

Alternative Ending: Wong from White (White Man to Asian Bombshell TG)

By FoxFaceStories

David finds another charm from a different culture that he hopes could overwrite the previous effect but instead it turns him into a bombshell mixed race (Chinese/Authors choice). At least he isn't forced into a marriage but his new looks are attracting attention that he isn't opposed to.

Alt-Ending: Wong from White

David Stevens was panicking. His body was changing all because of a stupid wish from a ridiculous Chinese amulet that his coworker Laura, one of the several workers he was manager for at an automotive plant for, had shown him. It was all because of a stupid misunderstanding, too! Laura had Chinese heritage and was very proud of it, while he was a stereotypical white guy who loved living in suburbia, cooking up steaks on the grill, watching football and golf, and generally living a pretty milquetoast lifestyle. It had been a source of ribbing between the pair of them, as they considered themselves work mates. He pretended to be more weirded out by her exotic food and traditional remedies than he actually was, and she pretended to find his love of the most stereotypical white guy stuff possible to be not just amusing, but utterly offensive.

The incident had happened just as they were preparing to clock off. They had continued to talk and joke about their respective cultural differences. Laura had just shown off her pendant - a good luck charm that was passed down through her family line. It resembled a little bronze globe with engravings of dragons circling it, along with writing in Mandarin. Apparently, it granted wishes, though Laura had joked that it had never done so before for her.

That was, until she spoke the words that would change everything for David:

“Well, I wish you good luck in not being such a single white dude.”

“I wish that too!” David had said, heading the other way and throwing her a half-serious, half-joking salute.

David didn't notice what happened next, but Laura did. The charm in her hand glowed a vibrant purple all of a sudden, and then suddenly a little mote of light shot from the charm and straight into David's back, causing him to tingle a tetch as he turned the corner and left the building. Laura was gobsmacked, but after blinking again, the charm was once more normal, and she thought that was that.

Wrong.

What had followed was several days of change and torment for David, as not only his body but his *mind* as well began to shift and change. No one but Laura noticed his changes, but his skin began to darken, turning to the same olive tone of a Chinese woman as his coworker had. His hair turned black and began to cascade down his head, and his face rearranged itself slowly until it was undeniably feminine. The rest of him changed as well, and that was especially galling: in random spurts when he was driving or on shift or trying to organise an appointment with the doctor, a series of pressures would come over him. His chest erupted with breasts that got larger and larger until he possessed ample C-cups, and his ribcage and overall frame shrunk to emphasise them further. His hips swelled, and his member shrank, and while Laura did her best to help him, they could only place their hope in the idea that the charm would recharge or something, because no wish seemed to be reversing his course.

Soon the inevitable happened as David was driving home. His identity had already changed - people were calling him *Mandi* now. *Mandi Wong*. He had become a Chinese-Canadian woman with a slight accent and a cute, if pear-shaped body. The pressure to give in to the final round of changes hit him as he reached a red light, and the poor, formerly whitebread man squirmed and moaned as his penis scuppered back up inside his body, as his rear grew just that little bit more, as his mind altered further so that it was impossible *not* to think of *herself* through female pronouns. She was Mandi Wong now, with a new womanhood and all, and her interests had flipped on a dime. A moment ago all she wanted to do was watch sport to calm herself, now the idea of watching Chinese soap dramas was far more appealing. She was thinking of ordering chicken takeout while she figured out what was wrong with her. Now, she wanted to cook some classical Chinese meals herself.

But the worst (and best?) was yet to come, because when Mandi arrived home, there was another car in the driveway. And when she got out of her company car, it was suddenly a second-hand Mitsubishi, like she wasn't even a worker at the plant anymore. Confused, she entered the home, only to come face to face with a six-foot tall and rather handsome man who immediately made her body tingle, and her mind blaze with reluctant interest and arousal.

"R-Rob!" she squeaked, somehow knowing his name.

"I'm so glad to have my lovely wife home," he said, holding her and kissing her. She couldn't even resist him; her mind didn't want to.

"I - I should cook us something," she said, thinking of an 'in-character' way to extract her from this situation.

"Oh no, you're not getting away that easily," Rob said, picking her short-statured form up. "I've had a long, hard day at work, and this husband wants his wife more than anything.

Dinner can wait. I know you'll always cook something amazing. For now, let's get to the bedroom."

She bit her lip as he carried her there, submissively allowing it all to happen. It was a nightmare. It was terrible. It was . . . exactly what her altered body and mind needed.

Soon she was crying out in ecstasy as her new husband fucked her brains out, she spreading her legs as she thrust every inch of his impressive girth inside her.

Laura couldn't believe Mandi's story when she managed to catch up with the other women. Technically, she was just another coworker now, not a manager, but at least she still had a job. Unfortunately, a few of the men liked to look at her now, no doubt because of her peachy behind. It took some time to find her friend and explain all that had happened, up to and including the fact that she'd made her own Chinese rice dish that morning to take in, which she'd never done before!

"Oh my God! Oh my God!" Laura said as she sat. She had to put her glasses back on, because they nearly fell off from her excited bouncing. "You actually did it! You had sex with your new husband?"

"That's what I'm telling you! I couldn't help it. It's like it was all my stupid new brain wanted!"

"Did you enjoy it?"

They were conversing in fluent Mandarin and Mandi hadn't even realised until now. She blushed, swallowed.

"No. Of course not."

"Yes, you did! It's written all over your face! I can tell - trust me, it's a sisterhood of women thing. Women can always tell that about each other."

"Bullshit. We - I mean -"

"Too late! You just admitted it! I didn't expect you to go through with it!"

Laura sat down opposite Mandi, still bouncing with excited cheer. "This is amazing. My former whitebread friend, now not only an Asian woman but one who's had sex with a man! God, what a turnaround! Did you enjoy it? I bet you did."

"Do we have to talk about this? Please? At least tell me you brought the charm."

Laura had, but the problem was that it still didn't work. Once again, David tried wishing, and Laura tried wishing, and they even got Hue, a fellow coworker, to try and make a wish on their behalf, which confused the hell out of him.

"I can't stay like this, Laura!" Mandi exclaimed. "I'm not meant to be an Asian woman. I'm not meant to be a *woman*, especially not a married one! And *especially* not with a husband!"

Laura giggled a little. "Even if he's super well hung and you enjoyed it?"

Her comments made Mandi not only blush, but remember just how much pleasure Rob had shown her the previous night. And that wasn't even taking into account that he had gone down on her that morning. There were brief flashes in her mind of what she could do in return . . . with her mouth.

"Stop it!" she cried, getting back into the present. "This is crazy. I need to find a way to turn back or something, before I get lost in this new life for good. You don't understand it, Laura. I suddenly *want* to be a good loyal wife and make Chinese food and watch native soap operas and wear yoga pants and do sexy cosplay for Rob and-

"What was that last part?"

"N-nothing!"

Laura shook her head. "God, I am sorry about this, as funny as it sort of is. Obviously I don't want you stuck like this, though. But I'm not an expert in this stuff, and I can't help you after work because I've got a date with Stan and-

"You can't hold off your date one night?"

"I've held it off three nights while we tried to find a way to turn you back. Hell, we were meant to talk last night but you were too busy having delightful sex with your new hubby, all while I'm still single!"

Mandi hated how submissive she was now, because she deferred to her friend immediately, and like a doormat made apologies.

"Wow, you really have changed," Laura said, chuckling. "Look, I need this date tonight. I really do. But check out Lady Ting's Workshop in town. Apparently there's lot of ancient heritage stuff there you can check out. She might know something. It's a longshot, but you could go for it."

Mandi wasn't convinced, but at that moment she got a text from her new husband.

'Thinking of last night rn. Want to wear that cute maid outfit tonight for me? I'll rock ur world, I swear.'

She gulped. God, that sounded hot, especially if he took her from behind. And even more if she got to feed him afterwards like a good, loyal wife. She shook her head.

"I'll check it out as soon as I can," she said.

Hopefully *before* she was pleased by her husband again.

Lady Ting's Workshop was indeed filled with wonders from all ages. It was mostly Chinese items, but there were also Korean and Japanese charms, posters, antiques, shelves, cupboards, vases, paintings, frames, relics, and so on. Mandi hadn't managed to make it here after work that day. Instead, it had been late, so she'd gone home and, to her shame and very secret inner enjoyment, worn a sexy maid costume. She'd gotten onto her knees before her husband, stroked his massive cock, and then actually *sucked on it*. Sucked on it, and when her blowjob got him to climax and he shot his load into her mouth, actually *swallowed* his issue. It had almost made her orgasm. Afterwards they had cuddled in bed before dinner, then had sex again before cuddling once more into sleep. It had been wonderful, just wonderful.

It had also made it all the more necessary to change back as soon as she could. It had only been a few days, but her mental changes were doing a strong number on her. It was like she got a powerful rush of endorphins whenever she indulged in her new cultural ways. Most of the time it manifested in cooking Chinese food and watching Chinese television and shows, but it even extended to just talking in Mandarin, or wearing garments and jewellery connected to her new homeland.

"Can I help you?" a weathered looking Chinese-Canadian woman asked in Mandarin.

"Y-yes," Mandi said in the same language, feeling very nervous all of a sudden. "Um, this may sound crazy. I'm looking for a charm. A magical charm that can grant wishes."

The woman smirked. "Lady Ting knows what you talk about. And it would sound crazy . . . but I can sense that another charm has already touched you. Hmm . . . didn't get what you want, eh?"

"It was an, um, accidental wish. I ended up very different than expected."

The woman let out a hoarse laugh. "Come with me, then. We'll see what we can do. I make no promises. I hope you brought your credit card."

Mandi had, and so she followed the woman into a locked backroom. Lady Ting searched through several full drawers, many of them littered with charms, and placed them against Mandi's forehead. She squinted, grunted disapproval, then tried again with the next, shushing Mandi's questions. Things almost looked hopeless until she lifted a glass pendant against the former male's forehead, only for it to glow a faint green.

"Ahh, here we are! An amulet of change. You must be quite transformed indeed. Well, you can take it and wish upon it for two thousand dollars."

"Two thousand!? I - of course."

Again, the natural doormat aspect to her new mind made her irritated.

"So long as I can change back."

"It will change you, but not all changes can be accurate. Best take a chance though, eh?"

The new woman couldn't disagree. She had to turn back.

"Fine. Charge it off my card. And this better work . . . please."

She couldn't help but give a pleading smile, the kind that suited her new, meeker personality.

"I promise nothing," the older woman said. "But it will get you out of your current circumstances, at least. Magic is always volatile. And unpredictable."

She produced a card machine from her desk, and Mandi felt this was anticlimactic. She swiped her card, entered her code, and after the hefty transaction cleared, the charm was now hers.

"What do I do now?" she asked.

Lady Ting snickered. "Simply wear it, make your wish - away from me, please. And then go home. The magic will work, in one way or another."

Mandi nodded, thanked her several times, and left the store to get in her car. Once there she placed the charm around her neck. It was still glowing faintly green, and getting slowly bright. She took a deep breath, concentrating on the person she wanted to be.

"I wish to be free of the life the other charm gave me," she said, "and especially free of my husband."

The words hurt to say, but she had to say them all the same. The charm glowed ever brighter, and soon a number of motes spiralled out from it, dancing in the air before *shooting* into her chest. That same familiar tingle hit her, causing her to gasp a little. Only when they settled did she calm down.

"It worked," she remarked. "It had to have worked. Now to head home and see if I change back."

Then she turned the keys in the ignition, and drove off.

Mandi could feel the ripples of change coming over her as she got out of her car. The house looked . . . different, somehow. More done up. With less areas in need of patching up and new licks of paint. In fact, the place almost looked new, and the garden was . . . well, a *garden*, as opposed to an absolute mess.

"Good sign," she said to herself as she ascended the stairs. She stopped just before the stairs, thinking of something. She looked back, remembering when her car had changed the first time, and sure enough, it had changed again. But not to a company car, this time, but to a brand spanking new Mercedes Benz that should have been far pricier than even Mandi's original wage allowed for.

"Okay, really good sign . . . I think."

She knocked on the door, her body hoping for the warmth of her husband and her mind rallying against this. To her relief - at least her mind's relief - no one answered the door. She opened it with her key and entered, finding the interior even more done-up. In fact, it was positively *refined*. There were well-taken care of plants and flowers lining the entrance hallway, and large framed images of scenic locations and moments of beauty in nature.

"This . . . this doesn't feel like me," she said. "But maybe it's just a little change. Lady Ting did say that magic was unpredictable."

She entered into the main room. There was no evidence that Rob was ever here. Wherever he was now in this changed reality, she hoped that he was happy. Her body even missed him a bit. But this was a single person's apartment, albeit a very organised and somewhat . . . feminine one.

The thought sent a chill down her spine, particularly when Mandi noticed the photos on the living room shelf, all carefully displayed. Slowly, her heartbeat rising, she moved to get a better look at them.

"No," she whispered. "Oh no. Oh no no no no. That's not what I wished for!"

The photos included various people, or sometimes just one individual. But all of them shared a single person: a gorgeous Eurasian woman with long silky black hair and an absolutely *dynamite* figure. A total bombshell, in fact. This woman had utterly entrancing eyes and a supermodel's face, perfect cheekbones and everything. Her bust was incredible: she had to have F-cups or bigger; large tits that were ample and full, like coconuts upon her chest and yet entirely natural-looking, and everything she wore in the images - from dresses to bikinis to blouses to crop tops - all displayed an astonishing amount of cleavage. Her figure was an unbelievable hourglass, with hips that were wide without being motherly, and thighs that were thick without being fat. Her golden olive skin was without blemish, and it was clear that this woman was an utter fashionista - every image had her posing in some way, looking positively like a damn social media model as a result of her careful clothing choices. This was a lady who not only knew how good she looked, but knew exactly how to work her figure, and especially show off her ample assets. And the fact that a good number of these images had her pressing herself up against a man - a *different* man in each photo, like she was constantly on the prowl - only lent further evidence to this.

Mandi swallowed. The ripples of change were starting to hit her. Those pressures. Those *pleasures*.

"Oh God, you can't do this to me! I'm meant to be *Mira Wong*. I mean, I'm *Mira Wong*. What the hell!? It's happening again! Fuck! I don't want to be a big-titted Eurasian bimbooooohhhhh!!! MMHHM!!!"

But it was too late. The changes were already beginning. The new *Mira Wong* fell to her knees as her cute, short, pear-shaped body began to take on new dimensions. She

writhed in unwanted bliss as her already impressive breasts surged forth, gaining a shocking amount of weight and bounce as they stretched the very confines of her shirt. Her limbs and spine lengthened, making her statuesque, while her features became more delicate and her hair far longer. It was incredible, and already the mental changes were hitting her.

Be pretty. Show off your bod. Snag a man. So many men. Have sex with them. You can find the one later. For now, just party, baby. Party and be sexy, a bombshell on the prowl.

Mira gripped her head, groaning as the transformation reached its zenith, as even her clothing shifted to a revealing red dress that showed off her deep, cavernous new cleavage, her feet gaining a set of matching red high heels. A bra pushed up her huge breasts, daring anyone to try and keep contact with her eyes, while makeup began to appear on her face, eyeshadow and glossy lipstick leaving her appearing sultry and tempting.

“Ohhhhhh, f-fuck! I worded the wish b-badly! I didn’t mean for thissss!”

But it was too late. Mira panted, trying to catch her breath as she slowly rose. She wobbled for a moment on her heels until her new body and mind adjusted to it, and then, without thinking, she turned and posed to the tall mirror in the living room, the one that her new self presumably kept there for this exact purpose.

“Mhmm,” she moaned. *“I’m so sexy. I can’t wait to invite Brent over. Or maybe Steven. Or Yuen. Mhmmm, so many choices and - ugh! God, this is ridiculous! What the hell am I saying?”*

But the new bombshell Eurasian woman simply couldn’t stop herself. Her mind, tormented by the change, was nonetheless already getting deeply aroused - far more than Mandi’s ever had - at the thought of getting her tits sucked on and her pussy fucked. The need to show off her body, to walk with a sexy sway, to draw men’s eye to her cleavage, to be the hottest smokeshow she could be while getting laid as often as her high libido demanded, and looking good while doing it . . . it was simply too appealing.

Mira frowned, even as she posed bending over, letting her ripe tits hang like overripe fruit from her chest, threatening to spill from her chest.

“It just goes from bad to worse,” she whined to herself.

Her phone rang. She picked it up, hoping against hope that it was Laura with the promise of a cure with her own charm. It wasn’t. It was a man named *Brent*, like she’d said aloud before.

Mira’s loins tingled, and her large nipples stiffened.

“F-fuck,” she said. “So fucking horny.”

Her finger hovered over the answer button. It was just too hard to resist, now that the magic was even stronger.

“So Steven is Tuesday?”

Mira shook her head, letting her perfect dark hair shake from side to side.

“No, Steven is Wednesday. Brent is Thursday, though sometimes Sunday when he doesn’t have a shift.”

“And Yuen is Friday?”

“No, Friday through Sunday are nights on the town. They’re a damn lotto. Anyone could be so lucky.”

Mira ran a perfectly manicured finger around the edge of her wine glass as she talked to Laura. They were at a bar on Sunday, and as usual Mira was holding half the room or more’s attention thanks to her bombshell body and perfect fashion sense. This time she was wearing a backless black dress with shimmering diamond patterns upon it, ones that twinkled as much as her fine jewellery - those had been a gift from Tom, the richest of her lovers. Her breasts looked like they were about to fall out, especially since the side cuts in the dress allowed for generous side boob, but the internal tape prevented any accidents, much to the crowd’s disappointment. Even sitting, the slits in her dress on either side gave a great look at her shapely and smooth legs. But tonight, at least, she wasn’t on the date or even on the prowl, despite her pussy starting to get hungry. Instead, she was having dinner with Laura. The two were still friends, and they liked to catch up more often, now that Mira didn’t work at the plant but rather as a model and social media influencer. Mira hated it, particularly that last part, but she was really, really good at it, was the problem. And, like with her previous change, she got lovely rushes of dopamine and endorphins when she followed her role.

Laura giggled. “You certainly have changed, Mira. From the most white bread man I know to literally multi-ethnic, and certainly more varied in your love life.”

“Ugh, don’t remind me. I seriously can’t stop it.”

Another giggle, followed by a wagging finger. “I guess *someone* should have waited for my charm to recharge. A shame that another charm’s magic added on top made it irreversible, according to Lady Ting.”

Mira took another sip of her wine. She wanted to feel tipsy at the moment, especially since that very handsome dark-skinned man was smiling in her direction, his eyes wandering to her magnificent bust. She stuck out her chest a little more, unable to resist the call.

“Don’t remind me of that, either. This is your fault, you know.”

“Only half my fault, Mira. You’re the one who dabbled in magic without thinking ahead. You’re just going to have to roll with the punches.”

Mira actually laughed. It set her big boobs jiggling, and a man in the corner missed an easy shot at the pool table thanks to her distraction. "I can do with punches! I was a guy, remember? I can *do* punches. Well, at least I used to. But now I'm a weak girl with huge boobs and a constant need to dress fine and have sex. *That* is what I'm finding hard to roll with."

Laura grinned. "So you can roll with the punches . . . but you're struggling to roll in the hay, is what you're saying?"

"God, why am I even friends with you?"

"One, I'm awesome. Two, I keep you grounded now that you're a model and influencer with those millions of boys lusting after you online and in person. And three, I'm the only one that remembers the original you. Also, I'm awesome."

"You said that already."

"It bears repeating!"

Laura continued by raising a glass of wine.

"Hey, to David-turned-Mandi-turned-Mira! I know the last two months have been a crazy magic rollercoaster for you, but I have no doubt you'll be back on your feet in high heels, head held high and boobs sticking right out in no time. Trust me, Mira, a woman's life can be an incredible thing, especially with a bit more culture and surprise in it."

Mira sighed, then raised her glass in cheers as well.

"Fine, cheers. I guess it's not all bad," she said, smiling genuinely before gulping down the last of her drink. The buzz was setting in, and as she savoured the sensation, she looked over to that dark-skinned man and bit her lip, checking him out in such a way as to ensure he would come over to her soon.

"Not all that bad indeed," she said.

She adjusted herself towards the man, making Laura giggle as Mira showed off more of her chest to entice him.

"So it seems!" she declared. "I'll let you enjoy the night, Mira Wong. You know what the crazy part is? I'm actually jealous of you."

She got up to leave, kissing Mira on the cheek and Mira returning it. The new woman of two months thought on Laura's words as her newest would-be lover approached her. God, she hoped he had a big dick. He certainly had nice muscles. And she wanted to go multiple times tonight, in several different positions.

"I'd be jealous too," she said.

She smiled as the man sat down beside her.

The End