

## Men in Grey (Multi TFTG)

### By FoxFaceStories

*The town of Graymouth has been hit by a RAE - a Reality Altering Event. A young man has become gifted with reality warping powers by pure cosmic chance, and set about transforming all those around him to become his sickest fantasies of revenge and lust. Thankfully, the Men in Grey have arrived onto the scene and subdued this would-be god of mischief, but now comes the cleanup, and the many transformations to deal with . . .*

### Men in Grey

Casey cackled, rising up from the floor of the auditorium. Power cables sparked with electricity as his newfound psychic power rose. College students screamed, and his cruel professor Mr Hayworth gasped as the young man revealed his true power.

“All of you looked down on me!” he bellowed, his voice piercing like a sliver into their minds. “All of you thought I was a nothing, a nobody, a weird freak!”

He directed his power towards a buff football player in the crowd and lifted him up.

“Bill Caxley! You beat me up all through high school, then told everyone when I tried to get a fresh start here!”

The man screamed and pleaded, but Casey’s power was already lifting another into the air.

“And you, Stacey Gryer! You were called me a creep! You spread rumours about me! And then you and your friends stole my art journal and spread photos of it! That art was personal! It was mine! And you made me look like a freak!”

She too pleaded, but now it was Professor Hayworth’s turn. The man was stoic, but he was clearly afraid as he was brought into the air before Casey.

“Professor, you mocked and belittled me for every question I didn’t know. You made that joke about me in social studies class, about me being dateless! Well, I’m gonna change all that. I’m gonna change everything for everyone in this town. I have the power to change reality now, and all of you are going to live out my whims and desires. Some of you will be punished, but others, those that said nothing or simply failed to notice, I’m going to change you anyway. It’s *my* turn to be on top now.”

The young man focused his new psychic energies, and began to rewrite reality. No one in the town of Graymouth was safe.

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The town was under quarantine when the Men in Grey had arrived. The local feds had done their job well enough, but evidently had lost a few men to the RAE - the Reality Altering Event. To hear them tell it, the local police force was entirely subsumed: the sheriff, two deputies, and a receptionist were all in the RAE radius, and hadn't emerged after their initial radio for federal reinforcements.

"Is the perimeter secure?" Agent Benson asked, a figure so tall, so dark and so handsome that he was almost a stereotypical-looking MIG agent. He was itching to light a cigarette, but was holding off to be good for his wife.

"Yes sir," said his partner, Agent Carter, who was still a bit of a rookie. "The RAE is contained within the entirety of Graymouth. The power has been cut, all exit roads blockaded. Standard operating procedures have been applied."

She had fiery red hair in a professional cut and wore a grey suit just like him, though she fit into hers a bit too well, leading other agents to look at her when she passed. It was not a sensation she was appreciative of, and one she hoped would pass as she proved herself. She was grateful at least for a fairly flat chest in this scenario.

"This isn't a standard procedure though, is it?" Benson said. He was the lead in their partnership, having been doing this job for nearly twelve years, while Carter was green around the gills, being only twenty eight years old. "Give me the rundown on the SGI."

That was Specially Gifted Individual, the tag given to all citizens and non-citizens who for one reason or another developed paranatural powers, be they psychic, psionic, telekinetic, teleportation-based, or any other kind that disrupted the natural order of physics. These were the individuals too dangerous not to monitor. Most were good citizens. Many worked for the Men in Grey. But others were the kind that needed to be placed in the highest security and certainly most top secret bunkers in the world. Such was the case with this one.

"Name is Casey Anvers," Carter said, reading her file as they surveyed the blacked-out town ahead of them, to which the various other Men in Grey were responding. "We're still working out how he developed his Special Gift, but the RAE started with him. Probably some kinda cosmic glitch like the New Hampshire case, but his rooms all show a fascination with psychic stuff, so it may have manifested through the Shroud, not sure. Either way, he registered 6.8 on the PSI scale."

Benson whistled. "Damn. That's the highest I've ever heard of."

"Really? Oh, I guess that's bad."

"Kid, it's *real* bad."

"Um, okay," she said, containing her nervousness. "Records seem to indicate he got his powers a week ago, and has been running havoc ever since, settling old grudges, punishing girls who wouldn't date him, getting revenge on teachers."

"Standard stuff for these types."

“Wow, you’d think they’d aim bigger.”

“Trust me, Carter, it always ends up personal.”

“It could end up permanent, as well, if we’re to judge by his PSI scale. It was my field of study that got me this job, sir.”

Benson grit his teeth. “We’re partners, Carter. Just call me Benson. But Damn, looks like we’ll have to go in with force, but play things smart at the same time. Recommendations, partner?”

It was a test for the younger woman. She thought for a moment. “We should see if we can’t dangle something in front of him. Maybe a cushy job with us. Hell, he might even get it if he’s calm enough and can pass the right tests. But we’ll puff up his ego alright. That always gets these psychic types, right? Play into their overconfidence.”

Benson nodded, and Carter felt a thrill down her spine. She’d answered well.

“My thoughts exactly, partner. Couldn’t have said it better myself. We’ll bring the heavy duty gear too, and the psi-cuffs.”

“Already got it, sir. I requisitioned the van’s materials when I saw the PSI scale on the RAE.”

Benson lit up a cigarette and took a drag. “That’s why I like you, Carter. You’ve got brains and the smarts to use them. You’ll do well.”

“Would that I could say the same of you, sir, but you’re just the muscle.”

He choked back a laugh and put his cigarette out. “Good one. Okay, let’s go.”

They approached the quarantine blockade. A couple of the Men in Grey looked their way - in Carter’s direction, mostly - and one even whistled.

“Love a girl with red hair,” Agent Hank said. “You’re a total *fox*, Carter!”

“Stick it up your ass, Hank” she replied, throwing him the middle finger. “We’re going in.”

“The rookie is going lead, huh? What gives?”

“I’m going lead,” Benson said. “But she’s my partner. You’ll be joining too, Hank. This is a full sweep with tactical engagement strategy 221C.”

“Flattery approach, huh? I’m good with flattery, as you well know.” He waggled his eyebrows at Carter, then licked his lips for extra emphasis.

Carter could have snarled. “I hope to God that you take the hit on this one, Hank. I’d just love to see you changed.”

“I hear he’s turning girls into the chicks of his dreams,” Hank replied, returning the middle finger. “Wanna bet what you’ll become? A real foxy chick, I bet.”

Benson was about ready to throw down at this point, cracking his knuckles and stepping forward but Carter put up her hand. “It’s okay, partner. I’ve heard a lot worse from a lot better.”

“Like I said, smarts,” Benson said. “But you shouldn’t have said that to my partner, Hank. I’m in the lead on this. So . . . that puts you in the vanguard.”

Hank cringed, and his buddies began to elbow him, cackling.

“Oh, damn it!” he said.

Carter smirked, thankful for her partner’s decision. She kept the pace with him as he organised the various other members of the Men in Grey who were responding, and then he gave the go ahead.

“Don’t forget your taser gun,” he said. “And the real one. I have a feeling the memory wipes won’t be much good here, not if this SGI’s reality warping is permanent.”

Carter prepped her weapons and made sure they were ready.

“Locked and loaded, partner.”

“Good. Let’s put an end to this RAE.”

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Casey Anvers screamed as he was dragged into the back of the prisoner transport vehicle. He was a scrawny fellow, and evidently hadn’t been able to alter the reality of his own body, because he couldn’t put up much of a fight. Two MIG agents pulled him in, the dampening cuffs and neck brace preventing any further use of his overwhelming powers.

“You can’t do this to me!” he screamed. “I am the God of this new world, and you will all bow down to me! I have made Graymouth a paradise! My harem awaits me! I have had my revenge, and my conquests are yet to come! Get your motherfucking hands off of me, or I’ll change you too!”

“Yeah, yeah, save it for Processing,” one of the agents handling him said. “You’ve changed your last victim for a while now, Casey.”

“I am a *God*, and I will have my veng-”

The backdoor of the transport van slammed shut, and there were only the muffled screams of Casey’s ravings and rants. It quickly sped off away from Graymouth, onto the Men in Grey’s secretive headquarters where the mad SGI could be safely imprisoned and processed.

“Jesus, I swear, this job sometimes,” Benson said, wiping his forehead. “Just when you think it can’t get any weirder, something like this happens, and you nearly get turned into a damn plush toy or something trying to take down the latest whackjob with paranatural powers.”

“No doubt sir,” replied Carter, whose shaky hand was holding a coffee. “At least the pay is good.”

“You did well out there, Agent. I know you’re still a newbie, but you did damn fine work getting the jump on him. Without those psi-cuffs on the SGI, we might have all been changed by his reality warping.”

Carter nodded, taking another sip from her drink. “Yeah, appreciate it, Benson. I just can’t believe how much of the town he changed.”

“Well, you will soon, because we get to interview and deal with them all.”

“Seriously?”

“Yep. As leads, we also bag ‘em and tag ‘em. Don’t worry, it can be a hoot sometimes. How are you feeling?”

Carter ran her fingers through her fiery red hair. “I’m okay. Never been on a mission that lost agents before. I mean, God, Hank was a chauvinistic asshole of a pig, but he didn’t deserve *that*. Do we have to bag and tag *him*, too?”

Benson pawed at his pocket. “Yeah, sadly we do. ‘Perk’ of the job, Carter. Think about it; if you got hit by an RAE would you want someone outside our job to take care of it?”

Carter exhaled. “Wow, yeah. I guess I wouldn’t.”

“Exactly. We’ll treat him well, and do our best for him, just like everyone else. It’s part of the job you just have to get used to. Trust me, this was *bad*. Most RAE’s are nothing on this scale. You’re just the unlucky rookie who got a case of the century in your first three months on the job. Hey, you don’t happen to have a cigarette, do you?”

“Seriously?”

“Deadly serious. A good drag on the old deathstick is how I cope, Agent.”

Carter shook her head. “Sorry, Benson. I quit years ago.”

Benson’s aged but handsome face contorted into a smirk. “So did I.”

They both stared at a procession of young women with ample forms being directed by regular members of the Men in Grey. Some were being given warm coverings and hot drinks, others were rejecting them. They were just the first in a long line of people to deal with.

“We’ll have to put them up in the town hall and the local hotel. Separate them so they don’t all freak. I’ll organise that. You get the recording equipment from the truck. It’s gonna be a long night, Carter.”

Carter sighed, and scratched the area above her buttocks idly. It was a good thing she’d dodged that last light blast from the SGI just before she’d cuffed him. She hadn’t appreciated him calling her a ‘total fox’ as well, just like Hank. Still, it had felt like some of his power brushed her, just for a moment.

“Thank God I got clear,” she murmured, before heading to the truck.

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Carter and Benson both tried not to look at the rather ample assets of the assortment of women in front of them. There were five of them in total, and they all had exaggerated figures and exceedingly little clothing. One was literally just wearing a sexy pink bikini, providing an excellent view of a chest that Carter guessed to be at least a Double-D, if not an E-cup.

“Okay,” Benson said, taking a sip of his coffee as he sat on the hood of a nearby car. “Let’s get this started. Are you sure you ladies don’t want to go inside? Temperature’s dropping; you must be freezing already.”

A busty blonde wearing a flannelette shirt and daisy dukes spread her arms out in disbelief. It caused . . . quite a bit of obvious jiggle. Carter was only a *little* bi, but found it hard not to check this woman out. Benson had a will of steel in keeping his gaze level.

“Don’t you get it! We *have* to dress like this! We don’t *get* cold! And I’m *not* a lady, goddamnit. My name is Bill Caxley. I’m meant to be the star footballer, not some *Dukes of Hazzard* chick, so change me freakin’ back already!”

The others all echoed agreement. Benson checked his notes.

“Am I right in stating that you’re all members of the football team? The *male* football team.”

“Damn straight,” a dark-skinned woman with a prominent afro said. She was wearing a very tight crop top and a set of tight yoga pants that showed off a very prominent backside and wide set of hips. “I’m Tyrone Hallson, the team captain! That asshole Casey Anvers turned us all into hot chicks. We’ve got tits, man!”

She grasped them, and this time Benson broke, covering his mouth to cough.

“Well, I can certainly see that. Why only five of you?”

He gestured his pen in the direction of the three others. One was a Caucasian brunette wearing a tight blue cocktail dress, the hem of which was just low enough to hide her underwear. Another appeared to be an Afro-Asian woman with straightened hair; she was in a two-piece cheerleading outfit, pom poms in her hands and everything. The last was also blonde like Bill, but with sharper features and defined cheekbones, though she certainly still had quite the chest. She was the one stuck in the pink bikini, and she sighed, touching her forehead.

“I’m Jared Largman. I helped sub for the team for a few games. Casey didn’t pick us because we were footballers, but because we were assholes to him.”

“Dude, shut up!” the Afro-Asian woman whined in a painfully high voice.

“Well, it’s true, isn’t it? We call yourselves The Boys,” Jared continued. “We’ve been friends since high school or even earlier for some of us. We drink and party and chase chicks and do panty raids together. You know, regular frat guy stuff.”

Carter raised an eyebrow at the bikini-clad woman. “And let me guess, you also bully ‘dweebs’ like Casey Anvers?”

All of them tried to look elsewhere, especially Bill, who crossed her arms beneath her breasts, which were certainly not contained by a bra, just her tied shirt.

“Yeah,” she said. “We did. But he was a total fucking freak! Did you hear about his notebook? He drew all sorts of weird shit in there like that. Girls with way too many boobs! A heap of chicks all pregnant. Him surrounded by hot chicks from the sororities! It’s all super messed up. We were right to beat the shit out of-”

He stopped when he saw that Tyrone was glaring at him.

“I mean, we only pushed him around a bit.”

Benson and Carter exchanged a knowing glance. “Well,” the senior agent said. “Tell us how he’d changed you, then. We need to assess you for how we’ll reintegrate you.”

Carter noticed that the shared smiles between them seemed to indicate more hope than the situation offered. ‘Reintegration’ had nothing to do with being turned back, but obviously Benson was sharing that information yet in order to give them enough hope to be honest.

“It’s like this,” Bill said, placing one hand on a cocked hip in a supremely feminine gesture. “Casey said we’d gone way too far in bullying him, and since we always mocked the living shit out of him for never having girlfriends, and, you know-”

“That we got all the hot chicks,” the brunette in the dress said. “I’m Gerald Thomas. I was always showing off my girl in a hot dress like this.”

“Yeah,” Bill said. “So he was trying to be all ironic and everything, turning us into the chicks we found hottest. Only he added, like, *conditions*.”

“What conditions?” Carter asked.

There was a shared mumbling among the group that was the marker of very clear embarrassment. In the end, the Afro-Asian girl in the cheerleading outfit groaned and stepped forward, her various assets jiggling in her revealing costume. She shifted a pom pom to her other hand and gestured with her free one.

“We all find guys hot now,” she said, a look of exasperation on her face. “Like, super hot. As in, we can’t help ourselves. I’m meant to be Alex Stern, the guy who fucked girls, not the girl who fucks guys!”

“What does that mean?” Carter asked.

“It means,” Jared said, biting her lip a little as she fidgeted with her bikini top. “That we’re trying really fucking hard not to check you out right now . . . sir.”

“Fuck that,” Bill said. “I’m trying not to jump his fucking bones! All of us screwed Casey! We couldn’t help ourselves! We needed him so badly, and now that he’s gone these stupid bimbo bodies need another man.”

“Which won’t be hard to get,” Alex said, gesturing to his cheerleading costume.  
“Because we can’t even change our goddamn clothes. We’re stuck like this!”

Benson frowned, pausing his notes. “Do you mean to tell me that you literally can’t change your clothing, or you just don’t want to?”

“We can’t change them,” Jared sighed, settling her boobs into her bikini bra cups.  
“We can only take them off. I don’t even get goddamn clothes! I’m stuck wearing *this*, frickin’ beach bikini - it’s pink and everything! When we try to put on new clothes it’s like there’s this invisible wall stopping us. The clothes are just always clean, just like we’re always goddamn beautiful.”

“We can’t even get dirty,” Bill said. “Except when he made us mud wrestle.”

Tyrone exhaled. “And we keep moving sexy.”

“We’re basically bimbos! I don’t want to keep fucking dudes, man! It feels too good when it happens, and then I can’t stop myself. None of us can! So hurry up and use your Men in Black shit to turn us back.”

Carter looked to Benson, who took a few final notes before speaking. “Look fellas, there’s no Men in Black. We’re just the Men in Grey. Or woman, in the case of my partner Agent Carter here. And I’m sorry to say, but from the PSI readings on Casey and the full nature of his reality warp, I doubt you’re ever changing back.”

There was a pregnant pause, followed by a collective, “*WHAT!?*”

“The good news is we’ll be able to give you all new identities and work with what we have. Jared, I’m sorry that you’re stuck in a bikini for life, but we can rework your profile into a beach going model or social media personality. Maybe even a surfer! There’s plenty of coastal places where a gal walking around town in a bikini isn’t an unusual sight. The rest of you will be a little easier. Bill, we’ll situate you in the country somewhere to fit your country girl style. Alex, I’m sure the life of a professional cheerleader will come easy for you. Tyrone and Gerald, you’re both easier to manage, we can get your new identities far quicker.

“But - this isn’t fair!” Bill cried. “I’m seriously the horniest out of all of them! This body is obsessed with riding cowgirl, ugh! At least get rid of how fucking boy hungry I am!”

“Sorry, that’s just not a possibility here. It seems you might all have to find boyfriends or future husbands, or just get used to having a few men on rotation or something. This is the best we can do.”

An angry furor broke out between the girls as they all tried to get their word in. Carter tried to keep her expression serious amidst the unusual sight of all these scantily clad women claiming that they were meant to be men. It was true, of course, but Casey had left their movements very feminine indeed, and the whole thing looked like an angry catfight.

“Sorry ladies!” Benson declared. “But I wish you all the best in your new lives. We’ll give you each numbers so you can keep in contact, but only if you play ball and don’t leak

any of this to the press. If you do, well, we can't help you. If you stay quiet and let us help you, who knows, you might even end up snagging some rich boyfriends who can really change your perspective on this!"

His arguments didn't seem to settle them; quite the opposite in fact. But Benson signalled to the lower ranked agents to organise the women into a van and speed them away. They'd have to be reprocessed back at HQ, debrief more fully, and then have their new lives set up. What happened next would be up to them, but Carter imagined it would involve a lot of sex, only with them playing the female roles.

"At least we don't have to organise new wardrobes for them," she mused.

Benson smirked. "C'mon, partner. There's still quite a few to go."

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It wasn't hard to see what had been done with Angela Roust. She was a woman in her mid-thirties, though Casey had apparently reduced her age back a full decade. He'd also made some fairly extreme adjustments to her body type.

"How am I supposed to deal with this!?" the woman shrieked. She bounced on her heels in agitation, and the result produced a *lot* of wobbling, enough so that Agent Carter had to look away. A nearby agent that she recognised as Jellick actually lowered his glasses instead for a better look, showing a lot of interest. She mouthed at him: '*Stop it!*'

'*What?*' he silently replied. '*They're right there!*'

"Ma'am, can you describe your, uh, changes to us?" Benson said, ignoring the two and trying to be professional.

"Of course I can!" Angela said angrily, hands on her hips as she caused a lot of bouncing once again. "Can't you see? He gave me six fucking tits, is what! Big ones, see?"

"Ma'am, perhaps if you'd stop bouncing—"

"I can't! Literally, I can't stop myself from making them jiggle and wobble all the time! That's part of the change, goddamnit! He turned me into a fucking freak all because that pervert was horny for a woman with six tits! The bottom pair are level with my navel!"

"I can see that," Benson said, though he was doing a remarkable job of keeping his gaze on the woman's face. She was a pale-skinned woman with dark hair and a piercing over one eyebrow, and was one of the town librarians. While she still looked like her picture in the records - well, a younger version of that picture - her dress sense and body below the neck had most certainly changed. Instead of a classic librarian's sweater, she was wearing what Carter considered to be a 'sluttier' version of that particular item; one with large horizontal slits in the fabric for her breasts to jut out and show off their impressive cleavage.

Only there were three such holes, and her breasts were - just like the former footballers - quite prominent indeed. In fact, she had bigger pairs than they did, all of equal size.

"They're G-cups, by the way," Angela said miserably. "All six of them. I was just an A-cup before. Just having *one* pair that big would feel like the hugest change in the world, but I've got *three* pairs now. They're *heavy*, and the only good thing is that he told me he adjusted my body to be able to deal with it. God, it doesn't feel like I'm dealing with it!"

"Hey, you're doing better than I would," Carter said, scratching her ear, which had begun to itch. "Trust me."

Angela smiled at her. She was in a hotel room they'd set aside for her, and was clearly grateful to be alone. The six-breasted woman sat on the bed, causing her three rows of breasts to jostle heavily on her form. She shifted, enhancing the effect, then went a bit red as she realised what she'd just done.

"I'm truly sorry for my outburst," she said, adjusting her nerdy glasses. "It's just, it's a lot to take in, isn't it? I feel so embarrassed by all of this."

She gestured to her breasts, shifting a little on the bed so that they all jiggled. Her cheeks went further red.

"It's okay," Benson said, "we know you can't help it."

"Thank you, you're all so understanding. I suppose you deal with this stuff a lot, right?"

"Not to this level," Carter said. "But that's why we're showing extra care. Could you . . . could you please tell us how this happened to you? Why did Casey Anvers do this to you?"

Angela folded her arms beneath her breasts, only to realise she was squishing her middle pair. The poor woman sighed, trying to find a comfortable place for her arms, and ended up just rested them on her thighs, where her lower pair were also resting, ironically.

"In truth, I have no real idea. I think . . . I think he had a crush on me, or simply had fantasies about me. I was always so nice to him, truly! I never imagined he'd have all that rage or insanity swirling inside him. He just came to the library often and took out lots of science fiction and fantasy books, and I was happy to recommend a few myself. I always smiled at him and treated him nicely because I knew he was bullied; everyone did. But he was odd, I thought. I didn't realise how odd. He sometimes got a little too close to me, asked me personal questions and things. I think he thought I was interested in him because I was nice. That was when I mentioned my husband, and he always got this distasteful look in his eye. Oh God, I haven't even told Matthew about this; is he okay?"

"There's no Matthew recorded among those altered by Casey, ma'am," Benson said.

She sighed, her six breasts rising and falling like an entire tray of sourdough in the oven. It was utterly hypnotic, and all three agents in the room - Jellick included - finally gave in and looked, their eyes glowed to the three rows of breasts cupped by the three separate

bras that Casey had 'helpfully' supplied her with, and shown off by the revealing sweater. Angela noticed them noticing, and this prompted yet another sigh.

"Gods, men. And women too, it seems. But I do stick out. Fuck me, what do I even do? You're truly saying this is permanent? I can't even get them cut off."

"You can try," Jellick said. "But another altered citizen of Graymouth tried to remove a tail that Casey gave him rather bloodily. It just grew back longer and prouder."

She ran her hands over her mounds in disbelief. "What do I even do about this? You can help me in some way, can't you? I don't want to be on the evening news! They'll ask questions! They'll make all those internet memes about me, and I just might die of freaking embarrassment."

Benson motioned for Carter to take the lead. The female agent sat down beside Angela and placed a comforting hand on her shoulder.

"No one's going to put you on the evening news, Angela. It's literally our job to keep this stuff a secret."

"Are you going to stuff me in some dark prison somewhere?"

"God, no. We use modern processing facilities, and our holding cells are some of the finest."

Benson coughed meaningfully.

"But that's not important," Carter said, changing tact. "Unless you plan to go public, there's no need for that! Look, after Casey changed you, did he make any behavioural changes."

"You mean other than having to wobble these big tits all the time?"

"Other than that, yeah."

Angela frowned. "I can't think of anything, no."

"So you can change your clothing?"

"Of course! I just . . . don't have anything that fits. This stupid outfit is just what he gave me, and it's only been a little bit since it was safe to come out . . . so I just kept wearing it. God, but so many people saw me in it!"

"That's okay, they'll be sworn to secrecy as well. But it looks like you can cover up. I'm sorry to say, but you'll probably be a lot more, er, frumpy looking from now on, Angela. We can supply some sweaters and jackets and loose dresses, perhaps a bit of padding if you want something lighter so that it looks less like you have breasts and more like . . ."

"Like I'm pudgy round the middle," she said flatly.

Carter gave her a sympathetic smile. "It's the best we can do. A psychic reality alteration on this scale is just irreversible, but we'll be able to take care of your medical needs; checkups and the like. We'll give you a number to call, the same number that will be able to supply you with custom made bras, dresses, sweaters, the works. Ones that will hide

your extra, erm, *assets*, as well as others that can show them off in private - if you wish. A woman should still feel stylish in the privacy of her own home while no one else is looking, after all. Right?"

Angela smiled at the corner of her mouth, clearly imagining how she could style her new, rather *forward* look. "But what about my husband Matthew?" she asked, suddenly realising. "He'll find out! I can't exactly hide this from him."

"That's okay," Benson said. "We'll have a talk and bring him into the fold, so long as he signs a contract of secrecy with us."

"Oh, he will! He hates drama as much as I do! But . . . what will he think of me?"

Carter noticed that Agent Jellick, who was meant to be guarding the door as per protocol, was practically salivating at the sight of Angela's full triple-pair chest. It gave her an idea of how to approach this, however.

"Do you boys mind stepping out of the room for a moment? I think some girl-talk would help."

Benson nodded, and then practically had to shove Jellick outside. The door closed, and then Carter shifted and took Angela's hands. The woman adjusted herself, causing all of her breasts to jiggle prominently.

"Listen, Angela. Please be honest with me; does your husband like your breasts? I mean, as they were before."

"Of course! Well, I always thought he wished they were a bit bigger, but he liked them. He never, well, he never *ignored* them. Fuck, he's rather nice on them *during*."

"So he likes them, is what I'm asking? He's a red-blooded male."

Angela actually laughed. "Definitely!"

"Well, I'd say you've got no real problem, Angela. Look, I know this will be an adjustment: two extra sets of bras, all that jiggling and extra weight, all the extra boob sweat."

"Shit, I didn't even think of that."

"But the fact is, you do have three *very lovely* sets of breasts, and you are now ten years younger than you were. Don't tell me your husband won't be absolutely thrilled to secretly have a wife with so many wonderful breasts to enjoy, or that you won't enjoy showing them off to him a little, when you're both alone."

Angela blushed deeply, but her smile only widened. "Well, I *suppose* he might rather enjoy them. They're, uh, quite sensitive. Casey's doing, I think. The bastard."

"But something Matthew can turn into a real positive for you. You can even get some lovely outfits through our organisation, ones that will be useful in the bedroom, perhaps?"

The woman bit her lip, her chests rising and falling dramatically, like mountains.

“That . . . wouldn’t be so bad, actually. You’re not wrong, after a bit of a shock, he’ll probably be all over them. And he does love me. He’ll probably be over the moon once the surprise wears off.”

Carter smiled. “There you are then, Angela. You’ve got something to look forward to. Now how about signing that Secrecy Act document for us?”

When Angela left the room several minutes later to follow Agent Jellick to her debriefing, she was standing much taller and with greater confidence, her six breasts jutting out proudly, bouncing with each step but not fazing the woman, who now had something to look forward to. It came as little shock that Jellick kept on looking back so much that he ran right into a wall and nearly broke his nose.

“Ha!” Angela said. “I bet my husband will have the exact same reaction!”

She rounded the corner, giving a thankful wave to Carter, who returned it. Benson winked at his partner.

“Nice job, rookie.”

Carter beamed, then scratched her tail bone again. God, it was itchy from all this moving about.

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This was the strangest case yet, at least for Carter. She tried to be as professional as her partner Benson was while he took the statements from Miriam Coute, Daisy Hesper, and Priya Shankala. Still, it was not the easiest thing to do.

“This is, like, soooo unfair!” Miriam whined.

“These shoulders are super not flattering to our body type!” Daisy added.

“You can talk!” Priya said. “You always made fun of my shoulders. They were swimmer’s shoulders, I keep telling you!”

“But these are even wider! And why are we so tall? That’s not a hot trait, I can’t even find a guy who’ll be into me now!”

“Into you?” Daisy spat at Miriam, turning her head to face her. “It’s *us* now, or haven’t you noticed we’re all stuck together in this!”

“Girls, we’ve got, like, way bigger priorities than this!” Priya said.

“Yeah, like the fact that Daisy here keeps taking over righty. We all agreed I should get control of the right hand!”

“No one agreed to anything!” Priya said. “We’re all bitching at each other all the friggin’ time, ugh! This is just the *Worst*. I won’t qualify for swimming anymore.”

“Sooooo the worst,” Daisy said. “What kind of dresses even work for me now!? I was meant to be completely petite and cute!”

“Super the worst,” Miriam finished. “What boy will be interested in this!”

The three of them worked in concert to gesture to their transformed body. Or perhaps it was Miriam taking control, on account of Priya looking frustrated? It was honestly difficult to tell, and Carter doubted even *they* quite understood the intricacies of their new, shared body. What *was* clear was that the three of them had been fused into some kind of three-headed amazonian woman, complete with a full seven feet of height and a wide set of shoulders to support the heads atop them. They were wearing some kind of medieval fantasy-themed dress, the kind that *never* would have existed in real life, because it was far, far too revealing. Carter thought it looked more like a fantasy harem girl outfit, what with the exposed midriff and legs, and the red satin top that cupped their overly large bust. At least, unlike Angela Roust, they only had two breasts. Of course, that technically worked out to be something like two-thirds of one boob per woman.

“So,” Benson said, getting his old school pencil and pad out, “you were obviously once three people, then?”

“Um, *duh*,” Priya said, wagging one finger.

“Like, that’s super obvious,” Miriam said. “No offence to Priya here, but do we really look like we’d be, like, one of those siamese twins or triplets or whatever? Her skin tone is sooooo gorgeous, but mine is way lighter and I’m super proud of it.”

Carter hid a smirk. They did indeed all look quite different: Priya was a pretty Indian-American girl with long dark hair and a proud aquiline nose, not to mention a darker skin tone. Miriam, meanwhile, had red hair that was comparable to Carter’s own, albeit much longer and immaculately cared for. She had cute freckles and green eyes, that rare combination that she clearly knew to show off, because her attitude screamed ‘popular girl.’ She was the left head to Priya’s right, which put Daisy right in the middle, a girl with curly brunette hair and light olive skin. She looked like a pretty Greek girl, and the effect was a sort of colour gradient that darkened from the merged girls’ left to right. This was matched on their body as well: Carter noted that there was a sort of subtle marbling effect as their pigmentation shifted from pure Caucasian on Miriam’s side to a rich brown on Priya’s. It was an odd effect, but then the whole situation was odd.

“Ladies,” she said, looking way up to their faces. “Hey, ladies!” They loomed over her, which was why they were at the local indoor basketball court and not in a cramped room. “I think we’re getting off track here.”

“Don’t talk to us about track, that’s Priya’s thing!”

“I swim, I don’t do track!”

“Whatever,” Miriam said. “But I seriously hope we separate before we have to work out a sun lotion routine, because I do *not* want to brown my lovely Irish skin, okay?”

“Excuse me?” Daisy said. “What about me? You always said you wished you had my Mediterranean skin!”

“I said I wanted to know your skincare routine, Daisy. Ugh, we’ve been over this! I’m proud to be white.”

“You can’t just say ‘I’m proud to be white,’ Miriam,” Priya said.

“Um, I’m pretty sure I just did, Priya. Don’t make me use your side’s arm to slap you! I swear, sometimes I regret letting you into the Mean Bitches!”

Carter and Benson exchanged a sigh. The man lit up a cigarette.

“Mean Bitches?” he said as the three girls continued to argue. “Is that some kinda club?”

At this, they almost seemed to act as one, as if their shared bond allowed them to properly share their body, because their haphazard movements suddenly had a synchronicity.

“It’s the most exclusive club in town!” Miriam declared.

“Yeah,” Daisy said, moving one of their legs forwards and placing a hand on their hip, posing dramatically as she flicked Priya’s hair instead of her own. “Like, it’s only for the hottest, baddest bitches of all!”

“Which is us, obviously,” Priya said, adjusting their final position so that their chest was thrust out and a hand placed on it. “The Mean Bitches. We’re so *game*.”

“Ugh, stop trying to make *game* happen!” Miriam declared. “It’s not gonna happen!”

Benson lost his calm before Carter did. He stuck his fingers in his mouth and whistled, and the loud sound caused the girls to jump back as one, their hands outstretched as if to do battle. Carter was actually impressed by their stance; scantily clad three-headed lady or not, they were certainly looking like they could pull a Cerberus-style guard duty with that level of combat readiness.

“Woah, calm down!” Carter said, holding up her hands. “We’re not meaning you any harm, girls. We just want to hear your story. Without, you know, all the ‘Mean Bitches’ stuff.”

“*No way, we’re Mean Bitches for life!*” the three declared at once in an eerie unison. Immediately after saying it, their heads turned to look at each other - Daisy’s turning back and forth in the middle.

“Sorry,” she said. “Sometimes we sort of, like, synch up.”

“Sometimes? We’ve only been like this for, like, five or six days!” Miriam declared.

“But it’s been happening more,” Priya said. “Especially after a good sleep or meal. We’re all still us, but we can feel each others’ thoughts.”

“*It’s soooooo weird,*” they declared as one. It was just as eerie the second time, especially since their movements, once again, were suddenly smooth and coordinated between the three of them.

“Well, now that you’re all ‘in sync,’” Benson said. “You can tell us what happened.”

“Oh, that’s easy-” Daisy started.

“Dibs, bitches!” Miriam cut in. “I’ll tell it, and I won’t spare any of the juicy de-”

“I want to hear it from Priya,” Carter cut in. “She seems the sanest of all.”

Benson nodded in approval despite Daisy becoming crestfallen. Priya just smiled proudly, though their left arm slapped Miriam’s forehead - the latter was obviously annoyed.

“Well, as we’ve said, we’re the Mean Bitches. The hottest, prettiest, most stylish and *baddest* girls around. I’m the swim team champion. Miriam here is the head cheerleader.”

“I hear there’s a new one,” Carter joked to Benson, who smirked. “Sorry, continue.”

“And Daisy is the best party thrower in all of Graymouth history,” Priya continued, while Daisy nodded her head happily in the middle of the trio, taking control of one hand to gesture an over-the-top curtsy. “And, like, Casey was such a weirdo. It was super fun to mock him for his nerd stuff especially. He played this weird boardgame, *Battles and Legends* or something.”

“*Battles of Great Legends*,” Carter corrected, before blushing in the presence of her partner. “Or so I’ve heard.” She returned to scratching behind her ear.

“Whatever. Anyway, we made fun of it, like, a *lot*. And he was always so defensive it was super hilarious. But then he got those powers. We were in the auditorium and he singled us out for mocking his fantasy game, and said we were going to be fantasy creatures as well.”

“He could have picked a waaaaay better one,” Daisy said. “Or at least a better costume. I mean, this shows off our great new abs and stuff, but it’s soooo last year in style.”

“*Absolutely*,” the other two said in shared agreement.

“We all got lifted up and smushed together,” Priya said. “And he told us to be his personal sexy bodyguard. His stupid words. We got a big ass sword and everything, and it was sooo stupid, but when you guys came we couldn’t stop ourselves from launching into action. Sorry about hurting that one guy of yours.”

“He’ll recover,” Benson said quickly. “It took quite a few of us to tase you.”

“Yeah, that sucked. Casey never had sex with us, at least, though he totally wanted to. I think we even intimidated him a little, because he made us super tall and if he was disappointing in the sack then three girls would know it at once, lol.”

“Priya, you can’t just say ‘lol’ out loud like that!”

Carter was getting a headache, not to mention the itchiness in her ears and tailbone. “Girls, thank you, that’s enough. We’ve got enough to debrief you on. I want to clarify yet again that we can’t change you back.”

“That’s fucked.”

“Suuuuuper fucked.”

“Mega, ultra fucked.”

“Well, it is what it is,” Carter continued. “I’m sorry. And with your looks, we can’t just have you wandering around.”

“But,” Benson said, taking the lead. “We *do* need a qualified bodyguard back at HQ. There’s a lot of benefits to the job, and we’d be able to help you three settle into your new body and get appropriate clothes.”

The three actually giggled at this.

“What’s so funny?”

Daisy scoffed, rolling her eyes. “Please, we may be a three-headed monster girl, but at least we know fashion. Those grey suits are soooo dated. Seriously, I’m gonna vomit, right girls?”

They all nodded, placing their shared hands on their wide amazonian hips.

“You’ll seriously need a fashion redo.”

“And better hairstyles.”

“And a Mean Bitches touch.”

The cerberus trio seemed to share their thoughts collectively for a moment.

*“How hot are the younger guy agents?”*

Carter smirked. “I’m sure we can find someone on staff who meets your criteria and isn’t scared away by you.”

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It was difficult to know exactly what to do in this situation. It was certainly the most confounding yet.

Carter frowned. “It’s a . . . fridge.”

“Yep. That’s a fridge all right.”

The pair surveyed the tall white fridge. It was very modern, complete with a smart screen on its front.

“Are we sure those RAE detection devices are right about this stuff?” Carter asked.

“Maybe they were having an off day,” Benson said.

But then the screen lit up, and a message displayed.

*‘Hello! You’re not mistaken! I was human, now I’m fridge! Can I cool things? I want to cool your things or freeze them! Please don’t change me back, this is much better than my old life. I just want to sit in a corner and cool and freeze things. Can I do that?’*

The pair looked at one another, and Benson furrowed his brow.

“Don’t tell me you’re actually considering it!” Carter gasped.

“Well, we *do* need a better fridge in the cafeteria space . . .”

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Stacey Gryer was antsy, clearly trying not to run around or chase her tail, or give into some other canine agitation. Her body was completely different to the picture they had of her; in fact, she was obviously no longer human. The former college student was now covered in reddy-brown fur, with paw-like hands and feet. She was naked, which left her teats on display; two humble breasts with obvious dark nipples, and then two rows of nipples without the accompanying breast tissue down her front. Her face had a dog's snout, and she possessed two large dog's ears as well.

"I can't just *stop!*" she said, scratching her ears with her backfoot, which was an act of remarkable dexterity on a still-humanoid form. "I was always s-so patient! I let the gossip come to me. I collected it. I spread it to whoever needed to know! It was fun, but I could always take things slow! Now my mind is constantly buzzing. I need to move, move, move! That bastard did this to me! Not to mention all this damn hair!"

She scratched at her side again, then shook herself.

"So I'm given to understand you're Stacey Gryer," Carter said. "The one who spread the word about what was in Casey's journal."

"Y-yeah!" the woman said, jumping a little. "That's me. Yeah, that's me alright! I looked a lot different a week ago. I wasn't some weird anthro-dog creature - but that was in his journal and the post I spread across campus, and now that's what I look like. Hey, do you have any food? No, a ball! Wait, ignore that. Stupid dog thoughts, stupid, stupid!"

Benson touched Carter's shoulder. "I'll take this one, partner. You see to the professor over there."

They were in the town hall, and that was where Stacey had been leashed up just to help contain her. She'd twice tried to run off and chase a car going past on the street, so this was the best option. But there was also a few other members here, one of which was Professor Hayworth, who had allegedly mocked Casey in his own lectures. He was paying for it now; the former professor had gone from a fifty three year old man with a flabby stomach and receding hairline to a blonde-haired French maid, sexy black and white frilly uniform and all. Her legs were shown off in it, the transparent white stockings clinging tightly to her calves as she worked away, dusting shelves and adopting all kinds of obviously erotic poses. Her curly blonde hair shifted with each movement, and it was clear that Casey had a thing for big breasts, because the former professor-turned-maid had quite the pair herself, threatening to break open the front of her uniform.

"Professor Maxwell Hayworth," she started, but the maid stood up with an innocent pout on her face.

*“Mademoiselle, I am ze Maid Maria Harsonne, not zis Professor you speak of. Of course, if I was that professor, I simply couldn’t say so, on account of zis reality change that has left me as a wonderfully devoted maid to the Monsieur of this residence. Of course, if I didn’t like zat fate either, I would not say so. Though as a dutiful French maid, I would emphasise zat zis job is ze the best zat I could possibly ask for. Though if I did not truly like it, then-”*

“Okay, okay, I think I get it,” Carter said. “He’s warped your mind so that you can’t say how you really feel except through loopholes, am I right?”

The gorgeous and servile maid bowed, showing off her creamy orbs. *“Zis is so!”* she declared in that hypnotic voice. *“Just as I cannot stop all zis cleaning! Everything must be neat, and I must look so very good doing it, for whatever master of ze house is present! And then, oh my, what if he has his way with me? Ohhh, but zat would be too bad. And so irresistibly delicious! I could not resist it even if I wanted to, not that I would, mademoiselle! For what the master of the house desires, zis body desires also, it is so submissive, non?”*

Again, Carter followed this. “You literally can’t stop being a sexy maid, and that includes the part where your body has sex with the master, correct? Was that with Casey?”

The woman dusted another shelf, her derriere sashaying wonderfully, enough so that Carter almost forgot those enormous pressures in her head and tailbone that told her she needed to rest.

*“The master is indeed a wonderful lover!”* the woman declared. *“I once mocked his intelligence, but how foolish zis blonde maid was! What a perfect punishment, to serve as his naughty maid. Oh, he took me from behind many times, and I was overcome with lust despite my professional standing! Mhm, I do hope he has not impregnated me, but we used no protection, and how wonderful it would be to carry my master’s secret love child and bear it for him!”*

Carter grimaced, and hoped that this was not the case already. From the files she’d read on this Professor, he wasn’t exactly a good man: gambling vices, multiple relationships with previous students, plagiarised materials taken from other, better academics. Still, this wasn’t exactly a kindly fate. She looked to Benson for guidance, but he was busy trying to get Stacey to stop being so horny for a mate and pay attention to his questions. Besides, he’d entrusted her with this mission. The agent scratched her ears as she focused on the possibilities to deal with this, all while weighing the budgetary considerations of the MIG.

“Okay, Professor-”

*“Please, call me Sophie!”* the feminised former man declared, waving her duster in a rather suggestive manner. God, she would far too much of a sight back at HQ. She liked her fellow agents, but many of them were men, and she didn’t trust them all to be appropriate. Carter pinched the bridge of her nose.

“Okay, *Sophie*,” she said. “As you’ve already been told, this can’t be undone. I’m very sorry about that. It’s clear to me that you’ve found a way to communicate your desires in a roundabout way, but you’re also a slave to your maid role. Am I correct in saying that you cannot change your clothing?”

*“Why would I wear any other attire, mademoiselle? To do so would be impossible for me to consider!”*

She caught the meaning in her words. “Got it. Well, in that case it looks like your career is set. To be frank, all the evidence indicates that you weren’t much of a professor, especially to the students you power tripped over, so this is just perhaps a well-needed career change.”

The woman gasped in an exaggerated manner, one gloves hand on her cheek and her ruby lips in a big pout. “*Sacre bleu!*”

“You know what I mean. But I’m not heartless. We’ll set you up with a job with an appropriately rich employer on some estate. We may need to bring them into the fold a little. I know you probably can’t help but move and talk the way you do, but it’s clear from your changed psychology that you need a master of sorts, right?”

*“Oui, mademoiselle! I need a master - preferably a man!”*

“We’ll give you a woman to start off with. From there, if you want to chase a male employer and seduce him, well, that’ll be between you and your willpower. But at least this way you’ll exercise some choice in the matter.”

*“Oui, mademoiselle. I bow to your kindness.”*

Carter almost curtsied back, only to catch herself. “Sure. We’ll get you debriefed in full soon, but that’s my recommendation. I’ll add your information to the database so we can process you. Partner, how are you doing?”

She looked over to Benson, who was turning away and shaking his head as Stacey humped her lower half against a piece of nearby furniture.

“I c-can’t help it!” she cried. “Casey said I was a bitch, and now this bitch needs to be mounted!”

Benson sighed, looking at Carter. “It could be going better,” he said.

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Carter didn’t quite know what to expect when she took on this job, but walking in on one of her fellow agents naked as she rode a third agent, crying out in release, was certainly not on her bingo card. Hank’s new form was as female as they came: she had large breasts that bounced with each gyration, and her dark hair was long and luscious against her soft back. She had her thighs wrapped around Agent Leonard, who was entirely clothed upon the bed

except for where his pants had been unbuckled and his underwear pulled down. The new woman was milking his cock expertly while he played with her breasts, and it was clear from her high octave moans that she was close to orgasm.

“Ohhhhh, I can’t h-help it. I need your c-cock so bad, Leonard! I want you to pump me full of your cum! Mhmm, it’s s-so fucking wrong, but I need it! I need you to - CARTER!?”

Carter squeaked, slammed the door shut and placed her back against it. “

“SORRY!” she shouted.

She was now staring straight at Benson, who had a faint smirk on his features.

“And that’s why you always knock first on any hotel door. Didn’t you see the tie around the doorknob?”

The sounds of passion continued, despite the interruption, almost as if the pair couldn’t help themselves.

*“D-don’t you dare fucking stop! This body wants you sooooo bad! I need to be yours! Oh f-fuck, this is hell and heaven! I d-don’t deserve thissssss! OHHHH YESSSS!!!”*

*“I’m sorry, Hank, but I can’t help myself either! Ahhhh! I’m close!”*

*“Then f-finish in me! I’m c-close too! YES!!”*

Carter scratched her tailbone idly. “I didn’t think . . . I mean, I saw him get turned into a woman. I know that Casey made a link between him - er, *her*, I guess - and Agent Leonard. I just didn’t expect . . . I mean, I was so focused on cuffing the SGI that I didn’t pay attention to what kind of reality alteration he - she - had undergone.”

A sudden cry of orgasmic pleasure rang out from the two inside the hotel room, the female of the pair almost deafening in its pitch. Clearly, she was experiencing far more than just one orgasm. Benson waited, took a drag on his cigarette, and checked his watch.

“Poor Hank,” he said in the time that passed. “Still, if it had to happen to anyone . . .”

The door opened a couple of minutes later. It was Agent Leonard, his young face possessing a thin goatee. He wasn’t as green as Carter, but he was definitely the junior partner to the more experienced Hank, who had busted his balls far more than once, especially since Leonard wasn’t exactly the womanising type like Hank was. Except now Leonard was blushing deeply, trying to straighten his tie up, his belt buckle still slightly loose.

“I’m - I’m real sorry!” he said. “We were trying to resist. We both were! But time kept on passing while you interviewed the others, and then we both just got this need, and her clothes started changing.”

“Not *her!*” came a female voice. “*Him!* I’m still a guy! The stupid RAE just turned me into a hot chick with *big, sensitive tits that you just love to touch and suck on, sexy.*”

A woman emerged from the bathroom in a Men in Grey jacket that was far too big for her, and a set of pants that was too long and only stayed up because she’d cinched the belt

tightly around her little waist. Her shirt was misshapen and sagged, except around her chest where it was way too tight. She looked utterly humiliated despite her incredible beauty.

“That was the stupid mental alteration!” she declared. “Just wait until I get onto Casey for turning me into a *loving, devoted girlfriend to my sexy man here.*”

She clenched her dainty fists, but otherwise managed to calm herself. Carter was actually impressed: she’d expected Hank to be ripping the place apart. Or perhaps the new woman simply *couldn’t*.

“Again, sorry about that,” Leonard said.

“What are you apologising to them for? You should be apologising to me! You’re the one who *made my dreams come true with that big, hard d-*”

Carter and Benson both gave a loud cough at the same time, just as Hank was moving to cup her new ‘boyfriend’s’ member in his pants. She seemed to catch herself, blushed deeply in shame again, and then folded her arms beneath her breasts. This had the effect of lifting them up more for show.

“We had to do the rounds, Hank. You know how it works,” Benson explained. “If we’d known that you two were going to be . . . intimate, we would have been faster. Mea culpa. By now you know this is permanent-”

“Bullshit! I’m not gonna be some submissive girl who *does everything to please my Lenny*. Let that happen to Carter here!”

“Hey!”

Leonard placed a hand around Hank’s waist, and she instantly calmed again, though she did glare at him for a moment. Still, she leaned against him.

“We kind of want to touch each other when we get stressed,” Leonard said. “At least, for the last few hours.”

“We’ll be quick, then,” Benson said. “Walk us through exactly what Casey did to you. I wasn’t there, but Carter said she saw you transform, Hank. She didn’t catch everything Casey taunted you about.”

Hank pouted. She really did have the kind of lips guys go for, and it made Carter wonder just exactly how far the mental conditioning went when it came to compelled intimacy.

“Well, that asshole managed to read our position with his mind before we could flank him.”

“You went ahead against my orders.”

She fumed. “Let me tell the fucking story, okay? *It’s rude to interrupt a lady when she’s speaking.*”

“Go ahead then.”

“Anyway, we both covered each other in retreat while he used his telekinesis to fly overhead. Our bullets didn’t work, but *my handsome Lenny* here was still green, and wasn’t following my orders.”

“Your orders made no sense, *babe*. How could I go left when the street was blocked by-”

“*Babe*, let me tell the story, okay? Anyway, I shouted something at him, I forget what.” Leonard scratched his chin. “It was something like ‘*man up and follow me, you little twerp.*’”

“And that seemed to tick off the SGI even more, because then he lifted us both into the air and read our minds. That’s when the asshole smiled. He told us that we were obviously meant to be a team, but that I was taking advantage of him. Which is a joke, because *I’d never take advantage of my Lenny, except in the bedroom, rroww.*” She curled her fingers like cat claws, only to go red in the cheeks again. “Ignore that. Anyway, that bastard then went on some rant about how he hated guys like me, and that I was disgusting for how I treated women - big joke there given what he did. So he suggested making us a better team by giving Lenny what he always wanted and me a humbling experience. And that’s when he gave me these *huge, ripe, bouncy tits and this amazing ass and pussy, and made me totally devoted to my sexy new boyfriend.*”

Carter was writing this down furiously. She could barely believe that this submissive, overly-ample woman in front of her had been the sexist pig Hank who had treated her like a piece of meat for three straight months.

“And behavioural and mental changes?”

Leonard took the lead, his hand lowering briefly to Hank’s rear, causing the former man to give a silent moment and shut her eyes for several seconds.

“We can’t help but want each other,” he said. “I’m really trying not to take advantage sir, I swear.”

“I believe you, Agent,” Benson replied. “You’re a good one, but this is a tricky situation. What conditions occur? Can you stay away from one another? Do you have to act in a certain way?”

“Um, I’m pretty untouched, except, you know, wanting her. I don’t want to be too open about this sir, but it’s like the SGI plucked my ideal woman out of my brain as a blueprint. It’s hard not, you know, being into her.”

“And whenever we’re into each other we keep having *such wonderful sex, mhmm!*”

She obviously wanted to say those words a little more angrily, but they just came across as deeply erotic.

“Wait,” Carter said, pausing her notes. She gestured at them with her pencil. “You’ve both had sex more than once already?”

They shared a glance. Leonard coughed awkwardly.

“Um, that was the fourth time. Fifth if you count-”

“How I *sucked him off real good and swallowed every drop.*”

Benson kept his face level in such a way that Carter knew she'd never be able to emulate. He took several notes only after a brief pause.

“So, this happens when . . . ?”

“When we get horny for each other,” Hank said, one hand on her hip. “Which is all the time, because this stupid *voluptuous body with his amazing curves* can't stop being attracted to him! We can only stop if something important is happening.”

“Like this interview. Or when we had to come here,” Leonard added. “I think . . . I think we can still have a work-life balance, maybe.”

“You say that like we're going steady, *babe*. I want to be turned back! I shouldn't have to - NGH! Oh God, not again! I had to borrow this one!”

For a moment Carter was confused, until she saw what was happening: Hank's clothing was *shrinking*, the material altering. The busty brunette tried to stop it, literally grabbing at her pants and trying to pull them back down as they shrunk, or gasping her tie even as it vanished into nothingness. Soon the fabric was softer, thinner, and certainly *pinkier*. It pulled tight against her body, the clothing combining and separating in new ways. A push up bra lifted her large mammaries up so much that they looked like two great fleshy balloons, their upper halves jiggling as they threatened to overflow their cups. They had to be F-cups at the least, much bigger than even the pair of Double-D's that some women aspired to. Each would certainly be more than a handful for Leonard, and evidently had been! But the clothing changes didn't end there, because Hank's body was quickly wrapped in a bright pink dress with a high hem around her thighs and a very low cut to show off all that new breast tissue. A light jacket with short sleeves formed over it, open at the front and seemingly unclosable due to the lack of buttons, and it wasn't like her jutting chest would give her much space anyway. Her hair even lost its post-sex mess, instead turning into an attractive long ponytail. She even gained some high heels upon her feet.

In mere moments, Hank had gone from wearing a Men in Grey outfit - albeit a poorly fitting one - to looking like a very, very, *very* sexy secretary. There was even a pair of non-prescription glasses that suddenly appeared on her face.

“Goddamnit!” she whined. “I thought this would happen just once or twice! Why can't I stop looking like a *total smokeshow!* I don't want to show off all this *hot cleavage*, fucking hell!”

Carter had no words. Even Benson was stunned.

“Wow,” the younger agent said.

Agent Leonard just gulped, his eyes looking over his partner's body, for a rather altered definition of 'partner' now.

"Uh, yeah. This also happened. I like, I mean, I guess Casey sensed what I liked a fantasy woman to wear. And, well, this is it."

"I hate you so much, *you hot hunk*," Hank said with a pout. "Why can't I wear something that covers me up?"

She said this while posing, her two hands cupping the undersides of her chest and causing them to jiggle. It seemed their SGI Casey *really* liked gals who couldn't help but show their new bodies off.

"So, you both have sex when you are aroused by one another," Carter said. "And your clothing changes to reflect that. Do you feel compelled to do other things?"

"Like *suck dick*?" she said, still pouting. "I bet you're just laughing at me!"

"I'm not! But . . . look. Do you feel a need to cook for him? Are you in love? Do you feel a need to marry him?"

"I don't fucking know!" Hank cried out. "This is all new to me, and it sucks shit that it's permanent. I've got huge *sexy sensitive* boobs for life now! I've got a pussy! This should've happened to you, Carter. You were always a bitch."

Benson put down his paper. "Hey now, calm down Hank."

"You try to calm down when you really want to be the *perfect girlfriend for Lenny here*. God, I really want to be everything for him. It fucking sucks, dude. I'm a good agent! How can I work for the agency looking like this?"

"You can't," Carter said flatly. Benson threw her a look that said she was being too blunt. In front of them, Leonard took Hank's hand in his own, squeezing it. She squeezed back, calming as a result of his touch.

"Stupid soothing presence," she complained. "I *have* to be part of the MIG. I refused to leave, do you hear me?"

"How will you go on missions?" Benson asked.

"Undercover or something! I don't know!"

"We *do* have to stay in some kind of contact," Leonard said. "We're sort of bound to each other. I - I feel kinda responsible here, sir. I don't want to take her away from the MIG just because it all went belly up. I don't know how to deal with all of this, but surely there's a way we can keep on working and not just be processed off somewhere?"

"Don't plead!" Hank said, clutching her partner's arm and pressing her voluptuous and tightly-dressed form against him. "Demand, damn it! I'm not losing my MIG status, no way! *Fight for your girl, babe!*"

The whole situation was frankly bizarre, and Carter could tell that even Benson hadn't really come up against a situation like this. Certainly, most SGI's tended towards a

murderous revenge against a rival, or trapping their enemies in mirror dimensions, or summoning folklore cryptids from the deep to sow chaos. Casey Anvers' RAE, on the other hand, was driven by perverted fantasies and sexual hormones, and Hank had born the brunt of it. Whether she liked it or not - and she clearly didn't - she was now her own junior partner's fantasy lover, and poor Leonard (for certain values of 'poor') was along for the ride.

Benson took Carter's arm and pulled her away. "Give us a moment to discuss it," he said. She looked back to see Hank still clutching to Agent Leonard as if he truly was her strong protector. His hand fell to her ass and squeezed it gently, without thinking. The two whispered together.

*"Lenny, if they can't change me back, I'll be stuck as your sexy girlfriend forever. You'll have to marry me. I want to be your wife when you put your babies inside me."*

*"Jesus Christ, Hank. I'm really trying not to get turned on here."*

*"T-try harder! My nipples are getting all hard again!"*

The agents in charge closed the door behind them, giving them some space from the proceedings within.

"Jesus, this is weird," Carter said. "I mean, this whole thing is weird, but it's somehow weirder when it's your own guys, I guess. We really can't do anything for them?"

Benson lit a cigarette out in the hall. "Never say never in our kind of business, Carter. We've had miracle cases before, and we'll try what we can for them. But . . ."

"Casey had a high PSI rating."

"Very high. Highest I've seen that managed a reversal was a 2.9 on the scale. His is over 6. You'd be asking for a miracle. Our understanding is always getting better, but that's a powerful RAE right there."

"So . . . what? We just leave them like that? Hank is an asshole and I hated how he perverted on me, but I feel a bit bad now about telling him I hope he got changed. Are we just gonna dump them in some suburban house now and let them live out their lives as a couple compelled to be together or something?"

Benson shrugged. "I'd like to hear suggestions to the contrary. A mindwipe can't really help us; we can only wipe back a week of memories at most. And we need the two to be silent about the MIG, so we can make sure they get a nice house without a mortgage and some well paying jobs. Well, he can get the job. I'm not convinced Hank will be able to do much more than be a rather . . . libidinous housewife."

Carter frowned. "I don't think that's fair."

"Fair's got nothing to do with it, kid."

"We at least owe Leonard. And I think Hank's paid for any chauvinistic crimes now. They should stay with the MIG."

"Doing what exactly?"

It was then that she realised: this was another test. Benson already had a plan formulated in his mind, but was waiting to see if she would arrive at the same conclusion or make a better one. Carter grinned, that MIG confidence building up in her.

“We take care of our own,” she said. “And I know exactly what we can do for them.”

She opened the door, only to find Leonard and Hank already making love, the former lifting the incredibly buxom brunette up against the wall while she wrapped her legs around me.

“Mhmm. I can’t fight these feelings, partner! I need you in me again! *You’ll take care of me, won’t you?*”

“I’ll - I’ll try! You’re just too hot, Hank!”

“*Call me something else! A girl’s name!*”

For what felt like the umpteenth time that night, Carter and Benson both gave a loud cough, grabbing the attention of the lovemaking pair. Hank squeaked in embarrassment, and slowly got off of her compelled lover.

“You took too long and I got horny again!” she whined.

“Sorry,” Leonard said. “It’s just . . . in that pink dress. With all her . . .”

His eyes wandered to her prominent cleavage and hourglass shape, and it was clear what features were drawing his eye.

“That doesn’t matter,” Carter said, scratching her tailbone again and trying to ignore the annoying pressure that was growing there. “I’ve got a great idea for how to help the pair of you stay with the MIG. It’s not perfect, but it will at least allow you to . . . allow you to . . . allow you to . . .”

“What?” Hank demanded.

But Carter was feeling strange. She clenched her eyes shut. “S-sorry, something’s happening to me! I feel kinda w-euuggh! Ohhhh!!”

She grabbed her ears and bent over, as a latent energy flowed through her and seemed to *explode* right out of her. Carter clenched her teeth as something on either side of her head shifted upwards and stretched, and even more dramatically, something *burst* out of her backside, out over the waistband of her grey slacks and began wagging in the air. The strangest part was that she could *feel* it, as if it were part of her.

“Holy shit!” Agent Leonard said.

“What the fuck!?” Hank added. “She really did get hit by the SGI! She’s changed too!”

Carter recovered just in time to see Benson looking more surprised than she’d ever seen him, though the coolly-disposed man recovered quickly. Still, his gaze fell from the top of her head to her backside, where something long and oddly *limb-like* had developed.

“Shit!” Carter declared. “That glancing shot right as I cuffed him, he hit me, didn’t he?”

“I’d certainly say so,” Benson said.

“Don’t spare me! What did he do?”

“I think it might be best if we got you to a mirror so you can assess it yourself.”

It was only a few steps away - evidently Hank used it to check that her dresses were fitted perfectly, because it had clearly been dragged from the bathroom. Carter gasped when she saw herself. Her ears were gone, at least her human ones. Instead, they had migrated to the top of her head, becoming tall and pointy and covered in bright red fur that matched the colour of her fiery hair, only with a white patch on the inside and tips of each. They were utterly vulpine in nature, and the same was true of the very bushy tail that swished behind her. It had puffy red fur with a white-tipped end, and as she held it against her she was amazed at how strangely comfortable it was, how soft and warm the fur could be.

“This is ridiculous,” she said, keeping her voice as calm as she could get it. “He’s turned me into-”

“A stone cold fox,” Hank said. “Just like I said you were!”

Benson winced. “That would seem to be the case, partner. You were his last reality alteration. Must have had a delayed effect due to his capture.”

Carter groaned as she turned to her partner. “I’m a foxy lady. Casey said that too. Goddamnit, you’ve got to be fucking kidding me!”

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There had been a lot more other altered persons to deal with in Greymouth. Poor Dorothy Mayes, who’d often complained about having a flat chest, had been ‘gifted’ a pair of breasts that were each the size of a small car and overflowing with gallons of milk. She had to be secretly airlifted out, and the MIG were still working out how to accommodate her immobile needs. The entire Graymouth police department had been turned into sexy police-themed strippers, and came as a package deal for the new club the MIG offloaded them carefully to, with good pay protections and union rights. Angus Hughes and Jonathan Fratterman had been a pair of codependent roommates who had kicked Casey out of their club when he’d tried to find a place during college. Now, Angus was stuck with a pair of permanently lactating breasts that only his friend could drink from to relieve him, and Jonathan was literally unable to eat any other food except for his friend’s produce, making them even more codependent for life. A few of the local neighbourhood moms weren’t complaining quite as much, not since Casey’s spell had changed their looks to become total, as he would put it in his perverse diary, ‘curvy thicc milfs.’ No doubt their husbands didn’t mind their renewed sex drives either.

Unfortunately for Carter, she didn’t get to manage the rest of the cases that night, despite her desire to. Her own status as an Transformation and Affected Person (or TAP)

required a debriefing of her own. She had to sit through long boring meetings with various department heads discussing her status and whether or not she could still be part of the SIG. Such meetings made her nervous, which left her curling her bushy fox tail around herself and clinging to it, especially since her fox ears could pick up quite a bit of the whispered debate between her many bosses. In the end, her status was renewed, under certain provisions she had to abide by, and for that she was very, *very* glad.

“How’s it going, Miriam? Daisy? Priya?” she said as she sliced her keycard through the slot, allowing her access to the inner HQ of the Men in Grey. The impressive three-headed security guard at the inner terminal gate of the facility grinned - all three mouths grinned, in fact.

“Oh, we’re doing amaaaazing.”

“Did you hear our submission for a new suit design is actually being considered?”

“I don’t know why you’re in grey, Carter. You would look soooo much sexier in green to contrast that gorgeous orange tail!”

“So gorgeous.”

“The ears are cute too. It’s seriously, like, a sin you have to hide them.”

“*Such a sin,*” they said as one.

Carter chuckled, glad to finally have her tail untucked and freely wagging behind her, not to mention her ears uncovered so that her excellent hearing could reach its full function. She stretched a little, letting the kinks out of her tail.

“You three really are a trio of characters, I can tell you that. I hope your suit design goes ahead - so long as it’s not some fashionista bullshit.”

Daisy frowned, but Priya was quick to correct her. “We each submitted one, technically. My aquasuit consideration is way ahead.”

“Is not!”

“Is too!”

“Girls, calm down! You were doing so well.”

They regained themselves, placing their hands on their hips. “More than well, actually,” Miriam said, flipping her hair one hand and Priya’s with the other. “In fact, we’ve got a date with that adorably cute Agent Jacobs from Department C this week.”

Carter’s jaw nearly dropped. “Jacobs? Nerd Jacobs?”

“A sexy nerd,” Daisy purred.

“We’re way too much woman for him, and that’s gonna be half the fun,” Priya added.

Carter whistled. “Lucky guy, I guess. I hope he can deal with three women at once.”

“*Oh, no one can deal with the Mean Bitches,*” they echoed.

Carter laughed, waved them goodbye, and headed away. They were dressed a bit more professionally now, though with a much more feminine outfit that hugged their body

more tightly. The perks of negotiating your own clothing, she supposed. But the staff in their hands was no joke, nor the taser at its end. Those three were settling right in, and had even stopped one disaster already.

It was at this point that Carter reached the front reception. Several agents were already looking her way, leaving her to roll her eyes a little. She was 'the Foxy Agent' now, and couldn't really escape it. A few had even asked her out, and more talked gossip around the water cooler. It wasn't like she could hide her additions, and at least there were no mental changes, unlike a certain buxom brunette beauty manning the counter.

"Hey, Helena, how are you doing?"

The gorgeous woman formerly known as Hank was in a tight purple-coloured dress that left little of her figure to the imagination, and a bra that pushed her boobs up to grand prominence. She smiled up from her desk at Carter.

"Agent Carter, look at you with your tail out!"

"Yep, that's me. The Foxy Lady, alright. Not like I have a choice, right?"

The other woman scoffed. "At least you got off light. I'll take a tail and some ears over having boobs and a pussy, especially when *my sexy boyfriend is all over them every morning, lunch break, and night!*"

"Haven't slowed down, then?"

The woman groaned. "If anything, we're speeding up. It's a fucking travesty, I tell you. Two whole months and I'm already getting resigned to it, which makes it easier to fall into it. Sometimes I actually want to go to bed with that man. It's all these stupid girly hormones."

"You know, it doesn't do to disparage your gender. You're a 'girl' now, too."

"Ugh, don't I know it. I seriously have to be careful or I'll be a knocked up girl soon, too. At least I'm still working here. I guess . . . thanks for that. And getting Leonard to work in Records. I think he likes it there a lot. And when he comes up and sees me . . . that's nice too. *On account of how hot he is.*"

Carter smiled. "Well, at least you're in touch with your feminine side."

"Yeah, yeah, laugh it up. At least you're not ogling my tits like everyone here. Plus your tail is distracting them. You need to go see Benson. Apparently he's got a mission for you. He's on floor 2B right now."

Carter thanked the agent-turned-receptionist and headed off. Despite her grouchiness and embarrassment, she seemed to have adjusted to some things, at least. Mind, someone really needed to soundproof the closet on floor 3C; their lovemaking was becoming infamous in the workplace for its loudness and frequency at this point.

The foxy agent continued on her way, letting her tail 'breathe' and using her vulpine ears to track down her partner with greater ease. She found him by a computer console, looking over the final locations of several of the TAPs from the Graymouth RAE. Some of

them were from hidden cameras, others were official security streams. Carter had already gone over these a few days ago. Bill Caxley was evidently a farmgirl now, and was grabbing a farmhand and pulling him into a stable for a roll in the hay. Gerald was learning to surf and was doing contracts as a bikini model. It seemed she could at least change bikinis now, but not anything else. Angela Roust was doing utterly fine despite her initial panic; the written reports from their recordings actually indicated that when she got home and lost the specially designed frumpy clothing that obscured her six bosoms, that she and her husband got on with an increasingly active sex life. She'd even taken up the MIG's offer for custom-designed dresses.

Others, like Stacey Gryer the dog-girl and Dorothy Mayes whose breasts were bigger each than her the rest of her body, were both still being dealt with even after sixty days. They presented . . . unique challenges. And Professor Hayworth-turned-Sophie the French maid had fled her post with a female employer only a week after being placed there. The teams had been rallied to find her, only for her to turn up in the estate of a wealthy landowner. A male one. Sources indicated she was indeed already pregnant with his child. They had also discovered some at Greymouth who had tried to escape the MIG, most of them crooks who weren't entirely disappointed with being attractive ladies because they could not only have clean slates but also honeypot people with far more effective scams. One had been far smarter, and simply let the MIG set her up with a new life as a camgirl on her own request. She was now raking in a salary that most MIG staff would go green with envy over. And then there was Casey Anvers himself, still ranting and raving about bimbofying everyone in the MIG, and therefore not being released from his security restraints for a long time yet. He'd already done enough damage, and quite a few citizens of Greymouth wanted to have at him.

"Hey, partner," Carter said. "What are you doing?"

Benson shut off the screen. "Just making sure we did the best job we could. It was a hell of a thing, and I still wish things had gone another way. For Hank, certainly, but even more for you."

Carter shrugged. "Couldn't be helped. I got off light."

"Still, I can't imagine it's great for you."

"Well, I don't like the stairs. And the tail is hard to hide. But I can manage."

Benson nodded slowly. "Well, that's good. You're smart people. Hey, I got you a soft drink from Fridge. He said it's your favourite."

Carter took it and sighed. "Rainbow Suntaste. That is my favourite. Man, Fridge is the best. I'm glad he's living his Fridge life."

"You know we still don't know who he used to be? Refuses to tell us. Probably some homeless guy or petty criminal. Either way, he's a good employee now."

Carter gulped some down. "Helena tells me we've got a case?"

“Oh, she was manning the desk? Good to know, given how often she ‘disappears’ to be with Agent Leonard. Yeah, I got a case. Another RAE. Seems small; little town in the Deep South. MIG is sending us to investigate. Figure you might like being out in nature for a bit.”

“Fuck yeah, that would be *great*,” Carter said. “Shall we head out?”

“The car’s this way. Hey, aren’t you forgetting something?”

Carter paused, slapped her forehead, and fished her hat out of the bag she carried over her shoulder. She placed the stylish beret Daisy had picked out for her over her head to obscure her ears, then carefully tucked her tail so it was beneath her blouse. After that, she put on her long jacket, which was made of light, cool material but did well to obscure her animal traits.

“All good to go,” she said, putting on her dark sunglasses to finish.

Benson smirked. “Then let’s head, partner. Hopefully, *this* one isn’t so weird.”

The foxy agent certainly hoped so. She could only handle so many altered person situations. But one day, she knew, more would be on the way.

**The End**