

Don't Give In (MtF, AP, Milf)

Synopsis: A man wakes up to a reality where everyone thinks he's a busty blonde MILF in her late forties, and he sees her whenever he looks into the mirror. Then, the more he gives into his new reality and accepts it, the more he changes to fit it.

"Hey, what's wrong with Jenni this morning? She's been so quiet."

"I don't know. She's been acting so weird as well. I heard from Clarke in accounting that she didn't even flirt with Michael at the front desk when she came in this morning."

"Wait, really?! That's so weird."

"Yeah, isn't it? I don't know. Maybe she had a bad weekend?"

"But isn't it good that she isn't going around flirting with every guy she sees? I mean, she's married. Right?"

"Yeah, I've always found that a bit odd. But I've heard a rumor that Jenni's husband knows about it and doesn't mind it."

"Really? If I did that, then my husband would be furious!"

"Yeah, I bet she makes up for it at home, if you know what I mean~."

"Oh, I don't doubt it. Mr. Johnston certainly didn't marry Jenni 'Juggs' for her brains, that's for sure!"

The soft murmurs and rumor-mongering from the women in the other room reach your ears as you pass it while returning to your desk. Curiosity gets the better of you, and you stop and listen for a few moments before heading off with your fresh cup of coffee. You know they're talking about you. There's this part of you that wants to hear them, to listen to what they're saying about you, but another knows it's all lies. It has to be. They speak in hushed tones, trying not to talk too loudly and risk you overhearing them. Yet, the gossipy girls can't help but get excited as they speculate why you, Jennifer Johnston, are acting so weird on this otherwise calm Monday morning at the office. There's a problem; that's not your name, and you have no idea they or everyone else here thinks that.

It began this morning on your way to work. You woke up and headed off to the office as usual, but you quickly noticed the friendly looks and glances you got from everyone. It got weird

as you rode the subway to work, and you did your best to ignore the man who couldn't stop staring at your chest. However, it didn't compare to how strange it got when you arrived at the office. First, Michael seemed a bit disappointed, almost angry, that you didn't stop and chat with him when you came in. You've never said more than a few words to him, so you found it odd when he asked you if you were in a hurry and why you didn't stop to chat with him. The looks and glances from the men continued at the office, which was unnerving. Then there were the secretaries and other women at the office, who all seemed **way** more chatty with you than before, at least those in your department. However, it was their questions and comments that shocked you the most.

"How's your husband doing? I heard he finally came back from his business trip."

"The house must feel so empty now that your youngest has left for college. At least you and Howard get the house all for yourself now."

"Jenni, could you attend the meeting on Friday? We could really use some of your, um, *charm* to warm up the client."

None of it made sense. It certainly didn't get better when you started correcting your coworkers, telling them you're not Jenni and that you had no idea who this Howard was. The looks they all gave you sent a shiver down your spine. They thought you were insane or, at the very least, joking. Was it an out-of-season April Fools joke? If so, it was the most elaborate one you've ever seen. Even the CEO seemed to be in on it, and you still shudder when you recall the man calling you 'sugar' while staring at your chest. You were almost ready to take it all up with HR when you finally saw yourself in the mirror later that morning, filling your head with even more doubt, fear, and confusion.

You sigh as you walk down the hallway, your mind racing as you try to understand how or why this is happening. The image you saw in the mirror still lingers, haunting you as you almost hear the soft clicking of heels with every step you take. You stare down at your chest and body, not noticing anything unusual. It's still the young masculine figure as earlier this morning, with your shirt and tie hanging gently from your average torso. Yet, on your way back to your cubicle, you stop by one of the mirrors on the wall in the hallway. You take a deep breath to steady your heart as you turn to face it, your eyes shaking as you stare at your reflection. Except, it isn't yours.

'This is insane,' you think, holding a cup of coffee in one hand and a bundle of documents under your other arm. *'It can't be real.'*

What you see in the mirror isn't a young man in his mid-twenties but a full-figured woman in her forties or fifties. The long, flowing blonde hair frames her beautiful face, only slightly marred by faint crow's feet, laugh lines, and other signs of her age. Honestly, it's hard to notice the signs of

age when every inch of her face radiates such intense, unfiltered joy and beauty. Her lips stand out on her face, like a pair of ruby-red pillows that scream for a kiss, and with pretty yet somewhat witless gray eyes, heavy with eye shadow and mascara, staring with unfiltered yearning and want. She's wearing too much makeup for a woman her age, drawing attention to her lips and sultry eyes. It looks more appropriate for someone heading out for a fancy dinner than something you'd casually wear for work, but you have a feeling a woman like her wears it daily.

Then, your gaze wanders over the reflection's body, and her eyes do the same. Her outfit hugs her generous figure, and you'd be lying if you called her chubby or fat. She wasn't thin, though, not anymore. The word 'thick' comes to mind, especially as you let your gaze wander over your reflection's womanly thighs, jutting hips, and juicy ass. The black pencil skirt hugs all of it tightly, accentuating its size and shape. The stockings cover her long, shapely legs, and she's standing as tall as you, thanks to her four-inch heels. The blouse hugs her torso, hiding the tiny amount of padding around her belly, undoubtedly the baby fat she never managed to get rid of after her numerous pregnancies. You see a gold ring on her long-nailed finger, and it almost looks like she's constantly trying to show off the huge diamond on it. She looks, acts, and dresses like she's in her twenties despite being twice your age and looks old enough to be your mother. Bracelets adorn her slim wrists, and her breasts look ready to swallow her necklace, with the heart-shaped locket practically resting inside her cleavage.

Yet, what draws your attention is the almost unbelievable massive tits on her chest. They are huge, protruding proudly from her chest as she pushes them out, making the rest of her torso look slim and tiny. The nickname 'Jiggs' certainly seems apt for someone like her, especially with how she's undone the top buttons on her short-sleeved blouse and showing off an almost inappropriate amount of cleavage. Your back hurts just by staring at the head-sized boulders, and you can only imagine how much pressure her push-up bra must be under. They are showing some signs of her age, but they still look fantastic, something the woman knows as she flaunts them around. It isn't hard to imagine her as one of the pretty girls in high school or as a sorority bimbo in college in her youth. Now, twenty-to-thirty-something years later, the now mature woman is still rocking her fantastic body, even somewhat enhanced by being a mother three times over.

'It has to be a dream,' you think, sipping from your cup as you watch her do the same. *'Or maybe the stress from work is making me go insane?'*

You're still as shocked to see her as you were an hour ago when you first saw your reflection. The woman mimics your movements almost perfectly, with a few exceptions. She sometimes brushes a few locks of her long, golden blonde hair from her face or adjusts her skirt over her generous backside, but she otherwise does the same thing as you. You try and wink, and she does it too, except with a sultry smile and a flirty energy. It freaks you out, and you shudder, noticing she does it as well, which causes her enormous tits to jiggle on her chest. You turn and walk down the hallway, seeing in the corner of your eye as she does the same, except with her chest and ass pushed out and with a generous sway of her hips.

The stares never stop. You feel them on you, almost as if they see you as the woman in the mirror and not as the man you are. They probably do, considering how everyone's been acting today. It creeps you out, but deep down, you feel excitement, almost as if you can sense the woman's addiction to the stares. You head back to your cubicle and sit down, sighing yet again at the sight of your desk. It looks like it belongs to the woman, with a vase of flowers sitting on it and numerous pictures of her family. You assumed it was part of the prank, but now, after noticing the reflection, you're unsure. You even questioned Sarah, sitting in the cubicle next to yours, about it earlier, and she looked at you as if you were insane.

"This is too weird..." you say as you glance at a picture of the woman with her husband, probably taken only a few years ago. "Sorry, but I can't deal with all this with you staring at me..."

The framed photo is soon lying face down on the desk, and you move a few others, trying to get the pictures of her children (you assume, going by the resemblance between them and the loving couple) out of your view. Despite everything, you still have work to do, and you can't have this imaginary family staring at you all day. Soon, you focus on work, hoping the idle and dull data processing distracts you from what's happening.

"Uh-oh, trouble in paradise?"

The masculine voice snaps you out of your thoughts, and you see Gregory walking up to your cubicle. He leans against your desk and picks up the framed photo lying down, running his thick fingers against it before looking at you. Well, towards your chest. Every guy in the office can't tear their gaze away from the massive melons only they can see hanging from your torso, and Gregory isn't an exception.

"What?" you say, unsure what he meant.

"Trouble at home?" Gregory says, showing you the framed photo of the woman and her husband you placed facedown a few minutes ago before putting it upright on the desk. "I mean, I can only assume. People don't usually treat pictures of them and their husband like that."

It's almost laughable how hard it is for Gregory to keep his eyes on your face. He's glanced more times than you can count at your 'tits' during this short conversation, and even now, he's fighting with everything he has to look you in your eyes. You find it weird to talk to the middle-aged manager like this, especially since the man didn't give you the time of day before. He's balding, a bit tubby, and pretends to be more popular with the women at the office than he is. You can almost sense Sarah's relief that Gregory approached your cubicle instead of hers.

"What's going on?" Gregory says, and you find it almost creepy the way he looks at you and your 'tits.' Yet, deep beneath the surface, you feel a tingling excitement, almost as if Jenni is reveling in the attention. "Talk to me."

"Uh, it's nothing," you say, trying not to engage. Yet, you've seen how that usually goes for the women at the office when Gregory decides to talk to them. "I'm sorry, but I have work to do, sir."

"Please, I've told you before to call me Gregory, sweetheart," he says, and you can sense Sarah rolling her eyes and shuddering in the cubicle next to yours when she hears the word 'sweetheart.' "Come on, talk to me. Is Howard off on too many business trips again?"

You can already tell Gregory isn't going to go away, not until you give him something, anything. You briefly consider telling him off, but something stops you. This nagging sensation in the back of your brain buzzes angrily at the thought of being mean, screaming at you not to snap. So, surprisingly enough, you stay calm, idly trying to think of what to do. You can only imagine the weird look he'll give you if you tell him you aren't Jenni and that you have no idea why he thinks that, so you push that thought aside.

Then, as he waits for you to answer, you realize something. Why not just pretend to be Jenni, just for this moment? You can tell Gregory off nicely and get him to leave without thinking you're insane. It wouldn't be hard, not when everything thinks you're the busty *MILF* anyway. So, after taking a deep breath, you turn to face the man with a forced smile.

"Everything's fine with Howard," you say, with the words leaving your lips with remarkable ease. "We just had a little spat this morning. It's nothing serious."

"Really? Are you sure?" Gregory says, not relenting. "I don't think it's that tiny if you turn your husband's photo ov-"

You surprise yourself and Gregory as you place your hand on his thigh, only realizing it when your fingers touch his dress pants. It feels right, somehow, as strange as it sounds. The smile on your lips feels less forced, and your words leave your lips far more effortlessly than before.

"It's fine, really," you say, a genuine smile spreading across your lips as your entire body itches and buzzes strangely. "But thank you for asking. I appreciate the concern, Gregory~."

You didn't intend to say his name with such a sultry undertone, but it felt *right*. Your heart races as you still touch his legs, looking into his eyes as he blushes and stares at your chest with a dumb grin on his face. Suddenly, he clears his throat and stands upright with an almost youthful giddiness.

"Oh, uh, anytime, Jenni," he says, adjusting his tie while still staring at your 'tits.' "I-If you ever need anything or want to talk, you know where to find me."

"I know, Greg~," you say, unable to stop the almost sultry purr from leaving your lips as you say his name. "I'll see you around."

Gregory leaves with a dumb smile, idly wiping his forehead with a napkin as he heads off to his office. You sigh with relief as you lean back in your chair, still feeling the strange tingling sensation creeping over your body. Your heart races as you think about your interaction with Gregory, unable to get it out of your mind, and the smile remains on your lips. Even worse, you can't help but enjoy it. Seeing him almost melt from your gentle touch and kind words was so thrilling, finding it nearly intoxicating, and you almost wish he stayed a bit longer. The way he

stared at you also sent an unfamiliar excitement through your core, stirring your loins and stealing your breath.

Yet, as you sit there recovering from the ordeal, you can't help but notice the odd way your body itches. However, you don't see the hair on your arms and legs pulling into your body, leaving your skin hairless and far softer than ever. It spreads over your entire figure, erasing every strand on your frame below your neck. Even the five-o'clock shadow vanishes, leaving your cheeks bare and tenderly soft. There's an itch between your legs that makes you squirm, caused by your manhood shrinking and your insides tingling from the sudden and strange changes. Even your nipples grow hard, now idly rubbing against your shirt. Your entire body itches, with the faint pops and gentle snaps going unheard as you fight through the odd rush of excitement after talking to the man. You lose an entire inch in height, taken mainly from your torso and spine. An itch spreads over your head as your hair grows an inch, becoming only slightly longer but a lot thicker. Even the color fades and brightens, with a few faint streaks of golden blonde appearing.

It isn't just your body that reacts to you giving in to the strange urge during your conversation with Gregory. Your shoes shift slightly, with your heel pushing up and growing until it's almost an inch, offsetting the height you lost in your body, while the shape shifts until it looks more like a dress shoe for women. Your tie shrinks and gets shorter, now only two-thirds of the size it was before. Even the sleeves on your shirt grow shorter, showing off your wrists and forearms. Your pants get darker, taking on an almost black hue, and grow shorter, showing off your ankles. Finally, a necklace appears around your neck with a familiar heart-shaped locket, the silver chain feeling right at home against your soft, smooth skin.

It almost feels like reality ripples around you, with a few paintings and motivational posters on the walls twisting and pulsating before everything settles back to how it should be. You tell yourself it's all in your head, but you can't help but shudder at the feeling that something's different. Yet, you push it away as you rub your temples, unaware of your slightly thicker and longer hair.

"I have no idea how you do it, Jenni," a familiar voice says, pulling you from your thoughts. You see Sarah peeking out of her cubicle, looking at you tiredly. "I'm glad he's bothering you instead of me, but I don't understand how you can deal with him with a smile."

At that point, you realize she's right. You **are** smiling. For whatever reason, it's hard not to, and it takes some effort to let your thin lips straighten out into a neutral expression. You rub your head and straighten your back, feeling this odd urge to push out your chest and correct your posture, before looking at Sarah.

"Sometimes I wish I was more like you. You know, just happy and carefree," Sarah says, brushing a lock of her brown hair behind her ear. "You never seem to let anything get to you."

"I don't..." you say, trailing off as you're unsure how to respond. Again, you feel reluctant to tell Sarah you're not who she thinks you are. But that'll only make it worse or make her give you another weird look. In the end, you go with something neutral. "Okay..."

"I mean it! It's amazing how you do it," Sarah says, and you can tell she means it. "And I'm glad to hear you're back to your usual self again."

"What do you mean?" you ask, curious about what she meant.

"Well, you've been acting weird this morning. You know, cold and distant. It's just so unusual to see you so moody," Sarah says in a hushed tone, trying not to let the gossip girls overhear her. "Peggy's been throwing around rumors as usual, all BS if you ask me, but it's good to hear you're okay."

"I'm..." you say, feeling the corners of your mouth twitch as the urge to curl your lips into a glowing smile grows when you hear what Sarah says. "Thanks, I guess..."

"You know everyone thinks the world of you here. Right? I mean, the office would be so dull without you here to brighten it."

"Really?" you say, your lips steadily curling into a wide smile. You can't fight it. Sarah's words hit you right in the heart, and you feel a bubbly surge of joy rushing through your core. "Oh, you're welcome, sweetie. It means so much to hear you say that~."

You reach out and touch her arm, but not in the same way as with Gregory. It's less flirty and more maternal, and even your voice oozes with an almost motherly pride when you talk to the brunette in her mid-twenties. Your infectious smile spreads to her, making you want to giggle and smile more. It's impossible to push away the rush of excitement as her words bounce around in your head, causing your entire body to tingle and ache as you give in yet again to the strange, bubbly urges.

An itch spreads across your scalp as your hair grows a bit longer, each strand thickening until it's far more luscious and voluminous than earlier. Another few streaks of golden blonde cascade through your mane, making it almost look like you had highlights, and your entire hair becomes glossier and gains this glow to it. You don't notice it, not even when you brush a chin-length lock behind your ear as you chat with Sarah and bask in the attention she's giving you. A soft sting in your eyebrows makes you wince, but you remain unaware of how invisible tweezers plucked at them, trimming them down until they were perfectly shaped and feminine. You blink without realizing the weird feeling on your eyelids is caused by your eyelashes growing thicker, longer, and more enticing, steadily getting to the point where they match the woman in the mirror.

The words leave your lips effortlessly as you chat with Sarah, and you find it almost scary how hard it is to stop. Every word sounds softer than the last, with the masculine baritone rising in pitch with every fraction of an inch your Adam's apple shrinks. You shift in your seat, not quite reflecting on why the seat's starting to feel so soft and comfortable. Your underwear and

pants stretch slightly over your rounder and perkier backside, with your boxer briefs sliding between softer ass cheeks the more they grow. It doesn't take long before your cock reacts to the changes by shrinking, feeling increasingly unwanted on your body. There's a soft tingling sensation in your scrotum as your testicles pull into your body, where they twist and change into something hopelessly womanly.

The conversation suddenly ends when Sarah's phone rings, causing her to sigh and roll her eyes. You blink, feeling like you're waking up from a trance as you rub your head and brush a few longer locks of silky hair behind your ear absentmindedly.

"Back to work, I guess," Sarah says, letting the phone ring a few times before grabbing it to answer. "Glad to talk to you, Jenni."

"Oh, uh, no problem," you say, feeling disoriented and uneasy as a residual tingling sensation cascades over your body.

There's a strange tightness over your crotch, and you feel a weird pressure inside your abdomen, causing you to mistake it for what it actually is.

'I should go to the bathroom,' you think as you rub your temples, unaware of the gently rounded shape of your backside. A series of cracks in your spine makes you wince, unaware of how you lose another fraction of an inch as it contracts. *'I really should think about my posture when I work...'*

A soft clicking sound of your slightly taller heels haunts your every step as you step out of your cubicle and head down the hallway, finding it unsettling. It feels off yet strangely familiar as you tug gently at your shorter tie. The people continue to stare as you pass down the hallway, all of them seeing the mature woman instead of the real you, but you find it difficult to hate. It's causing the corners of your mouth to twitch, slowly curling your lips upward into a gentle yet undeniable smile. The attention gets to you, causing your heart to race and your nipples to throb. A few friendly 'heys' and courteous nods only tug more at this new side of your brain, almost making you giggle with a nearly girly excitement.

'Why am I enjoying it so much? They aren't even seeing the real me,' you think as one intern can't stop staring at your 'tits' as you pass him by. *'It does feel kind of good...'*

Suddenly, a strange urge flashes through your brain, and you grab a pen from a nearby table without realizing it. You feel the intern still staring at you, his eyes glued to the generous and thick ass everyone sees except you. You glance down at the pen inside your oddly hairless and smooth hands, letting it dance between your surprisingly delicate fingers before 'accidentally' dropping it.

"Oops~," you say without thinking, the sound leaving your lips without you realizing it. "How clumsy of me..."

You lean down while barely bending your knees, causing you to push out your ass. It feels strange, especially as your underwear slips further between your slightly padded butt cheeks. The entire action causes your body to tingle as reality shifts, slowly causing your backside to bloom and your body to change. Soon, fat surges into your backside, slowly padding it out and creating something far more enticing from your previously unassuming and uninspiring ass. It swells, becoming rounder and more feminine, with the ass-cheeks blossoming into something undeniably girly. The fat spreads to your thighs and hips, padding them out and giving them a slightly softer and more effeminate look. Your underwear changes to match this, becoming a tight thong that slides between your now rounded ass cheeks while barely containing your throbbing erection, the latter of which looks and feels smaller than ever.

For a moment, you feel how wrong all of it is. You blush as you push away the weird, almost addictive sensation washing over you as you imagine everyone looking at your rear. It shouldn't feel this good, but it does. You try to push it away, succeeding somewhat with it, but the urge to still lingers. Then, as you pick up the pen while still bending over, you glance over your shoulder and see how the intern stares at your ass with wide eyes. He tries to hide his boner with the stack of papers in his hands, but it almost ends with him dropping the entire pile as he does. You giggle as you stand up, eagerly letting the warm, fuzzy sensation sweep over your mind and loins before leaving. It feels good. No, **amazing**~.

'Why did I do that?' you think before glancing over your shoulder again, still seeing that the intern is standing slack-jawed and with his eyes glued to your ass. *'At least he liked what he saw...'*

The thought lingers in your mind. It fills you with this weird, bubbling bliss that cascades through your mind, spreading to every inch of your body. It makes you want to smile and giggle. But, more shockingly, it turns you on. You can't help but bite your lip and press a hand against your crotch as you leave the intern in the hallway, still feeling his gaze on your ass. You try to shake the excitement and arousal from the attention, but you can't. It's like a drug, one that you're becoming increasingly addicted to, and it makes you feel things you've never experienced before. The mere thought that the intern, Gregory, or some other guy in the office is attracted to you fills you with equal amounts of shame and disgust, especially as strange images flash through your head. Yet, you can't shake how **good** it feels to be wanted. Besides, it's only stares. Where's the harm in that?

You walk down the hallway and away from the intern, still thinking the weird pressure in your abdomen and the ache in your crotch is the need to use the toilet. The urge to smile fills your mind, causing you to struggle not to grin like an idiot as you think about what happened with the intern. When you walk, you realize you're swaying with your hips far more than before, and you feel this gentle jiggle in your rear with every step. You push it aside, thinking it's all in

your head, and squirm a little as you wonder why it feels like your underwear is buried deep between your ass cheeks.

'This is so weird...' you think as you catch someone else staring at you, this time at your non-existent tits. It makes you smile, and you can't help but push out your chest slightly from the looks you get. Your nipples throb from the attention, and you don't notice them puffing out and swelling in size. 'They think I'm the busty woman in the mirror and can't keep their eyes off me. They can't stop staring~...'

You want to say that you're not loving the attention as much as you do, but that would be a lie. It pierces through your mind, filling it with bubbly sensations and marinating it in a flood of new urges, feelings, and hormones. You smile, unaware of your half-changed body that shifts in small and subtle ways as your reality overlaps with the other. For now, you hurry down the hallway as you try to get to the bathroom, one hand rubbing your oddly sensitive chest and the other tugging at the hem of your shirt.

Suddenly, when you turn the corner, you bump into someone. You stumble, only narrowly avoiding falling on your ass as the man reaches out and catches you.

"Whoa there," he says, holding you in his muscular arms. It's Evan from accounting, and the handsome young man flashes you one of his award-winning smiles. "That was a close one, huh?"

You don't say anything. All you do is stare at Evan's arms, comparing them to your own as he helps you up on your feet. They look so broad and thick compared to yours, and you can't help but drag a finger across his forearm as you try to understand what's going on. Evan smiles and chuckles at your surprisingly tender touch, making you realize how odd it must seem to him a moment later. You feel your heart racing, especially as you notice him staring at your chest, like every other guy at the office today.

"I-I'm sorry," you say, your cheeks rosy-red as you feel something bubbling beneath the surface of your mind.

"It's alright, Jenni. Don't worry about it," Evan says, and you blush a bit more at how weirdly good it feels to be called by that name. "Are you in a bit of a hurry today?"

"I guess you could say that," you say, your voice softening and your words filling with a strange feminine allure. The urge to flirt fills your mind, causing your heart to race as you struggle to resist it. You can't, and it almost feels like your lips plump up and swell as you smile at Evan. "Good thing I bumped into you. I doubt anyone else in the office would've been strong and fast enough to catch me like that~."

"Oh, I don't know about that," Evan says as you put a finger on his chest. He's enjoying the attention almost as much as you love giving and taking it.

"Well, I'm grateful anyway~," you say with a purr, not noticing the tingling sensation spreading over your entire body.

You find yourself falling to your new urges. It's impossible not to flirt with the man, especially as he continues to glance at your chest. God, you love it so much and can feel your addiction growing. It's turning you on, causing what remains of your cock to throb and twitch inside your thong. You lose track of time as you talk to Evan, unaware of the subtle shifts and changes cascading through you with every giggle and teasing smile.

A soft shiver passes through your spine as your legs begin to feel naked. You don't notice your pants getting shorter, slowly pulling up to your knees and revealing your smooth, soft calves. The pants fuse and shift in fabric, slowly merging to form what could only be considered a knee-length black skirt. Your socks get thinner as they travel up your legs, soon becoming nylon stockings that encase your limbs. The heels push out and grow another inch, momentarily causing you to stumble on your two-inch heels. Your tie grows shorter, becoming a mere third of its former size, and your shirt thins and shifts to resemble a woman's blouse more than a dress shirt. Something forms beneath the shirt, and you barely notice your new bra hugging your flat chest as you flirt with Evan.

There's a moment during all of this when you feel dizzy and lightheaded, causing you to blink and rub your temples. You shake your head, unaware of your slightly longer and blonder hair, and rub your jaw as your entire face pops and shifts. It becomes less masculine and angular, with your cheekbones rising and your features softening. You purse your lips as they swell in size, becoming bee-stung and pouty. A sudden crack in your spine makes you wince, causing Evan to ask if you're okay. You smile and giggle, telling him you're fine without noticing that you lost almost an inch in height. Then, another series of cracks spread over your pelvis, making you wince again. You wiggle your more expansive and increasingly jutting hips as you chat with him without thinking about it, one hand resting on your now undeniably womanly haunches.

The conversation suddenly shifts when he mentions a name that confuses you and makes you stop your constant flirting.

"Well, Howard's a lucky man to have a wife like you," Evan says, causing images to form inside your head.

"Howard? Oh, yeah, I guess he is," you say, the thought of being a woman and married to a man making you feel weird. Yet, his image grows more vivid in your head, causing you to feel a strange tingling in your abdomen.

"Well, this has been nice, but I've got a meeting to attend," Evan says, glancing at your chest and face one last time. "Good to see you, Jenni."

"Likewise~," you say with a purr, unable to stop yourself from shooting him another sultry glance and smile before he leaves.

You stand there, somewhat dizzy and flustered, as you struggle to understand what came over you after he leaves. Every inch of your body buzzes joyfully, and you can't help but smile at how good it feels. You brush your shoulder-length half-blonde hair behind your ear, showing off the new pearl-studded earrings that appeared in them a few moments ago. Everything feels weird but in a good way. You can tell something's off, but some part of your mind doesn't want it to stop, no matter how strange it gets. The pressure in your abdomen still lingers, but far less so now, and you wonder if you even need to go to the bathroom.

'I should still go and check it out, just in case,' you think, soon turning on your heel and walking down the hallway with a generous sway of your curvy hips.

The buzzing in your head continues, dulling your senses and filling your core with joy. You know it's because of the looks and glances you get from the people here at the office, and it's intoxicating. It doesn't matter that they see this busty blonde instead of the real you. Their attention makes you smile and giggle, and you realize it's getting harder to fight against the bubbly emotions. Honestly, why would you? You've never felt this good in years, especially not at the office.

Your heels click against the floor as you head towards the restroom, and you soon stop outside, unsure where to go. The sign pointing to the men's is to the right, and on your left is the women's. You glance at both, at first wanting to head to the men's bathroom since, in your mind, you're a man. However, you know how everyone else sees you as Jenni, making you pause and hesitate.

'I probably should go into the women's...' you think, feeling somewhat guilty. But the more you think about it, the more natural it feels. *'They all see me as a woman, so I might as well.'*

When you touch the door to the women's restroom, a gentle tingling sensation spreads through your entire body. It makes you feel even bubblier and giddier than earlier, causing you to giggle with an increasingly effeminate voice. As you step into the restroom, you bask in the sensations, unaware of your softening voice or changing body. Your spine cracks and pops as you lose some height, but it's quickly offset by your heels growing another inch. Every part of your body slims down and softens, with your remaining masculine muscles fading and your build slimming to something more feminine. Your hips pop, your thighs thicken, and your ass balloons out, growing into a pert, heart-shaped derriere that any woman would be envious of. The clothes change on your body, with your tie shrinking down until it's barely a few inches long, barely resembling the checkered thing you put on this morning. Your skirt shrinks, ending mid-thigh, and your shirt shifts until it's undeniably a women's blouse, with the top button undone.

The restroom is unsurprisingly similar to the men's, although with a distinct lack of urinals. You nod at Grace as she leaves just when you enter, at first freezing up as you half-expect her to ask you what you are doing there but then relaxing when it's clear she sees you as Jenni, like everyone else. The soft clicking of heels hit the floor as you approach the mirror, again seeing the busty woman in her late forties on the reflective surface. It's difficult not to giggle when you see her infectious smile, causing your lips to curl up to match hers.

"God, this is so weird..." you say, your now effeminate and mature voice echoing through the restroom. Yet, you don't notice it as you examine the woman in the reflection.

As before, the woman doesn't perfectly mimic your movements. She's there, standing before the mirror but checking her makeup instead of doing nothing. She pouts with her lips before reaching for her purse, grabbing her lipstick, and applying some of it to her ruby-red lips. Again, you marvel at how good she looks for her age. There's a tingle in your arm as you watch it, almost as if it wants to follow her movements. You shake your head, not noticing the blonde curls caressing your face and touching your shoulders, and smile.

'I wonder what it's like to be her. Although I can only imagine how much her back hurts from carrying around those boulders all day long,' you think before you finally notice something in the corner of your eye. You brush it away, only realizing it's your hair a few moments later. *'Wait, what?'*

Suddenly, it feels like you're waking up. You tug at a few golden blonde curls hanging from your head, pulling them in front of your eyes as you examine them with morbid fascination. Then you notice the size and shape of your hands, almost gasping as you see the womanly claws and dainty digits. The dizziness remains, but you can finally see things for what they are, and your heart races as you feel how strange and curvy every inch of your body is.

"Oh god..." you say, hearing your sultry yet mature voice echoing through the restroom. "I'm Jenni?"

However, a glance at your torso disproves that theory. Unlike the woman in the mirror, your chest remains as flat as before, although your chest is quite slim and effeminate, just like your shoulders. Even your clothes are different, even if they aren't the same as hers. You run your hands over your blouse, feeling the way your body curves inward at your waist before flaring out widely at your hips. One of your hands finds itself on your ass, and you squeeze it, feeling how soft yet part it is, and it sends a tingle down to your loins. You stumble on your heels as you get used to them and your skirt, your mind racing as you stare down at your body. There's a strange tingling in your abdomen, and a quick pat on your crotch confirms you're still a man, although barely.

A million thoughts and emotions rush through your head, and you feel a tingle of panic tugging at your heart. Yet, as strange and weird as all of this is, you can't help but smile and giggle. It feels like it's your, and Jenni's, default behavior whenever there is something either of you doesn't understand. It makes you feel good, and the girly laugh fills you with a weird comfort. The panic slowly fades as curiosity takes over, followed by a pleasure between your legs at the thought of looking exactly like her, tits and all.

'It's all probably a dream. It has to be,' you think, unable to find another explanation for your girlier figure, longer hair, and feminine features. You even feel your body shifting as you examine yourself, with your trim belly getting a little softer and thicker while other parts of your frame get curvier. *'So, there's no harm enjoying myself for a bit~...'*

You face the womanly reflection and run your hands over your body, watching Jenni do the same in the mirror. The tingling sensation washes over you, and you imagine someone watching you do this, and it ignites a flame between your legs. A soft moan slips from your lips, and you're glad you're alone. The more intense the pleasure gets, the more your manhood shrinks, and you can feel it slipping into your body before something undeniably womanly takes its place.

"Mmm~," you moan, biting your lip as you fight against the pleasure. Then, you notice the ring on your finger and realize something else. "Right, Jenni's married. To Howard..."

The mere mention of his name causes the image from before to return, of the man in his fifties, to flash through your head. He is handsome, tall, and strong, yet he has a lovable tummy from years of living well. At first, you feel disgusted at the thought of being with someone like that, with your male mind rebelling against it. But, as Jenni, it feels more and more natural. God, just thinking about him and the years of being married fills you with a strange maternal bliss, one that causes your increasingly duller and ditzier mind to buzz with joy.

Then, another realization washes over you. The pictures of the table, of Howard's children, flash through your head. They aren't just his anymore. They are yours, or at least Jenni's, and you can't help but feel your uterus almost buzzing with bliss at the thought of being their mother. You curl your toes in your heels, unaware of them growing another inch and your body getting a bit shorter again, and you smile as your face shifts into something more mature yet increasingly beautiful. Your mind tingles as memories form in your head, seemingly appearing in your skull as you begin to accept all of this, even if you still think it might be a dream.

You barely notice yourself rubbing your chest as the memory of Jenni's children forms in your head, finding yourself remembering breastfeeding them all and steadily watching them grow into the responsible adults they are today. A soft tingle passes down your spine as your hands rest on your chest, feeling the way your womanly nipples pulsate and tingle in reaction. You glance down at your chest, watching the flat area slowly blossom and swell, and you can't help but giggle and rub your tiny tits.

'This is wrong, but god, it feels so good~, ' you think, gently tugging at your nipples and feeling your pussy tingling between your legs. Every tender touch causes your chest to grow, steadily pushing the breasts towards their proper size. 'It seems like I'm going to find out how it feels to be as stacked as Jenni~...'

Another vapid giggle leaves your lips, causing your face to shift and change until it resembles the mature beauty in the mirror. Pouty lips, sultry eyes, fair features - you can't see it, but you know you're becoming more like Jenni with each tingling sensation. You can almost feel your brain rotting from the girly emotions, dulling your sharp intellect and leaving it increasingly emptier and bubblier with every blissful sensation. The memories of Howard and the family fill your head, pushing aside doubt and fears as maternal bliss takes over. The worry that this might not be a dream disappears as your breasts take another lurch outward, filling out your bra and

blouse as they both stretch and shift to accommodate your growing tits. Your hair grows, gaining volume and length until it's the same luscious curls Jenni has that frame your face and hang in glowing waves from your head.

It's good you're alone; otherwise, someone would see you massaging your breasts and biting your lips in pleasure as you stare at your reflection. Honestly, a part of you almost wants someone to walk in, and you feel your addiction to attention continues to swell. It's not just your mind and breasts that change, but also your clothes. What remains of your tie disappears, and another few buttons get undone, revealing more of your burgeoning bosom and colossal cleavage that keeps on growing. Your heels grow another inch and finally reach the same length as hers, and your body shrinks, putting you at the same height as Jenni. Your skirt shortens, barely covering your curvy hips and juicy rear, and a few bracelets appear around your wrists, dangling and clinking as you rub your feminine claws over your fatter tits. A necklace forms around your neck, with a heart-shaped locket you know contains a picture of Howard that rests partially inside your cleavage.

'God, it feels so good~,' you think as you rub your breasts, staring down with lust-filled eyes at the breasts growing to the size of melons on your chest. *'Mmm~.'*

A soft moan slips from your lips, carrying your mature and sultry voice through the restroom as your bosom takes one last leap forward, settling on a back-breaking and cumbersome size. You smile as you stare down at your seemingly endless cleavage and giggle as you feel them jiggle, move, and bounce with even the slightest movement. There are signs of age on them, but they look remarkable despite all of it. Memories of your, no, Jenni's youth flash through your head, making you remember how they looked in your, no, Jenni's prime. It makes you smile, especially as the memory of yours and Howard's wedding day flashes through your head and how gorgeous you looked stuffed into that open-shoulder dress.

"I still got it~," you say as you tenderly cup your breasts, feeling the weight in your hands. You squeeze them, causing your loins to itch at how sensitive they are. "God, I can't wait to get home to my hubby~."

You blink, surprised by the thought. No, not your hubby. Jenni's husband. You shake your head, feeling dizzy and confused as your thoughts and emotions blur together with Jenni's, making it hard to know where yours ended and hers began. It should terrify you, but all you feel is horny and happy, especially as you admire yourself in the mirror. It takes a few moments for your dull mind to realize it, but your reflection is finally mimicking you again. You admire it now that the mirror is finally showing you how you look instead of showing this weird mimic. It's an exact copy of Jenni now, tits, clothes, and giggling smile and all.

"I can't believe how sexy I look for my age. Wait, no, like, Jenni looks sexy for her age," you say, rubbing your head as you feel it aching as you try to think. It always happens whenever you try to think too hard about things. It's better to ask Howard, Gregory, or any other smart guy instead of trying to figure it out yourself. "Whatever..."

The heels click against the floor as you leave, and your breasts bounce, hips sway, and ass jiggle as you leave the restroom. You feel dizzy and disoriented, causing you to pout your lips and look noticeably confused as you walk out. Again, you don't see where you're going and bump into someone. It's a man, and this time, you stumble on purpose into his strong arms, causing you to smile and your loins to itch when you feel his muscular limbs wrap around your frame.

"Whoa!" Michael says, holding you tight and feeling your breasts press against his chest before helping you on your heels again. "A-Are you okay?"

"I am now~," you say, your body buzzing when you see the way he stares at your tits. "Thanks, Michael~."

You playfully tug at his tie, feeling somewhat ashamed and guilty for how you act. But why should you? Didn't you always flirt with Michael whenever you bumped into him? You know he loves it, and it'd be a lie to say you didn't like the attention from the young man. He might be the same age as your eldest son, but that didn't stop you from flashing a sultry smile and giggling at his awful jokes whenever you talked to him in the mornings and during lunch.

"S-So, uh," Michael says, still as nervous around you as the first day you walked in and saw him in the office. "Glad to see you're feeling better now."

"Oh? Were you worried about me~?" you say, still playing with his tie and doing everything you could to give him a good view of your cleavage.

"Oh, uh, maybe a little? Y-You were, um, acting a bit different this morning," he says, squirming a bit and looking intimidated by your forwardness despite being taller and much stronger than you.

"I was?" you say, blinking in confusion. You only vaguely remember this morning, recalling feeling confused for some reason. But the more you try to think, the more your silly head hurts, and you quickly give up. "Well, I'm sorry if I made you worry. You're such a sweet man, Michael~."

"T-Thanks, Mrs. Johnston," he says, not realizing his pinned against the hallway wall with you practically pressing your tits into his face.

Mrs. Johnston, Jennifer Johnston, that's you. Right? It feels odd at first, but the doubt soon vanishes as you think about your husband and feel your body tingling at the thought of returning home to him. A tiny part of you wonders if Howard feels jealous of you being so 'friendly' with Michael and the other men at the office, but then you remember it's just flirting. You'd never cheat on him, not in a million years. He even knows how you act in the office, which makes you curious why he doesn't mind it. There are rumors in the office that he's cheating on you, but you know it isn't true. He'd never do that, just like you'd never betray him.

Suddenly, as you feel your loins ache from the way Michael stares at your massive tits, you remember why Howard allows it. It's because he knows you're addicted to it, that it's your fetish. The attention is intoxicating, and the more you flirt and the more looks and glances you get, the hornier you are. So, after a day of flirting with men at the office, you always return home with quivering loins and take it all out on your husband, who eagerly accepts it. Even now, as you make Michael both horny and a bit uncomfortable, you can feel your pussy aching with need, and your brain fills with images of what you'll do to fix it once you return home to Howard.

"Um, Mrs. Johnston?" Michael says, snapping you out of your lewd daydream. "I-I have to return to my desk..."

"Oh, of course, sweetie," you say, letting go of his tie but not without rubbing a hand against his firm chest. "I'll see you around, handsome~."

You turn on your heel and leave, feeling the man's gaze on your bouncing rear as you sashay down the hallway. Michael isn't the only one that stares, and you take it all in, channeling it into your libido and making your pussy itch. As always, the smile never leaves your red lips, and you find yourself spreading your unbridled and unfettered positivity through the office as you return to your desk. You sit in your chair, chest pushed out and posture perfect before moving your manicured fingers across the laptop. Yet, your dull mind can't focus on work. Instead, you rub the locket resting in your cleavage and glance at the picture of you and your husband while rubbing your thighs.

'Calm yourself, Jenni,' you think as the last doubt of being anyone else except the busty and mature blonde everyone can't help but love leaves your brain. *'Just a few more hours before you can show Howard how much you love him~.'*