

Stripper's Kink (Man to Specialty Stripper TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

Martin was a husband and businessman who was caught cheating on his wife, who turned out to be a witch and cursed him. Now, his business is a local strip club, and he's the specialty slut at the heart of it, one with the power to change into any client's kink, no matter how out of this world!

Stripper's Kink

I dance around the pole, showing off my nubile body to the applauding patrons around me. The air is thick with cigarette smoke, cheap liquor, and the sweat of excited and lonely men. I'm in a stripper's joint known as *The Red Garter*, where I am and will always be its star attraction. It's obvious not just from the money being hurled onto the stage and stuffed down my thin little bra and my even thinner, rather lacy underwear, but also from the sheer enthusiasm of the patrons around me. They cheer. They applaud. They sing out crude come-ons that still make me smile and lick my lips while maintaining eye contact with them.

"Show us your stuff, Desiree! Shake that delicious booty!"

"Fucking hell, that rack! There's no way it's natural, yet look at it bounce! It has to be!"

"Look this way, sexy! Come dance on daddy's lap!"

I squeeze my large breasts together and purr in the direction of the moustachioed mid-fifties man who made that last comment. I hate him with every fibre of my being, but instead I saunter over to him, lean over, and literally stroke his crotch, feeling his hard-on through his pants.

"Have you got the money for it, darling?" I say with a smile.

"C'mon, baby. We all know you're a massive slut. Why don't you come on my lap here, and maybe I'll *cum* on you."

I stroke his dick again. God, I hate how much it fucking turns me on. Thankfully, I then give him a gentle pat on the cheek. "This slut doesn't work for free, honey. Anyone else want a lap dance and got the money to pony up for it?"

The hands go up, and thankfully I've got a choice here. There's a mid-thirties man without a gross biker beard and who looks reasonably in shape, and I know him to be a good regular.

"Tommy, I'm gonna have to start giving you free drinks if you keep tipping me so well," I say in a low, sultry voice.

He grins, and it's a handsome grin. How reduced I am, to actually be a little *excited* to have the power to *choose* the sexiest man in the room, or at least the most hygienic. Goddamn Emma, if I ever get out of this . . .

"I wouldn't say no to that," he said. "You up for a little grinding? Maybe a little something more behind the curtain later?"

I lick my lips. My stupid vagina is getting wet at the thought of his words. "We'll see where the music takes us, Tommy. Gotta put on a public display first. Enjoy the show, fellas!"

More whooping and cheering. More glasses clinking. I crawl onto Tommy's lap and begin gyrating against him, rubbing my body against his and pressing my breasts into his face.

"How do you want me?" I asked, shaking out my glorious red mane of hair.

Tommy smiles. "You know how much I like black girls, Maeve. Black girls with big booties and thick curves."

I moaned. His words release me. I feel my body changing, and though this is a process I've undergone many times, it still always feels so very new to me. My breasts grow, my ass *swells*, and my outfit changes into daring violet lingerie to better contract my new pigmentation, which deepens to a rich mocha brown. My hair gains tight curls, bouncing now with my movements, and my thighs and waist thicken. It is ecstasy. It is wondrous. It's so fucking messed up, but I can't help it.

"Awww, yeah," Tommy said, reaching out to grab my ass as I give him the best damn lap dance of his life. I turn around and shake my big booty right in his face, and because he's shoving such generous tips into the waistband of my underwear, I press my ass right against him. He motorboats my ass, squeezing it and driving me wild because these big cheeks are so fucking sensitive.

"Hell yeah, Maeve!" another patron shouts. "Me next! I want that black girl action!"

"Fuck that, man, give us the French Maid routine again!"

"Wait your turn, fellas?" I say, grinning at them before getting up on Tommy's lap again. "Now cop as much of a feel as you want, Tommy. You've earned it with those wads of cash. If only I could feel some wads of something else *inside of me*."

I rub his crotch against, gripping his penis through his pants before resuming my dance. Someone gives a loud wolf whistle. There's another order of drinks. When I'm finished, Tommy is practically cumming in his pants, though it's thankfully not a reality just yet, because my body is really fucking keen to ride him for good later.

"Oh God, I definitely want to book a 'private session' with you," he groans, clearly teased by my ministrations right up to his limit. "You think if I pay you a little extra, you'll finally tell me how you ended up like this? You know, this whole shapeshifting thing?"

I kiss him on the cheek. “No money is good enough in the world, Tommy. See you later . . . if you can afford me.”

I leave him hungry for more. Hungry for *me*.

“Go on, tell us!” another regular named Trevor calls out. I’ve always hated the name Trevor. Belongs to douchebags who drive pickup trucks and think they’re *Real Men*, and this one is no exception. “Tell us how you done got like this, you perty girl!”

Jesus, that accent. I’m not even sure if it’s real or if he’s playing a part. Thank fuck I’ve only had sex with him twice.

“Sorry boys,” I purr, my form shifting again so that I look like a Eurasian gal with long straight hair. “But you know a girl has her secrets.”

My body shifts further, taking on the broad aggregate of what the whole crowd wants. No major freaks here tonight, on account of no succubus horns or a tail, but I moan from the pleasure of my tits becoming an even bigger pair of jugs, a pair of head-sized melons that I can’t help but coo as I squeeze together. I stumble for just a moment, then get used to my changed centre of gravity, showing off far more of my tits now that I’ve got a tight tank top and booty shorts on. Great, yet more clothes to lose.

“Who wants to see me on the pole?” I call to the crowd, and the result is a resounding cheer for me to do so. I saunter back along the catwalk, letting my new ass bounce, my enormous tits practically wobbling out of the little cups. My centre of gravity is a little higher like this, and I’m definitely a mite shorter, but it’s not too great a change, at least, even if it’s weird pinging through the colour spectrum of mankind. Not like it’s the first time, at least.

I test out my new athletic thighs on the pole, and I find that I’m thankfully just as fit as I was before, not to mention flexible. That, at least, is a feature that practically never goes away, because it’s important to the moneymaking side of things that I can actually display my ‘moneymakers’ properly. I twirl around the pole, thrusting out my chest and rotating myself almost like a bellydancer. I climb up the pole and lower myself upside down, then bend over to place my feet upon the ground in such a way that arches my back and lets the men and even some interested lesbians get a view of my tits from every angle, nearly escaping from my bra from the upside down angle.

The bar is getting lively, but I’m due a damn break, even with this crazy curse upon me. I signal to our MC that I’ll be going for lunch, and he steps up to the plate. Good old Ronald. Sometimes I wish that handsome bald man wasn’t gay as hell, but then I remember it’s just my stupid hexed body speaking.

“I’m sorry all you darling, handsome men, but I’ve got to go to the powder room and freshen up. Enjoy some entertainment in the meantime, but don’t worry, I’ll be back!”

There's a series of boos and mournful cries, most of them drunken, as I make my way backstage. I pass Viv, who is ready for her more aggressive, in-your-face act. She looks at me as my skin slowly turns white again and my hair goes red. Soon I'm back to my usual self, though I wish it was my *real* usual self. That would be a miracle.

"I swear," the Asian alt-girl says. "I'll never get used to seeing that."

"Trust me, it's even weirder when you live it," I reply.

"And you really can't control it?"

"Nope, completely involuntary. I become the fantasy girl of the highest paying customer seeing me."

"Damn, girl, I'm both jealous and horrified. I guess you really make this business, huh?"

I sigh. "You have no idea, Viv. Good luck out there."

"I'll try to keep them excited, but I know they really want to see you. You doing that mermaid act again?"

"Fuck no. At least, I hope not."

She chuckled. "You gotta tell me your story sometime."

"Trust me, it's a long one, and you don't wanna hear it"

"No, I mean it," she says with a smile. "If you're okay with telling it. Everyone always wonders. I promise I'll keep it a secret, Maeve. But no problem if you're not cool with that."

I consider her words. For just a moment, I'm tempted, then; "Nah, you go rock their world, Viv! I'll tell you some other time!"

"One day I'll find out," she teases. "I'm a detective like that."

"Well, go dance, *detective*."

She heads off to dance and I head off to take a break. I like Viv, I really do. I've been like this for two years but she's been dancing for over five and she loves the hell out of it, not that I'll ever understand the how and why of that particular passion. But for all her tats and piercings and heavy metal mojo, she's got a heart of gold, and she doesn't treat me like a freak the way so many of the other strippers here do.

I push those thoughts aside as I grab my food out of the fridge. It is, as always, a double beef'n'bacon Saucy Maeve's burger, one with extra lettuce and a rasher of bacon added for that extra kick of cholesterol. Doesn't matter that it's been in the fridge, it reheats just fine in the microwave, as do the fries that go with it, and they taste as if they had just been freshly made by a lineworker who knows how to make one hell of a burger.

"Mhmm," I moaned, even more sensually than when I was out on the stripper stage a moment ago. "That's some good shit."

Between bites I put on a pair of loose trousers and a shirt, and for once I don't feel like a complete harlot. Hell, I've even got a loose hoodie I put on that just makes me feel like

a gal on a break, enjoying her burger between puffs of a cigarette, a habit I just can't quite seem to kick. I could go back to my change room, of course. I have my own one thanks to my 'special talents,' but it reminds me too much of the office I once had, and that depresses me. Better to eat out in the open in this little cramped space behind the stage, and enjoy hearing men holler at a woman who is *not* me. Not that I'm without reminders of my current and apparently *permanent* state. There's a mirror directly opposite me blaring my reflection and showing me just how goddamn gorgeous I am. Big tits, hourglass figure, though my hoodie is at least hiding the latter, and the kind of hips that drive men wild, and trust me, they do everyday. But as much as my body is a killer, the thing that does that *actual* killing is the face. Big green eyes, gorgeous freckles, a playful smile upon those full lips that look just perfect for locking lips and sucking dicks, a pair of acts I'm intimately acquainted with these days. My red hair is curly, almost *frizzy*, but in a kind of wild, party girl way. I look about twenty five and for all I know I'll probably look twenty five forever, if Emma spoke true. Yeah, I'm goddamn beautiful. Able to be cute, beautiful, or sexy as needed, or all three at the same time when I really need (or want) to rock a guy's socks off.

And it's also the face of the woman that hits me right where it hurts.

I finish eating my burger, flush it down with some cheap soda. God, it's so good, and I don't have to worry about calories, or the sugar in my mouth from the drink. Not like my teeth can actually go rotten, not unless some freak likes them that way for an act. Ronald comes and checks on me, and I give him the thumbs up while I hurriedly eat the last of my food. Damn, the edge of the bread tastes stale as hell. Need to grab some more groceries again. I just hope some weirdo doesn't turn me into some blonde bimbo in pink lingerie while I'm just trying to buy some damn milk again.

"That's your music cue," Ronald calls out.

"I'm coming, I'm coming!"

"So will they, soon," he says with a wink.

I get up on stage, and my body shifts again to form the aggregate of their pleasure, a little magic trick they appreciate seeing in person. My boobs grow, my figure becomes more outrageous. I stay Caucasian this time, but my hair turns bright blonde; not surprising in the least, given the crowd that's just arrived. A collection of total frat boys.

"Like, who's ready for, like, the sexiest bimbo party EVAAHHH!"

Oh God, I'm squealing like a total valley girl. I'm wearing pink like a goddamn barbie. This is just like the shopping centre all over again. Still, I've done this act before, even if I hate it. I go all bubbly and ditzy, acting like a slightly drunk hottie and even deliberately messing up some of my pole dance moves in a very cutesy way. I giggle and jump excitedly on the spot, letting my huge jugs bounce hard enough to make my shoulders ache, and then

I get down to business seeing the customers who are willing to pay for me to become their stripper kink.

A man with a beer belly and surprisingly wholesome looking face - real Dad-looking guy - holds out his whole wallet. Shit, the man has hundreds of dollars in there.

"I've got a special request!" he exclaims.

I strut up to him, still giggling and waving. "Like, I'm totes excited to hear it! What kind of, like, lap dance or appearance would you like me to have? I could totes be any fantasy you want, sexy! Ohmigod, I should ask your name! What's your name?"

"F-Frank!" he says, nervous with all the excitement. "I'm F-Frank. You're amazing, Maeve. I, uh, I've got a real particular thing I'd love. It's kind of niche and strange, but . . ."

It's a French maid. That's it, just me as a French maid. Okay, I'll admit having the cat ears, the whiskers, and the curly, almost sensual tail is a different touch, but I've done catgirls before, and I've done French maids before, so this is just me combining the two. It's actually kinda cute that this was his deep dark secret. I mean, hell, I've grown two fucking extra pairs of tits before!

"Oh, *monsieur*," I tell him in a phony French accent, wagging my tail as I flutter my feather duster about. "You are so dirty! Let me help you with *zat!*"

I begin to clean him all over, making sure to satisfy him with my movements. The hem of my maid uniform is damn short, enough so that when I bend over, I just know I'm giving a spectacular view to the rest of the clientele, particularly since I'm wearing sexy garters. A hand reaches out to slap my behind, and I stop it just in time.

"I'm sorry, but only my sexy master can do *zat!*"

And he does. God bless Frank, the man does, and I give a loud cat-like meow, my tail curling against his thigh. It's not the worst form I've been in, and not even the most furry, either. I play up all the elements of a French maid stripper, slowly losing garments by 'accident' as I work on ensuring Frank is clean, and while getting on all fours to scrub the catwalk, much to the joy of my patrons. I almost find myself smiling at how well I play this, especially when I use my tail to lift up my skirt to give an extended look at my underwear. By this point, Frank is rubbing his crotch, openly masturbating. It's technically against the rules of the club, but I let him get away with it; I know the boss is more than okay with this happening to me. She encourages it, I suspect.

"Ohhhh!" he grunts, cumming in his pants. It's only then that Frank seems to realise what he's done, and he excuses himself quickly while others laugh. I purr loudly, pawing at the air as he goes, as if I desperately want him to return, which I almost do. Fucking curse, I swear.

The rest of my shift proceeds. I am a belly dancer next, my features like those of an Arabian or Persian woman, my belly undulating sexily in a way I would have once

appreciated. I'm back to my 'normal' self not long after that, only I'm dressed in fishnet stockings and a see-through black teddy that shows off my tits, which are the only changed things about me; they are so fucking super-sized that I struggle to dance properly, my tits literally the size of basketballs which sets a number of them off, though a few are chanting for me to "look fucking normal already!"

Can't please everybody, I suppose. Though, in my case, I really can. It's my goddamn curse, and I know it because next I'm suddenly in my forties, my hips abnormally wide, dressed up like a fucking trailer trash MILF. My tits are full of milk, and that's when Ronald makes his next call out.

"Get ready for the Momma Milk hour, like you've all been waiting for! Mouths open, gentlemen, if you want a delicious taste!"

I try not to roll my eyes. Truth be told, the pressure in my tits is suddenly ferocious, and so I pull down my top while I dance down the catwalk to the music, shaking my ass and letting my enormous boobs wobble about. They're so fucking engorged that they ache, but I have to do the lead up properly. The guys *really* pay for this one, throwing wads of cash up on the stage and paying by car as several of my fellow stripper girls go through the crowd and pass around the machine. The money is going up with the anticipation, until finally I can hold it in no more.

"Ooooooh!" I moan seductively, my voice now husky. "Momma needs to feed her babies! Open wide, big boys! Drink up!"

I squeeze, and my nipples *erupt*. I've done this so many goddamn times that my aim is impeccable. Long streams of warm milk arc through the air and land in the mouths of several men and one very enthusiastic lesbian in the front row. They giggle and laugh drunkenly as I soak them a little, but they lap up my delicious milk. I know it's goddamn delicious because the next bit is when I lift up a huge tit and take a gulp of my own damn produce, moaning all the while and rubbing my crotch seductively.

This is my existence, and I continue this act until I go back to being my normal self, then a spicy latina, and then someone's ex that I *completely* understand why they broke up, because holy shit this guy has fucking issues. Not that I can blame him; I had issues like that too, in a way, and now I'm paying for it. Who knows? Maybe he'll be stripping alongside me one day, if he's married to the wrong person.

Another two hours, and my stripping act is over. Yeah, I dance *that* long, swapping in and out with Viv, Harriet, and a few others, but I'm the star attraction for a good amount of time. I still have to serve drinks, and my shapeshifting body has me in a bunny costume for that, my hair a darker shade of red and my boobs at a goddamn *HH*-cup rather than my 'regular' D's. They're so big that they flop about, threatening to tear about what little clothing I'm wearing, and I literally can't tilt a damn inch without a freaking earthquake tremor

coursing through both boobs. The tips, naturally, get stuffed right into my endless cleavage, and God can I hold some tips between these massive knockers. Still, serving isn't so bad, especially since I get to cheer Viv on and wave to Dani. Dani doesn't love me, but she tolerates me more as of late, and frankly at this point I'm chasing any friendship I can get, since I'm gonna be here a while. Hands reach out and grope and squeeze me, occasionally pawing at my tits. I do my best to bark at these drunk bozos, but a few hands always get through, and it pisses me off how much my stupid body responds to them, because I always end up fucking damp between my thighs and really desperate for my 'second vocation' to begin.

When Tommy approaches me at the very end of my shift, I'm literally relieved to see him. How fucking sad is that? I'm actually *relieved* to have one of my better customers waiting to pay for the *other* part of my job rather than one of the creeps. After all, I can't exactly say 'no' to the creeps. My body wants them all. The magic makes sure of that.

"Hey there, Maeve," he says, giving that excited look of his, no matter how often I've been with him. "There still a chance we can have some fun now that your shift is over?"

I cock my hip to one side and find myself licking my lips as I take in his muscles and handsome figure. Without even meaning to, I cock my hip to one side and lean forward, letting him see my massive cleavage. Fuck me, these tits are heavy. Men, I swear. I know I used to be one, but Jesus Christ, I've come to resent my own former gender. The fact that I'm not changing yet tells me he likes what a top-heavy ginger-haired cow I've become.

"I'm more than happy, Tommy, if you're good for it."

"Usual price?"

"Unless you want some weird shit, in which case you pay an extra fifty percent. But you already know that."

Tommy gives a mischievous grin, and part of me sinks. Normally, he just likes me to be a black girl with a cute afro and the kind of ass that could bounce a quarter to the moon, but I can see already that he's got something else in mind.

"I've got something else in mind," he says.

Told you. Shit, I better not be a mermaid again. I can't deny I was sexy but needing to be in a bath most of the time wasn't cool, and I'm so used to spreading my legs these days that literally only having a tail just threw my brain right out. At least I got to sing.

"I'm all ears," I say. "Unless you want me to be all-ears, which is a bit too far even for me, honey."

"I was just thinking, you up there with your sexy lactating MILF routine, it felt like it awakened something in me. Reckon you could do something like that for me?"

I almost sigh in relief. Yes, I know how fucking sad that is. But grown men wanting to nurse from their favourite stripper and drink her milk is way, way, way more common than I

ever would have believed, and often from tough, masculine men like Tommy at that. So yeah, I've done this.

"I think I can do that for you, Tommy. Come this way."

I rub his crotch as I pass, making sure to rock my hips from side to side, not that I can choose *not* to do that. A few men jeer and boo, most jokingly, some not, as the jealousy in the air is thick. Thankfully, I got to play favourites tonight. So I walk him back to my own room at the back of the building, passing some of the other girls. Viv is there, and again she gives me that curious look as I walk with Tommy hand-in-hand. Maddison just rolls her eyes at me.

"Whore."

"Hey! Don't be such a bitch!" Viv exclaims. "She can't help it. I think. Anyway, you go have good sex, Maeve!"

It's almost good encouragement from my friend, so I give her a grin. Tommy just laughs. He can't keep his hands off of me, and it drives me wild. When we get back to my loft at the rear of the stripclub, the one my boss lets me keep rent-free because I'm such a big business draw, I make sure to lock the door. Then I turn demurely, a smirk on my features as I take in handsome Tommy, the man *without* a gross scraggly beard. Still not used to kissing them, even after all this time.

"So, you want a nice MILF, do you? Just imagine me how you want, Tommy. You know the drill. Then you can drink *mommy's milk*."

He's tenting so hard in his pants he might well rip them apart in a moment, and I kind of want him to. This body craves cock, no matter how humiliating I find that fact. But he blushes a little, and I don't change. And that's when I realise this change will go a little further.

"Tommy, you've got me for the next forty minutes, honey. An hour if you want to pay more. Just change me so I can be your dream girl."

"Okay!" he says. "But don't judge. I just had this image in my head I couldn't shake, and I want to try it out."

Suddenly, the energy pools into me, the power of the hex flowing through my body. I moan sweetly, sighing in bliss as my body changes. Fuuuuuuuck, it's so hot how much I change to be every man's fantasy girl, and this is no different. My juices are dripping down my thighs, and I only get more aroused as my skin darkens. I think I'm becoming a black girl again, and I am, but then something else starts to happen as well. I start to grow *fur*. Literally *fur* grows from my skin, and then it spreads from my arms and thighs all across me. I yelp as something pushes out from above my backside, and I squeak as I realise it's a ropey cow's tail, though not before letting out a simultaneously aroused and pained gasp as two bony growths push through the top of my forehead - a pair of actual bovine *horns*. Soon I'm

literally *mooing* in ecstasy as my hips widen further, and my impossibly large breasts begin to rise. At first I think it's because they're growing further, but then I realise it's because a *second* pair is growing beneath them, just as huge as the upper HH-cup pair, so that all four are as big as my head. I've done multibreast before - hell, I've had my own ass cheeks turn into boobs for one weird customer - but this trips me right out, because my dark skin is growing dark brown fur with slight white patches across it, and this includes over my boobs. My nipples remain brown, but they become massive - all four of them. Their sheer weight is pulling me forward, and it's only my heavy tail that pulls me back, as well as my hips and ass, which are growing massively.

"Mooooo!" I moan. "Ohhhhh, you could have - ahhhh - warned mooo-eee!"

"Sorry," Tommy says, a little embarrassed. "An old fetish I haven't revisited in a long time. But seeing you again, with that milk . . . reawakened it."

That's when my thighs are forced apart. My clothing is falling off of my figure, leaving me naked but for some specialist lingerie that cups all four massive breasts. But a new growth is outstripping them. It's bigger than a basketball, hell, it swells to the size of a friggin' beachball. I moo and moan again as four nubs grow out from the great pink sac, and a fullness blooms in it as well, causing it to wobble and tremble.

"An udder!" I manage. "You've g-giving me an udder! T-Tommy, you freak!"

"Takes one to know one," he teases. "Mmmh, nice hooves."

I hadn't even realised that my hands and feet had changed in the meantime. Hell, I literally can't even pick something up with these hooves - they're useless! And my feet are clopping on the ground. How the fuck do I even strip? I'm - NGHH!"

"Woah!" he cried.

Milk erupts from my teats, pouring on the floor. My bras become soaked too, and I'm helpless to the pressure.

"Ohhhh G-God!" I gasp. "This is t-too much! Can't I just be a big-bottom black girl a-again!?"

"No way," he said, stepping forward to caress my body and feel my cow ears. "I want my money's worth. Do you need milking?"

I moo and moo, pleading him to do so.

"Then dance for me. Strip down, as best as you are able."

I find myself re-evaluating my opinion of Tommy. My body has never been so overburdened, and trust me, there are two separate guys with massive pregnancy fetishes that have me with a stomach big enough to hold twins while I dance for them. This is *still* more burdensome, and everything is jiggling, wobbling, heaving, and leaking. Still, I dance. Because I *must*. I dance and leak and moo, using my hand-hooves as best as I can to pull away my bras and let my naked nipples bounce about. My udder is quickly freed, and it

leaks all over my new carpet, which fucking sucks, man. But I'm still aroused as fuck, and thankfully it all becomes too much for Tommy, because he rips off his shirt and unbuckles his pants (God knows I can't help him do that this time, not with these useless hooves), and then he's all over my thick, curvy, ultra-bovine body. I've never felt like such an animal, and yet I cry out in sweet bliss as he sucks on my nipples and pulls on an udder teat at the same time.

"M-milk me! Milk your sexy stripper gal!" I cry.

He does so enthusiastically, filling up on my produce. Fuck me, this is weird, but as usual, I'm getting off on it anyway, and more and more as I get used to this body. I gyrate, swaying my cowtail erotically, moving so that he presses his face into the middle of all four boobs. Finally, I bend over. I know I'm part-animal now. He wants to *mount* me, and I want that too. The curse ensures it, but I'm over fighting it at this point. Besides, the quicker he cums inside me, the sooner I won't be leaking on my own bed.

"Ohhhh! Yesss!" I cry. He's inside me now, thrusting away. His hands roam to squeeze my udder, forcing more milk out. I squirm, my four massive breasts hanging. He loves the sight of this - I know it because I've got a mirror on each wall so my paying customers can enjoy the sight of me from every angle. I'm loving it too: I'm a cowgirl stripper, a new first for me, and I need to make my paying man satisfied.

"Moooo! Moo! S-so close!"

"Moo for me some more! Shake your big cow ass! I wanna see you leak everywhere!"

He's fucked in the head, but I can't bring myself to hate it right now. This is almost a regular day in some ways, so I do exactly as he says, even fondling my own breasts as he mounts me again and again.

"Yess, yesss! Moo! MOOOOOO!!!"

He cums with a loud roar, and I moo loudly in response, flooded with orgasms as he shoots hot stream after hot stream deep inside of me. Thank fuck I'm on the pill, or I'd already be very, very pregnant by this point. A scary thought. I'll be a woman forever, but being a mother? No thank you. At least not until I've had a good amount of time to even *think* about all that would entail.

He rests against me, and then ushers me to turn. I do so, and we get into bed. Tommy nestles up against me and sucks on my breasts, nursing like a child from me. It's oddly sweet, I guess. Men. Go figure! I used to be one and even I can't bring myself to explain them.

"I think I'll want that again," he says finally.

He fondles my udder, but I put a stop to him. "You'll pay extra for it."

"I'm good for it. Besides, I've got another twenty minutes on the clock."

God, does he ever.

My plan was to catch up with Viv after seeing Tommy, but my body ended up horny enough even after becoming some freak anthro-cow that I ended up taking Kaito out back after I was done with my previous 'client.' Kaito is another regular. He's shy, and from Japan. He told me once that he would be back there already if it weren't for me, and frankly I still don't know how to feel about that. But the man just *loves* me to dress up as a sexy American cheerleader, blonde hair and all, my body like one of those sexy co-ed girls, and then I bring out the pom-poms and put on a show until finally I end up riding him. He's all submissive like that, and it's not a bad way to end the night. He didn't even mind the smell of milk in my room. Who would have thought the Japanese guy would be the one with the really tame fantasies, right? Still, the fantasy ends as it always does, with me on my knees sucking his cock, having turned into a cute Japanese woman. Not some supermodel type, just a cute next-door type who is *definitely* the girl who broke up with him or never went out with him back home. I moan in Japanese and speak fluently and flirtily, at least until I start giving him his favourite blowjob. God help me, I even like licking his shaft and drinking his cum. I used to *demand* blowjobs. Now I give them for just a few extra dollars kicked in. What a cheap stripping whore I am.

Anyway, with that done and the joint finally closed down for the night, I find Viv having a cold one at a table near the back of the venue. She's like me, she lives here too, though not quite so much from a curse as a desire to work long hours and save up. I walk up to the Asian alt-girl - I swear she's got a new piercing or tattoo every time I see her - and give her a wink. My form is changing from a cute Japanese lady back to my 'normal' busty redhead self, stripping outfit and all.

"Mind if I take a seat?" I ask.

"Go right ahead," she says. "Even got you a beer, and a cheeseburger, since you love them so much."

I wince. It's an ordinary burger, *not* a Saucy Mauve's. Never mind, it doesn't matter. I pick it up and it changes in my hands right before her eyes, causing them to go wide as she sees the magic unravel in real time. I take a bite and moan. Jesus, that's *at least* as good as sex.

"What the fuck? You can change *burgers* now?"

I chuckle before swallowing. Good to swallow something less . . . sticky, for a change. "You don't bat an eye at me turning into a French Maid or a naughty MILF or a Taylor Swift look-a-like each night, but you draw the line at burger magic?"

“Well - it’s certainly different! I mean, since when can you do that?”

“Always,” I say, taking another bite and swallowing it. I set the burger down and sigh.

“Okay, cards on the table. You really want the full story?”

Viv creases her brow. “Oh no, bad night? Honey, you don’t need to tell me anything if it’s been like that. Wait, did Tommy or Kaito hurt you? I’ll get them fucked up if I have to. I know some people!”

I laugh. “No, no, nothing like that. I guess I just . . . kinda realised I want someone to know. Even if it’s the most damn humiliating story that there is. And it’ll explain the burgers too.”

At this, Viv really switches on. Her eyes light up and she leans forward, cracking her knuckles idly in excitement. “You mean it? You’re really gonna tell me?”

“So long as you keep it a secret.”

“P’shaw!” she says, an odd little habit of hers that means ‘duh.’ “Of course I will!”

“Okay, it’s not actually all that long a story. Just a humiliating one. So before *The Red Garter* sprang up oddly fast here two years ago, there was a business here called *Saucy Maeve’s*.”

“Yeah, I remember it. They had shit service and worse burgers.”

“You take that back. Their burgers are - were - are - amazing. Anyway, I was the guy who owned it.”

“Wait, *you* were Maeve? Holy shit, I see the resemblance now that I think of it. She was that busty cartoon redhead with the tight yellow and red serving gal uniform, right? That was you?”

“No!” I say, chuckling wanly. “Maeve was just something I paid some overworked cartoonist to mock up. Wanted my establishment to have a more adult vibe, a kind of high-class *Hooters* shtick. Hot waitresses and all. My wife didn’t approve of it.”

“Huh, I know you go with women sometimes, but I never figured you for marrying one. Always figured you were more straight than gay.”

“I wasn’t gay at all,” I stress. “Viv, I was a guy. A man. A bloke. A fella. Of the male gender. The stronger. Not from Venus but from Mars. I had a dick and balls, not a pussy and ovaries.”

She blinks. “No. What? Really!? You’re trans.”

“No! Just . . . lemme finish, alright? So my wife was always quite a thin gal, but she was big into that Keto diet or whatever it was, and she was only getting thinner. Not unhealthy, but she just had no more curves on her. And I was always, you might say, an appreciator of the female form.”

“You cheated,” she said, raising her beer for a sip.

“Oh no, I didn’t cheat. Cheating is when you get caught with the wrong hand at a Vegas table. What I was doing was what the *casino* does, honey. I was running a goddamn *scheme*. I was fucking half the hot waitresses at that joint and seducing the other half. I was using the money from the business to wine and dine hotties, mistresses, one-night stands, and married women of the business community. I don’t think I slept with my wife for six months, but I was probably having sex twice a day during that period.”

Viv was clearly surprised at this. “You were a dog!”

“A feral one. A sex hound. Only it turns out that my wife wasn’t just on a Keto diet. She was also really getting into spiritual shit. I thought it was all just nonsense, until she caught me banging a waitress right near the hot fryers after closing - dumbass thing to do, by the way, even if they were turned off - and revealed she’d upgraded herself from practicing Wicca to practicing *witch*.”

“You’re kidding. Witches aren’t real.”

I cock an eyebrow at her. “Viv, I grew a goddamn udder today. Just last week you watched me turn green and muscle and gain tusks and play mommy dommy to a customer with an orc fetish. You’ve seen me cosplay celebrity actresses so perfectly when I’m stripping that *The Red Garter* had to put out a legal statement. Don’t tell me witches aren’t real. I made that mistake, and trust me, you don’t want to be caught with your lingerie down.

“Anyway, she cursed me, and she didn’t just curse me in a little way. She got me with a real, real doozy.”

“She made you a stripper,” Viv said.

“Not just that, she made this whole joint. It just appeared overnight, and *Saucy Maeve’s*, my pride and joy, stopped existing altogether. Suddenly, she turns me into a woman. Freaks out the waitress, but that’s okay, because she got turned into a stripper too. You wouldn’t remember Patti. She left as soon as she could, but I reckon she’d be out there stripping somewhere. But me? I became the living image of my own sexy burger gal mascot, frizzy red hair and double-D tits and hourglass curves and all. I pleaded with my wife to change me back, even said I’d give her half of everything in the divorce, but she just laughed at me, and said the business was hers now. Wasn’t like I could contest it: my legal documentation all said I was now Maeve instead of Martin. Hell, I wasn’t even the same age anymore: I’d gone from forty three years old to twenty five.”

“Wait, I call bullshit,” Viv suddenly said. “You had your twenty-fifth birthday just three months ago. I remember it. We all threw a little celebration and you danced up on the catwalk as a sexy pole stripper with those sparklers going off from your costume.”

I sigh. “And do you remember my previous birthday, last year? The one where I had tits for asscheeks? How old was I then?”

Slowly, the realisation dawns on her. “Twenty-five,” she whispers. “How did I not know?”

“No one does,” I say, taking another drink of the beer and a bite of my burger. Fuck, it’s so good. “But when I point it out, the cracks start to show. Though you’re the first I’ve told the full story.”

“So, what, she made it so that you became whatever men want?”

“Yes siree. If they want a sexy nurse, they get a sexy nurse. If they want the hot librarian act, they get it. And so on. I can’t *not* be the girl a guy wants in his deepest, darkest, wildest fantasy, and so I work here stripping.”

“But you can leave, right?”

“Only when my shifts are over and I get my weekends off twice a month. Otherwise, nope. The curse means I’m working on the sight of my once-proud business. And because I don’t seem to age, I might be here forever.”

“Jesus.”

“Oh, trust me, he’s not helping. These days the only thing I pray to is the cock I’m about to fuck or suck, and Jesus can get in line, because I’ve already got enough customers. Nah, this is me for good, Viv. I’m every man’s stripper’s kink, and my Emma made me so horny that I’m also a whore after-hours too. At least it pays well and gets me off, I guess.”

At this, Viv’s eyes twinkle again. She sits up straight. “Wait a moment . . . Emma? Emma *Larkin*? Our *boss* is your ex-wife?”

“Sure is,” a voice carries, and I can’t wince hard enough. There’s my ex-wife, looking a lot more curvy and hot than she ever had, also frozen in time, albeit in her late thirties to give her an air of power and dominance. She leans over my shoulder and pats me on the butt. “I’m surprised it took you this long to tell someone, *sweetie*. By the way, great work tonight. That milk act really gets the men going. And I’m told you took two customers tonight? Anything to report?”

I roll my eyes. Fuck, I’m blushing so hard right now. “Just more whoring myself about, Emma. You know how I am.”

“Ha! You haven’t changed much! Well, Viv, trust me when I say he deserves it. Sorry, *she* deserves it. Maeve here is much better as a stripper than a husband, and every day she proves it just that little bit more. Don’t forget tomorrow that Albert Finkston is coming by too, Maeve. He really likes a twenties flapper girl.”

“And he’ll get one,” I say, raising a beer sarcastically.

Emma just giggles. “Great work with you too, Viv. Glad that you two girls are making *my* business proud. Enjoy your drinks on me.”

She walks off, and I’m a fuming red puddle, I swear. Viv is awestruck.

“I had no idea.”

“And no one else will. Our secret, remember?”

“She stuck around?”

“To humiliate me everyday, Viv. Which she succeeds at. Her own husband who whored himself around is now a stripper and a prostitute, and she might well have me like this for decades . . . or longer.”

“Damn, sorry girl. I almost feel bad for snooping.”

But I actually smile at her, feeling strangely relieved. “Don’t. It’s . . . nice to finally tell someone after two years. Nice to have a friend.”

“To friends, then,” she says, offering her glass. We clink them together in good cheer, and take a swill at the same time.

“To friends,” I repeat. I take another bite from my burger, and I moan like a whore in heat - like *me*, I suppose.

“Wait, you didn’t tell me what’s up with the burger magic!” Viv says.

At this, I can’t help but chuckle. “Oh yeah, that’s the last little part of her curse. Everything I eat turns into one of my old burgers with fries on the side. It’s literally the only thing I eat now. Doesn’t hurt my figure or my health at all, but it’s all I can have.”

Viv gasps. “Oh God, that’s horrible!”

“Are you kidding?” I say, holding up my half-eaten burger. “It’s the only good part of this damn curse, and I’m not letting her know it. My burgers are fucking *fantastic*, enough to make a girl cum just from eating them.”

She laughs. “Your own stripper’s kink?”

I give her a wink back. “Something like that.”

The End