



The city wasn't large, and it only had a few unreliable bus lines. Yet when people in need required to get to one point from another, sometimes, there was a strange bus that arrived just on time, that seemed to be mysteriously heading exactly where they needed to. This bus wasn't part of any specific route, didn't run on a specific schedule, didn't even need to be called. It just showed up, somehow, ready to board the passengers for only a few coins. And the unsuspecting passengers would be too relieved and in a hurry to question its sudden appearance, or the strange glow in the driver's eyes, as he welcomes them on board. They would sit down, unaware that as they head to their destination, they would slowly but surely change, so that they walk out the bus completely different people from when they walked in, all according to where they were heading originally. Over the years hundreds of people entered this old, rusted bus, thinking they were taking an express route to where they were originally heading, only to end up at the right place, but in a completely different body, and a completely different life.

Some people end up in objectively better lives and bodies, and some people end up in far worse lives and bodies. But the Cursed Bus is not a tool of Karmic justice, providing punishment to the wicked and boons to the worthy. Its alterations are random in nature, and a good man, full of integrity who has led an upstanding life can be stuck as an obedient maid for going to the laundromat, and an entitled girl who is always mean to customer service can become a rich banker simply because she was heading to the Bank. Their fate, their future body and whole life entirely depends on their destination, and the mood of the otherworldly driver on that particular day.

The first victim of the day was a man name Karl, who was rushing in his house, throwing clothes into luggage, frantically looking around and muttering to himself.

“Alright... I have plenty of clothes, my passport is packed, I have my wallet... What time is it? Shit... Today of all days for my phone to die before my alarm rings... What time is it? Fuck I am so late!”

He rushed outside in panic, dragging his half-closed luggage behind him, phone in hand and carry-on bag around one shoulder. He started dialing a number on his phone for the cab company, when his screen went blank, battery dying on him once more.

“God fucking damn it! For real!?! Fuck! Now I am missing my flight for sure!”

He was about to turn around and go back inside, to plug his phone and call from there, when he heard wheels behind him, followed by the creaking of rusty breaks as the bus came to a stop. Karl turned around, curious, and saw the display on top of the bus reading “AIRPORT”. He did a double take. This was too good to be true! Yet he didn’t have time to question its sudden appearance, if he wanted to make his flight on time, so he dragged his things to the bus door, which opened for him. The elderly driver gave him a friendly nod as he entered, fishing around his wallet to pay the fare. As he did, he addressed the driver in a relieved tone.

“You are a life saver. Thank you very much sir, I definitely owe you one.”

The driver’s smile widened even further, as his eyes twinkled mischievously.

“Oh, but it is my pleasure young man... My pleasure...” he mumbled as he closed the door and started driving.

Karl stumbled to the back of the bus, sitting down, and taking the time to breathe a little, and organise his things, and his thoughts. Even little, his dream was to travel the world, and visit each country at least once. Now in his mid twenties, he was far from achieving that goal. Except for a school trip to Canada and a family vacation to Cuba, he’d never set foot outside of America. This was his first cross-ocean trip, starting small with a 10-day visit to Ireland, where English was the most popular language, which meant he shouldn’t have too much trouble communicating and getting around for his first trip by himself. He couldn’t wait to take in the culture, the history, visit castles and local breweries, live a unique experience and adventure.

Except, things were about to change. As he was tapping his armrest absentmindedly, watching the scenery go by the window, his nails started getting longer and longer, his fingers becoming thin, graceful, and feminine. Changes traveled up his arm, making it slim, thinning out his hair, giving him a healthy, dark tan, while he remained oblivious, gazing dreamingly out the window. He didn’t even flinch when the changes reached his chest, pushing his pectorals out into a massive pair of tits, barely contained within his sweater. From there, the alterations started spreading all around his body. Face smoothed out, switching from his rough, masculine features to that of a gorgeous woman, framed by long, cascading locks of silky dark hair. Midsection trimmed and hips expanded out, giving him an almost exaggerated hourglass figure, complemented by a large wobbling ass, which raised him almost a full inch from his seat. Thighs

became thick and luscious, legs became long and graceful, skin all over his body gained a healthy, mocha hue. Finally, his clothing reformed, shirt becoming a crop top which exposed his shoulders, midriff, and plenty of cleavage, pants becoming fashionable and figure hugging, displaying his curved ass and shapely thighs, practical sneakers becoming sexy stiletto heels, and plain carry-on bag becoming a luxurious Coco Chanel handbag. Where a lanky white man sat before was now a gorgeous Latina woman, beautiful and fashionable enough to be a model.





Kassandra sighed in exasperation. This bus was taking forever! When the driver finally pulled up to the airport, she got up hurriedly from her seat, eager to get off this old worn-out death-trap of a bus. The driver gave her a quick “Have a safe flight!” as she got off, to which she responded with a simple “humph!”, as if the man wasn’t even worth talking to. She got off the bus, heels clacking on the pavement, hips swaying enticingly as she made her way directly to the runway, where the private jet she had rented was waiting for her. Now this was transportation worthy of her! She smiled as she got in, eager to finally get some time to bathe in the sun in the Bahamas. Her tan was due for an upgrade, this was only the third time this year she had headed down south. She settled into her seat and had one of the attendants

bring her a glass of champagne to help her relax before the plane took off.

It would be a few weeks of showing off her body in sexy bikinis, wild parties, cruising on rich men’s yachts, and most likely hooking up with one or two of them. After all, what was the point of having such a sexy body if she didn’t use it fully to her advantage, and get some cute and loaded guys to pamper her a little? In her mind, she was definitely worth it, and deserved to be taken care of, taken out on expensive dates, and provided for in every way, despite not bringing anything except her good looks to the table. From a young age, she had always been told that she could have anything that she ever wanted, and Kassie definitely lived by this, expecting only the best and greatest in everything, thus making her a demanding, high maintenance girl, who had a taste for high-end clothing, expensive meals, and lived a life of leisure and pleasure, never having to work a real job for even a single day in her posh life.



The next people to encounter the wicked transport were two friends, Stan, and Rachel. Friends since forever, Stan had grown somewhat of a romantic interest in his best friend, who unfortunately did not return his feelings. They had tried going on a few dates a while back, but nothing had ever sparked on her end, so they had agreed to lay those feelings to rest and move on, for the sake of their friendship. And so, they put all that behind them, Rachel believing that nothing more would ever come of it, while Stan did his best to repress the attraction he felt towards her but was never quite able to view their relationship as completely platonic, always maintaining tiny bit of hope that things could eventually develop between the two of them.

Tonight, Stan had managed to convince Rachel to go to a Punk Rock concert, featuring his favorite band, who were in town tonight as part of a large tour they were doing. Rachel was primmer and more proper to Stan's more alternative side, and the shy girl had to be convinced thoroughly until she finally agreed to accompany her friend to this concert. Stan had driven to Rachel's place and tried to repress a wince as she opened the door. She was dressed in a casual turtleneck and some jeans, very conservatively, even more so than usual. When she had agreed to go with him, he had hoped she would at least give an effort into enjoying it, partake in something he himself enjoyed. But clearly, she was going into this backwards, with the intention of not having a good time, and then blaming him for it. He himself hadn't gone all out, wearing only a spiked bracelet and a band t-shirt, so the two of them didn't contrast too much. They headed back to the car in an awkward silence, only for the engine to make a stuttering sound as Stan turned the key.

"No, no, no! Not tonight, come on..." He turned the key again, but same result, can was refusing to budge.

"It's alright Stan, we don't have to go. Besides, I am starting to get a headache, so this may be a sign that..."

"But I have been waiting for years for them to tour close to here! And tickets were almost two hundred dollars a piece! We have to go, we have to..."

They heard a honk from outside the car, large bus looming over behind them. Stan turned around, seeing that the bus was heading to the stadium where the concert was held, and nudged Rachel. "And this, had to be a sign! Come on!"

He jumped out of the car, heading to the bus, and Rachel did the same, although more reluctantly. "Wait, Stan! What about your car?"

"I'll have it towed to a mechanic in the morning, now come on!" He entered the bus, and Rachel sighed in exasperation, but did the same. He paid for the both of them and they took in the front, right behind the driver. Rachel looked around the bus, surprised by the lack of other people, considering that this was a pretty big concert. But she didn't question it, opting to sit in silence, while Stan rambled on beside her.

"Oh man I hope they play Terminal Melody. But how could they not? It's one of their best! Hey Rach, did you listen to the album I told you about? Did you have a favourite song on there? Concerts are always better when you heard the songs at least once or twice before..."



But Rachel wasn't listening to him, instead focused on a strange itch traveling up her arm. Had she looked underneath her long sleeved shirt she would have seen the ink start to materialize there, pigmenting her arm until she was sporting a full sleeve tattoo. Her hair also started receding, her natural brown color turning into a vibrant dyed red hue. Tattoos kept manifesting all over her body, roses, playing cards, trees, animals, all shape and sizes, her skin becoming a crowded canvas for the art. Piercings appeared in her different orifices, nose, mouth, ears, even on her chest. And finally, her clothes reformed around her, switching from prudish to whorish, fully displaying her midriff, her thighs, arms and cleavage, showing off her lean but sexy figure.

And for a moment, it seemed like Stan would be spared from the changes, but soon he was transforming as well. Still rambling about the band,

their music, and the show they were going to, neither of them flinched as his voice started getting higher and higher in pitch, the only notable difference being Rachel's attitude, switching from disinterested to engage, as she started listening to what he was saying, nodding her head slowly, as if she was agreeing with him. Stan had a few tattoos, but more still sprouted all over his feminizing body, the darkness of the ink contrasting with his skin tone, which was growing paler by the second. His whole frame shrunk, and soon the man was looking up instead of down at his punkified friend, tucking a strand of dark hair behind his ear with his dainty hand. By the time they had arrived at the venue, instead of the shy, conservative girl and the enthusiastic man, sat two punk girls, who were excitedly babbling about the concert to come.

"Tonight is going to be awesome!" Exclaimed Skye as she got up from her seat, soon followed by her red-haired girlfriend, Raven.

"Hell Yeah! This concert is going to be bitchin' wild! And we are going to have a dope after-party I am certain..." She purred sensually, sneaking a languorous kiss from the smaller, dark-haired girl.



And they had a hell of a good time. The concert was awesome, everything they had hoped for when they had bought the tickets as soon as they came out. One guy even hit on Skye, unaware that he was barking up the wrong tree, only for Raven to knock him out, much to her own satisfaction, and to Skye's admiration. She loved it when her girlfriend protected her and marked her territory like that. It made her so horny and wet, she had a hard time focusing on the show from that point on, instead picturing all the things they would be doing when they got home later that night...



The next two people to fall victim to the bus were also friends, but both of them were men, and neither interested in the other. Tom was in good shape, not quite fit, but it still showed that he frequented the gym on a regular basis. Nolan on the other hand was very much overweight, with over a hundred pounds to lose. After telling himself that he would start working out over and over again, he had finally agreed to accompany Tom to the gym for a tryout workout session. Tom had promised to help him out, give him a few good exercises to try out, and coach him through those, to make sure he didn't overwork or hurt himself. But still, Nolan felt nervous about the experience, imagining the gym as his worst nightmare, a place rife with pain and suffering. Tom tried reassuring him while they waited at the bus stop, saying that they would go at his pace and that he didn't have to do any more than he was capable of, but Nolan still fidgeted around, adjusting his heavy rimmed glasses nervously, heart already pumping in his chest at the thought of the upcoming exertion.

The bus arrived quite a bit ahead of schedule, and Tom was surprised to see not the usual city bus he took, but an old rusty thing. So, even if the panel up top displayed that it was heading for his gym, he still took the time to confirm with the driver.

"Excuse me sir, is this bus doing the 21 route, passing by Top Gym?"

The elderly man nodded dismissively, waving for them to head in. "Yes, yes... Going to the gym. Now don't just stand there, come on in!"

Tom sat in a seat, taking the place next to the alley, and placing his bag between him and the window. As Nolan walked in, he didn't notice the driver eyeing him up and down with a malicious grin, before closing the door. Nolan sat down on the other side of the alley to Tom, his large frame taking a seat and a half, explaining why they hadn't even tried sitting on the same bench. The bus creaked as it departed, and Tom kept reassuring Nolan.

"Come on man don't be scared. We are going to follow your rhythm, take things slow. Honestly actually going to the gym is the first step to getting in shape. The second step is to keep going, and not give up. I'll be there all along the way, and make sure that you persevere. You will see, it gets easier and easier, as long as you don't stop."

Nolan was nodding, already sweating heavily from his forehead. His face, his whole body was soon drenched in sweat, and his breathing was becoming ragged. But still, Tom kept his speech going encouraging his friend. But Nolan was sweating so much, he almost seemed to be already losing weight. Soon, it was apparent that he was indeed becoming smaller, more fit. On the other hand, Tom seemed to be undergoing the opposite metamorphosis, muscles vanishing under a layer of fat, gaining everything that Nolan was losing. But it was soon apparent that much more was changing than their respective size, as their figures became curvier, breasts sprouting and hips widening, buried in a brand-new layer of fat for Tom and enhanced by Nolan's new level of fitness. Hair lengthened, becoming pitch black for both, as their skin gained more and more of a tan, much more than you could get from sun exposure or a tanning bed, and it was clear they were not only switching genders, but changing races as well. Nolan's eyes slanted beneath his glasses, finishing in his transformation into a stacked Chinese gym bunny, and Tom's skin became even darker, hair frizzing up and nostrils flaring slightly as he finally became a rotund black woman.





As the bus came to a stop in front of the gym, Nao Lang kept reassuring her more heavysset friend.

“You can do it Tonya, I believe in you! You’ll see, in no time, coming to the gym will become a habit, and after that it’s only a matter of time before you start losing weight, and get closer and closer to becoming your sexy, ideal self! With that face and those curves, boys will be all over your big black ass!” She nudged her friend playfully, who was too anxious to share her enthusiasm, already sweating and breathing heavily before they even got started, just from walking down the bus stairs and up to the gym doors.

Tonya was far from being confident, both in her body, and her ability to lose all her excess weight. When she looked at Nao, with her thin body, yet still large breasts and shapely ass, oozing sex appeal, she knew she would never look that good, no matter how hard she tried. She would forever remain the fat black whale that guys would try to avoid as they hit on and hooked up with her sexy Asian friend. But still, she decided to give it her all, to try and one day look appealing enough to attract men just like her bestie.



Sam had bought tickets in advance to the latest blockbuster flick, eager to go see it at the movies, not counting on the fact that his car would break down the day before. The tickets being non refundable, he decided to find another way to make it to the premiere, which meant taking the bus, and method of transportation he was unfamiliar with. But it was worth it to see the movie on opening night, thus avoiding potential spoilers on the web the next day. So, he waited at the bus stop nervously, unsure of which bus to take, and if it would make it to the cinema on time, or if it would even pass by there. So, when an old rusty bus that seemed to be heading straight to the cinema pulled up, he breathed a sigh of relief, and went in without any hesitation. He gave a wave to the smiling old man behind the wheel, who gave him a nod. No one else was aboard, and having no one else to talk to, Sam elected to take place in front of the bus right next to the driver and struck up a conversation with him.

“Good evening, sir! How are you doing!”

“Very good young man! So, heading to the movies?” The man said as he started driving, the bus starting to move with a loud creaking sound.

“Yes! The new Target Locked movie, it is actually coming out tonight!” Sam responded enthusiastically.

“How nice... How nice... Have you ever thought about acting? Being in a movie yourself?”

“Oh no, not me, I am not comfortable on the other side of a camera. I think I will keep experiencing movies from the audience.” Sam chuckled.

“You should try it!” The old man insisted. “I’m sure you would enjoy it, and be great at it...”

“We’ll see, we’ll see...” Sam dismissed the man’s words, growing slightly annoyed at his insistence.

But throughout the conversation, he had already started to change. Figure was slightly slimmer, arms thinner, face smoother, the light stubble he had began to grow having vanished, leaving place to a jawline that was becoming more and more delicate. His dark hair grew shabby and brown, then shoulder length, straight and blonde. It framed a face that was fairer, his skin losing its natural tan and becoming stark white, to match his now light-colored hair. Broad shoulders narrowed, and he lost all muscle definition over his body, giving him a frail and dainty look, swimming in his now much too large clothes. But that didn’t last long, as his clothes reshaped around him, clinging to his body, and showing off a figure that was becoming shapely. Booty shorts clung to hips that were widening, and an ass that was rapidly gaining mass, and the bulge in front was rapidly shrinking, until the shorts were completely flush with his groin. Tank top revealed dainty shoulders, and a plunging neckline exposed blossoming breasts on his chest. Necklace appeared around a now delicate neck, and socks became long and pink, encasing long and smooth legs up to slightly thicker thighs. By the time the bus stopped in front of the cinema, the young man was gone, completely replaced by a lithe blonde woman dressed provocatively. She got up with a lively spring, stopping to give a peck on the cheek of the driver before she got out, as a thank you for the ride. The man didn’t seem perturbed by this odd act, simply smiling and eyeing her pert bottom as she sashayed her way out of the bus and onto the sidewalk.

She headed to the movie theater, but instead of walking through the front door to the main hall she stepped into an alley next to the building, walking into a side door. Right below the theater, there was actually a small studio, and that is where Sammi was heading. A man was waiting for her as she entered, checking her out with a smile.

“You must be Sammi... Here for the shoot, right?”

“You betcha I am!” She responded enthusiastically, with a smile. “This is my first time doing this, how does it go usually?”

“We are just going to setup here, I am going to take my camera and start filming, and honestly just do whatever comes naturally. Our clients love some amateur action, and since this is your first time, I’m sure you will be perfect for that.”



She smiled. She may be an amateur in terms of being a porn actress, but she sure was experienced in the art of lovemaking, and she had always loved to be on camera, having a lens



capture the perfect figure, shapely curves, and gorgeous face. So it was with confidence that she slowly approached the man holding the camera to provide a Point of View angle, sensually removing her clothes as she did, revealing her lack of underwear. Soon she was fully naked, revealing her large and pert boobs, as well as her shaven pussy. She began tugging at the camera man’s belt, lowering his pants, and grasping the cock inside, which was already fully rigid. The moan groaned in pleasure but kept the camera steady as she gripped his dick, stroking it sensually with her delicate hands, cooing in appreciation at its sight, as somehow, she knew the viewers would love to hear her react to the manly cock in front of her.



The she fell to her knees, giving the camera an expert performance, licking the shaft up and down, before taking the whole thing in her mouth. As she bobbed her head up on the man's cock, she stared up at the camera, really utilizing the POV angle of the shoot, give the viewers exactly what they want. She also maximized the pleasure for the man, fondling his balls as she sucked his dick, ensuring that his over the top grunts and moans were no longer fake, but a very real reaction to her ministrations. It wasn't long before she felt the dick in her mouth tense up, then start throbbing. Not wanting to deprive the viewers of their prized money shot, she withdrew the cock from her mouth just in time for the first spurt of jizz to hit her straight across her face. She gasped in fake surprise, opening her eyes wide and smiling as rope after rope of cum landed on her lips, nose, eyes. She finished the scene with a look directly at the camera, at the viewers, smiling as she licked the cum off her lips. The man gasped as he closed off the camera, and Sammi started cleaning herself up.

"Wow, that was really fantastic! Would you be interested in doing this again some time? I'm sure you could make some serious money with that natural talent of yours..." The man said, still gasping for breath, astounded at how good this girl had been.

Sammi smiled as she got dressed sliding on her shorts and top, her nipples poking through her top. Even if she hadn't had the chance to orgasm herself, it was clear that she had been aroused by the whole experience and would most certainly relieve some tension later at home, alone or with someone.

"It would be my pleasure." She whispered sensually as she closed the door behind her.

Allison was patiently waiting for the bus, standing on the side of the road, checking her watch every so often. She didn't have to go to the library to write, but sometimes she liked to change her environment, and staying cooped up in her house for days at a time wasn't good for her creative flow. So once in a while she would head off to do it somewhere else, sometimes the local café, where she could partake in their delicious dark roast, or to the library, like she was doing today. And plus, if she had research to do or books she needed to reference, she would be right there. Sure, she could easily find everything she needed on the internet nowadays, but there was always something both satisfying and nostalgic about scouring bookshelves for the right book, and then browsing through it to find what she needed. So today she had opted to stretch her legs, grab the bus, and head to the library, a place that had been so important growing up and in her studies.

The old bus which pulled up to her made a creaking noise as it stopped. It wasn't the bus she usually took, but it seemed to be heading to the right place, and the shy girl wasn't one to complain or ask too many questions, so she climbed aboard, paid the fee, and took a seat quietly. She sat there in silence, listening to her music on her headphones, classical music which helped her both focus and relax. But as she rode the bus towards her destination, she found herself to be oddly bored. This was unusual, as a practitioner of meditation, which she performed as a daily ritual, she was used to sitting in silence, contemplating her thoughts. But now, that seemed oddly unappealing. She wanted to do something to occupy her mind. She took out her cellphone, and started browsing social media, which she usually never did. She only had those accounts to keep up with friends and family, not to catch up on celebrity gossip and sensational media news. Yet she couldn't stop, couldn't put her phone down, as she kept scrolling and scrolling, reading empty, meaningless post one after the other, feeling oddly satisfied, a content but vapid smile spreading on her lips. The changes progressed throughout the ride, not as flashy or drastic as some of the previous passengers, but just as life altering. Practical bun on top of her head unfurled, becoming wavy and stylish, with streaks of blond throughout the brown. Bookish glasses vanished, as her light tasteful makeup became much heavier and more pronounced. Her basic, casual clothing became trendy and fashionable. In the end, it was a vastly different girl that arrived at her destination. The young woman had pop music blasting from the headphones sitting around her neck, loud enough to be heard by anyone around her. She chewed bubble gum as she giggled at her phone. The man driving up front had to call out to her to

make her aware that they had actually arrived at her destination, to which she replied with an annoyed sigh. She strolled out the bus while still looking at her phone, not bothered by the fact that she was keeping the driver for longer than necessary. She left the vehicle without thanking the man, too busy watching her phone, and headed towards the library.

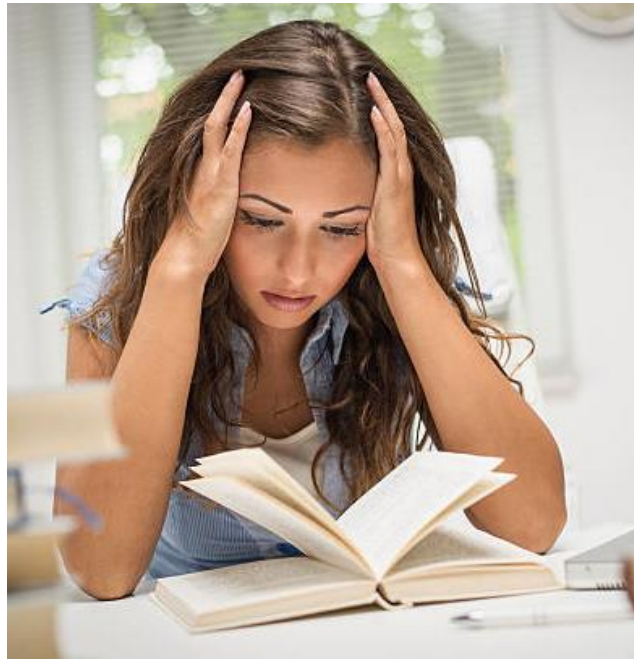




The librarian behind the front desk made a shushing sound as Allie walked in, and she rolled her eyes, before lowering the sound of the music on her phone. Allie sighed as she came into view of the rows of books. This was definitely not where she wanted to be, and she definitely would be anywhere else than this relic of a time long past, if her history professor hadn't required that she reference real hard books for her paper due that very week, if she wanted to keep a passing grade. And since she didn't have any books back home, that meant having to head out and spend the day in this forsaken place.

And the more she worked on her paper, the more she regretted her decision to go to college. With her short attention span, limited interest and over disinterest in her own success, it was hard to motivate herself. The only two things that motivated her to stay in school was the social life, which she loved being a part of, and the fact that her dad had threatened to cut her off if she didn't get a degree. But this paper was making her actually consider quitting, finding something easier that could pay plenty of money. Plenty of girls made decent money off of sites like OnlyFans, right? Only she didn't know if she was quite that desperate yet, and ready to debase herself like a slut with no shame. But everything else she could think of either paid too little, or required some kind of education, and at that very moment both options weren't optimal. She was the kind of girl who didn't enjoy hard work, and preferred having fun and enjoying life, perhaps a little too much, which got her in this situation, as her daddy got tired of her not working on her future and taking advantage of his wealth, forcing her to enroll in college years after being done with high school, and studying in general.

Allie grabbed her head as the words blurred on the page in front of her, her focus slipping after only a few minutes of research. Her phone vibrated audibly in her purse, and it took all of her concentration and willpower no to take it out and check her notifications, see the newest posts, or respond to the group chat message she had just received from one of her friends, no doubt something about the party happening tonight, which she would be forced to skip if she ever wanted this paper to be done on time.



The last couple to enter the bus was not a couple in the traditional sense, but a mother and son couple, heading to visit the father's house, who had just moved into a new place with his much younger girlfriend. The mother and father's relationship had ended amicably, and both were still in good terms, despite having fallen out of love for each other leading up to their divorce a few years back. It wasn't rare that the three of them would gather for an evening, spend some time together and recall the good old days. But today would be different, as it would be the first time, they wouldn't be just the three of them, and the first time they would both meet Katie, Frank's new girlfriend, who apparently wasn't much older than his very own son. Mark was nervous, hoping this wasn't going to create undue tension between his mom, Jocelyn, and his dad. He had always been proud that his parents were on such good terms and being able to actually, and the last thing he wanted was to lose that.



So, Mark was nervously fidgeting as they both sat on a bench, waiting for the bus. Jocelyn on the other hand was happily chatting away without a bother in the world. She was a kind woman, and often found the best in people, and so didn't seem too anxious about meeting her ex-husband's girlfriend, the woman that had essentially replaced her in his life. The bus that came up was not the one they were expecting, but trusting Jocelyn was all too happy to climb aboard, disregarding her son's concerns with a quick: "It's just a bus Mark, what's the worse that can happen."

Mark followed her a little more hesitantly, unsure about this rickety thing that wasn't the same color or the same make as all the other city buses. Even the smile of the driver was creeping him out, as if the man knew something that they didn't. He downright sounded sinister as he closed the door and said: "Welcome aboard young man... please take a seat, we will be departing shortly..." Mark gulped as he headed back and sat down next to his mother, cringing as the bus departed with an ominous creaking sound.

And as for everyone else who had previously set foot on the bus, it wasn't long for the two of them to start changing, falling under the vehicle's reality altering influence. And while their respective ages stayed almost the same, everything else was gradually shifted around. Jocelyn's long, dirty blonde hair faded away, revealing her bald head, while Mark's short brown hair became a long mane of blonde hair. His large frame became narrow and petite, while she grew wider and slightly burly. His features softened, and her's became rough, 5 o'clock shadow growing on her skin. Her casual dress became a formal man's attire, and his shirt and pants became a blouse and a skirt. But the thing that differed the most from all the previous victims, what set them truly apart wasn't what changed, but what didn't.

"Mom! What is happening to your hair! It's all... It's all gone!" Mark yelled out in a panic. Jocelyn on her head was equally as flabbergasted.

"Oh my gosh Mark, your hair, it's long, and blonde!"

Both of them took stock of their rapidly changing bodies, screaming in confusion as well as fright, trying to figure out what was happening. But one clear became clear to them pretty quickly as their whole bodies were being altered.

"Wait mom, your face! I recognize your face! You look like... You look like Dad!" Mark screamed out, in a voice that was growing higher and higher in pitch.

"I look like Frank? Wait... Am I becoming your father? And you... you look like a girl, a young woman... Katie, maybe? How is this even possible?" She responded in a growl, halfway between her voice and her ex-husband's voice.

Still stunned and confused, they finished changing rapidly, and sure enough, within a few minutes, where the mother and son were sitting, were now the father and his girlfriend, bodies completely altered, but minds somehow still intact. The bus creaked to a stop in front of the house, and they rushed to the front to confront the bus driver.

"Sir! I feel crazy even just saying this but... Somehow, we changed! Look at us! We were the woman and boy that came in earlier and now we look like this! You have to believe us and help us, please, do you know why or how this happened?"

The old man looked at them, surprised for the first time in a very long time, and smiled the same creepy smile that indicated that he knew all too well what had happened to them.

"Oh, how interesting! It seems that the bus has decided to let you keep your memories of your transformation, and your previous lives. Peculiar, it has never done this before. A gift perhaps? Or a curse maybe... Whatever the reason for this, I suggest you use it wisely, and enjoy yourselves in your new bodies, and your new lives!"

Before they had a chance to protest or complain, an unseen force pushed them out onto the sidewalk, and by the time they had regained their footing, the bus was gone, along with the driver, and any hope they had for changing back to their old bodies, to their old lives. They stared at each other, dumbfounded and uncertain what to do, until another bus pulled up, this time an ordinary city bus, and to their absolute surprise, saw themselves walk out of the bus, their old selves, mother, and son, chatting away and smiling like nothing had even happened.



Jocelyn was the first one to react, rushing up to her old body and asking: "Frank, is that you?"

But from the look her old body, she knew that it wasn't her husband in there, but a mere replica of herself. "No... You are Frank, and I am Jocelyn. And you must be Katie! Such a pleasure to meet you!" Mark froze, uncertain of how to react as he was awkwardly embraced by the body of his mother.



What followed was an odd evening, where mother and son had to pretend to be father and girlfriend in front of their former selves. Not only that, but they were finding that things were coming instinctually to them, and their bodies were falling to somewhat of an autopilot from time to time, like Jocelyn saying an expression that Frank would always say, or Mark stopping by the mirror to touch up his makeup after going to the washroom. But the biggest one was when the two of them kissed each other after the door was closed and their former selves had left. They had done it by reflex, almost instinctively, and had broken it off as soon as they had realized what they were doing, remembering that they were not a man and his girlfriend, but a mother and her son. Yet it had felt so right, so appropriate somehow...

It took a few days for them to get used to it. Somehow details of their new lives, jobs, friends, and all came little by little, just enough to function and pass as their new selves in public. Dressing routines, makeup, shaving and other daily rituals came naturally and easily to them. But the interesting part was when they were at home, by themselves, and how their relationship dynamics changed. While before they were mother and son, now they were boyfriend and girlfriend, a man, and a woman, with the hormones and urges to match. Jocelyn found herself to be admiring her son's youthful, and feminine form as he changed in the morning. And Mark himself felt a certain queasiness deep down when in close proximity to his mother. It was only a few weeks before they slept together for the first time, an awkward, but ultimately fulfilling experience for the both of them.



It took a month before they accepted the fact that they were not going back, and embraced their new lives as Frank and Katie, and while this is nothing they would have ever wished for, they were quite happy with their new lives, and how their relationship had changed over time, their love for one another only growing deeper and becoming more personal and intimate