

Mini-Story: Speak with Confidence (Man to Big Booty Latina TG TC)

By FoxFaceStories

Martin is nervous about giving a speech, ironically about presenting yourself confidently. But when a magical presence changes him to a big-booty latina, the new woman learns to speak with a fiery passion.

Speak with Confidence

“Um, thank you all for coming. This is a speech about, er, presenting yourself confidently when it comes to an interview.”

Someone coughed in the auditorium. This was not a good start. Martin had done so much research as part of his degree in communications, and this was his chance to show his worth as a potential university advisor to students entering the workforce. He knew all the ins and outs about what sociological and psychological tricks would work to influence employers and get them on your side, and had meticulously written these into his speech. The only problem was that he was nervous as hell. His pasty white skin was visibly sweating before the many individuals in the auditorium, and the gaze of various esteemed people who would determine whether he would be just a forgotten guest speaker or potentially a valuable hire was hard to shrug off. He found himself running his hands through his fiery hair, hair which was much too spring. His glasses were also fogging up.

“As you can see on this board - sorry, wrong slide. Oops, wrong slide again. Hang on, here it is. Oh, the writing should be bigger. Um, I’ll sum up, if that’s okay? Yeah, that should be okay. One of the keys is speaking with confidence, and . . .”

He drifted off, trying to remember his notes. It was too much for a student in the auditorium named Lily. She was, rather secretly, a witch in training on the side, but one that had been trained not to use her magic in public. After all, it was still a bit chaotic and unhoneed. But this poor man was bombing so hard she felt a great need to help him, to do anything to stop the flow of cringe-inducing awkwardness emanating from his figure. As he struggled to discuss the ‘eight points of a successful interview’ she twirled her hands beneath a book, producing a brief magical light that anyone else would dismiss as just someone hiding a smartphone.

‘Give this man what he needs to speak with confidence,’ she uttered, drawing upon the arcane sigils upon her necklace. Again, they flashed, and the spell was cast. Even as it zipped off invisibly and collided into the man, she got the sense that she’d put more power and magical chaos into it than she’d intended.

“I hope I did alright by him,” she mumbled to herself.

She couldn't have done worse than Martin was doing. He was tripping over his lines, accidentally pinged a button off of his suit when he went to adjust his mic, and caused a backlash on the speaker in the attempt.

"Sorry, so sorry! What I meant to say was that to speak with confidence - ngh!"

Suddenly, he felt a strange energy pool through him. A warmth that almost felt like a surging confidence. He straightened, swallowed, and pointed up at the screen.

"These are just the various ways in which *you* too might screw up your meeting with a boss. Looked convincing, right? Admit it, who here has made a flub during a presentation or meeting like I just put on now?"

A small chuckle rose up, and it rose again as more and more people put up their hands. Martin grinned, and that grin became wider and his mouth changed. His jaw softened, his lips became impressively full, and his nose began to alter to become smaller, more feminine. He felt something strange occur, but the confidence welled up further and became his bigger priority. He placed his hands on his hips just in time for them to crack wider, and it was a good thing that his clothes seemingly altered to adjust to this.

"What on Earth?" he muttered, but then he put the mic back in front of his mouth, pushed forward by this increasing determination. "What on Earth would be wrong with you to act like this? Well I can tell you, I've been there. We all have, even those of you who didn't put up your hands. I mean, *dios mio*, let's be honest with ourselves!"

He paused dramatically, more confused as to why he'd just dropped some Spanish, or why his voice was higher - or indeed, why his manhood felt like it was being pulled up inside him. But the speech was taking on a life of its own now too, and he strutted forward - one leg in front of the other, just like a woman with a sexy gait - and kept on talking.

"Which is why confidence is key! Building confidence is attributable to an eighty percent growth in likely hiring. Confidence, in fact, is the main trait an employer looks for whether they know it or not, as affirmed by these *sixteen independent studies* across three continents. It doesn't matter where you try to work, getting your foot in the door requires you to kick it down sometimes!"

He kicked out his foot for effect, and as he did so his shoe turned to a high heel, his foot becoming slender and dainty. At the same time his thigh swelled, and when he repeated the action to the audience's laughter with his other leg, the same changes happened. He was shocked to see that his trousers were changing also, shrinking upward to become a positively tight pencil skirt that was increasingly straining against his expanding cushion of a rear. His leg hair was gone, and the skin was already darkening there to a light olive.

"Am I going *loco*?" he whispered to himself, voice now having a sexy female rasp to it. At the same time, his hair darkened, became curlier, and extended down his back so that

it was long and lush and black and vibrant. It swished over his shoulders, which had shrunk along with his suit. "This can't be happening. This must be a dream."

But then the next stage in his speech was upon him, and he simply *had* to continue. None of the audience was freaking out, so why should he?

"As I was saying, there are number of psychological tips and tricks one can employ to simulate confidence. Perhaps growing up as a strong latina woman helps; the girls in the second row look like they know what I'm talking about, right? They've got the hip wiggle. They've got the strut, am I right?"

Another roar of laughter. What was he even saying? Whatever it was, it was working, so he leaned into it, sashaying his now-wide hips and embracing the way his buttocks continued to expand, becoming a fine big booty that one could bounce a quarter to the moon off of. He grinned, feeling his face become that of a complete woman's, and his waist pinch in to take on an hourglass shape. He posed, letting the audience soak in his behind, before sitting down on a chair.

"The first step is how you enter the room and sit down. You all just observed my entrance; bold and beautiful, wouldn't you say?"

Some daring man in the audience whistled, causing him to giggle.

"*Gracias*, young man! But I may be too much woman for you - I'd hire you with that confidence though! Now, the second point, and this is backed up by a lot of psychological research from the Bradford Institute . . ."

Martin's form continued to change as he delved into the further minutiae. It was his speech still, but now it had fun, it had pizzaz, it had *style*. It was a speech that engaged, and most of all it was one that was filled with the same confidence that he wanted them to exude. Somewhere along the way his height shrunk. After that the pressure that had been growing in his chest finally gave way, and two lovely breasts that had to be full, ripe Double-D's at a bare minimum surged forth to fill his now-female suit top. The fact that his buttons were undone gave a lovely look at cleavage, and while his confusion had only grown, he felt positively wonderful to be this way. Somehow, he hadn't even noticed when his manhood had finally pulled into his body and been replaced by a much more feminine organ, but when he made the realisation he didn't even pause his speech. It was simply *right*.

"And that's the eight points of the program, people! It really is that simple, and this is all backed by thorough research on the fine points of body language. And trust me when I say I know body language."

The new woman stood in profile and posed, half-joking but most definitely showing off how deeply impressive her new big booty was. Among many fine, deeply *fine* features, this was the best of them. Her pencil skirt was practically straining to contain her perfect cheeks, and she had little doubt that some of the men in charge of deciding her employment

status would be more than enticed to say yes based on the promise of seeing this ass around campus more often.

“Thank you, all of you!” she declared. “I’m Martina Gonzalez, and I look forward to seeing you all speak with confidence in the future, just like I have! Thank you for your attention, and for all you have done!”

Lily smiled in the audience. She certainly hadn’t expected Martin to become Martina, or for her to adapt so quickly - she hadn’t done anything to alter her mind other than to accidentally rewrite more reality than intended. She would have, at best, simply some semantic knowledge of her new name and a good bit of Spanish, along with other key bits of understanding. But Martin was clearly happy as this new woman, and had made one hell of a speech.

“Damn, I guess I’m not a bad witch after all.”

And while the new Martina would never know quite who or what had changed her, she had ended her speech to roaring applause and more than a few admirers. She may have gone from a pasty white fellow to a big booty latina, but wasn’t that an upgrade anyway? She certainly had a fiery confidence now, and wasn’t afraid to speak up.

“*Gracias*,” she said, one last time.

The End