

# Stage Changes (TG RC AR)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Story Prompt for TG Sorcerer

*Alex and Alice are a happily married couple who decide to be a bit more daring and attend an erotic magical act. Unfortunately for the pair, it soon becomes obvious that this 'Magnifico' has the power to actually transform people and leave them stuck in new forms, and he plans to do exactly that for the pair.*

## Stage Changes

It was called *Magnifico's Erotic Magical Mastery*, and the sign was lit in neon. Neither Alex nor Alice had done something like it before. Been to an erotic magical show, that was. Or any kind of erotic anything, really. They were a loving couple, but not the most adventurous. So this seemed like a fun and potentially fascinating way to spice things up after a particularly rigorous year of surprise bills and overtime work.

"I'm sure it'll be fun," Alex said. "Better than another night at the office missing you, that's for sure."

He was thirty years old, with a stocky build, a dark beard and short hair. He worked in IT for a large company, but despite the stresses of his job was generally patient and easygoing. One had to be, when dealing with demanding supervisors.

"It better be," Alice replied. "We paid twenty a head for this performance!"

She was twenty five years old with a curvy figure, dark hair, and a propensity for being assertive and stubborn. While Alex was the worker of the married couple, she was the one that pushed the pair in terms of their goals: the house they were paying off, the plan for kids they were keeping a schedule for, and even Alex's eventual decision to start job searching for better prospects. Far from minding this state of affairs, the forever laidback husband was grateful for it. Together, they were Yin and Yang in perfect order.

Which was why it had taken Alice's assertion that they try something different, and Alex's own cheerful open-mindedness to consider this rather daring night-time adventure. The couple walked arm and arm, flashed their tickets to the counter girl, who waved them in.

“Enjoy the performance,” she said, “and don’t forget that changes are permanent! No refunds!”

“That was cryptic,” Alice said.

“I’m sure it’s nothing,” Alex replied, cheerful as ever.

They entered the performance theatre. It was small, seating only about a hundred or so people. A number of them must have been regulars, for they had clothing with *Magnifico* logos, complete with the classic top hat with his insignia upon them. They were a surprisingly multicultural crowd, and with a fascinating diversity of body types. There were fat people, tall people, skinny people, thin people, short people, people with exaggerated body parts, with overly large lips or breasts or even massive bulges between their legs. The last look lusciously female, a real Marilyn Monroe type, until one saw that bulge. Another waved at the newcomer pair, and both recoiled a moment at the *four* hands that emerged from their modified top to greet them.

“Does that lady have four arms?” Alice whispered, alarmed.

“It’s a magic show honey,” Alex reminded her. “There’s going to be plants, remember?”

Alice soothed herself, and moved them towards the front. She’d made sure to get good seats, otherwise what was the point? They sat down beside a mid-thirties man with midnight black skin that must have been unnatural. He smiled widely.

“New to the show?”

“We are,” Alex answered. “Have you been to this before?”

“Oh, many times,” the man answered. “I have an agreement with the magician now that I’m a regular. I’ve had enough changing, but I enjoy seeing other victims of his. It’s quite a show, trust me!”

The couple exchanged glances at each other.

“His regulars in general seem quite . . . eclectic,” Alice ventured.

The man waved off her comment. “Oh, we’re just in our favoured forms. I myself always wanted skin like the midnight sky, that would light up with stars and constellations. A real spirit of the sky. Others just wanted to look beautiful, or have the parts of a woman or man, or to be granted a pair of wings to fly, or a tail to slither upon. Or in a more mundane fashion, to be another race, or sex, or age. All are acceptable to the regulars. But you newcomers are in for a treat! Who knows what you’ll end up as! That’s why we regulars pay top dollar.”

At this both couples were a little discomfited, and Alice was regretting her purchase. But Alex patted her hand and gave her a light peck on the cheek. “Don’t worry love, it’ll be fun. Our friend here is just having a bit of fun. It’s all part of the performance.”

“That it is,” the oil-skinned man said, chuckling, “that it is.”

Alice sighed. “Okay, we’ll stay. But these tickets better be worth it.”

“Oh, Magnifico’s skills are *beyond* money. But shh, the performance is beginning, look!”

He pointed a hand, and sure enough, the red curtain was parting. The drums played, apparently from a four-armed man that both individuals were certain was just a special effect, and then out stepped the eponymous magician in a black tuxedo with tails, and a top hat. The crowd roared in approval, and he gave a bow. Alex and Alice applauded politely, waiting for something to happen.

It was then that the magician removed his top hat, revealing a rabbit.

“Too typical!” someone yelled.

“Too boring!” came another.

“Why, you’re right!” Magnifico yelled. He was a tall, dark, moustachioed man in the classical magician model. With a twirl of his hat he put the rabbit back in, rotated it, then pulled out a *bunny girl*.

It was impossible. It couldn’t have happened. But there she was. Sliding out of the small dimensions of the top hat was a gorgeously attractive Asian woman in a sexy Playboy costume complete with the ears and fishnet stockings. She spread her arms.

“Helloooooo everyone! Let the real show begin, Magnifico!”

“My assistance Leeta, everyone!” he replied. “Applaud her as well! She’s adjusted well to being human since our last performance, wouldn’t you say?”

The crowd roared, and Leeta giggled attractively, wagging a fake tail on her tush.

“I don’t miss the small size,” she laughed, “but it sure was nice to be cozy in a hat once again!”

There was a small round of laughter, and then Magnifico called for silence.

“Time for my first transformation. First, I must see to my regulars. You wonderfully depraved lot came for my erotic arts, so now it is time to display them! Who wishes to be changed!”

Several people, who in Alex and Alice’s mind were obviously plants, put up their hands. Magnifico chose several to come up, before gesturing for a lean-muscle man to come closer first.

“What magical enhancement do you wish to possess, young man?”

“Well, I love this new body of mine,” he said, “but I’d really love to be more muscular.”

Magnifico laughed. "Never enough, folks! Very well. Abra kadabra alakazam!"

He waved his fingers, pointed his magician's wand, and then before their very eyes the man's musculature increased. His biceps burst through his shirt, his pectoral muscles shredded its front, and his neck muscles bulged. He even appeared to grow taller.

"Alright!" the man said, easily picking up the woman beside him, who shrieked with laughter while he twirled her around.

"Give it up for our first transformee, folks!" Magnifico exclaimed.

The crowd clapped, whistled, cheered. Alex and Alice joined in, though the latter was quite confused.

"That looked far too real," she remarked. "How on earth did he do it?"

"Blow up muscles, maybe? Just enjoy the show," Alex said.

More volunteers of the magician's so-called 'regulars' continued. One woman asked to experience life as a gorgeous African-American woman instead, and was instantly transformed in the middle of a puff of smoke into exactly that, complete with a more curvaceous figure and cute afro hair. The last, another man, looked to be homeless, with a great grey beard and cheap clothing that was obviously tattered. He asked to enjoy life as an upper-middle class office worker for a change. The wizard chuckled, threw a quick divider in front of the man, and then withdrew it, by which point a clean-shaven man with smart glasses who looked to be in his mid-forties stood there, holding a cup of coffee.

"Give it up for them, folks!"

While the crowd cheered, Alex and Alice discussed how such acts could be possible. It didn't seem logical, and yet it had been done.

"I just don't get it," Alex said. "I'll admit it, the black woman threw me. It happened too quickly to make sense. A trap door, maybe?"

"I don't know," Alice replied, creasing her brow, "but I don't like it. There's something . . . off, about this place, don't you think? Maybe we should go elsewhere? The Magnifico guy keeps looking at us."

Alex had noticed that too. The magician had what could only be described as searching, hungry eyes.

"We'll stay for just another couple of tricks, and then head out, how about that?"

"Fine."

The truth was, even if Alex was a little alienated by it, it was still easier to go with the floor and ride it out. But he knew his wife felt differently, so he held her hand as another volunteer was called up. This one was apparently not one of the regulars.

“Who are you, miss?” Magnifico said.

“I’m Sarah,” she said. She was a cute, somewhat androgynous girl with curly brown hair, a pair of thick glasses, and a short stature.

“And you are new to this performance, yes? We’ll, I’ll make sure to excite your senses! What can I do for you, Sarah?”

“Well, um, I know this is just magic and all, and it’s super embarrassing, but . . . I’ve always been flat chested. I thought, maybe if the magic was real, I could maybe have larger breasts?”

Magnifico tweaked his moustache as he grinned. “Why, that sounds *splendid!* Shall I grant this request, or be more inventive, my adoring crowd?”

The crowd began to vote as if this was an ordinary question at such performances. Many, particularly the stranger lot, seemed to want something more ‘inventive.’ But with her cute, adorable status, it was clear there was more than enough sympathy in the room, especially from the women in the crowd. The vote to grant Sarah’s request clearly carried.

“Lucky thing!” Magnifico said with a laugh. “Very well, then! Let’s begin! Abra kadabra alakazam!”

He pointed the wand directly at her breasts, and a small electrical shock passed from its end to Sarah’s chest. She gave a little “eep!” as it occurred, but then there were a few moments of silence.

“Nothing happened,” Alice said, her worries disappearing with this apparent failure of an illusion.

“Wait for it,” the man beside Alex and Alice cautioned. “Here it comes.”

Suddenly Sarah squeaked. Her eyes went wide, and her hands flung up to her chest. To the astonishment of the married couple, though apparently not to the crowd, her boobs began to grow. She moaned, sounding almost like she was being sexually pleased, as her chest grew larger and larger and larger, until she was suddenly the owner of a whopping pair of tits that would be the envy of any woman wanting to get the attention of a man.

“Holy shit,” Alice whispered, “those have to be F-cups or bigger! How the holy hell was she hiding those?”

The top buttons of the shirt popped off, eliciting little gasps from Sarah as a chasm of cleavage was revealed.

“Oh my God! Oh my God! Thank you, thank you! This is amazing! How can I ever thank you!”

“Just buy more tickets next time,” Magnifico said, to the laughter of the crowd. “And don’t worry about having to explain it to any boyfriends or family. Reality is altered so that everyone outside these walls will remember you as they are.”

“Hm, bullshit,” Alice mumbled. She couldn’t quite figure out how the trick was done, but it had to be a trick. Right?

An ecstatic Sarah ran off stage, holding her wobbling tits due to her not being used to them. She was crying tears of joy, and the regulars cheered her on. Once she was out of sight, Magnifico wheeled about, and this time stared pointedly in the direction Alex and Alice.

“More newcomers! How are you enjoying the show?”

“It’s . . . interesting,” Alice said.

“It’s fascinating!” Alex said. “I don’t get how you are pulling off these tricks but it’s incredible!”

“Ah, no trick! Real magic, remember?”

Alex snorted. “I mean, sure. But seriously, I can’t figure it out. It’s incredible. It has me and the missus stumped.”

Magnifico gave a wide grin. “Well, I’ll give you a chance to figure it out. Come on up, my two lovely volunteers!”

“Oh, we don’t -”

“But I insist! I’ll even give you a refund if you can figure out how I do it.”

At that, the bold and assertive Alice leapt to her feet, much to the crowd’s amusement. “I’ll take those odds,” she declared.

“Wonderful! Come on up! May we have your names?”

They gave them, and Magnifico brought them up on stage. Both felt a little nervous, unsure of what was going to happen, especially after what had occurred with Sarah, but Magnifico reassured them.

“It’s just a trick, right?” he whispered, before raising his voice. “So what kind of change would you like to see in your lives, Alex and Alice?”

The two exchanged another quick glance, and Alice naturally went first.

“Well, I’d like to be a little more in shape.”

“And, uh, I guess I’d like to be a bit less stocky,” Alex said, blushing a bit.

The crowd booed. "Not enough!" someone called. But Magnifico hushed them.

"Please, my lovely regulars, just wait. The fun is about to start. We have two simple requests from wonderful newcomers. What say you, shall we give them what they want, or have a little fun with it?"

"Fun with it! Fun with it! FUN WITH IT! FUN WITH IT!"

Soon their voices were a stampede, and Magnifico just shrugged. "They always get like this. But then, it's what they're here for. I change them how they like, but they do so love the spectacle of seeing others changed against their will and thrown into new lives. Well, time to begin."

Wait," Alice said, feeling alarmed. Her heart hammered in her chest. "New lives? What the hell are you talking about?"

But she was interrupted by Magnifico twirling his wand and shouting those classical magic words. "Abra kadabra alakazam!"

Alex gasped as a beam of energy shot from the wand and into his wife's chest. She staggered backwards, and he moved to try to catch her, but by that point Magnifico had pointed the wand at him. The blast caught him dead between the ribs.

"What the - what did you do to us?"

"What the fuck was that!?" Alice spat.

Magnifico adjusted his moustache. "Oh, just a little inventiveness. I hope you don't mind some rather large changes coming your way."

Even as he said it, the changes were coming. Both could feel them. They rose and rose in a series of discomfiting pressures that slowly overtook their bodies.

"A-Alice, I f-feel weird."

"M-me too, Alex. I - OOHHHH!!!"

She cried out as her body began to change in several ways at once. Alex looked on in shock as his wife's curves fell away, her hips shrank, and her softness hardened. She breathed quickly, overwhelmed by the strain of new muscles developing. Her skin itched, and the crowd cheered as it turned from its pale complexion to a rich Mediterranean olive. Her hair darkened, but also shortened, and her facial features rearranged.

"Oh G-God! It's real! Shit! Alex, it's r-real!"

"Alice! Change her back! Chang my wi-NNGHH!!!"

Magnifico's eyes gleamed in enjoyment as Alex began to twist and turn on the spot, himself now overwhelmed by coming changes as well. As his wife bulked up, becoming increasingly muscular and athletic, he bulked *down*, his stocky form thinning. His rib cage compressed, stealing the oxygen out of his lungs for a moment. He was then caught off guard by his waist contracting, followed by his hips spreading outwards. He grunted, clenched his teeth in agony as they spread wider and wider.

"No! Oh G-God!" he cried, and the two transformees briefly froze, shocked by the sound of his voice. It was female. "My voice? What did you do to my voice!?"

Magnifico said nothing, simply gestured to the crowd, which cheered.

"More change! More! MORE!"

"Very well, then!" he responded, flicking his wand and firing more energy at the pair. "Let's see them go. All. The. Way!!!"

Alice cried out as the muscle mass built and built. Her clothing shifted with her, shirt shrinking away so that her torso was bare. Her once-impressive breasts melting back into her chest so that she now had a deeply masculine build. Her legs were also strong, and her skirt reshifted to become a set of tight shorts. A pressure began in her crotch, one that she could not ignore.

"N-no! You have to stop! I'll kill you if you give me a - NNGHH!!"

It *exploded* out of her, stretching the fabric and outlining clearly against it. Alex blinked. Even lost amongst his own changes, his facial features reknitting to become cute and female, he was briefly captivated by the growth of an enormous cock and pair of balls from his wife.

"Alex! You have to help me!" *he* cried in a deep brass voice, now fully male. Hair sprung up over his chest, and his cock hardened automatically, a totally alien feeling for the former woman.

But Alex was having his own problems. The crowd salivated and hollered as his chest swelled out, forming two impressive C-cup breasts. His clothes altered to become a cute housewife's dress, one that his body now fit perfectly due to his spine reducing in height.

"No! I don't want to be a woman!" he cried, but even as he spoke, his voice developed a somewhat thick Asian accent. "What is this? What this!?"

His understanding of English fractured, his mind rearranging. Suddenly, his knowledge of IT skills evaporated like dust before a vacuum cleaner. All his office years were just fuzzy memories without any practical knowledge attached to them. As his skin softened, and began to darken, his mind was filled instead with understanding of washing, cleaning, fixing the toilets, cooking food, and even sexual acts to please a husband.

"Magnifico! This isn't funny. Please, your act is amazing, but it's scaring us. We want to change back."

At least, that was what Alex *tried* to say. His eyes took on the almond shape of a Chinese woman, and his hair became long and black. His penis began to withdraw into his body, even as his skin became a light yellow-brown. By that point his words were instead:

“Magnifico! No funny! Act good, but very scary! Change back, please!”

The crowd laughed at the increasingly womanly figure. Alice tried to help, reaching out with her enlarged and very hair arm to comfort him, but he too was struck by mental changes. The ability to please women became his major skill set, as well as a powerful submissiveness that contrasted his appearance. As if he was being made into some kind of dominated man who existed only to pleasure others and appear like hunky arm candy.

“It’s all w-wrong!” he called, gaining an Italian accent.

Meanwhile, Alex grasped his manhood, whining in an increasingly high voice as it suckered up into his body, to be replaced by a woman’s genitalia. The new *she* bit her lip, squirming in unexpected orgasm at the transition. Makeup was magically applied to her features, and in one final change, her age was seemingly reduced until she could be a day past twenty.

Then, just as fast as the changes had come, they stopped. The crowd gossiped and chatted and laughed and whistled at the two transformed victims standing before them: a tall, 6’2 muscular Italian stallion of a man, his massive cock outlined against his tight shorts, and a gorgeous, delicate-looking Asian housewife type. Both were utterly confused and horrified.

“Please change back!” Alex pleaded.

“You’ll change us back or I’ll damn well clobber you!” Alice said, voice booming.

But the crowd just gave a mocking “OOOOOOHH!” and Magnifico himself just shrugged nonchalantly.

“I wouldn’t give threats, unless you wish to live our days as a piranha in the waters of Brazil,” he declared. “But worry not, for your new lives await you! You have pleased my regulars. As I said, they do so enjoy seeing newcomers transformed. Some who enter my show become winners, but otherwise, like yourselves, will simply have to enjoy the ‘erotic’ new lives I will award you.

“Alice, you are now *Lorenzo*, an Italian man of impressive strength and sexual vitality. As you can probably tell, I have reduced your intelligence greatly, but don’t be too sad: your ability to fuck and fuck well is greatly enhanced. In fact, you simply need a circle of women to share you around at their pleasure, and you will feel compelled to obey their every sexual whim like the male bimbo you’ve become.”

The former female gasped, but couldn’t think of anything to do. He tried to summon his previous assertiveness, but it failed him.

“And you, Alex,” Magnifico continued, “will now be *Jing*, a gorgeous and very submissive housewife who is always making herself ‘ready’ for her husband. You will cook his meals, make his bed, clean his house, and polish his ‘knobs’, if you know what I mean. Now you can see what life is like outside of work, and enjoy some stay at home time like your wife once did.”

The former male whimpered, her mind altering so that ‘Jing’ sounded just like the perfect name for her. Already, she was becoming horny at the idea of a husband, as horrific as that sounded to her.

“And as a final gift to the both of you, the world outside will never remember your old lives, only your new ones! You will never be able to speak of this change, or act out of character. You can enjoy life in your new bodies, forced to either willingly participate in your new roles, or forced to watch as your body acts it out for you anyway. Does this please the crowd?”

The crowd was pleased indeed: they roared with approval, calling out Magnifico’s name. And the loving couple could only look to one another and weep, hopeful that the magician’s words were not true. But then they were rushed to the exit by the regulars, pushed into their new lives before they could say another word to one another.

If they even could.

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It was over a year later when Alex and Alice, now Jing and Lorenzo, crossed paths again, walking down the street outside the area where the erotic magic show was still located. During that time, both had been forced to become resigned to their new lives. Jing was married to a western man with a thing for Asian women, and who at least took care of her. Of course, she took care of him: she cleaned, washed, fixed, maintained, and generally kept the house in working order, all while dressing up and putting on makeup so that she looked to be the perfect submissive housewife. He didn’t want her to work, and liked her cute accent, and was very, *very* libidinous. To her utter humiliation, she was fucked by him at least once a day, often more than that, and her submissive and needy body craved every moment of being filled with his huge cock. Always, she gasped in a high voice as it entered her, and she couldn’t help but dip into Mandarin as she spoke about how much she needed him to cum inside her.

The fact that she was now very pregnant with their first - but certainly not their last - baby was evidence of this. She’d gone from an easygoing, stockily-built hard worker in the office to a submissive housewife who was having to manage and care for everything with prim professionalism, all while receiving her husband whenever he desired.

Lorenzo, on the other hand, belonged to a group of women numbering around six. Most were in their thirties, but a couple were in their forties as well, while he was quite young. They craved his hunky good looks and incredible stamina, and always kept him ‘on-call’ whenever husbands or boyfriends were away, if they had any at the time. When they went out, they always took Lorenzo with them, making bets and games to see who would take him home. He submitted to this, the once take-charge woman now effectively a piece of boytoy armcandy to these women,

to fuck and be fucked. He was addicted to it, and the rush of spending his seed inside them was like nothing else, much to his shame. He didn't even have a place to live: he relied on his 'benefactors' to give him a place to crash, in exchange for fucking them.

And so it was that the two former lovers, former married partners passed each other on the street. Jing waddled, continually humiliated by her body, and rubbing her active belly. Lorenzo strode, surrounded by giggling women he couldn't stand but was endlessly attracted to. For a moment they almost didn't recognise each other, but as they passed there was a flicker of understanding that passed between them. A deep longing to have again what was lost.

But then Jing's husband took her hand, helping her to the car so that he could take her home and have some fun. And Lorenzo's women pulled him further up the street, off on another escapade.

And then they were gone out of each other's lives for good this time. *Magnifico's Erotic Magical Mastery* remained, its neon sign still buzzing.

**The End**