



By Gunslinger

PRESENTED BY



“You’ve got to be *shittin’* me!”

Voiced in a stunned near-whisper, the comment vanished almost immediately under the cavalcade of noise that filled the room. Gunfire, explosions and engine sounds that were somehow *more* real than mere reality vied for aural attention against almost mockingly artificial bleeps, warbles, and buzzes.

Of course, the sound was almost matched by the brightly flashing lights, garish graphics, and brightly-marked machines that filled the arcade with computer-controlled pandemonium. Of course, that was simply a description of the sight and sound of hundreds of electronic and mechanical games filling the large arcade—the oftentimes equally garish patrons of the gaming establishment contributed visual and aural chaos all their own to the mix.

All things considered, James Roger McNulty’s startled reaction vanished into that maelstrom like a drop of water into the ocean. By gaming standards, the lean, good-looking young man was nigh on too bland, his toned body clad in a simple pair of jeans and a comfortable old grey sweatshirt. At the moment, the most noteworthy aspect of the dark-haired young man was his expression as he reread the screen of the computer game in a semi-secluded nook at the back of the arcade, certain he had misread it.

However, even a careful second scrutiny insisted on informing James that the game he was looking at was called ‘Bitches vs. Bimbos’.

“No... fuckin’... way...” James breathed, a smile slowly coming to wreath his face. Digging into the pocket of his jeans, he emerged with one of the tokens the arcade issued in lieu of coins, and approached the machine. The smile now elevated to full, shit-eating grin, he dropped the quarter-sized brass token into the machine.

He heard the token rattle its way through the coin slot. He saw the ‘Insert Coin’ notification on the screen flash rapidly thrice, followed by the word ‘vs.’ in the title doing the same. Rubbing his hands together in preparation, James waited for the start screen to appear...

...and was greatly disappointed when absolutely nothing else happened.

“Aw, c’mon...” James whined, giving the machine a hard slap on the side of the casing. When the percussive maintenance failed to produce any effect, James swore loudly.

A mocking laughter was his reply.

For a split second, James actually thought that the derisive laughter was the machine taunting him—and then it registered that the sound was coming from behind him, and he whirled in place to stare angrily at the lean young man, of a similar height to his own, who stood behind him.

“Poor little Jimmy can’t figure out how to make the machine go ‘blippity-bloop?’” the other man taunted. His face, with much heavier features than James’ own, was well suited for the faux-pouting expression that went with that babyish voice he was taunting James with.

“Shut the fuck up, Sid,” James snarled at his long-time nemesis.

Sid—dressed much like James, but with a faded orange t-shirt in place of sweatshirt—merely smirked as he approached the machine, none-too-subtly pushing James aside to take up a position square in front of the game.

“Let me show you how it’s done,” Sid sneered, dropping a token of his own into the machine.

...and, shortly thereafter, swearing loudly and banging on the side of the game’s casing as it failed to do anything more impressive than it had after swallowing James’ token.

“Shit—probably nothing but a come-on anyway...” Sid finally muttered, after his rather impressive command of vulgarity ran dry. “Ah—to hell with this. You can fuck around with it if you want, Jimmy-boy, but I’m outta here.”

Swaggering away as if he’d really had no interest in the game to begin with, Sid headed for the broad front of the arcade, where it debouched into the multi-level mall the arcade was part of.

After a moment, his face tight with the intensity of his dislike for the other dark-headed young man, James also headed out toward the mall—but, upon reaching the brightly-lit, faux-marbled floor of the main mezzanine, James turned left where Sid had turned right.

In the very back of the arcade, in a semi-secluded little nook where the game ‘Bitches vs. Bimbos’ sat, there was nobody nearby enough to notice that the screen of the game had changed to display something different...



With a swaggering saunter, Sid idled through the mall, openly appreciating the wide variety of nubile young eye-candy the commercial center had to offer.

Unlike that geek, James, Sid didn't come down here to waste an entire day in some dimly lit cavern full of gamer geeks; oh, he liked playing shoot-'em-up games a few times a day to burn off frustration (of which Sid seemed supplied an overabundance), but mainly he liked the mall because of how many hot girls there were. Since the mall was climate-conditioned to shirt-sleeve comfort, no matter the weather outside, once inside people dressed for comfort—and for many of the girls, that meant they could look damned fine as they walked around looking at all that stupid girly shit, giggling and exclaiming over this purse or that pair of shoes.

Sid liked to look at the girls, and he'd really like to *fuck* a lot of the girls... but talk to them? About their dippy interests and dumb thoughts? Thanks, but no thanks!

Eyeing one particularly fine pair of legs well displayed by a particularly short skirt, Sid felt the first, familiar stirrings in his crotch...

...only the growing sensations coming from his nether regions didn't remain 'familiar' very long. In fact, with every passing second, his crotch felt steadily less familiar... and, as his normal insouciant grin turned into a

frown, the rangy young man realized that it wasn't just his crotch that felt 'kinda weird'.

"Whadda fuck...?" Sid murmured the demand to himself. Even the way he was *walking*—the way he always walked, for God's sake—suddenly felt strange to him. It was suddenly as if his hips wanted to move differently, and his ingrained stride was somehow suddenly all 'wrong' for him.

He glanced down at himself—and his steadily slowing stroll became a shocked dead stop as he tried to process exactly what his eyes were telling him.

Part of the reason he felt 'weird' was suddenly—if inexplicably—revealed, as Sid came to the highly confusing realization that his clothes had somehow become somewhat too big for him. The worn old t-shirt now hung on his body rather loosely, and his jeans were even worse, with the cuffs puddled around his ankles.

It was almost as if his clothes had suddenly grown larger... or if he, himself, had somehow grown shorter.

...which, as he pulled his gaze away from himself to look around in confusion, seemed to be the case. His dark eyes widened in shock as Sid realized, compared to the familiar surroundings of the mall, he was seeing everything from a somewhat lower vantage point than he ever had before.

“Nuh-uh...” he muttered, shaking his head more in disbelief than negation. “That... that just can’t happen.”

Whirling, Sid began to head toward the public bathrooms in this area of the mall—having to walk with a sort of skating motion, in order to keep his shoes from falling off feet that seemed not only too short, but much too slender for the footwear.

Even as he walked, Sid was well aware that there were a lot of other strange feelings and sensations registering as ‘all wrong’—not the least of which was the sight of his arms as he hurried as best he could toward the bathrooms.

His arms were more muscular than they had been before. In fact, from the sensations he was feeling, Sid felt as if his entire body was not only more muscular, but more athletic. More agile. More limber...

...which was something that might have been seen as ‘worrying and inexplicable, but positive’... if not for the fact that those same more-muscular arms were also undeniable more delicate at the wrist and knuckles, but also nearly completely hairless.

Well aware of the odd looks he was garnering as he ‘skated’ along as quickly as he could without tripping, Sid felt his face flushing and his heartbeat accelerating in a combination of shame, fear and confusion. Darting into the less brightly-lit hallway leading to the restrooms, he

skittered past the bank of pay-phones and moved to duck quickly into the men's room.

He was only halfway through the door when he quite literally ran into an older man on his way.

“Oh, my—careful there!” the bearded man exclaimed in a cheerful voice. Taking a step back, he took a somewhat longer look at the person he'd run into—and then pointed. “Er, miss...? This is the men's room. The ladies' is just down the hall.”

“What?” Sid blurted, confused and almost mentally derailed by the collision—he'd been so focused on getting to the relative privacy of the bathroom that the sudden interference threw him off. “What the hell are you...?”

His demand for clarification became clarification all its own as the sound of his own voice registered on Sid. Until he'd begun to castigate the older man, everything he'd said had been mumbled under his breath—it wasn't until now that he could hear how much softer his voice had become.

How much higher pitched.

How much more... *feminine*.

For a second, Sid simply stood there, gaping at the older gentleman—then, with a move of desperation that his newly muscular body made surprisingly easy, Sid shoved the guy out of the way and—stepping

completely out of his oversized shoes—dashed the rest of the way into the bathroom, and toward the large mirror mounted over the bank of sinks on the far wall.

“Hey!” the bearded man shouted. “You can’t be in here, miss!”

Ignoring him—indeed, very barely registering his words at all—Sid skidded to a stop in front of the mirrors. For a second, he stared in shock at what they revealed, refusing to believe it. Then, in motions made almost convulsive with frantic haste, Sid tore at the fly of his jeans, yanking them open and down even as he lifted the hem of his well-worn t-shirt with the other.

The half-clad woman staring at him out of the mirror shrieked in complete denial of what she saw, and Sid’s ear-ringing blast of feminine horror was perfectly matched to the look on *her* face as *she* surveyed the muscular, but undeniably female body that was reflected in the mirror.

Short, mid-brown hair framed a smoothly oval face bearing fine features. Not stunningly gorgeous, not ugly, it would have been a fine, functional female face, unremarkable—except for the unusually muscular, but nevertheless undeniable feminine body that it topped. Though the breasts were not only tiny but almost as solid as a masculine chest would have been, the dropped jeans revealed the pink slit that proved, without

any possibility of argument, that this highly athletic figure was, in fact, a woman.

“Holy shit...!” a male voice blurted out, and as Sid’s altered head snapped to the side, she became aware that she wasn’t the only one viewing that undeniable visual proof of her new gender—for, after all, she *was* standing in the *men’s* room.



A frown already on his face from the first occurrence, James stood on tip-toe and stared down the brightly-lit expanse of mall concourse as he tried to figure out where the second horrified female scream had come

from. Even as he did so, the dark-haired young man couldn't help but shiver at the heartfelt despair that filled each of the high-pitched screams.

James was well aware of the fact that he was 'old-fashioned' in certain ways, and one of those ways that got him into occasional trouble was how he viewed women. More than once, he'd received less-than-complimentary responses to his habit of holding doors open for them, and his somewhat unusual formality tended to interfere sometimes with his (attempts at) social interaction... but the perspective was bred so deep in his bones that it wasn't really fair to consider it voluntary anymore.

So, when he heard a woman scream like that, nearly everything in James screamed back at him to do something about it. Even if, as now, he had no idea of: who was doing the screaming; why they were screaming, or even; where they were.

With a sigh, James shook his head and turned, beginning to make his way back down the concourse toward the source of those screams. Even as he did so, he felt like a complete and utter fool, knowing that it probably wasn't any of his business, and that there were other people who were either closer and/or authorized to deal with such situations, but was unable to stop himself from responding nonetheless.

He had only taken a few steps, however, when he suddenly began to feel rather... strange.

For one thing, he was moving... differently. In a hurry to get to whomever was letting out that despairing scream, he'd begun to move quickly—but instead of his usual, rather bullish stride, he found himself moving much more smoothly than usual—and much more energetically, as well. He felt as if he had a higher power-to-weight ratio than he was normally used to dealing with, each move coming with a springy power that was unusual for him.

Especially since that spring in his step was causing an odd little sensation on his chest... and was failing to create the 'bouncing' he was subliminally expecting to feel in his crotch.

However, with that scream still metaphorically ringing in his ears, James didn't—couldn't—take the time to dwell on the steadily mounting number of odd sensations his body was registering. Instead, he focused on trying to make his way through the relatively crowded concourse without actually shoving anyone out of the way...

...except that, inadvertently, he did just that. What should have been a simple arm-block to guide himself safely past a slim young man without body-checking instead pushed the other guy back a step as James somehow applied more power in the motion than should have been possible, given everything he know about his own strength.

Except that it didn't seem to be 'his' own strength, something that was just registering independently on James when the slim young man, taking a look at her, supplied a secondary confirmation: "Hey, watch who you're shoving, you dyke bitch!"

"What... *What* did you call me?" James asked the man—a question of simple, if extreme confusion, compounded by the oddly light-toned voice it emerged in. The slim young man seemed to assume a different intent in the question, however, as he leaned toward her with a look of disgust on his face.

"You heard me, *bitch!*" he snarled. "I don't care how muscular you are, or how much you hate us 'disgusting pigs', you can't just go around shoving guys out of your way!"

"But, I'm not...." James started to point out—and then stopped dead, eyes going wide and jaw dropping.

Startled by James' reaction, the slim young man frowned and took a step back, wondering what the hell was with this crazy bitch. A quick glance over his shoulder only confused him even more, as she seemed to be staring at the window display of a shop featuring soft, fluffy, lacy feminine clothes—hardly the sort of display that would seem to wring such a reaction from such a dyke bitch.

Of course, the slender young man had no idea that the ‘dyke bitch’ was staring in shock at the ghostly reflection in the shop window, rather than what lay beyond it.

“I... I’m a... but... that can’t...” the toned, highly athletic young woman stammered in shock. With her almost aggressively toned body and her crew-cut black hair, the figure of a ‘bull dyke’ lesbian was only further enhanced by the jean-and-sweatshirt combo that, along with the comfortable shoes, practically made her a stereotype.

How long *she* might have stood there, gaping in shock, was an open question—for a steadily growing commotion from the direction James had been heading drew even the stunned new woman’s attention.

“I’m changing! I’m still changing!” A high-pitched female voice screamed in apparent horror, its owner pelting forward almost blindly as she sobbed and gibbered, caroming off people almost as if oblivious to their presence.

Despite being stunned....

No.

*Because* she was so stunned by her sudden and inexplicable transformation into a woman, James was running solely on that bone-deep instinct when she reached out and snagged the arm of the slender young woman as she tried to pelt blindly past. The newly feminized James had no

problem bringing the slimmer, and much less muscular, blonde to a sudden halt.

“What... what’s going on?” James demanded—not quite sure if she was referring to the blonde’s plight or her own.

“I’m a *girl*...!” The blonde howled in a voice that made the pronouncement sound like the crack of doom itself.

For a second, James simply stared at the slender, girlish blonde—and then the woman’s... the *other* woman’s... appearance really registered for James.

Oh, not so much the slender, girlish body; nor the blandly cute oval face, nor even the shoulder-length mess of tangled golden hair—but, rather the men’s ‘tighty-whitey’ briefs and faded orange t-shirt that the woman wore, both oversized for her slender frame.

“Suh... suh... suh... *Sid?!!*”

The blonde, gibbering to herself, suddenly snapped out of her intense self-interest to stare at the highly athletic, dark-haired woman who was holding her—and likewise took in the somewhat less ill-fitting ensemble the other woman wore.

“...James?” she whispered in a high-pitched little voice.



“Omigawd, omigawd, omigawd...” the blonde whimpered, James’ oversized sweatshirt making her barely ‘street legally’ clothed as the taller, Amazonian woman quickly guided her further away from the commotion back on the mezzanine concourse. Having given up the outer garment, the athletic woman with the ear-length mass of dark hair wore only a tank-style undershirt with her jeans, revealing a decidedly toned but unmistakably feminine form as she tried to shield her companion from various startled, (mostly feminine) disapproving, or (mostly masculine) approving gazes.

“For fuck’s sake, quit your whining Si... Sindy!” James snapped, almost unthinkingly substituting the feminine name at the last second. The

name-switch felt so completely natural that she didn't even think about it—but she did frown as she realized how easily she'd snapped at a woman, something that should have been unthinkable...

“But Jam... Janice!” ‘Sindy’ whined, the substitution coming as naturally as it had to ‘Janice’. “We’re *girls!* And we’re still changing!”

“Yeah. Thanks for the info.” ‘Janice’ snarked with bitter venom—this time, the sense that it was completely out of character for her to do such a thing even more delayed and less powerful than the last. “In case you’ve been too wrapped up in you stupid little self to notice, it’s happening to both of us, so suck it up and shut up!” She quickly guided the other woman onto a down escalator, heading for the ground floor.

“But *Janice...!*” The cute little blonde whined in that annoyingly high-pitched little voice of hers. “My boobies are getting really big!”

Sindy only meant to pull up the sweatshirt, to show Janice how the shirt underneath fit her still-changing body—but the fleece of the sweatshirt clung to the fabric of the shirt, and she inadvertently revealed a truly impressive pair of triple-D’s to the world.

More immediately, to the shocked-yet-appreciative gaze of a young man currently riding on the up escalator beside them. Eyes wide, he turned and tried to ogle the blushing blonde babe as her taller, more athletic

companion rolled her eyes, reached over, and yanked the sweatshirt back down.

“God, you’re a fuckin’ idiot!” Janice sniped angrily at the blonde.

Sindy’s big, doe eyes filled with tears. “I... I’m sorry Janice. I didn’t mean to... I’m just, like, so totally confused and stuff...”

“You’re pathetic!” Janice informed the steadily-more-busty blonde with joyful malice as she yanked her off the bottom of the escalator, propelling her toward one of the lower-end stores with a none-too-gentle push. “Now let’s get you something to wear—unless you *like* showing off your tits to the world? That can be arranged, you know...”

“But... I... I don’t...” Sindy stammered—then fell silent under Janice’s gaze, meekly following the taller woman into the store.

The store itself was part of a large chain of ‘excess stock’ stores; as such, they carried an extremely large variety of things, ranging from electronics to clothing to home hardware and décor. You could never go in expecting to find any given thing, however, as the stock was simply whatever larger stores had been selling off as out-of-production, poor sellers, or otherwise considered excess to requirements. It was, however, very cheap—and in part that was also due to staffing policies, which were basically ‘anybody willing to work for absolute minimum wage’.

The rather grungy-looking eighteen-year-old behind the counter was a prime example of that hiring policy, since his red eyes and general demeanor gave him the unmistakable air of a stoner as he openly ogled the two women entering the store—the taller one sweeping by with an imperious athleticism, with her much ‘girlier’ companion trailing almost submissively in the more imposing woman’s wake. The clerk, watching them approach, had already begun to grin at the sight of them, and by the time they were sweeping past him he was smiling almost goofily at them. The more athletic woman glanced at him only long enough for a quelling frown, but the clerk—a lean brunet nicknamed ‘Goat’, due to both his poorly trimmed goatee and the fact that his real name and frequent description of condition were both ‘Randy’—had expected that, and let it glance off of him.

What he hadn’t expected was the cute little blonde number’s reaction. Catching his smile, she seemed at first startled, and then pleased. Her steps slowed, her eyes brightened, and an answering smile began to form on her lips...

...until the taller woman sighed gustily, grabbed the blonde’s arm, and hauled her deeper into the store.

Confused and scared, Cindy had to struggle not to burst into tears as Janice pulled her away from the cute guy who had been smiling so nicely at

her; not treating her mean like that nasty old man in the bathroom, or all bitchy like Janice was being. It was bad enough she was, like, all girly now and stuff; why couldn't Janice let her have a few minutes being with somebody who obviously wanted to be nice to her and stuff?

“You're a big doo-doo head!” Cindy swore at Janice... but in a small little whisper Janice would never be able to hear.

She didn't want to make Doo-Doo Head madder than she already was...

“Here—this will do,” Janice said brusquely, grabbing a dress off of a rack and negligently tossing it at Cindy.

“But...” Cindy started to argue.

“Just get changed, you dumb... bimbo!” Janice snarled—but only half paying attention, as she found herself looking at some of the other clothing. Not that she was in any way eager to wear women's clothing, of course; but her own clothing was getting steadily less suitable as she changed, and since she was here anyway...

“Yes, Janice...” Cindy submitted, in a soft little high-pitched voice. She didn't want to wear a dress herself, of course, but she needed something to wear... but, even as she edged toward the changing room, she eyed the other clothing around her, thinking that if she was going to have to wear girl's clothes anyway, shouldn't she be trying on some of those really pretty

dresses over there...? Especially since there were like, these totally cute shoes over *there* that would just be, like, so totally awesome with that dress, and...

“Dammit, Sindy!” Janice snarled. “Now!”

With a squeak, Sindy turned and fled toward the dressing room—but not before hastily yanking this, like, totally cute outfit off a rack as she passed.

A moment later, Janice followed, some items in her own arms.

All of which meant that the return of the two women to Goat’s check-out was even more enjoyable than when they first passed by.

The bitch looked damned hot in the denim-print spandex capris and white cotton crop-top she’d picked out, highlighting the long-legged, lean sensuality that had been clearly hiding under her baggy clothing. With long, black hair done up in an asymmetrical ponytail, she clearly knew she looked fine, and the way she moved atop the ‘leather’ sandals with their three-inch block heel was a strong-yet-sensual strut. The look she was giving him, however, clearly advertised that while she was enjoying looking so hot, a man doing the same might be in a world of trouble.

The same couldn’t be said for the bombshell blonde who was smiling brightly—if rather brainlessly—in his direction, however.

Goat had known she must have a pretty fine figure under that sweatshirt, but he’d had no idea she was this hot! The hot-pink spandex

miniskirt was awesome enough on its own, much less paired with the white platform sandals with five-inch heels that did good things for her quite nice legs and ass—but that wimple white t-shirt with pastel pink lace trim was literally straining under the massive load of the clearly braless breasts that filled it to near bursting. Hell, each massive orb of jiggling tit-flesh was bigger than her own head!

With her hair done up in pigtails, she was the next best thing to a living wet dream, a look that was only enhanced as, with a squeal of delight, she plucked a cheap tube of hot-pink lipstick from the display and quickly applied it to her lips.

Watching this, the dark-haired woman rolled her eyes... and then stopped, her attention suddenly riveted on the same display. Her eyes narrowed and, gaze daring Goat to make an issue of it, plucked a tube of wine-red lipstick from the display. A faint blush the only sign of possible embarrassment at the overtly feminine action, she quickly and efficiently applied a glossy coat of dark red to her own, full lips.



Still embarrassed by the oddly fulfilling action of applying lipstick to her new lips, Janice strove to find a way of distracting herself—and found it in tormenting the stupid, pathetic little bimbo Sid had become.

“Pay the man, Syndi.” She ordered, imperiously—and then, leaning slightly closer to Goat and stage-whispered: “That’s S, Y, N, D, I—as in Syndi Silicone, both her stage name and new legal name. Keeping track of more than one would have... *confused* the poor thing, if you know what I mean...”

They both turned to look at ‘Syndi Silicone’—who was somehow managing a bright, bubbly smile, a bright-red blush, and downcast eyes, all

at the same time.

“But Janice, I *tried* to tell you, I really, really did!” she whined in a high-pitched little voice with a lisp that turned ‘really’ into ‘weally’, causing Janice’s teeth to grind together. The stoner, sick little fuck, seemed turned on by the breathy whine.

“*I don’t have any money...!*” The brain-dead pair of walking tits wailed in a voice that, by all rights, should have shattered glass. Janice wished she was Amazonian again, if just to cram a fist down her throat to shut...

Wait a second...

Slowly, Janice began to smile as she thought about what else could be crammed down Syndi’s throat.

Completely unaware, at least on the conscious level, that one hand was almost frantically rubbing her crotch, the other at her as-yet-unnoticed larger chest, Janice smiled evilly.

“Well then, Syndi—if you can’t pay the man for our pretty new clothes...” Janice said, a hungrily wicked tone to her voice, “I guess you’ll just have to suck him off, instead!”

Eyes dancing with evil delight, Janice threw her head back, and beginning—in approved Mad Villain style—began low, deep in the back of her throat: “*mmmmwwha-ha-ha-HA-HA-HA!*”

Syndi blinked.

Like, ohmigawd, Janice was, like, totally laughing about it!

She giggled.

She pouted, prettily, in confusion.

She didn't get it.

She looked to the cute guy for help.

He was smiling at her. Well, at her boobies.

Janice was laughing. Well, kinda laughing.

Weren't they mad she couldn't pay for the pretty...?

Wait. What had Janice said?

“Like, oh-mi-gawd!” Syndi shrieked at Goat. “I like, so totally *could* give you a blow job for the pretty clothes, right?! I mean, I'm like a total *freaking* babe, ya'know? Isn't that, like... the *coolest* thing ever?!”

Yeah! He agreed! He was, like, so totally nodding at her, and smiling!

Dimly, Syndi was aware that Janice's laughter had stopped as if cut off with a knife, but couldn't pay it any attention. She leapt across the checkout counter, and into his arms.

“Oh!” she suddenly remembered to inform him; “I've got, like, totally huge boobies, too!”

He'd noticed. That made her giggle.

Janice stared in shock at where Syndi was energetically and enthusiastically, if not necessarily skillfully, going about her 'wery, wery

firstest sucky-wuckies’.

Yuck. Yet... oddly enough... the guy seemed to like it. He seemed to like what Syndi was doing, however poorly.

“But... that... that’s not what was supposed to...” Janice stammered, unconsciously licking her lips. Unthinkingly, dismissively, she said, “Hell, I could have done that.”

She paused, then sniped spitefully, “Hell, I could do better than that.”

A beat later: “Ah, hell, get the fuck out the way, you useless cunt. I’ll show you how to suck cock...”

