that have the potential for full-time permanent employment. You are here for an IT job?”

“I am. I’m not sure how much you know about computers, but back in Dyneware I was the one who instituted the patch that fixed-”

“The dreaded Firewall breach. Yes, I’ve heard. And I *do* know about computers, thank you very much.”

She tapped her name badge meaningfully, and Alan just about died inside. He could see right there the words *Bianca Acosta, Head of IT Dept.*

“Oohh, I’m sorry! I’m so sorry!”

Another smile, though laced with a bit of acid. “Don’t worry about it, I get it all the time. I’ve been doing programming longer than you would think. But what makes you think you can fit into the Commtech space?”

Alan reconfigured his mindset, trying to avoid looking at the woman directly. God, she was beautiful. Why had she been so lucky? Why could he have the curves and figure of a woman like her? The beauty and the confidence? The power to make life?

He spluttered a little. "Ahem, sorry. Well, I'm thirty four years old, and I started working with computers when I was fourteen, putting them together in my Dad's old shop."

"This is back in London?"

"Yes. I'm a diligent worker, and my CV shows my technical expertise and experience, along with various recommendations."

She flicked through it presently, before pausing. "Yes, but I notice you have not got a recommendation from your latest employer?"

He clenched his eyes shut, just for a moment. He was dreading the possibility that she'd notice. She was quick.

"That came from . . . a disagreement."

She raised a perfect eyebrow. "Could you tell us the manner of the disagreement?"

His face flushed red, and he knew from his Irish skin that his embarrassment was incredibly obvious. "It's quite personal. I'd rather not say."

"I see," she said flatly, "well, I won't pry. It is just curious."

But he could see from her eyes that he had lost her. Any smart hiring interviewer would turn down someone so mysterious.

"Well, Mr Johnson, you will receive a phone call if-

"I was shamed!" he blurted out, much to the woman's surprise.

"I'm sorry, what?"

He reconfigured his words. "It was a - it was a bullying incident. I was seen outside a pub in a . . . way, that some of my coworkers didn't like. HR didn't support me. I was shamed. I left, and I'm glad I left. I don't want to work at companies that treat people like that. It's why I came here and why I applied to Commtech: it's become famous for its diversity practices and acceptance. I can be . . . I was hoping to be the real me here."

To his astonishment, Bianca's eyes brimmed with small tears. She wiped them away with her forearm, and gave a slight chuckle.

"Sorry," she said. "Stupid pregnancy hormones. They have me all over the place. I *will* call you, Alan, personally. I'll let you know if you have the job or not, but you won't be left in the lurch. I promise."

"Thank you," he said. It was all he could say. He shook her hand, excused himself, and left. He could only hope he hadn't blown it.

“*Si!* Oh, yes! Yes, *si*, yes, *si*, yes, YEESSSSS!!!”

Bianca’s body shuddered. She clutched her rounded dome of a belly with one hand, the other upon her right breast, groping the sensitive flesh. The orgasm rocked through her like the pulse of a music festival, right down past her bones to her very core. It pounded, eliciting another gasp of whimpering pleasure from her. It was perfect bliss, and her lover licked her clit several more times to cause Bianca to shiver uncontrollable.

“S-stop, it’s t-too m-much,” she moaned.

Barb pulled back from Bianca’s entrance. She was also naked, and her heavy breasts dangled pendulously yet perfectly as she pulled herself up over Bianca.

“Sorry, Bee,” she said, “ya’ll were just having so much fun that I didn’t want to stop.”

She kissed Bianca’s belly, as she always did after they had sex, before collapsing next to her pregnant lover and kissing her on her forehead.

Bianca grinned at her gorgeous wife. “You just like making me squeak when I orgasm.”

“Okay, guilty. What can I say? I like having some power over you, especially since I’m not managing your department anymore!”

Bianca shifted her pregnant form, and Barb helped her. The busty black woman laid back behind her expectant wife and allowed Bianca to lean her head against her comfortable breasts.

“Mhmmm, like pillows,” she murmured.

Barb laughed. “Don’t go to sleep.”

“I will go to sleep, *mi amor*. I am sleepy. This is your fault for making me pregnant.”

“Um, ya’ll got yourself pregnant, thank you very much. You might remember it was *your* magic that went wild when we were having fun eight months ago. Our little girl may have bits of my DNA and yours, but you were the one who did it.”

“Still your fault,” Bianca said playfully, nestling further into her wife’s cleavage. “You were turning me on with all that talk of babies and IVF and I sort of just . . . exploded a baby into me.”

“Exploded a baby into yourself, huh? Well, there was a lot of that green energy in the air.”

“Speaking of, I had my interviews today, for the IT department.”

“How did it go?”

Bianca was silent for a moment. “It was good, but something strange happened. A nervous man called Alan was last to be interviewed. He had some black spot with the last company.”

“Not worth hiring then,” Barb said curtly. She reached out her soft arms to rub Bianca, causing the other woman to sigh softly. She loved the feeling, and Barb knew it.

“I had the same - oohh - thought. But then he told me he had been shamed out of the company for trying to be his ‘true self’ while out on the town.”

“Hmm . . . gay?”

“I don’t think so. Tess didn’t get that sense either, when she interacted with him. It’s impossible to describe it Barbara, but it was like I could see it. Sita has been training me to view the balance - the core essence - in others and not just myself. And I swear I could. His essence was *female*.”

Barb stopped her massaging.

“He’s trans?”

Bianca turned, and it was a difficult action thanks to the shifting contents in her stomach. Their little girl was awake again.

“He is. And I think . . . I think I should take him to Sita.”

Barb was silent for a moment. Both of them were once men, but only Bianca had been trans. Barb had never desired to be a woman back when she was Stan, a man with a fetish for black women. But she’d come to love her life, and had even admitted to Bianca that she would like to have their next child, if it was possible. The two often reminisced on their former lives, now forgotten by the world and replaced by their new histories.

“You should do it,” Barbara said. “After all the happiness we’ve gained, how can we deny someone else’s?”

She spread her hands over Bianca’s belly, and the pregnant mother-to-be giggled.

“Do you feel her?”

“Mm-hmm.”

“Isn’t it amazing? I never thought I’d ever be pregnant.”

“It is amazing.”

Bianca sighed. “So amazing that I need to pee again. Already. Help me up, and we’ll talk about how we can help Alan. And then maybe I’ll show you how much pleasure *you* deserve.”

“Damn girl, even at eight months you are sexy.”

Alan couldn’t believe he’d gotten the job. In less than a week he was suddenly a worker at Commtech, answering to the head of the IT Department: Bianca Acosta. He was still a little embarrassed by his social faux pas, and yet he was indescribably joyful that she had still selected him for hiring. It didn’t make him any less nervous: he’d always tripped over twice and knocked a coffee out of someone’s hands with his gangly, excitable limbs. It was first

week jitters, he knew, but there was something else to it as well. It wasn't just nervous excitement, but an unexpected jealousy that continued to unsettle him.

All around Alan were numerous gorgeous women of varying shapes and sizes, races and cultures, genders and ability, style and fashion. It truly was the most diverse office he'd ever seen; there was even a lovely blonde woman in a wheelchair who was easily able to move around, thanks to the widened spaces and disability access points around the building. But it only reminded him that they had what he didn't: a womanhood, a sisterhood, a sense of being female that he possessed and yet they didn't have to hide. One woman, a lovely secretary named Chandra, was four months pregnant with her second child. She was Indian, and had the red dot of a married Hindi woman - he couldn't recall quite what the mark was called - and she constantly fussed over her pregnant stomach, so clearly proud of her body's ability to create new life. And then there was Tess, the stunning model-like Native American woman who had her own party just the other day as she left the office, literally to celebrate her becoming a model.

It only made him feel so lonely. In fact, the reality that everyone was so nice and welcoming to him somehow only made it worse, reminding him that even when totally accepted, he was not seen as the person he truly was. He could only bury himself in work and coffee and try to put those thoughts elsewhere. He was never putting on the wig and clothes and makeup again, not ever, no matter how accepting this place was. *Especially* because of this place, actually. It would only make him feel like a cheap knockoff. A fraud.

He was snapped from his solemn thoughts by a gentle hand upon his shoulder. He jolted awkwardly, nearly pushing over the person responsible.

"*Guau!* Well, that's my fault for startling you, Alan," came an accented Ecuadorian voice. It was Bianca, his heavily pregnant boss. She was wonderful, and quite supportive without smothering him. It didn't stop him from being jealous of her body, or her condition: pregnancy agreed with her, and it was clear she enjoyed wearing form fitting office wear that showed off her fertile bump.

"S-sorry Mrs Acosta, I didn't meant to!"

"Please, call me Bianca, or Bee!"

"Yes, Mrs Acosta. Bianca. Is there anything I'm doing wrong?"

His boss raised an eyebrow. So weird to think of her as his boss, when he was clearly older than her: she couldn't have been any further along than late twenties at a maximum, and he was thirty three. And yet she exuded an air of sunny confidence.

"Nothing's the matter, Alan. I thought we could have a little chat. A private heart to heart."

"Oh, uh, sure. I'm all ears."

She looked around. Olga, the gorgeous Hungarian with red hair and impressive curves, was clearly listening in at the same time as she was romancing another man. Alan had already had to rebuff her affections. She didn't realise he wasn't into women.

"A bit more private than this," Bianca said. "Come on."

She indicated for him to follow, and he did, turning back to see Olga roll her eyes in disappointment at losing the latest gossip. The redhead wasn't disappointed for long, however; she was already taking the hand of her latest office romance and leading him elsewhere. Didn't she have a kid? Alan wondered if she even knew who the father was given all her supposed trysts.

Bianca led them to a private room for official meetings, and gestured for Alan to sit. She too took a seat, lowering herself gently and sighing at the kind of relief that only resting in a leather chair when so pregnant could give.

"Ahhh, that's better. Alan, you'll have to excuse my bluntness. You can chalk it up to my pregnancy hormones running wild, if you wish. Or the fact that I am Ecuadorian, and so talk much more freely than most, *si?*"

"Uh, sure Mrs Acosta. Bianca. *Si.*"

She smirked briefly, only to become a lot more serious. "Alan, are you a woman?"

The question struck him like a bolt of lightning. Like a sword to the heart. He went lightheaded, just for a moment, the ground seeming to give away.

"What, uh, what d-do you mean by that?" he stammered. He felt ill. Dizzy.

"Woah, woah, take it easy Alan, have a glass of water. It's a simple question. I have a knack for noticing these things. Anything you choose to stay in this room can remain strictly confidential, and you don't have to say anything. There are no repercussions. I just want to take care of the mental health of those beneath me. So knowing that you *don't* have to answer, or tell the truth at all, I'll ask just one more time. Are you a woman?"

Tears brimmed in his eyes. He nodded. Briefly. Just once. It was her smile, the kind of smile that imparted love and trust. He regretted it almost immediately.

"Hey, it's okay! Drink the water, you'll feel better. It's okay to admit it, Alan. I struggled for a long time with it too."

"You - wait, what?"

That didn't make any sense. She was a woman, and she was pregnant. He was pretty sure science hadn't come that far for transwomen yet. Bianca looked at her prodigious belly and gave a sheepish grin.

"Oh, *that*. That can be explained. Yes, I'm pregnant, but no, I wasn't always a woman. I wasn't even really . . . we'll get to that. Look, I can help you Alan. So can Sita, our HR manager."

She leaned forward, and to his surprise she took his hands.

“Did you know all your life? Did you feel you were born not right? Like your body was some alien thing over the core essence of what you’re meant to be?”

He was aghast. “How - how do you know this?”

She looked him in the eyes. “Because I know what it’s like. And I can offer you a solution, if you wish. But you have to trust me. I know a way that can help you. Will you at least trust me?”

He didn’t know what to say. She’d struck to his very core - the essence that she spoke of. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and he found it difficult to control. Surely this was all bullshit?

But he wanted to believe.

“Yes,” he blubbered, trying not to choke on his sobs, “yes I will.”

The director of HR was a small Nepalese woman with a grin nearly bigger than her face. She was the very definition of non threatening, and something about that scared Alan. Perhaps it was just how nervous he was.

“You look nervous, Alan,” she said, grinning as if there was some private joke he didn’t understand but she was happy for him to be part of it anyway.

“Oh, yeah. I guess I am. I don’t really know why I’m here. I feel a bit silly.”

It was the next day, and he felt like a fool. He nearly hadn’t come to work, and had barely slept. Whatever his boss had seen in him that was true, it didn’t mean she wasn’t a crazy homoeopath or something. Maybe she thought crystal energies would make his body whole or something. But here he was, because of a slim hope that was so far distant that anything would do. He was like a sailor lost in the ocean, clinging to a piece of old driftwood, because it was all that there was to hold onto.

“There’s no need to be worried, Alan. And no need to be concerned. My job is to ensure that this office environment is one that looks seriously at all interpersonal issues and allows its employees to flourish under compassion, care, and cooperation. It’s my motto in fact.”

She pointed to that exact motto on the wall, which elicited a small smile from Alan and a much bigger one from Sita.

“So how can I help you?”

Alan looked to Bianca, who was standing beside him. She gave him a nod of encouragement before reclining down in a seat. She had his back, was what she was telling him, but also she clearly needed to sit down as her actual back was killing her. Alan summoned what courage he could to tell the story.

“Well, Miss-”

“Sita, just Sita here!”

“Ah, there’s a lot of that, ha. I guess, what I’m here to say, and it’s a difficult thing to say. I don’t know if I want to even say it, but Bianca said - it’s weird, because my last job, anyway, it’s not . . . I don’t want to be a bother. Some people have a problem with it.”

Sita waited patiently, still smiling, no judgement. He took a deep breath, calmed himself, and spoke again.

“I’m trans. I - I’m a woman.”

Her smile didn’t waver.

“Um, did you hear me?”

“Oh, I’m sorry! What a big surprise! I had no idea!”

Alan looked with shock and betrayal to Bianca. Her eyes widened.

“Oh no Alan, I didn’t tell her! I promise!”

“It’s just obvious,” Sita said. “I can see your essence. It’s a sorceress thing.”

Alan paused. So they *were* crazy. “I better go,” he said.

But Sita cautioned him to stay seated.

“I’m only telling you that because Bianca trusts you, and I trust Bianca. A few others know my powers here, but they all keep ‘mum’ on it, as you British would say, in order to ensure we function well with our new staffers. Commtech brings in people like me, many corporations do, to ensure the staffroom is nice and diverse, Alan. But at times - such as with our lovely Bianca, formerly ‘Rufus’ here - I like to add a personal touch and give change to those who want it.”

“That’s - this is all crazy!”

“It’s true,” Bianca cut in. “Trust me, I wasn’t always this gorgeous looking latina with big *tetas* and an even bigger *culo*. I was a white, overweight, six-foot-tall troll of a man. Until I signed a ‘diversity agreement contract’ with Sita here, and the rest is history.”

“And I suppose if I, well if I signed this contract I would be affected too?”

“*Si*.”

“No, not *si*,” Sita said. “Because I’m not doing the contract, Bianca. You are.”

Bianca sat up straight - a difficult feat for a pregnant woman. “What?”

“This is the perfect test of your skills! We’ve been training your arcane powers for some time. You are finally able to read the essence of another. Now, you can put it into action.”

“But I don’t know the thing about writing contracts!”

Sita chuckled, spread her arms, and suddenly paper appeared out of nowhere in neat stacks on her desk. Alan gasped. It - it really was magic! Accompanied by green energy and everything!

“You - you really are a sorceress?”

“And now, soon Bianca will be too. Come Bianca, concentrate. I need you to formulate what agreement you wish this man to sign. The details of the words don't matter, but rather what *she* will become in agreeing to it. Can you try?”

Nervously, Bianca stood. She gave Alan a nervous grin, and waddled over to the desk. Alan watched entranced as she placed her hands on the table, and focused. Small strands of lime green energy, wispy and smoky, coursed out of her and into the paper. Moments later, writing appeared on it, as if it were a real contract.

“Holy shit, I did it! *Dios mio!*”

“That remains to be seen, my apprentice. First, Alan, are you willing to sign it?”

So much of his worldview had altered in mere seconds. He gaped at them both.

“I - it'll turn me into a woman?”

“Yes, but be warned, there may be some residual unknown - OH! Okay!”

Alan burst from his chair, seized a pen, and signed the dotted line in one swooping motion. His clumsy, gangly fingers dropped the pen, but he'd managed it, even if he went over the line a little.

“S-sorry,” he said, sheepishly. “I don't know what came over me.”

Bianca laughed. “Actually, I rather think I do, actually. I've been in that exact spot myself.”

“So, it'll work?”

“No idea. It takes time. See if you notice anything over coming days.”

In the coming days, Alan noticed nothing. His early excitement, his wonder at seeing real magic several times before his eyes, quickly dissipated with the reality of humdrum office work and no bodily changes. He dove back into work, starting to imagine that it was simply a series of parlour tricks, and that he was being made fun of. After all, he was still surrounded by beautiful women all living their best lives. Cindy was celebrating her boyfriend's birthday, Olga was continually bragging about her success with men in between doting on her little son that she brought in from time to time, and Chandra was always in the latest gorgeous sari that showed off her swelling stomach.

It was all too much.

Bianca and Barb sensed this. The former had kept watch over her employee with great concern. Even after two and a half years, she was not totally confident in her magic prowess, and worried that the contract she had summoned would be utterly useless. She watched Alan like a hawk, hoping to see some change.

In the end, she decided that what Alan needed the most was not to be treated like a guinea pig, but like a friend. And so it was that he found himself invited over for dinner with her and her wife, Barbara, on the coming weekend.

"It's a lovely place," Alan mused, not sure what to say. He was in fact a little intimidated by the beautiful two women. If Bianca was the ultimate Latina model, then Barbara was a sexy black woman with a wonderfully large bust and killer hair. She usually rocked a power suit as compared with Bianca's more feminine office wear, but today both of them were in dresses, much to Alan's jealousy. He wished he could wear them.

"It really is," Barbara said, "ya'll should come over here more often. Since Tess won't be in town as much these days we need someone to keep her seat warm."

"She's doing modelling jobs Barb," Bianca jested, "not going to Iceland."

"She'll take off. Good on her. But now she won't have the joy of drinking my homegrown tea every weekend. And it is great tea."

"I'm, well, I'm noticing," he said, drinking his. "It's much better than most of the stuff here. Almost as good as back home."

"I'll take that as a big compliment honey. Tess thought the same."

They had eaten dinner, and talked about all sorts of things. For the most part, the topic of Alan's trans status was largely unspoken, though he had admitted it to Barb. He was shocked to learn she had been a man previously, and even more one that was attracted to women.

"What - what was it like to change?" he asked, out of the blue.

Barb considered him. "Well, I lost my memory, so mine was a little odd. It happened slowly, and I never noticed a thing. If my Bee got her spell right, and I think she has - because she's fucking brilliant - then perhaps you'll be like her. Perhaps it will come in fits and spurts."

Alan smiled, but inwardly he was despairing. He didn't feel anything.

"Yeah, hopefully. Can I use your bathroom?"

"Of course, honey! Second door on the left!"

He retreated away from the women, aware of their awkward silence. They too thought that his change wouldn't come. God, how could he have been so damn stupid? He cursed himself as he stumbled into the bathroom, closed the door, and began to silently weep as he stared in the mirror.

"Stupid, stupid," he said. "I never should have thought I could *become a woman!*"

He gasped, eyes wide and he touched his throat. His voice had somehow jumped up several octaves, and sounded positively feminine.

“Did my voice just change - oh God! It has!”

His throat tensed, and he felt the vocal chords shift and alter.

“What! It’s going up again! Oh my God!”

It had sounded very womanly now, altered in mere moments. He checked over his throat; his Adam’s apple had shrunk down to nothing, leaving his neck soft and slender.

“Oh my God,” he said, his voice evening out. He had a gorgeous soprano, still British accented, but far less nasally. He sounded like a sexy BBC presenter woman in her early twenties. “This is so weird.”

But the changes weren’t over yet. Alan felt another series of pressures and alterations, far more spread across his body. He groaned as what must have been the arcane energies of the contract surged through him. Small wispy trails of green power emanated from his body like steam, and he felt suffused with its energies.

“Nnnnggh! Oh, Jesus!”

His nipples hardened, and to his surprise, he felt them *swell*, doubling in size. He unbuttoned his shirt in a hurry, eager to see what changes were occurring, afraid and excited in equal measure. To his shock, they were not just enlarging and growing a wide dish of an areola, but also *darkening*. Darkening considerably, in fact, along with the skin around it. He stared at his shoulders, and saw the pigmentation there was also taking on a dark olive hue, almost like a mix between Bianca and Barbara. An exact mix, possibly.

“Okay, um, okay! Breath, Alan, breath. Uh, guys! It’s happening! And I think I’m changing race!”

There was a pause, even as what felt like several dozen hands pulled and pressed at the flesh of his ass, causing it to balloon slightly, even as his waist contracted a little, and his nose reshaped to become less pointed and more a wide, rounded specimen at odds with his face.

“Girls! Bianca! Barb! I’m REALLY SCARED HERE!”

There was the sound of clattering dishes, chairs being pushed out, and an immediate scrambling down to the bedroom. Barb got there first, naturally, flinging open the door and allowing the waddling Bianca to see what was happening to Alan.

“Dios mio!” she exclaimed, “it is working! Sort of! But - not all at once!”

“I know!” he called, his voice soft and female. He clutched his chest, where an internal pressure was forcing the skin to rise, tissue and fat forming breasts where previously there had just been skinny pectoral muscles. He gritted his teeth, groaned in his womanly voice as gentle slopes formed, and to his alarm one formed much bigger than the other: a large, ample C-cup right beside a little A-cup.

“The fuck? It’s going wrong!” Alan squealed, and he was shocked that he was, in fact, squealing.

More changes came: his waist pulled in on just one side, and his right hip curves further outwards. His hair became dark and curly, but whereas the front became afro-like, the rest had simply changed colour and a little bit of texture. One eye changed to a dark chestnut brown, even taking on an almond shape to indicate Asian heritage. The other remained wide-eyed and blue.

“I’m a f-f-freak! Uggghh!”

He doubled over, feeling a tugging sensation in his groin. His penis withdrew slightly, shrinking, testicles reducing in size and manliness. If nothing else, he welcomed it. If he was to be a freak, then at least he’d be a female one.

And then the feelings vanished all at once, leaving him still male, his genitals reduced but not gone, a womanly passage all but a hope on the wind.

“No! Oh God, no! No!”

Barb hesitantly approached Alan. He held up a hand to prevent her from stepping closer, and regarded himself in the mirror. Tears formed as he stared at the strange being in the mirror. It was as if he was caught between male and female in a highly asymmetrical fashion, and even the female parts of him were at odds. One breast was full and ripe, feeling exactly as he’d always imagined it would. The other was small and lithe. In truth, any size breast would be okay, so long as he could be a woman, but not out of whack as they were! He looked like he was one-third Caucasian, one-third African, one-third Asian or Latina, and none of the parts quite lined up. Even one thigh was thicker than the other, which remained more like his skinny self. His skin was white in some areas, like a Holstein cow, and other parts were dark chocolate.

“It d-didn’t work,” he wept, falling against the sink.

“I’m so sorry, Alan,” Bianca said. “I didn’t mean for this to happen. I thought - Sita thought I was ready. It might - it might still work out. Perhaps we need to give it time.”

He sobbed, but her words gave him hope.

“T-time? What do you mean?”

She stepped past Barbara, and placed a caring hand on his shoulder.

“I had to find my balance to become Bianca,” she said.

“And I had to find balance to remain Barbara,” the other woman said, also approaching.

“So perhaps we just need to give this time?”

“B-but I’m a freak.”

“The office won’t notice. I’m sure of it. The magic works in that way, funnily enough.”

He could only hope they were right. He had felt so close to womanhood, only for it to be snatched away. He looked again in the mirror, and saw the shadow of the woman he could become. Several shadows in fact. Like possibilities of who he could become.

The woman he could become.

“Okay,” he managed, “I’ll give it time.”

He turned to the two women, and at once, they both outstretched their hands to embrace him. He accepted it, and it felt like he was being accepted into the sisterhood.

He hoped that would mean something.

Going to work looking as he did was one of the hardest things he’d ever done, up there with admitting he was trans to a former partner. That hadn’t gone well either. He wore a hoodie and loose set of pants to work - he was lucky they’d shifted to Casual Monday instead of casual Friday.

Fortunately, Bianca had been right: no one noticed anything was amiss. They acted as if he had always looked that way, but more than that, as if it were perfectly normal. He set down to work, still getting adjusted to his strange, misshapen body, and wishing it would change again, this time more evenly. Particularly since he’d been forced to wear one of Bianca’s bras; and both of the cups were too big for him anyway, especially on his ‘little’ side!

Still, he retained hope over the following days, desperate for some kind of followup change. Bianca had assured him something similar had happened with her: unlike Barb and Tess and all the rest, whose changes were gradual, hers had come in fits and spurts. Sita said similarly, and she was a far more accomplished sorceress.

“But I’m sorry,” the magical HR head had said, “but one sorceress will struggle to overtake another’s work. Even Bianca was only able to retain her memories and interrupt the flow of the contract, she couldn’t deny. We’ll just have to see where this leads. I’m sorry, Alan.”

But the days wore on, and Alan continued to be disappointed. He fantasised about further changes, yet none occurred. At that point, he didn’t care if he ended up Asian, African, Latina, or just plain Caucasian again, so long as he became a woman. And yet, weirdly, despite his fears, he still had an odd pride in himself. It was a little comedic, and his body strange, but he’d actually taken a step out of the closet again. He’d been brave, and this time he was supported by others, even those in charge. So yes, he was frustrated, but surprisingly, he found his nervousness lessening, not increasing.

Still, there were moments of moroseness. Barb and Bianca sensed these times of frustration, and though she would eventually have to step in to discuss the way his work

ethic was failing, Bianca was not ready to crack down on him yet. She decided to invite him around for Saturday dinner once more, this time with Tess present.

Whereas last time he was anxious, this time he was eager to accept.

“Oh, it’s going soooo well,” Tess exclaimed, referring to her modelling gig. “It’s so crazy to think I used to be a guy who was into Native chicks, and now I am one, and showing off my body for other guys and gals who are into it. But I love it!”

The group laughed, even Alan. Tess was a buoyant figure; energetic, fit, and beautiful. He could see why she had decided to resign and pursue modelling; even her most casual, unpractised poses had a poise and gentle grace to them, while also oozing sexiness. She was wearing a cute red dress, and before dinner had started, she had handed him a similar piece and encouraged him to wear it. With a few adjustments and the use of a sock for her smaller boob, she fitted it to him, and then used her makeup skills to have him appear much more feminine. It didn’t get rid of all the oddity, but it made him feel far more female. A little shock of energy seemed to pulse from her to him as she made the final adjustments.

“That’s so good to hear, honey,” Barb said. “I feel like I still got way too much Stan in me to be that daring, though I do like showing some cleavage on date nights.”

“I’m not complaining!” Bianca said, and they laughed again.

“Speaking of cleavage, I hope yours comes along soon, Alan. The sock is holding well, but you’ll look lovely with nice C-cups when the other catches up”

The table went a little silent at Tess’ statement.

“I’ve stepped in something, haven’t I? Is it something to do with the . . . unevenness.”

Alan had to compose himself. It was easier than he thought - the dress and lipstick that made him feel more like ‘herself’ helped. He took a deep breath. “My changes are . . . slow. We don’t know if I’ll go all the way. I want to, but . . .”

He looked to Bianca, who blushed, looking a little pain. “But it’s *my* magic this time, and I’m worried I fucked it up.”

“Nonsense, you wouldn’t. It’ll just take time,” Tess declared. “Besides, you look utterly gorgeous in that dress. Even the mismatched eyes have an appeal.”

Alan perked up. “Do you know about magic?”

“Not at all,” she said with a grin as she took another bite of salad at the table, “but I know Bianca. You gotta have faith, Alan.”

The night continued on. They gossiped and chatted about life, politics, even work. Tess was surprised to hear that Olga could be pregnant again.

“Oh my God, that wonderful slut. She’s such a pervert. She was having one-night stands when she was nearly nine months along last time around.”

Bianca and Barb gave a knowing look to one another, but said nothing.

Finally, after another hour, the night had come to an end. Alan was shocked that his worries about further changes dissipated amidst the wonderful conversation; regardless of skin and breasts and genitals, he felt as if he was one with the sisterhood. He even entertained them with stories of his first experiences crossdressing, and all the things he’d gotten wrong. It left them howling, aided by their tipsiness. Tess had to depart first - “I’ve got a lingerie gig tomorrow morning and want to get some good sleep” - and Alan felt the need to go soon after. He didn’t want to bring down the mood. Barb and Bianca escorted him to the door.

“It’ll be okay,” Bianca said.

“Trust us, we’ll figure something about,” Barb added.

“Thank you,” he replied. “No, seriously, thank you. Talking with you girls tonight, it made me realise that even if the changes don’t go exactly as I wanted or hoped, that at least I tried. I made the decision to transition, and that’s enough. I’ll get surgery if I need to, but I can’t live life as Alan anymore. I’m going to be a woman, and find a new name regardless.”

“*Maravillosa*, I’m so, so glad to hear it,” Bianca said.

The two women embraced him, and he embraced them back this time, savouring their feminine friendship and support. For just a flicker of a moment, it seemed something passed between them, a flicker of energy, but it soon dissipated.

He gave his goodbyes and left back to his apartment. Tess hadn’t even asked for the dress back.

In the mirror was the mismatched figure Alan had been for the last week. He’d been repulsed before, but appraising himself again, in the cute red dress and red lipstick, with foundation and other makeup concealing the most egregious of his skin tone changes, and the sock filling out his uneven bust, he actually found himself smiling. Perhaps it was the alcohol still in his system, but he decided it wasn’t.

“I really do look quite pretty, when I make myself up right,” she said.

She gasped. She’d just thought of herself as a ‘she.’

“Well, I am a ‘she’, aren’t I?”

She made several poses in the mirror. Yes, her ass was bigger on one cheek - awkward for sitting sometimes - and her hips were a bit uneven. And yes, she looked like a patchwork quilt of four different races of people. But . . . she was womanly. Still male

between the legs, sure, but that was nothing new. Now, with the right getup and makeup, she could feel like a woman.

For the first time.

She giggled, and suddenly a flicker of energy returned. For a moment she was worried she was having an anxiety attack again, but she wasn't anxious at all, quite the opposite! Instead the feeling rose and rose, manifesting as a series of pressures across her body.

"Oh. Oh! OH! It's happening!"

Her voice, still female and quite British, practically squeaked with excitement. The changing trans woman ran to the bedroom to stand before the full length mirror as the feelings grew and the sensations reached her breasts and thighs and manhood.

"Please, please, please!" she whispered to herself.

Her wish seemed to come true. Already, parts of her were changing. She gazed in astonishment as the remaining white patches of her skin darkened, and the olive tones deepened to become a rich chocolate brown. Her blue eye altered, darkening also and taking on an almond shape to match the other. Tears welled in her eyes as her lips filled out, and her jawline softened, becoming ever more feminine. She had to wipe away the tears in order to see her continuing transformation, and was just in time for her bosom to expand outwards.

"Yes! Even!" she exclaimed, her voice increasingly cute. She was thankful she still sounded British.

But they went more than even; as her little breast caught up to the bigger, more ample one, she suddenly felt a surge in *both* of them.

"Oh, ok okay!"

She arched her back, and quickly pulled the sock from the bra she had borrowed from Bianca. She was just in time: her boobs filled out, pressing into the cups and fitting snugly against them, perhaps even a little *too* snugly.

"Am I - are these bigger than Double-Ds?" she gasped.

Her hair shifted, the rest of it taking on the same African kink as the rest; frizzy and black and marvellous, a loose afro that was long enough to put in a sexy bun. Her eyelashes extended, her cheekbones rose, and it seemed to her that she had a strong Afro-Latina look, especially with her increasingly round ass and wide hips that cinched into a little waist. Her thighs thickened, becoming even to match, and her feet shrunk, becoming quite dainty.

"Ohhhh . . . Nngghhhh - s-so good!"

The changes continued, and a fire in her belly lit. She grabbed it, even as it became toned and athletic like Tess's. It made her gasp a little. Was she . . . did Bianca's still-practitioner level magic make Alan take on aspects of the women she grew close to? If

so, she could only celebrate! While changing race was strange and still quite bizarre to her, she now also had a distinct Native blend to her features, particularly around her eyes and cheekbones.

“MMhhmmm,” she moaned, caressing her breasts through her dress. They had stopped expanding, and were now very generously sized. She lowered a hand down to her crotch and massaged her shrinking penis.

“That’s right little fellow, go away now. Give me what I need.”

The magic gave her exactly what she wanted: her small manhood dissipated entirely. She felt her testicles pull up inside her, and she gasped as each one squeezed back inside. She traced her fingers over her brown belly, following their movements as they separated and formed what she could only guess were her new ovaries. Another pulse deep within the pit of her belly, and she knew that a womb had formed also.

“MMhhmm - Oohhhhh!!”

She squirmed, struggling to stand as a miniature orgasm rocked through her. It was accompanied by a flowering of her new feminine passage. She pulled up her dress, pulled down her panties, and to astonishment she could see she was all female; she moved just in time to witness her labia forming.

It was the final change. She stood, gazing into the mirror and seeing a gorgeous, busty, shapely and *joyful* Afro-Latina woman, one with strong native heritage, standing before her.

She knew straight away that she was no longer Alan.

When Alan did not arrive to work on Monday, leaving only a sick notice, Bianca was worried. Despite the assurances of her mentor, and the calming words of her wife, she was still anxious to hear word from Alan. Her worries evidently affected her little girl; she was writhing about in the womb, kicking up a storm.

“Calm down, little one, calm down,” she admonished, rubbing her side. “We’ll just have to see if he’s okay, and if he arrives tomorrow.

She spent the rest of the day trying to distract herself, checking off lists not only managerial but also for her impending motherhood. Poor Barb was the subject of numerous messages regarding these concerns.

The next day, she’d heard nothing. Again, she was anxious, and heavily pregnant, and with a full set of work on her plate. She was about to give in and call Alan when someone new entered the office. She was a gorgeous Afro-Latina woman, though she had a touch of Mesoamerican in her, perhaps. She was wearing an attractive pencil skirt and white

blouse, much like her own, and she had a pair of tits that were bigger than her own (though not bigger than Barb's - but then, who did?). She was strikingly attractive, and while Bianca was loyal to her wife, she couldn't help but bite her lip. The woman was perhaps in her early twenties, no older than twenty four at most, and she had a charming smile filled with nervous energy.

It was that nervous energy that tipped her off. That, and the familiar sight of the woman's core essence; an essence that was bright pink and yet in the same shape of someone she knew very well.

"Oh my God! *Dios mio!* Alan, it's you! It worked!?"

The woman beamed, wiping sudden tears as she hugged Bianca.

"It did work, it did," she said, grinning from ear to ear. "But I'm not Alan anymore, Bianca."

"Oh? You have a new name?"

She indicated to her name badge, much as Bianca had to her when they'd first met two weeks ago.

Hi! My name is Amara. I'm an IT specialist.

The two of them giggled and hugged for a long time in the middle of the cubicle room. It was Bianca's first successful change.

But it wouldn't be her last.

The End