

My Lovely New Assistant (Magician's Assistant TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Ryan is a young man in his early twenties who has taken his girlfriend Emily to a live magic show that will include 'adult' tricks. She's not super comfortable going, but he's convinced it will be fun. But when the leading magician picks him to be his 'lovely new assistant', Ryan is shocked to find that each trick makes him more and more into a lewd, sexualised, and utterly submissive assistant, all while he is helpless to stop it. But will he turn back at all?

My Lovely New Assistant

The sign was lit up in bright flickering neon: *Malini the Magnificent! Adult magic show! Come and see the magic for three nights only!*

"I don't know about this," Emily said. "I'm not really one for magic tricks. And what are adult magic tricks anyway?"

"Silly lewd stuff, I imagine," Ryan replied. "Disappearing dildos, or just cute magician assistants, or something. C'mon, it'll be fun!"

Emily raised an eyebrow, looking up at the sign. "I don't know, Ryan. It's just not the kind of thing I'd hoped for as a date night."

"You're the one always saying we need to branch out and try new things, right? Well, this is a new thing!"

"Okay, yeah. But isn't this a bit *too* different? What happened to dinner and a movie?"

"You mean what we always do, honey?"

Ryan grinned, knowing he'd bested his girlfriend. In truth, the college-aged man was keen to see the show. He'd loved the ridiculous lewd 'magic' show he'd seen when he'd visited Thailand years ago, finding it a total hoot. And he assumed that Emily would get into the humour once her butt was in the seat and the show had started. The pair had been dating for a couple of years now, and were a fairly typical couple: he was tall, fairly fit, with handsome brown eyes and an easy charismatic smile that often got him out of trouble. More than once Emily had rightfully complained that he always got his way in the end because of that charismatic smile.

"Fine, fine," Emily said. "You win, as always! But this better be fun and not too uncomfortable."

"It'll be great, I'm sure. A barrel of laughs. Look, the sign even says '*It'll give you a big change of perspective!*'"

She rolled her eyes, groaning in that hyperbolic way she often did, knowing that Ryan would find it quite adorable. She was much shorter than him, with a lithe, cute body and

buoyant black hair. She had dressed up for this surprise date in a matching black dress, and was clearly hoping that this had not been a bad idea.

“Okay, but you’re paying for the tickets,” Emily said.

“Sure, sure.”

“And if I get called up as a volunteer assistant, *you* have to be the one to go up instead. Got it?”

He made a gesture over his chest. “Cross my heart and hope to die. Now let’s get our butts into the theatre before they close the doors!”

The theatre was dark and surprisingly packed. Numerous murmurs and excited whispers passed through the crowd, and while Emily clearly wasn’t feeling it yet, Ryan was experiencing that very same anticipation as those around him as he waited for the red curtain to part.

“Please just no snakes,” Emily mumbled under her breath.

Ryan paid her no heed. In his view, the weirder and stranger the better. At the very least, it would provide for some lively conversation on the way home! He was about to tease her with a joke about ping pong balls when suddenly there was a cathartic release from the crowd: the curtains were parting, and the lights on the stage were suddenly blazing in brilliant rainbows of colour. In the centre stage was no one, just an empty stage.

That was, until a large *BANG* resounded, and an explosion of purple fog from nowhere expanded on a single point. In mere moments, it was gone, and there was Malini the Magnificent, suddenly bowing before the audience. A series of whoops and excited cheers rose from the crowd as he stood, revealing himself to be an almost stereotypically dressed wizard. He appeared to have Italian or Mediterranean heritage, roughly in his early thirties, with gleaming eyes and olive skin and thick lips. A black, overly-pruned moustache sat upon his lip, wagging slightly as he smirked in an exaggerated fashion. The performer was dressed in a tuxedo with a red shirt and dark bowtie, along with the classical top hat and white-pointed cane. He could have played the Monopoly Man if he were twenty years old and owned a monocle.

“Welcome, welcome!” he exclaimed, his voice booming unnaturally through the theatre. “I am Malini the Magnificent, and today I plan to show you all sorts of strange and fascinating magic tricks, many of which *should not be tried at home, or seen by the kiddies!*”

Laughter came from the obvious parents in the group. Ryan himself chuckled, though Emily seemed frosty beside him.

“But why talk about this?” he continued. “Why not show you? After all, most magicians are willing to show you a series of boring ribbons or tissues out of a pocket. But how many magicians can . . .”

He paused, gave an exaggerated face, and then reached - to the surprise of all - into his trousers, and began pulling forth an actual *dildo*, just as Ryan had predicted. It was a long, weighty, ridiculous rubber thing, and it became even more ridiculous when it shown to be tied to another, even longer pink one, then a larger green one, then a purple one, then an orange, and so on until over twelve had been extracted from a space they could possibly have all fit inside.

“There we are!” he cried out, when the largest of them, fleshy and overly realistic to the point of parody, despite being far too large, was revealed. “Finally, my own size!”

The audience burst into laughter, and he flung the dildos one by one to the crowd, ‘for their enjoyment!’ only for each to circle like a boomerang. He caught each in his hat, making an exaggerated sound each time they went in, as if they were entering a very different orifice. When he retrieved them from the back of his trousers mere moments later, the audience were howling, and yet also astonished.

“Well, that was a bit much, wasn’t it? I think we should get a bit more serious with this! A few more tricks and talents today, and then a volunteer will be needed!”

What followed was a series of increasingly absurd and amusing stunts, many of them quite sexually themes, all of them accompanied by bawdy jokes, and with a great deal of paraphernalia involved, from blow up condom balloons that exploded on cue to an amusing set of card tricks with scantily clad women on them, all of which were guessed currently when it came to which the frontrow members of the audience had picked.

“You can keep those, by the way!” he announced in his slight accent. “You can enjoy looking at it when your partner, how do you say, lets you go for having them in your hand!”

There was another rumble of laughter from the crowd as one husband jokingly went to throw his card away, only for it to somehow reappear in his pocket at the magician’s direction.

“Sorry, good sir! No refunds! Remember, when you pay for a woman, you might as well enjoy a good time! Just don’t bring your wife on your next visit!”

She managed to laugh even harder than her husband did, the pair of them embarrassed but swept up in it. The magician followed up with a few more tricks, forming illusions with his fingers that simulated sex acts, each accompanied by clearly made up stories of his own travels, which he told with aplomb. But after ten minutes of this opening, he finally became a bit more serious upon the state.

“Ah, but this is all the lead up!” he announced. “We need something more substantial on the stage. We need what the people want. This is an adult magic show, but when we hear

the word 'adult' you probably don't think of a man wearing coattails, hmm?"

"Bring out the women!" one man shouted, and several others cheered.

"Yeah!" Ryan called, swept up in it. Emily huffed beside him. "What? It's part of the appeal."

"Sure. Just don't let me be one of them. Remember our deal about volunteers?"

"Don't worry, I haven't forgotten."

Malini the Magnificent continued, gesticulating wildly in approval. "Exactly! Every great stage magician has his beautiful assistant, but where is mine? Ah, but my usual Calpurnia is away on maternity leave, and the worst thing is it isn't even mine, but her husband's!"

He paused for laughter before continuing.

"Well, that's what *he* thinks, anyway. I joke, I joke! Three infidelities is enough for me! One last joke! I can't help myself! So I'll need someone to help me instead, as my beautiful magician's assistant. What do you think folks, who would like to join me up on stage for a variety of magical, if risqué, tricks? No? No one? Ah, you have heard the rumours about Malini! He can be most inappropriate. And embarrassing. Though he knows how to show a lovely assistant a good time. How about you, young miss?"

He pointed at the one member of the audience who absolutely had no interest whatsoever in becoming his assistant: Emily. The slim, cute young woman went bright red as he waggled his eyebrows in her direction.

"What do you say, young miss? Oh, don't tell me that you've lost your voice? Why, I haven't even summoned the magic to do that yet! Besides, losing your voice at an *adult* magic show has certain connotations, no?"

There was a gentle laugh and 'ooooohh!' from the audience. Emily's hand went to Ryan's thigh, her fingers digging into his flesh in an urgent plea for him to hurry up and do something. Ryan took that as his moment.

"Uh, my girlfriend here is quite shy!" he explained. "But I'd be happy to volunteer instead!"

The magician looked fairly astounded. "Is that so? You don't have quite the right shape to be a lovely magician's assistant. Are you sure your girlfriend isn't up to the task?"

She seemed to gather a bit of mettle, cupping her hands to shout out: "I told him that if I get called up *he's* the one who has to go. He promised, so you can do with him what you want! Make it embarrassing!"

The magician grinned, and got the audience grinning as well with his exaggerated expressions. "Ah, well, with that kind of decree, how can I resist? Come on up young man, let's get a look at my 'lovely' new assistant. We might need to make some changes to make you part of my act, but that's the magic of it all, isn't it? Come on up!"

Ryan did so, suddenly feeling quite self-aware as he made his way onto the stage. The audience were chuckling to themselves as he stood there awkwardly, taller than the magician and certainly broader too. Yet despite his own impressive manliness, he was now quite vulnerable in a way that made him realise why Emily had absolutely not wanted to come up on stage. He flashed her a nervous grin, and she chuckled back, mouthing, 'see *how you like it!*'

He had to admit, maybe dinner and a movie would have been better. But pride had got the best of him, so he was going to see this through, and it was too late to back down anyway, particularly once Malini began talking to him.

"Tell us, young man, what's your name?"

"Ah, Ryan."

"Wonderful to meet you, Ryan. How old are you?"

"Twenty two."

"Ah, a perfect age . . . for a woman."

He chuckled, cheeks going red. "Well, I haven't heard any complaints"

Malini seized upon this for the audience, turning to them. "Well, what do we think, my brilliant audience, do we have any complaints? Is Ryan acceptable as he is, or would we prefer him to gain a somewhat . . . slimmer figure?"

"Slimmer!" someone yelled.

"We would prefer a dame with the fishnet stockings, yes?"

"Yes!" several more shouted.

"Perhaps with nice dark hair and a lovely smile? And a bosom you could suffocate in?"

"WOOO!!!"

There was a general amused cheer, and Ryan gave an awkward gesture of apology to the crowd. Emily was no doubt loving every minute of this. After a few more comments from the crowd, some of which were already a bit tipsy from the available drinks, Malini hushed them back to silence.

"Well, the people have made their will known, and who am I, the great Malini, to deny them? But we should work with what we have, no? And such lovely clay can be sculpted with the right magic! So I have in mind an extended trick that will be the basis of my first act with you: I am going to take our twenty-two year old Ryan, manly man that he is, and make him my desirable young assistant. Maybe even make a little bunny while we're at it, if I like her enough. Sound fun?"

The people approved. Emily even clapped, laughing all the while. Ryan managed to control his embarrassed expression, but found himself wondering exactly what he had gotten himself into, especially when Malini smirked in his direction.

“Time to remake my new assistant,” he declared. “I’ve been needing a new long-term one anyway. First, let’s make him a bit slimmer! Help me unfurl these panes, Ryan!”

Ryan helped him unfold a series of panels with a number of mirrors, all of which warped his reflection in different ways. He directed the man to walk behind the panes, so that when viewed from the audience’s side, Ryan appeared to shrink and grow and become slim and fat as he walked left to right, then right to left.

“Marvellous, marvellous!” Malini declared. “Did that feel good to you, Ryan?”

Ryan’s stomach gurgled. He felt lightheaded. “I actually felt like I was being stretched and squashed, actually.”

“Well, that’s all part of the magic! My lovely audience, choose a pane that compresses him in the way you desire - panels one, two, three, four, or five!”

They voted, quite loudly, for panel four, Emily included. Ryan stepped in front of it, looking partway into a mirror that slimmed him alarmingly, and it really did seem to compress the muscles of his body. The audience cheered again, and suddenly Malini was chanting.

‘Change this man from a big old brute, slim him down so he’s slim and cute!’

There was another *BANG* of purple fog, and for a moment there was nothing to see. When it cleared, the panels were gone, and Ryan was standing beside Malini: who was now, impossibly, *taller* than Ryan.

“What - how - what have you done?”

Ryan looked down at himself: his clothing was too big for him: he’d shrunk from six feet tall down to what had to be five foot seven at best. His muscles had evaporated, leaving him slim just as Malini had promised. It was like much of his strength had fled from him. It just didn’t make sense.

“Behold, the first step to making a sexier assistant! Do we approve?”

The crowd did. So did Emily, though her clapping was slower, her expression confused. She mouthed, *‘How?’* to Ryan, who shrugged his reduced shoulders, halfway stuck in place from horror at what had happened.

“How do you feel, Ryan?” Malini asked.

“Um, smaller,” he answered sheepishly. “Look, I don’t know how you did that, but I think I might not be the right man for the job here. Do you think-”

“Exactly! You’re not the right *man* for the job, Ryan. But you will be the right young woman! The kind that every audience will love to be distracted by, allowing me to conduct my wonderful tricks! But what feature to emphasise first - ah! I know. We all like a leggy dame in fishnet stockings, right folks?”

There was a resounding response in the positive. Ryan was still trying to figure out how the magician was making it look like he was shorter and slimmer - some kind of effect of the fog? Perhaps during the chaos he’d switched his clothes and then Malini had stood to his

full height? - when the magician ran across the stage and dragged forth what looked like a coffin on wheels.

“My assistant would grab this for me, but he’s lost a bit of strength! Not to worry, we’ll give him a nice pair of thighs shortly. Ryan, if you wouldn’t mind, please get in!”

He lifted the lid, indicating for the young man to climb into the box. The box that had a dividing line where the legs would be. And a hold for his head to stick out.

“Um, you don’t use a saw for this bit, right?” he said jokingly.

Malini and the rest laughed. “Oh my, no! This is just a simple swap trick. Get on in, I’ll show you!”

Reluctantly, Ryan did so, though an edge of nervousness remained. He allowed the box to be closed, his head sticking out one end. It was at that point that Malini the Magnificent produced a rather sharp-looking saw.

“Whoops! This *is* the saw trick!” he declared. “But don’t be nervous. I have a doctorate . . . in women’s studies. But that’s relevant, good sir! Shall we give him a fresh pair of legs, folks?”

As expected, the crowd roared in approval. Ryan’s heart beat quicker. Emily looked entranced, though she had her hand on her mouth, also appearing nervous.

‘It’s okay!’ he mouthed to her. He didn’t want her to tease him about being nervous later down the line. Much better to stomach the humiliation and act the man over it.

“Very good!” Malini cried. “Time to get surgical!”

Ryan cringed as the saw came down on the box. He expected it to be a total trick, but instead his body was hit by a strange severing sensation. It wasn’t painful, but it was utterly alien, like his thighs were being pride apart like bits of a freshly roasted chicken. The box separated, and suddenly Ryan couldn’t feel his legs.

He couldn’t help himself. He panicked.

“My legs!” he cried. “You took m-my legs! Give them back!”

Malini chuckled. “I’m giving you better ones! See? A second box!”

He wheeled over a second box, and Ryan could just see from his perspective that it had a pair of very luscious female legs hanging out the end, complete with cute black heels and sexy fishnet stockings like one would expect a magician’s assistant to wear.

“Um, wow,” he said.

Malini echoed that thought. “Wow indeed! What an upgrade you’ll be getting, my soon-to-be dear! *Time to cast off those hairy dregs, and give you some dame-like legs!*”

Ryan was hit by an immediate feeling of connection as his legs were restored to him. But they weren’t right. Softer, lacking their hair. And they were much more bared. He swallowed, trying to remember this was only a fictitious magic show. It was all just illusions.

“Behold, folks! Wouldn’t you like to spread these out on the bed?”

He opened the box and helped Ryan out, and the crowd gasped in surprise. So did the changed man: he was suddenly wearing fishnet stockings that went all the way up to a pair of sexy black panties, ones that outlined his obvious member rather embarrassingly. More than that, his legs were exactly those of a woman's, the kind of legs he wished Emily had - hers weren't bad, of course, but his were now a hell of a lot better, that was for sure! He experimentally moved them, astonished and frightened.

"Just . . . how?" he asked.

"How indeed?" Malini said, half to the audience with a wink.

"No, I really mean *how*? You've given me actual women's legs. I don't - this shouldn't be possible? Look, you've got to turn me back!"

"Ah you just haven't spotted the trick, young almost-man. But if you want to be turned back, you'll first have to be turned all the way! And I think it's high time we gave your figure a few pump ups that will really make you a good distraction to pull off my illusions! What shall we change next, my lovely audience?"

Several calls came out. Emily looked a little alarmed, but more so at trying to figure out how the trick had been pulled off. In the end, even she was roped into embarrassing her boyfriend a little.

"Give him a nice ass!" she called out. "He wishes mine was bigger!"

"OOOOOHH!" the audience responded.

"Oooh, indeed!" Malini said as Ryan tried to hide his outlined junk from view, as well as his fish-netted legs. "Looks like your girlfriend has spoken, but by the time we're done perhaps you'll be a magician's girl instead, Ryan? Let's pump you up a big butt, then! A nice big balloon pump will do the trick, I'm sure. Trick! Ha!"

He retrieved from his hat an item that could not have fit in there: an automatic air pump for inflating balloons. He took several and expanded them, wreathing them into lewd shapes of penises, an elaborate vulva, and even an elaborate combination of several that formed a naked woman. He pointed at Ryan and grinned. "Just modelling the end result! Let's get to it! Can my lovely assistant please bend over?"

Ryan grit his teeth. This was becoming too much. "Look, do you mind if I sit down after this one?"

"Of course not! Trust me, there'll be a lot more padding! Just bend over first and we'll finish this trick first."

Ryan begrudgingly did as he was told, the crowd pressuring him onwards. And then, before he could possibly react, Malini did something he never would have expected: he thrust the balloon pump down Ryan's pants and instantly attached it between his cheeks.

"What the fuck!? Get that out before - NNGHH! OHHHHH!!!"

Instantly his body was hit with a full pressure, one that left him helpless. He moaned aloud, his voice going higher than it should have as an eruption of air surged into his body and flowed into unexpected places. His ass expanded, his cheeks rounding out and becoming more prominent against the black panties he was forced to wear.

“Ohhh, f-fuck! Oh Jesus, that’s t-too much! Ahhhhh! MMHHMPH!!!”

It was intensely pleasurable in a way that it just shouldn’t have been, and despite himself, Ryan found his dick getting extremely hard. Malini pointed this out to the crowd.

“Looks like our future lovely assistant is enjoying himself! And look: some nice padding, just like I said! And it’s still growing!”

It expanded again. Ryan huffed, trying to control his reaction, but it was too wonderful. His body wanted more, and despite himself, he called out for that very thing.

“Very well then! Might as well pump up the hips! And a few other things too!”

Ryan could barely manage to take this in. His ass grew yet more into the kind of derriere that he would have salivated at, and then his hips widened considerably as well. The air pressure was intense, moulding his anatomy impossibly. He just managed to catch Emily’s face, which was beginning to look suspicious and perhaps even a little worried. He was worried too, but unable to fight against the pressure.

“That will do it!” Malini declared. “But perhaps we’ll suck out a little extra. A nice little waist will give you a great hourglass - and we magicians love a good timer! A silly pun!”

Suddenly, the air reversed. Ryan was momentarily dizzy and without oxygen as his waist pinched in. It left him with the gorgeous hourglass of a star model, and between that and his wide hips and sensuous legs, his body was looking increasingly female.

“Ah, but he is hiding too much!” Malini continued. “Would my assistant please remove his top?”

Ryan spun around. “Hey, listen! You promised - what do you do with my voice? Why do I sound like a freakin’ chick?”

He did, and not a bad one either. In fact, his voice had a high, breathy quality to it, like a sensual femme fatale. The kind of voice that would perfectly seduce an audience while the trick was conducted.

“Ah, I must have used a bit of helium!” Malini joked. “No matter!”

“Turn me back!” Ryan said. “I thought this would be fun, but I didn’t sign up for this.”

Malini made a show of shrugging to the audience, who were obviously upset by this.

“Ah, but I must listen to my new assistant - soon to be ex-assistant. I cannot force him or her to go along with this. Too bad he isn’t more . . . *air-headed*.”

With instantaneous practice, Malinie pressed the balloon pump against Ryan’s ear. Ryan tried to stop him, but the pressure blew his brains out.

Literally.

Well, almost literally.

Like a great hurricane across the surface of his brain, the air pump erased Ryan's higher thought processes. He staggered, clutching his head for a moment as he tried to figure out what had just happened, only for that figuring out to take much longer than it should have. Indeed, he felt rather stupid, and in the presence of a strong man who was in command.

"Like, what the heck did you just do to me?" he whined in his womanly voice. "Why do I feel, like, really dumb and stuff?"

"Not dumb at all, my dear! Simply ideally suited for an assistant role! Let the magician do the big thinking, while you show off your body. After all, I bet you're feeling a lot more obedient right now, hmm? Why not remove your shirt and show us how obedient you are?"

"N-no! I won't!"

"I promise I'll be nicer."

Ryan smiled, instantly taken in by this ruse. "Oh, okay then!" he said in a ditzzy voice that had the audience rolling. He removed his top, revealing his more male upper half.

"Fantastic! But look! You're halfway between man and woman! Let's fix that up with the trusty balloon pump. I pinky promise it will be okay, Ryan."

His heart fluttered in worry, but that air-headed need to play along was now dominant in his mind. Emily was gesturing for him to hurry up and return to his seat, but the magician's presence was too powerful, and besides, it was all just tricks, right? He couldn't figure out the leg thing or the butt thing, or why he was too stupid too, but that just meant he had to trust Malini to fix it in the end. It made perfect sense to his reduced, more submissive mind.

Malini quickly used the balloon pump in several places, each of which further feminised Ryan, making him ever more confused. He giggled playfully, feeling bashful as his lips were expanded to become full and glossy, then an application in each ear to give him a daintier pair, and then his nose to leave him with a button cute variant. Malini sprinkled stardust in his eyes, and Emily in the audience gasped at how his brown-eyes were now a bright blue. Malini attached a red wig to the top of his head, only for the wig to replace his actual hair: it grew right before the audience's eyes, leaving him as a gorgeous redhead with perfect skin and a face that was both cute and entrancingly beautiful. The audience roared with approval, which made Ryan bite his lip and smile despite himself. Something about this was all wrong, just too impossible, but the molasses-like state of his new mind made it all the harder to figure out just what. He could only tell from Emily's face that things were perhaps getting a bit too worrying.

"Ah, but the big changes we all wish to see have yet to come!" Malini shouted over the crowd. "Let's see - we need two cantaloupes, and . . . hmmm, a taco! But where to get some? Ah, of course!"

He pulled them from his top hat, and made Ryan hold them awkwardly: the cantaloupes with his forearm across his bared chest, and the taco in the other hand between his thighs. Ryan blushed a crimson red. Even with his dumber, more submissive mental state, he was getting a sense of what was about to happen.

“And then, like, I get a man at the end, right?”

“Of course! You’ll get a man. *In the end.*”

There was something suggestive about his words, but it was lost on Ryan. Instead, he could only focus on Malini withdrawing a large cloth from his jacket, one with a series of nude women upon it in various poses of sexual pleasure.

“My favourite picnic blanket!” he explained. “Now, for this last part, I’ll need everyone to chant with me! *Time to get rid of that manly tube, and give Ryan instead some great big boobs!*”

The crowd chanted it, though for once Emily wasn’t finding it funny. She briefly stood, only to sit again, unsure of what to do or how to even interrupt. Malini raised the cloth up to Ryan’s chin, lowered it again, raised it again, and then finally dropped it to the ground. Instantly, a set of changes came over Ryan while it was briefly covered, so quick that the man could not even take them in before the audience did. The audience laughed and cheered and gasped and murmured as Ryan’s new form was revealed on stage, now possessing a pair of ripe tits that were easily full E-cups, if not larger, and a distinct lack of penile outline in his new panties. The former man was now a full woman.

“L-like, holy shit! I’ve got a vagina! I’ve got tits!”

“You do indeed, my lovely assistant! What do we think of her, my lovely crowd? A delectable body, isn’t it?”

The crowd agreed, hollering and whistling their approval while Ryan looked at *her* new form. The new woman gaped, raising her hands to feel her full new breasts, which were alarmingly real on her form. Malini grinned in her direction.

“Looks like she’s enjoying her body already! But a good distracting assistant should have an element of lust in her eyes, should she not?”

He spread his gloved hand and blew more of the pink stardust in her face. Ryan coughed, sucking in mouthfuls of the stuff.

“No! No, stop it! I don’t want - ohhhhh! Why do I f-feel so warm? I feel really turned on! Oh God, my nipples!”

They were hard. Throbbing. Aching to be touched. So she touched them, unable to resist. She squirmed on the spot, rubbing her soft thighs together. The audience cheered at the sight, which Malini allowed to go on for far too long. It was at this point that Emily finally stood up and shouted over the crowd.

“Stop this! You’ve gone too far! Give my boyfriend back!”

“It is just a trick, young miss! Don’t worry!”

But Emily was seeing through what the audience hadn’t. “This is more than a trick! I don’t know how you’ve done it, but you’ve changed my boyfriend! You promised to make him a man again! I demand you give him back. This isn’t funny!”

The crowd booed her, and even Ryan was tempted to join in just out of peer pressure, and the fact that her new sexy body was so fucking turned on that anyone interrupting her new master magician seemed to be against her as well. It took a moment for her to snap out of that mindset.

“You did!” she cried. “You promised!”

Malini shrugged. “Ah, but I was hoping you could be my lifelong assistant, you are so lovely. And, I can tell, so very turned on by me. But alas, we must make you a man . . . in the end. And it is that time of the show where we make a little rabbit, is it not? Let’s give your girlfriend what she wants! Ready for the climax, everyone? And I do mean *climax*?”

The audience drowned out Emily’s protests. Ryan huffed, breasts rising and falling as Malini quickly pulled over a new table - one with comfortable bedding on it, as well as a curtain that could disguise what went on behind it. He gestured for Ryan to get up on the makeshift bed and spread his legs. Ryan did so, alarm bells going on in her head.

“Please - nothing too much! I shouldn’t have volunteered!”

“You’re doing great, *Renee*,” he replied. “That’s your new name now, by the way. A sexy name for my most darling performer. Now, let’s perform a great trick together! A real miracle of life! Don’t try this at home folks . . . well, I’m sure many of you have, just not this fast!”

He leaned closer to Ryan, looking utterly handsome to the new woman. In that moment, there was something electric in his eyes that simply hypnotised her. In that moment she was no longer Ryan, but Renee, the sexy, flashy, flirty, and horny assistant to Malini, submissive to his whims in a ditzzy, loveable way. Without any audible direction, she spread her legs behind the curtain, while Malini unbuckled his own belt. Her woman parts were moist and ready for him, and he too was hard and huge.

“Let’s make a penis disappear!” he declared to the audience, though they could only see part of the display. And with that, he plunged into her.

Renee moaned in orgasmic pleasure, utterly needy as she was fucked by his big cock. It was unlike anything she’d ever experienced before, wonderful and brilliant and terrible and wrong and right - so fucking right. He pumped into her, filling her, penetrating her, and all she could do was moan and wail and thrash, letting him grope her sensitive tits, which were on the other side of the curtain and thus on full display to the audience.

The pleasure built and built, and while the audience laughed, there was also a more silent fascination to the proceedings as the two fucked. Emily was crying, unable to take in

the sight, and it made Renee feel guilty that she was caught in so much lust, embracing her new womanhood.

“C-cum in me!” she cried. “I need you to c-cum in me!”

“Good, because that’s part of the trick!” he declared. “And trust me, it’s - NNGH!! A DOOZY!!”

He came, and there was a rush of pleasure as his semen flooded her. For a moment, she was in pure ecstasy, a series of orgasms rolling through her. But then Malini withdrew himself, belted his trousers back up, and helped her pull her panties up. He flung down the curtain, gesturing to the crowd.

“Behold, our new woman will make a man! Just more literally than she thought!”

Renee’s belly gurgled loudly enough for the whole audience to hear. The half-naked new assistant groaned, sounding still aroused as her belly began to inflate right before their eyes, her breasts as well. She moaned softly, eyes rolling into the back of her head as a new change occurred.

“Wh-whyyyyy, what’s h-happening to me? I don’t, like, understand!”

“You’re making a man, my dear! The old-fashioned way! But don’t worry, you’ll still have a few months before maternity leave with Malini’s latest child, though I think I’ll keep you around for good. Isn’t she just perfect, folks!”

‘ Bellowing cheers erupted as her belly continued to balloon. In mere moments, Renee now had even larger F-cups, full and fat and pressurised on her chest. A few drops of milk spilled from them, which Malini instantly collected in a small glass and drank.

“Yum! It’s good for you!”

But the real wonder was her stomach, which was rounded out like a woman’s in her fifth or sixth month of pregnancy. It was alarmingly real. It was real, because suddenly Renee whimpered again as a series of small shifts took place inside her.

“Oh my, looks like we’ve done a double act! I’d say those are twins, my dear!”

She rubbed her belly instinctively, and looked to find Emily in the crowd. Her girlfriend’s jaw was hanging, but before she could shout another challenge to the magician, several security personnel began to escort her out of the room. Renee was left on stage as a busty, beautiful leggy dame pregnant with her master magician’s babies. She looked at him as the applause continued, hoping against hope that he would turn her back. As if hearing her thoughts, he simply squeezed one of her sensitive tits.

“Sorry my dear, you’re my new lovely assistant for life! Don’t worry, I’ll take great care of you. You want that, don’t you?”

Renee swallowed. Malini looked so handsome to her feminised, bimbofied mind. She didn’t want to be this way, tried to fight it, but to no avail. She was lost in the hypnotism of his gaze.

“I do,” she said. “I’m your beautiful new assistant.”

He planted a kiss on her cheek. “That you are. The lady Renee, everyone! Let’s continue the show with my lovely assistant’s aid!”

And the show did continue for Renee, with her playing the cute, ditzy, sexy distraction, and aiding in more than one lewd demonstration. And it would not end that night either, she knew. This was her life now, and she would never be Ryan again, nor be with Emily again. Instead she would have Malini, who could have her anytime he wanted.

All because she’d thought an adult magic show would be fun.

The End