

# Twisted Fate (MtF, RC, Bimbo)

**"Tell me, young man; would you like to know your future?"** The woman's heavily accented voice managed to overpower the low murmur from the people around the man and woman on their date. They both saw the older woman that sat inside a fortune-telling booth, the Hispanic lady now beckoning them to come closer. The carnival was an incredible event, full of activities and wonders, and it wasn't surprising to see someone posing as a fortune-teller.

**"Oh, look! A fortune-teller!"** Claire said with an excited tone. The blonde had always been a sucker for things like this, and she was now eagerly pulling on Alex's arm to go and check it out. She wasn't an idiot, far from it, but she was a bit gullible.

**"Yeah, I can see that... Um, look, I'm not really interested. Come, Claire, let's check out something else."** The dark-haired gentleman groaned. Unlike his date, he wasn't spiritual at all. He didn't believe in any of this nonsense, and the guy was actually getting a bit annoyed just looking at the fortune teller.

**"Honestly, I think it's kind of interesting. If you aren't going to have your fortune told, then I'm going to give it a try!"** Claire exclaimed excitedly and gave Alex a teasing glance before letting go of his hand. She walked over to the fortune teller eagerly, much to Alex's frustration.

**"Come on! You can't seriously believe in this stupid bullshit?"** He hissed at his date. Claire was a lovely girl that was both sweet and smart, so seeing her fall for what he knew was a scam frustrated him to no end.

**"Unlike you, Alex, I have an open mind. Besides, there's no harm in trying it out."** Claire retorted as she sat down in front of the woman, giving her a friendly smile. She got one in return from the fortune-teller, the wizened woman now looking up at the guy that clearly wasn't as eager to try it out as Claire.

**"You mean aside from being scammed for money by someone's that clearly a con artist? If I wanted to hear an immigrant spit out fake bullshit for money, then I'd give money to the homeless guy we met earlier."** Alex had been drinking a bit during his time here, and he was a little bit intoxicated at this point. So, without thinking, the words had slipped out of his mouth, and he already regretted saying it.

**"Hey, you don't have to be so rude!"** The curvy blonde said, giving him a sour look. They were coworkers and had known each other for a while, so this wasn't the first time Claire had heard him say something like this without thinking. She could see the regretful look on his face,

but that wouldn't take back his insults. The Hispanic woman didn't seem offended, though. Honestly, she looked more amused than angry by the insensitive racial slurs from the guy.

**"I can see that your boyfriend doubts the powers of foretelling the future."** The woman said with her thick accent as she stared at the man, an amused smile now adorning her wrinkly face.

**"Oh, he's not my boyfriend. We're just on a date."** Claire quickly replied, distancing herself a bit from her coworker.

**"I see. Well, how about I read the man's fortune for free? Please, Mr. Alex, let me show you your future."** The palm-reader gestured towards the second chair in front of her booth. Claire gestured towards it as well, making it clear that Alex had no way out of this.

**"Ugh, fine!"** He muttered with a defeated sigh, the tall man soon sitting down next to Claire and in front of the hunched and short fortune-teller.

**"Come on, Alex, lighten up a bit. Try to enjoy it! Who knows, maybe she'll tell you that you'll end up winning the lottery or something?"** Claire said as she tried to lighten the mood a bit. It was clear that Alex wasn't enjoying this, and the last thing she wanted was for him to make things worse.

**"Yeah, I kind of doubt that. If the woman knew the winning lottery numbers, then she wouldn't be working in a rundown carnival as a poor fortune-teller."** He sourly pointed out. Once again, the woman didn't seem to take offense to his mean remarks or sour mood. Instead, she continued to stare at the green-eyed man with an amused smile on her lips.

**"Now, give me your hands so I can read your future."** She said, reaching out with her wrinkly hands, and Alex reluctantly put his hand out towards her. When she grabbed his hand, he could feel a strange shiver passing up his limb. It felt like a tiny shock, one that rippled up and down his body a few times before disappearing. The fortune-teller moved her bony finger across his hand, tracing it across the creases on his palm. It tickled a bit, and Alex felt a bit uncomfortable as she continued to hold his hand tightly with her wrinkly limb. Her hands were oddly warm, and it sent more tingles up and down his arm.

**"Oh, very interesting. I see a sudden change in perspective in your future, and I see you going through a transformative journey."** The words seemed to almost come to life, and Alex could feel them worming into his ear. They burrowed deep into his mind, now echoing through his skull, and he couldn't help but feel like something was a bit off. Then again, he didn't believe any of this bullshit, so he continued to remain calm.

**"Oh, is that so?"** The dark-haired guy said sarcastically as both of them watched the fortune-telling continue reading his palm. Claire listened with excitement as it continued, the girl finding it all quite intriguing.

**"And I see pleasure, so much that you might end up getting lost in it. But I can see some loss as well, and you need to be careful moving forward so that you won't lose something dear to you."** The sound of pleasure did entice Alex, and he found himself glancing over at Claire. Everything she said was bogus, so he shouldn't read anything into it, but that didn't stop him from hoping that this would end on a good note. Once again, the fated words pierced into his skull, embedding themselves deep into his brain.

**"Mmhhh..."** Alex couldn't shake the strange sensation in his limb, and it felt a bit numb as the woman's finger continued to dance across the palm of his hand.

**"I see someone taking advantage of you soon as well, so beware. Finally, your lucky color will be red, and your lucky numbers will be forty-two, twenty-eight, and forty-four."** The numbers and color bounced around in his head before finally burrowing deep into his subconsciousness. Once there, they began to pulsate and grow, just like all the other magically implanted messages she had put into his very soul.

**"Oh, wow. Are you really sure you should tell me that? Now I know the winning lottery numbers, and I'll end up winning millions."** Alex said sarcastically with a chuckle, now pulling his hand away from her grip. Finally, the strange sensation in his hand vanished, and he realized just how numb it had been.

**"Come on, don't be a dick, Alex. Here, thanks for that, miss!"** Claire hissed at Alex before turning to face the woman again. She handed her some money, which she graciously accepted.

**"Don't pay her! She told us it was free."** The man could feel his annoyance bubbling underneath the surface. The only reason he accepted all of this was that it was free, and he really didn't want the girl to pay the con artist.

**"It's called not being a dick, Alex. You should try it sometimes."** The blonde was obviously not amused by his dickish behavior, and she gave the guy a sour look.

**"You are a good person, miss. And I see great things ahead of you in the future."** The wizened woman grabbed her hand, holding it tight in her bony limbs. A tingle passed through Claire's frame, and she could feel how her hand started to feel a little numb as the woman held it. **"When you get the chance to take a risk at work, then go for it. It will work out for you in the end."**

**"Wow, thanks, miss!"** The curvy girl said, giving the fortune-teller another radiant smile. After that, Alex and Claire walked away from the woman, and one of them was clearly a lot less amused by all of this than the other.

**"God, that was terrible."** Alex ran his hand through his short dark brown hair with a sigh.

**"I don't think it was so bad, aside from you acting like an insensitive dick."** Claire retorted, giving him an annoyed glance. Alex knew that he had stepped over the line back there, and he

regretted the way he acted. She could see it on his face, which was the only reason she hadn't walked away from the insensitive jerk already.

**"Okay, sure, I'm sorry for being such a jerk to her. It's just that I hate people trying to scam others, and seeing stuff like that triggers me. I think it's just so freaking dishonest."**

He explained, trying to excuse his behavior. Claire knew that he wasn't an asshole, even if he acted like one at times, and she knew that Alex usually didn't mean the stuff he said.

**"I'm not the one that you need to apologize to, Alex. But it's okay. I know you mean well. You know, when you're actually using your brain and not behaving like a gorilla."** Claire said, smiling at the guy. However, as she glanced up at him, she couldn't help but feel like something was off about his face. Alex looked different, but Claire couldn't put her finger on what it could be. Not only that, but the way her heart skipped a beat when she saw her smile wasn't there anymore.

Alex chuckled a bit as he glanced down at the blonde clinging to his arm. It felt like something had changed, but not even he knew what it was. The sight of her smile, her gorgeous eyes, or even her bust didn't entice him as it did only a few moments ago. Maybe all the stuff with the fortune-teller had killed the mood for the evening?

Regardless, they continued with their date. However, it became clear that this wasn't going anywhere. The spark was gone, and it didn't seem like anything was capable of getting it going again. So by the end of the evening, both realized that this wasn't working out. There were no hard feelings, and they left on good terms when Alex escorted Claire back to her apartment. It was a good thing too since they worked in the same office. They weren't in the same division, but they worked in the same building and did meet each other daily.

Alex gave Claire one last glance before she closed the door, and for the first time that evening, he noticed something. Her top. Her red top. She had been wearing it the entire evening, but the guy had never really noticed it before now. It was cute, just the right amount of sexy and modest that hugged her frame perfectly. He wasn't sure why he only noticed it now, but he couldn't help but admire how good it looked. He wanted to compliment her for it, but she had already closed the door at that point.

After that, Alex went home. He stopped by one last time at the carnival, hoping to walk by the fortune-teller and apologize, but it seemed that she had gone home for the night as well. The tall, dark-haired gentleman walked home after that, now feeling oddly tired. He fell asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow, his soft snores filling his home as he slept half-naked on the bed.

A soft groan escaped from Alex's lips as he woke up, and he couldn't help but grunt as he got up. For some inexplicable reason, his entire body felt sore. It was the same gentle burn that he got after he had spent a long time at the gym, and he rubbed his aching muscle slightly. It had been a while since he had gone to the gym, so he found it strange that he felt this sore.

He scratched his chin, not noticing how some hairs on his cheek fell off as he did. Alex didn't see the tiny hairs on the sheets and pillow, and it looked almost like he had been shedding during the night. His arms and legs weren't as hairy as before, nor were his armpits or crotch as densely packed with hair either.

Alex stepped into the shower, now letting out a sigh of relief as the warm water cascaded down his sore frame. It massaged his tired muscles and aching limbs, sending tingles of joy through his body. He didn't seem how the water washed away more tiny hairs from his body, leaving his skin increasingly more bare.

He lathered his hair with an expensive shampoo he had never had before, nor did Alex reflect on the fact that he used conditioner either. He used them both without thinking, scrubbing and rubbing his short hair with it. The shower was longer than the ones he was used to, the guy getting lost in the blissful sensation of the warm water cascading down his body, and time had ticked away quickly.

**"Shit, is it that late already?"** Alex muttered as he walked out of the bathroom, only now noticing that he was almost late for work. He didn't think he overslept, but apparently, he was wrong. The guy skipped breakfast and hurried to get dressed, not really noticing the pair of dark red boxer briefs Alex had picked out for himself. He put on a shirt and pants, not really paying attention to his less hairy limbs as he did, and grabbed his keys and wallet before heading out to the office.

It was a short car ride there, and he parked in his usual spot. The upside of being a high-ranking data analyst at a prominent company was the perks that came with it - parking spot close to the building and corner office room on the top floor of the building. The pay wasn't shabby either, especially considering he was still in his mid-twenties and had only worked here for a few years.

On his way up to his office, he met Claire, the secretary giving him a soft smile as she hurried off to do some errands for her boss. He smiled back at her, glad that things were still great between them despite how the date ended.

**"Hey, man. Decided to sleep in today, huh?"** Chris said with a chuckle as soon as he walked into the room. The guy he shared his office room with had probably been there for a while, no doubt on his third cup of coffee already.

**"Yeah, a little..."** Alex said with a sigh and a fake smile as he walked in and sat down behind his desk. His chubby office-mate wasn't rude or anything, but he really did have a way of getting under the dark-haired guy's skin. It was probably the only thing he disliked about his job, and Alex hoped he would get promoted soon so he wouldn't have to share a room.

**"I take it that the date went well, huh?"** The sleazy guy said with another chuckle and a wink. Once again, Alex did his best to fake a smile.

**"No, not really."** The tall guy glanced through some emails and scratched his itchy cheek as he talked to Chris. Alex was unaware how his cheek was essentially hairless now, and so was his arms and legs, and the hair on his eyebrows looked less unkempt.

**"Crashed and burned, huh? Well, who cares? Claire's just a secretary, and you can do much better than her anyway."** Alex might not be the most sensitive person in the world, but he was a saint compared to Chris. The guy was a misogynistic douche that no one would ever want to have as a boss, and Alex sincerely hoped he wouldn't have to work with him for much longer. At least he was an incredible data analyst, which pretty much was his only saving grace.

**"Mhmm..."** Alex continued to make small talk with the guy as they both worked, barely listening to the man as he made some inappropriate comments about the girls in the office.

The morning went by quickly, and Alex remained unaware of the tiny changes that swept over his body as he continued to work. His arms and legs were hairless at this point, and his skin had started to soften up a bit. The hair under his arms soon disappeared, leaving them as soft and smooth as the rest of his body, and the bush between his legs slowly got trimmed down. Little by little, his body was being shaved, trimmed, and pampered by invisible hands that moved with grace over his frame. His eyebrows even got plucked, with a few hairs falling off in certain places to make them look more styled than earlier.

By noon, his skin was silken smooth and soft, as if he used moisturizer and body lotion daily. He didn't seem to notice it when he ran a hand over his arm or chin, but Alex did the faint tingles that passed through his body when he did. It coursed straight down to his manhood, triggering it to wake up, and it made him feel flustered. That sensation would haunt him throughout the day, making him even more unproductive than he already was. Lunch quickly approached, and Alex was already falling behind with his work.

Alex and Chris headed down to the commissary, intent on grabbing a quick lunch before heading back up again. They both had a lot of work on their table, and Alex was falling behind for some reason. It was bad enough that he had arrived late today, but it was more than just that. The guy often found himself stopping to think as if his mind wasn't reacting fast enough and was unable to keep up. Not only that, but he struggled with some of the routine checks and calculations he usually didn't have a problem with at all. Either way, he merely thought he was having an off-day today.

**"So, what do you think?"** Chris suddenly asked him, snapping Alex out of his trance. It was clear that the guy had asked him something, but the dark-haired guy couldn't remember it for the life of him.

**"Um, what?"** He asked, and Chris looked a bit annoyed.

**"I asked you what you thought of the game this weekend. Quite a nail-biter, huh?"** To Alex's surprise, he found himself unable to really care about it. He had seen the game, and he remembered that it was intense as hell as he watched it, but now? It bored him to think about it, which was a bit odd.

**"Uh, yeah. It was pretty good..."** Alex said as he went back to what he did before Chris interrupted him with his question. He had been staring at Claire across the room and at the other secretaries that sat at her table. Usually, he would have admired their curves, cute faces, or sexy smiles, but now he was looking at something else.

Alex couldn't help but stare at their outfits. The way the cute brunette's top accentuated her bust or how cute Claire's heels looked. He had never noticed how much time the girls probably put into looking like that, planning out their outfit in advance and making sure that their makeup matched it as well. He was intrigued by it, now idly admiring their clothes, makeup, and even their jewelry. It was only until a little bit later, when the girls had eaten their lunch and were about to leave, that he snapped out of his admiring trance.

The two office-mates headed back to their room, Alex groaning a bit when he got reminded that his body was still sore from earlier. The guy was unaware of how his muscles were atrophying, the magic working steadily on his masculine body, and how his bones were realigning. Little by little, his body was being eaten away by the curse. He had even lost a full inch in height, and he would have noticed it if his suit hadn't shrunk to match his shorter frame.

The one thing that he did notice was how long his hair had gotten, but that didn't happen until late that afternoon. Alex had been working on a report, his mind struggling with some complex words and less complex calculations when he ran his hand through his hair. Once again, he felt flustered from just how sensitive his skin had gotten.

**"Huh..."** Alex muttered when he realized that his short hair was longer than he remembered it, the locks feeling oddly thick in his slightly smaller hand. It reached down to the bottom of his ear, which was a lot longer than he was used to having.

*'I have to get a haircut soon.'* He thought to himself as he finished the report. It had been a long and unproductive day, and he had only finished two-thirds of the things he had set out to do. For some reason, his brain felt all frazzled and fried. He hadn't done anything that he would usually consider difficult or complex, and yet it felt like his mind was slogging through a mire.

He bumped into Claire again on his way out, and she looked like she was about to burst with joy.

**"Oh, hi Alex! You won't believe what happened to me today!"** She said, her smile so big that it barely fit on her adorable face. Alex found himself staring at her, only now realizing how well her lipstick complemented her plump lips and how her subtle eyeshadow brought out her blue eyes. **"The head of sales called me and asked if I could drop by her office tomorrow at noon. Oh, I hope it's about an open position there. I've always wanted to work for sales!"**

**"Oh, that's great, Claire."** Alex felt happy for the girl since he knew that working for sales was her dream. **"I hope so too!"**

**"Oh god, I'm so nervous. Anyway, I got to go. Talk to you tomorrow, Alex!"** The girl disappeared off in a hurry, and the dark-haired guy stared at her with a smile as she left. Did she

have new shoes? And where had she bought that skirt? In the end, Alex felt more intrigued by her outfit than her curvy body.

After that, the guy went back home again. The guy didn't seem to notice the changes his apartment had gone through, and they weren't tiny either. The spare bedroom was gone, and some of his other rooms had shrunk in size. The apartment now didn't feel as luxurious, even though the layout was somewhat similar. New products like moisturizers, body lotions, and other beauty products appeared in his bathroom, and a vanity mirror had appeared in his bedroom. Makeup. Brushes. Lipsticks. Everything a pretty girl would ever need to get ready in the morning.

Alex picked up some dinner on his way home, and he had planned not to leave the apartment for the rest of the evening. The food didn't make his body any less sore, nor did it do anything about how weird his entire body felt. It was around the point when he had switched his stuffy suit for a pair of comfortable slacks and an old t-shirt that he noticed the weird sensation in his chest. It felt swollen, and tingles passed down his spine when he ran his hands over the area. It wasn't just his chest either, but his hips, thighs, and even butt.

**"Maybe I'm getting sick?"** He muttered to himself as he sat down on his couch, rubbing his chest with a groan. All of the touching and rubbing earlier had gotten him going, especially after having been a flustered mess throughout the day, and he could feel his erect manhood straining his underwear.

**"Fuck it..."** Alex grabbed his laptop and quickly pulled up something he knew would fix all of this. He grabbed his cock in his smaller hand, not noticing how his slimmer fingers had more trouble than before to wrap around his turgid shaft, and quickly opened up the first available video he found.

It didn't take long before his hand began to stroke his throbbing manhood, the thing twitching wildly in his hands, and he found himself staring at the man and woman on the screen fucking each other. Alex didn't notice how his gaze seemed to move from the woman to the man as it went on, his aroused mind unaware of how his sexuality was gradually shifting. It didn't take long before he came, and an intense wave of euphoria washed over his weary mind. It was more intense and far more blissful than anything Alex had felt before. God, he really needed that!

Alex cleaned himself up and was about to do something productive when he glanced down at the paused video where the woman froze mid-moan on the screen when he felt his cock throb again. To his shock, he felt ready to go again. The first masturbation session had triggered something in him, woken up some kind of primal part of him, and it wasn't satisfied yet. The guy found himself staring at the girl, his rational mind and his inner lust battling out in his head, and it was clear which one was winning.

**"Fuck it. It isn't as if I have anything else planned for tonight."** Alex said as he sat down on the couch, cock in one hand and the other already loading up another video. One quick wank



soon turned to another. And then another. And then another. It soon turned into a marathon, the guy finding himself basking in the addictive euphoria he felt whenever he came.

However, each time his cock spewed out his virile seed, it came at a cost. It shrank, a fraction of an inch each time, and so did his testicles. His entire manhood was paying the price, and his raging libido made sure that he didn't notice a thing. Not only that, but his body was getting slimmer and shorter in the process. He had lost a full two inches from this morning, and his bulky frame was looking thinner than ever. His once thick arms were somewhat slim, lacking the toned definition they had before, and so were his legs.

Alex watched the videos, one by one, and his focus began to shift. Instead of watching the woman's breasts bounce up and down as she rode the guy's cock, he instead started to focus on the man. The way his hard abs pressed up against the woman's breasts. How his thick masculine hands squeezed her ass. And how his massive cock rammed into her over and over again. Deep down, he didn't want to fuck the woman. He wanted to be the woman.

It all lasted for hours, and a wave of shame washed over the poor guy when he realized it. It actually took him a few moments to notice how long he had been doing it. To him, the past few hours had flown by in a matter of minutes.

**"What the fuck am I doing?"** He muttered, his body sore and his cock spent from his hour-long masturbation session. And yet, despite how spent and tired he felt, he could still feel how his sore dick was twitching at the thought of doing it again.

Alex crawled to bed after a quick shower, and it didn't take long before he fell asleep. When he closed his eyes, he could see the scenes from the various pornos he had watched earlier flashing before his eyes. His cock went hard, and his dreams were soon as filthy as the videos he had spent the entire evening watching.

Morning came, and Alex woke up feeling oddly good. He smiled and sat up on the side of the bed, his mind buzzing ever so slightly. The dark-haired guy scratched his head, not noticing how his hair reached down to his neck as he brushed a few strands away from his face.

The poor man remained oblivious to everything around him as he walked to the bathroom as if he was in a trance. He didn't see the makeup table nor the girly sheets on his bed. Hell, he didn't even notice that his cock was a mere two-inch nub and that his testicles had shriveled up to the size of raisins.

During the night, his body had continued to change ever so slightly. He was a bit shorter, his body slightly slimmer, and his pale white skin looked a bit more tanned. The thing that stood out on his hairless frame was how swollen his rear seemed and how oddly wide his once narrow hips had gotten. Even his chest looked puffy, and his tiny dick excitedly twitched when he rubbed his oddly sensitive torso.

Alex was in a trance as he walked towards the shower, a smile on his somewhat puffy lips as he thought back to the dreams he had during the night. So, unsurprisingly, he didn't notice where he was putting his feet, and he ended up stubbing his toe against the side of the shower.

**"¡Mierda! [Shit!]"** Alex grunted in a less gruff voice than he was used to hearing. He didn't really notice it, nor did he pay attention to the language he used as he hopped into the shower. Soon the water silenced his foul mouth, and Alex let out soft sighs of pure bliss as the guy enjoyed his long and warm shower. The water caressed her sensitive curves, teasing his erect nipples and swollen chest in a way that he hadn't experienced before.

Alex was in auto-pilot now, washing his body and shampooing his hair without even thinking. He was putting more care and effort into maintaining his body than ever before without realizing it, almost as if he had done it his entire life. It came naturally to him, along with the knowledge needed to do so. He lathered his hair, made sure not to damage his roots, and he scrubbed every inch of his body with a loofah he didn't remember even owning.

He walked out of the bedroom after yet another long shower, and he was almost late for work again. The guy took his time, though, as a weird sense of calm washed over him. Alex brushed his hair and got dressed with a tired yawn, doing all of it on auto-pilot, and he didn't snap out of it until he was in his car. He felt tired and sore, his arms aching and his mind hazy.

**"God, I must be getting sick or something..."** The dark-haired guy muttered as he brushed some thicker and longer locks from his face on pure instinct. His voice was softer, less manly, and he was mispronouncing the words ever so slightly. His Adam's apple was smaller and was barely visible at this point. As he drove the car out from his parking spot and onto the road, he failed to see that it was an older model than before, and the black color shifted to a bright red.

Alex didn't notice that his suit had transformed during the night, and it now fits perfectly over his slimmer frame. Honestly, it looked more like a woman's pantsuit. His once white shirt was now a bright red, and he didn't even notice that this underwear was a pair of panties that hugged his slightly rounded bottom and smaller cock quite well. He tapped his now long-nailed fingers against the steering wheel as he drove off to work, his plumper lips pressing up against his coffee cup as he sipped on the black beverage.

Deep down, he could feel like something was wrong. Every part of his body felt different, and his entire frame felt sore and sensitive. He rubbed his puffy chest and erect nipples, and the sensation he felt instantly woke his libido up. The man's two-inch dick twitched in his panties, the silky fabric rubbing against his tiny manhood, and the videos he saw last evening flashed before his eyes. He was a flustered mess by the time that he reached the office, his cheeks a rosy red and his breaths coming in hot.

**"Morning, sleepyhead,"** Chris said with a teasing tone as Alex walked into their shared office. **"another long night?"**

**"No, not really. Just been really sleepy lately."** The guy answered without noticing the soft accent he spoke in. He mispronounced the words ever so slightly, almost as if it wasn't his native tongue, and his words had a far more effeminate touch to them.

Chris wasn't the most handsome man in the world, but hearing his deep voice still set something off inside of Alex's mind. It reminded him of the men in the videos he saw last evening, and more images flashed before his eyes. He bit down on his lower lip, not realizing that he was smudging the subtle red lipstick that had appeared on them, and tried to contain his raging libido.

The rest of the morning was a struggle for the poor guy. He was in a battle against his own libido, and he wasn't winning. It made it hard to focus on work, and when he did, he barely got anything done. For some reason, none of it made sense. The basic calculations seemed incomprehensible to him, and he had to ask Chris more than a few times for help. It was a bit embarrassing, especially since this was all standard stuff that shouldn't be so hard. And yet, numbers and calculations only got harder to understand for his diminishing intellect. He had caught himself daydreaming about something else more than a few times. To make matters worse, the guy would walk over towards his desk whenever he asked Chris for help.

**"I don't understand what this all means..."** Alex muttered, his voice softer than before and his accent a bit thicker. He sounded like a woman at this point, one with a somewhat husky voice, and he talked at a slightly slower pace. It was weird, but Alex found it hard to remember some of the words, and he had to focus his strained and aroused mind whenever he read anything complicated. It felt like the English words were falling out of his mind, slowly but surely replaced with something else.

**"It's okay, sweetheart. I'll try to explain it to you."** Chris answered, and Alex didn't realize that his use of 'sweetheart' was sincere. The effeminate man thought that his colleague was merely trying to tease him.

**"Gracias... [Thanks]"** He muttered sarcastically, not even realizing what he was saying. Still, he was thankful for Chris's help, but it didn't exactly make him any less unproductive. By noon, he had barely gotten anything done, and Alex continued to struggle with his raging libido as he headed down to grab some lunch with Chris.

Alex walked by Claire and some of the other secretaries at the commissary, and he overheard them talking about what they were going to do this weekend. The mere mention of going shopping or discussing dresses was enough to make him pause. God, he really wanted to sit down at the table and listen to them talk about everything from dating guys and doing pilates. He glanced over at Chris, and the thought of enduring another lunch with the guy sounded so dull. He did find the guy somewhat cute thanks to his shifted sexuality, but all he wanted was to join the girls in their conversation.

But, in the end, he sat down with his colleague. During the entire meal, he found himself listening in to the girls, his brain soaking up their words like a sponge dipped into a bucket of

water. Each time he heard them say anything, his interests and hobbies shifted a bit more. His wardrobe back home changed, with pants becoming skirts and T-shirts becoming cute tops, along with the rest of the apartment. It shrank again, soon looking like the home of a woman with a far smaller paycheck than his own.

The dark-haired man squirmed a bit in his seat as his backside felt sore and his hips ached. His pants started to stretch as his rear inflated in size, gaining more and more padding as it went from flat yet feminine to plump and grabbable. Alex's hips had been narrow but girly when he came in this morning, but they were looking quite curvy at this point. Even his chest felt oddly swollen, his growing tits now pushing his shirt out a little.

Alex sighed and brushed some of his now shoulder-length hair behind his ear, revealing the silver studs that adorned his earlobe. He couldn't focus on anything thanks to his libido, and he found himself glancing more and more at Chris. He found himself wondering how big his cock was and how it would feel inside his body. Alex's mouth watered at the thought of wrapping his plump lips around it and how delicious the salty treat would feel on his tongue.

It was at this moment that he realized that something was terribly wrong. He had never imagined something like this before, and he shouldn't feel this attracted to the chubby bastard.

**"Dios mío! [My God!]"** Alex said as he stood up, his green eyes wide with shock. When he did, he could feel how parts of his body jiggled in a way that they shouldn't, and he could feel what remained of his cock started to ache with need.

**"What is it?"** Chris asked with a concerned tone, and the sound of his voice triggered something in Alex again. He couldn't take it anymore. He needed relief. **Now**.

Alex hurried off without saying a word, leaving his tray behind, and he got more than a few weird glances from both his colleagues and from the others in the commissary. His body ached with arousal, and he couldn't think straight. The man didn't notice that his shorter stature got offset by his heels growing with every passing moment. His hips swayed slightly, and he hurried down the hallway towards the bathroom on his now two-inch heels with ease. It was almost like he had spent his entire life strutting around on heels far taller than this.

**"H-Holy shit!"** He moaned with an alluring accent as he got into the first stall in the bathroom, and Alex didn't even notice that he had walked into the ladies' room. He sat down on the toilet, now heavily breathing as he listened intently to see if there was anyone else here. The guy didn't waste a second when it was clear that he was alone. Alex pulled up his knee-length skirt, not even noticing how his pants had morphed into one during his brisk walk here, before sliding his panties down to his slim ankles.

It felt like his cock was about to explode at any moment, and he nearly came as soon as he wrapped his dainty and manicured hand around it. There was barely anything left to hold, and he was soon rubbing his tiny dicklet with his feminine fingers. Alex didn't even notice how his sack was empty, his balls had pulled into his body a few moments ago, and each stroke of his

tiny dick caused it to shrink. The poor guy didn't even notice how he went from stroking his cock to plunging his fingers deep into **her** new pussy.

Alex pushed a finger in her new feminine snatch, first using only one but soon moving up to two fingers. Her other hand was caressing her chest, cupping her tiny mounds and pinching her nipples through the fabric. Each time she squeezed down on her breasts, they would grow. Soon fat poured into her sensitive tits as they got the attention they deserved. Her nipples grew wide and womanly, fully erect and oh-so-sensitive to the touch.

She was lucky that she was the only one in the bathroom and that the floor was mostly empty. Otherwise, someone might have heard her exaggerated porn-level moans that echoed through the room. Alex didn't care, though. All she could focus on was the intense pleasure that demanded her attention and focus. Images flashed before her eyes, but this time, the woman in her fantasies was herself. She imagined every hole of her body getting filled with a thick cock, the thought of which made her already wet loins ache even more with arousal.

During the session, her pelvis cracked as her hips continued to grow wider. They were starting to look quite curvy, not exaggerated or massive but clearly womanly and noticeable. Fat poured into her backside and her thighs, plumping up both so that they would match her curvier shape. Her waist cracked as it shrank, giving her a slim midsection, and it only made her hips and chest stand out even more. Soft tingles passed over her face as it changed, with cheekbones rising and her eyes shifting. Even her skull and jawline shrank down to a far daintier size.

Eventually, all good things would come to an end. Alex let out one guttural moan as she pushed herself over the edge, and her hand was soaking wet from the orgasm. Tingles passed through her body as she sat there, her breaths heavy, as she tried to make sense of what was happening. Then, slowly but surely, she started to notice the weight on her chest and the weird sensation of her fingers caressing her outer folds.

**"W-What..."** Alex muttered as she opened her pretty eyes, now brushing aside her shoulder-length mane of luscious dark locks from her face in a feminine manner. Then, as she looked down at herself, she couldn't help but gasp.

**"W-What the hell?!"** Her voice was thick and alluring, with a sexy accent that was impossible to miss. Alex stared at her chest, and she could see that both her body and outfit had changed during her little masturbation session. Panicking, she stood up on her heels and stumbled out from the stall with her hand still covered in her feminine juices. It didn't take long before she stood in front of a mirror, her pretty eyes wide with shock at what she saw.

What remained of her once masculine body was gone, and the only thing she saw in the mirror was a woman. She quickly noticed that her skin had taken on a more tanned and darker tone, and her hair was now a bit blacker in color. Her body was curvy, but not in an exaggerated way. It reminded her of Claire's body, feminine and curvy without looking slutty. Deep down, she knew that her breasts were around a C-cup, and her rear could probably be called a bubble-butt. She

barely even recognized her face anymore, and there wasn't a doubt that it belonged to a woman. Plump lips. Warm feminine eyes. Round and gentle features.

Alex also saw that her suit had changed into a bright red blouse that accentuated her figure nicely and a skirt that almost reached her knees. She could feel the panties hugging her posterior and pressing gently down over her wet folds. She could even feel a bra hugging her rounded breasts, supporting them, and she hated to admit how good it felt to wear it.

**"T-This is loco [crazy]..."** Alex muttered with her alluring voice, now running a long-nailed finger across her cheek as she stared into her eyes. Then, out of nowhere, she could see how the pale green color shifted to a warm and affectionate dark brown tone that matched her new body much better. **"I'm still fucking changing! H-How?!"**

Then, out of nowhere, she recalled what the fortune-teller had told her. *'And I see pleasure, so much that you might end up getting lost in it.'* The words rang around inside of her pretty head, over and over again. She had no idea how it was even possible, but she knew that the woman was behind all of this.

**"That puta [whore]! She's the one that did this to me!"** Alex muttered, now stamping her three-inch heel against the marble floor in anger. She could feel the void between her legs, making it abundantly clear that she wasn't a man anymore. Alex had lost her cock, the very thing that defined her as a man. She shuddered, both with pleasure and shame, as more unwanted urges and images flashed through her mind at the realization that she now had a pussy. **"I-I have to find her."**

Alex was about to storm out when she saw the name tag on her chest, and she couldn't believe what she saw. Not only had her picture changed, but also her name. She failed to notice that her job had also changed, and it was a better match for her increasingly duller mind.

*-Ana María Francesca Lopez-*

*-Personal Secretary-*

She could feel how the name wormed itself into her brain as she read it. In an instant, she had a hard time remembering her old name. The only one that came up was the one on the name tag, a name she knew that she didn't have before. And yet, she was Ana María Francesca Lopez, despite knowing deep down that she had been a man with another name only a few moments ago.

**"F-Fuck!"** Ana hissed as she hurried out from the bathroom, tears almost forming in the corner of her eyes as she felt her name slip away from her. She ignored the odd glances the people gave her as she sprinted down the hallways on her now four-inch heels with ease, her feet deforming slightly from a lifetime of wearing only shoes like this.

Ana hurried out of the office and got into her car, the thing now an old and beaten-up thing that someone with her meager salary could afford. She drove as quickly as she could to the carnival

area, not noticing how makeup began to spread over her face. Thick layers of mascara and eyeliner appeared, and her lips plumped up as they got painted with a whorish red color. Soon she had a pair of bright red cocksuckers adorning her face, the perfect pair of lips that most porn stars wished they had. Rings adorned her fingers, more earrings appeared, and even her belly button got pierced without her knowing it.

At least it didn't take long to get to the carnival area, and she got out on her five-inch heels and hurried to where the fortune teller had been. But, as she walked into the place, she realized that her mind was failing her. Like, where was she again? Her mind had been steadily getting duller with each passing moment, and soon her increasingly ditsier mind was struggling with remembering where the fortune teller had been. She walked around the place for a bit, ignoring the salacious stares her swelling posterior was getting from some of the carnival workers, before realizing that she couldn't find her.

**"¡Oye, tú ahí! Ayer estuvo aquí una adivina. ¿Dónde está ella? [Hey, you there! There was a fortune-teller here yesterday. Where is she?]"** Ana spoke Spanish fluently, and she didn't even realize it. The guy she had approached and asked the question gave her a confused look.

**"Sorry, miss, but I don't speak any Spanish."** The burly man said with a chuckle, his gaze lingering on her still swelling breasts and her increasingly curvier body. Ana noticed how he stared at her, and she blushed at how aroused it made her. Not only that, but she looked at him with surprise as her mind struggled to understand what he was saying. She suddenly realized that she hadn't even been speaking English earlier and that she barely understood what he was saying.

**"Um, fortune-teller here before. Now, where is the woman?"** Ana could hear how broken her English was, and her thick accent made it clear how bad of a grasp she had of the language. Her plump lips smacked together as she talked, which made her aware of the cocksuckers that now adorned her increasingly more womanly face.

**"Sorry, miss. There's never been a fortune-teller here."** The words hit her hard, and she could feel how her mind was reeling from the shock. What the fuck was going on? Had she gone to the wrong place? Her increasingly duller mind struggled to comprehend all of this, and it took her a few moments to finally think of what to do.

**"Claire!"** Ana exclaimed before hurrying off, unaware how the guy stared at her swaying hips and bouncing ass that her now short pencil skirt barely covered. The woman brushed some of her ass-length hair behind her ear and strutted back to her car. Claire was with her that night, and she might know where the damn fortune-teller is.

Unfortunately, she didn't answer. Ana didn't remember that she was meeting with the head of sales at the moment, her frazzled and less keen mind unable to keep track of all the thoughts bubbling inside of her head.

**"¡Mierda! ¡No merezco esto! [Shit! I don't deserve this!]"** Ana huffed as she got back to her car again. She was surprised by how soft the car seat was, and it took her ditsy mind a few

moments to realize why. Her ass had grown, and so had her hips, and both were massive. Her hips were beyond childbearing, stretching the skirt to the limit, and her ass was two spheres of perky and soft fat that would bounce and jiggle with even the tiniest movement. It almost looked like she was trying to smuggle melons underneath that black skirt of hers. A few images flashed before her eyes where she was on the bed being fucked from behind by some large hunk, the thought of which sent her libido soaring.

Flustered and panicked, she drove back to the office to try and talk to Claire. She hurried into the building, ass shaking enticingly with every step. Her skirt ended just below her rear, so she was on the verge of flashing her ass to anyone that looked whenever she would bend over. Stockings covered her legs, and her panties had changed into a thong that hugged her pussy so tightly that it felt like it was giving it a Heimlich.

Ana hurried into the elevator and pressed the button on the elevator with her long-nailed finger coated with bright red color. The words from the fortune-teller coursed through her now ditsy and dimwitted mind as she stood in the elevator.

*'Your lucky numbers will be forty-two, twenty-eight, and forty-four.'*

At that moment, she realized what she meant by that. It wasn't just random numbers; it was her measurements. Ana's hips and ass had already reached the target number, but her waist and bust had a bit to go. Soon her waist collapsed inward until it hit twenty-eight inches around, and she gasped as it happened. After that, her libido reached new heights as her breasts started to grow and swell on her chest.

***"¡No! ¡Deja de crecer! ¡No quiero que se hagan más grandes! [No! Stop growing! I don't want them to get bigger!]"*** It was useless to try and stop it, but that didn't mean she wouldn't try. Ana placed her cute and dainty hands over her soft orbs, trying to push them back in, but it only made her libido rise even higher. She moaned as her breasts surged in size, causing her blouse to strain from the pressure. The top buttons went undone as her ta-ta's swelled in size, causing her to reveal more and more of her cleavage. Ana bit down on her lower lip to stop herself from sounding like a slut in heat as they grew massive. Her moans echoed up through the elevator shaft, and people stopped to stare at the closed doors as her elevator passed by the floor. She was just thankful that she was alone in it and that no one decided to get into it on her way up.

Finally, by the time the elevator doors opened, her breasts had stopped growing. Ana stumbled out, her eyes half-closed and her loins aching with arousal, as she cupped her mounds. Any thought of finding Claire was gone, and the only thing she could focus on was sating her raging libido. Ana ignored the stares from her colleagues as the ditsy Latino secretary wandered down the hallway to her office, now intending to rub one out again. She didn't see the small desk outside her old room, a small nameplate with her name on it, nor did she notice that it was only Chris's name on the door to the room.



She opened the door and stumbled into the room, catching Chris a bit by surprise. The guy gave his secretary one hasty glance, and it was enough for him to see that the libidinous girl needed another fix.

**"Oh, Francesca. Already?"** Chris said, snapping Ana momentarily out of her lust-filled daze. She could see that the office had changed and that her desk was gone, but her attention soon shifted to Chris's bulge as he stood up. The former man knew that she needed to find Claire and the fortune-teller before it was too late, but her mind soon had trouble focusing on anything else but the beast that was hiding inside of his colleague's pants. Her mouth salivated, and her ditsy mind buzzed with need as Chris walked up towards her.

**"I thought our little romp earlier this morning would sate you for the day."** The man said, smiling as he moved in behind her and grabbed her massive ass with his strong hands. It was almost enough to make her orgasm, and she bit down on her lip to stop herself from moaning. After all, Chris had told her numerous times that she needed to be quiet during their little sessions. "Then again, I'm won't complain if you want to go again."

**"Sí, señor Chris. Por favor. [Yes, Mr. Chris. Please.]"** Ana didn't even realize she was begging in Spanish. She was too aroused to care, too horny to even think about anything else. Chris chuckled as he wrapped one arm around her chest to fondle her tits. His other hand was sliding up her thigh and under her skirt, his fingers now caressing her damp underwear. His chubby gut and firm chest pushed against Ana's back, and she could feel his bulge throbbing and twitching as it pressed up against her ass.

Everything was a blur after that. The former man soon found himself pressed down against Chris's desk, her tits squished up against the wooden surface and her nipples aching with need. They were both naked from the waist down, thong and boxer-briefs discarded on the floor, and Chris's cock now teased and caressed the outer folds of her hungry snatch. She stifled a moan by biting down on her plump lower lip, and she struggled not to scream in pleasure.

**"¡Sí papi! ¡Dámelo! [Yes, daddy! Give it to me!]"** Ana whispered it under her breath as her love for men and cock grew with each passing moment, her dull mind slowly embracing this new life more and more with each thrust.

Chris couldn't believe his luck. Not only had he been promoted after working here only for a few months, but his new secretary was an insatiable minx. She was the hottest girl in the office, and it had been the best day of his life when she walked in begging for his cock. Now, this was a daily occurrence, and he didn't mind sticking it to the dumb whore whenever she wanted it. It wasn't as if the bimbo could do anything useful around here. Honestly, he was astonished that the company had hired an idiot like her at all. Considering how good she was in bed, Chris assumed she had slept with someone to get this job.

As the chubby man continued to give the woman what she wanted, the former man being fucked was unaware of his new phone buzzing on his table outside the room. Claire had texted

him back, the poor blonde as oblivious as anyone else that her friend had changed. In her mind, Alex had always been Ana María Francesca Lopez, a secretary just like her.

*-I saw that you tried to call me earlier. Was it something urgent? Anyway, I got the job in the sales department! I'm heading out with the rest of the girls for drinks after work to celebrate. You should come too! Call me back when you see this.-*

The former guy wouldn't see it until after Chris had filled her cock-hungry pussy up with the white seed that her body craved. By that point, Ana María Francesca Lopez would be lost in the erotic pleasures of her new life and forget that she had ever been anything other than a dumb, slutty secretary.