

Reality Warping Report (TG: FTM & MTF, Inanimate TF, Hypnosis)

Shuffling her butt into the news station's couch, Evelyn folded her hands and gave the cameras her best look. Scarcely a second later, they started rolling. *Click*.

The reporter beside her—Mandy, or whatever her name was—gave them her best, Botox-enhanced smile. “Hello, everyone! Welcome back to the Tonightwiche Show! It's time for our person-of-interest section, and today we'll be speaking to one Ms. Evelyn Nolasname, professional witch! Hello, Evelyn, and thank you for joining us on the show today.”

Evelyn smiled. “Thank you for having me on, Mandy,” she replied.

“So, Evelyn,” said the blonde, leaning in close, like they were schoolgirls and she wanted the latest juicy gossip. “Why don't you tell me a little about yourself? Where did you grow up? How did you pick up the, well, you know?” She laughed. “The magic?”

Evelyn smiled even more politely than before. “Oh, I come from a small town in Oklahoma. It's a lovely place. Sunny weather, lots of historical buildings. Incest. All the things you look for in a hometown. As for the magic, well, I suppose it's just something I was born with, really. We all have our little quirks, don't we?”

Mandy laughed, loud and falsely. “Well, when you put it like that, it's hard to disagree. Now,” she added, expression shifting to one of mild concern. “Forgive me for asking this, Evelyn, but our audience has to be reassured. A lot of our viewers believe that you, and I hope you don't take offense to this, that you use your powers for, well, *evil*. What do you have to say to that accusation?”

“Hmm?” Evelyn stopped studying a cute intern's tits and turned her attention back to Mandy. “I'm sorry, could you repeat the question?”

The blonde frowned. “I said, ‘is it true that you use your powers for evil?’”

“Oh!” said Evelyn. “Yes, I suppose that's true. Here, watch...” Raising a hand, she snapped her fingers.

A wave of light rolled out from her hand and washed over the studio. Mandy screamed as it struck and her enormous tits collapsed, while her hair shortened and her shoulders stretched, her arms bulking up with new muscles. Squeaking in a shockingly deep voice, she grabbed her crotch and bit her lip, clearly struggling to conceal something.

And she wasn't the only one: every woman present in the studio found herself growing taller, their hair sucked back up into their heads, while their hips caved in and their shoulders caved outward, breasts flattening, and arms and legs coating themselves in a fresh carpet of hair. Screams echoed through the studio as half the crew groped their groins and found them considerably meatier.

Evelyn chuckled. "There," she said, "now I've got no competition. All your viewers' eyes are on me."

Mandy opened and closed 'her' mouth, clearly struggling for words. "This is very a-amusing," she said, "but could you maybe—?"

"Turn you back?" asked Evelyn. "Why? Aren't you looking forward to pissing standing up from now on?"

Mandy flinched, looking like she might cry.

"You know, you might have a point though. This is a real sausage party all of a sudden. I don't know if I like being the only woman in such a group of big, horny men."

At the word 'horny', Mandy jumped on the spot and slammed her hands down on her crotch, pushing hard and biting her lip, face red.

Evelyn chuckled. "Let's see..." she said, raising her hands again. "Why don't we make the atmosphere just a little more feminine?"

Before Mandy had time to respond, Evelyn snapped again.

Once more, a blast of magic rolled out from her fingers and across the room. And once again, Mandy screamed: jerking her hips upright, she blew a thick rope of semen straight through her skirt and up towards the ceiling. A second later, her temporary cock collapsed, and her hips curved out and her pecs melted back into a giant pair of boobs. As her hair lengthened again, she looked around in shock. She was just in time for some of her semen to fall from above and splatter her.

Elsewhere in the studio, every other man present (natural or artificial) screamed as their bodies underwent an identical transformation: hair growing, jaws softening, hard muscles melting into soft, curvaceous fat. As chest and rears exploded, bursting shirts and stretching pants, the affected groped themselves and gasped, barely able to resist the pleasure coursing through their bodies. Evelyn watched on, chuckling in amusement.

Finally, as the last man's shaft sank into his new groin, replaced by nothing more than a pair of fat lips and a clitoris desperate to be flicked, Evelyn sat back and flicked a smug glance at the cameras. "There," she said, "now this show should be a lot more wholesome without all that testosterone stinking up the place."

Beside her on the couch, Mandy looked like she wanted to leap to her feet and run. Looking around, she bit her lip and swallowed at the sight of so many former men on the ground, groping their new boobs or clasping their new sexes, unable to resist the pleasures of their new bodies. She swallowed. "Th-that's really impressive," she said, heart thudding in her chest. "M-maybe you'd care to explain to our audience how you did it?"

Evelyn rolled her eyes. "I suppose I could, but I doubt any of them would understand it. I've never met a single mortal who can comprehend even a sentence of magical theory. No, I

think I'll save my breath for now. Besides, I've got so many ideas to improve your show. Don't you want me to focus on them?"

"I-improve...?"

"Exactly!" said Evelyn, clapping her hands in amusement. "You want better ratings, don't you? Well, I can tell you the easiest way to get them is sex things up a little~."

Mandy turned an even deeper shade of red. "This—this is a wholesome Christian channel!"

Evelyn looked up her up and down, gaze lingering on Mandy's chest. "That explains a lot," she said.

Blushing, Mandy covered her cleavage.

"Now," turning her attention back to the terrified studio crew, Evelyn picked out the intern she'd had her eyes on before. The woman had surprised her journey to masculinity and back with slightly more dignity than most of her female colleagues, which is to say her skirt was only slightly torn and cum-stained. "Let's see..." said Evelyn, licking her lips. "Your viewers like big tits, so why don't we go ahead and give them what they want?"

She snapped, and the unfortunate intern shot forward, dragged across the stage and slammed to a stop in front of Mandy and Evelyn. Another jerk of Evelyn's wrist sufficed to slam her ass into the seat between them, and a third turned every camera in the room to focus on the unfortunate young woman's chest.

"Here we go," said Evelyn, grin wider with the second. "Pay attention, folks. I know the men among you will just *loove* this." She snapped.

The intern squealed as her nipples wiggled inside her blouse, fighting to escape her top as if by digging through the fabric. A creaking filled the air as the cloth itself drew taut, stretched near to breaking point by the mounds of flesh growing inside it. Moaning, the intern struggled to cover herself, but Evelyn simply snapped her fingers and forced the woman's hands back down to her sides. "Now, now," she said, "we don't want to cover up the good stuff."

The intern moaned.

As her boobs continued to grow, her blouse's buttons started to shake like rockets about to take off. Fat squeezed between them, fighting to slip through the gaps, and with every second, the strain grew a little worse. Hands stuck beneath her ass, the woman settled for moaning.

Finally, with a series of snaps, her buttons flew free. One slammed straight into a camera, smashing the glass with a crash. Evelyn laughed.

The intern's boobs, freed from their prison, bounced out into the world and jiggled, larger than her head and so milky it soon formed a large puddle on the carpet. Her areola shone a deep red, like spilled wine.

Her hands freed from Evelyn's spell, the woman groped herself and moaned, screwing up her eyes as pleasure surged out of her erogenous new tits. "That's it," said Evelyn, looking on with a smirk. "Work them for the crowd, honey. You know you want to me."

Eyes full of tears, the intern leapt to her feet and ran, boobs jiggling with every step. This time, Evelyn made no attempt to stop her.

"Well, what do you think of that?" she asked, scratching her tit. "It should really boost your ratings, shouldn't it?"

Mandy stared at her. "Is—are they going to go back to normal?"

"Hmm? Oh, no. Where's the fun in that?" Laughing, Evelyn turned her gaze back to the studio crew. "Now, what kind of improvement should I make next. Heh, I know... How about you..." She picked out an unfortunate brunette in men's clothes. "Become a dummy, dummy~!" She snapped, and with a little poof of smoke, the brunette became a sexdoll. "And you... fuck her silly!" She snapped again, and a blonde in a dress sprouted the largest cock any of them had ever seen. With a scream of desire, she threw herself at the doll, spread its cheeks and filled its asshole to bursting. "Yeah, that's the stuff."

For the next several minutes, Evelyn snapped away whimsically, changing one member of the studio's crew after another and leaving sextoys and big-dicked pornstars and living cameras and worse.

Finally, the witch leaned back with a yawn. "Okay, this is getting pretty boring. I think I'm gonna wrap thing up here now." She raised her hand, licked her lips one final time, and with an electric flash, a fine pink mist washed over the television studio.

Mandy was the first to feel its effects. As she breathed in the fine pink mist, her eyes rolled back in their sockets and she released a wild moan. In an instant, her hair dyed itself a bright platinum blonde, her skin tanned itself a deep bronze, and her just-on-the-edge-of-acceptable reporter's dress shriveled into a skimpy bikini top with denim shorts and fishnet sockets. Her matching heels, meanwhile, stretched into a pair of hooker's boots, while condom wrappers and 'fuck me' tattoos appeared around her waist, the former spilling out of her belt. Some of the condoms were even filled already.

Opening her eyes, she drew in a deep breath and looked around as if searching for cock. Unfortunately there wasn't one around at the moment, so she had to settle for fingering herself instead.

Meanwhile, the mist rolled over the rest of the studio, giving everyone else remaining human, from the camera crews to the interns who fetched the senior members coffee into matching hookers and whores and escorts. In seconds, what little order remained collapsed into orgy as the new prostitutes threw themselves at every penis available, desperately fighting to fill as many holes as they could.

“There. Much better,” said Evelyn, standing and grinning at the cameras. No one remained upright to operate them, but she was sure all the happy Christian men and women at home could still see her in all her witchy glory. “I hope you folks enjoy your new channel. Don’t worry, I promise it won’t have aaaany side effects.” She winked.

With that, she turned to go, stepping over the hookers fucking on the floor as she made her to the exit.