

# **COLLAB: Stop Thinking About Women! (Man to Trophy Wife TGRC)**

## **A Collaboration with TheSpiralledEye**

**By FoxFaceStories & TheSpiralledEye**

*Alan is a hardworking corporate man trying to advance his career. Jason is a lazy nepo hire, riding on good looks to get laid. It's a match made in hell when the pair must go on a work trip, but when a strange purple lightning storm hits them, Jason finds himself changing bit by bit into a woman whenever Alan is attracted to a woman he sees. Can Alan stop thinking about women?*

### **Stop Thinking About Women!**

The office was empty, and Alan had work to do, files to fill, and paperwork to pass forward. Or at least he would have been doing all that, if it weren't for the fact that Brianna Hartsmith was indicating for him to follow her into her office. Her golden hair framed her beautiful face, and her figure was wonderfully encased in a tight white blouse and even tighter grey pencil skirt.

"Come here, Alan," she purred. "I need to . . . see you about something."

Alan stood up. "Y-yeah, of course," he said, following her in and closing the door.

"What can I help you with?"

Brianna swept all the items off of her desk and then ripped open her blouse, sending her buttons everywhere. Her breasts were pert and beautiful, her skin soft and pale.

"You can help me by taking me right here on the desk, you handsome hunk!" she declared.

Alan paused only for a moment. "Okay!" he declared, full of nervous excitement. He embraced her, making out with her, feeling her wonderful orbs and removing his own shirt. She sat up on the desk, aching for him, her hands on his shoulders.

"Take me!" she declared. "I've always wanted you, Alan. You were always overlooked! Always destined for greater things! Make your boss happy. Take what you deserve, you sexy nerd!"

But before he could, the door slammed open. To Alan's shock, another woman stepped in. This one had dark skin and a butt that was barely contained by her tight suit pants. Her loose afro bounced with every step, as did her backside.

"Hold on just a second, Brianna!" she declared. "You may not recognise me, Alan, but I've been watching you. I'm Deanne from security, and I need *you* to make *me* feel secure!"

Alan swallowed. Brianna was beautiful, but something about this woman's perfect mocha skin and gloriously full lips turned him on even more, not to mention that terrific derriere.

"Hold that thought," he said to Brianna. "I'll be right back."

He kissed Deanne, but then he was wrenched away just as he was squeezing her ass, right into the arms of Bianca Drysdale, his own neighbour and local florist!

"Bianca, what are you doing here?"

She was in her cute colourful overalls, her smile wide, her red hair flowing, her Latina features pretty even beneath the fluorescent lighting. When she spoke, her accent was gorgeous.

"I just couldn't resist you any longer, Alan!" she declared. "I had to follow you to work! I'm sick of not being with you! I left my husband, and I told him I only want to be with you. He understands!"

Now he was making out with her, caressing her wide hips and kissing her lips. Deanne got back in, followed by a jealous Brianna, but soon another woman made her entrance; it was a woman he hadn't seen in years, a colleague from a past job when he was a teenager. Jun Li had very pretty almond eyes and a small smattering of freckles, and her Chinese features were exotic to him, or at least they had been. But this woman hadn't aged, and in fact looked to be mid-twenties!

"Miss Li, how is this possible?"

"I'm from the best timeline, Alan! The one where you deserve me at my prime breeding age! Put a baby in me, and I'll be your wife! I'll wear that thing you always imagined me in. Mhmm, yes?"

Alan exhaled, barely able to believe his luck. The thought of getting this woman pregnant, in her prime! It was just too good.

"Gather round, ladies," he announced. "We'll do this one at a time!"

But it was Miss Li he wanted most, this heightened version of her. Something about Asian women just really turned him on, and while the other girls all showed frustration at not being his first, he knew what he needed.

"Come here, you," he announced. "And I'll put a baby in you."

She licked her lips, and then she was on him. He pressed her up against the wall, using unbelievable strength he'd never possessed to do so. Alan hiked up Jun's skirt, pulling down her panties.

"Ohhhh, stop," she said. "Stop turning me on so much!"

"I can't help but be your dream guy," he told her, inserting his hard cock - all seventeen inches of it inside her. "You know you want this."

She gasped, wailing. "Yesss, I do! Ohhhh, stop!"

He pumped into her. "Stop turning you on?"

"No, s-stop! Stop thinking these things?"

"That I want you, Miss Li? That I'm going to suck on your beautiful breasts?"

She moaned, and he thrust again. Her body was perfect, and the other women cheered from the sidelines, eagerly awaiting their turn.

"Stop Alan, stop thinking . . . stop thinking . . ."

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A hand smacked Alan upside the ear, waking him instantly at his work desk.

"Wha - what's happening!?"

His work colleague Jason was beside him, a big shit-eating grin on his face.

"Dude, stop thinking about women! You fell asleep at your desk and here I arrive to hear you fantasising about something downright *naughty!*"

Alan blushed a deep shade of red. God, of course it was a dream. In what reality did any of that make sense? Not to mention how the women had lusted after him. Him! He blinked several times, trying to think of ways to change the subject.

"Are you working late too, Jason? What - what time is it?"

The handsome blonde-haired man laughed, rolling his baby blue eyes. "The time is seven thirty in the morning, your overworked chump. I'm just in early because my uncle is coming around today, and he's an early riser. Gotta make a good impression, right? You know, and stop my coworkers from making a fool of themselves thinking about getting their cocks sucked off by hot Asian chicks."

"I wasn't - that wasn't what I was dreaming about!"

Jason just shrugged, still grinning. "Hey man, whatever gets you off . . . with Miss Li."

Alan put his head in his hands. "God, I can't believe this. Please be a nightmare. I just meant to do a few hours after work finished to settle some things. You're telling me I slept here?"

Another shrug. "Hey man, I go home as soon as I can slip out. Once I managed not to turn up at all and I still got my paycheck. It's not like we're actually doing anything important here, right?"

Alan groaned again. This was an old argument between the pair, and yet another thing that kept Jason a work *colleague* rather than a work *friend*. Embarrassing overnight harem fantasy aside, Alan was a damn hard worker and always had been. He'd been born with little and given few privileges in life, not even particularly good looks. He wasn't ugly by any means, but he had a kind of average, plain, brown-haired nebbish guy look about him, right down to his glasses and slightly lanky body shape. He dreamed of working his way up

the corporate ladder, but he was already twenty seven and worried he would never get noticed, despite all his extra hard work.

Meanwhile, Jason had been given everything, born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He was tall, with good looks and an attractive jawline, and perfect blond hair that always managed to look like he'd just got out of bed, but in an attractive sort of way. His uncle was the owner of the company they both worked out, which was a consulting firm. And, as a result of both of these facts, he was able to work far less than anyone, and have more time to go to clubs and pick up chicks. To say that Alan was jealous of him would be an understatement: he found Jason utterly frustrating, even when he was friendly.

"So, what's it today, man? Lots of calls, lots of fees, lots of accounting, all that jazz?"

Alan sighed. "You don't even know what we do here, do you?"

Jason shrugged. He grabbed a football from his desk and tossed it up into the air and back to himself. "Eh, I'm basically unfirable. You should try it."

"I'll make sure to work at a company my uncle owns, next time."

Jason chuckled. "That's the spirit, champ! Hey, I think Brianna wants you."

Alan looked up, and sure enough his rather attractive boss was beckoning him forward. It was just like his dream . . . only it was completely devoid of any sexual connotations. She looked like she was in a rush.

"Try not to ask for a blowjob," Jason teased with a wink.

Alan just wanted to die. He followed Brianna and sat down when she offered him a chair. She had her laptop open.

"Alan, you've been doing good things for the company," she said. "And we want to reward you with an opportunity. How would you feel about representing us at the Business Con interstate? You'd just have to make a short presentation, no more than ten minutes. Put some flash in it, generate some buzz. Show off what our company has been innovating in our approach to clients, tell some success stories, the works."

Alan nearly gasped. "S-sure! Yes, I'd love to! I've always wanted to do more for the company."

"Relax!" she said. "Save it for the crowd, Alan. But that energy is what we want; the kind that goes above and beyond. There'll be a few dinners, and I can promise you a real good hotel stay. All at the company's expense, of course."

"Wow."

"Yeah, I'd go myself, but I have a prior commitment in Europe. There's just one catch."

And there went the other shoe. Something in Alan's gut clenched. "I have to take *him*, don't I?"

Brianna winced. "Yeah, I'm afraid to. Sorry, but that one comes from the top. His uncle-

"Owns the company. Yeah, I know."

"Well, in that case, you understand why he's also been chosen."

Alan made the connection almost immediately. "And I've been chosen because I can reign him in, haven't I? Because I share his desk."

"No, we chose you for your professional skill . . . and that other thing. Look, just stop him from getting drunk, from hitting on some executive's wife, or anything else stupid. Got it?"

Alan withheld a sigh. This was a good opportunity. He could prove himself. And besides, Jason wouldn't be that bad, would he?"

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"Dude, how was I supposed to know that the flight left at eleven?"

Alan sneered as he drove through the wet weather of the traffic.

"Because I *told* you, numerous times, Jason! I sent you the itinerary. I even sent you a reminder message."

"Yeah, well, you should have called me."

"I did! You didn't answer for some reason!"

At this, Jason smirked beside him in the passenger seat. "Oh yeah. Well, that was because I was fucking this really hot Russian influencer. No, I'm serious. She's here on holiday and she had the hottest fucking accent, and I won't lie man, she had a nice pair of melons on her chest, even if they were fake. I don't suppose you dream about Russian mail-order brides, do you?"

"No. I don't."

"Just Miss Li."

"Hey, don't mock me. You're the reason we're late."

"Worth it," he said, with a shit-eating grin on his features.

Alan focused on the highway. He was driving faster than he should have, but he needed to. The weather meant the following flights to the Business Con were cancelled, so a road trip was necessary. If they were fast, they could even make the same-day hotel booking and not miss out. Ugh, he was so annoyed. He'd been hoping to go down to the casino bar and maybe even shoot his shot if he saw a nice woman there. It was too long since he'd had a decent date . . .

"Jeez, this storm is growing," Jason said. "I hope you're not a shitty driver. It'd suck if we couldn't make it."

Alan gripped the wheel tighter, but Jason continued to talk.

“Ah well, not the worst, right? Can always find a ritzy resort another day.”

“*You can*,” Alan whispered beneath his breath.

“Besides, they can’t fire us.”

“They can’t fire *you*.”

Jason was about to say something when he suddenly paused. “What does that mean?”

Alan continued down the highway, careful of the rain now pelting down.

“It means that I don’t have the luxury that you have. I have to work hard, Jason. I have to stay on top of things. I have to exhaust myself working late nights, while you can rest on the laurels of your uncle and not care.”

Jason made a “Pfffft,” sound, as if the argument didn’t convince him. “Hey man, this isn’t my fault.”

“All of this is your fault!”

“You just need to get laid. When we get to the hotel, I’ll play wingman for ya. Find a nice hot girl that reminds you of that Miss Li you were dreaming about. That’ll take the edge off of you. Clearly, you’ve got women on the bra-”

***BWOOOOM!!!***

Lightning flashed, bright purple and unnatural. It arced down onto the road just in front of them, sending out forks of bright violet electricity. The pair in the car screamed as jolts of lightning cascaded across the car. Alan immediately hit the brakes as the car was hit by beam after beam of electricity, and the car slid along the road, skidding in a three-hundred and sixty degree spin as Jason reached over to ‘helpfully’ yank the wheel.

***“BWWOOOOOMMMMM!!!”***

***“AAAGHHH!!”***

They screamed as another lightning of that same purple colour shot from the sky. This time it hit their car directly. The interior glowed, and both men squeezed their eyes shut, terrified that this was the end. Instead, jolts of electricity bounced out again, and they opened their eyes long enough to see it moving chaotically like no electricity should. It coursed through the interior of the vehicle, and then *into* Jason, who screeched in horror as the electricity literally left him glowing from the inside out. Then, a single jolt short forth and hit Alan square in the head, flashing through his brain. He let loose a “Yeowww!” and grabbed his head, gasping at the strange sensations. Images of beautiful women ran through his mind, and for some reason they centred on his boss Brianna and her lovely arched eyebrows, full of expression.

The car finally skidded to a stop, and the lightning effect ended. The rain resumed immediately after. No more thunder was heard in the fearful moments that followed. Both men checked over themselves and found nothing wrong.

“That was fucking crazy,” Jason said. “Holy shit, we just got hit by lightning, dude!”

“We need to go to the hospital,” Alan said.

“Dude, we survived!”

“And we could drop dead of some side effect. We’re going to the hospital.”

Jason harrumphed. “I thought *you* were the one who wanted to get there fast?”

“Not at the expense of my health!” Alan said. He put the car back onto the road, being extra careful with his driving. “We’re getting checked out now, and stop looking so surprised.”

Jason frowned. “I’m not surprised, just annoyed.”

“Oh,” Alan said. “Sorry, it’s just . . . your eyebrows. Nevermind.”

He began driving, looking for the offramp to get to the hospital, and annoyed at everything that had happened. Still, it really did look like Jason’s eyebrows had changed shape. Probably singed a bit by the electricity.

The funniest part is that they kinda looked like Brianna’s eyebrows.

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They were discharged from the hospital a couple of hours later, having had a number of tests but being in perfect health. Both were frustrated, but Jason even more so.

“Waste of fucking time,” he moaned. “And now we’re gonna be even later. All I got were these singed fucking eyebrows from that lightning strike. Jesus, they better grow back. They look girly.”

Alan smirked at this. They were walking down the corridor to head to the exit, and while he desperately wanted to get the show on the road again, at least he had the consolation that his arrogant coworker was a little emasculated. He just couldn’t wait to be rid of him.

“Just be grateful you didn’t lose all your hair,” he said. “Or end up burned or something.”

“Mhmm, speaking of *hot*, check out the lovely blonde coming this way.”

Alan looked up, and noticed that Jason was indicating a rather cute nurse heading in the opposite direction. She was quite short and petite, and had a very pretty face and light blonde hair.

“Hello nurse!” Jason called before Alan could stop him. “Where were you when I was getting treated?”

She gave a polite smile and tried to move past them.

"If I go injure myself deliberately, can I request you?"

"I've got places to be," she said sternly, heading past them.

"A shame! I love a sexy nurse!"

Alan was horrified. When they got in the car, he finally had to say something. "What the fuck was that?"

Jason just tapped him on the chest. "Please, like you weren't thinking about her. Look at her; I love a girl at that height. Short and sweet, and with an ass that won't quit. Tell me you're not thinking about that."

Alan rolled his eyes. "Obviously not."

They were silent for nearly an hour, by which time they were well out of the city. Alan was still fuming at Jason's actions, but as the country scenery began to bore him, he couldn't stop thinking about the nurse. He would never have shamed her, but she really was cute. And Jason was right about her height; just perfect. Not tiny, but definitely shorter, and he rather liked her blonde hair, particularly styled as-

"What the fuck!?"

Alan was getting back to the highway when he noticed what his coworker was shocked by: a purple electric current was running through him. Alan gasped; there was literally a coil of purple lightning shooting from him into Jason. It lasted less than a second, but it nearly made him crash the car until he corrected himself.

"What just happened?"

"I don't know, dude. But that purple lightning just came out of you and hit me!"

"What!?"

"I'm telling you - nnggh! What the - ahghh! S-something's happening to m-meeee!"

Jason cringed. Alan had to keep his eyes on the road, but he kept looking over and seeing something alarming: his coworker was *shrinking*. He was literally getting smaller. His shoulders pulled in, and his arms shortened, followed by his legs. He squirmed, writhing in response to this strange compacting of his frame, but then his hair began to change as well.

"What the f-fuck!? My hair! Make it stop!"

It grew out, turning a lighter, brighter shade of blonde and falling down until it hit his shoulders, where it finally rested. Then it was pulled back up into a small ponytail. With a shock, Alan realised that this was exactly the same haircut as the nurse from an hour ago.

He pulled the car onto the side of the road and Jason literally jumped out of the door after opening it, though he tripped over his own feet as if he wasn't sure how to use his changed frame. The weirdest part was that this clothing still fit him; it was like they had shrunk too. The changed man felt his hair and patted over his body.

"Am I dying? Am I ill? Alan, hurry up and goddam help me here!"

Alan switched off the ignition and moved to Jason's side. The weather was getting better, and it wasn't even midday yet, so it was easy to take in the scope of his coworker's changes.

"Uh, Jason, you've lost several inches of height. You're shorter than me now."

"I know that already! I feel like a goddamn midget! What's up with my hair? This isn't natural, dude! Hair doesn't just grow like this."

Alan coughed. "Um, it's the exact same hair as that nurse. You know, the one you hit on."

"Yeah, sure man. I need to get back to that fucking hospital."

"No, I mean it, Jason. It's the same hair! You're the same height as her now as well!"

Jason paused. He ignored the passing cars and looked at his reflection in the window of their vehicle.

"The fuck!? This is crazy. This is insane. There's no way this is real. Did you put drugs in my water bottle?"

"What? No! Of course not!"

"Turn the car around."

"I think the next town over is closer by this point."

"Fine, then drive extra fast! Hurry up, dude! I don't deserve this. If you don't get me there I'll get you fucking fired."

Confused and now threatened, Alan got in the car. He continued to drive, going just a little over the speed limit. Jason continued to fuss over his appearance, wanting to cut his hair. He had to adjust his seatbelt several times, as well as the seat itself.

"How the hell did my clothes change?" he muttered.

Alan chose not to engage. He focused on the road. Another half an hour and they'd be at Mortonville, which had its own medical facility. This whole trip was a disaster, and now it had taken a detour into the supernatural, and it was worrying him. He tried not to think about it, and kept his thoughts on what was ahead, such as the pair of hitchhikers trying to flag them down for a ride. Alan gave an apologetic wave, but he couldn't help but notice the female of the pair. She had a really nice pair of legs; long and bare and moving in such a way that they made her hips *rock*. They were the kind of legs he often fantasised about a potential girlfriend having, and this hitchhiker clearly knew how to show them off!

A sudden jolt passed from Alan to Jason, a nearly invisible purple electric arc that Alan spotted out of his periphery. Jason yelped, and then:

"Ngh! No way! No fucking way!"

Alan passed the hitchhikers, but took in the sight of his coworker briefly as he drove. It took him a few moments to realise what new insanity was unfolding for Jason, but then he realised: his trousers were shrinking! They were literally folding back and turning into a pair

of denim shorts, just like the hitchhiker woman was wearing. More than that, his legs now looked very, *very* feminine. They were completely smooth and hairless, with a nice thickness to his thighs but not particularly muscular. Alan couldn't see down past the man's knees, but he could imagine that Jason's calves and feet had probably changed too.

"Now my goddamn legs are changing, too!" he cried. "Oh my God, they look like girlie legs! My feet are falling out of my shoes, dude! And I'm wearing fucking denim *shorts!* How the fuck is this happening? This is some supernatural shit!"

Alan found a space to pull over. Yet again, Jason got out of the car and looked himself over. But as he walked, he couldn't help but walk in a feminine manner; one foot directly in front of the other, his hips swaying more than they should. He appeared like he was parodying womanhood, but he couldn't stop.

"God, I'm even walking differently! Dude, what's causing this? It has to be that weird-as-shit purple lightning, right?"

Alan was forced to agree. "Um, it's the only thing that makes sense, right?"

"Shit, shit! This is so wrong. I'm short, and my hair is long, and now I'm walking like a woman with lady legs. What kind of storm does that? Get back in the car, man. New plan, forget the Business Con. You need to get me to that medical centre. Hurry up!"

"Of course," Alan said. They got back in the car and sped off, this time definitely going over the speed limit.

But the hard working man's thoughts kept revolving around something very peculiar. It was only after he had thought about the female hitchhiker's legs that Jason suddenly gained a pair just like them.

What was up with *that*?

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Alan sat in the waiting bay of the Mortonville Medical Centre. Part of him was still anxious to continue this road trip. The Business Con presentation could be a real opportunity for advancement for himself. Yes, he wanted Jason back to normal, obviously, but it was frustrating to think that yet again the lazy, entitled, nepo hire had managed to delay him once again. He sighed and continued searching on his phone for anything about the purple lightning, but could only find posts on random message boards and Reddit about weird conspiracy theories: how the purple lightning often linked people, changed people, changed reality. There were very few comments, and it seemed more like a writing exercise in his opinion. But one part of that did seem to connect.

"Links two people . . . causes reality to change . . ."

He looked up, thinking. Opposite him were a number of other patients waiting, including an elderly couple and a small child with his young mother. Alan tried not to look, but the woman was wearing a rather tight top that emphasised her chest. It wasn't a massive chest or anything, but they were a set of nice boobs, and more than usual Alan found his thoughts sliding towards such a sight.

He only halted himself when Jason suddenly burst through the door of the doctor's office, shouting angrily.

"You should have your license revoked! This shitty small town is gonna get what's coming to it! You're all nothing, you hear!? Less than worthless!"

He passed Alan.

"Let's get out of here. The doctors here are crazy, dude."

Alan moved to follow him, his gaze lingering on the woman just briefly. "What? Jason, what happened?"

Jason was fuming, and his emotions were clearly tumbling, because tears were forming in his eyes as he stormed to the parking lot. He wiped them away quickly and with some clear embarrassment.

"They said I've always been this way, those fuckers! They brought up my medical history and everything! Some disorder with my legs meant they developed differently. They even asked for my ID, and look at this shit."

He held it up. To Alan's shock, it had Jason's *new* height measurements listed on it, and his photo had him with his hair long and blonde and very lovely, framed in a feminine manner around his face.

"Oh my God. It's like reality has changed."

"And they weren't listening to me. Bunch of hacks. C'mon, we're heading back."

Alan paused. "What?"

"Dude, we're going back. No way can I go to the Business Con like this. We need to figure this shit out. I don't know why I'm even changing. Why can't it be you?"

Alan's jaw dropped. "Excuse me?"

"C'mon man, you know what I mean. I've got a real damn future ahead of me. My uncle's told me about it. You admitted yourself that you're going nowhere."

"I said I was *trying* to go somewhere, and that I was struggling more because I don't have your advantages."

"Yeah, well I don't have advantages now, do I!? We need to sort out this purple lightning shit, and you're driving because my fucking lady legs are acting all weird and making me sway my hips and I don't trust them."

"Look, we can get you care when we arrive, and I can do the presentation alone. Jason, I need this for my career. We're over halfway there anyway, and-"

“Screw your career, man!”

Jason said it with such force that Alan had to pause.

“Do you really mean that?”

Jason scowled, and folded his arms across his chest. He said nothing.

“You know, when I looked up the purple lightning on my phone, I couldn’t find out much, but there were a few online message posts about it.”

Jason’s demeanour changed. “What - what did you find? Dude, spill!”

“I found out that it may link two people, and cause reality changes. I don’t know what the catalyst is, but I think I may have an idea.”

“Then tell me!”

“Will you come to the Business Con?”

“Fuck off. If you don’t tell me I’ll just have my uncle fire you. How about that?”

“Then perhaps I’ll *show* you what I think might be causing it.”

After all, Alan had been thinking about that petite nurse when Jason changed, and again about the hitchhiker when the second change happened. He closed his eyes, focused, and thought about the pretty lady inside. Specifically, he focused on her pert breasts and the tight top she was wearing. He imagined them as really sensitive and-

A jolt passed from him into Jason.

“Gah! What the hell! Stop it, man! STOP!”

Alan opened his eyes and saw exactly what he expected. Jason was staggering backwards against Alan’s car, cupping his chest as two mounds began to grow there. He groaned, almost drooling from the unexpected sensitivity of two plump breasts growing outwards. A bra manifested beneath his shirt, cupping them upwards and showing off a thin line of cleavage as they reached their fullness. Jason’s shirt warbled and shifted, becoming a pale green shirt that pulled tight against his figure. Alan hadn’t even realised it, but he’d also been thinking about the woman’s petite waist, and now Jason grunted as it sort of *pinched* in visibly.

“Holy hell,” he said, looking at Jason. The man now had a somewhat feminine build, and a pair of obvious breasts cupped by a bra. The other man was gaping at them, looking down and poking and prodding his breasts, clearly terrified and utterly humiliated by what had just happened.

“Did - did you just give me fucking *boobs!*?” Jason said.

Guilt filled Alan immediately. What had he been thinking?

“Um, I think I figured out the trigger, dude. You’re not going to like it . . .”

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Jason pouted. It was, unfortunately for him, a rather pretty pout, on account of his full and feminine lips. He was still looking down at his new tits, which were, according to his bra, apparently a solid C-cup. They bounced when Alan hit a pothole, and the man whined at this.

“Drive more steadily! These fucking things wobble, dude!”

“Sorry! I’m trying to get there quickly.”

“I can’t believe I have to come with you. This shit is so unfair. You’ve given me tits! You absolute asshole.”

“I told you a hundred times I’m sorry. I went too far. There was this kind of . . . pull to think about that lady inside.”

“And I’m the one with boobs? Christ, why are they so fucking sensitive? My nips feel huge and they won’t stop going all hard!”

Alan blushed and decided to omit that he’d been thinking about super *sensitive* tits when Jason changed.

“Like I said, I’m sorry. I’m doing my best not to think about women, okay?”

“See that you do, dude. I am not changing any further. I still can’t believe you gave me these lips. I look like a metrosexual or something.”

“That one *wasn’t* my fault. You literally tried to drive away from me. You stole my car!”

“To break the link, man! To get away from you!”

“Well, that backfired, didn’t it?”

It had, supremely so, in fact. Jason had taken off in the car, leaving Alan behind. But the moment he was out of sight of Alan, something strange happened: both men were hit by a jolt of purple electricity that seemed to vibrate from within them. They could feel it; a strong tether. Alan had gasped, and his mind *raged* with attraction, imagining beautiful women. Jason, in turn, had felt that connection, and found himself changing in response to Alan’s thoughts. Luckily, he’d actually acted intelligently for once, and turned the car around. But it hadn’t stopped Alan from thinking about a couple of things first.

The first was a pair of lovely, kissable lips which now adorned Jason’s face, as well as retroactively affecting his ID and even the photos on his phone.

The second was about a petite set of arms with dainty hands with feminine nails, which he literally found he couldn’t bite nervously as was his usual habit, or even chip away at. When he tried, he just examined them in a feminine fashion as Alan had imagined. Suffice to say, he was greatly irritated over this.

Thankfully, Alan had managed *not* to think about more impressive curves, or, as Jason feared most of all, a sexy wet pussy. But still, the evidence was obvious. Somehow, the reality-changing purple lightning had tethered the two together. If Jason wandered too far from Alan, or even tried to impeded their journey to Business Con (Alan had given in and

decided to drive Jason back, only to result in him getting longer hair), he would change further as Alan's mind became aroused by images of sexual attraction.

So, their course was set. Somehow, Alan's desires took priority. He wanted to go to business con, so they would. He occasionally thought about beautiful women, and that would make Jason's body change. It was a nightmare for the nepo hire, and he complained indignantly the whole time.

"This sucks. This fucking sucks. You better not think about hot women. I don't want a huge set of tits or a pussy or a big ass or anything! We're gonna wait this out until it fades away."

Alan grimaced, focusing on the road. "Dude, maybe *don't* talk about hot women or body parts at all, and I'll try not to think about them, okay?"

Jason paled. "Oh, shit. Yeah. Of course."

"And stop playing with your tits, for God's sake."

Jason gulped. "S-sure. Fuck. This is so damn screwed up. I am *not* becoming your dream woman."

Alan put on the radio and listened to some old-timey songs. He couldn't listen to pop stuff - too much sexual content that might make his mind go elsewhere. They were still hours away from their destination, but he managed to keep his mind under control. The weather was warm and lovely by the time they crossed state lines, and he hadn't seen anything that might alter things further.

But then his stomach began to growl.

So did Jason's.

Both had skipped lunch, and the need to eat was growing. Soon, it was unbearable.

"Dude, just find a frickin' diner and pull over."

One soon presented itself. Alan cautiously parked outside it, then looked to Jason.

"What?" the man said. "You think I'm going out looking like this? Fuck no!"

Alan sighed. "I don't think anyone will think you're too out of place, what with the reality changes and all."

"I am not showing off the fact that I've got tits. Just get in there, get us some burgers, and get out. Seriously, it's not that hard. I'll actually get my uncle to fire you if you can't do this. I'm serious."

Alan narrowed his eyes. "You need to stop playing that card."

"Whatever."

"You're acting entitled."

"Dude, I've got bigger problems than your hard working sob story. Just get me a damn burger here."

Alan left the car, trying not to hate Jason. He had to remind himself that the man was panicking. But, like so many people who lived entitled, easy lives, he was perfectly willing to take his miseries out on someone else just to make himself feel better.

The burgers were annoyingly expensive, and reminded Alan that he really, really wanted to get a raise so that simply buying burgers and fries didn't make him self-conscious about his wallet. There was a delay, so he waited at one of the booths. Outside, he could see Jason in the car, tapping his watch deliberately as if to hurry Alan up.

"Yeah, well, if you hadn't been fucking a Russian influencer, none of this would have happened," Alan muttered to himself, aware that his coworker wouldn't be able to hear him.

"Hey, doll! Two burgers, right?"

Alan looked up, and immediately his eyes went wide.

"Oh no," he said, as he took in the waitress who was serving him. She was perhaps in her late thirties, but she had a *dynamite* figure, with wide hips and a nice chest, definitely bigger than the woman from the Mortonville Medical Centre. She had a kind sparkle in her eyes, and clearly knew she had a good body because of the way she leaned forward.

"To take away, right?"

"Y-yes! Thanks!"

Alan grabbed the two bags as quickly as possible and ran away even as the woman tried to offer a coffee on the house.

"Don't think about those hips, don't think about those hips, don't think about those hips and boobs and-"

A sudden jolt, and a streak of purple that extended through the car door he'd just reached and into the interior. The car horn sounded several times, and he knew that he'd failed. He was already semi-aroused by the woman's dimensions, and was imagining them on a woman in her mid-twenties, around his age. Unfortunately, that meant Jason was now on the receiving end of such an image.

"You've got to be f-fucking kidding me!" Jason cried as Alan opened the door. The man was changing further, and this time he was staggering out of the car in mid-change, trying to get away from Alan despite the futility of the action.

"Stop thinking about women! I told you to stop - nghhh! - thinking about - ahhh! - women!"

His hips audibly groaned as they widened, and his chest bloomed further, growing a whole cup size until he had what could only be a lovely pair of D-cups, if not Double-D's. They produced a lovely line of cleavage now, and because Alan's thoughts were still on how the woman had her top buttons undone, now Jason's shirt changed to a button shirt, with the same amount of buttons undone. It nearly exposed part of his changed bra - nearly - but it certainly showed off his now-big boobs.

“No! I am not showing off these t-titties!”

Jason moved his dainty feminine hands to do up the buttons, but it was like some invisible force was preventing him from doing so. He literally couldn't do up the top buttons, and in the end he gave up with a growl of defiance.

“I can't do it! I literally can't not show off these boobs!” He glared at Alan. “You fucker! You did this on purpose!”

“I didn't! The purple lightning - it's got me thinking all horny, and there was this hot waitress, and - you should have gone in yourself!”

Jason crossed his arms, then bit his full lip; he'd accidentally cupped them upwards and shown off more cleavage. Someone whistled from the parking lot.

“A shame about the face, lady, because the rest of you got a real fine body!”

“I'm a fucking man, dickhead!” Jason shouted, putting up a middle finger.

“Until you spoke, coulda fooled me. Nice tits, *man!*”

The strangers kept on walking, giggling to themselves. Jason continued to glare. His hips were now very feminine, and something about that made Alan think about them being 'childbearing' hips. He stopped that thought before he took it to its natural conclusion; he knew that someday he wanted kids, but he didn't want them with Jason. No way.

“Let's just eat and keep driving,” Jason said, fuming. “And don't you dare think about women again.”

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Jason groaned as his ass ballooned. Alan had an up-close view of it, and it was making him hard in his pants. He had to quickly correct his 'gentleman's posture' so that he wasn't obviously erect.

“Don't give me a huge ass! I said d-don't give me a huge ass!”

“And when you ask someone not to think about a purple elephant, they think about a purple elephant! I'm not taking the blame for this; you were the one that insisted we listened to *Fat-Bottomed Girls*.”

“It's a classic - mmmhm! - classic! I didn't think you'd start imagine - ohhhh! Why is it s-so sensitive? Fuuuuuck.”

Alan grimaced. He was thinking of a nice peachy ass that would be highly sensitive to the touch. They had stopped again, this time a bathroom stop. There were no sexy waitresses at least, but there *had* been a jukebox. Jason had insisted on playing a song while he waited his turn for the bathroom, and now everyone was looking at him.

“Stop looking at me!” he cried.

“Is she growing a huge ass or is it just me?” a man at a booth asked.

“It’s a condition!” Alan answered quickly. “Um, he’s allergic. I’ve got to get him to a car.”

“And I’m not a sh-she!” Jason growled as they walked back to the car, his hips swaying ever more now that they were wide, and his ass shown off wonderfully in his denim shorts. “I’m a fucking man!”

“Sure, honey, and I’m the Queen of France.”

It didn’t hurt that Jason’s voice was higher. That *was* Alan’s fault; he’d briefly thought about a lovely woman’s voice after hearing a radio caller as they drove. He’d stopped himself before it went too far, but Jason now had a voice that at the very least sounded a bit, well, a bit *gay*. At least, that was how Jason had put it.

“So fucking humiliating,” the transforming man muttered. “Everyone saw that! Oh, but now reality will change and I’ve *always* had a peachy ass, right?”

“I’m now wearing this one. You played *Fat Bottomed Girls*.”

Jason sighed, resting his head back against the seat. His seatbelt rested between his breasts, and Alan tried *very* hard not to think about the look it gave.

“God, what was I thinking?” Jason said. “Ughh. We’re nearly there, right?”

“Nearly.”

“This better wear off tomorrow. I don’t want a pussy. Just . . . just please drive, man.”

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They had arrived, and at their hotel no less. Alan was driving himself around the bend trying not to think about women. The purple lightning was making his mind hornier than normal, and the appropriately-named Purple Elephant phenomenon was in effect.. Still, he did his best, consuming his mind with boring images of his own grandma, the need to file his taxes next month, rehearsing the script in his head for the Business Con.

“C’mon, Jason, we need to book into the hotel.”

Jason was busy trying to cover himself up. Given that his clothes had changed, this was a hard prospect. So instead, he’d opened up his suitcase in the trunk of the car and was rifling through to grab a male jacket so that no one would see his Double-D breasts or his womanly figure. It made Alan think about what kind of clothing he liked to see on a woman. He wasn’t into bimbos or anything, but something stylish and classy while still being sexy was definitely his jam. At this kind of venue, there were men and woman passing by, many of them here for the Business Con, and some of the women wore the kind of dresses that only the very influential and successful would wear; classy numbers that must have been tailor-made in Italy or something.

“Dude! Whatever you’re thinking about, stop it!”

Alan cursed under his breath and immediately began thinking about tax filings again. But it was too late. As he circled around the car to his coworker, Jason was cringing at the alterations that were happening not only to the clothing on his body, but in his suitcase as well. Everything was changing to become appropriate for his feminised form, including lingerie underwear, several sets of DD-cup bras, and some smart professional female clothing. On his actual form, however, his sexy denim shorts lengthened and attached to his green shirt, which darkened and became silky in quality, extending down his thighs. His shoes lifted, becoming high heels of the same dark green colour, and a set of nylon stockings extending up his legs.

“Oh, come on!” Jason whined, clutching his head as the dress confirmed to his body, looking very attractive but quite fashionable. His bust was teased at just a little, his cleavage noticeable, and it was made all the more obvious when some sparkling jewellery manifested around his neck and dipped low into said cleavage. Two bracelets formed on his wrists, golden and sparkling, and his hair gained a shimmery, wavy quality to it, like it had been professionally done.

Alan had to choke down a sheepish splutter: in mere moments his friend, already with a very sexy body, now looked positively stunning. Except, of course, for his rather mannish jawline and face, and the penis that Alan was well aware he had not lost. Yet.

“Fucking hell! Now I’m in a dress. What were you thinking about?”

“I’m sorry. Damn it, I got distracted waiting for you to rifle through your suitcase. I noticed the ladies wearing the nice dresses, and I thought, hey, I’ve always liked beautiful women in nice, tight dresses with jewellery.”

Jason groaned, looking himself over. “This is so humiliating. Damn you.”

“You look like a woman, at least? You won’t stick out?”

Jason cupped his breasts, adjusting them in his dress. It was very, very hard for Alan not to think further about beautiful women, especially the one in front of him right now. Well, he was *almost* one, really.

“Not a fucking word,” Jason muttered, voice cracking. “Not one goddamn word. We’re checking in. Jesus, I’m in a dress. It feels all kinds of wrong, man. You couldn’t have thought about me being in menswear or something?”

“I told you, it doesn’t work. I tried to think your boobs away and it did nothing, remember.”

“Yeah, and now they’re all jiggling. Do *not* make them any bigger, that freakin’ valet is already checking them out. This is so damn wrong, I swear.”

It spurred another thought from Alan as they left their car in the valet’s care. Other couples were moving into the hotel, and the female halves of each pair were on their male partner’s arms. It was an enticing image to Alan, and it manifested a small purple jolt to

Jason. He grabbed Alan's arm and slipped his own through it, so that the pair were now walking together, Jason's hips swaying suggestively, his right boob occasionally bumping up against Alan's side and very much reminding the man how stacked his coworker now was.

"This is humiliating," he said. "What the hell were you thinking about to make me do this, dude?"

"Um, just kinda that it was . . . nice?"

Jason rested his head into the crook of Alan's shoulder, and the pair both blushed.

"Not a word. I am so getting the company to pay for my therapy for this."

They entered into the hotel, and were beckoned forth by a lovely-looking woman serving at the rather impressive hotel lobby. Alan felt Jason tense against him, still holding onto his arm. Clearly, the sight of a beautiful woman was putting up warning flags, and for Alan in particular, this woman was very dangerous. He'd always had a thing for a gorgeous Asian woman with rich brown skin and gorgeously dark almond-shaped eyes, and now he was confronted with exactly that sight.

"Good afternoon," she said. "How may I help you?"

Alan was trying to look at a point above her forehead, even if it made him seem like a weirdo. "H-hello. Got a booking under the name Jenkins. Um, Alan Jenkins. For two."

The woman looked at her computer and smiled warmly.

"Alan Jenkins and Janet Parish? We have you in a single bedroom suite."

"Wha - that can't be right," Janet said. "We're not . . . together."

The woman's eyebrows rose. "Oh, I'm so sorry, I thought you were such a cute couple. Um . . ."

Alan was aware that Jason was pressed up against him, *still*. He could smell his coworker, and it was a feminine and lovely scent. He swallowed, trying not to think about what it would be like to share a lovely bed with a body like Jason was developing. Or, rather, *Janet* was developing.

"Here you are," the beautiful woman said, passing Alan a pair of keycards. "I've fixed up your situation-"

A brief jolt of electricity, seen only by Alan and Jason, passed between them.

"-and you no longer have separated beds. A cute couple like yourselves deserves a comfortable queen-sized bed to share, after all!"

Jason's eyes widened. "I - but - that's not . . ."

But Alan was already leading him away, and Jason was following submissively along, hips still swaying, breasts bobbing with his movements.

"Dude, stop taking me to the elevator. I don't want a fucking bed with you!"

"Would you prefer me to stay and keep looking at the very attractive woman, or would you prefer to get away from any outside factors, here?"

Jason grunted, but conceded the point. He tried to pull his arm away, but just like doing up his buttons from earlier, it was like something was preventing him from doing so.

“I can’t let go of you. Don’t think this stupid body is into you. This is just *your* doing.”

“None of this would have happened if you’d been on time for us to get to the airport, like we agreed.”

Alan walked them out of the elevator to their room. It was rather comfortable, too. The queen-sized bed did dominate, however, reminding the pair of what they had just signed up to.

“I’m going to have a shower and see what part of my body I still actually have,” Jason whined. “And don’t you dare go calling me Janet, or thinking about women. Just . . . don’t! Seriously, I will ruin your life, Alan! I swear it!”

It was hard to take seriously when it was coming from such a feminised man, but Alan didn’t tell him that. He simply began unpacking and flopped back on the bed as Jason started up the shower.

“I guess she’s Janet, now,” he murmured to himself. “Uh, I mean *he*.”

But it was getting hard to think of Jason as a ‘he’ by this point. Yes, intellectually, Alan knew that some magic purple storm was simply changing the man’s body to suit Alan’s whims, for whatever reason. But just to actually *look* at the transforming man, it was far, far easier to think of him as a woman with a dynamite body and a face that was just a little bit mannish.

Would his face be changing soon as well?

What would happen when Jason’s changes were ‘finished,’ anyway?

Would the changes revert when the storm’s effects wore off? Was there even such a thing? Or was Jason cursed to be stuck by Alan’s side, eventually succumbing to this strange curse and turning into the woman of Alan’s dreams?

The sounds of the shower continued. He could only imagine Jason’s frustrations at dealing with such a feminised body. He wasn’t exactly going to be hitting on chicks like he always did in that state. He was turning into the kind of chick to be hitted *on*. Jason clearly knew this, because his muttering rose over the sounds of the shower, discernible even with the closed door.

*“Stupid bouncy tits. Stupid bouncy ass. Stupid girly hips. Why can’t it be Alan stuck like this? He deserves it, not me. I’m going places! I could just change him into my dream gal and fuck her and be done with it. I don’t deserve this. Fuck, all this hair. Everything is sensitive. Even my dick is smaller!”*

The rant continued, reminding Alan of why he found Jason such an asshole at times. Still, the man’s words stirred further thoughts.

“Who is the woman of my dreams?” he wondered aloud.

He lay back on the couch, and images conjured themselves up in his mind. He didn't even realise what he was doing, or that the purple lightning was perhaps affecting his thoughts. His arousal was growing, and images floated up in his mind, as if a pathway had opened before him to capture *the* perfect woman.

She would be Asian, of course. It was embarrassing to admit to anyone, but there was a reason Miss Li struck so deeply into his mind, especially with that little dream the other day. He'd always found Asian women attractive, especially if they had that lovely mid-tone brown skin and dark eyes, and if they were petite; albeit with curves in all the right places. Large breasts. A peachy ass, not too big but certainly shapely. And she would have long, silky black hair that would frame her beautiful face.

"Mhmm," he murmured, thinking to himself. His member was getting hard, and he adjusted himself in his trousers, sinking into that wonderful image of a gorgeous woman. And she *would* be a woman, biologically and in her identity. She would find him attractive as he found her, and she would . . .

No, that was too much to think about. Too much fantasising. Too much-

A sudden *jolt*. A series of jolts, in fact. Alan gasped and sat up immediately, the full weight of what he'd just done hitting him. He paused, wondering if he'd stopped himself in time. There was only silence, but for the sound of the shower.

"Please, please, please," Alan whispered.

The shower continued.

"Maybe it didn't . . . maybe it's worn off and-"

***"WHAT!?! ALAN! WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW!?"***

Alan jumped off the bed and raced to the shower. He slammed open the door without bothering to knock, and came face to face with a very naked Jason who was panicking in the shower. Alan had to pause to take in the lovely curves upon Jason's petite body. He's seen many hints of them, but now there was nothing barring taking in all of them, especially those lovely large breasts.

The breasts that were growing.

And the skin that covered them that was slowly darkening across Jason's entire body.

And his shortened member that was shrinking in real time.

"Stop it!" he cried, voice rising in pitch again. "What the hell were you thinking about!? What's happening to my skin, dude!? Ohhhhhh! Why is it s-so sensitive! Mhmmm!"

Alan's dick was practically throbbing in his pants by this point. He was trying not to think of his perfect woman again, but the sheer sight of Jason's ultra-feminine body was only making it more present in his mind.

"Am I changing race!?" Jason said. "Get out of the way!"

He pushed past Alan, clutching his boobs even as they grew yet larger, spilling over his hands and wobbling heavily. Jason squeaked when he saw his reflection in the mirror.

“No! No, no, no, no! This can’t be real! This just can’t be! You’ve turned me into a bit-titted Asian chick! UGH! This can’t be happening!”

The near-woman trembled with rage, and in doing so caused his breasts to shake and bounce, slapping against one another as she moved. Alan could barely keep his eyes off of them; they were the most perfect pair of breasts he could ever have imagined, ripe and *massive*, easily drawing the eye. They were a real pair of melons, topped with large dark nipples with wide areolas. The kind of big boobs that were perfect for playing with and sucking on. And that wasn’t even getting into how arousing the rest of Jason’s form was now. He had long black hair, silky in colour, that went all the way down to the small of his back. It was wet, of course, which only added to its perfect shine, sticking to his smooth skin. His face was beautiful, and quite demure, with kissable lips and a button-cute nose, and eastern eyes that were dark and inviting, at least in Alan’s imagination. The woman was so different from Jason’s blonde-haired Caucasian alpha male appearance that it was near impossible to imagine that they were the same person, especially since this woman was so damn stacked, and had a lovely ass besides. Alan could just imagine holding her hips and taking this woman, pressing her up against him and-

Another small jolt. Jason yelped again, retreating from the mirror in an almost timid manner . . . right into Alan’s arms. He encircled her, and she looped an arm around his frame, her breasts pressing right into him. He could feel how big they were; easily the size of overripe cantaloupes, and while they sat lower on her chest due to her sheer size, they were clearly quite pert, too.

*His chest*, he had to remind himself. Jason still had a penis, tiny and pathetic as it was.

“D-dude,” Jason managed, his voice now a sultry tone. “Why the hell am I holding you right now? Why can’t I s-stop myself?”

“Sorry,” Alan said meekly. “I guess I was just imagining the type of woman who would, uh, enjoy pressing herself against me.”

Jason blushed, his cute Asian features emphasising his embarrassment. “Goddamnit, is that why it feels nice? Shit, let go of me! I can’t!”

Alan did, regrettably, and Jason staggered back, still naked, chest wobbling and his ass as little too. God, you could bounce a quarter off that ass and straight to the moon.

“So *this* is your perfect woman, huh?”

Alan swallowed. “Almost. I mean, I haven’t given you a pussy.”

“Yet! You haven’t given me a pussy *yet*. Fuuuuuuck, microdick aside, I seriously look like the kind of chick I’d sell my soul to fuck. I’ve had my fair share of hotties, but even I

haven't gotten laid with a chick this perfect. This is some sick joke, even my voice sounds sexy. And these are way too big! They're heavy as shit and won't stop jiggling!"

He cupped his breasts, and Alan had to look away. He was already hard as iron.

"And I'm Asian. You've given me a frickin' race lift dude. Shit, everyone will think I've always been an Asian chick. What am I, Korean? Chinese? Malaysian or something? Do I have to put up with racism? Oh shit, if I don't turn back, I'm gonna have guys like I used to be hitting on me because they've got an Asian woman fetish, just like you!"

Alan scratched the back of his head. "I know I keep saying it, but I'm really sorry."

"Screw you, man. I'm beating this. I'm not letting you turn me into some Asian bimbo. I'm gonna beat this thing and then I'm getting you fired."

"What!?"

"You heard me!" Jason snapped, still trying and failing to cover as much of his breasts as possible. "After this, I don't want any reminders. You've put me through the ringer here, and I'm gonna make sure you never work in this kind of business again. And don't expect to make that goddamn presentation at Business Con, because we are cancelling it. No way am I going out there as an Asian chick with huge tits. Those business types will frickin' *swarm* me, man."

Alan took this information in.

"Look, maybe if you just stand at the back, and let me do the presentation—"

"Forget it, dude. We're ordering room service, and you're sleeping on the floor. I bet this effect ends tomorrow, and don't think I'll ever forget what you did to me. I should have known you were a total freak after hearing that dream."

"I know emotions are running hot right now, but don't you think—"

"No, I don't," the woman said, looking distinctly less intimidating due to being short, goddamn sexy, and very much *naked*. "Now get the hell out of this fucking bathroom, dude. I have to figure out how the hell to dress this body. Ugh, I can't believe I'm not even white anymore! This just gets more and more ridiculous!"

Alan left the near-woman to his private ranting, and retreated back to the living area of their shared hotel room. It was absurd, but somehow Jason was *still* making him feel inferior, still bossing him around, still holding his privileged life over Alan's head. He noticed Jason's purse, and foraged through it, noting the latest changes.

"We're only in this mess because of his lateness, his arrogance, and because he just didn't care. The Purple Storm only hit us because of him. And now he plans to tank my entire career over it? No."

No, indeed. Alan didn't accept that. He refused to accept that. The presentation was literally just hours away, and then there were the follow ups in the next two days of the

conference. All he had to do was think about a particular kind of woman, one that would give him the advantage.

“What kind of woman do you want, Alan?” he asked himself. “What kind of woman would help you out in this instance?”

He thought back to Lacey Harper, the rather attractive secretary to his old boss. She had been so submissive, so willing to follow her boss’ every directive. At every meeting she stood by him, behind him, and was dutiful to him. It was small wonder that they were having an affair, and later married. But she was supportive, and submissive, and clearly felt a compulsion on some level to support *her man*.

“That’s the kind of woman,” Alan murmured. “She’ll always support her man, and be submissive to him. Feel that compulsion to go with his final decision.”

There was the lightest jolt, the smallest arc of purple electricity. It coincided with the exact moment that Jason exited the bathroom, furiously rubbing his hair and drying it in an awkward manner. He was wearing baggy female pyjamas, though they did exceedingly little to hide his form, due to their silky, high-class quality and the way his breasts jutted out. The pretty Asian near-woman frowned as the lightning bolt went in one ear, but he didn’t seem to notice what had just happened. Alan seized upon the moment.

“Change of plans,” he said, standing up. “We’re doing the presentation tonight. And the follow up tomorrow, and the dinner and meet and greet that night as well. The full networking experience. You and me, we’re doing it all.”

Jason’s eyes widened. Alan once again noticed how wonderfully dark and perfectly shaped they were. “What are you talking about? I told you that-”

“The decision is final, Jason. Though I went through your things, and it looks like you aren’t Janet Parish now either. Your name is June. I quite like that.”

‘June’ puffed up, as if ready to make a big argument. But then she sort of . . . deflated, and she looked more surprised than anyone could have been at her own backing down.

“Fine!” she said. “We’ll do what you want. But only because you’re the lead on this. Don’t expect me to dress up or anything. I’ll be hiding behind the curtain-”

“Oh no you won’t,” continued Alan. “I want you front and centre next to me, making me look good. And that means I want you wearing something formal yet sexy. Something which shows off that killer bod you’ve not got, but doesn’t look too bimbo-ish. Classy and sexy. A good woman enhances the look of her man. You told me that, once. So now you’ll do it.”

His cheeks reddened further as he planted his dainty palms on his lovely hips. “I w-w-will do that, then! Wait, what am I saying, *of course* I’ll do that. Hang on - why do I feel a

need to go along with you? It's like . . . oh God, it's like you're the man, and you're in charge."

Alan smirked. "Damn right I am, at least for now. So get dressed, June, and make sure you go by that name while you look like that. It's what your ID says. Oh, and wear some nice jewellery, particularly earrings."

"My ears aren't pierced, asshole."

Alan smirked. "No problem. Give me one moment to think of a rather lovely girl I saw *you* on a date once. With the sapphire studs in her hanging earrings."

June's mouth gaped. "Sabrina? No, you wouldn't! Don't!"

But the jolt was already occurring, and with a little squeak of pain, June now had two beautiful earrings hanging from her earlobes. She bit her lower lip.

"Fine!" she said. "I'll get dressed! At least I'll be able to find out how big these ridiculous boobs are!"

Alan smirked as he watched her open her suitcase. He decided in that moment that he'd given up on thinking of her as a 'he', even if she did technically still have a penis. After all, she was stuck thinking of herself as a woman now, right? So why not join her, especially since she looked more woman than any other he'd ever seen.

Maybe the Purple Storm was really the Storm of Karma, he supposed.

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Alan couldn't keep his eyes off of June as she walked beside him. His coworker had gone from a blonde-haired alpha wolf to a short, stacked, and deeply *hot* Asian beauty, all wrapped up in a gorgeous red dress that pulled tight against her body. It had a slit up one leg that left her thigh on display, and it was effectively backless: the front criss crossed around her neck for support, which had the effect of creating an open 'window' of sorts through which her bouncing cleavage could be viewed. This left her shoulders and arms bare, and her hair was in an up-do with half of it hanging down. Alan had decided to think about some women he'd dated who knew *exactly* how to do their makeup and hair, and now June felt a compulsion to do the same. As such, she had lovely red lipstick on and some faint eyeshadow to complete the effect. She was even walking in high heels, which caused her ass to sway even more dramatically, and altered her posture so that she couldn't *not* stick out her massive boobs.

They were H-cups, by the way. The pair had discovered this after June had whined about it when she looked at her new, rather large-cupped bras. It explained why her big breasts were almost head-sized. Alan didn't mind one bit.

"This is so humiliating," she muttered, holding his arm as they prepared to walk onstage. "Everyone's gonna be looking at me."

"That's the plan, June," Alan said. "You're my date tonight, and no one will forget a presentation with you in it."

"Screw you."

Alan could imagine exactly that, but tried to avoid creating another purple jolt.

"They'll all be wanting to fuck me," June continued. "I mean look at me!"

"I can't stop, personally," Alan joked. "You look seriously amazing. Can you expose your cleavage a little more?"

She pulled her window down a little, allowing her bosom to show further. She blushed at this. "I'm so submissive. Ugh, when did that even happen?"

"Just smile and look beautiful, and do that pose thing where you put your hand on your hip and stick your leg out?"

"Goddamnit, this sucks. But you said it, so I have to do it, asshole. Like this?"

She posed and smiled, but it looked awkward and fake. Alan shook his head a little. "I've got a supermodel in mind. Jessica Latkey. Hang on, I'll just think of her-"

"Oh God, please don't-"

But the purple jolt happened, and now June was already posing perfect, looking like a gorgeous trophy wife supporting her husband.

"Ugh! I am so destroying your life after this. I don't care what it takes. I'm going to destroy you. I mean it. I'll bury you."

Alan just leaned over and kissed June on the top of her head, just to embarrass her further. "Sure thing, *dear*."

"Hey!"

"Now shush, we're on in a moment. Remember your lines. You just have to do the big slogans enthusiastically, and jiggle your boobs 'accidentally' as you bounce around the stage shouting them."

"You expect me to do what!?"

"It's the most work you'll ever do, June."

She slumped. "I knew I should have just asked my uncle to give me five million. I could have been partying and fucking hotties and not putting up with working shmucks like you."

Alan ignored the insult. June's prestige and privilege was over. This was his time to shine.

*"And now, from Parish Consulting, we have a paired presentation on strategies for a new age of globalised business."*

Alan straightened his tie, and held out his arm. With reluctance, yet compulsion, June found herself taking it. She even adjusted her hair a little, then put on a smile that was forced, yet looked beautifully natural.

"I'm going to kill you," she whispered.

"So long as it's after Business Con," Alan whispered back. "I want all ears on me, and all eyes on you right now. Give 'em hell, hot stuff."

With that, he led her out onto the stage to the regular polite applause, though a murmur started as soon as June was visible. Numerous MBA types, young men looking to get their foot in the door, and aging investors all had their eyes suddenly on June, and Alan, for once, no longer felt sorry for her. She had done so much to sabotage his moment, and spat in his face repeatedly and refused to cooperate. Now, with her killer body by his side, acting like she was totally devoted to *her man*, he finally had a presence. He even felt comfortable in his suit for once, and that made all the difference in the world.

"Hello everyone!" he said into his collar mic, having turned it on. "My name is Alan Watkins, and this is my partner - professional and romantic - June Parish."

At this, there were sounds of amusement and jealousy. June tightened her grip on his arm, clearly horrified at his statement. Alan continued.

"And today, we're here to talk to you about some new innovations in digital consultancy and tech usage we are pioneering at Parish Consultancy."

"It's going to change the world!" June announced, right on cue, leaning forward a little with her hands behind her back. It gave the front rows quite a view.

God, Alan thought, she is *magnificent*.

As much as he knew they were the same person, he really preferred her this way.

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"Thank Christ that's over!" June announced as they got back. She kicked off her heels and flopped onto the bed, then looked incredibly annoyed at how her heavy bust took almost ten seconds just to settle down. Laying back as she was, her boobs pooled back towards her cleavage, as if trying to break free of their containment. Alan was already hard at the sight of her, and had been the whole way back; her sultry voice combined with her endlessly swaying ass was more than sexy enough, but something about her resistance to it all was turning him on. He was trying not to go mad with power here, and yet . . .

"What are you looking at?" she said.

"You," he replied. "It's a nice view, you've got to admit."

“Don’t even start. This is your fault. I can’t believe some of the shit I heard when we went back into the audience again. Some guy said ‘I love Asian girls with big tits.’ Another said I was a fucking ‘trophy girlfriend.’”

“Well, that was the impression we gave.”

“Not like I had a choice. These . . . compulsions. Fuck! I wish this had happened to you. I would have turned the tables so fast.”

Alan sat on the end of the bed, still admiring her body. It was very hard not to think of her as a full woman now. He was no longer even comparing her to *other* women, just the image of the woman she was now in his head.

“You would have changed me, wouldn’t you? Real fast, I bet.”

She pouted. It was a cute look. “Straight away.”

“What would you have made me?”

“I would have made you a busty blonde bimbo. I would have made you as big as a dumbass as I know you are. I would have made you giggle and say ‘like’ and be slobbering all over my dick. At least that would have been justice.”

She shifted her position on the bed. She didn’t even realise it, but now she couldn’t help but pose sexy no matter what she was doing. Another little thought of Alan’s that had gone further than he’d imagined. Her beauty was breathtaking, and the way her black hair fell over her front as she shifted, how her breasts were nearly falling out of her tight red dress.

“Justice, huh? Because I’m worth less than you. Because I wasn’t born with a silver spoon in my mouth?”

“Whatever.”

“But you would have given me a pussy.”

June paused, realising where the conversation had gone. “I - no. I meant-”

“Be honest,” he said.

The compulsions hit her; she had to be honest for *her man*. “I - fuck! Yes, of course I would have! I would have taken advantage of you straight away! You would have been giving me road head within an hour of me finding out what power I had.”

Alan furrowed his brow. “So, the truth comes out. You really are a piece of work, Jun. I thought you were just some privileged brat I had to work with, but now I’m finding out that you’re much worse.”

“Look, dude-”

“I’m starting to think it’s not a bad thing you’ve changed. In fact, I’m starting to hope this *never* wears off. I like the look of this new you.”

Alan got up into the bed and began removing his clothing. Jun shivered.

“What - what are you doing?”

"It's been a long fucking day, Jun. I'm going to sleep. What do you think I'm doing?"

"But - but we agreed you'd sleep on the floor!"

"No, you told me I would. But I've never slept in a queen bed before, and given all the hard work I've put in, I think I deserve the comfort. You can sleep on the floor if you want, though to be honest, I'd rather you stayed in this bed. That's just the horny part of my brain, of course."

Jun bit her lip. She stood up and turned on her lamp light, then turned off the main hotel room lights. She moved to the cupboard to find a blanket or something, but then, inexplicably, she began to move back to the bed.

"Oh God," she moaned. "This body - it wants to stay close to you . . . still."

Alan lay back, hands behind his head. "Well, there's plenty of space."

"No, I mean it wants to stay *really* close to you."

"Hmm, I must have been thinking about women who like that earlier. Or maybe it's part of the whole 'clinging to me' thing."

June looked seriously troubled. Her chest rose and fell with every breath.

"Goddamnit!" she muttered, and then she began to remove her dress. Alan had front row seats to the show as she undressed, but as she reached for her pyjamas, still on the floor from earlier, her hand kept on stopping just before them.

"What the -!?"

The jolt shot from Alan to June, making the woman yelp in that cute way again.

"What did you do?"

"Oh, I was just thinking - I couldn't help myself - about an old girlfriend who loved to sleep naked in bed. It was the only way she could sleep, actually. She liked to curl up against me."

June groaned. "Oh God, why do I want that? This isn't fair but - mhhm! - it's making me feel all funny. I can't . . . I can't not!"

She began to remove her bra, and in doing so she released her enormous melons. They sagged lower on her chest, but were still wonderfully ripe and pert, all things considered. They wobbled against one another as she approached the bed, sliding out of her underwear. Her penis was incredibly small by this point, and Alan was struggling to avoid imagining a tight, wet pussy.

June slipped into the bed and moved to press herself against Alan. The lamp light was still on, allowing him to appreciate all of her curves, her wonderful light brown skin, the way her long dark hair spilled over her smooth back. Her breasts pressed against his side, and with her positioned over his arm, he rested his hand on her ass, squeezing it just a little.

"Ohhhh," she moaned. "This s-sucks. It's s-so fucking sensitive."

Her nipples hardened against him. He could feel her shivering from a growing arousal.

“You like this, don’t you?” he asked, squeezing her ass again. “You like curling naked up against me like this, right?”

She swallowed.

“Be honest.”

Her new, natural submissiveness kicked in. “I - I do. Oh fuck, God help me I do. This is all your fault. I want to lie against you and fall asleep like this. It’s turning my body on, dude. It’s making me all kinds of horny.”

“And? Continue.”

“And . . . I can’t stop imagining you playing with my tits. You were thinking about women attracted to you, weren’t you?”

Alan chuckled. “I think this one is all you. Well, maybe I thought about it a little, but I think it’s also a compound result of all the other changes. I made your body very sensitive and submissive and wanting to cling to me, after all.”

She shivered again. He caressed her back, fondling her ass again and causing her to moan. He wanted to take things further, but he wanted her consent first. Better yet, he wanted her *passionate enthusiasm*.

“I could help relieve you, you know,” Alan said.

She looked at him. She was so damn beautiful. The beautiful Asian trophy wife he’d always fantasised about but never imagined he would have.

“What - what do you mean?”

“I’m just saying, you were talking before about how you would have made me a woman inside of an hour. I’ve lasted a whole day without getting you over the finish line, but . . .”

She gulped. She was starting to slide her hands across him, feeling his naked chest, wandering dangerously close to his throbbing member.

“B-but?”

“But I could change you now. All I’d have to do was think about a woman with a tight, wet, hungry pussy. The kind that *always* gives her freak multiple orgasms. The kind that milks my dick to perfection. Wouldn’t your sexy, submissive body want that, June?”

“Yes! I mean no! Oh f-fuck. What are you doing to me?”

“I’m not doing anything. I’m thinking about a box factory at the moment, and other boring stuff. But it’s getting really, really hard not to think about hotter stuff with you, as you can probably feel.”

He took her hand and lowered it to his dick, which was straining in his underwear. She made that squeaking sound of hers she apparently often did now when she was shocked, but she didn't pull it away. In fact, she slowly stroked it, unable to help herself.

"This - this isn't fair."

"Neither was you being born on third base and throwing it in my face all the time, June. Neither was you almost screwing up my career and threatening to fire me. God, it makes me want to hate you."

She squirmed against him. One boob was resting against his chest. He slid his fingers over her nipple and made her gasp.

"I - ahh - I don't want you to hate me! It's the stupid Purple Storm, it's making me want you to want me. Mhmmm . . . this is so fucked! I'm so horny for you! Ahhhh, just finish it already!"

Alan could barely believe this was happening. "Finish what?"

There was a long pause. She was still stroking his cock.

"F-finish changing me already! I'm - ahhh - I've changed so much. I'm a bombshell Asian chick. All those men were looking at me, commenting on me, staring at my boobs and my ass and - and the whole time this stupid sexy body just wanted *you*. So fucking change me already, dude! Give me a pussy or I swear I'll fucking die!"

With a smile, Alan closed his eyes. He imagined all the chicks Jason had ever talked about. The bimbos and the 'hoes' and the nymphomaniacs. He imagined the pictures his coworker had shown him, the girlfriends he'd paraded around during work dinners. The way they'd always slipped out during a pause to clearly fuck in an office room somewhere. He imagined all of them with wet, slick vaginas, hungry for their man's cock. And then he imagined June, finally complete and stuck forever like this, not just as a woman but as one devoted to him whether she liked it or not, her body *addicted* to serving him.

The jolt of purple lightning lit up the room, and it made the two of them exhale in surprise at its radiant power. June moaned, writhing against him. Alan couldn't resist placing his hand down there, rubbing what was left of her penis and pushing it slowly but surely back into her body. His fingers slipped inside her vagina as it formed, and already it was wet and ready for him, practically dripping its juices onto her thighs. Immediately, he could smell her incredible arousal.

"Oh God! Why is this h-happening to meeee! Why does it f-feel soooooo goood! Ahhh!"

She moved quickly, throwing off the blanket and positioning herself over him. Alan was shocked at her enthusiasm; he'd evidently made her more aroused than he'd thought. Or perhaps *exactly* as aroused as he thought. Her ripe breasts hung low from her chest, her nipples sliding against his skin, causing tingles of pleasure for her. The beautiful Asian

seductress stared at him longingly, nervousness in her eyes. She already had her thighs spread over him, and her hair framed her face angelically. Alan grabbed her massive breasts and massaged them, causing her to moan and almost drool.

“Ohhhhh, whyyyyyy!?! Why does it - oh God! Let’s just do this! My body needs you so fucking bad, you sexy jerk!”

She kissed him, and it was *passionate*. She kissed him again and again as she grinded against his body, and raised herself up only so that she could pull off his underwear, releasing his dick. She shuddered as she saw it.

“This is so fucked up,” she whispered, but then she positioned herself over it as Alan sat up a little. He held her magnificent hips, lowering her down onto his dick. She held it, guiding itself inside her.

“I can’t believe I’m going to fuck your cock! I’m going to - aagghh!”

It entered her, and instantly Alan was in heaven. She was tight and perfect, and already her vaginal muscles were clinging to him expertly. She gripped his shoulders, lowering herself to kiss him again, her breasts pressing up against his chest. She began to bounce on his cock, and he helped with the motion. He squeezed her tits together as the two began their sensual dance, two lovers in a perfect rhythm. Somehow, seeing the humiliation and pleasure mingle upon June’s face only turned Alan on all the more. It was somehow *hotter* knowing that this woman was originally his nepo baby frat bro coworker, and that she would have done the same or worse to him in his place. It removed all doubt over his actions; he’d earned this, and she was going to *love* it. It was what her body now craved, after all, and so he thrust up into her, going ever deeper.

“I’m getting fucked!” she cried. “You’re f-fucking me with your dick! Ohhhh, it’s so wrong! It’s so wrong! It’s so right! Ohhhh, I’m getting closer.”

“We can stop,” he teased, cupping her breasts and letting them spill over his hands. They wobbled and trembled massively with each enthusiastic bounce.

“No! I need this! God help me I needed thisssss!”

She rode him even more aggressively, and soon he was at his zenith as well. His cock stirred within her, and as if sensing that he was close, she moved forward to kiss him, her boobs squashing against his chest and making the bliss rise. It was all too much.

“Aghhhhh!” Alan groaned, his balls tensing for just a moment before releasing their pressurised payload. His hard dick throbbed inside of her, and then he ejaculated harder than he ever had in his entire life. It was almost like *he* was getting multiple orgasms, because Alan had to grip June’s ass and ride it out.

But June’s reaction was even more outstanding. She rose, arcing her back as the orgasms hit her, one after another after another after another. Her mouth widened, and for a moment she was completely silent, literally unable to form words of sounds, so great was the

ecstasy. Her breasts stood out proudly from her chest, and Alan feasted his eyes as he shot stream after stream of his jizz into her. And then she cried out in a high, cathartic voice.

“I’m c-cumming! Alan, I’m cumming! You’re m-making me orgasm so f-fucking hard! AAAAIIIEEEEE!!!”

It took a great deal of time before she collapsed against him, and even longer before she rolled off of him, her breasts flopping audibly against her skin as she did so. Both gasped again as he slid out of her.

The pair stared at the ceiling, still getting control of their breaths.

“That was fucking magnificent,” Alan said. “The best sex of my life.”

He looked to June, who was biting her lip and blushing heavily on her pretty cheeks.

“Be honest, how was it for you, sexy?”

She shivered a little; he loved the look of that. “That was the best sex I’ve ever had, too. I can’t believe I just fucked your cock. I can’t believe any of this.”

He kissed her, and her body melted against his, too submissive to resist, and perhaps too aroused to do so either.

“Believe it, June. Wanna snuggle for a bit?”

She nodded before she could even reply, and he could see the embarrassment on her face.

“Fuck, I’m so submissive now. This is your fault.”

“Our fault. Remember, couples do things together.”

She rotated and pressed her backside against him, and he spooned her, playing with her large breasts idly and loving the moment of it all.

“I need to wake up from this before I’m stuck forever,” she muttered. “Dude, you can’t just win like this.”

“Judging from those sounds you made, I’d say we both won. Admit it, it was amazing.”

“Of course it was! Ugh, I’m such a slut now.”

“No, you’re not. You’re just devoted. To me, specifically. Though, I did give you quite an appetite at that. Maybe we just snuggle and hold one another until, you know . . .”

She shivered again, and pressed herself back against him, rubbing her backside against his member.

“Oh God,” she stammered. “Until we go at it again. Fuck.”

“Fuck. Exactly.”

“No, not that. I mean ‘fuck’: this stupid body really wants that, Alan. It wants you so bad.”

Alan could only grin. It was going to be quite the rewarding night.

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It turned out that even dreaming about women constituted thinking about it, because after several rounds of passionate hot sex with his new Asian girlfriend, Alan had magnificent dreams about such a woman sucking on his member. After a brief shock woke him, June began doing exactly that moments later. Judging from her wide eyes as she sucked on his cock and gave him the best damn blowjob he could imagine, she was just as shocked as him. But also judging from her expression when he came down her throat, her swallowing every drop, the part of his dream where the woman had craved doing that had evidently transferred as well.

“Great, so now I give blowjobs! This frickin’ sucks! When am I turning back?”

Alan had simply pulled her up onto his lap and kissed her neck while cupping her breasts, at which point her body automatically relaxed a little thanks to his touch.

“Let’s find out after Business Con,” he said. “And make sure to wear something sexy today. Maybe that dark blue dress?”

It was strapless, exposing her shoulders and bust, which was lifted prominently. Alan got a kick out of mingling with other business types and forming contracts and connections for the company, all while his new girlfriend remained on his arm, giggling at his jokes and generally supporting him. Everyone got the impression that she was his trophy wife, and he hated to disappoint them. When he talked to Avery Burgher, who owned a large manufacturing industry and was interested in streamlining the business, Alan couldn’t help but notice the man’s own beautiful trophy wife. She was blonde and pretty, though not nearly as beautiful as June, but she had a lovely diamond ring and wedding band on her ring finger.

One jolt later once the meeting ended, and June gasped, still on his arm. She held up her hand.

“What the frick?” she hissed at him. “Why have I got a wedding band on my finger?”

“For the same reason I’ve got one on mine, I imagine,” Alan said smugly.

He watched her connect the dots, and relished the moment her jaw dropped. “No. No fucking way, dude. We’re married now? I’m your *wife*?”

“My trophy wife. And a damn good one, I’ll say. Your presence alone is gonna do great things for the company, and my future. Our future.”

“Our - I’m gonna change back, okay?”

Alan shrugged. “You know, I’m starting to think you won’t. But if that’s the case, I promise I’ll take good care of you. And judging from the changes the Purple Storm made to you, I think part of you may even like it.”

He tapped her butt lightly, causing her to release a small coo.

“Not fair, dude!”

“Shh, you know I don’t like my wife calling me dude in public. That’s for private, where only I know who you are. Try calling me sweetie, or honey.”

“I - sure thing, honey. Ugh, I wish I was the one who changed you.”

Alan kissed her on the cheek, causing her to exhale again. God, she was so easy to turn on like this.

“But you didn’t. And now we both get to enjoy this new you, however long she lasts.”

The rest of the Business Con went swimmingly, and so much of it was thanks to the renewed confidence Alan had, as well as the attraction of his goddess-like wife. It was staggering to think that Jason/June was actually married to him now, and that everyone treated that as normal. Not that he minded; he was free to think about women in all the ways he wanted to. Little jolts persisted throughout the second day, small things that adjusted June’s behaviour. None of it was intentional - he wasn’t trying to mould her or anything - but he’d stopped caring about controlling his thoughts. Clearly, the Purple Storm was meant to be, as he reckoned with it.

It was why June found herself moving in little ways that emphasised her body, squeezing her breasts together with her upper arms, or bending over in such a way to emphasise her rear.

And why she found herself, much to her extraordinary embarrassment, feeling intensely jealous when another woman tried to flirt with Alan. She strode right up to him, having been distracted by the salads at the buffet, and took his arm.

“Sorry, he’s taken!” she said in a light manner, one that clearly had a possessive quality to it.

And, of course, thanks to Alan’s thoughts, she was an *animal* in the bed. Submissive when he wanted her to be, and aggressive when he wanted her on top. She was addicted to his cock, and each time he pumped his seed inside of her she quaked to the orgasms, all her jiggly parts dancing with her ecstasy. Alan could tell that part of her would always hate it, but her body was simply too damn aroused by him, and he was more than willing to meet her needs.

By the end of the last day of Business Con, Alan was certain that June was never going back. The jolts of purple electricity only they could see were getting weaker and weaker, and it gave the sense that her changes were solidifying permanently, not reverting. June was picking up on this, and as such was especially morose. It didn’t stop her from dressing in a classy two-piece outfit that showed off her legs and cupped her heavy bust upwards, though. She was a treat in white, that was for certain, and all the better for how she behaved around Alan and reinforced his success.

Still, there was one *final* jolt, the last one both of them experienced. Alan was talking to another couple, June on his arm as usual. They weren’t prospective clients just yet, but

Alan wanted to keep the connections flowing and leave a good impression. The woman was the real founder of her business, but she was going on leave soon, and the reason was obvious; she had a rather large bump tenting out her dress, and was rubbing her pregnant stomach often. It made Alan think about his own desire for a family, and also how strangely attractive the idea of a woman swollen up with his children would be.

The little electric bolt was almost imperceptible, but in the aftermath, June creased her brow.

“What this time?”

“Hmm, not entirely sure yet,” Alan lied. “I guess we’ll find out later.”

It was all he could think about as he ploughed her that final night in their hotel room, him thrusting into her passage as she gripped him with her thighs, her boobs wobbling with each movement. They came together once again, locked in a kiss so that she moaned into his mouth. It was particularly hot.

“We’re going to be such a perfect couple,” he said, stroking her breast in the aftermath of yet another sexual escapade.

“Don’t even talk about this, *honey*,” she said. “This is, like, the worst fucking nightmare. I can’t believe I’m your sexy Asian trophy wife.”

“Could be worse,” he said.

“How?” she replied.

Alan didn’t say how, though his thoughts were on that earlier woman and her lovely bump. Well, whatever happened, would happen. Instead, he began massaging her, and soon she was pulling him so that he was sitting on the end of the bed, and she was on her knees.

“Oh shit,” she said, realising what she was about to do. “Just do this quickly.”

“Don’t act like your new tongue doesn’t love the taste of my cum,” Alan replied.

Judging from her sensual moans when he blew a load into her mouth, he was absolutely right.

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June sighed as she adjusted her earrings and fixed up the last of her makeup. Alan came up behind her and kissed her on the neck.

“Almost ready?”

“Almost, honey,” she said. “Doing the final adjustments. Have to look good for this work event of yours.”

“You always look good, sexy.”

She blushed. “Stop saying that kind of stuff, it always turns me on and we don’t have the time.”

“I guess we’ll just have to fuck when we get back home. You know how much I love your body.”

Alan wrapped his hands around his wife of six months. Her midsection was swollen and round, near the end of the second trimester with their first child. That was a fact that embarrassed June quite often, he knew. But pregnancy suited her well; she simply glowed.

“I can’t believe you knocked me up,” she said.

“Really? We go at it constantly.”

“You know what I mean, dude. I was meant to have a trophy wife in the future, not be one! I’m not even a member of the company anymore.”

“Please, everyone there knows you. You come to all my work events. You’re my muse.”

“You’re lucky my body finds you so damn hot. That goddamn Purple Storm.”

He kissed her tenderly on the neck, making her gasp. She shuddered a little.

“Another kick?”

“Uh-huh. Stuck as your pregnant wife. Your sexy fertile Asian wife.

“With huge tits.”

“They never let me forget. Fine, let’s get going. The usual routine? Giggle on your arm, look hot, flutter my eyelashes, the works?”

Alan chuckled. “And who says you aren’t adjusting! By the time you give birth you’d think you’d been a woman your whole life.”

He patted her on the bum, eliciting a little coo from her.

“You’re the worst, Alan.”

“You love me.”

“I don’t.”

“Eh, your body does. That’s enough for me. Now hurry up. We’ve got to go.”

“Don’t hurry a pregnant lady! You don’t get to knock up a former dude and then complain when she’s lugging around a whole second life inside of her.”

He rubbed her stomach, loving the feel of it. “Not a bad point. Maybe we just have to get you used to this state.”

“No way, we are one and done.”

“Please, like you have a choice. You know that I like the idea of having more than one kids. When we have sex, you can’t stop murmuring about how hot it would be to have lots of babies with me.”

June blushed again, trying to contain the feelings of lust that were clearly building within her.

“You’re thinking about having more babies put in your right now, aren’t you?”

She grimaced, licking her lips. “Fuck, you really did a number on me.”

At this, Alan just smiled. “And I don’t regret it one bit. Okay, look, we can arrive there five minutes late if you want.”

June exhaled, her magnificent breasts rising and falling with her breath. “Thank fuck. Bad enough that you made me so horny, but second trimester is making me even more aroused. I need you to fuck me, dude.”

Alan kissed her, uncaring about the fact that she’d just applied lipstick. He fondled her breast and belly with his hands, loving the sight of his perfect pregnant trophy wife.

“From behind?”

“Obviously. The belly gets in the way otherwise, dude.”

“Then up against the wall. I love the way you moan.”

“Stop embarrassing me and just fuck my dripping pussy.”

Alan pressed her against the wall and began lifting her dress while she pulled down her underwear. He loved these moments so much, and all the better for knowing who June used to be.

“You know, at least you’re not in danger of changing again,” he whispered in her ear.

“Why - oooh - why not?”

“Because,” Alan said as he entered her, making his woman gasp with pleasure.

“These days, you’re the *only* woman I think about.”

**The End**