

Get off your High Horse

A TG story by Alloner

In the cutthroat world of music industry, Dallas Key was a rising star in the American rap scene. With his pompous and arrogant personality and a sense of fashion that could only be described as plastic, he had managed to capture the attention of millions of fans and the record company that represented him. The company had been pushing Dallas to every corner of the world through an aggressive and disruptive strategy: He had already conquered the US market and was on his way to becoming a global sensation. But there was one market that had proven elusive - Asia, and most notably, Japan.

Despite the record company's best efforts, Dallas had failed to make any headway in Japan. The Japanese audience simply did not connect with his style, and his refusal to make any effort to connect with them only made matters worse. Determined to break into the Japanese market, the record company decided to force Dallas into a popular Japanese variety show. But it was clear from the start that nobody liked him. Not the producer, not the actresses, not even the presenter. And it wasn't like Dallas made any effort to be liked either. As Dallas continued to spout off his arrogant comments, always in English and refusing to look at anyone but his translator, the producer ordered an emergency commercial break while he tried to hammer some sense into the young idiot. But there was no use, despite the producer's more than competent English, it was like talking to a wall.

But there was something ill in the air... Almost as if time was moving slower...

At first, it was difficult to pinpoint exactly what was happening. Dallas seemed to be shrinking ever so slightly, but it was barely noticeable. As time went on, however, the changes became more pronounced. Dallas' clothes began to feel loose and ill-fitting, as his body began to shrink and take on a more feminine shape. His muscles and broad shoulders began to soften and melt away, replaced with curves and feminine curves. Even his voice began to shift, becoming higher and more melodic. As the transformation progressed, Dallas' features became more and more delicate. His jawline softened, his nose shrank, and his lips grew fuller and poutier. His hair began to grow longer and change color, shifting from a dark blonde to a chestnut brown.

Despite these drastic changes, Dallas remained completely unaware. His mind and memories slowly adapted to his new body, but somehow his ego and arrogance didn't go away, they just became those of a young diva. It was almost as if he had always been a petite Japanese woman.

Nobody else noticed anything strange: to the producer nothing had changed, he was scolding the guest star that was refusing to follow along with the show's theme...

"Do you understand, Daliah-san?" The producer asked her, but the girl still refused to look at him, limiting herself to do her characteristic pout.

The ancient god responsible for the transformation pondered about the results of his intervention. Mortals were strange and petty, but strange, petty *and* cute surely was better...