

Devil in the Details (MtF, FtM, AR, WG, Nerd)

"Alright, fine! I'll sign your petition. Just stop whining."

Mark couldn't hide his annoyance as he grabbed the pen with one hand and held his umbrella in the other, the tall man wanting nothing more than to get home to his wife instead of standing out here like an idiot. The soft pitter-patter of rain on the nearby roofs and pavement filled the area with a gentle ambiance, the clouds hiding the setting sun as the darkness began to creep over the city. The street was empty save for the annoyed man and the rotund woman holding the clipboard in front of him so he could sign it, although both could hear the distant rumble of cars rushing by on a busy highway. This part of the city was mostly just factories, warehouses, and office buildings, which meant few were here after dark. A few stragglers were still leaving the offices and factories, but it wouldn't be long until this part of the city would be a ghost town.

He was tired from working late, soon stifling a yawn as he scribbled his name on the clipboard, and the last thing he wanted was to get home even later. Mark's sullen mood didn't exactly improve as he realized he had missed his bus home, and he wished his car hadn't decided to break down last week. Yet, there wasn't much he could do about it, and he figured it wouldn't hurt to waste a few moments signing the petition the young woman had begged him to put his name on. She had followed him for almost a minute after he left the office, trying to get him to support whatever environmental project or cause she tried to push on him. Honestly, he hadn't been listening and was already deliriously tired, and Mark wanted nothing more than to crash on the couch and watch TV with his wife. He finally caved at the bus stop and gave her what she wanted.

Eventually, it was over. Mark had signed his name on the paper after glossing through it, the engineer making sure not to sign anything he might regret later. It seemed innocent enough, a petition to stop a nearby forest from being torn down to make room for a suburban area, and it was something he didn't mind signing. The tall man ran a hand over his face and through his short dark hair, hoping to wipe away some of the drowsiness. He towered over the comparably short woman, yet it was clear which of the two weighed more. The raincoat hid the blonde girl's figure, but it still wasn't hard to notice the sheer size of her curves. She stared with her adorably blue eyes at the signed sheet, a smile on her plump lips, dimples forming on her cheeks, as she held the clipboard with her chubby fingers.

"There you go," Mark said, flashing her a tired smile. He sat down on the bench at the bus stop, placing his bag on the ground and stifling another yawn. "Good luck with your petition."

"Thank god! You have no idea how fucking long that took," she said, her voice sounding different. Mark wasn't too sure about it since he was so tired, but he could've sworn she didn't seem as confident earlier. "It feels like I've been here for ages."

"Well, if you wanted more signatures, then you shouldn't be chasing them out here, especially not at this hour," he said, Mark finally pointing out how odd it seemed to be out here doing it. "You should be doing this closer to city hall. I bet you'd be able to get all the signatures you need there."

"Oh, I can't show myself there," she said as she shook her head, almost as if she was barely listening to him. She traced her fat finger over the slip of paper, stroking her nail on the barely-dried ink. "The coven would've killed me on sight if they found me. It sucks to have to hunt for the right person out here, but it's better than to risk getting turned into a frog or an ornate paperweight."

"Uh, okay?" Mark said, unsure how to even respond. She had seemed like a decent person earlier, but now she was rambling like a crazy person.

"Besides, I only need one signature," she said, confusing him even more. A moment later, Mark felt a chill pass down his spine.

"What? Why?" Mark said, hoping he hadn't signed himself up for a pyramid scheme or something. He suddenly wished he had read through the paper a bit more closely. "Can I see that again?"

"Oh, sure," she said, flashing him a wicked grin. "I was going to show you the paper anyway. Although, I'm not sure you'll like what you see."

Mark was about to grab the clipboard when she flipped it over, showing him his signature on the paper. He saw several ink blotches and spots that he knew weren't there before, wondering how and why she had smeared the ink over it. It took his tired mind a few moments to realize that the ink was moving, slowly spreading over the paper as it grew in size and shape. Mark felt another chill pass down his spine as he saw the surface bubble and shift, his heart skipping a beat as something began to push out from the ink. Long spindly limbs made from ink pushed out from the paper, too many for him to count, each looking like a spider leg adorned with a vaguely humanoid hand. They were attached to an almost spherical center covered in tiny gibbering maws, and the black lips pulled back on each to show off the clacking whitish teeth.

For a moment, Mark wondered if he was hallucinating or going mad. This thing, this creature, now sat on the clipboard he had signed a few moments ago. The paper was now white, leaving no sign of his signature. It seemed to stare at him with its eyeless body, teeth clattering and fingers twitching.

"What the..." Mark said, his heart racing as he got up on his feet. Then, before he could do anything else, it pounced toward him. It grabbed his suit with surprisingly strong hands, gripping his clothes and climbing on his body. "Fuck?!"

Mark panicked. He tried to grab the creature, but his hands passed through it. It didn't seem real. It couldn't be real. His mind strained, and his heart skipped numerous beats as he tried to get it off him. It climbed over his body, soon heading over his shoulder and down his back, causing him to lose sight of the creature. It didn't stop him from squirming and panicking, making it look like someone had put ants down his pants.

"Relax, there's nothing you can do to stop it," the woman said, throwing away the clipboard over her shoulder. "The pact got sealed the moment you signed the paper."

Suddenly, Mark remembered he wasn't alone and turned his panicked gaze at the oddly calm woman. "What the fuck was that thing?! D-Did you see it? Where is it?!"

"Yeah, I saw it," she said, chuckling so much it made her sizable cheeks jiggle. "I was the one who summoned it."

Mark couldn't feel the thing on him anymore, but he could still hear the creature's teeth clattering in the distance. It unnerved him, and he still tried to look behind him to see if it was hanging on his back. The clattering sounded almost like it came from within his head, a thought that made his heart race. What the woman said didn't make sense to him, and he stared at her with confused and panicked eyes.

"W-What do you mean? What the hell was that thing? I didn't just imagine it, right?" Mark said, his breath coming in hard as he patted his suit with his hands, trying to see if it had somehow crawled into his outfit. He didn't even notice the raindrops landing on his head and shoulders, despite dancing his way out from underneath the bus stop and onto the street during his panicked squirming.

"No, you didn't imagine it. That was a Fate Devil, or at least that's the closest translation I've found," she said, her blue eyes staring into his. It felt like she could see right into his soul, the man finding her unwavering and piercing gaze unnerving. "It bonded with you when you signed the cursed papers, linking us together."

"What the hell do you mean? Look, lady, did you drug me? You better start explaining yourself before I call the cops!" Mark said, the girl seemingly unfazed by his threat.

"No, I didn't drug you," she said with amusement as she shook her head. "The name's Beatrice, but not for long. Unfortunately for you, I'm going to steal your Fate."

Mark looked at her as if she was insane. "What?"

"Well, in a sense, anyway. I'm not going to steal your Fate, but trade it for mine. I guess you could call it Reality or Life if that makes more sense to you," Beatrice said, soon placing her hand on her bountiful chest with a smile.

"None of this makes any fucking sense!" Mark said, now close to calling the cops on her. The only reason he hadn't was that she technically hadn't done anything to him. Right now, he wasn't sure if the creature he saw earlier was real or just some delirious dream or hallucination.

"Maybe you need a demonstration then?" Beatrice said, a wicked grin spreading across her lips. "*Lachesis*, take his manhood."

"Look, I'm not in the mood for any of thi-" he said, his sentence cut short when he felt something crawling on his hands. Mark stared down as the creature from before crawled into view, now between his legs and with a few of its numerous hands pressing against his crotch. "Shit!"

Mark panicked again. He tried grabbing the creature to pull it off him, but his hands passed through it again. It seemed like a ghost, but it was clear it could touch and grab him. Its hands passed unhindered through his pants, and he gasped when he felt its cold touch on his cock. To his shame, Mark felt his cock twitch and throb as it suddenly grew erect. He could feel the devil rubbing its cock, stroking it slightly, and he gasped as a wave of pleasure washed through him. He stumbled and nearly fell from the sensations, his eyes wide as he tried to grab the ethereal creature.

Beatrice smiled and watched as he panicked, and she knew what the creature was doing to him. Mark could feel his cock throbbing from the devil's touch, a gasping moan slipping from his lips as shameful pleasure mixed with the fear and panic inside his chest. He could feel his abdomen aching as his prostate shifted and changed, slowly creating a fertile cradle of femininity inside his body. His cock was rapidly shrinking as the creature stroked his cock, and his balls ached as they swelled and grew lumpy from the changes they went through. It wasn't long before his ball sack felt woefully too tight for his growing testicles, leaving them taut and deformed. He remained unaware of how they were transforming into a pair of ovaries that pumped his body full of estrogen. Mark gasped and groaned when he felt one of his 'balls' pull into his body, and he let out another when the other disappeared into him. Soon, his ball sack hung empty underneath his shrinking yet painfully erect cock. The creature put more hands on his manhood, soon pressing and massaging it as it started to sculpt and mold it into something far more fitting for a woman. Mark's cock shrank, becoming barely the size of a pea, and what remained of his scrotum soon got repurposed. He leaned his back against the side of the bus stop as he tried to pull the creature away, his hands passing effortlessly through its body. His entire body shuddered when a new hole opened between his legs, and a thin trickle of feminine juices stained his underwear. Every inch of Mark's body itched and tingled as he remained unaware of the new pussy that the creature molded between his legs. The skin of his scrotum became the inner and outer folds of his cunt, and his cock was soon his clit. A fertile womb and ovaries fully formed inside him, pumping his body with more womanly hormones that caused his cheeks to turn rosy-red and warm.

Eventually, the creature slithered away, and Mark let out a sigh of relief. Yet, he could feel how something was wrong, but he couldn't put his finger on what it was. Mark couldn't help but feel like something was missing, and his body tingled like crazy for several more moments.

He wondered if he was going mad, but the amused and wicked look on the woman's face convinced him that something more was happening here that he couldn't understand.

"W-What the hell..." he muttered as he stared down at his crotch, his breaths coming in hard. Every inch of his body tingled, and he was on the verge of crying. He felt emotional, a side-effect of the sudden influx of estrogen mixing with the testosterone in his body. "What did it do?"

"Wow, I've almost forgotten how good it feels to be a man," Beatrice said with an amused chuckle. Mark looked up at her, his eyes wide with shock as he saw her lifting her raincoat and skirt. "God, I missed this."

Beatrice wore tight leggings, and they hugged her thick thighs and fat legs and left little to the imagination. Mark couldn't stop staring at her crotch, though. It took his brain a few moments to notice the bulge between her legs, but he couldn't turn his gaze away when he finally did. What little doubt he had disappeared when she rubbed her hand over the throbbing and protruding bulge, making it clear what it was. Beatrice smiled and stifled a soft moan as she rubbed her new cock, the woman loving how it pulsated between her legs.

Mark's mind raced. Had she been a man all this time? A chill passed down his spine when he sensed the emptiness between his legs, and he felt a tingling sensation in his loins when his underwear rubbed against his crotch in a way he didn't expect. He placed his hand where he expected to find his dick, his heart sinking into his chest when he felt nothing down there. In a panic daze, Mark pushed his hand into his pants and down his underwear, and he shuddered and gasped when he touched the warm and wet folds where his manhood had been. He could even feel how his boxer briefs were gone, now replaced with sensible cotton panties that hugged his bottom gently.

Suddenly, he felt a tingling sensation passing through his skull, and his vision briefly flickered. Mark suddenly and involuntarily remembered the first time he masturbated, and he was shocked at how vivid it was. Yet, a moment later, he recalled his first period. The memories created a conflict in his mind, creating a hot and confusing mess. He knew he was a man. He knew he shouldn't have a pussy. Yet, the memory of putting on panties this morning felt as vivid as everything else he knew had happened. He pulled his shaking hand from his pants, unsure how to react to the new information flowing into his head. Mark glanced at his bag and knew a box of tampons was in there, his heart racing as he grabbed the bag and opened it up. He hoped he wouldn't find anything inside it and that the weird memory was false, but he soon held the tampons in his shaking hand.

"What the fuck..." he said, dropping the box on the ground as if it had burned his hand. Mark stared at it in shock and horror, his mind racing as he tried to understand what was happening.

"Tampons, huh? I figured a *man* like you would use pads," Beatrice said with a giggle, her voice snapping him back to reality. "But, I'm not judging."

"H-How?! Wait, no. It's..." Mark didn't know what to say. Every part of his logical mind rebelled against what he saw and felt, everything about it too insane and impossible. There was no scientific or sensible explanation for this, and his brain hurt as he tried to figure it out.

"Shocking, huh? Yeah, I don't blame you. Everyone breaks down and freaks out a bit the first time they get to see magic," Beatrice said as she straightened her skirt and adjusted her raincoat, the young woman grinning when she stared at him with her blue eyes. "Better get used to it, though. It's going to get weirder from here on out.

Mark was barely listening. He was still shocked after realizing he wasn't a man anymore, his heart beating like a drum in his chest as his mind raced. He could feel the emptiness between his legs and noticed the gentle warmth from his abdomen as his new fertile reproductive system worked overtime to replace the male hormones with estrogen. The influx of the new hormone made his skin tingle, and it muddled his thoughts as his emotions raced wildly.

He wasn't sure if he wanted to scream, cry, or laugh, his mind straining to comprehend the impossible things happening to him. Eventually, Beatrice's voice snapped Mark out of his panicked thoughts and back to reality, and he realized she had been talking the entire time.

"Anyway, as enjoyable as this is, I think we should continue," she said. "*Lachesis*, take his age."

Mark could feel the tiny devil crawling over his body the moment the woman finished her sentence, and he panicked as he saw the multi-limbed freak climbing on his chest. Once again, his hands passed right through it, yet he could feel its hands rubbing his chest and caressing his skin as it scurried over his body.

Unlike before, it wasn't a specific part of him that changed. Instead, the tingling sensation from before spread over his entire body, and he could feel how his frame itched from the ordeal. Mark could feel a strange surge of energy flowing into his body, a youthful vigor he hadn't felt in years. He wasn't that old, barely in his mid-thirties, but that didn't mean he hadn't noticed a few things as he got older. Mark had been struggling with a bad back for a few years now, one he got after slipping on a patch of ice, and it had been steadily getting worse with time. However, right now, the pain in his spine wasn't there. He accidentally straightened his back as he fought to get the devil off him, yet he didn't notice how his back didn't hurt anymore. It wasn't just the soreness in his back that was vanishing, either. The scar on his hand he got last Christmas disappeared, and the old bruise on his knee vanished. Every inch of his body felt better as the years disappeared from his body, pushing him closer and closer to his twenties. His body was getting slightly slimmer, mostly around his belly, as the years of eating takeout food and not being as physically active as he should have been now never happened. The devil's eager hands passed right through his clothes, squeezing and massaging his skin as it stole the years from his body.

As age pushed lower, Mark's body began to look more youthful. There were tiny shifts and changes here and there, only visible when they all added together. He soon looked like he was in his early twenties, straight out of college, and the maturity in his eyes vanished. Yet, he

continued to regress, soon looking like he was straight out of high school. Mark wasn't just losing some scars and blemishes he had gathered over the years, but also the things he learned in the last decade and a half. His brain tingled as the years he spent at the company and college vanished, leaving him with the memories of it happening but not the knowledge. He even remembered graduating with a Bachelor's degree in Mechanical Engineering, but he couldn't recall anything he had learned there.

Mark was too busy freaking out about the devil crawling over his body to notice any of this, and it wasn't until the devil vanished that he felt like something had changed. He stopped and stared at his hands, slowly noticing how young they looked. The increasingly feminine man could see that the scar on his thumb wasn't there anymore, and the stubble on his cheek had vanished. Mark didn't have a mirror to look at himself, but he looked more like a teen wearing his father's suit for prom than a man in his mid-thirties. He could even feel how the feminine snatch between his legs had gotten tighter and more youthful, a realization he quickly pushed away. Mark didn't notice that his wedding ring was gone, and there wasn't any sign of a pale line around his finger where he had worn it.

He looked over at Beatrice, and he couldn't believe his eyes. Mark had expected to see a young, fat woman in her late teens to her early twenties standing there. Instead, a woman near her forties had taken her place and looked like she could have been the teen's mom. Beatrice sighed as a weariness washed over her older body, the rotund blonde woman brushing a few locks of hair away from her face.

"A bit older than I expected, but not too shabby, I'd say," Beatrice said, slowly but surely adjusting to her older, less perky frame. "At least it beats being a brat."

"What the fuck..." Mark said in a surprisingly youthful voice, staring at the woman. Any doubt that this was real was gone, and he began to accept that this wasn't a dream or hallucination. All of this was happening, and he felt horror grip his chest.

"Hey, looking good, kiddo," she said, her voice seeming more mature. "You should be thankful. Not everyone gets to relive their twenties again. Although, this time, I'll bet it'll be nowhere near the same."

"Oh god, this is really happening," he muttered, his heart racing when he heard how young he sounded again.

"It sure is! Don't worry, though," Beatrice said, her hand resting on her plump and less-than-perky chest. "Once this is over, you won't even remember your old self, nor will anyone else."

Any fear or panic Mark had felt before couldn't compare to this point. The sight of the wicked grin on her face sent chills down his spine, and her words echoed inside his head. Before he knew it, he had dropped the bag and ran for his life. Mark could feel the rain hitting his face, the previously gentle drizzle now a heavy downpour as the weather had taken a hit for the worse. It wasn't long before his clothes were damp, his hair soaking wet, and his socks drenched, yet he

didn't care. Mark panicked and ran as fast as he could away from the crazy woman, not even noticing that he had left his bag and umbrella at the bus stop.

Mark's energetic and youthful body made it easy to get away from the woman, and he was so focused on escaping that he didn't wonder if it was even a good idea. After all, without her help, how would he ever return to normal again? But, right now, none of that mattered to him. He just needed to stop this from spiraling out of control more than it already had, and running for his life was the only solution he saw. However, that didn't stop Beatrice from shouting at him from the bus stop, a chill passing down his spine when he heard what she said.

"*Lachesis*, take his height!" she said, a gleeful smile on her lips.

Once again, Mark felt something crawling on his body, and he could see the devil coming into view. "Fuck, not again!" he said, trying to fend off the devil without success as it began climbing over his suit.

Mark realized he must've looked like a crazy person. He still ran but now also squirmed and danced down the street as he tried to stop the creature from changing his body again. There weren't many people here to see it, aside from a few working late in the offices around him. Mark stumbled down the street, still trying to run and fend off the devil, and gasped as he felt the creature's hands push through his skin effortlessly and into his body as it began to squeeze his joints and shrink his bones.

He could hear the soft pops and sudden cracks as his bones shrank, causing him to twitch and gasp. There was no pain, just sheer discomfort. The sounds he heard freaked him out more than the sensations he felt, and there were times when he was sure the devil had just snapped his spine in half. Mark could feel his skin itching as it got tighter, and it didn't take long before it felt like his skin was a size or two too small for his body. It felt like he wore a scuba suit that was constantly shrinking, causing him to squirm awkwardly. Suddenly, it felt like someone had punched him in the chest. Mark gasped as the air in his lungs got pushed out from his ribcage contracting, leaving him dizzy and lightheaded. Mark stumbled and managed to catch himself against a light pole only moments before he fell face-first onto the ground, soon gasping for air as the devil continued its sinister work. Mark had been over six feet tall at the bus stop, but not anymore. He had lost several inches in height during his escape, and it showed no signs of stopping.

Mark was now drenched from head to toe by the rain, his suit sopping wet and his hair slick against his skin. He held tightly against the metal pole as the devil crawled over his body, squeezing his limbs and pulling at his bones. He knew he was shorter and was surprised that his suit still fit him. Mark figured it had shrunk with his body, just like his underwear had changed into a pair of panties before, and it didn't make him feel any better about this.

"Fuck!" he huffed, gritting his teeth as he glanced behind him. Mark couldn't see Beatrice anywhere, which was a relief. The devil was still on him, though, and he shuddered as he felt its arms inside him.

Mark was soon on the run again, occasionally stumbling as his legs got shorter and gasping whenever his chest contracted. He could feel his shoulders getting slimmer, his arms losing length, and even his skull seemed to shrink. He stopped fighting against the devil since his hands merely passed through its shadowy body, and he focused on running instead. Mark stopped after a while, forced to catch his breath, and saw no signs of Beatrice behind him. He couldn't see anyone else on the street, which was unnerving, but he had more pressing matters to focus on than that. Mark stared into the window of a nearby shop, soon seeing his reflection in it for the first time since the changes started. What he saw didn't make him feel any better.

It was looking at a photo of himself when he was younger. Mark's mature face was gone, replaced with the youthful visage of someone in their late teens. He could even see a tiny zit on his nose, no doubt thanks to the teenage hormones bubbling inside his body. He wasn't just younger but also noticeably shorter as well. Mark looked barely five feet tall, or so he guessed, yet the devil was still working on his body. He was about as short as Beatrice, maybe a bit taller, but he knew it wouldn't last forever. Sure enough, his entire body lost an inch almost instantly as a series of cracks and pops reached his ears. He gasped, his smaller hands pressed against the window as he tried to catch his breath. Mark shook his head, trying to figure out a way out of this situation.

"This is fucking insane," Mark muttered, gasping as the devil pinched his arms to shrink them. "There's got to be some way to stop this..."

"Unfortunately for you, there isn't," a familiar voice said near him, and Mark gasped and stumbled away as he turned his gaze toward it. "But don't worry! You won't even remember this horrible experience when it's over."

"N-No..." Mark gasped, staring wide-eyed at the surprisingly tall blonde woman near him. She towered over him, standing close to six feet tall, and he could even see her body growing. Beatrice had seemingly appeared out of nowhere, and he couldn't understand how she got here so quickly.

"Sorry, but you can't escape. I told you that our Fates are linked, and there's no way of stopping this," she said in an amused tone.

Mark didn't listen and soon ran for his life again, much to the woman's annoyance. She sighed as she watched him escape, his body shrinking with every step. Mark ran down the street, trying to ignore the sensations he felt as the devil changed his body, and tried to put as much distance between himself and the woman as possible. It didn't take long before the devil had stopped messing with his body, the thing disappearing as suddenly as it had appeared, and Mark sighed with relief. He could feel his sopping wet suit clinging to his body as he ran, his mind racing and heart skipping a beat when realizing how short he'd become.

Suddenly, he realized he still had his phone with him. Mark felt overjoyed as he pulled it up, still stumbling and running down the mostly empty street. It still worked even though it was

wet, and he moved his shaking fingers across the screen. He scrolled through his contacts, searching for his wife's name without finding it.

"Come on, where is it?" Mark muttered, his fingers occasionally slipping on the wet screen.

Mark's heart sank when he couldn't find Elizabeth's name anywhere, and he stared awkwardly at a few he found instead. He knew they belonged to some friends from high school, people he had memories of seeing only a few months ago. Yet, Mark knew he hadn't been to high school in a decade and a half, and the conflicting memories created a mess in his brain. He was so focused on his phone that he didn't see the woman standing up ahead, and he ran face-first into Beatrice's plump body. He gasped and fell on his ass, his phone slipping from his fingers and landing some distance away.

Mark looked up, and his heart sank when he recognized the woman looking down at him. She towered over his now four-foot-nine-tall body with her six-foot-three tall frame, leaving her taller than him before the change. He was shorter than she was back at the bus stop by at least a handful of inches, creating an even more noticeable height difference between the two.

"You really should be looking where you're going," Beatrice said, her amused tone echoing through the area. "Also, didn't I tell you that you can't escape? Or were you not listening?"

Mark sat there silently for a few horrible moments, staring intently into her mature eyes before opening his mouth. "You can't do this to me!" he said, unsure what to say.

Beatrice scoffed and laughed. "Oh? Is that so? Well, what are you going to do about it?" she said, but he didn't have time to respond before she placed her hand on her chest and opened her mouth again. "*Lachesis*, take his hair."

The devil appeared again, this time on his back. Mark gasped as he felt the creature's hands grabbing his slick hair, the strong fingers gripping it tightly. Then, to his shock, he could feel the devil pulling at his locks, forcefully lengthening them. Mark could feel the creature's numerous hands grabbing his growing hair, his short mane getting longer and more voluminous with each passing moment. The strands thickened as they grew, slowly taking on a more glossy and feminine look. It was hard to admire the soon-to-be shoulder-length mane when it was sopping wet, the heavier and longer hair slick against his skin from the rain.

Mark could see that Beatrice's hair was simultaneously changing, her long blonde mane shrinking inch after inch on her head. The long womanly hair, still dry from the raincoat she wore, was soon pulling into her scalp. He watched her hair grow short and masculine within moments, almost perfectly swapping the hairstyles between the two. Her hair was a bit longer than his, and his hair seemed longer than her previous mane. The dark brown locks reached below his shoulders, no doubt tickling his shoulder and chest if it was dry and he was naked. The devil was soon finished with his hair, soon disappearing again, and Mark ran his hand through his longer and thicker hair in shock.

"Oh, god," he muttered, pulling a few locks away from his face. Then, his eyes went wide when he noticed something else. The ring on his finger was missing, his heart racing as he wondered what had happened. "Shit, my ring!"

"Yeah, I'm not surprised it's gone," Beatrice said, the woman admiring her new hair with a small hand mirror as she answered the panicked man's question. "Don't worry, though. You didn't drop it. In fact, you've never been married."

"W-What?! How?!" Mark said, now trying to recall if the woman had said anything about his marriage.

"Well, think about it. Why would a woman, I assume in her thirties, be married to a short, eighteen-year-old teen?" Beatrice said.

"Wait, what?" It was slowly dawning on Mark that it wasn't just his body and memories she was messing with, but his entire reality. He still remembered the day he married Elizabeth, yet he also had a distinct memory of never marrying her. Liz was simultaneously his wife and a stranger to him, and that realization messed with his already confused brain even more.

"T-That's..."

"Impossible? Yeah, it is. Well, using only magic, that is. That's the interesting thing about demonology," she said, rubbing her chest idly as she stared at him. "It'll let you do things normal witches can only dream of doing."

"But how?! You didn't use that devil to undo my marriage," he said, trying to understand why he wasn't married to Melissa anymore.

Beatrice rolled her eyes. "God, you're such an idiot. Every change you go through changes your reality. You're now short, young, and technically a woman, so there is no reason for your wife to be with you. So, reality got rewritten to fit your new and *improved* body. I'm honestly surprised you're still working at the same office."

Mark stared at her as her words sank into his mind. He thought back to his work at the office and felt two conflicting memories forming inside his brain. One was where he was an engineer, having worked there for years, and the other was one where he was working part-time there as an intern. Both were equally real, one from his former reality and one from his new one. It confused the hell out of him, and the realization made his heart skip another few beats.

His mind raced, and he felt more questions than ever flowing into his brain. However, Mark soon asked the most burning question on his mind.

"But why?! Why **me**?!" Mark said, brushing a few wet locks from his face.

"Why? Well, you're not going to like hearing this, but," Beatrice said, trying to hide the amused smirk on her lips. "You just got unlucky."

"Unlucky..." Mark said, still on the ground as the rain poured over them.

"Yup! I was looking for someone in their thirties with a decent education and job," Beatrice said in an uncaring tone. "Also, I didn't hurt if they weren't female or overweight. It's been an interesting experience being a chubby girl, but now I'm eager to have a cock and be able to see my toes in the shower."

Mark was speechless. He could feel his life turning upside down, his body changing against his will, and losing his gender all at once. All because he was unlucky. Mark would've laughed at his poor luck if he wasn't terrified of losing his life and becoming someone else against his will. He stood up and stared at the woman, and he found it odd to tilt his head back to look her in the eye. Suddenly, a question popped into his head.

"But why? I mean, why even do this?" Mark asked, his mind racing as he tried to figure out a way from this. Maybe he could overpower her? Or figure out a way to undo whatever she had done to him?

"I thought I told you. The coven is after me for dabbling in demonology, and I thought I'd take longer to figure out who I was and how to find me. Apparently, turning myself into a nerdy college chick wasn't nearly as good of a hiding place as I thought," Beatrice said with a chuckle. "Well, we should get back to it before it gets too late. *Lachesis*, take his muscles."

The devil came crawling into view as soon as the words left her mouth, almost as if the thing was anticipating the command. Mark glanced down to see the gibbering multi-armed creature on his legs, pushing its many hands into his body as it devoured and siphoned the muscles from his frame. He could feel his strength waning, and he stumbled as his legs shrank and lost much of their bulk. Mark leaned against a nearby lamp post, his legs shaking as the devil sucked the strength from his body before moving upward on his frame. He had never been very muscular, but now he looked skeletally thin and almost malnourished from the waist down.

Beatrice sighed as she stretched her legs, and Mark could see that the woman's limbs looked bulkier than before. The devil was taking his strength and giving them to her, but she was clearly swelling far more than he shrank. She was gaining far more muscles than he lost, her flabby legs gaining some much-needed definition, and it wasn't long before her previously soft limbs looked beefy and not just fat. The devil crawled over his body, slowly moving upward as it stole the muscles from his abdomen, and he panicked again. Everything got blurry for a moment, and the next thing Mark knew, he was raising his fist into the air and moving up toward Beatrice. She blocked his punch without batting an eye, grabbing his fist with hers, and he was shocked to feel how weak his swing was. Mark wasn't surprised to see the devil hanging from his arm now, the thing sucking the muscles from his limb and making it shrink. At the same time, he watched as the arm Beatrice had used to grab his fist was now swelling in size.

"Hey, don't do anything you might regret," she said with a chuckle before giving him a shove, and Mark soon stumbled and fell on his ass again. "After all, you should be grateful! I could make things a lot worse for you."

Mark barely listened as he landed hard on his ass with a groan, and he felt powerless to fight against the witch or her pet devil. The creature crawled over him, stealing his strength and shrinking his body. It left him far thinner and smaller than before, making him look younger than he was due to his short height and underweight figure. Mark took deep breaths as he sat there, staring at his thinner hands and gaunt limbs as the devil disappeared again. The suit had shrunk to fit his frame, and he couldn't believe how tiny he must look. He doubted anyone would ever think he was eighteen looking like this, and that thought made him shudder.

Beatrice was looking far more pleased with the results. She was flexing her arms with a smile, the woman's frame bulking out far more than what Mark had lost. Beatrice looked downright beefy, and her previously sagging curves had a perkiness that hadn't been there before. The woman was imposing as she loomed over him with her thick and tall figure, the witch smiling as she wondered what she should do next.

Mark felt drained from losing muscle mass and struggled to stand upright, his body feeling weak and tired. Instead, in his panicked state, he began to crawl away from the woman in another desperate attempt at escaping. The sight of his thin and short body walking on all fours made her laugh, the woman chuckling as she followed after the pitiful man.

"I have to say, most people usually just give up and stop struggling at this point," Beatrice said as she followed him, watching as he slowly tried to crawl away from her. "It quite commendable that you still think you can stop any of this."

"S-Shut up!" he said with a hiss, water dripping from his sopping wet suit and face. The rain started to let up, going from a heavy downpour to a calmer drizzle as he tried to crawl away from Beatrice.

"Wow, still got some spunk left in you," Beatrice said again with another chuckle. "Well, let's see what you have to say after this. *Lachesis*, take his entire lower body."

Mark gasped when he felt the devil pop into existence again, the creature sitting on his bony ass and groping his backside with its strong hands. The devil clacked its teeth together and quietly gibbered as it pushed the hands into his body, passing through his skin, and it began to fill his skeletally thin frame with fat. Mark tried to crawl away, but the sensation of the creature massaging his insides and the feeling of his body expanding was too much for him. He blushed as he felt his feminine loins tingle with excitement, unable to suppress or ignore the womanly emotions and arousal the ordeal caused.

Beatrice stared at him as he still tried to crawl away, dripping wet from the rain and his clothes drenched in the water. She watched with a smile as his bony backside swelled and grew in size, the witch simultaneously feeling her own bloated rear shrinking. Mark could feel the fat surging into his butt, stretching his pants and underwear to the limit before they finally adjusted to the growing ass. He stopped crawling, soon staring over his shoulder at his butt as it gained inch after inch in size. Mark groaned and gasped when his hips popped and cracked, his pelvis finally widening to give his feminine reproductive organs more space and to match his womanly

sex. The pants almost tore open from the sudden growth of his lower body, but it quickly grew with it, along with his panties. He could feel his underwear riding up between his expanding ass-cheeks despite it trying to match the size of his swelling derriere, soon putting more pressure on his sensitive and tingling pussy as it got tight over his rump.

It wasn't just his ass and hips that grew, but his legs, feet, and thighs also gained in size. Mark's feet began to shrink as they got daintier and more feminine. However, it didn't last for long as fat washed over them, causing them to grow back out again. His toes looked like tiny sausages inside his dress shoes, and his leg soon grew to match them. Mark's shoes even changed, becoming a pair of comfortable girl's sneakers, and his pants started to change texture and fabric. They soon transformed into jeans that tightly hugged his backside and legs, still drenched in water. They outlined his expanding limbs, showing them off and making it easy for Beatrice to see what was happening. They also hugged Mark's rear rightly, making it impossible to miss how his ass pushed out and grew flabbier and more womanly with each passing moment. The denim fabric stretched along with his thickening thighs, the previously thin parts growing to twice the size from before.

Beatrice could see that Mark's rear had already surpassed her previously flabby ass, his thighs equally thick and hips wide enough to support an ass like that, but it didn't stop growing. The devil was massaging his backside as it caused more fat to surge into it, expanding not only his ass but also the rest of his legs. He could only groan and stifle the moans that tried to escape from his lips from the strangely pleasurable experience, every inch of his body tingling and aching. Mark glanced over his shoulder, and his eyes widened in shock when he saw the flabby and gargantuan ass that stretched his jeans to the limit. He could feel his underwear sliding further up between his ass cheeks, the tight panties struggling to keep up with his expanding backside. It was one of the biggest asses he had ever seen, and it probably looked ridiculously on his below-five-foot-tall frame. It didn't just push far out from his body, but the jeans kept it all bundled together and gave it a perkiness it probably shouldn't have. The gap between his legs was gone, and he would struggle to separate his thighs so they wouldn't touch each other from this point on.

The devil was almost ready to leave, but it made one last stop between his legs before disappearing. Mark moaned, and his cheeks flushed red with shame at the sound he made when the creature pushed its hands against his sex. The idle hands pulled and stretched his tight folds, fattening his labia and plumping his pussy up where it matched the size and obesity of the rest of his lower body. Then, when Mark was teetering on the edge of orgasming from the ordeal, it stopped and finally disappeared. It left him flustered and confused as he pushed himself up on his knees when it was over. His ass pressed against his legs far quicker than expected, the massively padded and bloated backside so soft and expansive that no ordinary chair would ever fully contain it. Mark blushed when he realized the width and size of his derriere, and he could only imagine how much of the ass would hang over the sides of the seats when he sat on it.

"Wow, you're even bigger than I was," Beatrice said with a chuckle, the witch shifting her fat upper body on her now strong and masculine legs. "It isn't as bad as it seems to have an ass like that. I'm sure you'll start to love it eventually."

"Holy fuck..." Mark muttered, his hands caressing the soft expanse of his ass and following the curve of his jutting hips as he sat on his knees.

Mark stared at his gigantic backside, the jeans stretching across his generous rump, and he could feel just how soft and padded it was. Every inch of his lower body was beyond fat, and he wouldn't have been surprised if this change alone had doubled his weight from a few moments ago. His upper body looked ridiculous attached to a backside this massive, and a single one of his thighs looked almost as thick as his waist. For now, he could only marvel in horror and fear at how big his ass, hips, and thighs had become, and he wondered how heavy Beatrice might end up making him. The tingle in his loins continued, much to his shame, and he ignored it as he turned around to sit on his ass and stare at the tall witch looming over him.

The rain had stopped at this point, and only a few more drops fell from the cloudy sky. It was getting dark, the empty street illuminated by the streetlights and the occasional car that passed by. Mark tried to wave at them for help, but they didn't react. Either they didn't see him, or they didn't care, and he wondered if it was related to the reality-altering effects of the devil changing him.

"Alright, let's get this over with," Beatrice said, moving her hand to her chest.

"W-Wait! Stop!" Mark said, raising a hand as he begged. "Isn't there anything I could do to stop this? Isn't there anything I could give you to undo this?!"

"I'm sorry," Beatrice said, sounding more amused than apologetic. "But I'm already getting what I wanted. I want your Fate, and I can't get it any other way. *Lachesis*, take everything below his neck."

Mark barely had time to gasp before the devil crawled into view, the gibbering beast moving over his torso and pressing its hands through his wet jacket to massage his thin waist. He could feel it pulling at his inside, sending wave after wave of fat surging into his soon-to-be feminine figure. The increasingly feminine man pressed his hands through the devil and against his waist, his heart racing as he felt it growing with each passing moment. The jacket grew from malnourished to chubby within moments, stretching his clothes as more fat poured into it. Mark gasped as his waist widened, and he watched in horror as it became a decently-sized pot belly. He had never been fat or chubby in his entire life before, but now he could feel the jiggling pouch of lard hanging from his waist. It rapidly grew from that to become a fat gut that hung heavily over his waistline and matched his ass and hips nicely, his jacket and shirt stretching across the bloated belly. Mark could feel his pants changing as this happened, soon crawling further up his body to cover parts of his gut and become waist-high. It wasn't flattering for his figure, but it did help keep his undeniably obese stomach in check.

The devil soon crawled over his arms, pressing its hands into his limbs to send more fat surging into them. Mark watched his skeletally thin frame fattening up again, gaining size and softness with each passing second. They were as weak as ever, and soon they became these chunky arms that would have put Beatrice's limbs to shame. He stared at his fingers, the thin digits soon turning plump and sausage-like within moments. However, he could see his nails growing somewhat longer, soon coated in purple nail polish. They looked girly, and even his hands looked feminine despite their chubby size. He could also feel the hair on his arms disappear along with the rest on his chest, and he figured the same had happened to his legs. However, judging by the sensation between his legs, he assumed that his pubes were far more unkempt than the rest of his bodily hair. Mark moved his limbs around, feeling their size and weight as he did, and it caused him to shudder.

Beatrice smiled as she watched the devil pounce on his chest, pressing its hands against his flat and masculine torso to put the finishing touches on it. Mark groaned and gasped as he felt the thing rubbing his manly pecs, causing the area to swell and grow far more tender with each passing moment. It wasn't long before a pair of tits developed on his chest, rounded spheres of fat pushing out. He could only bite his lip and stifle the moans that tried to slip from his mouth as the devil massaged his increasingly sensitive breasts. They grew in size, becoming plumper and heavier, and he didn't dare to think just how massive they would be when it was over. The thing pulled at his nipples, tweaking them as it forced them to grow thick and womanly. Mark's areolas swelled in size and tripled in width, and his nipples became almost as wide as his thumb. All he did was moan as he tried to ignore the tingling sensation between his legs as the pleasure cascaded down his spine.

Mark expected the thing to stay on his chest for much longer, forcing him to carry a pair of monstrous tits for the rest of his life. But, surprisingly enough, the thing pulled its hands away much sooner than he expected, and he stared in confusion at his chest. Mark's tits were small compared to the rest of his blossoming figure, leaving him quite bottom-heavy, but they still looked far too big from his perspective. They would fill a D-cup, a realization that surprised him as the knowledge poured into his head. Mark's suit suddenly changed and shifted, and the entire ensemble soon got replaced with a dorky T-shirt and a loose raincoat. The coat was open, and he could see the stylized image of a barbarian girl in the front with the text *'I'm a Barbi-girl!'* written around it.

Mark sat there, still drenched despite the new clothes and raincoat, and stared at his heaving and jiggling chest as his brain strained to comprehend that he now had tits. The breasts rose and fell with each breath, the cotton bra sopping wet from the rain as it struggled to support his massive bosom. Mark was a woman from the neck down, and he knew it wasn't long before he would lose everything.

"Finally!" Beatrice said, snapping him out of his panicked thoughts. "God, it feels good to be fit again."

Mark looked up and saw the former woman taking off her coat, revealing the pristine suit she now wore. Every inch of her body was masculine and sculpted, her figure far more athletic and

fit than he had ever been. Mark even watched her unbutton her shirt to reveal the hard six-pack she had underneath, the witch giving him a gloating smile as she traced her thick masculine fingers over them. She was taller and more muscular than he had ever been, and her chubby head looked out of place sitting on that Adonis-like figure. When Mark stared at the rock-hard six-pack, he couldn't help but feel a sudden and excited tingle between his legs that made him blush.

"You have to admit, I make a much more handsome man than you ever did," Beatrice said with a giggle, the last girly laugh she would ever do in a long while. "But hey! Look on the bright side. There are a lot of dudes that are into fat chicks."

Her words echoed through Mark's head, and he couldn't help but imagine what it would be like to be with a man. He assumed the thought would disgust him, but it instead sent tingles down his spine, and he felt butterflies in his belly at the image of a man groping his ass lovingly. He shook his head and thought of his wife, trying to imagine her naked. Mark felt nothing when he did, aside from maybe jealousy at her thin and slender figure. He knew reality was changing around him, and he figured he would be straight as a woman since that's what he was as a man. However, it still didn't make him feel any better about this.

"Now, for the *pièce de résistance*," Beatrice said, moving her hand to her chest. "*Lachesis*, change his face."

At that moment, Mark saw that she pressed her fingers against a specific point on it, and he could see that she was wearing something around her neck. Suddenly, he realized she had done this each time she had ordered the devil to change him, which made his heart race. Did she need to do that to control the devil? Maybe it was something he could use to revert the changes, and that realization gave him hope. However, Mark couldn't do anything as the devil crawled up his back and began massaging his face, and he had to wait until this was over before he could make his move.

Mark gasped when the devil pushed a hand into his throat, causing his neck to widen and fatten like the rest of his body. He could hear his voice rising in tone and pitch as the devil changed his vocal cords, making him sound softer, girlier, and squeakier.

"Oh, gosh!" he said when the devil moved its hands to his face, and he could hear how high-pitched his voice was. The mousy tone sounded more at home on someone a third his weight and size, a realization that didn't amuse him.

Mark couldn't see anything at this point. The devil was moving its hands over his face, pulling at his masculine features as it was molding and fattening them. He could feel his wide jaw shrinking, soft cracks reaching his ears as the bones in his skull shrank. It disoriented him and made him dizzy as his entire head shrank, soft girly gasps slipping out from his lips as it happened. Mark felt the demon press at his nose, making it smaller before fattening it up, and he was surprised when it massaged his eye sockets. His skin was getting paler, thanks to both changed genes and a different lifestyle in this reality.

Beatrice watched with a genuine look of surprise as his Caucasian features shifted, and she could see his eyes becoming slanted. He developed epicanthic folds, and it was hard not to notice the Asian heritage on his face. His hair darkened, becoming black, and so did his eyes. It wasn't long before he looked more and more like a fat girl in her late teens, and it wasn't long before his face was as fat as the rest of him. Mark's lips swelled and plumped up, becoming pouty and somewhat full, and his neck soon got covered by his swelling double chin. Every inch of his face fattened and grew, and he could feel his cheeks growing chubbier as the devil worked on him. Mark wasn't ready for when the thing pushed its hands into his mouth, and he groaned as it began to mess with his teeth. They grew somewhat uneven, and he heard metal squeaking against his teeth as they got encased in braces. He ran his tongue over his teeth, feeling cold braces shackling them without realizing what it was yet.

At the same time, Mark got disoriented by the influx of new memories that didn't replace his old ones. They overlapped the old memories, leaving him with two sets of events and experiences that felt equally real. It made him dizzy, and he didn't have time or energy to sort through it at this particular moment. For now, Mark gasped as the devil finally climbed away from his face and disappeared, finally letting him see again. He couldn't see his face but sensed how different it had become. Mark ran his tongue over the braces, whimpering as he realized what it was, and he felt how round and bloated his features must've gotten. Mark put a chubby hand on his cheek and slid it down his chin and neck, feeling how padded and soft every inch of it was. At that moment, he knew nothing of his old self remained. That realization made **her** shudder, and she stared at her plus-sized feminine fingers in horror as she wondered what she should do next.

Suddenly, Mark heard a masculine groan near her, and she looked up at Beatrice as she went through the last few changes. What remained of her feminine visage disappeared as her lips became thin and she gained a chiseled jaw, the chubby woman soon nowhere to be seen. Where she had been was now a tall, muscular blonde man with a clean-shaven face and sharp, piercing gaze. Beatrice sighed with relief, rubbing his now masculine jaw with a smile with one hand and holding an umbrella that had materialized during the last few moments in his other.

"God, I missed this," he said with a chuckle, his gaze soon wandering down to the fat girl.

"Would you look at that! That's what I love the most about twisting reality. You never really know what you'll get."

"W-What do you mean?" Mark said with a slight lisp as she got up, her wet sneakers squeaking and her body wobbling as she got used to her shorter and fatter frame. Her center of gravity had shifted, and she took a few clumsy steps from side to side to get used to it.

"Ah, that's right, you can't see your own face," Beatrice said in an amused tone. "You know what, never mind. It doesn't really matter."

Mark took a few wobbly steps as Beatrice talked, her gaze firmly on his neck. She finally had time to examine it more carefully, and she could see that he seemed to be wearing a necklace now that she didn't have a raincoat anymore. It wasn't clear if it was related to the devil, but she

was ready to risk being wrong. After all, it wasn't as if Mark had anything to lose from it. She was trying to adjust and adapt to her heavier body since she assumed she'd only have one shot at this, the former man never taking her eyes off his chest.

It was clear that Beatrice was enjoying himself. He had this smug grin as he stared at Mark moving around, a chuckle or two slipping from his lips as he watched her stumble a few times.

"What's the matter? Are you struggling with your new weight? I have to apologize, but I never intended to make you this short or fat," Beatrice said, hands on his hips as he met the woman's spiteful gaze. "But, *c'est la vie*. Besides, I'm not going to leave you like this. That would be too cruel! I'll fix your mind and make sure you remember always being a girl. Once this is over, you won't even remember this ever happening."

Mark didn't say anything. Her heart raced inside her hefty chest as she knew it would be soon over if she didn't do something about it. She saw him moving his hand up to his chest and knew it was now or never. Mark charged and screamed at him, feigning a left-handed punch toward his face.

"You asshole!" Mark hissed with a distinct lisp, and he was surprised at how easy it was for Beatrice to block his weak punch. He grinned and shook his head in disapproval.

"Did you really think that would work?" Beatrice said, but his heart skipped a beat as he glimpsed Mark's other hand rushing toward his neck. He was too slow to stop it, and he could feel the woman grabbing the leather strap holding the glass vial around his neck. "You bitch, let go!"

Mark could see the black smoke swirling inside the sealed glass vial, and judging by Beatrice's panicked reaction, it seemed her gamble succeeded. However, it was far from over. She was far weaker and shorter than he was, and she knew she'd never win a battle of strength against him. Mark had managed to grab the glass vial with her fat hand, holding it tightly, but pulling it off Beatrice's neck seemed unlikely since he was much stronger than her. So, in a flash of brilliance, she decided to use the only thing she had to her advantage - her weight.

Beatrice could see Mark grabbing the necklace with both hands, and his heart skipped another beat as she started to lean back. She was falling backward, using her weight and gravity in hopes of tearing the necklace off him. It worked, and the leather strap snapped, but it also sent her crashing into the ground and caused the witch to land on top of her plush body. Mark gasped as she landed hard on her fat ass and back, and she could feel the necklace flying from her fingers as she bounced against the ground.

"No!" Mark exclaimed, staring as the necklace flew out onto the street, the glass vial landing with a soft clang. It thankfully didn't crack, but there was no way she could get it with Beatrice on top of her.

"You fucking bitch! Where is it?!" Beatrice said, grabbing the fat woman by her shirt and glaring into her eyes. He hadn't noticed the vial flying away, and they didn't see the bright light approaching them on the street. "I'm going to turn you into a fucking snail for trying something like that!"

Mark didn't say anything, her heart racing as she wondered how she would get out of this unscathed. They soon heard the sound of a heavy vehicle approaching them, and they both stared at the bus driving down the street. Beatrice noticed that the vial wasn't in Mark's hands, and he soon spotted it out on the road. He barely had time to scream before the bus passed by them, driving over the vial and cracking it into a million pieces.

"NO!" Beatrice screamed as he stood up, both staring at the broken vial as the bus drove past them.

The black smoke in the mirror started to spread and grow, slowly but surely forming the ghostly form of the devil that had tormented and transformed Mark. It was nearly three times bigger now and clacked its teeth menacingly as it crawled toward them, mouths gibbering and drooling. Beatrice panicked and screamed, soon running for his life, and Mark could only curl into a fat ball on the street as the thing leaped at her. She anticipated its hands on her body again, squeezing it and making things worse. Yet, nothing happened. Instead, she could feel it leaping over her and headed towards the fleeing man.

Mark kept her eyes closed as strange sounds reached her ears and the smell of ozone reached her nostrils. She heard Beatrice screaming, but then it abruptly stopped. It took her a few moments to muster up enough courage to open her eyes, and she could see that neither Beatrice nor the devil was there anymore. The only trace they had left behind was ash and soot on the ground where the devil had snagged the witch away, leaving Mark alone on that dark, empty street. She pushed herself up, eyes wide with shock and mind racing as a few drops began to fall from the sky again. They were gone, and she knew she was alone. Any chance she had to return to normal again had vanished with them, and she could feel her heart sinking further into her chubby chest as the rain began pouring down on her.

For the first time since this started, she began to calm down. The witch and the devil were gone, and the only evidence they had ever existed was the wet clipboard on the ground near her. Mark sat there on her ass, dripping wet and her hair clinging to her face, and she leaned forward to grab it. The paper was soaking wet, and most of the text had disappeared when the witch summoned the devil, but one thing remained. It was a name, written neatly yet with a heavy hand at the top, and Mark's heart skipped a beat as she read it.

"Kimberly Saito?" she said, whispering the name softly. She couldn't pronounce the surname without lisping, and her head tingled as the words echoed inside her skull.

Suddenly, the name Mark started to mean less and less. Kimberly, or Kimmie or Kim, seemed to overlap the name and overshadow it inside her ego. She tried calling herself Mark inside her head, and she was shocked at how little it meant to her. She knew it was her name, but she

didn't feel she identified with it anymore. Instead, Kimmie Saito felt more important to her, the name burning into her mind.

Kimmie shook her head, still dazed and confused from the ordeal. She pushed herself up on her feet, her jeans struggling to contain her sagging rear and her shirt stretching from her rounded belly. It started to dawn on her that this was over, and a horrible realization washed over her. How would she return to normal again now that the witch was gone?

"Shit," she said with a sigh and a lisp, her heart sinking into her chest as she wondered where she would go from here.

"Here you go. I figured you might need a refill of your snacks. So, are you girls having fun?" Liz said as she placed another bowl of chips on the table, nearly knocking over the dungeon master screen and a few miniatures.

"Mooo-oom! Get out! You're ruining our game," Hannah said as she rolled her eyes and gave her mom a gentle push, making it abundantly clear that she didn't want her mom walking into her room in the middle of their DnD game.

"Alright, alright! Well, call me if there is anything you need, sweetie," she said, soon walking out of the room and closing the door behind her. "Have fun with your game!"

Kimmie's chair creaked as she followed her with her gaze, unable to take her eyes off the woman twice her age. Liz stopped in the doorway to glance back at the group sitting around the table, Kimmie's gaze meeting hers briefly before she left. There was warmth in her gaze, without a hint of regret. Kimmie couldn't see any recognition in it, and she knew Elizabeth only saw her as her daughter's fat friend when she looked at her. Her heart skipped a beat as she saw her former wife leave the room, and it still felt weird coming here and seeing her despite the months that had passed since the incident.

A soft sigh escaped her lips as she stared at her fat hands, her friend eagerly discussing and talking about what they should do next in their DnD session without her hearing a word of it. It had been a difficult few months for Kimmie, but she was surprised it hadn't been even worse. She stumbled back to the bus stop after Beatrice had disappeared, sopping wet and confused to grab her backpack, and then went home. She had been more than a little surprised when she found herself standing outside her childhood home and not her house, the girl guided by the new memories in her brain. Kimmie had been even more shocked to know that it was now her home again, the girl no longer a single child to her parents but the youngest of five. Her mother was no longer married to her original father, the two never meeting at the club so many years ago, but to a Japanese man she had met during her visit to Japan when she was eighteen. Her mother married young and got pregnant quickly, leaving Kimmie with four brothers and sisters, all older than her. It was weird meeting her new dad and family, all acting as if she had always been like this, and it had been a strange couple of days as she got used to it.

But, for all the differences, some things were surprisingly the same. Kimmie had always been a bit of a nerd, even as a man. But, back in her original reality, her love for sports and dating her mother hadn't given her much time to indulge in her interest in board games, roleplaying games, and comics. Now, in this reality, she was obsessed with it, especially since sports wasn't really her thing anymore. Being born a woman with a decreased metabolism and a father who loved cooking and food hadn't helped her football career, meaning it ended before she could even try. So, that meant her love for all things nerdy had bloomed and blossomed out of control.

A soft gurgle came from her belly as she looked up and stared at the bowl of chips on the table, Kimmie's mouth watering as she stared at the golden brown crisps. She tried resisting the urge, but she knew it wouldn't work. She tasted the salty and fatty chips in her mouth less than a few seconds later, the bowl sitting on her lap as she ate a few handfuls with her fat gut rumbling happily against it. She licked her lips to get some crumbs out of her braces, sucking on them loudly without even noticing it. Kimmie's upbringing had been less strict in this reality than her previous one, leaving her with much lower self-control and making her a bit of a slave to her urges. It wasn't hard to see how she had gone from a chubby baby to a fat woman during her life with discipline like this.

Kimmie looked over at Hannah, the eighteen-year-old DM now busy describing the intricate scene to them as they walked into the dungeon. It was uncanny how much she looked like her mother, and it blew her mind how she ended up being friends with her former wife's new daughter. Kimmie wondered if their Fate remained intertwined with each other, even after what the devil had done to her. She felt happy to see Liz doing well in this reality despite getting married to a different man and ending up getting pregnant young, although Kimmie's heart ached with jealousy whenever she saw her kiss her new husband. But it wasn't like she could do anything about it. Kimmie was a fat girl half her age, friends with her daughter, and there was no way they could ever be together under these circumstances. She wasn't sure she even wanted to get back together with her. After all, she was happy as long as Liz was doing well, and only that mattered.

Kimmie had tried to find some way to revert all of this, but she didn't really know where to look or what to do, and seeing her former wife happy had made her less keen on messing anything up. She had decided to accept what had happened and make the most of it, as weird and strange as it all was. She was still getting used to her new weight and size, along with the urges and intricacies that came with her plus-sized feminine body. She

The chair creaked again as Kimmie shifted her weight on the seat, her fat butt hanging over the sides as she stared at her chubby, crump-covered hands again. However, she snapped out of her thoughts when someone suddenly said her name.

"Hey, Kimmie! Stop focusing on the chips and pay attention!" Hannah said, causing the former man to look up from her lap.

"Huh? Oh, um, right," Kimmie said with a telltale lisp, putting the bowl back on the table and brushing off the crumbs from her hands on her pants. "What's happening?"

"Well, I explained that you were walking into the gnoll king's lair and how you got ambushed. You better roll initiative if you want your half-orc barbarian to join the fight!"

Kimmie grabbed the dice and rolled, a smile on her lips as she looked over at Hannah. Their eyes met, her loins tingled, and her heart skipped a beat like when she and Liz first started dating. At least her sexuality hadn't changed, and Kimmie often wondered what Hannah thought of her. The glances and looks she got from her made her wonder if the feelings weren't mutual, the realization making her heart race and her hands sweaty as her teen hormones bubbled with joy. For now, she pushed aside any fantasies that involved her getting together with her former wife's daughter and focused on the game, her mind soon buzzing with joy as she got swept along in her new life.