

Mini-Story: Karen ('Karen' TG)

By FoxFaceStories

As voted upon by the Deluxe tier:

After seeing so many women act far too mean and entitled as customers, a man's wish to understand them leaves him becoming a 'Karen' for good!

My own aunt is actually a Karen, and she's frankly the most wonderful human being in the world. So apologies to all you Karens out there who are real good people, no offence intended!

Karen

Peter really couldn't stand how so many older women acted at the furniture store he worked at. He'd heard of the meme about 'Karens' many times before, and it was one he absolutely saw a lot of evidence for. Some of the most entitled women imaginable - almost always white, in their forties, and with chin-length hair - would come in, be unsatisfied with a price or his help, and "demand to see your manager!", as they put it.

Frankly, he'd had enough.

So when one day a woman of that description walked into the store, the young twenty-year old man, who himself was dark-haired and fairly average in appearance, braced for the inevitable. And sure enough, it came.

"Excuse me young man," she said. "I've just entered the store. I'd like *someone* to actually step up and offer to help me."

"My apologies," he said, moving towards her. "We assume that most customers-"

"Ma'am," she said.

"Excuse me?"

"My apologies, *ma'am*. Didn't anyone teach you manners?"

He gritted his teeth, trying to rein in his anger. "My apologies, *ma'am*," he repeated. "Can I help you?"

"I want to see some couches."

"Ah, I can help you there. Our couches are located down in the rear of the store, just by-"

She crossed her arms, looking very angry. "Excuse me? I want you to show them to me."

"Oh, I'm sorry, I'm in the beds, desks, and tables section. But Jean over in the couches will be able to help you, don't worry. She's a real whiz at-"

"Are you seriously saying you can't help me?"

"It's not about not being able to-"

"I'd like to see your manager. This is absolutely disrespectful behaviour. I'm a paying customer, and I won't be coming back if this is the way you treat me. What's your name?"

He just sighed. Another great interaction with a 'Karen' followed, and by the end of it, his manager and his manager's manager had been roped in. The first was sympathetic, the second added it to his employee record rather menacingly. By the time it was through, the horrible entitled woman walked away with a discounted couch and he didn't get the sale. But he did get a write up.

As he slowly ambled back to his spot on the floor, feeling tense and annoyed and overcome, he watched her walk away victorious, nose thrust up in the air.

"God, I wish I understand women like that," he said to himself.

Suddenly, the air seemed to shift. He staggered, nearly falling to the ground. Peter wheezed. Something strange was happening to him, something he couldn't explain. His flesh was crawling all over him.

"I d-don't understand wh-what's h-happening t-to me!"

He tried to call for help, but his section of the floor was empty, and his voice cracked. It shifted upwards as he moaned, and started to sound almost feminine. Right before his eyes, his arms shifted, changing shame to become softer, dainter, and older. The same occurred to his legs, which gained in the thighs but ended in smaller feet. His clothing altered, slimming where his shoulders shrank, and where his waist thinned. Soon he was wearing a pastel pink woman's jacket with a white blouse.

"What the - this is impossible!" he cried, before placing his new female hands on his mouth. His voice now sounded like a snappish hawk of a woman!

As if touching it had spread some kind of disease, his lips puffed up, and he gained a set of razor cheekbones. His eyelashes grew, and facial hair fell away. His hair elongated, turning a fake platinum blonde that was most certainly died, and falling to a new hairdo that was the kind of stereotype that he'd just mentally mocked on the woman before.

"No way, the wish, it can't be! I'm *becoming a Karen!*"

Even as he said it, Peter's conception of himself changed. Karen was his name. It couldn't be, and yet when he tried to think of his name it was the only one that came to mind.

"S-stop it! I didn't mean the wish like this!"

But still the transformation continued. His hips cracked wider, and his ass became large. His work trousers converted to a skirt that went past his knees, but the biggest change happened simultaneously in his chest and crotch. He doubled over, groaning almost silently as his penis and balls retracted, leaving him with a very female set of genitalia. His chest pushed out in two places, so that he now also had a full set of C-cup breasts. They were only a little saggy from age - he knew somehow that he was forty two years old - and were comfortable in the bra that formed to cover them.

"Ohhhhhh!" he moaned - *she* moaned - as the final changes settled in.

For a moment, Karen simply stood, panting. She now even had a set of pastel pink heels to match her blazer. She knew who she had been, but she had a whole other life now that existed in a separate set of memories. And far more importantly, she knew that she desperately needed to purchase a new living room set, and was getting absolutely *fucking impatient* at the fact that no one had yet served her.

"I should be thinking this," she said to herself, still shocked at her new form, "but it's so strong. It's like I've got some kind of Karen-instinct. A need to hurry up and get people to see that I'm the most important, entitled person in the room. Oh God, is this what it's like to be a Karen?"

She managed to resist lashing out for a mere two minutes, but by then she was too impatient, annoyed, and wanting respect. She marched forward, hunting out her target. There! A young woman she recognised as a former co-worker was on her phone. A prime target. She surged forth until she was right in Jean's face. The young woman looked shocked at the rage on the transformed male's face.

"Excuse me, I've been standing her for minutes without any service, and here you are slacking off on your phone. I'd like to talk to your manager!"

The End