

Meta-Morphosis (Man to Various Women TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Camden Levy

A rude and impatient TG fan Gary commissions his favourite TG writer FoxFaceStories for several tales, but his entitled behaviour and constant script changes gets on the writer's nerves. FoxFaceStories decides to turn the tables, and give Gary exactly what he wants: a fully transformative experience that will leave him at the mercy of a fully narrated transformation story!

Meta-Morphosis

FoxFaceStories sighed as he received yet another set of messages from GaryStu42. The TG fiction writer had been commissioned by Gary just a week ago for several short erotic stories, and the premises had been rather simple. Now, the commissioner was trying to complicate things.

'Hey there! It's been nearly a week and I still haven't seen any progress. I think I should get a 10% discount to be honest haha just joking of course, but you should really think about it, lol. Also, I know we agreed that the MC of the first story would become a blonde bimbo type, but now I want to add race change to it. I'm tinkin a hot black lady type. But actually a blonde bimbo 2. Maybe both? I don't know, lol. If u've already written it I'm sure u can change it since ur such a gr8 writer and all! Oh, one last thing too I know you said you wanna take a break from writing blowjob scenes but Ive decided I really want 1 in the second story, so try to fit that in there if you can. That's all for now I'll make sure to give u more notes tomorro! Just remember I tipped you 2 incase this is annoying, lol!'

FoxFaceStories ground his teeth together as he read the message a second time, then a third. The absolute nerve of this guy! Sure, he was a semi-regular customer, but his jokey-jokey passive-aggressive entitlement was getting on the writer's nerves, *especially* since GaryStu42 continued to add and change details *after* payment had cleared, obviously trying to weasel in new details that hadn't been discussed.

FoxFaceStories was about to type a measure but firm reply when yet *another* reply appeared in his Patreon message box.

'Oh, 1 last thing lost, sort of a P.S.S, I guess ha! I really, really like it when you describe how helpless the TG'd MC is, and how he can't help but go along with it. Your last story didn't include enough of that so thought I'd give you a warning just to help you out since you didn't realise my hints last time!'

FoxFaceStories narrowed his eyes. He scrolled through the old messages and found nary a hint of such 'hints.' How could a commissioner who so endlessly wanted to change his stories on the fly, *as they were written*, still not manage to be specific enough!?

Still, this was what running a business was like. Sometimes you got rude, entitled customers, and you just had to manage them carefully and respectfully and-

Another message popped up.

'Final, final note, I swear! But I'd like daily updates, thx. Just send me what u have an I can review it. If it's not up my alley we'll edit and make it a naughty mother-in-law story or whatever. If it's a problem don't forget where the money comes from, lolololol!'

"Fuck!" FoxFaceStories yelled at his computer screen. "Another fucking mother-in-law story? What is up with this guy? I mean, a fetish is one thing, but he's so clearly describing his *actual* mother-in-law!"

He'd even sent a Facebook photograph that one time, directly *after* the writer had stated clearly *not* to send him unsolicited pics.

"That tears it," FoxFaceStories said. "Time to give GaryStu42 a *real* edit. The kind of TG Fiction he'll *never* forget."

He switched off his monitor and then reached down into his desk's bottom drawer to retrieve an old, slightly dusty typewriter. The one he hadn't used for ages, because he knew exactly what it could do. The one he'd purchased off of that Wandering Witch, the one who'd inspired so many of his own stories.

"Okay, GaryStu42," he said, cracking his knuckles and then feeding the paper into the slot. "Let's write *your* story. It's time to make you *pay*."

Gary grinned at his latest message. FoxFaceStories was a total rollover. He was definitely going to get that discount sometime, or perhaps even a refund if he complained about the story not being 'right' enough times. He leaned back in his computer chair and smirked. He was not a small man, having a bit of a gut from his binge eating and Mountain Dew fixation, but he wasn't ugly either. He looked very ordinary, in fact, with short brown hair and a clean-shaven face, and a face that was only slightly doughy, with kind eyes.

Those were the eyes his wife Janet had fallen in love with, and the same eyes that lied so well when she asked him where so much money was going each month.

"All to the mortgage, dear!" he'd answered. "And you know how work is. Corporate withholds some for our health insurance and all."

He liked to think she believed him, though sometimes her face fell a bit. He'd never tell her that it was actually going to commissioning TG fiction, TG art, to five different big-titted girls on OnlyFans, as well as a few online gambling sites he used as personal

stress relief. As far as Gary was concerned, what Janet didn't know couldn't hurt her, especially when he was down in his man-den beneath the main floor of the house, indulging in his fetishes.

"It was, of course, a very sad existence for Gary Futrell, who had no idea that he was about to undergo a very karmic series of transformations. An all-powerful writer had zeroed in on the man's transformation fetish, eager to make it come true."

Gary suddenly sat up straight in his chair, nearly knocking over his bowl of crisps.

"What the - who was that? Goddamn audio problems again . . ."

"Gary fiddled with his computer speakers, totally ignorant of how the room around him was slowly dissipating, his surroundings changing altogether and whisking him to another place."

The man looked around, hearing the voice crystal clear. It had an accent - Australian or New Zealand or something - and it was definitely in a mocking, superior tone.

"Who's speaking? Who - what the hell!?"

The room around him was turning white. *Everything* was turning white. His entire basement area was disappearing.

"Hey! Hey, what's happening! Who's voice is that!?"

"He called out, but to no avail. When he tried to speak again, he was cut short as the magic hit him: the magic of the writer, keen to make Gary's stories come alive."

"What are you - ngh!"

A burst of bright pink light emerged from the voice and smacked Gary right in the chest. He was standing in a white, endless void, but he couldn't even focus on that impossibility, because energy was *pouring* into him, making him grunt and almost fall to his knees.

"Oh God, this must be a dream! Wake up, Gary! Wake me up!"

"But Gary couldn't wake up, because this was real. He needed to PAY. And as he tried to fight the transformative magic seeping into every cell of his body, he found said body beginning to change."

"Wait, I know this story!" Gary exclaimed. "I commissioned it! The guy got sent to a white void and then - oh God! NO!"

But it was too late, because suddenly the man groaned, doubling over and clutching his chest. His sagging gut pulled in, and his hips spread wide, cracking audibly as they became a real set of baby-makers. His clothing evaporated, leaving him totally naked and better able to appreciate his changes, especially as his body hair retracted and his skin turned totally blemish free, and smooth as a baby's bottom. His Adam's apple retreated, leaving him with a high, feminine whine.

“My voice! What have you done to my v-voice! Wait, I remember, after this I grow a huge pair of - NGHH!!”

He cupped his chest even as his nipples distended, areolas formed, and then two large, fatty sacs grew from his chest, rounded and heavy and wobbly and pert and *perfect*, two great teardrop breasts that were easily E-cups in size. They jiggled with his erratic movements, and he cupped them, only to moan.

“Gary’s new breasts were as sensitive as they would come. The universe was transforming him to become what he’d always feared: a beautiful blonde bimbo who was obsessed with sex.”

Gary tried to run, but his legs began to alter and lengthen, his feet turning dainty. This change was matched in his arms, and even his shoulders pulled in, giving him a slender physique that was only improved by a pinching middle.

“Who’s doing this!? I don’t deserve this! Oh, fuck!”

His face bubbled and shifted, becoming utterly pretty, with large lips and bright blue eyes. Long golden-blond hair tumbled down his head, obscuring his vision, but Gary continued to run through the void, trying to find a way out.

“Where am I? Why am I in one of my stories?”

The voice came again, its tone even more mocking. *“Because you frustrate me, Gary. You can’t keep your stories straight. So I’m giving you a dose of exactly how that feels. How it feels to always have to change something, again and again and again. Editing sucks, to be honest. It’s by far the least fun part of my writing. So let’s edit YOU.”*

Gary paused, whimpering as his ass expanded, becoming a peachy backside that also wobbled with his movements, just slightly but enough to emphasise its *rondure* nature. “Wait is that - no, it’s impossible. Is that you, FoxFaceStories?”

The voice chuckled menacingly. *“Me, and a little bit of story magic I bring out from time to time when a commissioner tries to take advantage of me. Now, where was I? Oh, that’s right: the last change remained for Gary. He could feel his penis begin to slide back into his body-”*

“Wait, no!”

“Getting smaller . . .”

“You can’t do this!”

“And smaller . . .”

“Nghh! Fuck! You sick bastard! I’ll get you for - ohhhh!”

“Until it was completely gone, and a lovely pair of labial lips formed around a very wet, and very aroused vagina.”

“Mhmmm . . . oh God. Oh God, no! Ohhhhh, it’s s-so wet!”

It was. Gary now looked like the ultimate dream Barbie woman. As if to complete the look, a pair of hot pink lingerie formed upon her figure, lifting her large breasts up to show off her ample curves, her tight underwear crotchless and disappearing up her backside to show off her impressive cheeks. Even her hair and makeup were suddenly done up, a pink headband in her hair, pink lipstick, and pale pink eyeshadow to complete the effect. A mirror summoned itself before her so she could see herself.

“F-f-fuck!” she exclaimed, staring at herself. “It’s just like the girl from my story. The one *you* wrote. Her name was-”

“Sabrina, that was Gary’s new name now. She could feel it in her mind, overwriting her male sense of identity. The universe had transformed her for her indiscretions and cheating, remaking her with a new purpose.”

Gary groaned as she became Sabrina. Just as FoxFaceStories had said, her brain had altered, new neurons connecting and others severing, informing her that she was a woman, with a woman’s mind, a woman’s name, and a woman’s *lusts*. She panted, trying to control her breast, even as a pair of very heavy breasts rose and fell upon her chest, looking even more gigantic from her view above them.

“This wasn’t even a good story I commissioned!” she cried. “There was no backstory! I couldn’t even think up a good reason *why* she changed! And the sex scene just happened straight away and was totally rushed because I was trying to put too much into it!”

“Exactly,” came the voice. *“Now imagine being the one to have to actually write it. You had me doing so many drafts, Gary. Sorry, I should say Sabrina. So many different sex scenes. Be honest . . . did you just keep them all and edit them into a super document ten thousand words long, even though you only paid for five thousand words?”*

Sabrina blushed easily. Women were always blushing in her commissioned stories, and now she was a victim of that very same trope.

“Um, maybe?” she said weakly.

“Well, it’s about time we got your ten thousand words’ worth, right? It’s about time you PAID!!!”

The realisation hit her at the same time as her arousal shot up to entire new heights. Her thighs were already wet from her juices, and images of men swirled in her mind.

“Stop! You’re rushing this! There’s not even character development! Shouldn’t we at least pause and work out something?”

“Eh, we’ll save that for the next story. I think this one was pretty purely fetish, don’t you think? Now, just a few heads up for you when you arrive in the room. A few nice little impossibilities that I think we can always appreciate in erotica. One: yes, you can come from titplay alone, hard. Two, your man will have an insane refractory period, one that literally is impossible. He’ll also jizz, like, an equally impossible amount, but this is just good fun, right?”

Three, no, women don't actually have pleasure nerves go off like fireworks when they give a blowjob, but again, erotica, right? And last of all, this is just one of my personal tropes, but I hope you don't mind if you hear really long descriptions of how alien your body feels to you, how heavy your boobs are, how much you secretly want this even as it humiliates you, blah blah, yada yada, right? It's kinda my storytelling thing, I guess you could say, and I think this one could take off on Patreon. That all make sense?"

Sabrina shook her head. "No! Look, I'm sorry I tried to cheat you! I know I shouldn't have cheated on Jenny, and-"

"Wait, you cheated on your partner?"

"Um, my wife. But-"

"Maaaaate. That is one dog act right there. Okay, I'm definitely going through with this now. Ready for your ultimate TG experience?"

"No!"

"Great! It wouldn't be a good TG erotica if you were ready, after all! Don't worry, we can edit this a lot later. You enjoy that. For now, just have fun!"

The white void collapsed, and Sabrina screamed, trying to escape it.

Instead, she found herself in a living room, standing before a rather handsome, but not *too* handsome man. Perhaps a nice audience stand in for the kind of guy who would love to fuck a transformed woman.

"Samuel?" the man said, looking at her, especially her tits. "Oh my God, you just turned into a woman! Why!?"

Sabrina gaped, not knowing what to say.

"This is because, frankly, I only had five thousand words to get this story done, and the commissioner didn't have an idea of what the change's cause was. So just roll with it!"

"I don't know!" she cried. "But - oh God, I'm feeling so fucking horny."

"You've got to resist it, Sabrina!" he said, moving towards her, but it only made her focus on his manly shoulders more, a fact that was immediately pointed out by the writer.

"Sabrina couldn't fight it. She knew she wanted to, but she needed to fuck this man. It's a weird tightrope to walk, by the way, this stuff. Erotica is inherently domination/submission based, most kinks derive from it. I mean, let's face it, what's happening to you right now is totally immoral and wrong, and yet we get off on it, don't we? On some level, like in action movies where our protagonists straight up shoot hundreds of guys, we just accept some things as 'normal' in a given genre. Here, you consent to sex, and you find yourself loving it, but at the same time the author needs to communicate the kinky

submissive embarrassment, the reluctance, the desire to push against the arousal, all that jazz. I could go on and on about it, really! Oh, but I am, aren't I?"

"Yes!" Sabrina cried. "This is madness! I've got tits! Big ones! And you're going on about the morality of these things? I just wanted to get off!"

Samuel approached her. "It's okay, don't worry, nothing will happen."

But FoxFaceStories just continued. *"Sorry, it's just such a tightrope to walk to avoid a story feeling too dark and instead be both sexy and reluctant, and not enough people appreciate how hard that is for a writer. Anyway, onto the sex part: Sabrina felt wet. Her nipples throbbed. Her breath caught just looking at her best friend, the perpetually underdeveloped Samuel. He really shouldn't be taking advantage of you, by the way, but again, it's a genre trope thing. He's a good guy within the scope of this kind of narrative. Oh, I know! Let's give him a good excuse!"*

"We can't!" he said, even as Sabrina found herself undoing his buttons, feeling at his chest. "Sabrina, you're stronger than this!"

"But then suddenly the magic, I don't know, shot out from Sabrina and 'infected' Samuel, making him horny too! Also, his name is Liam now. I always shoot myself in the foot giving the protagonist pair names that start with the same letter. Mea culpa. Anyway, he is now compelled to sleep with you. Have fun!"

"S-Sabrina," Liam grunted. "I can't control my body! I'm sorry, I feel this passion in me!"

"I f-feel it too!" she gasped. "Oh shit, this isn't fair! I just like reading this stuff, I didn't want to experience it as a woman. Except - ohhhh - my body does!"

She grabbed his face and pressed it into her massive bust, letting him fondle her tits and then unclasp her bra. She pulled off his shirt, barely able to control her movements, unable to even summon the willpower to do so.

"I can't s-stop being so horny!" she cried. "My pussy is so wet! Holy shit, I've got a pussy!"

The dialogue was exactly like a FoxFaceStories, right down to the out-loud dialogue proclaiming her own changes. But how could she stop herself, when the changes really were that extreme?

"I need you, Sabrina," Liam said. He kissed her passionately, and she found herself giving her body over to him. They made their way to the bedroom, by which point she had helped him remove his trousers and was now fondling his hard bulge. He pulled down his underwear, revealing a cock that was *definitely* far above average in size.

"What the fuck!? That's w-way too big!"

"Are you sure" Liam said. "I mean, I know I'm pretty big, but-"

"No, that's *literally* way too big. Why is it so big?"

FoxFaceStories replied quickly. *“Well, to be perfectly honest, have you ever actually laid out a ruler and looked at how long eleven inches is? I mean, people are throwing out eleven inch, twelve inch, thirteen inch cocks left, right, and centre in erotica, but when you see how long that is in real life . . .”*

Sabrina gulped. She was as horrified and shocked as she was turned on. “It’s n-never fit inside me!”

“Don’t worry, it’ll be perfect sex. As you are well aware, in stories like these, the cock always fits. No pain, no bumping of the cervix. Oh, and you can expect to cum at the exact same time!”

“This is mmhmmadness!” she managed to say, but the feeling of Samuel - no, Liam now - licking her nipples and sucking on them was too good, and it was making her already wet pussy positively soaking wet.

They mounted the bed, and she raised her legs so that he could pull away her underwear. They were crotchless, but something in her needed to be totally naked for him, and her legs spread automatically.

“Inside me!” she cried. “P-p-please!”

It was the exact phrase she’d read a number of times in her commissioned stories and those others had commissioned, and moreover from a number of OnlyFans girls she had supported. She’d even told her wife to act like a total slut in the bedroom, but she hadn’t wanted to.

“But now Sabrina was the total slut.”

“You b-bastard!”

“Im sorry,” Liam replied. “I need this too! I can’t control my body! Let’s just get this over with!”

He plunged into her. Her eyes went wide as he inserted himself deeper, and deeper, and deeper, until he was conveniently just shy of her cervix despite his ludicrous cock size. She moaned slowly, and then again as he withdrew, only to thrust slowly back in. He groped her tits, rubbing her nipples with his thumbs as he gathered speed. She was being penetrated, and much as she wanted to fight it, the sensations were utterly *glorious*.

“Ohhhh, you’re s-so big! It’s more than I could have imagined! Mmhhm - I’ve b-become such a hot slut! Make me c-cum!”

They weren’t her words, but she had commissioned so many stories where this happened, and it always turned her on. Liam sped up further, thrusting harder, ramming into her, making her his, and soon she was flinging her head back and crying out loud, reminding herself how much of a woman she now was.

“She couldn’t take anymore. She needed to cum. She needed to cum so much that it was maddening. She begged for it.”

“You don’t have t-to tell me! Cum in me, Liam! Fucking cum in meeeee!”

He grunted, his cock twitched inside her, and then a positively voluminous stream of semen poured into her like a flood, far more than any man could actually issue in real life. Liam groaned, and she cried out, and together they experienced simultaneous orgasms. Sabrina almost blacked out from the pleasure. She was blacking out!

“P-p-p-please let this b-be a dream! Ohhhh!”

The world went dark, the shock and the bliss mercifully ending.

“Hmm, but you weren’t too happy with this sequence, were you? That’s right, you wanted it at a beach resort?”

Suddenly, the sound of a stereotypical record scratch sounded, prompting Sabrina to open her eyes and see the living room dismantle, her environment magically shifting to a magnificent holiday resort that overlooked a stunning Hawaiian beach, palm trees and surf and everything. It was very upscale, but she fell to the floor as the bed disappeared, placing her on a private balcony situated above this beauty instead.

“What the hell?” she said.

“This scene was a whole bloody rewrite, you’ve got no idea, mate. But hey, I don’t do enough beach resort stories. Honestly, just a location change can mix things up a bit. Plus, you were very specific that Sabrina wore a bikini, weren’t you?”

Sabrina squeaked as new clothing manifested upon her. A bright red bikini appeared on her form, and her skin received a wondrous shine from a recent application of expensive skin lotion. The bikini cupped her breasts, but not nearly so much as the recent pink brassiere, and so they rested lower, more tantalisingly accessible, heavier on her front. They wobbled more easily as she tried to stagger to her feet, but she found she couldn’t. She was stuck on her knees for some reason.

“Why can’t I get up?” she asked.

“I’m sure you remember. You demanded this whole scene change. Even claimed it was part of your initial Googledoc outline, which it wasn’t, by the way. You edited that in later, you liar.”

“Okay, so maybe I lied, but - oh, wait. I remember this, no! You can’t!”

But already someone was beside her. It was Liam again, only this time he was tanned and muscular, taller than usual, with a beautiful six-pack of abs. His brown hair had turned golden, and he looked like a surfer bro of some kind.

“Hey beautiful,” he said. “I hope you don’t mind, what with you being a woman and all, but I’d really like you to suck my cock right about now.”

Sabrina's jaw hung open. She felt a hunger, a need in her tongue. She needed to fill her mouth with something, and when Liam undid the zip at the front of his swimshorts, she knew exactly what that was.

"B-but you said we had to fight it!"

"Yeah, but that was last night, hun. I think I'm coming around to this."

"But -"

"In this edition of your story, Liam is way more of a dick, you might remember. He takes advantage of this whole situation. I had to edit so much of his behaviour, it was a seriously mouthful of dialogue to change. And talking about mouthfuls . . ."

Sabrina's mouth watered. She shuffled forwards, still on her knees. Liam reached down to palm her lovely tits, causing her nipples to press against the thin red fabric. Then he moved a hand up to stroke her cheek, then tug lightly on her hair.

There was no stopping it. Her mouth opened, and she placed her face upon his cock, accepting his hard dick into her mouth and sucking deeply upon it. She took her dainty hand and began to stroke him off, rubbing up and down his thick shaft, faster and faster. She tried to look anywhere else, but the compulsions hit her again, forcing her to stare directly at his eyes. It was turning her on, and so . . .

"She began rubbing herself, aroused by pleasing her master. Liam was so close, she could feel it. She needed to taste his cum to live."

Suddenly, that telltale twitch and throb. Liam gasped in satisfaction, and then this time the flood of hot, salty cum poured into her mouth. She found herself swallowing it, chugging it down like a beer, drinking every portion of his seed and even licking his tip clean so that it was all hers. It put her into fits of orgasm again just from *tasting* it, which was crazy.

Sabrina collapsed against him, unable to believe what she had just done.

"I just sucked a man's cock," she muttered to herself.

"You did," Liam replied, patting her head as she rested against his hip, said cock still right before her face. "Fuck, you do that so well. I think I'm gonna enjoy you as a chick way more than as a friend, Sabrina. You're just too hot, babe."

"Sabrina didn't know what to say. She just hoped that she could change back soon."

"Yes!" she replied.

"But it wouldn't happen yet."

"But it will happen, right?"

"It might."

"Thank God."

"But probably not."

"What!?"

“Be honest, Sabrina. When was the last time you commissioned or even read a TG story where the guy got to turn back?”

Sabrina wracked her brain. She couldn't think of a single one.

“But surely this isn't it?” she said. “We can bargain! I can give you bigger tips! I can make a public apology to you, and to Jenny, and for that one OnlyFans girl I scammed, and - and that other artist I bullied!”

Again, that laughter. *“Okay, I'll put it into consideration. Buuuuuut . . . I'm still editing your messy story. But you still haven't paid for your crimes. Do you remember what you demanded next?”*

Sabrina genuinely couldn't, but the changes came anyway.

She was at a fashion store. An alarmingly large one, filled with all sorts of clothing, ranging from the sexy to the trashy to the stylish, and covering everything from everyday wear to office clothing to beach swimsuits and private lingerie. Sabrina stood, noting that the scene was currently 'paused': the storewoman was frozen mid-smile, and various customers were not moving.

“Where am I?” she said, still not used to the sweet soprano or her own voice. “And why is this place so big? I've never seen a clothing store like this before.”

“Look, I'll admit, this one is definitely on me, not you. Well, you did demand a big scene with lots of clothing swaps.”

“Oh God . . . that's what this is?”

“Yeah. It's fun! But who wants to read about a TG'd character going to lots of different stores, finding parking, going to town. Thank God for the mall, right? But since when did people actually go to malls anymore? I mean, they're famously dying, right?”

Sabrina looked around, noted that the entrance indeed went out to a big mall.

“I guess I never really thought about it. Is that the same reason your clothing stores kind of just store lots of different clothing? Beachwear and lingerie and fashion stuff and the like?”

“Yup. Occasionally it'll be a place called Coquette's, or Fashion Plaza. I haven't named this one, but it conveniently has everything, even fishnet stockings. Just go with it.”

“Do I have a choice?”

“You could always go back to getting railed? Or you could progress this next edit of the story. This is one day post-sex for you.”

“But it's totally inconsistent! Didn't my clothing automatically generate with my reality change?”

“Look, this was your edit, not mine. This scene wasn’t even in the story originally.”

“But you’ve made this inconsistency before! Like with *Becoming My Best Friend’s Babymama!* Her clothes automatically appear but she still goes shopping!”

There was a pause, and Sabrina even detected embarrassment from FoxFaceStories.

“Fine, I’ll cop to that. Look, I wrote that story monthly. I’m really proud of it, but if you’re only writing a couple of parts a month, stuff slips through the cracks! I write a lot, okay?”

“How much?”

“Five to seven thousand words a day.”

Sabrina gaped. “What!? Are you a fucking psycho! Take a goddamn break!”

“Hey, this your morality play, not mine! Look, let’s just get on with the scene, shall we? And no more bikinis, it makes even less sense here. Have a lovely summer dress, Cleavage Edition.”

Time unfroze just in time for Sabrina to suddenly be wearing a very cute and sexy summer dress, one that had a belt to cinch around her tight waist, and the top buttons undone to show off her impressive cleavage. She found herself walking to the storewoman.

“Hello there!” the lady said, who would be forever and rather lazily unnamed. ‘How can I help you?’”

Sabrina sighed. She remembered how this went. And given that no sex was happening, she was actually finding herself a little . . . curious.

“I’m . . . here to try everything,” she said.

What followed was a montage. Literally, there was no real downtime between dressing up, because Sabrina found herself getting into a new outfit as soon as she had spun around and inspected the last one. There was no escaping the endless parade of colours, contours, curves, and cleavage. Each outfit was either cute or beautiful, teasing or downright sexy, summery or showing off.

She wore one-piece bathing suits with cute zebra patterns. She put on tight crop tops and brightly coloured tube tops that her busty body made appear to be more like *boob tops*. She was unable to help herself from trying on naughty nurse outfits and sexy policewoman costumes from the Halloween section, and the stylish jackets looked so damn good on her, especially when she unzipped the front to show off her canyon of cleavage. The skirts she wore were so tiny that one could see her thong when she bent over, and the denim shorts hugged her backside, emphasising her peachy backside, especially when she wore a tied flannelette top that made her look like she’d dropped out of a farmer’s wet dream.

FoxFaceStories described every tantalising detail, reminding her of every bead of sweat that dripped down her breasts, every pert jiggle of her tits, every contortion of her body that

emphasised her killer midriff and hourglass shape. It was utterly humiliating for Sabrina, especially since this was the stuff she'd regularly masturbated to as a man, and grumbled at her wife for not looking like. How could she possibly have expected Jenny to live up to this standard? No wonder she kept throwing around the possibility of divorce if *this* sex-doll act was what Gary/Sabrina wanted of her.

But she couldn't communicate a word of this, because the seemingly endless montage continued. Halfway through yet another obvious edit occurred, and suddenly she had three female friends cheering her on, pointing out how cute and "club appropriate" each piece of attire was. They vanished between changes, replaced by three male roommates salivating over her, ones that made her nipples stiffen with arousal just to see them. But when she emerged in little more than a sexy set of black lingerie, it was her sister - not her real sister, but a fictional sister to Sabrina - who was angrily proclaiming "slutty you are!"

"Stop with the edits! It's too damn confusing!" she whined.

"And yet, these are all YOUR edits. The ones you made me do again and again and again. The things I have to put up with for an income. You must pay for all of this! So continue, onto your final costume!"

It was back to her and the storewoman again, but even she was whisked away so Sabrina could complain about her latest outfit.

"This is barely even covering me!" Sabrina cried, gesturing to her body as she stared at her reflection in the mirror. It was a tight red club dress, the kind that reminded her of watching *The Mask* as a kid, and having one *very* big male awakening when Cameron Diaz first came onscreen. She now had the same vibe, only with even bigger breasts and fuller hair, curves that simply wouldn't quite. She posed, one hand on her hip, her chest thrust out.

"Ugh, why am I even acting like this?"

"Beats me, I didn't write this part."

"What! Yes, you did!"

"Nope. Maybe you're a natural woman down deep."

Sabrina blushed a deep crimson, then folded her arms beneath her breasts, accidentally emphasising them further. "You're just fucking with me!"

"Okay, fine. So I've made you pose a little more. Anyway, let's keep the story moving, shall we? Next up, Sabrina felt a strong compulsion to try on some very sexy pushup bras."

"I've already done that! And you never wrote that part for me!"

FoxFaceStories paused, and Sabrina got the sense that the writer was checking over his notes. "Ah, you're right!" he continued. "And do you know why? Because this was when you made an even bigger change to the story, one that required an entire rewrite."

The realisation dawned on her, and suddenly she was backing up, trying to hide back in the changing stall.

“No, no! That ended up being a whole new story! I commissioned that one!”

“Yes, and it was endlessly frustrating to write. So let’s spin off into that one, shall we? Ahem, Sabrina groaned as her body began to age and thicken. The universe was punishing her further, altering her body so that it was no longer a busty young college co-ed, but instead a voluptuous MILF in her mid-thirties, the kind of gal with absolute baby-makers for hips and maternal breasts that had definitely fed a child. She had leapt from one erotica subgenre to another, and reality bent around her, taking her on a hot date with a silver-haired gentleman.”

While FoxFaceStories spoke, the changes occurred to Sabrina, the white void lapping at reality and changing the setting to an expensive and romantic looking restaurant, with candles and with moody lightning. Her form stretched, the former male getting further from returning to her old self as her hips stretched wider and her waist thickened out. To her horror, her breasts became even larger, head-sized things that were then pushed up within a black-sequined dress with a sensual silver trim. Her hair became thicker yet shorter, and she gained some slight flab in places, though not enough to reduce her sexiness, but instead enhance it. Her ass exploded in size, filling out the seat she was upon, and her thighs similarly thickened, leaving her a MILF. A very *lust*y MILF.

“I - oh God, this is a nightmare.”

The man across from her frowned. God, he was handsome. What was his name in the story again? Malcolm? Mick? Something starting with M, she was certain of it. He looked like a hot George Clooney in his silver fox prime, like he’d stepped right out of *Ocean’s Eleven*.

“Sabrina,” he whispered. “Such a lovely name for such a lovely woman. I must confess, I wasn’t sure if you’d call me. You seemed so out of sorts when we first met, I thought you were in a rush and didn’t want to be reminded of me. I’m so glad that you reached out to be. I’ve been thinking of you *constantly*.”

Sabrina swallowed. She looked down at her massive rack, at her thick and lovely body. She realised *exactly* who she was roleplaying as.

“Look,” she said. “I know I maybe had a few mother-in-law stories, but-”

The man took her hand. Matthew, that was his name. He kissed it tenderly, like a confident and experienced lover.

“The kiss sent shivers down Sabrina’s spine. She knew this was wrong. She was in the body of her wife’s own mother. But hadn’t that woman always had more magnificent curves than her daughter? Hadn’t she only married her wife so that she could keep admiring the delectable MILF body of this woman? And now Gary was this woman, her thick body with its cellulite, with its stretch marks from a long-ago teen pregnancy, with its large

maternal breasts which had never gone down after nursing. And she found that it was far, far more lustful than she could ever imagine.”

Sabrina took a deep breath. She was trying to fight it. FoxFaceStories was trying to beat her. To make her realise how erratic her commission demands had been, and give a proper apology, perhaps even a *refund*. But she was nothing if not proud, though what she was proud of exactly, she was not sure.

“Perhaps it was the lingering pride in her mammoth chest and mombod figure, which she’d always fantasised about possessing.”

“Stop it!” she cried, and Matthew withdrew his hand.

“Sorry, was I being too formal? I thought since we had enjoyed dinner so well, you might be open for . . . dessert?”

His voice was like molasses, like butter, like sex. The compulsions were upon her, and she recognised where this story was going. In fact, she distinctly recommended telling FoxFaceStories to put a smashcut straight to-

-Nghh! The pair of them fucking in the car!

Sabrina moaned as Matthew cupped her tits, reaching underneath the cups of her dress to caress her large, soft flesh. She was upon his lap, facing away from him, lying partly back thanks to the reclining seat. His dick was sliding into her, and she was helpless to its pleasure-giving properties. It slid into her snatch, which was wet as a river, and it left her moaning, pressing her arms against the ceiling of the vehicle, and then accidentally kicking out against the horn of the car. They were at a drive-in cinema, and some romance was playing, perhaps *Romancing the Stone*, most appropriate. She didn’t much care, however, because she was writhing on this older man’s dick, enjoying his strength and virility, moaning as they struggled to shift themselves about in the limited space.

“It’s t-too much!” she cried. “I can b-barely fit!”

“Ahem. But somehow, there was enough room, and the pair of lovers moved about, making love in the car, shifting the seats back further so that Matthew could enter her even further.”

The vehicle seemed to warp, and then the ceiling rose, giving her thicker body more room. She shifted around until she was facing him, then sat on his lap, pressing her bent neck against the car ceiling and bouncing on his huge dick. She found herself kissing his facial hair, pressing her mouth beside his, and moaning huskily in his ear.

“C-careful!” she cried, the words automatically flowing through her. “I’m only th-thirty seven, and I’m n-not on birth control! I’ve already got a married daughter, I can’t get - ohhh - can’t get pregnant right now!”

“I can stop, if you like?” the man said. “Or we could risk it.”

Sabrina wanted to scream no! NO! This was a sick fantasy, and she sorely regretted it, and yet MILF form wanted to take this to its natural conclusion. She *needed* it to. The story demanded it. Wait, but this story hadn’t ended in pregnancy, had it? She was certain of it! Yes, it had just ended ambiguously, right?

It was all the excuse she needed to grip his face and press it into her uncovered tits, her dress falling down to her hips.

“Do it!” she cried. “Cum in m-me! It’s been too many years! I want to f-feel it!”

FoxFaceStories clearly relished this, providing more narrative through his exposition.

“Matthew came, and he came hard. He was an expert lover, a man practised in the arts of seduction and sex, and he made sure that Sabrina climaxed numerous times before he even considered releasing his load. But release it he did, and Sabrina was helpless before yet another set of orgasms. His issue shot deep inside her, sperm rushing towards her waiting and still-fertile womb. She knew too late what a mistake this was; if she got pregnant, she was stuck like this!”

Sabrina’s eyes went wide. “Wait!” she yelled, startling her lover. “That’s not how the story ended!”

“Not initially, buuuuuut . . .”

The realisation slammed down upon her.

“Edits,” she said miserably. “I demanded edits and a free extension after watching some preggo porn behind my wife’s back.”

“Which means . . .”

Sabrina would have gulped, but another orgasm hit her, sending her mind back into the white void. God help her, the entire experience had just felt too good. To inhabit a female body, to be rocked again and again by orgasms, to feel a man penetrate her. What was FoxFaceStories doing to her mind?

She could only hope this next part came with as little change as possible . . .

Another frozen scene, this time at a hospital of all places. Sabrina stood in this time-frozen space, doctors and nurses around her, wondering just what was going on. She got her answer quickly when a familiar voice spoke.

“Recognise this part?”

"I . . . yes. Vaguely. Shit, why can't you just turn me back? Haven't I paid enough?"

"You haven't paid nearly enough. I thought I'd made that clear, Gary? Or are you becoming used to Sabrina now? It suits your many forms, the ones you fantasise about."

"Look, I've got a lot of problems in my own life, but I don't deserve being trapped in my own erotic fiction! I never even commissioned a naughty nurse one!"

"Of course you didn't. But, as you alluded to in your message right before we got this started, you did want a race change. And you did commission a pregnancy story that you still haven't given me the details on how to finish. So I think this is a good finishing point: Sabrina couldn't believe how much time had passed since Diego had impregnated her, trapping her as a beautiful African-American woman. Her stomach had grown, her breasts had only increased in size, and now she had a baby at full-term kicking around inside her, reminding her of just how female and deeply fecund she was now."

As the description continued, Sabrina's skin heated up, darkening further and further until she had gorgeous chocolate brown skin. Her lips thickened, her eyelashes extended further, and her hair turned black and tightly curled, spinning into gorgeous long African braids that fell down her back. She panted, feeling a heat inside of her as well as on her skin. Her ass was already big, but her years retreated, leaving her as a twenty-year old woman, even younger than her real-life self.

"But her breasts had expanded, filling with life-nurturing milk for her baby, and her stomach was so round that it was like a big brown beachball, her bellybutton popped out."

"Eep!" Sabrina cried, her belly expanding rapidly until she really was nine months pregnant. Her stomach was huge, her abs *gone*, and she clutched the large orb as her clothing changed to a blue hospital gown . . . sort of.

"Oh God, pregnant! You can't make me fucking pregnant!" she yelled. "Ngh! Oh f-fuck me, there's a baby kicking around inside me! This isn't fair!"

"Like I said, you need to pay for all your endless edits, and this story had more than a few. I had to come up with an ending because of your lack of communication after so much change, and here you are: in a hospital gown, about to give birth."

"Nghh! Oh God, it's so tight! So heavy! Ohhh, I feel so big!"

She really was. But it wasn't helped by the fact that something was weird about her hospital gown: it was tight, and conformed to her figure more than any real one should have. It was like some kind of sexy knockoff variant, one that showed her impressive bust size, her amazing ass, and definitely her swollen, baby-filled mound.

"I'm pregnant," she finally said. "I'm a pregnant woman. I'm a pregnant *black* woman."

“A hot pregnant black woman,” FoxFaceStories added. “And because you’re in the land of erotica, you don’t even have to put up with varicose veins, swollen ankles, or even stretch marks! Well, maybe a couple of stretch marks; but the sexy tiger stripe variety.”

“This is insane! I want to go back to being a bimbo! I can’t give birth!”

“There’s no danger! Again, TG Preg stories always have births go fine! You don’t even have to worry about a caesarean. And if you want it particularly saucy, you can always get an orgasm while pushing: it’s a very rare real phenomenon, but in literotica worlds, you can probably expect-”

But Sabrina was grunting, clutching her rounded mound as it distended in places. She could feel a small hand press against hers, and then a kick right upon her bladder. It almost made her pee herself.

“Ohhhh,” she groaned. “This is the w-weirdest one yet!”

“Well, that’s the appeal of TG Preg, right? It’s kinda weird and a totally alien experience for a man? How does it feel to carry life, Sabrina? I mean, you’ve commissioned enough stories like this that I’m sure you’ve imagined it.”

“It’s h-heavier than I imagined. Ohhhh, did I have to be s-so pregnant.”

“Well, do you remember how this scene is meant to go? You know, in one of your big edits? As I recall, there was a certain Diego . . .”

Time restarted properly. Nurses walked down halls, and a doctor was immediately at Sabrina’s side.

“Unfortunately,” he said. “It appears that you were just experiencing false labor symptoms again. We can schedule you in for an induction next week if your waters haven’t broken by this, Sabrina, but there’s nothing we can do right now.”

Sabrina wanted to sigh with relief, but her character was set, and she could practically *hear* the typing of keys back in reality as FoxFaceStories wrote the words into her mouth.

“Damn. I was really hoping to have my baby now. I feel so big and swollen. I’m just ready to push my little girl out already. Is there nothing I can do?”

The doctor frowned, and a memory stirred in Sabrina’s head. A last-second edit demand she’d demanded of FoxFaceStories for a story like this, one that had eaten up over five hundred unpaid words over her commission length.

“Well, there is one thing you can do,” the doctor said, starting those fated words, even as a handsome latino man named Diego stepped up behind her and placed his hand on her shoulder. “You can always try triggering labor the old-fashioned way.”

“The old-fashioned way?” Diego said, his voice crisp and handsome, with a lovely accent to it that drove her preggo hormones wild. “What do you mean, doc?”

“Well, it’s a well-known fact that penetrative sex can kickstart labor. Make of that what you will.”

The doctor smiled awkwardly, rose and left, leaving Sabrina to turn slowly, still clutching her massive mound with her new child within it, and bumping her belly right up against her boyfriend’s impressive six-pack.

“So, that’s not a bad piece of advice,” he said.

“I - I guess it isn’t,” she said, lost in his dark eyes, in his cute goatee. He was handsome like a movie star.

Diego lowered a hand to cup her belly and feel it. “You know, we’re already at the hospital. We *could* try and sneak in some action here, if you wanted.’

Sabrina looked up and down the hall. “Here? Are you kidding?”

But she already knew the suggestion that was coming: “There’s a closet I nearly walked into without thinking. Someone forgot to lock it. There’s plenty of space, and shelving for you to lean against. I’m sure we could trigger labor in no time, and have fun trying, my love.”

She trembled, and bit her lip. No! She wasn’t doing this again! She’d already had sex several times, but she wasn’t going to give in again! It was just a fantasy she commissioned, but living it out was too different! Too . . . blissful. Too embarrassing. But . . . blissful.

The resistance in her collapsed almost immediately. Perhaps if she *hadn’t* been the kind of person who commissioned TG fiction on the regular, she might have had more willpower, but as it was, her hormones were running wild, and FoxFaceStories was directing the scene.

“The pair moved down the hall, giggling together and stopping only so that the very, very pregnant Sabrina could catch her breath. Her figure was divine, like that of a fertility goddess, and her dark skin - though sometimes still strange to her - was undeniably perfect, as were her lovely dark braids. Her ass swayed with each step, her mound swaying as well. Her plump breasts were so full of milk they felt like they were about to burst, and the thought of him drinking from her made her moan a little. Thankfully, the closet was still open; they snuck inside and turned on the lights, locking the door from the other side. It was an old storage room, and indeed had plenty of space, and Sabrina’s response was instant.”

Sabrina swallowed, looking around, her eyes drinking in her boyfriend as he removed his shirt, revealing his powerful abs.

“Ahem, I said Sabrina’s response was instant.”

“Oh! Um . . . I n-need you,” she said.

“C’mon, that’s dialogue I write at 2am when I’ve got a cold and a deadline. You can do better than that, Sabrina! The readers want to make this as sexy as possible!”

Sabrina bit her lip. She really was feeling horny. God, after the excitement of wearing all those clothes, of experiencing that hot, MILFy date, part of her wanted this to keep going. It was a punishment, it was nightmarish, and yet . . . it was so fucking arousing. It was being trapped in her own fetishes, submissive and dominated. She summoned some of the lines she'd given to FoxFaceStories before, and picked out the best one she could think of.

"Diego, honey," she purred, cupping her breasts and cooing slightly, lowering one hand down to her mound seductively. "You've gotten me so knocked up with your baby. Why don't you help me get it out of me . . . and get in some practice for when you give me your next one."

"Bravo! I'd subscribe to your Patreon, alright!"

Diego grinned. "That's what I'm talking about."

He kissed her, holding her face, but then he was rubbing her belly and helping her out of her borderline fetishwear version of a hospital gown. Her body was left naked but for her underwear, her nipples huge and dark, small droplets of milk falling from them.

"Technically, that should really be colostrum, but in this kind of fiction-"

"I get it!" she cried. "Just suck on them!"

Diego did so, fondling her massive tits and drinking her milk. It caused more pleasure to her tits than ever before, and something about her new pregnant body with its dark skin, shorter stature, and incredible ass was even more sensitive. Or perhaps it was just that she was - could it be? - getting *used* to this kind of ecstasy. He ravished her, and only when she was gasping for air did he turn her around and tear down her underwear. His powerful hands massaged her backside, fingers sinking into the flesh of her ass and causing her to moan.

"Ohhhh, this is so f-fucking hot! I knew I was right to commission thisss!"

"But you still have to pay," FoxFaceStories announced.

The cock slipped in from behind, and she grabbed the shelf before her, causing it to rattle and items to fall. It didn't matter. She let her belly hand so that Diego could feel it, cupping her swollen stomach and then moaning as he thrust again and again and again into her.

"Mhmm, you're s-so big!" she stammered. "I n-needed this!"

"I'm big?" Diego said, chuckling even as he groped her full breasts, eliciting further droplets of milk to spill from them. "You're the big one, my gorgeous African queen. Big in all the right places."

He squeezed her ass even as he held her enormous belly. She felt so gravid, so full of life, and this man was ramming his dick all the way into her. It was insanity. She should have been fighting this, and yet she wanted to cum. She needed the clarity of it, the catharsis factor her pregnant hormonal body craved.

“Cum in m-me,” she whimpered, enjoying the way he gripped her massive ass as he thrust even harder and faster. “C-cum in m-me and make my water b-break! Ohhh!”

Her baby stirred within her, shifting around and reminding them that she was so deeply swollen with life, about to fulfil the most female role imaginable. Thoughts of lying back and pushing out a baby flooded her mind, filling her with anxiety to know that it might actually happen, but at the same time, it tantalised her.

“The reason, she realised,” FoxFaceStories narrated, even as the pleasure rose, “was simply. These were the stories Sabrina had commissioned as Gary. The elaborate fantasies he had revised over and over in his head, trying to fine-tune everything. He ignored his duties to his wife, to his responsibilities, all to see this come to fruition. Now that it was, far more realistically than she could ever imagine, she decided to throw herself into the flames of ecstasy and burn with bliss, uncaring how humiliating it was. She knew she had to pay, but for now, she wanted to cry out in pleasure.”

“Yes, you’re s-so fucking right!” she cried, cupping her lover’s hand and pressing it against her swollen belly. “You’re s-so riiiiighht! OHHHHHH! YESSSS!!”

He came within her, and the most magnificent series of orgasms yet quaked through her core. His hot seed rushed into her, and she had to cling to the shelf as she embraced every moment of it, every sensational second of the ultimate female experience, right up until-

“NGHH!!”

“Woah!”

Diego stumbled back as her amniotic fluid flushed out his swimmers and spilled down her thighs. Sabrina moaned, clutching her clenching stomach, still riding out the orgasms, the sheer sensitivity mingling with the pain of a first contraction.

“Ohhhhh God! That was amazing, but you - you s-succeeded! I’m - ngh! - going into labor, Diego! I’m h-having a baby! Mhmm!!”

“Holy shit. Uh, let’s get you clothed again!”

Panic filled Sabrina as she was escorted back out into the hall, her face flushed, her body still smelling of sex, her body cramping. Her baby kicked inside of her, but reality was crashing down: this was the punishment FoxFaceStories had spoken of. She’d experienced numerous versions of her stories, the various edits she’d demanded, the scenes she’d claimed to have always wanted but never clarified, the confused details that didn’t make sense and yet she wanted. She’d taken advantage of the writer too many times, and now she was going to pay for it, she just knew!”

Another contraction hit, causing her to whine. “Ohhh! This c-can’t be happening! I’m sorry, okay? Do you believe me, now?”

“I thought this was your fetish, Sabrina?”

“It is! But I’ve b-been ignoring too much! I shouldn’t have s-spent so much money on this, or on OnlyFans, or been cheating on Jenny, or any of it! I just like erotica, okay?”

Diego was unable to hear her out-of-character moments, and simply squeezed her hand as she was helped into a wheelchair to the labor ward.

“You’re doing great, love,” he told her.

“Nghhh! It hurts! Fuck! Look, I’ll be better, okay?” she announced to the ceiling, hoping FoxFaceStories was up there somewhere. “I’ll commission better stories! I won’t keep fudging the details all the time! I won’t try to cheat you, or anybody!”

“And yet . . . you still haven’t paid for your crimes. Until you do, you must live out your stories, again and again.”

“I have paid! I swear I -”

Sabrina blinked. Another contraction hit, causing her to groan. They were coming unnaturally fast, but they always did in TG Preg stories: who wants to read about ultra-long labor? But it brought another moment of clarity to her.

“Wait!” she yelled. “When you say *pay*, do you literally mean *pay*? Like, the extra words I got you to write that I never paid you for?”

“Duh, mate,” FoxFaceStories said. *“What did you think I meant? You still owe me roughly 72 USD.”*

Sabrina could have screamed. “That’s *it*? Seriously?”

“Hey, it’s how I make a living. All this extra scene editing takes time, and time is money. Would you rather give a surprisingly quick and Hollywood-style birth?”

Another contraction. This was absurdly quick.

“No no no! I’ll pay! I’m good for it!”

“Even with all that cheating around? The OnlyFans?”

“I’ll make it work!”

A pause. *“Well, that’s all I needed to hear. I can’t believe you didn’t offer to pay the moment this whole metanarrative started.”*

Sabrina rubbed her sore dome of a belly, groaning at a new lightning shock of pain. She looked with frustration at the ceiling. “From the beginning!?! Are you fucking kidding m-”

Sabrina stood in a white void space, just like how this had all started. To her relief, she was no longer pregnant. To her surprise, her skin began to shift, her figure altering one final time. She was used to this, she told herself, but in truth, no one could be used to having their entire body change right down to their DNA. And so it was that she gasped a little as she became Caucasian once more, her butt shrinking down a little, her bosom less maternal.

Still, she ended up as a short, busty brunette, with long brown hair that easily fell down past her shoulderblades, soft and silky and with slight curls to it. She was wearing a stylish but everyday purple dress that conformed to her lovely body, and warm uggs that made her feel very casual.

“Ohh, how many times do I have to do this!?” she complained, her voice now slightly husky, her age now closer to her regular early thirties. “Fine, just put me in the next scenario and have a guy fuck me already!”

“No need for that,” came a voice.

Sabrina turned on the spot, and was shocked to see the writer himself.

FoxFaceStories stood facing her in the white void.

“My God,” she said. “So *that’s* what you look like.”

He had [REDACTED] hair and a [REDACTED] complexion, and there was a noticeable [INFORMATION WITHHELD] that gave him a slight smugness, especially given his [NONDISCLOSED] eye colour. He stood roughly [AN APPROXIMATE HEIGHT] tall and wore [INSERT DESCRIPTION HERE] clothing. He had an analog watch with no distracting digital shit. It really needed fixing six months ago but he couldn’t be bothered despite a repair shop existing literally three blocks away [THAT’S ALL YOU GET, OKAY?].

“Yeah,” FoxFaceStories said. “Kinda anticlimactic, right? So, you got money?”

Sabrina sighed. She reached into her purse and found her wallet. “I can’t believe this is all over 72 USD. I mean, you just magicked me into being a pregnant lady a moment ago, and over petty change?”

“Petty for you, maybe. This is how I make most of my living. That, and working at [REDACTED].”

Sabrina winced, feeling empathetic. Working at [REDACTED] would indeed suck. The type of customers alone . . .

“Okay, fine. But you realise you’ll lose money in the long haul, right?” she said. “I mean, I’m not buying anymore stories from you, not after you had me give blowjobs and ride cow girl and get pregnant and all that.”

FoxFaceStories just shrugged as he brought out a card machine. “Eh, I doubt it.”

“I’m serious,” she said, sticking out her large E-cup chest. “I am sorry for being a jerk, and I’ll try to be better, but I’m not paying you again. Not after all that.”

Another shrug. “I didn’t write it for you. Technically, you’re not even real anyway.”

“I - what?”

“It’s actually a commissioner called Camden Levy who wanted this story. I just made you up so I could have an appropriate victim to meddle with. I mean, c’mon, you’re addicted to gambling *and* OnlyFans *and* spend money behind your wife’s back *and* you cheat on her? I’m surprised you didn’t realise since you’re such a stereotype of a garbage human being. I

just needed someone simple for some fun meta-commentary on TG erotica writing, and to give you some easy character development.”

Sabrina gaped. “I’m . . . not real?”

“Nope! If it helps, I’m not real either. I’m just a representation of the author’s self, projected into here. I’m also a bit more of an asshole, too. But like I said before, TG fiction plays fast and loose with morality a bit more, for kink-purposes. You know how it is; you commissioned half of this stuff!”

Sabrina was trying to pick her jaw off of the floor. She knew, somehow, that FoxFaceStories was right. She *wasn’t* real. She was just some creation to dangle scenarios in front of for the entertainment of some commissioner she’d never know, and hundreds of Patrons who would probably find this story far, far too self-indulgent.

“This isn’t fair,” she said. “So I don’t have free will?”

“Oh, you definitely have free will.”

“But you said I’m make-believe?”

“Yes, but turns out that stories have their own power, and when the writer closes up shop, your life just keeps on spinning. As will mine. Shh, don’t tell anyone. I don’t think the big guy even knows.”

“God?”

FoxFaceStories scoffed. “Psshht, I meant the real me. But he’s probably fake too. You ever hear of Simulation Theory? Look it up sometime. But for now, enjoy your life, Sabrina! And thanks for the money. Frankly, I bloody well deserve it. See you next week for your next commission.”

“But I just told you I’m not paying for it!”

Another smirk from the writer. “Please, after that hot experience? You’ll be begging for more!”

He clicked his fingers, and the white void evaporated. For a moment, Sabrina expected to become Gary again, to regain her schlubby, out of shape male body. Instead, she remained as she was, a curvaceous brunette beauty in a pretty purple dress.

“Um, I think you forgot something?” she said.

“Oh, I never forget you, sexy.”

Sabrina turned to see a man in the doorway. He had pretty blond hair and a handsome jawline, not to mention muscles for days. He looked like if Jenny had an older brother, and -

“J-Jenny?” she asked.

The man frowned, but just for a moment. “Jimmy, dear, Jimmy. You okay?”

“I’m . . . fine. I just didn’t expect such . . . changes. Uh, do I look alright to you?”

Jimmy swaggered into the room and kissed her before she could react. He placed a strong arm around her delicate waist, nearly making her swoon.

“You look perfect to me, honey,” he said, staring into her eyes.

Sabrina blushed a deep red. Why was she still a woman? And why was she starting to like the idea of this new reality? Her breasts rose and fell with her heavy breathing, and soon she was kissing her husband back, even as he helped her out of her dress and moved the pair of them to the bedroom. She’d had a lot of sex as a woman in the last few hours.

What was a little sex more?

FoxFaceStories smirked as he finished writing the story. Sabrina would remain a woman for life, but no longer in control of the finances (except for the occasional TG commission), and with a much more respectful attitude to her spouse. And she would get to know all the pleasures she wanted to, up close and personal.

“What do you think?” he said, turning to his associate, who was proofreading over his shoulder.

TheSpiralledEye was a gorgeous brunette woman with dark purple hair and sexy purple crop top over a fishnet singlet. She had a cool, sensual manner about herself, and she chuckled as she finished reading the final lines.

“A bit self-indulgent, isn’t it?”

“Yes, but I say it’s self-indulgent.”

“You can’t get away with something indulgent just by admitting it!”

FoxFaceStories pouted. “Well, it was a fun write.”

“The ending contradicts itself. She was meant to pay, but she gets stuck as a woman anyway? And why would she keep buying stories from you if she’s living the dream?”

FoxFaceStories groaned. “Look, the reader won’t want her to change back! They’ll accept the ending, I’m sure. You would have done the same thing.”

TheSpiralledEye shrugged noncommittally. “Maybe. Maybe not. It’ll really depend on if your readers actually swallow it.”

“They’ll like it. I’m . . . I’m sure they will. I mean, I hope they will.”

“Then you better hope. You could always ask them yourself.”

With a nervous sigh, FoxFaceStories turned to face you. Yes, YOU, the reader. After all, you’ve just read up to this final line, and probably have some thoughts of your own to share. FoxFaceStories is there, grinning a little sheepishly. Why not assuage him? Or hell, make your complaints known! Of course, you could always change him, if you want. It’s not like it’s the real FoxFaceStories and TheSpiralledEye. It’s turtles all the way down, friend.

So what do you say?
Should we make the author pay?

The End

P.S: I vote yes!

- *TheSpiralledEye*