



ANYTHING FOR THAT DISCOUNT

"Seriously Tess? This is the place you wanted me to bring you to?!"

"What's with that reaction? C'mon, don't you know what this place is? Seriously, it's not what you think it is!"

"Not what I think it is? Marly...this is a bar...not a restaurant. It's a place for harlots and hookers, not decent folk like you!"

Outside the neon lit entrance to a seedy looking establishment tucked away into the corner of a backstreet flanked by the walls of a megamall, an older man could be seen arguing with a woman about three to four years his junior. Earning them a few looks from passers-by as they moved past them through the doors leading into a moody interior filled with the rhythmic bass of music coming from studio quality speakers somewhere within.

Evidently, they weren't a couple. If anything, the way their banter rang with familial undertones featuring a heavy use of slang pointed towards a more easygoing akin to the uneasy bond shared between siblings.

Standing to the left with a stern, authoritative stance, arms akimbo was Charlie. At a modest height of 6 feet 2 inches, the brown haired man stood a good feet taller over the gothic styled woman he seemed to be arguing with, not caring one bit about her stature as she simply stood her ground, tapping a foot impatiently against the pavement while she let the man chew her ears out.

Going by the name of Marly, the displeased woman was Charlie's sister. For few could tolerate the man's ear blistering rants besides her. And no one besides him even dared raise their voice against her, especially if they knew what she was capable of. She considered it a tit for tat situation taking into account their nature as brother and sister, alongside the fact that she couldn't deny the many times she had intruded upon his personal space without asking. The least she could do was let her big brother scold her as he wished...for all the good that did.

If anything it only made her blood boil, urging her to act on her impulses just like she had done to everyone else without an affectionate place in her life.

'Calm down Marly...in a few seconds, it'll all be fine...just a little longer...'

Born with a strange ability that could only be described as magic, Marly had been a wonderchild ever since she learned to speak. With a higher than average learning ability and an intuition that made her an excellent problem solver, Marly was quick to become the apple of her parent's eyes, except being the sole child would've been too boring, so luckily for her, she had a big brother to call her own; Charlie.

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Everything that was expected of an older sibling, Charlie would fulfill. Except Marly didn't like acquiescing to authority. Besides her smarts, the girl was quick to nurture a rebellious attitude that her parents either didn't notice or waved aside for her good performance. Something Charlie didn't take kindly when he had expected his father at least to reprimand when she started showing signs of developing into what he saw to be a petty girl who threw hissy fits when things didn't go her way.

And when her emotions had hit their peak after what felt like months of her brother intervening in everything she did, that was when Marly's special powers manifested when she lashed out at her brother in blind fury.

"Will you quit it?! You're like some annoying nanny who can't keep her mouth shut for one second!"

Being well read at the tender age of 8, Marly's vocabulary was, to say the least, 'flowery'. And with an ability based solely around the formation of words and a sufficient measure of intent behind the voice that molded them, an unexpected test fire was bound to happen, with Charlie being the one caught in his sister's crosshairs.

After recovering from the initial shock of witnessing her adolescent brother transform into a rather ordinary plain Jane that scarily looked a lot like their mother, it only took a few seconds for Marly to realize 'she' fit her vague yet plentiful description of 'some annoying nanny'. Hoping to revert whatever she had done before things got weird, the panicked girl had shouted for Charlie to 'go back to normal'.

And just as quick as he had become a motherly woman, Charlie was back to being his normal, teenage self again with just a simple command from his extraordinary sister, leaving both gaping in awe at what the both of them could only presume to be the existence of superpowers. From then on, the two would begin to engage in a bounty of experiments and exploratory ventures to see what Marly could do beneath their parent's nose, leading to many discoveries along the way that helped lay the groundwork for what this strange power could do.

For one, Charlie wasn't so lucky. Unlike his sister, it didn't seem like he was born with any quirks. No changing voice, no superhuman abilities, nada. But the boy didn't mind, not when he was so caught up by what his sister was doing as she went about putting her skills with English and beyond to work, establishing a great many things in the span of a week. Rules like the target remaining aware unless stated so clearly and her voice not working on inanimate objects were quickly established and memorized, all while her brother started to retreat back into his overly cautious self as he watched his little sister begin to toy with others as if they were...well, toys. Even though she always reverted the changes she made, it didn't take long for Charlie to grow concerned about his sister once more.

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Ever since then, a new dynamic would form between the siblings. With Marly now a veritable powerhouse and Charlie more worried than ever for his little sister, the pair were basically always on each other's heels 24/7. A lifestyle that would continue on all the way into the current day where Marly was now a student in university taking a course in art while Charlie ran his own, quaint little automobile repair shop downtown, marking the longest time the siblings would ever be apart from each other as life took them down separate paths. And like any parent, eventually, they would have to learn to let go of their charge, let them live how they saw fit.

But that didn't stop Marly from calling up her trusty brother whenever she needed a quick lift throughout the city. Since he had a car and basically operated in the heart of the bustling metropolis, Charlie had become his sister's personal chauffeur. And it didn't help much that the brash, arrogant persona he feared was developing within his sister had reached its peak. Coupled with the weathering effects of time and a renewed sense of maturity now that Marly was a beautiful young lady with life laid out before her like an open book, and it became impossible to refuse her, especially when she has the tendency to change her brother if he either refused her or got on her nerves.

Turning his vision cockeyed, readjusting his butt so he walked backward, turning him into a girl with her exact proportions just so she could try on clothes faster, there were a great many scenarios his sister had put him through simply because he couldn't make it in time to ferry her wherever she needed to go or he said something that irked her the wrong way.

Much like what he was saying now about how no respectable women should be seen entering a 'den of harlots' as he put it, oblivious to the fame and renown the establishment had built for being one of the most sociable places in the city to share a nice, cool drink with a friend or two. It was why Marly wouldn't normally come here in the first place if she was looking for somewhere affordable to relax and while away the day now that exams were over.

So when she heard that the Euthymia, the bar they now stood outside of, was running a couple's only discount with a whopping 75% off on drinks and a free entry, Marly was hooked.

But her usual gal pals were all busy with their own retreat plans, and out of the bunch, only she seemed to hold a love for drink. So with no other choice left to her, Marly had decided to call upon her trusty brother she planned to fill in for the role...except she hadn't told him they would be going to a bar...neither did she mention that the couple's only deal was limited to women only...a problem with an easy fix, wearing a wry smile on her face for what she was about to do as she holds out a hand to silence her brother's rant.

"What? Got something to say for yourself missus?"

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"As a matter of fact...I do! Do me a favor and uh...look over there at the entrance. See that big sign there?"

Sighing as he turns to look in the direction his sister was pointing at, Charlie squints at the digital sign board situated near the foot of the lone bouncer minding her own business by the glass doors, reading off miscellaneous information until his eyes rest upon a sentence made up by bold, capitalized words burning with magenta fire.

"Girls' Week...75% off all drinks...free...entry..."

The smug look on Marly's face was all Charlie needed to realize just what exactly his sister had in mind for bringing him out here. Shaking his head against her slow, dangerous nodding as her sealed lips begin to open, revealing brilliant white teeth clenched together to form a toothy grin.

"Don't you even think about it...don't you dare!"

"Charlie? Could you be a dear and turn into a *big breasted, rich gal* for me? *Pretty please?*"

With the last words leaving her mouth, Charlie immediately hunches over in discomfort, feeling the familiar sensation of his own flesh beginning to ripple and shift as his sister's innocuous words work to change him in accordance to whatever she wished her targets to become, smirking while taking a step back to admire her handiwork, watching as Charlie falls to a knee with a notable jiggle to his entire frame now that most of his musculature had evaporated within the span of a few seconds.

Over the years, Marly had done a great many things with her powers. And with each use, she had learned to refine its strength and efficacy, even learning what was necessary and unnecessary when it came to what she said after realizing most of the transformation's effects were derived from her imagination. Her words simply enforced the traits she wanted to see, giving it a guideline to follow after considering how fickle minded she could be. At times, it even allowed her to circumvent the bit about her words not being able to directly influence the inanimate. By specifying traits like wealth, she could for instance, turn an empty wallet into a well stocked purse much like the one Charlie had dropped in his tumble currently lying on the floor, transforming into a designer's purse full of dollar bills and a new set of identification related to who he was about to become.

One wrong thought, and the result could be drastically altered, and that was a no-no. A big waste of time.

Dropping down about a foot or so in height while his crew cut head of brown begins to wiggle as each individual strand of hair begins to lengthen and refine themselves into silky smooth lines. The man's body seemed to be making up for the loss in height by expanding in every other direction as flabby layers of pudge

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and baby fat begin to insert themselves in the gaps left behind by vanished muscle and flesh, transforming blocky limbs honed by hours of lifting heavy machinery to and fro for years now into long, slender arms and curvaceous legs that didn't look like the ones a seasoned engineer working in a car workshop would usually sport.

While his downturned face begins to warp and stretch, Charlie's fattened form begins to tighten, as if his gelatinous body was being forced into an invisible corset that forcibly compresses the region around his waist, crushing blubbery fat and supple flesh together in an act that bends his skeletal structure to new commands; breaking down pelvic bones on the fly as they stretch and widen to make space for the bevy of new organic equipment Charlie would soon be bestowed with, broadening the man's hips in turn while his waistline narrows in the opposite direction. Ending off with an airy sigh vocalized by a husky, high pitched voice that no longer sounded like the Charlie of old as air instantly rushes out of a strained throat that just had its larynx shrunk down, whittling away the steely edge Marly's brother was so fond of using when he felt the need to throw his weight around by shouting.

Reaching down with eager hands, the gothic mistress grasps her brother's notably sleeker chin in between dexterous fingers, lifting his head up to face her and cooing in delight at what she sees as the gorgeous face of a sultry vixen from another land stares back at her in place of the beady eyed Caucasian visage it had supplanted, framed by a messy fringe of platinum blonde hair that only seemed to keep growing as the silken strands form into curled tips, pouring down past smooth rounded shoulders, a perfectly sculpted back until they reached down long enough to tickle the exposed cheeks of an inflating ass growing outward while Charlie's manhood slowly begins to recede, leaving little to remember it by as wrinkled ball sacks empty themselves out through a pathetic sausage, soiling the fading man's now baggy trousers accompanied by a womanly moan, all while his toned navel bulges and contorts with each breath, pushing inward until a sexy slope was formed beneath the emerging shadow roused by twin mounds protruding from a once solid, flat surface.

By the time Charlie's loose clothes begin to undergo their own transformation to better fit the changing body of their wearer, most of the former man had already vanished under an immense series of feminizing changes that served to strip the identity of the man he once was away for that of a rich noble hailing from the fairer sex; sporting a voluptuous hourglass figure with curves aplenty and the sensual face of a goddess sitting atop it all, framed by a curly curtain of mesmerizing silver complete with slant lashes below that grant half lidded strawberry colored eyes a permanent sultry look, dotted by a cute nose set atop plump, pillowy lips shaded a mature crimson, exhaling in hot steamy intervals that could very well send a man the wrong message, especially if their eyes were to fall upon the burgeoning tits that now sagged forward from Charlie's chest. Immense, naturally occurring E cup breasts that were just as perky as a porn actresses sculpted fakes, sloshing with nectar that wastes no time leaking droplets of white from painfully swollen mounds indicative of inverted nipples tenting the woefully inadequate fabric taken from a repurposed t-shirt that composed the straps of a scarlet minidress holding up the immense lady milkers without the added support of a bra.

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"My, my...looking good there *Charlotte*~ Like the name by the way? Figured it would fit you perfectly, seeing how you look like...how did you put it again? A harlot? Now you can look and sound the part while enjoying a premium! Ain't that fun?"

A struggled gasp was all the newly dubbed *Charlotte* could vocalize as she hunches over mid way through her attempts to stand, falling onto her knees while struggling against the final stages of the transformation, where further down below, past the outlines of the woman's newly toned tummy pressed up tight against her dress that served as a tantalizing guide to draw the eyes down over to the fluffy hem that was barely long enough to conceal the wearers privates even while standing, showing off the sight of what little remained of Charlotte's former manhood as it slides up into a tight, damp slit pressed shut by smooth labia lips containing folds of pink, sensitive flesh. Oozing a fresh splurt of vaginal drool down onto the floor between plump, shivering thighs spread apart. And like icing on a cake, a snaking line of string slaps itself around handlebar hips, connecting between tight asscheeks before diverging down her crotch, leaving a salacious gap exposed for easy access to her aching snatch, whimpering in her new voice as a trembling hand slides down between her legs, brushing against sensitive skin stripped of body hair before tracing the tip of her clit, retreating on instinct as a sudden jet of arousing ejaculate shoots forth from a freshly formed urethra, surprising both women at the sound of slick fluids splashing against the cold concrete floor.

With the formation of an expensive designers coat laying itself over her back and a bevy of accessories popping into existence all over her body with the inclusion of heart rimmed glasses and earrings, Charlie's physical shell had been temporarily changed into that of Charlotte; a sexed up, oriental version of the nanny her sister had transformed her into all those years ago, scowling as she slowly rises to her feet, hobbling in alien high heels and her new center of gravity. She hated being turned into a woman more than anything her sister had subjected her to for many reasons; Moving was hard, she felt weak and small, everything she did forced a jiggle from her one way or another. The list just went on and on.

Even though she wore a scowl on her face and she was technically her sister, Marly was beginning to feel a little hot in the head just staring at the absolute model she had sculpted from her brother's boring shell, especially when she looked like a walking bombshell dressed in the most daring and salacious attire possible. Maybe the her powers had sensed her growing lesbian urges and kinky tastes, but whatever the case, Marly was sure to burn the image of Charlotte into her brain if the need to bring her back out again ever arose.

"Hmhm~ Enjoying yourself are you? You look positively stunning big sis!"

"D-Damn it...even my voice...change me back right now Marly! I'm not gonna walk around dressed like...like some slut!"

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"No can do~ Not until I've sampled every drink in the Euthymia hall of fame! C'mon, it's just for a few hours...y'know...you *really could loosen up a little* every now and then Charlotte...being *a little impulsive* isn't as bad as you think it is~"

"W-Wait a sec! You totes did something to my head again, didn't you? You're making me talk all funny! Stop it!"

"Haha! You sound like a complete bimbo! Maybe we can *tone that back abit* but...this is definitely more like it! C'mon Char~ Let's get going before the place fills up!"

Charlotte wanted to protest, to continue berating her sister for forcing her into this, but a sudden haze over mind left her standing still for a second, struggling to vocalize the angry rant she had been just a second away from realizing. But now nothing came to mind, all the anger and frustration she felt from inhabiting her feminized body evaporated alongside her doubts. Visualized by the frown on her face slowly softening into a vapid smile unhindered by her former self's inhibition and morals...

That and the fact that her brain was instantly sapped dry, unable to process the why behind her anger. And if she couldn't understand the common sense behind why she shouldn't be walking around in public dressed in such revealing attire or the fact that she was supposed to be a man...then why get mad in the first place? Despite the memory of her recent transformation and the rich repository of Charlie the engineer and brother to Marly rolling around inside her feather light brain, she just couldn't be bothered to resist the greater will telling her to simply relax and follow her fun loving sister's every word, giggling instead of shouting as she takes Marly's outstretched hand without complaint.

"Sure thing dearie~ I'm like, really sorry back there! My head was super fuzzy for a sec..."

"No worries big sis. I'm sure a drink or two will fix you up right quick~ C'mon, grab your tag!"

Accepting the neon stickers from the bouncer who had remained oblivious to Charlie's metamorphosis into his sisters unwitting party member, Charlotte slaps the sticker over her right breast, trembling from the reverberant jiggle running down her juicy body as she steps through the doors with Marly, vocalizing her wonder with a slow rising 'Ooh~' as her eyes take in the effervescent lightning while the thudding beats of the DJ rocks her brain silly, numbing her to the sensation of her sister's hand leaving her as Marly moves off into the enormous, high class bar, waving her a temporary farewell.

"I'm gonna go sample the drinks so you just...well, do whatever you want I guess. Come find me at the counter whenever you're done sis~"

"O-Oh? W-Wait! What do I...what am I even supposed to do here..."

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Skipping off into the bar with her brother-turned-sister's newly fattened wallet she had scooped off the floor earlier without Charlotte's notice, the newborn babe was left to her own devices, suddenly feeling a bit of the concern and awkwardness that plagued her untouched mind from before creeping back to haunt her. Without Marly by her side, Charlotte felt confused...and more importantly, *aware*.

The air conditioned chill tracing ice cold fingers over her bare, sensitive skin. The way keen eyes were already locking onto her in the dominantly female crowd as they gazed hungrily over her tight, curvy form made worse by the fact that she could already sense them undressing what little she really wore beneath the encompassing coat acting like a mask with which she used to shield her body, hugging it tightly over her frail, nubile self in a futile effort to conceal herself, wandering into a roving pack of intoxicated women who were all more than ready to go, eyes flaring with lust as they registered the walking sexpot entering their field of view, reaching out with greedy hands unnoticed by Charlotte until they finally find their mark.

A surprised squeal leaks forth from the lady's wavering lips, going unnoticed under the thunderous boom of the music as manicured nails peel apart her dress top, pinching and kneading at her breasts before vanishing just as quickly as they arrived, leaving Charlotte's breasts hanging free, flopping around all over the place as another adventurous hand slips down between her legs before surging upward, forcing the fleeing woman to a grinding halt as her entire body spasms in erotic bliss, twisting her neck skyward while cupping a shivering hand over her mouth in fear of her shameless moans being heard by the crowd, twisting to and fro as the intruder from down under continues to finger her dripping pussy, hearing vague, feminine mutterings about 'what a slut' she was for wearing crotchless, lace panties to a bar. Unable to deny her faceless partner's experience in making girls like her quiver with every pinch, flick and thrust of their well trained fingers, blushing fiercely as she felt her juices slide down the digits rubbing her silly. In all her time as a man, sexual release was something she never really partook in, so when faced against the unrelenting waves of a woman's pleasure beating her hard in both mind and body, Charlotte was completely helpless to resist the way her knees buckled together, how she couldn't stop gyrating her hips or bucking her ass back against her partners fingers in an effort to drive them deeper inside her vagina. It was just so good she couldn't help but give in to her body's new demands.

Just before she could hit climax however, the loving fingers, just like the hands that had caressed her breasts, would leave her hanging, giving Charlotte a moment of reprieve with which she would use to turn around with a look of mixed disappointment and surprise, catching sight of a suave looking tomboy about as tall as her former self was, smiling wryly while waving her goodbye with a dainty hand covered in her juices. The sight made her heart skip a beat because of how handsome the woman fingering her had been...

Shaking off encroaching doubts about her wavering identity, Charlotte hurries to escape the crowd while readjusting her dress so her breasts were properly supported and concealed once more, finding a safe haven at an empty table she would slump over, sighing in relief before taking a look around her at the many people

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conversing amongst themselves with drink in hand, or rarely, each other. Even now from where she stood, Charlotte could pick out the subtle movement of kicking legs and flailing arms indicative of people having 'fun' past the limits of simple social bonding, much like she had a few seconds ago, reminding her of what Marly had told her to do after shifting her into a woman.



"Let loose...huh..."

Breaking into a low giggle while tucking a stray lock of hair behind her ears, Charlotte rises to her full height once more, lustrous eyes still locked onto the crowd. Somewhere out there, her little sister was probably drinking herself silly (with her money to boot), but a place like this had more to offer than just drink as she had been made aware of not too long ago. Pushing off from the table with a confident sway to her hips as she makes her way back into the crowd, moving back over to the dance floor where many were already swaying incoherently to the beat, no doubt thanks to their alcohol-addled minds slowly giving out.

Maybe this was a good time to kick back and relax, and what better way to do so then show these amateurs how dancing really looked like? Unbeknownst to Marly, she had been taking dance classes for quite awhile now, and her instructors were pleased with her performance. Amongst a group of drunks and dressed the way she was, her moves would surely catch the attention of everyone nearby. Growing used to being the center of attention once she learned to let go of her anxiety, swaying her buxom body on the dance floor while shooting a kiss to a blushing girl nearby.

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'And if I'm lucky...maybe I'll find that handsome little minx again~'

The time to scold her sister for making her all giddy and womanly could come later. For now, Charlotte was content with making every single second of this strange, ethereal moment count...

THE END