

It's In The Contract

Standing outside the less than stellar entryway into what looked like a small, low rent studio space. The two young men sigh in unison, disappointment clear for all to see as the blonde haired one scowls before clicking his tongue, turning to face the bulkier raven haired man standing beside him with accusing eyes.

He clearly did not want to be here, probably coerced into tagging along from how fidgety he was getting.

"Uhh...dude? You sure this is the place? 'Security gig', right?"

"Yeap, this is it...why? Having second thoughts or something?"

"C'mon man! You really not seeing the problem here?! The place looks like some shady corner store any old street junkie can just waltz in! You even thinking' right getting a job here of all places?!"

"Oh I am, been here already last week to get our records logged in fact...but do you really think we have a choice? Last I heard, Mila's about had it with you and your smoking addictions. And if I don't land this thing, I'm out on my ass! So whether we like it or not, this is our only shot...I'm going..."

Taking the first step forward, the confident man pushes open the door, letting loose a brief haze of frigid air that washes over them as he goes inside, leaving his partner outside with a conflicted look on his face, knowing there wasn't much he could do to argue with a convincing counterpoint as he grumbles in frustration under his breath, following in his partners footsteps if he didn't want to get left behind.

Not when the stakes were too high to miss out on. He knew his friend was right; that if they didn't land this job, then the only way they'd be earning a paycheck would be through a gun held up against some poor bank teller's head. And that was a dark time neither one of them wanted to go back to despite clinging threads of the past haunting them to this very day.

Born into lower class families in the ill maintained lower districts that bordered the slums around the 'futuristic' city of Metronome they had come to call home, *Derrick* and *Manuel* stuck fast, becoming friends in a matter of seconds soon after meeting in a trash lined alleyway the boys and girls called their playground. Using plastic filled trash bags like bouncy balls while mountains of trash served as slides and stable mounds to play king of the hill on, life in the slums as a kid was equal parts unforgettable fun and harsh living. For one, food was obviously scarce, and everyone was on the prowl for more.

That meant no one could be trusted, even if they were neighbors or trusted friends. Which made Derrick and Manuel a rare but welcome sight in such harsh environs where the weak were left to wither and the strong ruled with a somewhat iron fist, because when the law rolled around, not even those self proclaimed masters of the slums stood a chance against superheated plasma bolts and old fashioned fisticuffs. Through it all, the pair survived on tact and wit, bouncing off of each other's strengths to ensure their families ate well

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every night, with Derrick oftentimes serving as the distraction while Manuel pilfered food and drink from roadside stores.

But their string of robberies alongside other petty crimes committed by the homeless would soon draw the ire of the law, and Metronome's police weren't known for being understanding or for being entirely clean either when they had their fingers slipped into the pockets of almost every profitable group operating within the city; from corporations to the government body. And when the homeless 'problem' seemed to reach its peak, the heartless scum from up top were more than eager to sicc the police on them with orders to kill on sight. A cleansing operation masked to the public eye as an assault against a large gang of ruffians and miscreants.

Being so active in the day, the two slept through the night of the attack, only managing to come out alive because their parents had seen fit to hide them beneath the abundant trash pits that littered the slums, masking their life signs amongst the various other vermin that lurked within...but it was one their mothers and fathers knew was the right decision to make just before the militant police found them, putting rounds into their heads before they could even lift a finger, with the faint thud and proceeding scraping sound of fabric against rough pavement doing little to rouse the children from their slumber.

By the time they awoke, their home, their parents, all the other scrappy kids they'd befriended till now. All of them had vanished, leaving just Derrick and Manuel to stare dumbstruck at each other.

Despite being kids at the young tender age of nine, neither of them had shed a tear, setting their sights instead on the future and what they could do in the here and now. They didn't know whether they'd been abandoned overnight or if something else had happened, they only knew that from here on out, it was just the two of them against the world.

Time would speed by, with days turning to weeks, and from there, months. Eventually, a year or two would speed by the boys who had long since moved on to working various jobs, all of them paying the bare minimum while demanding exorbitant hours of strenuous work, not like they had much of a choice either when no proper employers would take on a pair of homeless orphans. It was a harsh thing to force a kid through, but to Derrick and Manuel however, it wasn't anything new. Just a lot more tiring and their bosses were either unsympathetic oafs who rarely showed or brutes that breathed down their neck at all times.

It was a brutal life of endless roiling and little fun to be had, but as long as the two had each other, their will seemed indomitable. Shouldering through whatever obstacle stood in their way.

As the years continued to trickle on however, the young boys would soon lose the ticket of childhood innocence once they had grown old enough to be recognised as 'adults', and on the streets of Metronome, that meant more trouble when bigger fish in the lower districts took notice of them. And when the duo

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proved themselves against thugs looking for a fight, the doors to a far darker world would be opened when crime lords and ratty fixers beckoned for them to partake in gigs for the criminal underworld.

It was also around this time when Derrick and Manuel would begin to develop separate interests and hobbies that would slowly lead to a minor divide between the two who had grown close enough to be considered blood brothers. For Derrick, it was studying. With the money they earned from the various robberies, scams and other such crimes they pulled off with whatever group took them on, the eager mind spent a modicum of his cut on books, educational films and even seditious material considered 'inappropriate' by the Metronome government for public viewing. It was through the consumption of such books where he would learn the truth behind what happened that day when their entire community vanished overnight; a cleanup operation targeted at reducing the number of homeless in the lower districts disguised as a war against crime. With some of the most elite troops the police had to offer, they quickly swept across the shanty towns and alleyways, taking out anyone that even moved an inch. According to this expose that had mostly been dismissed as mere sedition, over a thousand unfortunate souls had been lost to the brutal op, their bodies disintegrated within the plasma furnaces within one of the many production plants that dotted the cityscape. It was a revelation that made Derrick's gut stir with unease, wondering what the best course of action to take would be.

While Derrick tussled with that question however, Manuel would indulge himself in the fiber things in life, mixing with a bad crowd, nurturing addictions and somehow landing himself a girlfriend who seemed more like a parasite than a lover, only able to hog Manuel's attention because of her looks and nothing else. But alongside those bad habits, the man had also picked up quite a nasty temperament, becoming a hot headed brute with a penchant for violence and gunfights.

Despite their differences however, the tight knit friends would continue to work with one another, with Derrick taking more of a backseat role as support and logistics while Manuel continued to curry favor with the biggest gang in Metronome as a fervent rebel against the state until one fine day, when all hell broke loose after he had decided to drop by the one dingy apartment flat they shared under an alias, only to discover his friend asleep and a curious little binder lying by his side.

Contrary to popular belief, Manuel was not an illiterate fellow. He could still very much read, albeit with minor difficulty when it came to the bigger words and numbers of which the report seemed full of. Unfortunately for everyone else however, Derrick had taken notes of his findings, writing his own thoughts on small sticky notes that provided his friend a clear line of events to follow after, leading up to the massacre and beyond...

...Needless to say, the things he read had been enough to fire up that infamous temper of his on a much greater scale than ever before. With a hate for the law already ingrained within him, it was just the push Manuel needed to immediately set him on a path of war. Unlike his friend, Manuel was certainly not a

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thinker, much less a tactician. With a gun in hand, walls were nonexistent and those who stood against him were but a single trigger pull away from being silenced. A simple philosophy the tone deaf ganger would bring with him when the bright idea of assaulting the main police headquarters downtown had been tossed around the table. Ultimately deciding on that as his grand revenge plan, leaving Derrick sleeping in their home as he had done to him, assuming his friend didn't want to tell him about this discovery for reasons like the self righteous crusade he was about to embark on.

Predictably, it didn't take long for the punk to realize he was severely outgunned. Up till now, he'd been drunk on victories against lesser foes like rival gangs and poor schmucks in the police force being given ill fitting gear. So when the real meat behind the militant arm of the law showed up to answer Manuel's provocation after arriving at their doorstep with a ragtag group of street scum, the knucklehead was humbled through overwhelming firepower.

The only reason why Manuel was even even alive today to stand within that dreadfully cold studio alongside a weathered Derrick was because of the patchwork job he'd done on the door of his rickety truck the night before, giving him the handful of seconds he needed to get back down and crawl away before the torrent of plasma bored through the superlative armor that saved his life. That, and a timely intervention by Derrick, who had awoken to an empty house that looked like someone had been there while he was asleep, only to realize the binder detailing the cover up was gone.

And when the only other person that could've gotten in without breaking the lock was Manuel, it didn't take much guessing to figure out where his hot headed friend had gone off to. Derrick's arrival had coincided with the assault, pushing past the crowd just in time to see assault squads open fire on his friend and the motley crew flanking him. In seconds, their numbers were scattered once the opening volley had cut down over half of the gangsters and thugs. Fear did the rest, doing the opposite for Derrick however, as he sprinted out across the firing lane to drag Manuel out of the thick of it.

By the time he had dumped the deflated idiot on the floor of their apartment, Derrick was exhausted from the combined strain of sprinting to and fro across the city, with the return trip being made with a shell shocked man on his back. But as tired as he was, Derrick knew better than to hit the hay so early, turning on their cheap apartment TV to monitor news broadcasts, to see if there were any hits put out on Manuel or himself, but after the adrenaline faded and hours passed, no major headlines were put out on the incident with only the faintest mention being listed as a 'traffic disturbance' on the bulletins. All while Manuel sat in the living room, still wearing his singed clothes, cursing under his breath against the swift defeat he had suffered.

From here on out, the duo's lives would take a drastic turn. With Manuel's provocation of the law and him taking a handful of bodies along to the slaughter, the gang that had once accepted him now saw him for a buffoon and a liability, cutting off their income. And out in the seedy underbelly of Metronome's streets,

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word tends to get around fast, which made it no surprise when Manuel's attempts at finding gigs elsewhere failed after the story of his sudden uprising had been put down just as quickly as it began. All while he continued to meet with his girlfriend and spend what little expenses he had as if they weren't in dire straits.

Derrick on the other hand, was miffed to say the least, frustrated at Manuel's foolish move and at his own hesitation to tell his friend the truth. But even if he had, the level headed man knew he would've still gone ahead with the frontal assault. It infuriated Derrick to no end as he continued to find alternative sources of income outside of the city's watchful eye. But after months of searching with the cash in their possession down to the bare minimum needed to pay for rent, Derrick had finally found an enticing offer that he couldn't refuse as private security guards, and one he found to be right up their alley, especially Manuel. Leading to a rather mute celebration once he'd broken the good news to his friend.

Although he had his suspicions upon his first visit to the odd rental studio where their interview and induction ceremony (if they passed of course) was set to take place in a weeks time while he handed over their forged personal documents and medical screening results, Derrick had shrugged it off as a front for whatever firm ran the place. Considering they were looking for privacy, it made some sense if this place was a temporary office or something.

But a self taught education could only carry one so far, so when Derrick had missed a few words or two while scouring through the usually lengthy terms and conditions stipulated in the contract before signing it a week ago with a slim smile on his face as he spins the pad around toward the friendly receptionist, he had unknowingly sealed both his and Manuel's fated the moment they stepped through the doors to the interview room after swallowing their doubts; a polished office space that was just as drab and sterile as the front lobby was. And there, before a quickly assembled DIY desk sits a redhead dressed in black, eyeing them with a stern gaze.

"Ah...Mister Derrick and Manuel I presume? Right on time. Take a seat over on the chairs and we can get started."

With a curt nod of the head, the two would soon come face to face with a certified Ice Queen. Introducing herself simply as Maria, the no nonsense woman would subject the two to a grueling Q&A session with no time wasted in between each question asked, most of which had been standard fare, like places of education, hobbies, personal achievements etcetera etcetera...

And then there were the more stringent ones like involvement in criminal groups, combat experience and a highly unusual one that left both men with their brows raised;

"Seeing as the two of you are men...what drove your decision to sign on as magical girl candidates?"

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"E-Excuse me? What was that about magic?"

"Yeah...sounded like you said-"

"Hmph, I see...I believe we are done with the interview...and even though I personally find you both lacking, I am afraid I must say that you two have what it takes for the job...now if you'll come with me, I'll walk you through the induction ceremony."

Rattling on without pause before rising to her feet without breaking a sweat, Derrick reaches a hand out to grab Maria's attention, doing so right before she could leave the room with a heeled foot already halfway out the door.

"Wait! Earlier, you said something about...magic? What's that supposed to be?"

"If you come with me, then you'll find out sooner...unless of course, the both of you would like to bow out?"

Frowning with both the confident aura emanating from Maria's unrelenting gaze and the searing animosity from Manuel's 'I told you so' look burning into his eyes and shoulder, Derrick sighs, relenting as he rises to his feet with a nod, gesturing for his friend to do the same.

"Good, now, if there are no more questions, let's move on shall we? We've been waiting for long enough..."

'I told you this thing was a scam!'

'Just shut up and play along for now...least she hasn't tried to drug us yet...'

Hissing under their breath as they followed along behind Maria knowing they couldn't afford to drop out now that they knew they'd been accepted, the two men cross hallway after hallway before noticing a gradual change in the scenery as drab prefab halls give way to more modern paneling and in built lights glowing from gaps between the walls and floors. For a moment, Derrick seemed to take solace in the fact that he was right, that the plain office out front had been a facade to mask a greater operation. But the longer they walked, the more that confidence was slowly beginning to wear away for confusion as they moved past what must've been the tenth door or so leading into yet another hallway flanked by closed doors that no longer bore handles but sensors and digital locks.

'How big even is this place? From the floor plan of the building...no, that can't be right...'

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Midway through his thoughts however, the door to their flank opens, allowing for the brief glimpse of what looked to be a leisure room. And within it, women dressed like idols lounged around the place. Some were nose deep in fashion magazines while others lay still on couches fast asleep. Paying them no heed as they stode by.

"A-Are those girls...who we're supposed to be protecting?"

"Banish the thought, those girls don't need protection...as far as I'm concerned, I'd be more worried about you two in a fight if it ever came down to that, we don't usually see male recruits walk these halls so often so altercations are common...especially with how your friend over there is behaving..."

Following Maria's scowl, Dennings sighs before pulling Manuel back along the path. Ever the lecherous oaf, the man had tried to sneak a little bit further off trail in an attempt to get those doors to trigger again. For as much as he despised Mila for being an obvious gold digger, Derrick just couldn't help but feel that his friend deserved her sometimes.

But as they walk through a final set of doors into a spacious chamber that seemed to stretch all the way into the skies with a thick fog up above concealing the true size of the massive construct, a sense of foreboding falls over both men as they gape in awe at the room while Maria strolls over toward a lone pedestal, pressing her palm against it while uttering secret phrases under her breath, triggering hidden mechanisms that causes the ground before then to shift and peel open as a chilling cloud of vapor heralds the emergence of two cylindrical cases that emerge from the ground, hovering in stasis with an ephemeral glow of yellows and blues seeping through gaps in the casing.

Unceremoniously, Maria walks up toward the curious objects before grabbing them out of the air, walking over towards the two shocked men without batting an eye before holding out her hands toward them, palms spread, one cylinder on each.

"Take these, inject them wherever you like. An infusion of sorts that'll aid you tremendously on the job."

"Can we not? I think we can handle security easily eno-"

"Are you telling me you can shrug off superheated plasma?"

"N-No..."

"Withstand pressure comparable to being instantly teleported into the Mariana Trench without protection?"

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"Okay! Okay! We get it...the hell did I sign us up for..."

Scoffing before walking away to the side just as barriers erect themselves between them and the exit, Maria waves dismissively for the two to continue despite being on the same side of the barrier. Which only brought up more questions as to what exactly Derrick had gotten them into with Manuel staring the rigid man straight in the eyes, cylinder held in shaky hands.

"You sure about this man? What if this is some experimental drug or some shit?"

"Man...at this point I think it doesn't matter either way....it's either this or we're out on the streets again...then again, if we do end up dying, I'll beat your ass sore in hell..."

"You're still mad about that whole thing?!"

"When you sat on your ass after causing literally everything that's put us here? Of course I-"

"Boys! There'll be plenty of time for you to argue later! Infusions! Now..."

With their conversation cut short, the two men sigh before fiddling with the strange cylinders, thumbs held over the top before slamming the thing down against their thighs, feeling a brief spark of pain as the force triggers a paper thin barb to spring forth, piercing the fabric of their pants and straight through skin, releasing the mysterious payload sloshing within into their bodies before cramping arms loosen their hold over the emptied plastic casings, hitting the floor with a shrill ping that echoes across the walls of the massive chamber.

In the same moment the multicolored fluid begins circulating through their blood vessels, iridescent veins of light begin to sear themselves into the skin of the men surrounding the region they'd injected themselves, with Derrick earning a floral tattoo over his right thigh while a bold, cursive R trailing a wispy heart scrawls itself over the right side of Manuel's hip, beginning a series of changes that would leave the two men virtually unrecognizable as both begin to convulse in place before lifting clear off the air with the faintest groan, suspended by intangible string as they begin to shift into fetal positions, hugging arms close to their chest while legs furl up over them. All while Maria adjusts a nifty little device slotted around her ears with a circular glass lens over one eye like a monocle, recording the transformation taking place before her with every little detail being recorded down to the letter.

With their expensive clothes scrounge together just for the job consumed by energetic webs of light before shattering into uncountable pieces of wavering particles that soon fade away, nothing remained to mask the full scope of what would come next as their hair blossoms outward into long flowing curtains that hang

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down their backs with enough force that their heads jerk back slightly, revealing a curious distortion in the air radiating from a faintly visible line running down their faces, doing away with rugged outlines and sharp tufts of excess facial hair, leaving smooth, radiant skin behind as slim brows, slant lashes and sultry eyes override deadpan looks and heavy eyebags.

By the time the wave of rippling air had run its course and moved on down gradually slimming necks, Derrick and Manuel's heads had been, for lack of a better term, magically lopped off and replaced by those of goddesses. While Derrick's sculpted visage radiated a sense of maturity and elegance, Manuel's portrayed a different picture altogether, bringing immature vigor to the table exemplified by the way a shimmering golden fringe hangs down to frame the left side of his sleeping face when compared to his partners more, immaculate parting atop unmoving slits, intertwining into twin locks of gunmetal gray that easily catch the light, bringing focus to a secondary pair of extensions that dangle further down, tickling the seductive bump caused by clavicles pressing up against creamy smooth skin encompassing smaller, compact shoulders, and a tighter torso frame caused by the faint ring moving on down towards the men's chest, eliciting a varied response from both as the magically charged air triggers a series of changes that instantly produce results in the form of their hard earned pecs losing solidity, sagging forward into twin mounds tipped by ripening areola changing color from dull brown to bright rosebud, gaining a vivid sheen as the inert tips swell and grow erect, hardening from the sensation of cold air curling like a temptresses fingers to lick and prod at hypersensitive skin acting up from all the changes being forced onto the men as both begin to shift and tremble, folded arms rendered long and petite by the rings part ways, forced to give room to burgeoning breasts hanging off their chests with a healthy perkiness to them. Although in Derrick's case, the D cups he possessed sagged down gently, applying a heavy weight on his shoulders that leaves a disgruntled look that goes barely noticed on his gorgeous face.

Locked in a state of partial awareness and a dizzying haze that felt like they were under the effects of a medically induced coma the moment their vision went psychedelic after injecting themselves with the unknown substance, both men could barely feel the changes they were going through, only sensing the aftershocks produced by more drastic changes like breast growth and a change in their skeletal structure as bones lengthened and reshaped to make space for new organs and mass in various sections of their body. If Manuel was awake, then he'd most definitely be raging to be set free when his hard earned physique was currently in the process of being molded into a more feminine and gentle build, complete with pronounced curves jutting out from broad hips connected to a cinched in waistline framing a flat, toned navel lined with supple flesh and a faint shadow of the six pec that once sat there, clean shaven and stamped with a cute belly button in the middle that rises and falls with each breath. A better outcome when one glance over towards Derrick saw all hints of muscle stripped off his core, left as a warm rosy cushion of pert flesh layered over by a thin coating of blubber for weary souls to rest their heads upon with plentiful space to toss and turn as a feminine '*Mnf!*' slips free of Derrick's lips from the rapid surge of mellow fat rushing to fill sizable handlebars formed by gaps left in the wake of a restructured pelvis. Causing the formerly gaunt rear beneath to bloat into a pair of perfectly pliable cheeks that connect nicely to the hourglass figure he now possessed.

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"Impressive...to think such a figure could even be made possible from men...then again, anything's possible where magic is involved I suppose..."

An astute mind would be inclined to believe the sight before them as an act made possible through the arcane. Reshaping the human body and levitation after all, was still something far out of the reach of modern science. A feat even the best minds of Metronome could only think of. And they would be right to assume so, for this was exactly it; magic at work in the modern ages.

While Maria hadn't lied about the superhuman properties the so-called infusions would bestow upon Derrick and Manuel, she had purposefully left out the feminisation aspects of the fluid and that it wasn't actually meant for men to use. She had special reasons for doing so, reasons that proved valid when the results of the actual 'test' going on during the interview came back with stunning compatibility scores. Something the company had put in place after previous attempts by other less fortunate men had resulted in misshapen blobs and an explosive aftermath, hence the barriers in case things still went wrong despite the apparent affinity with the secretive groups magical infusion.

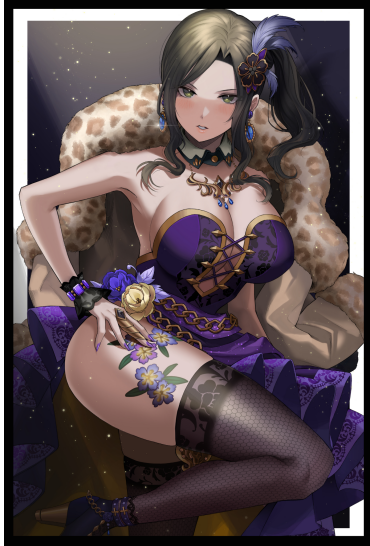
But as Maria's violet eyes watch plump thighs pop into existence while sturdy curvy calves are sculpted from hairy tree trunks before tapering off into dainty feet tipped with pristine toenails. She knew this had been a success, jotting down notes in her data pad before stopping the recording right as the two women begin to rouse from their magic induced coma as long legs jerk subtly to the thrusting of hips caused by the deletion of their members as the magic moves to seal the deal; peeling apart wrinkled sacs of skin, smoothening them out before fingering a moist opening to connect to the freshly formed canal leading into the entrance of a pulsing womb located just beneath their tummies hooked up to ovaries that had once served to produce semen, converted into egg factories that waste no time in pumping hormones and feel good chemicals throughout their rousing bodies.

With a gentle sigh and a warm blush on their faces, the newly branded women slowly float back down towards the ground, trailing particles that begin to swirl around them before coalescing into brand new outfits that seemed tailor made to suit their wearers with an alluring, purple ball gown sporting bronze accents and a revealing side cut down the right to show off plenty of skin and chunky thighs appearing over alarmingly adulterous pasties that were all that stood between the world and her privates if a wardrobe malfunction were to occur.

As additional decor in the form of semi transparent webbed stockings slap tightly over lengthy legs while a bevy of accessories fashioned in the likes of her gown solidify themselves across her attractive hourglass figure, Derrick's body, eyes still coming to as life returns to fill the vapid brass pearls, moves to strike a pose, bracing itself as if there were a posh couch beneath to lean on while she a tattooed leg raises itself seductively, giving Maria a glimpse at what laid beneath the fanciful coating while voluminous strands of silken hair float

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into the air before tying themselves into a side hanging ponytail, curled locks dangling just above perfectly proportioned shoulders like bait as the subtle creaking of sturdy rope from the corset struggling to hold back her immense bosom fills the ambience alongside the clanking of gold chains and ornate jewelry whose metallic chill over her chest only served to rouse further suspicion from Derrick who hadn't quite awoke to her current predicament yet, glancing groggily around the place as she slowly breaks free of her gravure model pose with a feverish blush on pert cheeks. Unaware of just how sensual each and every move she made was. A venomous flower luring prey with her vivacious looks and aromatic scents.



And to the left of Derrick, with platform shoes squeaking as they hit the floor, danced an innocent blonde that had once been Manuel, hopping in a circle before arching her exposed navel and back with a fluff of her mini skirt, a swish of her wild mane and a sharp clap that stuns Derrick awake, looking up in awe at the giggling maiden dressed like an idol before slapping her exposed leg out of instinct, fearing she'd be kned in the face. But that slap also served to free Manuel from the rest of her comatose dance routine.



“W-What the?! Why’s everything so...oh hoh~ Hello there beautiful~ What’s your name?”

“Hey! Don’t just touch me like that! W-Wait a...Why do I have tits?!”

“Cuz you’re a woman, duh!”

“No way...M-Manuel? Is that you?”

“Huh? You know me? Swear i’d remember a broad like you if we’d met before...”

“I’m not one of your floozies, you dumbass! It’s me! Derrick! L-Look at yourself man!”

Staring down unamused, the blondie’s face twists into a frown before curious hands move to lift up the hem of her skirt, staring blankly at the void between her legs before pressing down around the area in a mix of curiosity and disbelief.

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It was at this point where panic must've set in because Manuel was beginning to fidget more and more, muttering incoherently under her breath while Derrick takes the opportunity to examine herself, cussing once she realized her bosom was so big she could no longer look down at her own two feet while standing, placing her full weight unevenly on high heel clad feet, feeling like an alien in the wrong body when everything was just so...jiggly...when it hadn't been seconds earlier, or at least it was to her. Because with most of their consciousness locked away during the transformation, all Derrick and Manuel felt was a brief spell of darkness before they landed in the bodies of women with their originals nowhere to be seen.

As much as he wanted to deny it, the weight pulling down on her back and the thrill of soft arousal from the air caressing her sensitive form was enough to tell Derrick that this was very real, punctuated by a yelp from Manuel as she tugs at the soft choker around her neck, digging too hard into soft skin.

"D-Derrick?! The hell is this shit?! I'm a...my dick...I'm a goddamn chick..."

"Tell me about it...I look like some rich skank...everything feels so weird!"

"Rich skank? I beg to differ...you look absolutely stunning if I do say so myself...as for you...a fiery gal...hmp, you'll do nicely. Welcome to the Magical Girl Institution girls!"

The two former men took a moment to gather their wits before recognizing Maria walking over to them with a wry smile on her face, taking in the sight of Derrick adorned in her midnight purple gown with a lingering gaze hanging over the flowers painted over her thigh before moving over towards Manuel, the young punk dressed like an adorable doll, she loved it!

"Magical...girl?"

"Yes, it's stipulated in the contract that the individual agrees to undergo extensive physical changes and other unforeseen, life altering circumstances should they take the job...evidently you haven't, because ordinary rags off the street wouldn't be able to understand that string of complicated words now wouldn't they?"

"Y-You! Is this some kinda trap by the government? You better start talkin' or I'll-"

As the barriers barring the exit begin to lower, the sudden grating noise interrupts Manuel mid rant Maria sighs before waving for the two to follow along with slightly more care put into her demeanor than the previous ice cold stance she had taken with them earlier.

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"Come along and I'll explain further...and by the way? Threaten me again and I'll show you no quarter...is that clear? And don't associate us with the city's decrepit, self appointed leaders...we have nothing to do with them...most of the time."

"The fuck? This bitch really thinks she can-"

"Manuel! Don't...let's just...play along for now, alright? See what this is all about."

"Last time you said that, we lost our dicks! Now I'm gonna let you lead us into another trap again?! I ain't-"

"Please dear, there is no need for that. Plus, if I wanted to, I could've forced you two to take those shots without you even knowing it...now come, let's not waste anymore time, there's still the matter of what you'll be doing from here on out, as well as your pay...quite a sizeable sum in fact."

"It better be..."

Snatching her arm away from Derrick with a click of the tongue before folding them over her chest and wincing at the feel of her forearms rubbing against her pert bosom, Manuel turns her moody eyes away from Derrick and Maria as the three move towards the exit, leaving the two emptied out cylinders lying on the cold floor as darkness soon returns to shroud the massive interior space.

The walk back however, would prove an interesting one with Maria stealing quick glances over toward the feminized duo, watching them struggle with basic movement, clearly not used to their new center of gravity, with Derrick being a little worse for wear than her partner was. Instead of platform shoes, the taller woman was stuck with stiletto heels that rapped against the floor with each step, throwing in her bodacious figure clad in a revealing dress that seemed to flutter with even the slightest movement, and it was a recipe for disaster. Not like Manuel seemed to mind however, the blonde had sneakily moved behind her friend, shooting lecherous glances over toward her swaying rump and the occasional overexposure of skin near the thigh cut. Making a mental note of all the imperfections that needed to be ironed out.

Instead of continuing back down the path they came however, Maria would take a sharp turn to her right, away from the rooms where they had seen other women in earlier into an empty room that resembled the spacious lounge from earlier but scaled down for a smaller group to use.

"Please, take a seat."

Gesturing over toward a couch, Derrick waddles over before sighing in relief now that she was freed from the burden of trying to navigate slippery floors in high heels while Manuel leans against the wall behind

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them, clearly disinterested now in listening to Maria, not like she minded when it gave her an excuse for a strict training regimen down the line.

"So...gonna explain what this whole magical bullshit is?"

"It is exactly as I said earlier; the two of you are now magical girls, plain and simple. Near invulnerable physiology, the ability to use magic, and of course, your new bodies...and all the baggage it entails..."

"Umm, as...*nice* as this all is...can't we back out or something? And what you said earlier...how did you know we were..."

"Ah, it was a simple matter of circumstance you see. Remember the one sided gunfight you pulled your friend out of? I was there, watching you dive headfirst through searing plasma fire...after the incident, I did a little poking around, but with more pressing matters at hand, I eventually forgot...until your obviously forged documents crossed my desk a week ago...and I must say, I should've approached you myself back then if I knew your compatibility scores would be this high. You two are on par with some of the other girls in the looks department~ Take pride in that at least."

"Che! Get on with it!"

"Hmhm~ It is a compliment my dear, from the bottom of my heart in fact! If only you could be as level headed as Derrick here...maybe then you wouldn't be so less developed in certain areas...but I'm getting ahead of myself...here, read this and you'll understand what I mean earlier."

Moving to place two seal folders she had been carrying with her onto the table before them, Maria gestures for them to take it. With Derrick picking up one marked with the letter D while passing the other over to Manuel, even without the labels, these folders were familiar to Derrick; the same ones she'd slotted their documents in before submitting them a week ago.

Slipping open the bound cover however, and a dumbfounded look crosses her face. Instead of their forged documents, they were instead greeted with updated ones bearing pictures of their new selves with a whole host of altered details including new names entirely...and some words she couldn't decipher before suddenly becoming clear to her as if she'd always had the knowledge to read them without fumbling with the words.

"Dahlia...female...age twenty nine...you forged these for us?"

"Duh! Of course she did! No way I've got a boyfriend! This is bogus!"

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"Unfortunately or otherwise, you'll find these to be unaltered records, the cold hard details of your new lives going forward. Not even I remember how you two looked before, I could show you the recording I made of your transformation, but even then I fear the effects of the infusion are quite thorough."

"New lives? Wait...that infusion thing...it did more than just change our bodies?"

At that point, Manuel, or *Mai*, as her documents labeled her female self as, had gone silent, gritting her teeth at the bevy of new information she could, like *Dahlia*, now read without feeling her brain do jumping jacks. While most of it remained more or less the same, it was the words under Education Resume that caught her attention.

"Uhh...dude? We didn't attend this...Metronome University thing...did we?"

"N-No...we definitely didn't...but you've never said a word like that without messing up before!"

"I know right? It's like...I'm smart all of a sudden...but that doesn't make any sense! Maria! You're screwing with us somehow right?!"

"Hahaha! I assure you two, I am not. But what you see there is the concrete truth. No embellishments. Though from prior experience, not too much will have changed besides the people of Metronome always having known you two as Dahlia and Mai, but even if you want out, i'm afraid the process is irreversible...Come now, being a woman isn't so bad...besides that usual time of the month, and we definitely don't skimp out on pay like your usual Metronome business."

"Speakin' of, how much are we talking about here?"

"Goddamnit Manuel, not the time for that!"

"Why the hell not?! If we're walking out of this with tits I wanna know how much we're bein' paid for it!"

"On the contrary Dahlia, Mai is correct for the most part. While your reactions are understandable, I must press the fact that it's all stated in the contract...now, for your dedicated service in protecting the people of Metronome and beyond from threats unknown, you'll be rewarded nicely for it...does a hundred thousand credits per month not counting bonuses sound appealing?"

"A hundred thousand?!"

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Both women were stumped at the amount as they fell quiet, turning to face each other with calculating eyes...a base hundred thousand credit pay was unheard of, and already much much more than they had ever earned even from some of their biggest heists during their criminal heyday. And if these bonuses were easy to snag...and depending on the amount, they could be set for life in just a few months! But the fact that the base pay was so high meant that either there were strings attached...or the job was a high risk thing that could potentially lead to a close brush with death.

And that was something the two were already familiar with...especially Manuel, who saw good reason to question their unwitting employer about.

"W-Wait...a hundred thou seems too good...what're we even gonna do?"

"Is that interest I hear Mai? Hmmhm~ Don't worry about the little things, rest assured I will drill you two till you're for to be a part of the organization proper...but in a nutshell, you'll be facing down threats no ordinary policeman or army would be able to handle. Things that can shrug off firearms and artillery fire...that sort of stuff."

"Jesus Maria! You say it like it's no big deal!"

"That's because to us, they aren't. Trust me on that, once you've gone on a handful of assignments, you'll come around...but that's nothing compared to what I'll put you girls through..."

"P-Put us through? If it's because of Manuel, I-"

"Training! While we are leagues ahead of the average abomination that rears its head every so often, we must not dismiss the possibility of a greater threat that could match us magical girls in strength one day...hence why I do my best in ensuring all within our ranks have what it takes to ensure my training regimen...starting tomorrow, you two will be taking lessons on how to master your individual strengths and circumvent weaknesses. While I don't doubt your friendship, that constant throwing each other under the bus act might prove detrimental at the worst possible timing...we'll need to set that straight. This room will serve as your quarters for the next week or so. If you have any relatives or close ones, remember to give them a heads up on your stay-in orientation, food and drink will be provided as will basic amenities, etcetera etcetera. Now if you'll excuse me, it's high time you two get some rest hm? We start drills at 0700 tomorrow...If you girls can last till the week's end, you're free to come and go as you please...so wipe those frowns off your faces hm?"

Rising off of her chair without another word, Maria nonchalantly exits the room with a pep in her step, leaving the two women stumped as their minds race to process the surreal situation they found themselves stuck in. Staring at their records, then at each other, and finally, their genderbent bodies.

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"A-Are we really gonna do this Derrick?"

"*sigh* You know we've got no choice...hell, even Maria knew it too...god this voice sounds weird..."

"You really think she wasn't lying? About the whole 'always been a girl' thing?"

"I dunno...didn't you say the records had you labeled as being in a relationship with a boyfriend? Could try calling Mila...see if she's still in your contacts. Though at this point...i'm inclined to believe what Maria said about our lives being changed forever..."

"Right...I can smell bullshit coming a mile away and that Maria was definitely...who the hells Mike?! And is that...oh god! You've gotta be shitting me!"

Rushing over to see what the blonde was freaking out over, Dahlia bends down to grab the phone out of her distraught friends shivering hand to get a better look at the message history displayed on the screen. And boy did it imply many things between Mai and this Mike character her other self seemed deeply infatuated with.



For one, it seemed like the character of Mila had been kicked out of the equation entirely. Replaced by a man who seemed kind and earnest from the constant messages checking in on Manuel's female counterpart interrupted every so often by prompts for dates and other such romantic quips. With the replies from her end being expectedly ditzy and chock full of slang, something that didn't surprise Dahlia in the slightest as she continues to scroll through message after message before stopping at an image that made her involuntarily gasp, eliciting a 'squeee' of embarrassment and rage from Mia, curled into a yellow pink ball with feral hands pulling at her head in despair.

A highly suggestive and sexually explicit selfie of a woman in front of the mirror with her fingers used cover up her privates. But even without her head being caught in the frame, the silky mane of shimmering blonde hanging down like a golden canvas to frame her petite body was more than enough for all signs to point at Mia as the woman in the picture.

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But that wasn't all, for behind that laid an entire armada enough to fuel the lucid dreams of a thousand horny men at once. All featuring Mia either dressing provocatively or posing in sensual ways designed to get the men raving for more. Impressively however, this Mike guy didn't seem the least bit fazed, either ignoring or telling her to stop each time in a gentle manner. Ending off with the same response from Mia each time;

"You're no fun at all...huh...looks like you've got yourself quite the loving hunk huh? I'm already dying to meet him~"

"Ahh shut it! Give that back!"

Turning around to see Mia right behind her, Dahlia relinquishes the device back to her friend who seemed to have gotten over her mental breakdown relatively quick, snatching the phone away before tossing it over onto the couch with a hiss of annoyance, with her friend noting how she hadn't moved to delete the images or deny her teasing, leading her to prompt a serious discussion about the severity of the alterations made to their reality and whether or not she could recall anything from this new life they had never lived till now.

Ultimately however, Mia didn't seem to be in the mood for a round of questions and answers, falling into a heap over the couch, unwilling to move.

"I don't know...and I don't wanna think about it...lemme sleep...I'm drained..."

With Mia excusing herself for the rest of the day as evening soon falls over Metronome, Dahlia was left on her own to ponder what to do next, flipping through her phone while lying flat out on one of the two beds provided still dressed in her elegant dress with no clue as to how to rid herself of it. As comfy as it was, the constant tripping every time the hem got snagged on something was beginning to get on her nerves.

Just like her friend however, Derrick's digital footprint upon the world had been changed into that of Dahlia's; mundane social media posts, job offers from various recognisable names in the industry, messages from a bevy of new people she'd never seen before. Unlike her male self, it seemed Dahlia led an



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honest life instead of resorting to criminal activity to make a living despite what she could only guess must've been a similarly lonely childhood bereft of parents to look after her. Although the same couldn't be entirely said for Mia if she was sending that sort of stuff to her boyfriend...then again, to each their own. And although she didn't know a thing about this new life of hers, Dahlia couldn't help but feel a tad bit hopeful for the future moving forward, watery eyes lingering on an image of herself taken in a crowded supermarket, suddenly feeling drowsy all of a sudden as the feather sash holding her ponytail together begins to disintegrate into a fine mist of luminous powder alongside the rest of her attire as the last bits of her energy reserves sustaining the magical uniform are spent, letting her phone drop to the bed while the last bits of her dress break apart like an aged cocoon, leaving Dahlia naked and shivering, curling herself up into a ball as the sensor lights dim in turn to her fading consciousness.

The whole prospect of being a magical girl still hadn't sunk in yet, but the idea of flinging magic around definitely piqued Dahlia's interest enough to see past the negatives. Unlike her friend, she hadn't cared too much about her appearance to miss her old body, but the sight of her new appearance was certainly...appealing enough to buy in on Maria's words that life on the other side of the fence might not be too bad after looking respectfully through her own gallery of selfies and other miscellaneous photos earlier, some including Mia by her side or fooling around in the background. Lying splayed out over the couch naked with her magical girl uniform likewise removed thanks to the lack of mana sustaining it.

'Nice to see Manuel...Mia's still a good friend...even though he's got...boobs now...this whole thing better not be...be some dream...'

Once the next morning came however, Dahlia's fears would be assuaged by Maria stomping into their quarters before slapping both girls awake with a riding crop, berating them for sleeping so shamelessly in the nude before marching them out dressed in pajamas toward the mess hall. There they would find no peace as they were thrust into their first lesson of the day; etiquette and manners where they were each given the relatively simple task of walking to and from the servers to get their breakfast without breaking stride. While it was something Mia could pull off relatively fine with just a handful of redos, Dahlia had been handed stiletto heels of a similar make to the one her magical girl form adorned, and it was hell to walk in, slipping constantly with painful results, especially whenever she made it back round to the return trip with a boiling hot cup of tea on the tray. But like Maria had told them, their bodies seemed built to take damage, never displaying bruises or burn marks no matter how many times she redid the test. Although she certainly did feel the pain it wrought upon her each time she messed up, all while Mia snickered from her seat, only to be put in place once Maria caught her in the act, pouring tea over her head before sending her off for a redo.

Not willing to give in so easily to a few errors, Dahlia continued to try and master the stiletto, learning where to lean her weight on and where to keep it light to make the next step much easier. Trying not to think too much about how awkward it was for her hips to swing so widely, allowing her body to do its own thing without protest from her very much male brain. And soon enough, the return trip back to the table would

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grow shorter and shorter with each failure. Until in no time at all, Dahlia crosses to and from the mess, looking disheveled but victorious.

By the time they finally got to eat, Dahlia's pajamas had changed color from pure white to muddy yellow while Mai's unkempt hair shimmered with fragrant rosemary tea...looking miffed as she gurgled on a slice of toast in her jaws.

"Some boot camp this is...bloody harassment I tell you..."

"Cmon...it's not so bad right? At least we've got Maria and not some muscly old drill sergeant yelling at us...or would you like it if Mike was the one yelling at you hm?"

"Ohh you asshole...I won't forget this!"

Before either one could throw in another retort, a loud smack rings out across the hall alongside the shrill yell of Maria's commanding voice. Earning them a giggle of amusement from the far end of the mess where the other magical girls were just waking up for breakfast, presumably those who chose to stay here like Maria had mentioned the night before. There were so many of them, all with varying height, hair color and attire, waving a little encouragement their way before Maria's silhouette came into view, blocking their sight with her stoic figure.

"C'mon girls! Get those plates in the sink in ten or I'll gouge your eyes out!"

Sprinting for the basin with their half eaten breakfast still rolling around, the duo take a moment to exchange some friendly banter as they turn to find their drill instructor already long gone from the mess hall, presumably outside continuing the countdown to their demise.

"Damn shes fast, you heard her man! Move it!"

"Ahah! Never heard you so scared before!"

"Trust me Dahlia, when a girl yells at you like that, you've gotta take it seriously or else you're gonna-argh! My eyes~!"

In her rush to get outside, Mia had run straight into Maria, impaling her eyes on one of two fingers deployed and erect at perfect height for both Mia and Dahlia. Catching an eager Mia right in her left eye but sparing Dahlia the pain as she watches her friend flop around on the floor like a fish out of water.

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Compared to the distant office lady from yesterday, Maria seemed like a completely different person altogether from the way she presented herself to the outgoing, vocal personality currently in control. It was like a night and day difference altogether as she stared the smiling woman straight in the face.

“At certain times, it’s best to take things slow even though things might feel hectic...get Mia on her feet, we’ve still got a long day ahead of us...and plenty more chances for you to mess up!”

“Heh...looking forward to it, ma’am!”

“That’s the spirit! Now get that sorry ass on her feet and let’s get going!”

As far as boot camps went, this was definitely on the gentler side of things, and although she reeked of stale tea, Dahlia couldn’t really deny that she was having a tiny bit of fun despite the events of yesterday and the doubts that came afterward. At the very least, she didn’t regret not reading between the lines if it meant a reset switch had been hit for both their lives...

THE END