

# Desired Reality (MtF, FtF, Bimbo, AR)

"Hello?"

Matt's voice echoed through the empty and dark office, and the soft ding of the elevator door closing followed closely behind it. The sound of his footsteps spread through the dark cubicles and silent hallways, his brown eyes scanning through the building for his girlfriend's desk. He expected the place to be busy since Forest told him they had to work overtime today, but once again, she was the only one that needed to stay late. It infuriated him that they took advantage of her mild-mannered and timid nature, and he sincerely wished she could stand up for herself more.

The man could hear the soft tapping of delicate fingers on a keyboard as he approached her desk outside the CTO's office. Matt saw the tired brunette sitting at her desk, dark rings under her blue eyes as she stared at the computer screen. Amanda, or Forest since she preferred going by her surname, sat hunched over her laptop. The woman brushed a lock of hair from her face, an errant strand that had escaped from the messy bun on the back of her head, and her modest pencil skirt and blouse looked almost too big on her slender frame. Forest didn't look her age, something she often lamented and blamed on her skinny and short body. They were both in their early thirties, yet she couldn't remember the last time she didn't have to show her ID to go to a bar or buy wine. The short, lithe woman didn't even notice him as he approached her, loud music blasting from her headphones, and he nearly scared the living daylight out of her when he placed the takeout Chinese food on the desk.

"Holy crap! Jesus, you nearly scared me to death," she said as she took off her headphones, any sign of annoyance or anger vanishing almost instantly as she recognized her boyfriend.

"Well, in my defense, you probably didn't hear me saying hello with the headphones on," Matt said with a chuckle as he unpacked the food.

"Wait, what are you doing here?" she said, her belly rumbling as the scent of Kung Pao Chicken and fried noodles reached her nose.

"I figured you'd be too busy to buy some food, so I decided to bring you some dinner like the good boyfriend I am," he said, pulling up a chair to her desk.

"Thanks," she said timidly, unable to blush from how overjoyed and happy it made her feel. She pulled out a fork and dug in, causing Matt to chuckle when she took a way too big out of the chicken and struggled to fit it all in there.

"By the way, where is everyone?"

Forest sat silent as she ate, too ashamed to tell him why she was the only one there. She sat and chewed the chicken in silence, her boyfriend staring at her expectantly, and she couldn't help but blush. She swallowed hard, not even meeting his gaze, and started to fidget with her fork.

"Well, um," she said, but Matt knew whatever she said would be a lie. So, before she could say anything else, he shook his head and sighed.

"Let me guess, Mrs. Nakamura wants these reports done on Monday, right?" he said, gesturing at the giant pile of papers next to her. Unsurprisingly, the clumsy woman had already spilled some sweet-and-sour sauce on them.

"Y-Yeah, well, and, um," Forest said, but she was once again cut off by her boyfriend.

"And you agreed to do it since you can't dare to say no to her, even though you knew it would take you the entire evening and weekend?"

Forest couldn't help but twirl a lock of her brown hair nervously as she sat there, letting a few awkward seconds pass before answering. "Um, pretty much..."

"Come on, babe! It's now the third weekend in a row! You can't let her use you like this," Matt said with a heavy sigh. "I know she's your boss, but she can't expect you to work every waking hour. Stand up to her and tell her enough is enough."

Forest then did what she always did in these situations. She blushed, averted her gaze, and mumbled under her breath. "I guess I could talk to her about it later..."

Matt knew she wouldn't, and he couldn't help but feel sorry for his girlfriend. He knew she hated confrontations and had always had trouble talking to people in authority. Her current boss had noticed this and was clearly abusing it, the woman ordering Forest around like she was her obedient lapdog. He hated seeing her getting used like this, and he wished he could do something about it. But, for now, Matt figured he could be supportive and try his best to be a good boyfriend.

Yet, as they ate, he couldn't shake the feeling that they should do something to get back at Mrs. Nakamura for doing this to Forest. Eventually, that feeling got the better of Matt, and he stood up with a sigh.

"Alright, this is now happening," he said, snapping Forest out of her thoughts and with some fried noodles hanging from her mouth as she stared at him.

"Hey!" she tried to say when he grabbed her keycard from the table, but only a muffled and garbled groan managed to escape her lips. She chewed and swallowed quickly as the man approached Mrs. Nakamura's office, a playful smile on his face. "What are you doing?!"

"Well, we're having such a lovely dinner together, but I realized I forgot to pick up something to drink," he said, swiping the card at the door and unlocking it. "And since Mrs. Nakamura wants you to stay here and work all night long, I think she'll understand if we help ourselves to her liquor cabinet."

Secretaries usually didn't have access to their boss's rooms, but Mrs. Nakamura knew Forest was too obedient for her own good and knew she wouldn't abuse the privilege. Unfortunately, she didn't expect her reckless boyfriend would use that against her. Matt pulled down the handle and opened the door slightly with a smile as he stared back at the woman, a playful mischievousness dancing in his gaze.

"Y-You can't go in there!" Forest said as she stood on her heels. "And you can't just go in there and take her things! That's stealing!"

"Relax, we'll be in and out in no time. Besides, I think the least Mrs. Nakamura could give you is some top-shelf whiskey since you're here busting your ass off for her," Matt said, bumping the door with his ass before walking inside.

"Wait!" Forest said as she hurried after him, but she stopped at the threshold of her office. She didn't dare enter, the woman dancing nervously back and forth as she panicked and watched Matt walk further into the spacious office room. "T-This isn't funny! We're not allowed to be in here!"

"Whoa, look at this room," Matt said, drinking in the view. The room was massive and ornate, with bookcases adorning the walls and a huge window overlooking the city. The giant mahogany desk dominated the room, and it felt like he was approaching a throne as he moved toward it. "I wonder where she keeps the good stuff, though."

"Matt!" Forest hissed, but it was clear he wasn't listening. So, she swallowed hard and took a step forward into the room, passing the threshold. She felt a shiver coursing down her spine, her anxiety rising through the roof as she imagined what the stern woman would say if she saw her in here without permission.

Matt was at this point behind the desk, rummaging through her things in search of something they could share a drink over. After all, someone like Mrs. Nakamura had to have a bottle of something good. Forest was anxiously glaring at her boyfriend as he looked through her drawers, dancing and squirming as every inch of her body told her they shouldn't be there.

"I can't find anything," Matt said as he sat down in her chair, spinning in it with a sigh. "I thought for sure she'd have something that would compensate a little for making you work late."

"Come on, let's just go before someone sees us," Forest said, brushing a lock behind her ear.

Suddenly, she twitched and stared in fear at the door when she thought she heard footsteps outside, her heart racing as she listened intently. She couldn't hear anything aside from Matt's

heavy breathing behind her, the girl eventually calming down a little when she realized it was all in her head.

"I thought someone like your boss wouldn't be this messy," Matt said as he turned on the lamp and illuminated the desk. "I mean, what even is all this?"

There were numerous trinkets, mechanical baubles, and devices half-assembled on her untidy desk, along with the various tools needed to tinker with them. Forest turned her attention to her boyfriend and the desk, soon staring at the trinkets.

"Well, she used to work in the R&D division as one of the company's lead scientists until a year ago when she got promoted," she said. "I guess she still likes tinkering with things."

"And here I thought she was just another soulless corporate shill. Jeez, what even is all of this?" Matt said as he scanned through the weird devices on the table. Honestly, half the stuff here looked more at home in a mad scientist's workshop than anywhere else. "So you're saying she's pretty smart, huh?"

"Yeah, you have no idea," Forest said, again turning her attention away from the desk when she heard something out in the hallway.

"Remind me, what does your company actually do again?" Matt said, idly staring at a creepy robotic doll that lay half-assembled on the table. He knew they were a huge company that did a bit of everything, from selling wet wipes to operating mines in Zambia, but he wasn't sure what this particular branch did.

"Well, we do a bit of everything," Forest said, her attention split between watching the door and talking to her boyfriend.

It wasn't a lie. The company did do a little bit of everything. However, during Forest's time as Mrs. Nakamura's secretary, she had seen the mind-bending and, honestly, near-magical things they did down at her lab. If Matt had seen the things she had, then he wouldn't be so carefree and calm around the devices on her boss's desk.

"Come on, let's get out of here!" she said, snapping her boyfriend out of his thoughts as he examined an opaque piece of glass on the table that hurt his eyes just looking at it.

"Yeah, we might as well," Matt said as he casually grabbed one of the metallic spheres on the table, feeling the weight in his hand and idly staring at it. "She doesn't seem to have any whiskey lying around anyway."

Forest looked back at Matt, and her eyes widened with shock when she saw him holding one of the devices. "Hey! I said, don't touch anything!"

Matt was surprised when she snagged it right out of his hand. He was even more surprised to see how it started to glow and beep in her hand when she squeezed it a bit too hard when she grabbed it. Forest began to freak out when it did, nearly dropping the thing on the ground.

"Oh god, what's happening?!" she said, unsure if she should try and press one of the many buttons to get it to stop or drop it and run.

"Relax, you just pressed one of the buttons when you grabbed it. I doubt it's dangerous, whatever it is," Matt said as he walked over to Forest, the two soon staring at the blinking and humming device. Unlike him, she wasn't that sure it wasn't dangerous. "Do you know what it is?"

"No idea," she said as her mind raced to figure out what to do, and she nearly threw it across the room when she heard a woman's voice coming from it.

*"User calibration completed for Amanda Forest. Targets locked and room secured,"* it said, the voice monotone and robotic.

"What the hell does that mean?" Matt said, unaware of the condensation on the windows and the light shimmer coming from the doorway. The temperature in the room had been rapidly dropping, and neither noticed their breaths showing as the air got colder.

"I don't know!" Forest said, the girl still holding the device as it started to rumble and shake.

"What do we do?!"

*"Optimal reality calculation for user complete. Stand by for shift,"* the device said, soon shaking and glowing more and more as the two stared at it.

"Um, I think we sho-"

Matt's words got cut short as a blinding flash enveloped them, and it felt like they were falling a few moments later. The feeling of vertigo washed over the two, and they nearly passed out from the sensory overload. Forest managed to stand upright by leaning against her taller boyfriend, and Matt only stopped himself from falling by using the table to keep his balance.

Everything went silent around them. The loud ringing in their ears started to fade, and their vision returned to them. Forest had dropped the device at this point, the thing falling to the floor with a heavy thud and crack as it stopped working. It took the two a few more moments to collect themselves, and their entire bodies tingled and ached from the strange ordeal. The temperature in the room went back to normal, the weird shimmer near the doorway stopped, and condensation stopped forming on the windows. The couple stood there dazed, leaning against the table and trying to clear their heads as their bodies tingled and ached.

Eventually, Matt snapped out of the daze and looked around to ensure that Forest was okay. She leaned against his tall body, seemingly unharmed but shocked, and he sighed with relief.

"Thank God. You're okay," he said as he hugged her tightly, snapping her out of her stupor.

"W-What happened?" Forest said, his mind buzzing and her body aching.

"The devices exploded. Well, I think," Matt said as he noticed that her hand was still there and unharmed. He even saw the device on the floor, spitting out sparks and in pieces.

"C-Come on, let's get out of here," Forest said, her heart racing as she realized how bad this would be if, or rather when, Mrs. Nakamura noticed this. She'd consider herself lucky if she merely lost her job.

However, Forest suddenly stopped after only a few steps toward the door. She seemed to freeze, her mind buzzing as she noticed something was off. It was hard at first to see what it was, but soon all the tiny little differences started to add up in her head. It sent a chill down her spine, and she could feel her hands growing sweaty.

"Hey, what's wrong? I thought you wanted to get out of here," Matt said, his calm voice snapping the shocked and scared woman out of her daze.

"Something's wrong," she said, her voice a mere whisper. "T-The office..."

Matt noticed the shocked look on her face, and he began to stare around the room, trying to see what she saw. Slowly but surely, he started to see the things that were off, and he couldn't help but stare in confusion around him.

"Wait, are we in a new room?" Matt said, his words sending a chill down Forest's spine.

The room looked indeed different. The numerous bookshelves and bookcases around the walls were gone, and there were now ornate paintings around the room instead. The massive red rug stretching from the door to the desk was now a royal purple, and the desk behind them was marble and not mahogany. The previous office room had been fancy and looked expensive, but it was nothing compared to this. It was a corporate throne room, a monument of capitalistic greed and splendor.

It took them both by surprise, and they stared in awe at everything for several moments before Matt finally snapped out of it. He turned around to face the desk, the man quickly noticing that the devices and things had disappeared from it. Instead, it was somewhat empty aside from a fancy computer set-up, an expensive set of crystal glasses, and a fancy decanter filled with top-shelf whiskey. However, what caught his attention was the small yet expensive nameplate sitting on the heavy marble desk.

"Whoa, look at this," Matt said as he picked it up, his girlfriend soon walking over to see what it was. Her eyes went wide with shock as she read her name on it.

*-Amanda Emilia Forest, CTO-*

"What the..." she said, his mind buzzing and racing as she tried to make sense of what she saw.

"Seriously, where are we?" Matt said as he placed the nameplate back on the table, the man soon staring around the room in awe. "Did we get drugged by the device or something?"

"I don't know," Forest said, her eyes locked with the massive office chair behind the table. It looked like a throne to her, the perfect seat to look out over the city through the window behind it. She felt an urge, an itch, to talk over and take a seat in it. For some reason, it almost felt like it belonged to her.

Suddenly, before either could really do anything else, Forest felt an odd cramp and pain in her back. She groaned and leaned against the table as it happened, clenching her teeth as she tried to endure it. Matt quickly noticed it and hurried to check on her.

"Hey, you okay?" he asked, his heart skipping a few beats when he heard this sickening crunch from her torso.

"Y-Yeah, I'm fine," she said with a groan, the woman stretching her sore back as it cracked a few more times.

Suddenly, Matt noticed something was wrong with her. Forest had always been half a foot shorter than him, standing at a modest five-foot-five, but now she looked taller. He was about to ask her how she was doing again when her spine popped and cracked, and he watched in awe as she got taller. Forest was soon only a few inches shorter than him, her body having gained several inches in height in a matter of moments. The extra length spread evenly throughout her body, although her legs seemed to get more love than the rest. It made them look long and shapely on her taller figure, seemingly going on forever and ever.

Forest hadn't noticed it yet, but she quickly noticed something was off when she leaned against Matt and saw that she was standing nearly eye-to-eye with him. Her body had stopped growing, and the pain rapidly subsided as her brain tried to adapt to seeing the world from a new perspective. She stared wide-eyed at him, trying to figure out how it was possible.

"What the..." she muttered as she took a few steps back with her shapely legs. Her outfit had grown with her body, and it fit her well despite the near-half-a-foot extra height.

Forest stood over six feet tall now, a full two inches taller than Matt, and she couldn't help but feel oddly excited being as tall as her boyfriend despite how freaky everything else was. The couple stared at each other in silence, unable to figure out what to say or do as the woman had suddenly gone through a growth spurt.

At that point, Matt felt a sting in his back, and he groaned as his body began to pop and crack. He stumbled and fell on his hands and knees, groaning as it felt like something pressing down on his body from all directions. She hurried over to him and watched how his entire body was wasting away. The man lost inch after inch in height, his shirt and sweater shrinking along with his shorter figure.

"God, what's happening?!" he hissed and gasped as his torso shrank and knocked the air out of his lungs. Matt felt dizzy as Forest tried to help him up on his feet again, his head spinning and aching from the ordeal.

"Are you okay?" she said, trying to keep him steady as his body continued to shrink. Matt leaned against her, his body wider but soon increasingly shorter than his girlfriend's frame.

"Y-Yeah, kind of," he said, groaning as he clenched his teeth and powered through the pain, now leaning up against Forest.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, it was over. Matt's breaths came in hard and fast as he tried to collect himself, the man leaning on his girlfriend and feeling her arms around him. The pain was going away, and he could feel how wrong and weird his body felt. He opened his eyes and was shocked to see that he had been leaning his head against Forest's small bosom, the man now so short that his eyes only reached the same level as her nipples. He took a step back and stared at her, now forced to lean his head back to look her in her eyes.

Another few awkward moments passed as they both tried to figure out what was happening, the man shaking his head as he looked around the room with his new and shorter body.

"T-This can't be happening," Matt said, his heart racing. "I mean, the device drugged us, right? I mean, it isn't like this can be real. Right?"

"I don't know," Forest said, staring at her four-foot-ten-tall boyfriend. She couldn't help but feel a little excited, and seeing her lover so adorably tiny actually turned her on a little.

"Holy shit, holy shit!" Matt said, the man spiraling as he stared at his slightly smaller hands. Forest could see that he was panicking, and she hurried over to comfort him. It was usually Matt that would comfort her when she had one of her anxiety attacks or felt nervous, and it felt oddly good that it was the other way around this time.

"Hey, it's okay," she said, wrapping her arms around his head and pressing it gently against her chest. "We'll figure something out."

Forest felt an odd tingle passing through her head, and she only now realized how oddly calm and collected she felt. The anxiety and nervousness from before were almost gone, and she felt oddly in control of her emotions as she held her shorter boyfriend. It was an indescribable feeling for the previously timid woman, and she couldn't help but smile a bit as she realized it. Forest felt like herself, just different. The thought of speaking in front of a group still terrified her, but she didn't have this near-constant feeling of inadequacy anymore, and she didn't find herself second-guessing everything she did either.

Matt, on the other hand, felt like he was freaking out. None of this made sense, and he could feel his heart racing as it all washed over him. However, the feeling of Forest hugging him like this calmed him immensely, and he loved how it felt to rest his head against her tiny bosom.



Matt could feel her stroking the back of his head, sending tingles of blissful pleasure down his spine and easing his weary mind quite a bit. He felt goosebumps forming on his arms, and he even felt butterflies in his belly. The two lost track of time as they stood there, both too dazed by the new emotions and sensations.

Forest took a deep breath and sighed, and Matt realized something else was off with her. Her bosom had always been on the small side, barely B's in size, and they curved gently out from her chest. However, as he stood there with his head resting against her blouse-covered breasts, he could feel how soft and padded they started to feel. They felt more padded with each passing moment, his face sinking deeper into her feminine bosom as she held him tightly in her arms. Matt knew that something was off when she heard her softly moan a few moments later, and he could almost hear the blouse and bra stretching to make room for her growing bosom. She could feel him wrapping her arms tighter against his head, squeezing and holding him as her tits continued to expand.

"Oh god..." Forest moaned in his ear, and Matt quickly untangled himself from her arms. He saw her cupping her swelling bosom with her hands as soon as he stepped away, a smile on her face and eyes half-closed with arousal.

"What the fuck?" he muttered as he stared at her tits growing, quickly pushing through cup sizes. She seemed lost in the pleasure, too stimulated to notice herself moaning or groping her breasts.

Matt watched as the previously tiny mounds swelled in size, becoming heavier and rounder with each passing moment as her body adapted to their new reality. The blouse shifted and changed as they grew, buttons getting undone and more of her cleavage showing each second. They stopped when they were about the size of cantaloupes, her bosom looking large and perky without seeming fake. The bra underneath shifted and transformed into a push-up bra, an expensive brand along with that, and soon her DDs had the support they deserved.

Forest only snapped out of her daze when they stopped growing, and she stared down at her exposed cleavage and impressive bust with a blush. She blinked, her hands still cupping her tits, and Matt assumed she'd freak out seeing her bigger breasts. But instead, she merely tilted her head to the side in confusion and blinked a few more times.

"Huh, weird," Forest said, the woman finding herself oddly calm as she stared at her tits.

She knew she should be afraid and confused, but she felt oddly good. Forest would never in a million years think about showing this much skin or flaunting her breasts like this, even if they had always been this big. But now, she felt a rush of excitement going through her body, and she couldn't help but smile a bit at finally having a proper pair of tits.

However, Matt wasn't reacting as calmly at the sight of his girlfriend's new and improved bosom, despite his manhood having woken up while watching her tits grow.

"Weird?! All of this is fucking insane!" he said, gesturing first at her and then around the room. "I still can't believe you're not freaking out as much as I am."

"I don't know," Forest said, one hand moving to her breasts and the other to her head. "I guess it's hard to be upset when it feels this good..."

Matt watched her undo the bun on her head, letting the cinnamon-brown locks fall to her shoulders. She shook her head and ran her fingers through her modest mane, and his eyes went wide when he saw the hair grow and thicken right in front of his eyes. Forest's hair had always been thin and quite uninspiring, the woman often keeping it in a ponytail or a bun. Now that was changing as she was airing and running her fingers through it, the mane rapidly gaining volume. The brown hue became more vibrant, and her locks became glossier as they cascaded down her back. The hair grew until it reached her waist, and it was a voluminous mess of luscious locks that looked more at home on a model. She brushed a few curls away from her face with a smile, unaware that her fingernails had grown slightly during the last few moments.

"Fuck, this feels really good," Forest said, a soft sigh of pure bliss leaving her lips.

"Holy shit," Matt said as he noticed her slightly longer and now manicured nails as she brushed a few more locks over her shoulder.

Forest's nails stopped growing at half an inch, soon gaining a glossy finish with french tips as they stopped changing. She had never been one that cared too much about her nails, but now she had a pair of claws that only daily visits to a salon could achieve. She pressed a long-nailed finger against her cheek, her heart racing at how good it felt as she dragged it gently across her oddly soft and smooth skin.

Matt soon saw that it wasn't just her nails that got a beauty treatment. It seemed like an invisible makeup set moved over her skin and face, pampering every inch of her body with beauty products that would cost half a fortune to buy. He watched her lashes grow long and luscious, her eyes becoming smoky, and purple lipstick spreading over her swelling, pouting lips. Forest could feel it all happening, her heart racing at how good it made her feel. She could feel her face shifting, her features staying the same except becoming a more perfect and beautiful version of their previous self. Slowly but surely, she was looking her age as her body developed in all the right ways. Soft pops came from her hips as they widened, going from narrow to curvy within moments. Forest's ass and thighs plumped up slightly, giving them a feminine softness they had been lacking for years. Her waist caved in slightly, giving her a much more pronounced hourglass figure, and her clothes accentuated that when they started to change. The blouse and skirt remained yet shifted subtly, becoming more elegant and expensive. A jacket formed on her torso that matched her pencil skirt, and she pushed up as her heels grew longer.

It didn't take long before Forest didn't look like a skinny secretary. Instead, she now looked like a full-bodied woman, and her eyes danced with almost manic euphoria as she stared down at her body.

"This is unbelievable," she said, almost unable to stop herself from laughing as she saw how gorgeous she looked.

"Holy fuck," Matt muttered as he stared at his girlfriend, in awe at how much she had changed in such a short time.

Forest walked over to a nearby mirror on the wall, her hips swaying and ass bouncing with each step, and she fell instantly in love with what she saw. She looked like a far more gorgeous version of her old self, her figure finally curvy without looking slutty and her tits big enough without making her seem like a whore. Forest had this aura of professional elegance surrounding her, and the woman could see the almost hungry look in her eyes. She felt different, and only in the positive sense. The tiny whispers of doubt and anxiety had disappeared, and the woman had never felt so in control and confident of herself. Forest felt like she could take on the entire world, and the thought of talking in front of thousands of people didn't even scare her anymore. She felt unstoppable, her mind buzzing with so much excitement and pleasure that she almost passed out.

Matt could only stare in shock and surprise as Forest posed in front of the mirror, a smile on her sultry purple lips as she admired her body.

"God, this is fucking amazing!" Forest said as she ran her hands through her hair, feeling the long cinnamon-brown locks before letting the silken locks fall through her hands and down on her body.

"This is insane," Matt said, shaking his head. All of this was crazy and shouldn't happen, even though he couldn't deny just how great Forest looked now. "We got to figure out a way to stop this. I bet the device has something to do with this."

Forest couldn't help but scoff when she heard what her boyfriend said. "Stop this? Are you insane? I mean, look at me! Can't you see how fucking great I look!"

"Yeah, but this shouldn't be happening. Who knows what else might happen? Besides, we don't know how this happened or where we even are!" Matt said as he approached the device on the floor, the cracked thing still beeping despite spitting out sparks.

However, Matt felt a manicured hand on his wrist before he could pick it up, and he found himself in her arms before he could react. His face was once again almost buried in her bosom, a feeling he would've enjoyed under different circumstances. He stared up at her, their eyes meeting, and he could see the dominant look in her gaze. Matt's cock twitched, not only from her breasts pressing against his face but also from the possessive glint in her eyes.

"Now, don't be so hasty, Matty," Forest said, a long-nailed finger caressing his cheek and sending a few shivers of excitement down his spine. "Maybe we shouldn't do something we might regret later. Tell me, don't you like the way I look?"

"Well, yeah, bu-" he said, but his sentence got cut short by her finger pressing against his thin lips.

"Hush," she said, one hand caressing his lips and the other holding his head against her bosom. "Don't overthink things. Let's see where this goes first. Then, once it is over, we can decide if we want to do something about it."

Matt could feel his lips tingling as she rubbed her fingers over them, and he felt his heart race as she stared down at him with those piercing blue eyes. It felt like she stared into his soul, and he knew she wouldn't take no for an answer. He wanted to protest, but a part of him refused. It didn't dare, and he heard this tiny whisper in his brain telling him to do what she said. He watched her blink slowly and saw how the blue in her eyes disappeared when she opened them again. Her eyes were now deep and dark brown, and it felt like he could fall endlessly into her enveloping and devouring gaze.

Forest held him tight against her chest, running her long-nailed finger across his cheek and lips as they stared into each other's eyes. She could soon see that something was off with his face, a smile on her lips as she saw his lips swell slightly in size. The soft fuzz on his cheek fell off, and she saw how Matt's skin started to get smoother and more flawless with each passing moment. Even he could tell something was wrong, and he soon felt an intense tingling sensation sweep over his face.

"Well, this is interesting," Forest said, pressing her finger against his swelling and increasingly pouty lips. She sounded surprised but not disappointed. "I didn't think this would happen."

"W-What do you mean?" Matt said, finally pushing himself away from his possessive and now-dominant girlfriend. He hurried to the mirror and stared with shocked eyes at his pouty lips. "What the hell?!"

Forest soon walked into view, standing behind him with her hands on his shoulders as they both watched as his lips swelled and grew. They were rounding and pushing out, going from thin to plump within moments. His lips were soon undeniably feminine, round, and glistening in the light, and they both saw the hot pink lipstick spreading over them. Matt ran his tongue over them, tasting the lipstick and feeling just how insanely soft they had become.

It wasn't just his lips that were changing on his face either. Matt could see that his skin had gotten smooth and soft, his features rapidly getting less and less masculine as the reality-warping effects of the device molded his body to fit the perfect reality for the two. He blinked and saw his eye color changing, his dark gaze now a pale and pretty blue hue. Matt blinked again and felt his eyelashes grow longer, his face looking increasingly more feminine with each passing moment. He watched in awe and horror as her eyes changed, becoming expressive and doe-like within moments. It was hard not to notice how pretty and feminine they

were, the lashes only adding to their beauty, and he saw the almost witless and clueless glint in them. Matt blinked again, feeling the weight of his mascara-covered lashes, and stared with his baby-blue gaze at his feminizing face.

Forest seemed to enjoy the view quite a bit, and he could feel the near-possessive way she held his shoulders. She kept him in place, preventing him from walking away from the mirror. Her nails tapped against his shoulders as she stared at him with a smile, her warm brown eyes taking in every detail of his changing body. Matt's face continued to change, his jawline softening and his cheekbones rising. He could feel his neck tingling and itching as it got slimmer, and his entire skull cracked as it shrank slightly in size. It was weird and uncomfortable, but he felt thankful it didn't hurt. Matt groaned and closed his eyes when his eyebrows got plucked and trimmed, and he gasped as he felt his teeth become flawless and perfect. When he opened his eyes later, he couldn't believe the pretty face looking back at him in the mirror belonged to him.

Matt shook his head, his pouty lips quivering and blinking his pretty blue eyes in disbelief. He felt Forest run a finger over his delicate and pronounced cheek, and he felt a tingle down his spine at how soft his skin had become. He saw the tanned hue in his skin, the sun-kissed color that only came with dedicated tanning and love for sunshine.

"T-This is insane," he said as he felt goosebumps down his neck as Forest traced her finger across his delicate features. He heard how soft his voice had become, and it was

"I think you look beautiful," she said with a smile, her hands now on his head as she scratched his scalp. It sent more tingles down his spine, his cock fully erect and throbbing from the strange pleasure.

Forest started to massage and rub his scalp with her hands, sending strange waves of euphoria through his body. He could feel her tugging and pulling at his short brown hair, gently yet teasingly, and he didn't even notice the soft and almost effeminate moan that slipped from his glossy pink lips. Matt didn't see his hair growing as his girlfriend massaged his scalp, and Forest grinned as she pulled at the increasingly longer and thicker locks in awe and excitement. She watched as the strands thickened and lengthened, becoming longer and more luscious with each passing moment. The color seemed to drain from the tips and down to the roots, slowly but surely bleaching it and turning his mousy-brown hair platinum blonde. She grabbed a handful of his hair and gently pulled, smiling as the mane grew from her soft coaxing and guiding. Forest ran his fingers through the lengthening hair, watching with a smile as it grew past his shoulders and cascaded down his back. The hair was wavy and flawless, pampered beyond sense, and she could smell the enticing and sweet perfume that lingered around his increasingly feminine body.

"Perfect," Forest whispered, her voice sending tingles down Matt's spine. "So perfect."

Matt hadn't realized he had his eyes closed this entire time, and he was shocked by what he saw when he finally opened them a few moments later. He had noticed the weight on his head and felt something caressing the side of his head, and he soon stared at his platinum blonde mane in confusion. The hair had stopped growing when it reached his lower back, a luscious waterfall of golden locks that glistened in the light and framed his pretty face perfectly.

Matt couldn't believe what he saw, and his heart nearly stopped when he heard his new voice.

"Oh, my god," he said, and he gasped when he heard the soft and airy words that left his plump lips. Matt's voice matched his face and hair perfectly, a sultry and seductive tone that could drive anyone wild with lust. "M-My voice!"

"Yes, isn't it lovely?" Forest said, caressing his slender neck and admiring the absence of his Adam's apple.

"W-Why are you so calm about this? I'm turning into a woman!" Matt said, and his heart skipped another beat when he saw the excited look in her eyes.

"Mmhhh~, and a beautiful one at that," Forest said, licking her lips. She seemed like an entirely different person, and the dominant look in her eyes sent a shiver down his spine.

Matt couldn't believe what he saw or heard, his eyes wide with shock as he turned his baby-blue gaze back at this face. He stared at his womanly and girly visage, and he couldn't help but notice the witless look in his eyes. He remained unaware of the tingling sensation in the back of his head, the tiny little itch as the reality-warping effects ate away at his intellect. It was chipping away at his sharp mind, draining his IQ and leaving his senses duller and his brain slower.

However, Matt did notice something else. His face hadn't just changed and softened to the point where he looked like a beautiful blonde woman, but it also looked younger. The mature glint in his eyes had disappeared, and he could see the youthful spark in his blue gaze and gently tanned skin. It wasn't the face of a man in his early thirties but the pretty and perky visage of a girl in her late teens or early twenties. He looked so young compared to his girlfriend, and he couldn't help but compare his face with the mature and dominant woman standing behind him.

Forest noticed the confused look on his face, and she couldn't help but giggle in amusement when she saw it. She ran a finger down the side of his neck, sending more tingles down his spine.

"Oh, did I never tell you that I'm bisexual? I guess I was too timid to mention it before," Forest said, running her fingers through his luscious mane. "You know what kind of woman I love more than anything else?"

Matt shook his head, too afraid of his new voice to say anything. He felt her rub the side of his shoulders, gently tapping her nails against his hoodie, and press her bosom against the back of his head.

"I like them short and dainty," she whispered, her voice oozing with sexuality, and he whimpered when he felt his cock twitch inside his pants at the sound of it.

Then, out of nowhere, he heard a sickening crunch from his shoulders, and he gasped as he felt his chest contract. Matt soon felt his entire body shrinking as the reality-warping effects ravaged his body, and he squirmed in discomfort as his bones cracked and snapped. He lost half an inch in a matter of moments but stopped shrinking in height after that, leaving him barely four-foot-ten tall. However, the rest of his body was slimming down as his figure became increasingly more feminine, his masculine features melting away by the reality-distorting effects of the device.

Forest watched in awe as his chest contracted and shrank, his limbs wasted away, and his overall figure became gently feminine and incredibly tiny. He had been small and slim before, but it wasn't anything compared to now. Matt groaned as his hands shrank, becoming small and dainty along with his feet. He felt his girlfriend's hands on his hips as they widened, becoming curvy within moments. His pelvis was soon feminine, the gap between his legs quite noticeable, and he saw how out of place the bulge between his legs looked on his slender and girly figure. His clothes changed along with his body, shrinking with his feminizing frame. The jeans soon crawled up his legs and fused, rapidly forming a knee-high denim skirt that fit his slender physique better. His hoodie disappeared, the fabric evaporating into thin air, and his T-shirt shrank to match his dainty torso.

It was over quicker than Matt expected, and he soon stared into the mirror in awe and horror. The man he had been was gone, replaced with his young woman with a gorgeous face, luscious hair, and a slender body. He had no curves to speak of, and his bulge was still noticeable between his legs as the erect thing pressed against his denim skirt and lay ill-fitting inside his new panties. Matt could even see that his shoes were different, now a pair of girly sneakers that fit his smaller feet better. He brushed a few blonde curls away from his face with his dainty hands, his nails now longer and manicured. Forest looked overjoyed by what she saw, and she pulled him in close in her arms as she moaned in his ear.

"God, I could just eat you up~," she whispered, rubbing her arms over his slender and short body.

"I still don't understand," Matt said in an oddly ditsy tone, his thoughts coming in a bit slower than before. "Are you enjoying this? Is this what you want?"

"Well, you could say it's been a bit of a fantasy of mine for a while," she explained as she played with his hair. "But I never thought it would ever come true."

"How is this even possible?" Matt asked again, not expecting an answer. To his surprise, Forest seemed to have a theory.

"I think the device might have scanned my brain and shifted us into the optimal reality to match my fantasies, but I'm still not certain," she said as she leaned down and kissed him on his soft cheek. "Honesty, I don't fucking care. All I know is that I don't want this to end. Not yet, anyway."

"B-But, we ca-" Matt said, but his sentence got cut short as Forest placed a finger over his plump pink lips.

"Hush," she said in an oddly stern and dominant tone. "You'll only speak when I tell you to, okay?"

Matt only nodded. He didn't know why, but even thinking about going against what she said and opening his mouth seemed impossible. The man remained unaware of his diminishing intellect and the increasingly submissive tendencies sneaking into his brain, infecting him to his core. He found himself bending to her will and clinging to her every word, his mind buzzing with strange pleasure as new urges began to creep into his head.

However, before either could do anything, there was an intense tingling sensation in his chest. Matt blushed when he heard the womanly moan escaping from his lips, and they both stared at the swelling mounds that stretched and pushed against his shirt. It was impossible not to notice how erect his nipples had gotten, the two things pressing firmly against the fabric, and he nearly gasped when they suddenly doubled in size. They grew pronounced and womanly, thicker than his pinky, and he moaned when Forest tweaked one of them with her fingers. She twisted it lightly, forcing an effeminate gasp and moan from his lips. Matt shuddered and closed his eyes, his cock and balls aching from how horny he felt. He nearly gasped again when he opened his eyes a few moments later and saw the size of his breasts, the previously flat area now rounded and swollen. They surged in size, Forest cupping his growing bosom in her hands and gently squeezing them as they filled her palms. They didn't stop growing until they were more than a handful, each almost the size of his head, and the weight of his tits strained his back. They sagged slightly on his youthful chest, stretching his shirt and rubbing against the fabric without a bra to support them.

Matt shuddered and moaned as they grew in size, his eyes wide as Forest continued to grope and squeeze his swelling bosom. The feminine man gasped again when his girlfriend pinched his nipples, sending a mixture of pain and bliss through his entire body. As weird as it was to admit, the pain only made the pleasure so much sweeter. He could see the excited look on her face, the woman biting her lip as she always did when she was flustered. The shirt stretched wide over the hefty melons, the fabric on the verge of tearing from how tight it was. However, a moment later, the shirt shifted and changed into a pink tube top that barely covered his massive breasts and left very little to the imagination.

"Perfect~," Forest whispered as she held the breasts in her hands, feeling their weight with a smile on her lips.

Matt wanted to say something. He tried to protest and beg her to help him figure out a way out of this, yet not a single word left his pretty pink lips. The man couldn't talk, his brain refusing to



go against what Forest wanted. Her words from before echoed through his head, to only speak when she told him to, and he couldn't fight against it. So, all he did was stand there with a ditsy look on his face and shuddering with pleasure as his girlfriend fondled his tits. Matt stared at his reflection, watching as the sun-kissed color from his face spread to every other part of his body. His skin was smooth and hairless, so pampered with beauty products that it made his skin look almost like plastic. He saw what a dolled-up beauty he was turning into, his duller brain tingling with weird excitement at how pretty he found himself, and his plump lips curled into a faint smile for a few brief moments.

It didn't take long before the changes moved down to his hips, causing them to pop and crack loudly. Forest continued to grin as she moved her hands down to them, rubbing the side of his curvy hips as they grew wider. They grew jutting and childbearing within moments, stretching his skirt, and he could see how massive they looked compared to his thin waist. His thighs swelled in size, plumping up with feminine fat, and he felt the sizable gap between his legs close somewhat. Matt felt his ass getting the same treatment, and his previously flat backside soon swelled and grew heart-shaped and plump. Forest could feel the ass swelling against her crotch as she pressed her body against his, loving the feeling of the padded behind growing into a juicy bubble butt. The denim skirt stretched across his padded backside, the piece of clothing soon shrinking and changing material as it adapted to his curvier and sluttier body. It shrank until it barely covered his ass, turning into a pink micro-skirt that made him show off as much of his flawless body as possible. His underwear had already changed into a tight thong that pulled up far between his ass cheeks and did nothing to cover his throbbing manhood.

However, none of this could compare to the sensation between his legs as his cock started to twitch and spasm. The bulge between his legs was shrinking, and Forest let out a wistful sigh as she watched it disappear. She knew she'd have something new to play with in the future, but she would still miss her boyfriend's manhood at least a little. For now, she moved her hand underneath Matt's skirt and grabbed what remained of his shrinking appendage with her fingers, gently stroking the cock as he began to moan and pant with lust.

"A bit regretful, but I think it's time to say goodbye to this," she said, rubbing her manicured fingers across his smooth shaft as it twitched and throbbed like crazy. "You won't need it anymore~."

Matt moaned and shuddered as vivid images of being bent over a desk with Forest fucking him with a strap-on flashed before his eyes. He could feel his feminine and curvy body shaking with excitement as it happened, his cheeks now rosy red with shame as these new urges flowed into his brain. Matt could feel himself bending to her will, the submissive urges infecting every part of his mind and filling him with shame at how aroused it made him feel. The thought of being someone's dolled-up girl sent pleasure right through his core, cutting apart and shredding what male pride he had left.

Not only that, but Matt noticed how weird his head started to feel. It felt fuzzy and tingly, his thoughts coming in oddly slow. The world around him seemed different as he stared at it with duller and dumber eyes, his intelligence finally dipping below what most would consider

average. He could feel himself getting dumber, his mind shredded by the reality-warping effects of the device, and he felt oddly okay with it. Maybe it was for the best? Would it really be so bad being Forest's dumb little girlfriend?

Matt snapped out of his thoughts when a spike of pleasure cascaded through his curvy and short body, causing him to moan like the slut he would become. He could feel how tiny his cock was at this point, a mere inch-long nub that wouldn't be able to please any woman. His scrotum hung empty underneath his, and he felt his abdomen tingle and ache as his testicles twisted and changed into something hopelessly feminine. Estrogen flooded his tiny, curvy body as his ovaries and womb formed, sending a gentle warmth of womanly tingles through his entire lower body. Matt moaned again when Forest pressed a finger against his empty sac and pushed it into his body, feminine juices coating her dainty digits as she started to pleasure the wet and inviting hole forming between his legs. What remained of his cock shrank and became his new clit, soon adorning the puffy and tight cunt between his legs. At that moment, she knew she wasn't a man anymore.

"Feels good, huh? Don't worry, Mattie," Forest said, kissing her on her neck and pushing two of her fingers into her feminine snatch. "I'm going to take care of you. Just leave all the thinking and decision-making to me, and I promise you'll love it."

Matt was a drooling mess at this point. Every inch of her body was aching with need, and she found herself leaning back into her arms. She stared at her reflection, her brain buzzing with shameful pride at the sexy and dolled-up woman she saw.

Suddenly, her brain tingled as she felt a new name invading her mind, replacing Matt with Mathilda. She could feel new thoughts and urges filling her increasingly emptier brain, causing her to feel more and more like the moaning vixen she was in this reality. The idea of returning to being a man got pushed aside as pleasure took the forefront of her mind, the need for an orgasm now overpowering any other thought or urge.

*'Maybe this isn't, like, so bad?'* Mattie thought as Forest slid her fingers in and out of her hole, sending her to new heights of pleasure. *'It feels kind of amazing~.'*

Mathilda watched with half-closed eyes and a clouded mind at the mirror, staring in awe as her reflection changed again. She could see and feel the hoop earrings appearing out of nowhere, caressing her cheeks as she squirmed under Forest's delicate touch. She watched as her makeup got heavier and sluttier, leaving her looking sluttier and more like a stereotypical bimbo with each passing moment. Mattie felt her lips inflate and grow to a massive size, becoming proper cocksuckers from numerous Botox treatments. She moaned when her already huge breasts swelled and stretched her top, her G-cup tits growing another few cup sizes as implants appeared inside them. They became perky and perfectly round yet remained somewhat soft, an achievement that was only possible with expensive and world-renowned surgery. The same happened to her ass, the already round backside swelling as flawless silicone implants formed inside them.

Every inch of her body was getting a beauty treatment, all inspired by Forest's twisted and dominant fantasies. Mattie's nails grew longer and more pampered, becoming unwieldy claws that had no practical use aside from looking pretty. Her skin tingled from various laser treatments and Botox injections sweeping over it, making her flawless skin even more perfect and plastic. She finally gained some height as pink stripper heels formed on her feet, six-inch stilts that still made her almost half a foot shorter than Forest.

It didn't take long before a moaning blonde bimbo had replaced her former masculine self, her ditsy and slutty face twisted into an almost permanent expression of pure lust. What Mattie saw should have frightened her to her core, but all she felt was yearning and blissful need as she almost melted in Forest's arms as the dominant woman pushed her to new heights of pleasure. She could feel the haze that had swept over her brain, clouding her senses and dulling her intellect. Mattie could feel the new urges and knowledge flowing into her vapid brain, filling it with the need to look pretty and the expertise needed for it.

"Now, who's my good little slut?" Forest whispered into Mattie's ear, the ditsy blonde's eyes going wide with excitement as her girlfriend pushed her toward the edge of an orgasm.

"I am!" Mathilda said with an airy moan as her body got ravaged by carnal bliss. She stared into Forest's dark and dominant eyes with a loving yet witless gaze, her body filled with a physical pleasure that couldn't compare to anything she had felt in her former life.

*'Maybe this is, like, who I'm supposed to be?'* she thought, giggling and rubbing her perfectly perky tits with a ditsy smile as her brain continued to melt from the pleasure.

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"Mrs. Forest, the investors for your two-o'clock appointment are here. Do you want me to send them in?"

The voice of her secretary snapped her out of her trance. Forest frowned as she got pulled out of her erotic daze against her will, and she pressed a button on the intercom system with a trembling finger.

"Tell them I'm busy and make them a cup of coffee as they wait. I'll be out to greet them in five minutes," Forest said, curling her toes and biting her lip to stifle a moan. She could feel Mattie's eager tongue diving deep into her pussy, the woman's head buried between her legs. "Let's make that ten minutes."

"Yes, ma'am," the secretary said as Forest leaned back in her chair, one hand rubbing her breasts and the other resting on the back of her girlfriend's head.

"God, we better wrap this up soon," Forest moaned, pressing Mattie's head firmly against her pussy as she spread her legs wider, giving the eager blonde all the access she needed. "Good girl~."

Mathilda didn't say anything. She was too busy kissing and licking the sweet flower between Forest's legs, the former man savoring the taste and basking in the mind-numbing euphoria it gave her. The feeling of her hand on her head, gently rubbing her silken hair, was enough to put a smile on her plump lips. Then, a moment later, she nearly came when she heard the magic words from her girlfriend. *Good girl*. It sent tingles through her curvy and girly body, her submissive mind making somersaults of pure joy as the words echoed through her head. Mathilda knew she should feel ashamed by all of this, how all of this would have crushed her former male pride. Yet, none of it remained, and all she felt was pure bliss as she continued to pleasure her girlfriend underneath the desk.

Forest glanced down at the blonde bombshell sitting on her knees underneath the marble desk, a smile spreading across her lips as she stared into Mattie's submissive baby-blue eyes. It had been two weeks since the reality-shift incident, and she was surprised at how eagerly and quickly the former man had adapted to her new life. The dumb little girl did everything she said without hesitation and followed her like a lost puppy, and she eagerly took advantage of it. There wasn't a doubt in their minds that they still loved each other, but that love was now far different from before. It was more akin to master and pet than as two equals, something they both enjoyed quite a bit with their new bodies and preferences. Forest took great delight in bossing the woman around, forcing her to bend over whenever she wanted and to drop to her knees when she needed some relief. Mathilda loved being on the receiving end, the ditsy blonde finding herself giving completely into her submissive tendencies.

"Ah~!" Forest moaned, and the sound was music to Mattie's ears. "Good girl~. Keep going..."

Mathilda pressed her plump and fake cocksuckers against Forest's pussy, eagerly lapping and licking at her feminine snatch. The pierced tongue danced over the swollen labia, stimulating the hole and teasing it in ways that Forest had never felt before. She was fingering herself as she ate her out, one hand rubbing her newly-pierced nipples while the other played with the piercing in her clit. Both places were sore from the recent procedure, but the dull pain only added depth to the pleasure. Mathilda shifted her weight over her ass, the woman's buttocks still sore from last week's procedure where she got bigger implants, and she felt that her lips were still slightly numb from the Botox treatment yesterday. She had all done it willingly and eagerly when Forest suggested it, the former man finding herself getting Barbiefied and pampered with surgery, clothes, and jewelry. She felt more like the woman's toy than her girlfriend, but it suited her just fine. The thought of doing what Forest wanted was more than enough reward for her, and just thinking about it made her wet.

Eventually, they both got what they wanted. Forest came and drenched Mattie's slutty face with her juices, and the blonde slut felt her hand getting doused with her own juices as she came. A satisfied sigh escaped the dominant woman's lips as she came, the chair slightly

creaking as she leaned back into it. Mathilda remained on her knees underneath the desk, still idly fingering herself as she basked in the intense afterglow of the orgasm.

"Alright, I'll be back in a while," Forest said as she wiped herself off and cleaned herself up, the professional woman preparing to meet with the investors. She glanced at the broken device on the desk, soon making a mental note about getting the lab to analyze it. She was in no hurry to reverse any of this, but it was always good to have options. "You'll stay there, underneath the desk. I don't want anyone to see you if they look into the room."

"Okay~," Mathilda said, her airy voice oozing with pleasure from the post-orgasmic bliss.

"Good girl~," Forest said, gently caressing Mathilda's face drenched with her juices before leaving.

The former man sat alone, still on her ass and knees underneath the desk as she continued to play with herself. Mattie knew she should feel ashamed of who she had turned into and what she was doing. She was nothing more than a cum-dump for her girlfriend, a living Barbie doll Forest could use in whatever way she wanted. Yet, she didn't. Mathilda only felt joy and stress-free bliss, pure and unfiltered pleasure at not having to deal with any responsibility. She caught a glimpse of her reflection in the mirror, a cum-soaked face looking back at her with seductive eyes half-closed with arousal, and she felt her loins tingle with excitement.

"I'm a good girl," she muttered as she sat there, idly playing with herself as Forest did her job as CTO of the company. She was already looking forward to when she would return, her pink cocksuckers curled into a ditsy smile as she imagined herself bent over the woman's desk and moaning like a whore.