

Cubicle Change (TG RC)

By FoxFaceStories

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Rufus is an ordinary IT guy working an ordinary corporate office job when he notices that his various male coworkers appear to be turning into beautiful and diverse women. At the centre of these strange changes - which only he remembers - is the new Head of HR, who seems to have magical talent. But instead of being terrified, Rufus finds himself intrigued, and decides to approach the apparent sorceress with a request of his own . . .

Cubicle Change

Chapter 1: New Head of HR

It was two months after the new head of HR took over that Rufus finally put together all the strange things that were happening and figured it out, but that requires a bit of backstory to explain. The office Rufus worked at - part of Commtech, an immense telecommunications corporation - had always been a very homogenous setting. From the lowest intern to the top managers, the overwhelming majority of Commtech's members at the local branch had come from the same mould: white, straight and oh-so-very male. It was a fact most of them were very fine with; it gave the office a sense of being one last bastion against the 'feminist takeover', the 'diversity hires', or the 'woke sensitive types.' It wasn't unusual for many of the guys, particularly Stan, their immediate manager, to constantly make dirty and demeaning jokes towards women.

"Man, check out the hot new secretary?" Rob said. "That Rose lady? Man, I'd like to nail her against the printing machine."

"Nah, too flat in the tits," Stan joked to his employee. He was a grey-haired man in his fifties with four ex-wives, and it was no mystery as to why. "Give me a black chick with a big ass and huge mommy milkers. I'd barely get any work done."

Rose didn't last one month in that environment; the constant gawking, jokes, interruptions, mansplaining, and overall hostility pushed her out.

"A shame, isn't it Rufus?" Rob asked him. "She was a real sexy Asian girl, wasn't she?"

"Yeah," Rufus agreed, fetching his morning coffee. "I guess she was."

“What do you mean ‘I guess she was’? She had that real exotic look. I fucking love Asian eyes, man. And I like ‘em petite, with long hair. I bet she was real fucking submissive in bed too, don’t you just love that?”

Rufus nodded. “I suppose. So what computer troubles have you been having?”

Rob rolled his eyes. He was a fit gym jock of a man who could have had any lady he wanted, but seemed determined instead to harass any vaguely ‘ethnic’ woman, as he described them, with his unwanted advances.

“God, you’re no fun Rufus.”

“Just doing my job,” he muttered, tweaking with Rob’s computer settings.

That was Rufus’ job. He was an IT specialist who helped keep the branch’s system running. And he was damn good at it, from security issues, to maintenance requests, to getting the company software updates organised in time. Not that he was ever truly appreciated; IT workers never were. The fact that his cubicle was segmented away from much of the rest of the branch had something to do with it, but it was also an atmosphere thing. Rufus liked the money, he liked the work, but the atmosphere projected by the other men in the office was something he found repulsively toxic.

“Jesus, another Hindu hire,” he heard one of them say under their breath as an intern was hired. “Couldn’t we have at least got one of those hot Indian chicks or something?”

“He won’t last, don’t worry,” Stan said, Rufus’ immediate boss. “I’ve got a rule; if I have to listen close to an accent to understand it, you won’t be sticking around long.”

“I mean, we *do* need another computer technician,” Rufus tried to say.

Stan just looked at him, raised his eyebrow. “C’mon Rufus, you know how these types are. They work hard until they’ve got the job, then it’s all laziness and sucking at the tit of the company. Besides, he’ll probably complain about the so-called ‘hostile work environment.’” He made a quote gesture with his fingers. “We’re not hostile. We’re just the old school boy’s club, and there’s nothing wrong with that.”

Ram - the Indian-American hire who Stan never bothered to learn the name of - didn’t end up ‘fitting in.’ A chief complaint was when Stan took several men to the local strip club, and later even made several gross come-ons to Ram’s white girlfriend when she came to pick him up. As such, he was also gone pretty quick, after a complaint to HR got turned around on him. Rufus had tried to warn him that the current Human Resources head was Nathan Menk, a golfing buddy of Stan’s. And if Stan was quite racist and *deeply* sexist, then Nathan was quite sexist and *deeply* racist. There hadn’t been a single case where a complaining individual went to HR and won against a white man.

“Don’t need them stealing jobs,” Rufus overheard Menk say once. “If they want to complain, then that just tells me their kind can’t cut it.”

Overall, it was not a fun work environment when Rufus stepped outside his IT bubble. It didn't help that while he could have jumped ship, the pay was the only thing good enough for his high rent and student loan repayments. Still, it was obvious to the staff that he was a bit of an odd one out. At thirty years old, he was in the prime demographic to be hitting on the hot secretaries or making lewd comments about what he really thought about 'diversity hires.' And it wasn't just that he was overweight. He was indeed a large man; standing at 5'11 and weighing 270 pounds, most of which came from a pot belly that jutted out his casual Cahart work shirts. With his broad shoulders, he actually made quite an imposing figure, and some people's first impression was that this was a man not to be messed with, until they got to know his more passive personality. And it wasn't his looks that marked him out either. IT guys had a reputation as being 'scruffy', and Rufus was no exception: he had striking blue eyes, but these were hidden behind a prominent Roman nose, a round face with bottom heavy lips and shaggy light brown hair, and a full scratchy beard that covered much of his neck. But there were plenty of guys at Commtech who were uglier, more doughy, or simply plainer than him.

No, what marked Rufus out was that whenever the talk of women came up, he got awkward. He would change the subject, alter the conversation, hum under his breath and keep walking. He didn't stand up for the women in the office, and that made him feel guilty also. But he didn't harass them either, despite his attraction to them; he was, after all, still a red-blooded male. The 'Old Boy's Club' mentality was simply not for him, and he didn't feel comfortable participating in it. Others wondered aloud if he was gay, but that was not true. He'd been quite sad when Martha decided to quit and find a job that respected her. Not only was she nice and cordial, but he couldn't deny that the hot redhead looked fantastic in pencil skirts, and he occasionally had harboured fantasies of asking her out.

"Just be a man then, and call 'em like you see 'em," Dave Jarris said. He was a wiry little man in his mid-thirties who'd been fired from several jobs for always chasing the blondes and redheads, and sometimes succeeding in scandalous office affairs. "That's what being a man is all about."

"I guess that's true," Rufus said in his plodding tone, before finalising the update on Dave's laptop. He had instantly regretted being pressured to share his crush on her with the lecherous man. "But I guess I just never found a good moment for her."

Stan chuckled, passing by to check on his workers down the cubicles. "There's no good moment *for* a woman, Rufus. Trust me, as someone who was very successful at laying down a lot of pipe in the late 80s, you have to barge on in. Show them who's boss. Chicks claim that they want 'women's lib' and all that, but what they really like is a big tough man to put them in their place and lay down some pipe."

Dave chuckled. "Like her!"

He pointed to the lewd poster of a porn star posing with her huge tits out against a glass shower wall. In any other office environment, HR would be all over that, but Rufus knew Menk didn't give a shit. He only came down on that when Sabina had a hunky poster of a strong black male model posing in her cubicle. He'd used that as an excuse to oust her; she was Pakistani, after all, and he seemed to have a problem with that, and that she was Muslim. It had caused some contention in the office; Stan Parnham had been enjoying having the power over her dress code.

"Exactly like her," Stan continued, admiring the poster. "I bet *she* understand what we men are really like.

Rufus just mumbled something incoherent and excused himself, but not before hearing Dave mutter, "what's his problem, anyway?"

There was a problem, that much was true. Once more Rufus was forced to muse upon it as he returned to his bland cubicle, with its little LEGO figurines, bland IT meme posters, and photos of more lively days. He sighed deeply, his beard feeling extra sad upon him. He sighed because he was once again reminded of the fact that he had a problem he was unable to solve, in an environment where he'd be condemned and fired for it.

The problem for Rufus Jones was that he was secretly trans, and wanted more than anything to be a woman. He was jealous of the beautiful secretaries - even despite their hardship in the office - just for their good fortune in being born to the right bodies. He loathed his pudgy male form, his scratchy facial and body hair, his deeper voice, even his dress sense. He wanted to take that first step, and finally admit it not just to himself, but to others. To take those first little steps to expressing his inward femininity, like his love of pretty clothing, his desire to have breasts, to show emotion and compassion more openly, to gossip and joke and chat with the other women as equals, to wear heels and summer dresses and grow his hair out, and to have an opening between his thighs instead of an admittedly impressive cock that saw less use than he'd like.

In many ways, working at Commtech was torture for that reason. It was like he was a sheep in wolf's clothing, hiding among other wolves, and viewing the occasional lamb being torn apart, all the while knowing that if he finally cast off his wolfskin proudly and revealed who he - who *she* - truly was, it would only cause the whole pack to descend upon him. And so he hid, and kept his head down, and tried to avoid being drawn into the misogynistic and racist talk of the office, a feat that was impossible. He simply daydreamed of what he would be like if he could magically become a woman.

Which made him all the more astonished and envious when Nathan Menk turned into one instead.

It began with the unexpected replacement of Nathan Menk as head of Human Resources. Menk had been a mainstay of the office even longer than Stan had been. If Stan had grey hair and once-handsome features, Menk had withered to become a vulture-like figure in his mid-60s and a large bald spot around which the remaining white hair crested. His racism belonged in the past, but had been dredging it up from the swamps of time into the present for the last thirty years, and had planned to do so for at least another ten. As such, it came as quite a shock when he shifted back down to cubicle life.

“I just can’t explain it,” he said to Stan as Rufus was installing a new security patch. “I was dealing with that new brown woman with the dumb smile, listening to her go on about her mumbo jumbo mysticism from Tibet or wherever the shit she’s from, and I just start thinking, ‘I am fucking over this shit.’ Two days later, I’m demoting my own damned self for no goddamn reason, and now she’s in the job. And the worst bit is, the company won’t just give me the job back until she’s out.”

“Don’t worry Nathan, we’ll sort her out. Give her the boy club treatment, and she won’t last a month. You know we take care of our own.”

Rufus left in disgust after the patch was installed, but two days later, the new head of HR was officially announced, and Sita Cauldhari introduced herself to the office during their morning meeting. She was a diminutive woman, roughly only 5’1 in height, with gorgeous brown skin and large dark eyes. Her hair was thick, in a ponytail that went over her left shoulder, and she wore a suit instead of the expected women’s attire. She looked to be in her mid-thirties. She smiled at the assembled gathering, and Rufus damn near fell in love; she had one of those smiles that threatens to take over her face and then infect everyone around her.

“Bet she gives great blowjobs,” Rob whispered, ruining the moment. A few men chuckled. For a moment, it looked like Sita had heard him, but then she simply gave a polite cough, and began speaking in a voice that was slightly accented.

“Hello everyone, I am so grateful to be joining the family at Commtech, especially here at your branch which has such a strong reputation.”

“Yeah, a reputation for *partying with the ladies*,” someone cracked.

“If you’re wondering about my accent and name, I can tell you that my heritage is Nepalese, but I have lived in this country most of my life. A few things about me: I love playing volleyball, as well as surfing. Lots of beach things, really-”

“Did someone say ‘sex on the beach with a Nepalese hottie’,” Dave joked under his breath.

“- and I also love playing a nice game of chess, and meditation and yoga to calm down. The last two are particularly important, because they tie into my role here as the new head of HR. After Nathan Menk’s wonderful work-”

There was a loud and obnoxious cheer from the men, but Sita continued.

“- I know I have big shoes to fill, especially as I am so tiny! But I want to update our office expectations to the 21st century, which includes a big focus on diversity, friendliness to women, and inclusivity. This also includes more modern methods of resolving disputes, and a focus on wellbeing, which yoga and meditation can help with. I look forward to working with you all, thank you.”

There were a mere few sporadic claps, mostly from the few female workers in the office.

“She won’t last a month, Nathan,” Stan said.

The group of misogynistic men chuckled. Dave was with them, the fit blond looking forward to trying his best to bed the “Asian cutie” as he called her. Rufus could only sigh, and once more try to avoid conversing entirely.

“Best of luck, Sita,” he whispered to himself as she walked away. “You’re going to need it.”

Sita lasted the month. In fact, she was going strong after two. Despite the crass comments, the crude racism, the occasional ‘gift’ of a dickpic anonymously sent to her, she soldiered on. She endeavoured to get yoga and meditation programs running, and other wellbeing support networks for the diverse members of the office. Stan and Nathan worked together like they were joined at the hip, sabotaging her office, making false claims about her performance to corporate, and constantly bad mouthing her or talking about ‘what she was hiding’ beneath her suit. Yet still, she didn’t change course.

But someone was changing.

Rufus noticed it two weeks into Sita’s tenure, after Menk had organised a series of quite loud and shouty meetings with her. Despite being in her office, they resounded quite loudly. It ended, apparently, in some formal agreement between the two that was signed. According to Menk, it was the end of it, and he would have his job.

Except, from that day on, every day Menk arrived he looked just that little bit different to Rufus’ eyes. His skin, which had always been pale-white with a few age spots, developed a bit of a tan. Rufus even idly asked him if he’d been seeing some sun lately, and the man looked at him like he had two heads.

“The fuck are you talking about? I’ve always looked like this. Mediterranean complexion, remember?”

Now, Rufus didn’t know Menk super well, but the IT man knew for certain that the former HR head was creepily proud of his ‘Anglo Saxon’ heritage, to the point where it bordered quite close to a Neo-Nazi sentiment. Even by the casual racist standards of the office, Menk was a head above the rest.

“Oh, sorry. I must have forgotten.”

But in following days, and despite further questions which were shot down by the crank man, Menk’s skin only darkened further. It was a slow, gradual process, almost imperceptible when viewed one day at a time. By the end of the week, he was approaching the point of becoming *brown*. Stranger still, he showed no memory of this, and claimed he had ‘always been this way.’

Those weren’t the only changes either. As Menk’s skin tone darkened, so did his wrinkles slowly dissipate over two weeks. He looked like he was slowly de-aging in years, the taut lines around his face becoming fuller, particularly around his cheeks. Even his lips puffed up a little. His eyes drew slightly closer together, and his hair began to grow back.

Rufus was shocked, particularly when he realised Menk was actually shorter by several inches by the end of the second week. He had initially assumed that the man was having a sort of ‘end of life crisis’ and was going too hard on the skin bronzer and botox, even if that didn’t exactly sound like Menk. But the fact that his best friend Stan treated him like normal, and Rufus was treated as weird for pointing these changes out, made him realise something else was going on.

Something unnatural.

He continued to secretly monitor Menk’s changes. Slowly, over the following weeks, he continued to alter and transform. He no longer demanded his old job as head of HR back, and was talking excitedly instead about the possibility of “becoming Miss Cauldhira’s secretary!”

Rufus nearly gasped when the once-older man had said it, but by that point he certainly didn’t look old, and he wasn’t looking like a man either. In fact, he was quite obviously *becoming a woman*. His hands were becoming dainty, his figure soft, and it was obvious that he had started wearing a bra. His skin had become a rich brown, his eyebrows thick and dark. His hair descended down his back, and his hips flared out over a period of weeks.

The ultimate irony came when Menk arrived at the office at the two month mark of Sita’s role in the job, fully dressed as her secretary in a professional Sari, with gorgeous golden earrings and . She had become, over the course of two full months, a beautiful young Hindi woman in her early twenties, and now went by the name Chandra Patel.

“What are you talking about, Rufus?” she said after he asked her if she ever felt like she had been someone different. “I have always been this way! I can’t imagine *not* being a proud Indian-American woman. I am so glad Sita supports my right to wear my sari and defended it to management. It is good to be in such a multicultural and diverse space that is safe for women.

‘Safe for women’ should have been a far cry from a safe description of the office, were it not for the fact that despite her sweet and diplomatic nature, Sita was somehow riding roughshod over the Old Boys Club. With Menk having somehow magically been turned into a woman, Rufus nearly missed the early signs of the same happening to other members of the most misogynistic members.

Stan had been called in for driving a young intern to tears when he grabbed her ass and pretended it was ‘just a playful accident.’

Rob had been asked to sign an agreement not to harass any more employees after he told Jasmine Nguyen how much he ‘really liked her culture, if you know what I mean.’ She was American born and didn’t know a thing about her Vietnamese culture.

A few others had their own meetings as well, some later than others. Dave Jarris apparently convinced a redheaded staffer to sleep with him, and was now making work for her difficult, as he now used the experience as licence to make comments about her body in public and share what she’d ‘been like’ to the members of the Club. Apparently, she couldn’t help but speak in Russian when she orgasmed.

Each had a meeting with Sita, and came away with the impression that she was an absolute roll over. A sweet pie of a thing who made them sign a silly form and failed to punish them. Who was too busy showing big smiles and speaking in a cute accent to be anything of a threat, especially since they all loomed over her. And yet, despite their apparent victory, each of them was transforming slowly but surely in the aftermath.

Stan’s hair was growing in length, becoming frizzy and black. His figure was regressing in age, his lips puffing out, and his ass was seemingly exploding out of his suit trousers. With his skin turning darker and darker, it looked like he was transforming into the kind of black hottie he always liked commenting on.

Rob’s hair, on the other hand, was changing from light curly blond to a straight, black style. His skin was becoming a yellow-brown, his limbs willows, his face delicate. His eyes were another major change; they were seemingly developing epicanthic folds, like those of an Asian man. Or, as it seemed he was slowly becoming, an Asian woman, though other features looked almost Native American, it was difficult to tell. He had started changing a couple of weeks after Stan.

Dave was not changing race so far, though Rufus could not be sure. He was behind the others, having only been talked into signing the dotted line two weeks before Sita’s

two-month mark. But his hair was certainly growing, becoming redder, and his cheekbones seemed quite prominent. A husky feminine lilt was ever-so-slowly creeping into his voice, and he didn't even realise it.

None of them did.

It spooked Rufus deeply.

“How do they not know? It's magic. It's fucking magic, it has to be! Nothing else could explain why Nathan fucking Menk is now praying to Shiva, or how Stan is saying 'Hey ya'll' in a Bronx accent that he's never had. There's a new Asian woman in the office and Dave actually said 'Hi there. If you need any help fitting in, I'm right there for you.' What is that about!”

They hadn't totally changed personalities. They still loved the same sports, the same shows and movies, even kept much of their same skills. Hell, Stan still clearly loved curvy black bodies, it was just no longer an issue of sexual attraction so much as self pride. It was as if they had been cleverly altered to be as close to the person they were, only now female, diverse, and without their previous misogynistic or racist tendencies.

And no one but Rufus knew. He almost wished he didn't.

“I'm so fucking jealous,” he said. He looked down at his own flabby body in his cubicle. His scruffy beard, his pudgy belly, his wide shoulders and thin hips. The way his shirt hugged tight against his body, emphasising his fat, and making him look lumpy. The way his arms were thick with hair, and his legs beneath his khaki trousers were too.

“Why them, and not me?”

Sita Cauldhari was at the centre of it. He knew it. Somehow, this diminutive, cute, and adorably bubbly individual was transforming the entire office space and making it quite literally diverse and accepting. Did she mean well? It seemed so. The few female staffers remaining were much happier, and more were now being hired on. But it didn't alter the fact that she was somehow changing people.

Rufus sat, fuming on it for some time. It was only after he received an invitation to join a meditation session led - startlingly - by Menk/Chandra, that he decided to involve himself a little more in the office social life. He joined in, trying to think of nothing as the former male talked of her Hindu beliefs and past experiences in India, both things she'd never had just a few weeks ago. And yet, when Rufus entered his own inner thoughts, he couldn't help but fall into a wonderful lull, imagining that he was a woman, that he had breasts, a vagina, a womanly hourglass shape. It was wonderful. He ended the session feeling like he had experienced a revelation. And that's when he made the decision: he was going to confront Sita personally.

The very next day he stormed into her office, shut the door, and loomed over her.

“Rufus! So wonderful to talk to you personally. I haven’t seen you much around the office and wanted to see how you are faring. How can I help?”

“You can help,” he said, heart beating heavily in his chest, “by doing to me what you’ve done to the others. By making me into a woman?”

Sita’s eyes widened, and her smile faltered for perhaps the first time.

Chapter 2: The Contract

Sita seemed to fluster for a few moments. She eyed Rufus carefully, and he had the distinct impression he was being sized up, though for what, he wasn't sure. He didn't want to appear threatening, so he awkwardly sat down opposite the HR manager, though this had little effect; the Nepalese woman was so small that he still managed to loom over her. He placed his hands in his lap, unsure where else to put them. After a tense few seconds, Sita beamed again, her smile immense.

"Oh Rufus, I'm such an idiot! I had no idea what you were talking about, but you're referring to the programs I've been running, yes? I can assure you that incorporating yoga and Fashion Friday is by no means 'turning men into women.' You should try it sometime. I promise, you will enjoy it."

Another few seconds passed.

"I . . . I'm not talking about that," he said. His heart continued to beat fast in his chest. If this woman really could transform people, what the hell was he thinking? She could likely turn him into some sort of toad or roadkill if she thought he was going to expose him.

"Is it about the new rules around toilets? I promise you, most companies have unisex stalls these days. We still have separate bathrooms if necessary, but the E and D hallways will be served much better if they serve women as well, instead of forcing them to go all the way to the C room.

"I'm not talking about that either Miss," he breathed. He fidgeted again. "I'm talking about Nathan Menk."

A brief crack in the smile. "Who is that?"

What the hell. It was time to take a gamble. "I think you know. He goes by Chandra Patel now, but I know for a fact that he wasn't always an Indian-American who wears saris and is getting makeup tips from other women. A bit weird, really, that Chandra doesn't know how to do makeup properly despite supposedly being a woman all her - I mean, his - life."

Sita leaned back a little. Her smile shrank, a little frozen. She placed her hands together.

"So, before I continue, tell me about this Nathan. What kind of person was he?"

Rufus wondered if this was a test. He decided the best answer was probably an honest one. "He was an old, racist, misogynistic asshole who cared about power over others, and his golf game every Saturday with Stan, who - by the way - is someone else you've changed."

Sita rapped her professional nails on the desk. They were longer, but not ridiculously so, with tasteful subdued pink nail polish. Exactly the kind of nails Rufus would like to have for display, were he not fearful of outing that he was truly a woman inside.

“Well, Mr Jones, I am very surprised. Somehow, you are able to remember the world as it was versus the world as I have made it. I must confess, I have never had this happen before.”

Rufus’ eyes widened. “So it *is* true, you are behind this.”

She shrugged and gave a sheepish smile. Far from the reveal of a grand villain, she actually seemed a little embarrassed to be discovered, at least this was what her body language displayed. “Uh, yeah, guilty as charged, I guess.”

“How? Why? *How!?*” he repeated.

She giggled nervously, biting her lip to compensate. Somehow, despite knowing he was standing before a terrifyingly powerful individual, she still seemed diminutive. He had no doubt at all that she used that deliberately, even if the persona was genuine.

“Okay Rufus, I’m going to explain to you what’s going on, but it’s very, *very* important that what I say doesn’t leave this room, alright? Alright?”

“Alright, so long as you tell me.”

“Good. So the first thing you need to know is that I’m no ordinary woman. I’m a sorceress. Yes, magic is real.”

It was less of a surprise than he thought it would be. Probably because the evidence had already been overwhelming. “I thought as much.”

“I knew the IT guys were clever. Okay, so that’s the first thing. I was trained in my powers from a young age by my mother. There’s not many witches or warlocks around, but we can do some pretty crazy stuff. By agreement, we keep it low-level, or else some pretty big stuff goes down. Me? I like to transform people. It’s my specialty, and I do it to those who are deserving, which brings me to the second thing.”

“Why you chose to come here.”

“Mm-hmm. I’ve led a pretty successful corporate life. I like the dynamic atmosphere of helping make a big system work well, and to get to know the people in it. After all, just because you’re a sorceress doesn’t mean you don’t like water cooler talk, y’know?”

He didn’t, but nodded anyway.

“Well, the point is, I’ve let a few powerful people in business - CEOs and the like - know what I can offer them. When a problem arises with a troublesome worker - say, a racist hanger-on like Nathan Menk - well, I can come in and help ‘update’ that person to be in-line with the company’s diversity requirements. That’s what I’m actually executing right now: I’m taking the most potentially scandal-making elements of the company and remarketing them for a diverse and inclusive work environment. At least, that’s my unofficial job description.”

It was a lot to take in, but he was able to broadly follow it.

“You’re saying that you use your powers to . . . punish racists and sexists in the workplace?”

“No, I promote inclusive workplaces. But yeah, basically, that’s what I get out of it. I like to punch through the glass ceiling in my own magical way.”

“How come I’m the only one that knows what’s going on?”

She gave a sweet smile, and leaned forward. She gestured for him to come closer.

“Give me your hand, Rufus. Trust me, I won’t bite or cast an incantation or anything. As I’m sure you’ve worked out, I do my work by contract. These bigots don’t ever read the fine print. I just want to see something from you.”

Rufus placed out his hand for her. She took it, and he was surprised at how slender and soft her fingers were. Once again, that feeling of jealousy emerged. Why were so many blessed to be born as women - apparently even turned into them! - but he was stuck with a dumb name and a flabby body?

He was pulled from that thought by a literal *pulling* sensation. It was like nothing else he’d ever felt, like his very essence was being pulled from his mind, his core, his heart, along the highways of his veins and arteries towards his fingers. He gasped as a bloom of blue light expanded like a tulip in his palm, its petals plied slowly open by Sita’s fingers.

“Aha! As I suspected.”

“What - what is it? Ah, that tickles!”

She beamed, and it was an earnest grin full of excitement. She bounced in her seat excitedly. “Sorry, I know it feels a bit funny, but what an amazing coincidence! Oh, this must be fate! I can’t believe it. I just can’t believe it, Rufus.”

“What? What is it?”

She pulled back her hand, and the blue cascade of energy collapsed. He felt his essence restore itself.

“*You* my friend, have magical power.”

Rufus just about coughed up his breakfast. “I’m sorry, what?”

A shrug. “You saw it. That was what was inside you. Magical power, and magical potential. Quite a bit actually. Which would make you a warlock without training, technically. It’s why you alone can remember the original reality; that’s a passive magical power we all have. It prevents us from ”

He spluttered, still unable to form words.

“I - I can do what you do?”

She chuckled. “Oh, in a couple of decades sure, though we tend to age a little slower than normal folk, so that’s not as bad as it sounds. Magic takes a lot of time to learn.”

“I could . . . I could turn myself female.”

“Ah, the fourth thing then. You know, I felt it when I pulled at your power. So, you really are a woman then?”

It took a moment, but a wave of emotion unfolded within him. There were so many revelations happening that it was hard to keep track of them all, but this statement brought him back to earth. Tears brimmed a little in his eyes as he nodded.

“I, um . . . yes. I am. At least - at least I think I am. Ever since I was a boy, I always saw girls differently. I never felt like I really belonged in my body.”

He'd intended to end the explanation there, but his heart and his mouth continued on. It was like he was a great dam holding fast against the flood, but now that the first chip had been made in his stone, now nothing could keep the flood back.

“When I was eight years old I dressed up in my cousin's dress and got in trouble for it. I remember arguing and crying; it felt so good to wear and I couldn't explain why. I tried to have longer hair but my parents demanded I cut it. My dad told me it made me look 'like a fag.' I shut up after then. I thought if I bottled it up and tried to stop thinking about it, then maybe it would go away. But then I went through puberty, and I hated how it felt growing hair on my body. I shaved them off once, but they just grew back thicker and curlier. I was always a big boy growing up, and I became this big broad-shouldered mountain and I've had to learn to accept it. No, that's not right. I've learned to *tolerate* it, but I never accepted it. I wanted to have surgery, to take hormones and start transitioning, but I've always been a passive guy despite my size and I never built up the courage and I found it so damn difficult and I got this job that pays enough to keep me afloat but it means hanging around with all these guys who treat women like trash, and even when you internalise it, it's hard to avoid getting caught up with it and . . . and . . . and . . .”

He realised he was struggling to breathe. Panic set into his mind.

“Rufus! Rufus, breathe! Just take a big breath and hold it, okay? Can you do that for me?”

He did, and Sita spent some time coaching him down from the ledge of a full-blown panic attack. It was only when his breathing normalised that she broke the silence; he was too busy wiping his face with the tissues she'd offered.

“As I said, I could sense it in your magic. It's part of your soul, so it tells me of you. I thought I could detect more witch than warlock there.”

The conversation felt as if it was on a precipice. His heart beat, and the panic bubbled again. He didn't want to give voice to it, but he needed to make the request.

“So . . . you can do it? You could turn me into a woman? Like them?”

She smiled sympathetically. “Of course I can . . . try.”

His eyebrows raised. “That's a yes?”

“It's an 'I think so.' My transformative magic is bound to contract by the company, to make it more inclusive and diverse. How will that interact with another magically sensitive individual? I don't know.”

Rufus winced, but she held up a hand, indicating she was not done.

“But I’d like to try.”

“You - you would?”

“Oh yes. Very much so. You seem like a good person, Rufus. There’s not a complaint on file about you. And I know what it’s like to feel as if you don’t belong.”

She flicked her wrist, and green energy clouded in the air to form a contract.

“You’ll need to sign this. Don’t worry, your magical sensitivity will prevent you from forgetting yourself like the others, but it will mean you will be turned according to company policy. I can’t promise what particular form you’ll end up like, or even what race or age. It’s a risky proposition, so I’m willing to let you -”

“Let me sign it. Please.”

Sita Caudhari considered it for a moment, then passed over the contract.

“The change will take some weeks, but perhaps your magic will influence it, I’m not sure. Honestly, I’m kind of excited to see where you end up.”

He took a pen, reading what he could over the contract. It seemed couched in very corporate language, but he didn’t detect any malice. True to what she’d said, the clauses stipulated that the change would fill diversity requirements; it seemed she’d been able to influence some of the early changees in an ironic form, but the more that were changed, the less ‘spots’ available for double-ups, as it were, making the changes more random.

“Are you sure you want to do this? There’s no going back?”

He stared at her, gazing into her empathetic eyes. “I would never forgive myself,” he finally said.

“Then sign the second last dotted line as well. The one about ‘magical mentorship.’ Because I plan to teach you what I can of magic, when you are ready.”

Somehow the prospect of learning magic was the last thing he cared about, but he signed it anyway, along with every other dotted line. When he was done, he passed the contract back to her, and she placed it in a locked filing cabinet.

“So, what happens now?”

“Now?” she said, smirking, “you go to work. Make sure to join us in meditation, if you’re not too excited. The changes will happen slowly, but trust me, you’ll know when they happen. For now, have a good day.”

He awkwardly stood up, muttering thanks and apologies and several points about the latest firmware patch that he was certain he’d always installed for her. Realising he was a mess, he took his leave, shutting the door. Sita gave an encouraging beckon for him to go to work.

“What the fuck have I done?” he muttered to himself back at his desk. He beheld the increasingly womanly Stan, with his brown skin and curly African hair, and the somewhat

Slavic Dave, who was starting to speak with an accent. The former Nathan Menk even waved to him as he - or rather, she - passed, the sari-wearing woman on her way back to serve as Sita's secretary. The office was being magically transformed around him, and he'd just willingly signed on to it, and without even knowing how he'd end up, if he'd end up as anything at all!

"Oh God, what if this is the biggest mistake of my life?" he moaned. He placed his head in his hands.

But even as he forced himself to breathe slowly and take it all in, another part of him couldn't help but be excited. If there was even the slightest chance of becoming the woman he knew he was, then it would be all worth it.

And if he did, what kind of woman would he be?

Chapter 3: The Changes Begin

Sita was right about Rufus knowing when the changes were starting. It had been a week since he signed the magical contract, and during that week he'd been tense. He'd made more than one mistake fixing the computer systems and fielding bug reports, and had to take a sick day just to come to terms with it. Sita was encouraging, but didn't talk openly about it with him. Instead, she made sure he came along to guided meditations and Yoga Wednesday to try to centre himself. Apparently, it was the first part of the magical mentorship; to simply learn how to be 'at one with the universe', and in a proper place to understand the nature of incantations. He didn't feel at one with anything except a few stress pizzas and far too many coffees. Every day he checked himself in the mirror and felt nothing, noticed nothing; just the same 270 pound, 5'11 dude with the scratchy beard and poochy stomach.

And then one day he went to bed feeling oddly more exhausted than usual. It was like he was just spent of energy, despite it being early in the working week. He collapsed his heavy body onto the frame and barely managed to get himself beneath the sheets. He cringed, clutching his gut, which felt like it was on fire.

"S-something I ate? NNgh!"

It sure felt like it, but it didn't feel like sickness either. Nor was it completely painful. It was more like a series of tensing muscles, firing off spasmodically around his core. He gripped himself, trying to think of ways to make it stop, but his mind was too sluggish, and despite his obvious discomfort, he fell into an unconscious state, body still squirming between the sheets.

"Ooohhh . . . ah - ah - ahhhhhh."

That night he had the most vivid dream. He was in a field of glowing blue tulips that surrounded him out to the most distant horizon in every direction. The sky was night, a glazing galaxy whirling about impossibly overhead, unrecognisable. From the sky, he heard a voice rustle down upon the wind.

'You have the power, Rufus. The change is upon you. Are you ready?'

"I am," he found himself saying.

The flowers unfolded, blooming with magical essence. The essence arced in streams together, forming the image of a human being far in the distance. She glowed blue, but soon the glow faded, and the magic faded, leaving the impression of a human female. She was impossible to make out, and yet she was intimately familiar. She had the broad hips and thin waist of a woman, and long hair that blew in the breeze. And yet, it was impossible to make out what she looked like exactly; her race, her proportions, her age, even if she was wearing

clothes, all was impossible. He moved closer to her, but even as he began to jog, then run, the flowers hindered his movement, and the figure never came closer.

'You will find your new self upon waking. The first changes begin. Where they lead is for you to discover.'

He ran faster and faster, but the figure only disappeared further away, until she was a mere speck upon the horizon. He desperately needed to see her, to know what kind of woman he was destined to be. He knew if he could hold onto that distant female form, he could finally step outside his flesh and become what he was meant to be.

'You will, in time. But for now, it is time to wake.'

Rufus woke up with the strangest tingling upon his skin and the memory of the strange dream just barely clinging to his sleepy memory. At first he was concerned that he was having a heart attack or something, but his chest felt fine apart from a little soreness in his nipples.

"My nipples!" he cried, going wide awake. He flung himself out of bed, thudding onto the floor, and ran to the bathroom to look in the mirror.

"Holy shit," he gasped.

He was a changed man. His weathered skin with its large pores - particularly over his Roman nose - had become noticeably soft and well-moisturised. In fact, it actually looked like his nose had shrunk a little. His hair, normally quite scraggly, had a slight sheen to it. It was impossible to see if it had changed colour, but he could have sworn his normally light brown hair was a tiny bit darker; it was pure guesswork, though.

The real giveaway, however, was his chest. Overnight, his nipples had swelled in size, becoming a little darker and developing what seemed to be a more feminine areola around them. They were not immense in size, but definitely beyond the usual standard for a man, and they were accompanied by a dull ache in his chest just beneath each of them.

Two aches. That could only mean two very particular things getting ready to grow.

He was so damned giddy he actually danced on the spot.

"It's happening, it's happening! I can't believe it's happening!"

He checked over the rest of his body for any changes. It was difficult to tell much in the way of further alterations, though his skin was most certainly smoother elsewhere as well. His leg hair was less defined as well, a change that made him positively exuberant. Even as he checked over his naked thighs, he felt the strange sensitivity of his legs, as if his hairs were itching to retract back beneath the skin.

"I hope they do," he whispered to himself.

His voice was as-yet unchanged, but even in other areas where changes had not occurred, he swore he could feel a low, persistent pressure, almost imperceptible but always

there. It was located at either hip, around his waist, upon his chest (of course), and between his thighs. To his disappointment, his genitals appeared unchanged.

“For now,” he reminded himself, “for now.”

What mattered was that the magic had worked. They were not large changes yet, but changes nonetheless. Which meant more changes could well be coming.

He opted to have a shower and look further over himself, still controlling his breathing - this time with excitement, instead of fear. As soon as he turned the shower on, he yelped a little.

“Way too cold!” he said. And yet it was the same warmth he usually had. It was another small change that made him wonder; wasn't it true that women generally had much hotter showers than men? He could only hope so; he turned the heat up and began to luxuriate. He tried to ignore the slight throbbing of his nipples, which were a little distracting to his thoughts. They were certainly more sensitive, which didn't surprise him. What did surprise him was how sensitive the rest of his body felt; his skin seemed to 'bask' a little more in the hot water, and it made him shiver a little in delight.

“Mmhmm, I could get used to this,” he moaned.

He turned up the heat.

When he arrived at work, Stan flagged him down. The man was almost 'finished' in his unknowing transition to womanhood, and had come to resemble a gorgeously curvy woman with strong African heritage. She had a deeply impressive set of jugs that were half the size of her own head, and an ass that jutted out even more impressively. Her hair was in a loose afro that fell in tight kinky curls around her shoulders, and her thick lips were in a gorgeous smile. Where Stan had once hit on women repeatedly, and demanded they look pretty for him and 'show off their bodies', now his new female form was doing exactly that, right down to a borderline scandalous amount of cleavage on display with her unbuttoned top. In fact, a number of the girls seemed to show more skin or move more . . . sensually, than would ordinarily be expected in a work environment, and Stan was no exception.

“Hey Rufie!” she yelled excitedly, pulling him into a huge. His face ended up right between her breasts, and he found it a not altogether unpleasant sensation to be in that softness, though it did set off his jealousy radar again.

“Uh, hi Stan,” he said as he pulled back up for air.

“Stan? Who is Stan?”

He looked down at her prominent white boob in her white feminine blouse and saw that it now read *Barbara*.

“Oh, um, sorry Barbara.”

“Please, you know you can call be Barb, right?”

“Yeahh, sure thing Barb.”

He was finding it difficult to not stare into that magnificent cleavage. Rufus had certainly had dates before, and had enjoyed sex before. He'd always fantasised about being able to grope two great soft fleshy pillows like hers. It took a herculean effort not to stare. Oh God, would the change make him straight for dudes as well? He hadn't considered that. The prospect was quite frightening.

“Are you alright, Rufie?”

He jolted back to reality. “Yeah, fine Barb. Just a bit tired, is all.”

“Well, there's a change coming, after all.”

“A . . . wait, what do you mean?”

She punched him playfully on the shoulder. “Oh Rufie, you must be tired! The new software update. We're all keen to see what your wonderful tech savvy does for our home page. Really spruce it up!”

Rufus was shocked; Stan had never taken interest in his work, or even thanked him. But now as the black, curvy Barbara, he was not only over twenty years younger but actually invested in the IT department! Evidently, being de-aged and given a more compassionate perspective gave the new woman a kinder outlook.

“Wow, oh wow thanks. I promise it'll be good.”

Another playful slap on the shoulder. “We know it will. You always do the best work. Make sure to clear it with Tess in legal.”

“Tess?”

“Oh, you are tired. You know, Kinta? Native American woman? Literally opposite your cubicle?”

Wait, Rob?

“Oh, sorry, haven't had my coffee yet.”

“Then go get some! That Sita Chaudhari is a marvel, she's added a new coffee machine that's just amazing. I swear that woman is magic.”

Rufus tried to avoid laughing in disbelief as he made his way to his cubicle. There, Tess was waiting. Her changes were finished, and the results were *fantastic*. She was clearly Native American now; Rob had made no secret of the fact that of all the 'Asian' girls he liked, American Indians were the 'hottest.' This was despite many, many people explaining they were not Asian.

“Eh, honorary Asians,” he'd said, not even realising how racist he was sounding.

Now, he'd become one himself. Tess had perfect brown skin and a lithe figure, with incredibly straight, incredibly shiny hair that fell all the way to the small of her back. She had

the long face and long nose that characterised many Native women, and prominent dark eyebrows above her grey eyes. She was slim, and heavily reduced from Rob's tall height, though she was by no means short for a woman, quite the opposite in fact. In her tight blouse and pencil skirt her figure was outlined; a slight hourglass with a light bosom. Once again, Rufus found himself surprisingly attracted to one his new female coworkers.

"Hey bestie, how are you going?" she asked as he approached.

"Bestie?"

"Oh, I'm sorry Rufus, did I get replaced by someone recently?"

He gave a soft chuckle, trying to adapt and go along with it. It if was difficult not to star at Barb's buxom body, it was difficult not to star at Tess's everything. The woman was flat out gorgeous, with the willowy figure of a model.

"No, not replaced, uh, Tess. Just had a bad sleep. Feel like I've changed a little or something."

She chuckled. "I think we all feel that way with how Sita's been making changes to the place. Sometimes, I have these strange dreams where I feel like I'm someone else, screaming to get out of my skin. I think it's just something I need to purge in meditation."

"Yeah, sounds like. I also have dreams like that."

"Because you're my bestie. Our minds are in sync."

This time Rufus' chuckle was genuine. "Absolutely. Barb said you have some legal stuff to clear with me?"

"Just the usual boring stuff. Non-disclosure agreements regarding site security, and a checklist for protocols covered when we make the update so that the site is accessible for deaf and non-seeing individuals."

"Wow, Sita is really going all-in on the inclusivity, isn't she?"

Tess gave a beautiful smile. "I know, right? Isn't it great! As a Native woman, it's so wonderful to work in an environment without sexist pigs always objectifying me or calling me exotic."

Rufus had to drink some water just to avoid laughing.

"Okay then," he said, "let's get to it."

The first week went by pleasantly. In fact, it was arguably the first pleasant working week of Rufus' working life at Commtech. More initiatives were rolled out under Sita's HR management, in cooperation with the much more compassionate former Stan, now Barbara. Maternity *and* Paternity care was introduced, as well as breastfeeding rooms for women. Construction had already begun - rather noisily - at several points to include wheelchair

access. Poor Bert had lost the use of his legs during his change, but the man had been a blackhole of misery, alcoholism, and depression, and the new Cindy was a blonde, peppy woman with a cute English accent who loved making people laugh. Rufus remembered when Bert had been the office clown before his divorce spiral, now it appeared *she* had new material as Cindy. The diversity requirement evidently had altered him to be physically disabled, but he was certainly not disabled in the personality department anymore. In fact, Sita actually had to have a chat about 'inappropriate workplace jokes' with her, but it was clear this was a mandatory thing; everyone likes the occasional crude joker in the workplace, and Cindy was a woman who could not be stopped!

Other changes occurred with the staff as well. Dave's own changes were nearing completion. She had become a sexy Hungarian Slavic woman with incredibly high and prominent cheekbones, a bob of dark red hair that fell to just below her ear, and a set of lips that were positively enticing. She had dark, slightly sunken eyes, and while she was thin, she had a confidence and swagger to her that was matched by her European dress sense; figure-hugging coats and French-fashion dresses. Dave would have loved Olga, but now he was her. In some ways, he was the least changed; the new Slavic woman just hit on all the guys now instead. The rumour mill made it very clear that she was already sleeping with more than a few on rotation.

Sita was clearly overjoyed about the changes she had successfully implemented.

"Isn't it wonderful, Rufus? A brand new office. Everyone is happier, and the bigots have been punished and none-the-wiser for it."

The little Nepalese woman practically bounced in excitement at her own work.

"I just wish my changes would happen," Rufus bemoaned. "Since those first little ones, nothing more has happened. Not even gradually."

Sita placed a comforting hand on his arm. It required quite a stretch upward, given their difference in height. "Again, magic gets funny when applied to another magic sensitive individual. Who knows how it might occur? You'll just have to meditate, and try to centre yourself. That's the key to magic. Otherwise it'll come out in fits and spurts and you'll end up adding your own changes beyond your control!"

Rufus simply nodded, and tried to follow the instructions Sita had given him. At home, he meditated to the sound of waves on the beach. He read what he could of the materials she lent to him; simplified explanations of the chakras of the body and the 'essential essences' within every body that were the core around which spells could manufacture their change. These essences could not be disrupted, but their 'shell' - the essence's body, addictions, age, even some non-core personality traits - could be altered instead. It was all very confusing, and it only made Rufus feel more impatient and *less* calm.

Which is what led to the incident exactly a week after the first change he'd experienced.

Rufus was going to the new coffee machine to fill up for the morning when Barb intercepted him. She was wearing a professional dress that cinched around her waist, outlining her broad hips and immense bust. Her hair was pulled back in an afro-bun, and with her glasses she almost had a mega-hot librarian vibe to her.

"Rufus! In need of the espresso again?"

"You know it," he replied, maintaining eye contact with her as best as he could. There was no cleavage on display, but it spoke to the size of her chest that the fabric of the dress was straining to contain her. "Have a few support tickets to deal with today. Lots of guys who were too stubborn to ask for help and now their laptops are bricked."

Barb chuckled. "Let me take a guess honey, none of them are women?"

"Not one."

"I knew it. Oh man, it's times like these I'm glad I was born a woman, I can tell you. Ya'll men have your privileges, but ya'll can't ask for help to save your lives."

She gave another chuckle as she filled her cup. Rufus had already finished making his own, but it was forgotten in his hand as her words reverberated around his skull.

'I'm glad I was born a woman.'

Anger and jealousy swirled like a vortex within his head. Anger at the fact he'd been born a man when he knew deep inside he was a woman. Jealousy at Barbara, who had gotten an entirely new lease on life as a buxom black woman without ever knowing it, while he had suffered and gotten only the lightest of cosmetic changes.

"It's not *fucking* fair," he said, and Barb turned to face him from across the room.

"Rufus, are you alright?"

"I'm not - ahh - I'm not Rufus."

Her eyebrows raised, and a look of concern came across her face. "Rufus, honey, are you okay? What's going on?"

"Nothing's going on! Nothing! That's the problem! There are all these changes and I - I - NGGNHH!!:

He doubled over, clutching his gut. It trembled, and he gasped as it bubbled and churned. The tingling settled over his skin, and he felt his own essence within himself - the blue tulip, as he now thought of it - unfurling suddenly, its magic expanding across his 'shell' to change its very nature.

"What - oh my God, I'll get our medical officer! Someone call an ambulance!"

Barb moved with alacrity, calling for aid. Rufus tried to call for her to stop, but another wave of twisting and tensing came over him, muscle and bone and tissue aching. His chest radiated heat, and he felt a subtle pressure behind it - the one that had never quite gone away - building and building and building.

“MMhhmpphh!!”

He spluttered, struggling to say a word as the changes began. Across his body, he felt his body hair retract in full: from his legs, his arms, his chest. It felt like a million ants digging into his skin, and it caused him to writhe in discomfort.

“Rufus, Rufus honey, I’m back! I’m right here, okay?”

Barbara was at his side once more, practically shoving her bosom into his face as she cradled him, preventing him from falling. Even amongst the overwhelming and sudden changes - the hair sliding out further from his scalp, his nose shrinking and becoming slightly upturned, his body fat melting away - he had to admire her strength. That, and the face that his head was resting against her soft bosom.

“Ch-changing,” he muttered, “it’s all t-too much.”

“Don’t worry! Tess is getting the medical officer, and I’ve already got an ambulance coming. Just breathe, okay? Keep breathing. Tell me what’s going on after you’ve taken a couple of breaths.”

Stan, for all his faults, had always been a leader. Decisive, willing to take action. Now, as Barb, *she* still possessed those qualities, just in a much more caring manner. It helped calm Rufus enough to speak.

“I th-think I’m - ahhh - okay!”

“It’s not a heart attack?”

“N-no! D-doesn’t hurt! But there’s - NGHH!!”

Long dark hair extended, changing colour until it was almost black. A large pressure in his hips followed, and there was an audible *POP* as they sort of dislocated outwards, before reconnecting to an expanded pelvis. Rufus tried to stand, only to feel his feet shrink a little. His belly fat continued to dissipate - no, not dissipate, it was shifting! He grunted and groaned as the alien feeling of his fat gliding to new positions in his body. Much of it settled into his behind, causing his ass to swell almost sensually, but other parts swarmed up to his chest, bloating it, giving into the pressure.

Tears brimmed in his eyes, tears of joy at the developments. Even among the harsh beating of his heart, the fear that something might go wrong, he rejoiced at the expanding of his blue tulip, and hoped that a different kind of feminine ‘flower’ would bloom between his thighs.

Barb continued to hold him, whispering encouragements, somehow not even noticing the fact that a heaviness was settling on Rufus’ chest, beautiful B-cup boobs growing into

place. They wobbled slightly as he shifted against her, and it felt utterly wonderful. He'd need a bra! An actual bra!

More changes, more shrinkages and redistribution of tissue and fat. His gut swelled briefly, subsiding as various organs were pushed uncomfortably to the side. Could that be a womb? And actual *uterus* developing? He prayed it was the case. Another tingle of his skin, and it darkened, ever-so-slightly, even as his lips puffed up a little, and his face seemed to shift. What was he becoming? Was his magic putting its own spin? Or was the contract fully in control? He hadn't been meditative at all, quite the opposite! His body shrunk a couple of inches, He squeaked as his clothes became even less snug, except around the chest, hips, and ass. It was becoming all too much. His vision was getting hazy.

"Rufus! Rufus, stay with me honey. Ya'll are gonna be okay, you hear?"

"It's so . . . magnificent," he gasped, in a slightly higher voice.

The last thing he saw was Tess running with a wheelchair ahead of the company doctor, and Sita not too far behind them.

Another dream in the field of blue flowers. The tulips were in even greater bloom now, magical energy cascading from them into the air. The night sky was as magnificent as it had been before, great galaxial spirals of stars floating like motes of sparkling dust above.

And then there was the woman.

She was smiling. Rufus couldn't see her face, but he could somehow tell. Magic exuded from her body, and her hair was thick and dark. She was a little closer this time, enough so that he could make out her broad thighs and thinner waist. But her face, her race, her age, her dress, they were all a mystery. He couldn't even tell if she was naked. She extended a finger, beckoning for him to come closer.

He began to walk, then jog, then sprint. With each movement, something bobbed on his chest, and bounced at his behind. But no matter how fast he ran, she was always just a little further away.

'Watch that you control your changes, or your changes will control you.'

He reached to try to grab the woman's arm, the distance somehow vast and yet close at the same time, and instead he tumbled into darkness.

Chapter 4: New Clothes

Rufus woke in a hospital bed and instantly knew his body had changed. For one, he was a *lot* lighter than he used to be. For two, he could feel long, luxurious hair resting over his shoulders. And for three, there was a non-insubstantial weight upon his chest, as well as some extra padding on his behind which made his rest oddly comfortable.

"It happened," he said to himself, voice only slightly croaky, "I changed. Somehow. I - I think / had something to do with it."

"You did."

He jerked his head quickly around to see Sita Chaudhari sitting at the bedside, a book in her lap. She beamed at him, though the corners of her eyes were a little creased in concern.

"Sita!"

"Hello, Bianca."

He furrowed his brow briefly in confusion, but the woman just continued to smile, her white toothy grin almost playful in expectation.

The penny dropped.

"Holy shit, that's me, isn't it?"

She nodded eagerly. "Mm-hmm. Do you like it?"

"Bianca . . . Bianca . . . Bianca. I really think I do. I'm a woman then?"

He went to reach between his thighs, uncaring about Sita's reaction. To his frustration, there was still his male package there, but it was quite reduced in size.

"Not entirely, though you are very close, Bianca."

The word put a light inside him. Bianca. He was getting used to it.

"Can - can I see myself?"

"Of course you can."

Rufus - no, *Bianca* - pulled himself up from the bed and awkwardly got down from it. A few extra bits jiggled slightly beneath his hospital gown. On the shelf beside the bed was an abundance of flowers and 'get-well' cards.

"How long have I been here?"

"Just overnight. It's about three in the afternoon now," she replied. She gestured at the large flowers and several cards. "*This*, however, is the result of the IT department suddenly being *very* appreciated."

Rufus - *Bianca dammit!* - chuckled, looking over the little well-wishes. Naturally, Tess had organised it, as Sita informed him. They were all heavily concerned that their 'Bianca', as they now remembered him to be, could be seriously ill. Tess had even stayed part of the night before the hospital shooed her out. But what surprised the changing man most was

that apparently Barbara had also been there. His gorgeous boss had left behind the large vase of flowers, and even worked late to organise his leave so that it wouldn't impact him, and even pushed corporate to cover his health fees as an 'on the site' accident, citing that old carpet tear in the staffroom as part of the issue - the very tear that was obviously metres away from the actual accident.

Something fluttered in Bianca's heart as he took it in. Not only that his workplace now cared for him, but that his boss had taken such special care. He felt his nipples harden a little - an alien feeling - and realised his thoughts were trending in an unintentionally sensual direction.

"Um, let's see the new me," he said.

"I think you're going to like it. I'll give you some privacy."

She let Rufus step into the bathroom, and he closed the doors. The lights came on automatically, and he gasped at his new appearance. He had changed far more than he thought.

In the mirror was a figure who was undeniably more female than male. She had a light olive skin tone, no longer purely Caucasian, and while she was a little taller than average for a woman - perhaps around 5'7 or 5'7 - it was quite a reduction from her previous height as a 5'11 man. Rufus' wide shoulders had slimmed massively as part of that reduction. They were still a little broad, giving the impression that she was a swimmer, perhaps. The woman had a face that was a little androgynous, but overall quite cute. Her lips were full, perhaps the most feminine feature in that area, though her eyebrows were also thick and dark and perfectly contoured. The beard she'd had as a man was gone entirely, replaced by soft, smooth skin. Even her jaw had changed; no longer a large square thing but instead rounded, even a little pointed! The most startling contrast for her was in her eyes. No longer did she have Rufus' piercing blue specimens, but instead amber irises that bordered faintly on the unnatural, or at least the exotic. It matched her dark, curly hair that hung in ringlets around her shoulders. It was surprisingly heavy.

"I look almost Latina," she marvelled. Her voice was still a little croaky, even after she drank a little water, but it was identifiably higher in octave. "I wonder what I look like beneath."

Cautiously, she removed her hospital gown and underwear.

"Oh, wow. Okay, so I'll definitely need a bra."

Her naked form beneath the gown made her shiver in excitement. Her nipples had grown in size, becoming brown with an obviously feminine areola. But more than that, her breasts had come out of hiding; there was a wobble to them, a slight jiggle. She held them in her hands and savoured their sensitivity; they were not huge, but not entirely modest-sized

either. From what he knew of breasts, they were likely a respectable B-cup. She spent more than a little time cupping them and letting them drop, loving their slight weight upon them.

“And my waist! And my ass!”

She turned, admiring the change in her figure. The fat had most *definitely* redistributed across her body. She now had a set of prominent hips, as well as a more rounded ass, though still a little flat compared to where he’d want it to be.

“Damn, I’m finally becoming an actual woman and now I’m complaining.”

Still, there was certainly more padding on her rear, which extended to her thighs. Rufus had thighs like tree trunks, but hers were more like the thick thighs of a sexy Latina. She spent several seconds admiring them, and her body as a whole, as she posed in the mirror. Her hair bounced, curls shifting over her shoulders and neck in a way that was entirely unfamiliar. She felt over her skin, and adored the heightened sensitivity.

The only thing to truly ruin it was the penis still hanging between her legs. It was smaller, less than half its original length, but it was still there, testes like little cherries dangling behind it.

“Damn.”

It was frustratingly familiar to have that appendage. It shouldn’t be there. It wasn’t supposed to be, not from her very birth. But it was still there.

“These changes better keep coming,” she said, examining herself one last time before placing her hospital gown back on.

It only occurred to her as she was stepping back out of the bathroom that it had been some minutes since she had thought of herself as Rufus, or even as a ‘he.’ It came so naturally, to begin thinking of herself as a woman.

“Feeling better?” Sita asked.

This time it was Bianca who burst into an incredible smile.

“Much better,” she said, as tears of joy began to fall down her cheeks. “Much better.”

One major interruption Bianca found that came with her changes was an unexpected one. Whereas the others that changed had much of reality changed around them to accommodate their new bodies, her change had some ‘holes’ in it, namely that while everyone remembered her as Bianca, none of her possessions had actually changed apart from some photos. As such, the wardrobe she would need for her new body did not exist, and she was forced to contend with a variety of XXL men’s clothing that was far too many sizes too big for her. She was practically wearing a poncho when she adorned one of Rufus’ white shirts.

It was what she wore when Tess and Barbara visited the next day after work.

“Oh, you are looking so much better, Bee!” Barb called out as she entered. She wrapped Bianca in a big hug, smothering her once more into her impressive bosom. The jealousy of Barb’s size was still present, but tamed by the fact that she had her own sensitive tits now as well. Tess joined the hug, and it took some extrication just to free herself.

“You have no idea, Barb,” she replied, smiling earnestly, “thanks for all the well-wishers. You didn’t have to push the whole office into sending something Tess.”

The Native American woman who had once been a sexual harrasser with a fetish for ‘ethnic types’ simply blew her off with a gesture of her hand. “Oh please, it’s nothing. We’re besties, after all. Besides, it’s not like I had a date anyhow - that’s tomorrow.”

Bianca felt herself getting giddy. “No way, I don’t believe. No, I mean I don’t believe it. Who is it?”

Tess grinned sheepishly as the three of them moved to the apartment lounge. “Mike from accounting.”

Barb whistled. “I had to approve it. Intercompany affairs and all. Still, I approve. That man is hawwwwt!”

“Are you even allowed to say that Barb, being his boss and all?”

“What? I’m not into him. You know I swing for the other team, girl. Besides, I’m off work hours and visiting a sick friend. What is said between these four walls stays with us. But you go girl.”

“Go girl indeed,” Bianca said. Mike indeed was a nice guy - one of the few ‘good ones’ in the office, though still a bit of an alpha male type in some ways. Weirdly, despite being increasingly a woman, she didn’t feel herself attracted to him at all, even the thought of his abs, which he was always bragging about. Was she a lesbian? It would explain why Barb’s body was such a fucking magnet to her eyeballs. “Thanks so much for coming round girls.”

“And you’re sure you’re okay?” Barb asked. “I’m not asking as your boss, either. I’m asking as your friend?”

The thought that she was somehow friends with Barb in this new reality was such a trip, but a wonderful one. Just like having big strong Rob now be a thin, willowy Native woman.

“I’m good. The hospital cleared me. I was just running low on fluids, hence why I was saying some crazy stuff.”

“Yeah, something about someone called ‘Rufus’,” Tess added. “No idea who that is.”

“Me either,” she said with a grin.

“Still, you have the rest of the week off, and thanks to our new paid leave program, I expect you to take it,” Barb said. She placed her hands on her hips in a figure of mock

authority, and raised one eyebrow. God, she looked damn authoritative and sexy like that, especially with her rectangle glasses. With her finished changes, she couldn't be older than thirty now, and somehow that made Bianca's own feelings towards the other woman a little bit more okay.

"Well, since you're all better, and tomorrow is the weekend," Tess said, "we've decided to help out in another way as well. Sita has informed us that you spoke to her about wanting a bit of a wardrobe change, and frankly girl, if that's the kind of clothing you're going to try to get away in front of *us*, I can see why it's a concern."

Bianca blushed. "It *is* a bit big."

"Yeah, seriously, what were you, three hundred pounds before we met?"

"Just about," she laughed.

"Don't be mean, Tess," Barb cut in.

"I'm just teasing my bestie. The point is, we're going shopping tomorrow. Big time. I'll even buy a few things myself."

"I'm coming too. Think of it like a wellbeing initiative," Barb said.

Bianca looked between the two of them. "I don't have a choice, do I?"

"Nope!" Tess said.

"It's gonna be a girls out day, ya'll!"

Bianca laughed at their enthusiasm, and in disbelief at how quickly her life had changed. After years of pining at the thought of being privy to womanly conversation, jokes, and their mutual boosting up of 'the sisterhood', now she was not only able to access it, but truly be part of it.

"Fine, fine. A shopping trip it is then. Just don't make me go overboard! I'm still getting used to all this."

They gave her an odd look.

"The wellbeing program, I mean. Sita."

"Ah, gotch you. But isn't she great! She's brought so much change!"

That she had.

"Oh. Em. Gee. That is absolutely perfect girl. You'd look sexy as hell in that."

"Oh *damn*! Tess is right honey. You simply *have* to buy that!"

Stan had always had a lot of concern for what he wore, and a passion for looking like the right man for the job. Now, Barb was seemingly just as obsessed with the right attire, though she was a lot more stereotypically female in her response.

Bianca was a little nervous. She knew women put themselves 'on display' more often, and had often fantasised about it herself, but wanting and doing were two very different things. She was standing outside the change cubicle in a tight black cocktail dress that clung to her modest bust, and cut short just above her knees. It worked wonderfully well with her skin colour, and despite its tightness, the lack of pants and low cut of the top actually made it feel quite freeing. What truly made her a bit self-conscious was the penis between her legs that still left her feeling quite masculine, and the fact that Barb seemed to be looking over her quite attentively. The former at least was something that no one seemed to be able to see. The latter on the other hand served to make the new woman very flustered..

“Are you sure it isn’t a little . . . showy?”

“Showy is good!” Tess said.

“I *like* showy,” Barb said.

“Well, you do have a *lot* to show,” Bianca said.

“And don’t I know it,” her boss retorted, adopting a pose that emphasised her stunning bustline and rounded ass.

Three of them giggled.

“Fine, fine, I’ll get it!”

“Add it to the pile!” Tess declared to the beleaguered woman running the dress store.

Already the three of them had been together for as many hours, cycling through various shops in the mall, getting everything from shoes to dresses to tops to pants to lipstick to bras and panties. It was a whirlwind of expenditure, and one that Bianca found herself wrapped up in. Now that she was a woman - or at least perilously and wonderfully close to becoming one - she was committed to throwing herself into the role, even if it did make her feel like an imposter at times. Between Barb and Tess’s numerous suggestions and constant dragging her to the next location, it was like she was a ragdoll being pulled in two directions. The two women had loved commenting on women’s bodies and all the things they’d like to do to them, and now they applied the same logic even as women: Tess towards every hunky guy that passed (though not to Dave/Olga levels, thankfully), and Barb to a number of fetching females. As such, they were dedicated to making sure that Bianca was absolutely enticing to members of the opposite and same sex alike.

As such, styles of all kinds were tried, ranging from outfits that looked like they’d fallen out of the traditional fifties housewife look to a modern biker chick fetish, complete with leather jacket and cool shades. The latter felt more ‘her style’, if she had such a thing yet. She found herself rather drawn to tight t-shirts and equally form-fitting jeans, though perhaps that was a remnant of her masculine clothing style carrying over. Dresses were nice, but she

preferred a mid-length skirt and more feminine top. Mind you, the black dress was certainly starting to feel quite fetching on her.

“Okay, let’s get it,” she said. “And then back to the bras. I need a few more pairs, I think.”

It had been determined indeed that Bianca was a BB-cup. She was surprised at the extra B - she hadn’t known that it even existed! - but it made her feel even more radiant to know that her bustline was a little more prodigious than it seemed three days ago. Indeed, given their faint persistent soreness, she couldn’t be certain that they hadn’t grown a little over the course of the week. They certainly felt a little heavier.

It was Barb that convinced her to try a push-up bra.

“Honey, it does wonders for me.”

“To be fair Barb, a paper bag would still look wondrous on you.”

It was one of the few times she’d seen Barb blush, and the smile she gave made Bianca feel all funny inside.

“Oh, I’m *definitely* a lesbian,” she said when she retreated back to the stall to admire herself. “Holy fuck, Barb is hot. Who would have thought I’d end up with a crush on my own damn boss?”

Bianca posed a few more times. She felt a faint numbness in her member, and hoped that it was a sign of further changes slowly occurring, but it was impossible to tell. After all, she still had a faint soreness in her chest and across her ass and hips, and even her face felt a little ‘unfinished’ in its androgyny. It made the posing a bit difficult; she looked more female than male, but only if she ignored the prominent bulge in her panties that kept ensuring she had to purchase a bigger pair of underwear than strictly necessary, had she been a woman.

“I wish it would go away,” she muttered, as she tried on a new bra. She was actually getting the hang of it. Mind you, hers were relatively small, especially when compared against Barb’s massive melons. How did she contain those? How did they feel, pulling on her shoulders? And were they as sensitive to the touch as Bianca’s were becoming? Surely they were even more so?

Her penis slowly hardened, forming an erection as she imagined Barbara’s deep cleavage, and what it would be like to plunge her face into that great crevasse, how her large, dark nipples would taste. Her body became increasingly turned on by the thought, and her mind conjured further images of their coupling; their brown and olive bodies on a couch somewhere, breasts pressed against one another, both moaning in delight as they played with one another. Her dick became fully erect. Her nipples throbbed, tensing and untensing.

“MMhhmmmm,” she moaned, allowing herself to immerse deeper into the scenario.

In the distance, she could hear someone trying to ask her a question, something about if she was alright in there, or when she was trying out the next thing, or whatever. It

wasn't important. What was important was that she could feel the blue petals unfurling within herself, the blooming of something magical. She rubbed her cock, uncaring of how inappropriate it was within the confines of her little change room. She gasped as she stroked its shorter length, still as delightful to tease as ever. With her spare hand she rubbed the erogenous zones of her chest, drawing even greater pleasure. God, they were so fucking good to touch.

Slowly, the pleasure rose, and rose. She could feel the energy within her, the magical essence at the heart of her changing 'shell', the unbending core which was somehow affecting part of her changes. Without meaning to, she opened it, allowing that energy to tumble out from her being even as her ecstasy grew and grew to the point of nearing orgasm.

"Mmhh . . . ooohhh . . . ahhhhh!"

Her cock grew tense, and she felt her balls squeeze, ready to release her cum. She bit her lip in anticipation.

And then the magic released, even more powerfully than before.

"NNGGHHHH!!!"

Bianca spasmed, clutching the glass of the mirror and pressing her chest against it as her body writhed. Every inch of her was on fire, and she squirmed in ardent discomfort and residual pleasure. It was like an entirely new kind of orgasm was occurring, one that was alien and yet increasingly wonderful.

"Oh God, oh fuck oh God!"

She heard someone shriek outside the stall, but paid no mind to it. What mattered was the budding heat in her chest, her hips, her ass. Her magic coursed through her own body, accelerating the changes and realising the terms of the contract in full. Her ass *swelled*, gathering fat and becoming increasingly smooth. Her panties were converted to an improvisational thong as her cheeks swelled, giving her a sexy pear-shape that put, as the boys in the office would have described it, 'some junk in her trunk.' She clutched her two rounded cheeks, still standing in her lingerie, and whimpered in response to its incredible receptiveness to her touch. The flesh yielded easily to her fingers, which sunk into the mounds, but it bounced back as soon as she removed them. It was strangely arousing, and that arousal only grew as her hips cracked out further apart. Now her lower half was positively womanly, no longer androgynous. She even had a slight bubblebutt. She knew it was nothing spectacular, but it was far more than she'd had.

Other changes followed through, even as voices seemed to panic on the other side of the door. Her waist shrank in further, and her skin turned a darker bronze, making her appear perhaps Mexican or at the very least a quite sun-kissed Latina. Her lips puffed further, her nose broadened a little, and her amber eyes became that little more sparkling.

Even her hair seemed to have an increased shine in it, as it tumbled further past her shoulders to reach her shoulder blades. But it was her breasts which took more of her attention, even as her still-thick fingers shrank down to more petite variants. A sudden pressure, and she cupped her boobs. The flesh expanded, pooling into her new 'girls' and causing them to increase in size and weight. They rose past her sizable BB's and entered what was obviously the impressive C category, perhaps even bordering on D-cups. They certainly looked large, and now had a natural line of cleavage in her bra that was not exactly shallow.

"Yes, yes, yessss!"

The feeling finally evaporated, and it took several seconds for her to check over herself. She now was sporting quite the pair of unmistakable breasts; they bulged out of the cups of her bra a little painfully, and bounced and jiggled as she moved. Yet they were as pert as before, which pleased her. What didn't please her was that despite her increasingly womanly shape - a rather attractive one now - she still had a penis. It was small and pitiful between her legs, its numbness having missed her attention during the other changes, but it was still there. She touched it, recoiled at its surprising sensitivity.

"At least it fits better in these panties now, though my ass is compensating for that," she mused, before touching her throat. "Okay, that voice is definitely female now. Wait, do I have an accent? Hello, am I speaking with an accent?"

She was, but she couldn't for the life of her place it. It was faint, perhaps half-formed, and before she could say anything else to perhaps figure out its origin the door to the stall suddenly burst open. Bianca flung her hands up to conceal her breasts, and her penis was already tucked within her panties, though thanks to the magic they wouldn't notice it anyway.

"I knew it!" Barb said. She and Tess were at the door, and their expressions were ones of shock and perhaps a little fury. "See? It *is* real. She has a penis!"

"Oh my God, she does. Holy fuck, is this a dream? What's happened to us, Stan?"

"I don't know Rob. But that - that Bianca there is really our Rufus."

The two gorgeous women stared at her accusingly.

"Rufus, what the fuck is happening to us?" Tess/Rob pleaded. There were slight tears in her eyes, but Barb/Stan was all business, her arms crossed over her mighty cleavage, which she kept looking down to with a bit of shock.

"Why the hell have we turned into fucking diversity hires?" she asked.

Bianca suddenly felt like Rufus again. It had all collapsed, somehow she had done it with her uncontrolled burst of magic.

Somehow she had given their memories back.

"Well, do you remember or not?"

She didn't know what to say.

Chapter 5: Memory and Magic

Bianca had managed to get them out of the clothes shop before Barb/Stan tore someone's head off. She was a voluptuous hottie with curves in all the right places, but no one doubted her formidable presence when she was angry, and right now she carried the wrath of both halves within her. It was only when Bianca said "I'll explain everything if you'll just come with me" that Tess/Rob convinced the angry black woman to go along with her. She brought them to the food court, urging them to sit in an otherwise empty set of seats where they could talk among the noise and not be overhead.

"Holy fucking shit, I have tits. I have big stonking tits. God, do these things ever stop moving, Rob?"

"I don't know Barb. I mean Stan. Boss. Mine are pretty slim. But I definitely feel pretty weak. I've lost all my damn gym gains, and I've turned into an Asian hottie. Wait, that's not right, Native American. Why did I ever think they were Asian?"

"Because you were a total bigot. I can't believe I said stuff about black women when they face so much - now what the damn hell am I talking about? God, it's like I've got two minds!"

Bianca watched the two have a conversation she could barely follow, one where they talked to their 'other self' as much as each other and her. Barb/Stan continued to adjust her breasts, drawing the eyes of every red-blooded male in the food court, while Tess/Rob occasionally winked at several of them herself, before widening her eyes in horror.

"Fuck. I can't stop thinking about hot white dudes. What am I, some sort of reverse racist now?"

"You think that's bad, I'm fucking tearing up here," Stan/Barb replied, grabbing a napkin and wiping her face. Bianca. I mean Rufus, what is this? I don't - why do I have two sets of memories? I can remember the damned Bronx ya'll, and I've never even been there!"

Bianca let out a heavy sigh, feeling her enlarged breasts rise and fall pleasantly. She wished she had more time to experiment with her new body, see how many of her new dresses and shirts either didn't fit her, or fit *very well* upon her. Instead, she had this disaster on her hands.

"It's - it's magic," she said.

The two looked at her.

"Bullshit."

"Magic isn't real."

She shrugged. "I don't know what else to tell you. I've seen it. You think some science experiment did this? You think the technology exists for that? Rob, you literally got turned into the type of girl you fetishise. Stan, you were very creepy towards black women,

and could never shut up when talking about a big pair of tits. Now you fit both categories, and with an ass to boot. Well, booty, more like.”

She was surprised at how stern she was being, perhaps even tactless. Somehow, the more she became the gender she was always meant to be, the more she felt able to be assertive. The two former males gaped at her.

“Fine,” Barb/Stan said, “but - but why? Goddamit, I’m just realising that Chandra Patel - I mean Nathan Menk - has been turned into a goddamned Hindi woman. She, he, whatever, she’s only twenty something years old now! She’s engaged now, for Chrissakes!”

Bianca had heard the rumour, and now it was seemingly confirmed. In fact, a lot of the ‘new’ girls of the office seemed in a hurry to pair up with someone else - or many someones, in Dave/Olga’s case. They weren’t exactly bimbos, but it was undeniable that their libidos had heightened significantly, just as her own had. The change stall was proof of that.

“I know it’s a lot to come to terms with,” she said, “but it’s really not that bad, trust me. We all signed a contract, and part of that contract was fulfilling the new legal diversity requirements at Commtech. Okay, so most of us were tricked a little-”

“A little!?” Tess/Rob exclaimed. “I’m another *race*, dude! I have a vagina! If what you’re saying is true, then that new HR head Sita did this to us. Rufus, you’ve been my best friend forever, you have to agree this is fucked up, right?”

Bianca smirked a little, unable to help herself. “Rob, Tess and I have been friends forever. You and I were just cubicle coworkers who occasionally made idle chit chat.”

Tess/Rob groaned and clutched his head in hands. “Goddamned confusing. And everything is so soft now.”

“You’re complaining? You’re not the one with fucking melons the size of upstate New York on your chest.”

“But you like them,” Bianca butted in.

“Ya’ll know it!” she replied automatically, before recoiling in horror. “This - this isn’t right. It’s like I’m two people, but they’re really the one person living two damn lives.”

“That’s your essence in two shells. It’s magic. I’m sort of learning it and-”

“I don’t give two shits!” she declared, deferring to her male anger. She stood, making a bit of a ruckus, and pushing back the chair with her large ass. “I’m heading straight to where Sita Chaudhari is holed up, and I’m going to drag her out and do whatever it takes to be a man again. Goddamn, Dave’s been having sex with all those men, the poor man.”

Bianca managed barely to suppress a cough. If ‘poor man’ meant ‘moaning way too loudly in pleasure as a male staffer nailed her against the printing machine’, then yes, *she* was poor.

“I’ll come. I want my muscles back. I want my damn dick back.”

Tess/Rob stood, dainty fists balled. The willowy woman looked like she had all the offensive power of a butterfly, but her anger was something to behold.

“Wait!” Bianca exclaimed, standing as well. “Please! You don’t have to do this! Think of how happy you are. You’re younger, healthier, you’ve no longer bigoted. You have seen another side of life and - and - Ngh!”

Again that wash over power over her, and again it unfurled from her very core. It exploded outwards, but instead of altering her own body any further, it coiled and twisted into the nostrils and mouths of her two co-workers. Startled at the invisible energy invading their bodies, they both coughed on the spot.

“I’m sorry! I don’t know what I did! I’m still learning to control it - are you okay?”

She moved to check on Barb first, despite knowing she and Tess were technically closer, and the curvy woman turned with a smile.

“Of course I’m okay honey, good and golden.” She gave a wide grin. “What were we just talking about?”

“I think we were talking about how silly it was for Bianca here to buy little B-cup bras,” Tess said with a chuckle as she pointed at her developed chest. “After all, I think it’s gonna be a tight fit!”

Bianca blinked, amazed. Their male memories had once again been locked away, and somehow she had done it. She looked at Barb, eyes tracing over her form.

“Watch out,” Barb said, thrusting out her chest a little. “If you go window shopping, you might just have to buy something.”

Bianca blushed deeply, and made some excuse to urge the conversation on.

For the rest of the day they remained together, and their memories did not come back. Barb continued to give Bianca those same interested looks, and it didn’t take a genius to recognise a little mutual interest. Tess had to leave to grab lunch, and there was a tension-laden sharing of food between Bianca and Barb before they finally parted.

It was only later, when Tess dropped by to visit, furious, that Bianca realised what her apparent ‘bestie’ had been trying to do.

“I was trying to be your wingman and set you up, stupid! Why do you think I kept putting you in all those low-cut tops you usually avoid? Why do you think I suggest lunch between you two then hightailed it out of there? God Bianca, I love you girl, but need to make a move already, because Barb is too principled to do so. I can’t believe I’m saying this, but you need to grow some ovaries and sleep with your damn boss.”

Bianca was stunned, not for the first time that day. She *wished* she could make that move, but the events of the day and her own powers scared her. What if the memory restoration happened again? What would Stan think about that?

Sita paced around her office, looking a little like a gnome wandering back and forth around Santa's desk, due to her size. She was frowning, intense. There was no smile, and that made Bianca worried.

"That shouldn't have happened. To be able to override a contract; there's some chaos in this mix, and you're at the centre of it, I'm afraid."

It was another week later, and Sita had spent much of it studying away in her office, trying to solve the riddle of what had happened the prior weekend between her various HR duties. For a brief moment, Tess and Barb had regained the memories of their former lives, and struggled to figure out the balance with their new ones. It had concerned Bianca, upsetting the feeling of progression she'd finally had, and it continued to haunt her in the aftermath of informing Sita. The head of HR viewed it with shock and treated it with gravity, but for the duration of time until it was sorted, Bianca had to simply act normal - as normal as a freshly altered woman could be - and try to soak in details and clues. Of these, there were many: Cindy was going steady on her dates, and in fact seemed head over heels with her muscular boyfriend, but she talked of occasional dreams where she walked on two feet instead of using her wheelchair. Olga surprised a lover when she reacted in shock at being penetrated by him. The sexy Hungarian practically scrambled out of the janitor's closet with her clothes half off. She had no idea why she had acted that way. And then moments later, the memory was gone. Even Chandra, the former Nathan Menk who was a sweet, happy individual, occasionally said something oddly snappy before launching into a procession of apologies.

"This is all because of me then," Bianca said dourly.

Sita nodded, a sad smile on her features. "I'm afraid so. You're a vortex, a magical instability causing those who have signed the contracts to remember their lives before their contracts."

"How do I stop it?"

"You need to find your balance. Your centre, as I've been saying."

Bianca grew frustrated. "It's kind of hard to find your centre when my own changes are all over the place! I change in fits and spurts only when I lose my centre!"

"That's the magic cascading out of you. You need to be careful with that; it can be destructive. You should be able to accelerate the changes of the contract on your own without becoming impatient."

Bianca sagged in her seat. "It's just . . . I'm so close to being a full woman. Being who I'm meant to be. And now all this insanity is happening."

Sita gave her a compassionate look from across the desk. "I know, Bianca, I know. This is the worry of magic. I never imagined I would come across a magical sensitive - they're very rare outside of established families."

"That's good, I guess."

A beaming grin characteristic of the head of HR. "It's very good, trust me. Magic, as you have seen, can be a wonderful change for the better in this world. Just look at how the office has changed around us."

She gestured to the world beyond the large windows of her office. Outside it, Olga was playing with her latest male interest's tie, clearly flirting. Cindy was chatting happily with another female staffer, the two of them laughing at some unheard of joke before she wheeled back to her station - a far cry from her depressive male self. Chandra was on a phone call, organising appointments even as she drew little hearts on her notepad - apparently, there was talk of her being very close with her boyfriend. And in the far corner, Tess and Barb were engaged in what seemed to be a hushed conversation. Both were flicking their eyes to Sita's office, and their expressions were serious, almost conspiratorial.

"Shit," Bianca said.

"Well, I didn't expect that! I mean, I think it's an improvement on the bigoted, exclusive space it once was-"

Bianca shook her head and turned. "Oh no, sorry! I didn't mean your work, I mean Tess and Barbara over there. They - maybe I'm getting paranoid, but it looks like they're planning something. They're looking this way, talking and looking very serious."

Sita stood. "Another restoration of their memories, perhaps."

"That's what I'm thinking."

Sita, to her surprise, actually smiled, almost seeming to bounce on her small feet.

"This could be excellent."

"What? How?"

"It's an opportunity for you, as my apprentice. You can go find out what they're planning."

Bianca turned, agitated, and felt her expanded bosom bounce in her tight-fitted new blouse. That was one thing, at least, that she was enjoying.

"Why me?"

"Precisely *because* your changes aren't finished. It's an opportunity. And also because I can't approach them if they suspect me. But you might remember that they don't know that you are on my side in this."

Bianca weighed it in her head. It did make sense.

"Okay, I'll go check it out then."

“Thank you. Remember, find your centre. You’re getting close to being able to transmute the small stuff. Trust me, it comes in handy with clothes sizes and colours!”

Bianca gave a weak smile. “That would be pretty damn useful. I’ve outgrown half of my bras, and they’re frickin’ expensive. And a lot of my jeans are tight around the hips now.”

“You’re turning into quite the lovely Latina, I think.”

“Yeah, I just wish the change would get along. Sick of this damn penis.”

“Well, this is your opportunity to tap into your essence. Best of luck.”

Bianca sighed, felt her breasts rise and fall quite pleasantly, and left the office.

“How are you going, Bee?” Chandra asked. “Sita want anything from you?”

The young Indian woman that had been Nathan Menk gave a delightful smile. She really was quite a beauty, particularly in her professional red sari and golden jewellery. She had ruby red lipsticks and dark eyeliner that emphasised her large dark eyes and cute, rounded face, and her dark hair spilled around her shoulders elegantly. Her sweet voice came as a far cry from the racist tirades of Nathan Menk.

“All good Chandra, but thanks for asking. Just a wellbeing check up, you know how Sita is.”

“Oh, *don’t* I? So lucky to be her secretary, she’s so peppy and cruisy,” Chandra replied in her gorgeous Indian accent. “Such a good head of HR, isn’t she? She actually cares about us.”

“Yeah,” Bianca said, “she does. Do you - do you feel happy, Chandra?”

The woman raised her eyebrows. “Why do you ask?”

“I was just, I don’t know, I was just wondering.”

Chandra gave a smile that was almost as big as Sita’s was. She gestured in an exaggerated fashion as she spoke. “Oh, Bee, I am *very* happy. *Very very* happy, in fact.”

Again she gestured in an exaggerated manner, holding out her hands.

“So *very very very* happy.”

For a moment, Bianca was wondering if the former man-turned current friend was having a stroke. And then she saw it. A big silver engagement ring with a red ruby stone in its centre, on her ring finger.

Bianca gasped, feeling suddenly incredibly giddy. She actually *squealed* a little, her whole body infected with excitement.

“Oh my God, Chandra! Oh my God!”

She wrapped the woman in a hug, and Chandra laughed.

“I know! Isn’t it wonderful!”

“When? How? Details, girl?”

“By the beachside, as the sunset. We were walking together, and he dropped to one knee when I wasn’t looking. I turned around, and Mark had the biggest grin on his face, and was holding this out!”

She flashed the red ring again, and Bianca squealed a little more. She placed her hands on her cheeks in a feminine gesture of surprise.

“God, it’s so lovely! And you said yes?”

Chandra laughed. “Of course I said yes! I know we’ve only been together for less than two months, but I’ve never connected with anyone like him before. He’s so kind, and charming, and - and - and sexy!”

The two giggled like schoolgirls.

“And it’s true what they say about black guys, by the way,” Chandra said, an eyebrow raised in amusement. “The ring isn’t the only thing that’s ‘big’.”

“Lucky you.”

“I know!”

“I’m so happy for you Chandra. I am so, so happy.”

The two embraced again, their chests squishing against each other. Bianca was only a little turned on by this - it seemed a side effect of Sita’s changes was that everyone was a little hornier by nature - but mostly she was just happy for her friend. And happy also to be having these conversations, to be part of the ‘sisterhood’ that could gossip and laugh and support one another on a deeper level than men did.

She talked with Chandra a couple more minutes before returning to work. She had a couple of support tickets to sort out, but she kept her eye on Tess and Barb, who were apparently writing down ideas or notes on a shared piece of paper by the watercooler together. They were *definitely* up to something.

As Bianca sorted a couple of tickets for the guys, she mused on the nature of memories. Sita was right, everyone was undeniably happier now, her perhaps most of all. The fact that with each step she felt her ample C-cups bobble in her bra a little, and her expanded ass bounced behind her pencil skirt, was a continual reminder of her proper body nearly having finished its transition, and the joy that came with it. But was it right for the others not to know? They were still the same people, down to the core. After all, Chandra literally met her boyfriend golfing at the same place Menk often went, and apparently she was still *really* into old cop shows, much to Mark’s continual amusement. But didn’t they each deserve the choice? Tess may love her life, her Native American ancestry, her sense of fashion, but surely Rob deserved a say?

She was pulled from that thought by another male coworker emailing a support ticket. She smirked; it was interesting that as her boobs had gotten bigger, her figure a bit more

shapelier, and her face prettier, that she was suddenly receiving a *lot* more requests for support than before.

“Thanks Bee, you’re the best!”

“That’s solved the problem. How do I stop this from happening again?”

“Hey, while you’re here Bianca, did - did you want to go to a game together this Saturday? On like a date, maybe?”

Each time she gave a smile, and spoke in her light accent.

“You know it!”

“Make sure you press the ‘ON’ button, Steve.”

“Oh, I’m sorry Jerry. I’m actually into girls! But best of luck - I hear that Pam might be interested? She’s a big sports girl.”

After all, she had been a rabid sports *guy* until recently.

Still, as funny as it was to be getting so many support tickets, and as nice as it was to be encouraged and appreciated as the ‘IT Gal’, it meant that it was difficult to get close to Barb and Tess and ambush what they were discussing. Several times Barb had to go check on other matters, and Bianca would pass her. Each time she would feel that flush of heat in her body - she was starting to realise that she definitely had it bad for Barb. But oddly Barb didn’t have time to chat. Instead, she continued to return to Tess and discuss their secret project when she had time. Tess, similarly, only had a few things to say to Bianca about office affairs, but avoiding the subject of Barb when it came up, deflecting to other girls of the office instead.

“Hey, how about awesome news about Chandra?”

“I know, right? God, I hope we get invited to her wedding.”

“The whole office is getting invited. She’s practically filling a stadium with all the invites. Did you hear the news about Olga?”

Bianca shook her head. “No? Last I saw she was chatting up another dude.”

“Oh, she was, until suddenly she got a strange bout of nausea and had to run to the bathroom.”

The dots connected, and Bianca gasped. “No! Really? Are you sure she’s not just sick?”

Tess grinned. “Maybe, could be. But she’s been going *pretty* hard at the sex life. She’s a total addict. Maybe it’s a European thing. And she threw up two days ago at 10am as well. *And* she’s been complaining about her boobs being sore.”

Bianca gaped. The notion that Dave, the sex-obsessed little man whose sheer persistence and obsession with pickup artist techniques had managed to land him a number of blondes and redheads in his time, was now himself a hot redhead who was possibly pregnant, it galled the mind! A perfect irony.

“God, can you imagine how horny she’ll be in her second trimester?” Tess chuckled. “That’s if she’s pregnant at all. But I hope so! Everyone loves an office baby! Anyway, I’ve got to go - I have a thing with Barb.”

“Yeah, what’s up with that? Are you two - look, is there something going on I need to know?”

Tess’s expression became serious. “You’ll see,” she said, almost a little ominously.

Bianca squeezed her fists. She felt a little burst of magical frustration in her, and focused on that scene of the beach. On calmness.

The magic subsided.

“Good,” she breathed. “Find the centre. Keep control.”

It was only near the end of the day that she received one final support ticket. One that included both Tess’ email address.

Problem with computer. Come see Area B hallway for server issue.

“That is the vaguest damn report I’ve ever seen,” Bianca said. “There’s not even a server in Area B at all. What are these two doing?”

She readied herself for the worst. After all, it was likely that the two were at least experiencing fleeting memories thanks to her outbursts of magic. She needed to focus on ensuring they told her everything so she could report back to her magical mentor. She took a deep breath, adjusted herself, and made her way to Area B.

As she walked, she appreciated the clack of her new heels upon the floor, the sway of her hips. After the shock of briefly restoring Tess and Barb’s memories, she had been quite anxious over the following week, and her appreciation of her new form had taken a backseat to that anxiety. But after a day of being needed, encouraged, even flirted with - an unfamiliar sensation to the old Rufus, but an appreciated one - she was feeling more womanly than ever. Her dark curls bounced lightly with each step, and - feeling a little tight in her new white bra - her C-cup boobs bounced a bit more heavily. She relaxed into a feminine gait, allowing her hips to sashay from side to side. A couple of passing men even gave her appreciative stares. She wasn’t attracted to them thanks to the contract making her lesbian, but she felt glowing just from their attentiveness. She just wished her panties were a little more comfortable around her male package. No, she wished the package didn’t exist.

She reached Area B and found it empty but for Tess. Her bestie waved her over.

“Bianca! Hurry up! There’s not much time!”

Bianca ran forward, stumbling a little. Her new brain still wasn't quite used to heels. It gave her a reputation of being a bit adorably clumsy. And to be fair, Rufus had been quite clumsy too, so it wasn't a massive change.

"Tess? What is it? What's this all about? Is this about the memories?"

"The what now? Oh, computer slang. I keep forgetting you're an IT geek because you're so gorgeous. No, there's something super important you need to see in the storage closet here. It's an emergency, and it's got Barb worried about the safety of our IT department."

Bianca raised an eyebrow. "Um, there isn't any computers in -"

"Just check it out, okay! It's really important. And tell me how it goes afterwards!"

She fled the scene before Bianca could even ask another question, and it was then that she noticed that the ends of the hallway now had little signs to indicate the area was closed for walking for now. Whatever it was that was going on, it must have been serious. She opened the door to the storage room.

Barb was inside, the buttons of her blouse undone and revealing a *ton* of cleavage.

"Hey, Bianca," she said, in a voice that oozed dominance and sexiness.

"Barb? What's going on? Tess said you had an issue?"

The other woman smiled. With her full lips and cute dimples, it was a devastatingly attractive look. Her blouse was tight around her thin waist, her skirt flaring out at her hips and conforming to the shape of her rear. Her hair was pulled back in a frizzy ponytail, exposing her perfect cheeks.

"Oh, there's an issue alright. A bit one I was facing. In fact, it's been on my mind a lot recently. It concerns *you*, Bianca."

"Me? Um . . ."

Her heart beat fast in her chest. Goddamn, she didn't expect her transformation to make her so horny; her little penis was becoming hard, and her nipples were tensing within her bra, pushing against the material. It only got worse as Barb stepped forward, her dark heels clacking on the floor, her own impressive pair of hips swaying.

"Yes, *you*. We have a lot of rules in our office, Bianca. It's important that as a manager, I uphold them. I try to be fun, and inspire my wonderful workers, but you see, there are limits to what even I can get away with. Which has made it hard being around you."

Another step closer. Bianca's chest heaved, but it was nothing compared to Barb's chest, which jutted out impressively from her figure, large and yet somehow perfectly suited to her body type, rather than out of place. They wobbled heavily, her cleavage jiggling as she moved closer to Bianca.

"What's hard? I thought - I thought we got along," Bianca said. God, did she *have* to look so damned sexy while having this meeting?

“Mmmhm, we do get along, Bee. I think we do, a lot. In fact, I had a great time shopping with you last week, and again when we had after work drinks, and at trivia night. You really know your Latin American history.”

“I’ve, uh, been doing some research.”

“I thought it was because you’re Ecuadorian.”

So *that’s* what she was! It was nice to know, but she couldn’t get distracted by that, especially not when Barb’s incredible rack was almost pushing against her own. The woman loomed over her, taller than her own shortened form.

“Oh, ah, yeah, that too.”

“Mhm. But we’re getting off track. I was stuck between a rock and hard place, Bianca. You see, I’ve been thinking about you a lot recently. In fact, I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you. Or take my eyes off you.”

Bianca’s own eyes widened. Holy shit. So that’s what this was about.

“Oh,” she managed. Damn, even being a woman didn’t take away how crap she was at flirting. “That’s . . . nice.”

Nice? What the hell was wrong with her? It was fucking fantastic! Thankfully, it didn’t seem to deter Barbara, who simply giggled.

“I like the way ya’ll get flustered so easily. But you know there are problems with being a manager and having relationships with your employees, or even interest in them. So I talked to Tess, since she knows you so well. And she told me to go for it. In fact, she had to really convince me, because I was worried about the ramifications. But she really is an evil genius, isn’t she?”

“The *most* evil,” Bianca said, unable to suppress her smile.

“Because she organised this entire thing. This closet space. This . . . privacy.”

The room suddenly felt *very* private. *Very* warm. Barb continued.

“So here I am, Bianca. It’s a risk, I know, but it’s one I’m willing to take. I like you. I’d go so far as to say I think you’re fucking hot. But I don’t want to go any further on this if you don’t feel the same way or if you feel intimidated-MMPH!”

Bianca pressed herself against Barb and pulled the other woman in for a deep, erotic kiss. Her lips were wonderfully full, her dark skin soft and comforting. Barb immediately returned the gesture, grabbing Bianca by her newly-feminised ass and fondling it. It made Bianca moan - how could an ass be so wonderfully sensitive? It must be part of the magic, unless Latina girls were hiding something. She returned the favour by pulling her face away from her boss’s lips and beginning to kiss the other woman’s neck. At the same time, she worked rapidly trying to unbutton her boss’s blouse.

“Woah, honey! Steady girl! I’ll take care of it.”

“I want to feel them. Your tits are so fucking hot.”

“I’ll show you mine if ya’ll show me yours.”

They kissed, tongues dancing and tangling in each other’s mouths as they worked on their respective clothing, unbuttoning and removing everything. Bianca found a moment to shut the door, the low light of the storage room giving them privacy to go further. She flung her shirt off onto a rack somewhere, and pulled back to see a very different kind of rack presented to her. Barb’s chest was positively stacked; each breast was the size of a cantaloupe, if not bigger, and must have weighed heavily on her shoulders. And yet despite their mammoth size, they were perfectly pert in her black bra, her large melons forming a deep and alluring line of cleavage that Bianca wanted to shove her face right into.

So she did.

“Oohhhh!” Barb exclaimed, partly in surprise, partly in an obvious, burning need. Bianca pressed her face right into her wobbling melons. “Wait, wait! I’ll get this damned thing off, and you can enjoy them in full. My nipples are *very* sensitive. Trust me.”

Bianca kissed and nibbled at her mounds, but removed herself long enough for Barb to remove the bra with a single hand. Judging from her boss’ expression, the woman knew it was a damned sexy motion. The bra fell to the floor, and her breasts sagged slightly. Any chest of that size would sit lower, but Bianca was astonished that they still rode so high, their shape becoming a perfect set of teardrops. She looked like she’d stepped out of a *Maxim* cover, albeit a much racier edition given that her dark brown nipples were large and erect, their areola pleasingly wide.

“Like what you see?”

“Holy shit.”

“That’s a good reaction. Want to feel them?”

“More than anything.”

“Then go ahead girl.”

“Yes, boss.”

“No boss here, just a lover.”

Bianca groped the woman’s chest, and her soft flesh overflowed her palms, the fatty tissue jiggling. She rubbed her fingers over her nipples, causing Barbara to groan softly. The manager pulled her skirt down, and then helped Bianca with her own, who was too entranced with the mammoth tits before her.

Bianca blushed, embarrassed over her still-male aspects. Barb couldn’t see them, but the fact that *she* knew they were there intruded upon their shared passion.

“Take it all off,” Barb said - it was practically an instruction. “I want to see all of you, honey.”

The embarrassment grew, and even upon the ride of arousal that was causing her to *ache* with the need for sex, it was impossible to ignore. She felt her essence, her core, begin to leak her magical potential again.

“No.”

“No?”

“No, I mean yes!”

A raised eyebrow. “No or yes? There’s a lot on the line here, honey. I just want to make sure you’re okay with going all the way.”

“I am, I just - Ngh! I just feel - oohhh!”

“Are you okay?”

She gave a pleading smile, and pressed herself against Barb’s body. She could feel the changes wanting to be released. The burning desire to finally become the woman she was always meant to be. But at the same time she was worried; she didn’t want to stuff things up again!

She could feel Barb’s awesome tits against her own bare chest, and her nipples brushed them, sending pulses of pleasure through her. She gasped in astonishment, everything was so delicate to the touch! Her meager dick was hard, and throbbing. She wanted nothing more in that moment than for it to be a sensitive clit, and for her to have a womanly opening between her thighs.

It was greedy, she knew it. But she wanted to give in.

So she did.

The blue flower, the tulip, as she liked to think of it, opened inside over her. She felt it bloom to its fullest expanse, followed by others that she hadn’t even known were inside of her. The field from her dreams, the one beneath the sprawling galaxy, had been within her all along. In her mind’s eye, she felt herself running towards the distant feminine figure, her ultimate self-expression. Her hand reached out, heart yearning to know who she was meant to be.

And she caught the woman’s hand in her own.

The figure turned, and then the changes began in full.

“OOHhhhhhh!” she moaned, as Barb’s hands began to playfully lower between her thighs. There was a shifting there, a reduction. She felt her lover’s slender fingers touch her most sensitive regions. She gasped again as they came into base contact with her genitals, which were already again half as small.

“You like that, don’t you?”

“I - I do! Oh God, I do!”

The fingers reached in further, and literally *pushed* her penis and balls back into her body. A tunnel opened, an expanse created between her legs, a venus mound rising from

the absence of any maleness. Only the tiniest nub remained, repurposed - as she'd wanted and directed - into a highly sensitive clit. She whimpered as Barb used two fingers to massage it.

"Ah - ahhhh - ahhhhggnmmhhmm . . . that's a-amazing!"

"Try me."

She did, reaching her fingers down to rub at Barb's exposed pussy. The two shivered in delight as they pleased one another, but the magic was still building and cascading outwards, the genie well out of the proverbial bottle. Bianca groaned not just in continued sexual bliss but also in response to the changes that enveloped her. Her pussy finished its formation, heightening even further in sensitivity, but the transformation was not confined to her feminine flower.

Pressed against Barb's chest, Bianca's own pair began to swell outward, expanding to become large melons of their own.

"Nnggggh!!!"

She arched her back, lost in delirium as they rounded out, forming a natural cleavage and becoming much too large for her current cup size. She was easily in the D range now, if not Double D's, and they were surprisingly heavy on her little frame. They were perfectly sized, however, just on the cusp of being too large but not quite going over the threshold. They were even more sensitive, and she giggled as they wobbled continually in time to her movement.

"S-so large!"

"I like a busty woman, and I see you do too."

As before, Barb hadn't noticed the change; her memories had altered to believe Bianca had always been as busty.

"I do, I do Barb!"

She grabbed one of Barbara's huge tits, which were nearly double the size of her own prodigious pair, and squeezed it. She placed her lips over the large brown nipple and licked it, sucking in a manner that made the other woman go weak at the knees.

"F-fuuuuck, it's been too long," Barb gasped. "Keep going. And rub the over one!"

Bianca did so, allowing her boss to savour the sensations of having both sensitive tits fondled. Barb returned the favour nearly a minute later, making Bianca murmur something that she realised was her own new *native language*.

"*Dios Mio!*"

Damn, she was now thinking half in Spanish! Sita wasn't kidding when she said the office was becoming more diverse. She noticed it coincided with a tingling across her skin. She allowed the magic to do its thing, and laughed again in disbelief as her skin darkened even further until it was a rich, dark olive tone. Her thighs thickened further, and she felt her

ass bounce, the juicy cheeks becoming even more aptly described that way as they inflated like basketballs.

“MMHHMMPH!!”

It was the only sound she was capable of making, as her lips puffed up further. Her nose became broader to match her new ethnic makeup, and she felt her hair descend a little further, as well as a flourish. To her shock, several strands of her hair were now blonde, and another light brown.

“H-highlights?” she said, before descending back into whimpers of pleasure.

Her hips expanded, the magic coursing through her being to cause them to widen yet further. Shakira had nothing on her now, it seemed, as they creaked and cracked to form a bottom-heavy figure, the kind that made modern guys go wild. She anticipated some catcalls that demanded she shake her new hips and ass, but resigned herself instantly to the way Barb now stared at them.

“I fucking love a woman with big hips and perfect ass,” she said. “And ya’ll are perfect, girl!”

In a fit of courage she grabbed Barb’s spare hand and pressed it against her hip. She swayed on the spot slightly, dancing sensually even as the other woman’s fingers probed her depths and rubbed her G-spot. Her pleasure was building, and she could feel the magic wanting to escape and find another outlet. She wanted to give in so badly, and just let it loose. It began to burst out of her as a crescendo of ecstasy washed over her like a wave. It spiralled out of her being, expanding through her veins and emanating from her skin.

"Ohhh, ohhh, OOOHHHHH!!!"

She orgasmed, far more powerfully than she ever had. She felt as if she were on the cusp of even greater pleasures yet, of using her magical potential to swell her bliss beyond human understanding, and take Barb with her. For the briefest moment, she let a glimmer of that magic through.

And then she shut the gate back down, locking it tight within her core. She had already changed to become Bianca in full. Sita was right, magic was tempting. One had to use it in balance. Her body shuddered in the aftermath of Barb's ministrations, she fell against her, groping her big beautiful brown tits, running her fingers along the nipples. Barb must have been on the edge of orgasm too, because she suddenly let out a great moan, shaking a little and causing her boobs to bounce and jiggle.

"Mmmhhmmm fffuuuck," she managed. She pulled Bianca into her cleavage, and the two slowly sunk down together against the wall and onto the warm carpet. Both were wonderfully naked, and both were brilliantly close, their smooth and curvy flesh pressed comfortably close.

"That was nice," Bianca whispered.

"Yeah, it was," Barb said.

They stayed together for some minutes, their breaths slowly calming, Bianca's head resting against Barb's right boob as if it were a pillow. It certainly was as comfortable as one. Bianca nestled against her lover a little closer, wrapping her olive arms against Barbara's gorgeous chocolate skin. She only pulled herself upright when the other woman said something she didn't expect.

"I remember," Barb said, her pronunciation packed with meaning. "All of it."

Bianca's eyes widened and she pulled away.

The tiniest wisp of blue light hung in the air before disappearing.

"Oh, shit."

Chapter 6: Decisions

Bianca froze. She had succeeded, hadn't she? She'd thought she'd managed to keep her magic in, and prevent it from overriding the nature of the contract Stan had signed. Sure, some of it had bubbled out, but she had finally found her balance, her centre! Her body had finally taken on all the right proportions - and what proportions they were, especially around the hips - and yet one tiny seam of magic had managed to escape.

"You, uh, you remember what?" Bianca asked.

Barb looked at her like she was an idiot. She was already pulling herself away, gathering her clothing and slowly putting it on.

"All of it, Rufus."

Hearing her old name, her *dead name*, was like getting his in the face with icy cold water. Barb seemed to immediately regret it.

"I'm sorry, Bianca. I should have used my old name instead."

"Why didn't you?"

The curvy black woman seemed to consider this. "I can't rightly say."

"How long have you been able to remember?"

"Since we, uh, well, since we fucking finished."

The use of the invective seemed more classically Stan, but the accent and compassionate gaze seemed more akin to Barbara. Something about her had altered since the last accidental memory restoration.

"I didn't mean to."

"I'm fucking glad ya'll did," she said, before catching her throat. "Well, I guess I say 'ya'll' now. The fuck is all of this? Sita Chaudhari turned our entire office floor into hot ethnic women."

Bianca cringed at the use of the word *ethnic*. Now *that* was classic Stan, and not in a good way. It made her heart thump harder in her chest. How many others in the building, right at that moment, were now remembering their old, male lives? She prayed it was just Barb, here in this privacy where she could sort the situation out.

"You transformed then too," Barb continued, looking over her in amazement. "Ya'll tits got big. Nearly as big as these babies." She hefted her chest in her bra for emphasis, even as she tried to find her discarded blouse. Bianca found it, and passed it to her while she also searched for her bra and panties.

"I think my *culo* and hips got a lot wider."

"Culo what now?"

Bianca blushed. She really did have a new language constantly playing in her mind now, and her Ecuadorian accent made it more prominent when spoken.

“Sorry, it means ass. My changes have affected my mind a little.”

“Like everyone else then. Fuck! This is crazy. I’ve deaged some twenty something years or more, and I’m black, and I’ve got tits out to here. And the weirdest part is it’s all normal to me. I’ve got this whole other life trapped in my skull. Do ya’ll have that too?”

It was a time, Bianca felt, for honesty. She could be duplicitous anymore. She’d lied enough already, about who she was, and now what role she was playing.

“I don’t, no.”

She managed to put the blouse back on; it outlined her cleavage wonderfully.

“Hey, eyes up here honey.”

Bianca looked up to Barb’s smile, which she then abruptly ended by biting her lip.

“Damn, it’s so easy to be Barb. Why don’t you have that? You seem like the old Rufus, only, I don’t know, way more confident or some shit. And girly. But the same.”

Bianca shrugged. “It’s who I am.”

“What’s that mean?”

She didn’t blush this time. She felt no embarrassment. She didn’t want to keep on hiding, or to not be proud of who she was. Not now that she was finally a woman in body as well as mind. Stan, Barb, or whoever this mixture between the two was would just have to deal with that fact.

“It means I’m a woman, Barb. I’ve always been a woman, deep inside.”

“Like, trans?”

She nodded. It was strange, how simply saying it out loud to someone you once feared speaking it to became an empowering act. A heavy burden lifted from her shoulder. The last burden, really.

She felt something settle in her stomach. A balance. A centering in herself. She took a deep breath, and closed the blue tulips, resting them until she called upon them to bloom again. Barb/Stan hadn’t even noticed.

“Wow. I’d never have guessed. You were always just this quiet big man. Never participated much in the blokey talk. Spent most of your time around the few office ladies, but not flirting with them.” Stan/Barb suddenly chuckled. “Jesus, it’s obvious looking back., isn’t it?”

“It took me a long time to learn. But I don’t think Stan was the kind of man who even acknowledged a person like me.”

“He wasn’t, was he?”

Again that curious look came over Barb’s face. It was pensive, thoughtful, and once more there was a compassionate gaze levelled at Bianca.

“You know, when my memories came back that first time - when we were shopping with Tess - Rob, I guess - I wanted to kill Sita. Really hurt her. Force her to turn me back. I was angry as a bull in a china shop.”

Bianca had seen Stan angry. It was not a pretty sight.

“But this time, I feel . . . different. I can’t explain it. It’s like last time, I was pretty much all Stan and just a little Barb. This time, I feel more Barb, but with Stan mixed throughout. Like paint, or something. I don’t know, I’m not a poet.”

“I think I understand,” Bianca said. She hesitated, then placed her hand on Barb’s shoulder. The woman gave a slight smile, clearly appreciating it, but also feeling a bit awkward over the circumstances. “In fact, I think that’s sort of my doing, actually.”

“How so? Did ya’ll cause this?”

“No, it was definitely Sita and her contracts. She’s hired by Commtech to ‘diversify’ the office, but she has an axe to grind against bigots. No offence!”

Barb seemed to take what Bianca had said and rolled it around in her head.

“No, that’s fair. I was a bigot, wasn’t I? A really shitty one. Pretty deserving I ended up as a black woman. Though, ha! I have to laugh at Menk. He’s my buddy, but what sweet desserts, come to think of it. No wonder I have this itch to ask Chandra to play golf all the time. Because we used to.” She chuckled again. “I’m getting off track. How are you to do with this?”

Bianca told her the story, from beginning to end, as best she could. From the moment she started noticing the changes, to when she came out to Sita, from the discovery of her own magic, to the changes that exploded out of her. She didn’t even shy away from how Barb made her feel, first as a compassionate and caring manager, then as a trusted friend, and finally as someone she desired to be her lover. She didn’t spare a detail.

The entire time, Barb was dead silent. It was a very un-Stan-like behaviour. She simply found a stool from the storage rack, pulled it out, dusted it off, and listened, entranced. When the story was finished in its telling she waited some more time, her eyes trembling just a little.

“That’s the whole story,” Bianca said, just to fill the silence.

Barb nodded. “The whole story, so far. Damn, it would have been so easy to stay ignorant as Barb. Will I forget again?”

Bianca consulted the magic deep within her, trying to determine what she’d actually done. There seemed a balance she could detect in Barb, an extension of her own balance, though Barb’s was more precarious.

“No. I’m sure of it. I’ve finally found what Sita calls ‘the balance between core and shell.’ So long as I have that, I should be able to use magic without causing accidental effects.”

"I was the last accidental effect, then."

Bianca turned to her, hesitating briefly. "I . . . don't think you were. I think, in those last moments when we, well, when we came together, I wanted you to know. I wanted to know if what we had - what we could *have* - is real."

Barb seemed to take that in. "I see. You gave me back the Stan part of me, but put it in balance like you found in yourself."

"Yeah, that's the best way to put it, I think."

"Wow."

"Yeah."

"It's a fucking lot to take in, that's for sure."

"I know. I won't - I won't blame you if you're angry with me. If you want to be Stan again. I'll do my best to make that a reality."

Barb sighed deeply, causing her immense bosom to strain against her tight white blouse. "I . . ."

Her voice trailed away. Bianca gave her time, and after a few more seconds, she continued. "I don't think I want to. I think I want to stay Barb. No, that's not right. I damn well fucking *know* I want to stay Barb."

Bianca was shocked. "Wait, really?"

"Yeah girl, really. I was a miserable asshole as Stan. God, the life I wasted. And hanging out with vermin like Menk? Well, just look how things have improved. I'm not terrifying the shit out of my workers to get their respect, they respect me because I care about them. I have people who depend on me, I have youth, I have a new perspective on a lot of things. Hell, as we both experienced, I have multiple orgasms too, and hot damn if that doesn't count for something in this world!"

Bianca giggled.

"And, if you'll still have me, I guess I have you too."

Her gaze met Bianca's, and there was the slightest trace of warble there. Of tears beginning to brim over.

"Don't I?"

Bianca pulled her lover into a close embrace, kissing her deeply. She felt like comfort, and her large chest pressed against her own, stirring further excitement in her.

"You do," she said, when she parted.

Tears fell down Barb's cheeks, and Bianca's own. They both cleared them away, a little embarrassed.

"Wow, this is damn weird. I guess I'm a black woman now. With huge tits, too. The old me would have been laughing at the new me, so I guess I have to too."

“They are very nice tits,” Bianca said, enjoying her stronger accent. “Very nice to touch.”

“Nice to be touched, too. I think I could get a lot more used to that. Damn, there’s going to be a lot of form signing. I’ll have to transfer to another department so we can continue our relationship.”

“You’d do that for me?”

Barb smirked. “That tongue thing on my nipple felt really, really worth it to me. Besides, the new me likes the new you. You’re still kind of shy and awkward, and that’s really cute. But you also are much more assertive than you used to be. Still smart as a tac, though.”

“Well, I have to say I never imagined I would want to date my boss.”

“Well,” Barb said, “he was a real asshole. But I think *she* has gotten a lot better.”

“Yeah.”

“I hate to break the fun female feelings - that’s something the old me would have hated too - it’s kind of intoxicating though - but there’s a question of what we do when we go back up? Sita has changed the office, and there’s a few of my friends and coworkers out there who may want to know what’s happened.”

“Even Nathan Menk?”

Barb rolled her eyes. “Well, she is my friend, as Chandra and as Menk. Even if, with the benefit of a black woman’s insight, he was a real racist asshole. Still, ya’ll should show him his other life. All of them, if you can get the magic flowing again, and learn how to use it. It’s the right thing to do.”

Bianca nodded. “I know. I was thinking that myself. I think I can convince Sita. I just don’t want everything to blow up in our faces.”

“Well, you’re the IT gal, aren’t you? You can problem solve with the best of them.”

Bianca sighed. “I guess we should go up, then. If you’re ready.”

“I’m not. In fact, I’m feeling a bit tense.” Barb smirked, and it was a mix of Stan’s smug grin and Barb’s more playful one. A perfect blend, in fact. “Maybe you could help me out with that? With your tongue, perhaps?”

She didn’t have to ask Bianca twice. The former shy male was all over her curvy boss in seconds, and another bout of moans emerged from the storage room even louder and more passionate than the first time. By the time they were done, fully spent from groping and caressing and teasing each other’s sensitive folds, they conducted another search of their clothing, and made their way back up.

To Sita’s office.

Chapter 7: The Aftermath

Sita regarded the two of them with interest. She actually seemed quite flabbergasted, in fact, over the series of events that had occurred since her earlier meeting with just Bianca.

“Bianca, it’s good to see your transformation has completed itself in full.”

The IT gal beamed a big a smile as she was capable of, a rival to Sita’s own. She couldn’t help but put a hand on one impressive hip and jut it to one side, as if showing off her impressive lower half. Which she was was.

“All finished,” she declared. “I somehow managed it. Barb helped me, in a way.”

Barb chuckled. She hovered a little behind Bianca, her nervousness in front of the woman who had changed her life quite obvious despite her characteristic bravado.

“Are you happy, then?”

“Very happy. I didn’t expect to end up Ecuadorian, it’s a nice change though. And I think it suits the new me, I think.”

Sita handed her a folder with her employee records. “Then you’ll need to get up to scratch on your new identity as well, now that it’s completed, Bianca *Acosta*.”

Bianca took the file carefully, marvelling at the various details of her new life contained within. Sita continued, folding her hands together.

“But for now, there’s bigger matters to discuss. Barbara has her memories back.”

“Damn straight,” the woman said. She folded her arms over bust.

“Was this an accident?”

“I thought it was at first,” Bianca said. She smiled at Barbara before continuing. “But I think on some subconscious level, I wanted her to know. I knew our . . . relationship wouldn’t be genuine if I kept that from her. I wanted her to know.”

“And she was right to,” Barb added. She was staring down at the little magical sorceress, trying to look intimidating but still not stepping any closer.

Sita sighed. “I suppose I can understand that. You two are an item, then?”

They looked at each other, blushed a little. Grinned.

“Yes,” they said as one.

“Tess will be overjoyed. As for me, that’s a lot of paperwork I now have to deal with. You realise you’ll have to transfer, Barbara?”

“It’s worth it.”

Sita smirked. “Oh, I know she is. Bianca here is one of a kind. But what shall we do about your memories? Are you sure you want to keep them? You clearly want to stay as Barbara, but what of the remnants of Stan?”

“I want them too,” Barb said. “They’re important . . . reminders. Of the person I used to be. I don’t want to be that person again, but it’s worth me knowing.”

Sita gave a frustrated look aimed at Bianca, who felt a little sheepish in front of her mentor.

“And what do you think, Bianca? Do you question my methods? You’ve clearly found your balance, though I must admit I never expected exactly the circumstances that would bring it around. I had you looking through books, practicing meditation, and it turns out all you needed,” she gave a meaning look at Barbara, “was an anchor or sorts.”

Again, the two women grinned. Bianca turned back to the magical head of HR.

“I don’t question what you did, Sita,” she started, trying to find the right words to say. Barb placed a comforting hand at her back. “No one can deny the office is a better, happier place. But perhaps the ones you transformed should have a choice now. They’ve lived some time as women - most over three months! It should be enough for each of them to decide on whether they want to go back to who they were, or stay in their new bodies. And also if they want to keep their new memories of not.”

“You think some will refuse to change back? I suspect a strong male pride cannot be broken in three months.”

Barb stepped forward. “And what about their new female pride? I know this woman,” she gestured to herself, “has that in spades. And the me that is Stan can go suck an egg compared to it.”

Bianca laughed. Sita just gave a knowing smile.

“Very well. I’m happy to try something new. It gives me a bit of excitement actually! What will they choose? Could make an interesting magical experiment, and a test of my skills as well!”

The little Nepalese woman was clearly becoming increasingly enthusiastic over the proposal.

“Yes, yes, I think this could be good. Lots of wellbeing opportunities, though my HR schedule will be increased.”

“I can help with that,” Bianca said, “in between the magic training.”

“Me as well, in between the departmental shift.”

“Very well then,” Sita said. “One final time, are you sure about this, Bianca Acosta?”

The use of her full name sent a shiver of excitement down the former male’s spine. She looked over herself; her large breasts, her wonderful hips, her bouncy ass, over her dark olive skin, thick thighs, and slender arms. She was perfect. A word popped into her head that felt utterly fitting, given her new diverse nature.

“*Si*,” she said, heavily accented. “*Si*.”

Four Months Later

A couple of men chose to go back. Jonathan and Riley had both experienced life on the other side, but while they had always been a pair of total fratboys - they had even gone through the same Greek fraternity together - they were not all bad. Life as a Eurasian woman had been fascinating for Jonathan, as had the experience of being an older lady in her late forties for Riley, but both chose to return. Everyone noticed that they were certainly a lot more kind and respectful of the female staff afterwards, and showed a greater appreciation for their contributions. From time to time, there was even an uncharacteristic appreciation for women's fashion.

They were the only ones to change back.

The results had been surprising even for Sita, who expected over half to go back, if not most. As suggested by Bianca, each transformee was given their memories back individually, and given the choice to make their own privately. Peer pressure was an obvious factor to consider; if they were all turned back in the same room, people like Nathan Menk might choose to transform back out of a sense of shame in front of his peers, even if in truth each of them including him secretly desired to stay. It would be herd mentality, and not a fair way to conduct Bianca's change. So instead, each was brought for a private meeting, with Sita, Bianca, and Barbara present. Sita used the meeting as an opportunity to coach her student in magic, while the other former male, now black lady, helped settle the transformee when the memories returned, in order to ground them. With her new compassionate outlook, she was very good at ensuring they didn't freak out, and coaxing out the truth of what they truly wanted. If they needed more time, they could have up to a full week.

Cindy, surprisingly, didn't need even ten minutes to decide. All three of them had assumed she would turn back, given that she was now confined to a wheelchair, but her reaction shocked them.

"Are you kidding? No way am I going back! Not being able to use my legs is a small price to pay for being happy. I don't have to pay alimony, I'm not an alcoholic, I don't have my depression anymore. And I have a wonderful boyfriend that I'm absolutely in love with."

"Are - are you sure, Cindy?"

"Sita, Bianca, Barb, I'm having more sex now than I ever did as a man. I'm *happy*. I don't want my memories back. I want to be just Cindy."

And so her old male self never returned. Cindy wheeled herself out to the office not remembering what the meeting was about, but being happier all the same. She was proposed to by her boyfriend just three months later.

Dave was just as easy. Olga was shocked to realise she was not originally a sexy, seductive vamp with red hair and high cheekbones. She had discovered she was pregnant, and was clearly excited about the baby, but it hadn't stopped her rampant sex life either. In

fact, while she didn't see a need to get together with her babydaddy, she liked having him on call when the hormones got her engine revving.

"I vun to stay," she said, voice heavily accented.

"Good," Sita said, "because you're actually stuck. Getting pregnant makes the contract permanent."

"Ha! It is a good think I vas knocked up then! All I ever cared about as a man was sex, and now, as a woman, it's still all I care about!" She laughed. "But I'm much, much better at it. Besides, I had my fill of gorgeous redheads and blondes. Now, I get to *be* one!"

The three others looked at each other and shrugged. It was a shallow reasoning, but they couldn't deny that having Olga around lifted the spirits of the staff, particularly the male staff.

"Okay then, do you want your memories gone?"

"No, no! So much funner to remember both experiences, yes? Besides, it's sort of kinky to remember getting women pregnant and now being pregnant. A real turn on."

"Okay, too much information, you can go now!"

Menk, on the other hand, insisted on memory erasure. The gorgeous young Indian woman was preparing for her wedding ceremony, the bride-to-be utterly ecstatic. Having curmudgeonly thoughts and old racist notions flocking through her head was too much.

"Just erase it," she snapped, suddenly sounding a lot older in her expression. "Do it before I regret it. I'm getting fucking married to a black man with a big dick. He'd always fucked me more than once in the pussy, and it was fucking amazing. I think I'll have a goddamn stroke if I have to keep my old mind, because even though it's crazy, I actually do love the black bastard. He's beautiful. And I was wrong. I bet you're happy, Stan or Barb or whatever, to finally hear your old friend say he's wrong."

"Just a little, Nathan."

"Chandra, thanks. I'll stay Chandra. He wants a big family, you know? I was actually getting excited for it. Can you imagine it? Nathan Menk excited to give birth to half a dozen mixed race babies? What is the world coming to, that this sounds like a wonderful idea to me still?"

The young Indian beauty put her head in her hands.

"God help me, I want that future so bad. Just leave me as Chandra. And promise we'll still golf together and watch the grand finals, Barb.'

"Promise, Chandra."

She left feeling giddy, for reasons she couldn't understand. She called her fiance that night and asked if she could come over. She wanted to practice what it would be like to make a baby, for some reason.

The last remaining big name on the list was Tess. The Native American couldn't stop laughing, chuckling, and crying at her change; the memories may have been returned, but she was still a woman, with a woman's hormones. Barb had to hand her a number of tissues.

"This is insane! Crazy!"

"Believe me, I didn't expect to become a black woman, either."

"Suits you though. You've got that 'in charge' feel, the black mama bear. Me? I'm all soft and willowy! I've got the figure of a stick. Don't get me wrong, it's kind of nice, and weirdly, I don't hate it. But I was so proud of going to the gym, but the new me doesn't have the muscle definition even though she goes as well!"

There were a few glances to Sita.

"Well, I could change that, I suppose. You can go back to being Rob . . ."

A brief, but very telling, look of disappointment. It turned out going from a showy jock to a showy model was not as big a change as most.

". . . or, I could make some small alterations. Make you a little fitter, perhaps."

Tess scratched her perfect cheek.

"I *suppose* that would keep me like this."

"You admit you like it," Bianca said. "I mean, we *are* best friends now. And besides, you have shown you like showing off your body as much as when you were a guy, just with even more options of what to wear."

Tess chuckled. "To think you used to be so shy! But you're not wrong. Besides, it would be nice to stay friends with my girlfriends, particularly since I managed to set you two up together. Hmm. Can I have a day to think about it?"

A day turned to a week before a decision was reached. A few weeks later, the new and improved Tess made her entrance into the staffroom; she was tall at 6'1, with the same beautiful good looks, but much more muscle on her frame, like a beautiful gym girl.

"What can I say?" she said, showing off her 'gains.' "I may not be as big as I was, but I think this is the best of both worlds."

"Best of both worlds is a good way to put it," Barb said, placing her arm around Bianca's waist. "Would you say, Bee?"

"Absolutely."

And so the three of them remained women, but with all their memories. It took some time to adjust to a new balance of things, but Bianca was there to help them at every step. Her tutelage continued under Sita, and it was progressing wonderfully now that she'd found her internal balance; already she could change the colour of articles of clothing, even adjust the size of her garments! It made it very useful when there was a wonderfully cute dress or, even better, a tight set of jeans and t-shirt she wanted to buy, that were just a little *too* snug

around her expansive hips and ass. Barb was just as appreciative when it came to finding bras that fit her wonderful mammaries.

“You’re a godsend,” she said. “I love these big tits, but they are expensive to maintain.”

“Worth it though, isn’t it?” Bianca replied, a little cheekily.

“All of this is worth it.”

Barb gestured to the apartment they now shared together. The two lesbian lovers had been going steady for four months, and while the ‘L word’ had yet to make an appearance, Bianca got the feeling it wouldn’t be long before it was blurted out during one of their many, *many* makeout sessions. Their libidos were still much higher since the change, and it was an alteration that was likely never going away, not that either minded it. For Bianca, being able to come home, kiss her beautiful black girlfriend, and then take her to the bedroom was one of the best parts of her life. She loved shoving her face in Barb’s magnificent bust, and the two of them were already working to soundproof the apartment so as not to annoy the neighbours. After all, they brought each other to some wonderful climaxes daily, and more than that on weekends.

It was after a particularly vigorous session that Bianca collapsed against her love, head resting against Barb’s fleshy pillow, fondling the other softly with her hand.

“*Gracias*,” she said, “*gracias*.”

She had a habit of slipping into Spanish when she got overstimulated. It turned Barb on something fierce, so she liked playing it up.

“I - oohh - I liked that thing you did with my nipples,” Barb said. “The tongue thing.”

“Mmhmm, me too.”

“It’s a good life, we have, isn’t it?”

Bianca beamed. “The best.”

“Pretty magical.”

“Very.”

The two curled up closer, nearly drifting to sleep.

“I’m glad I stayed as Barb,” the other woman said, as she slowly drifted off. Bianca stayed coiled against her for some time, slowly massaging her lover’s breast and admiring her wonderful chocolate skin. After all the struggle and confusion and chaos, she was exactly where she was meant to be. She used a small piece of her magic to make sure her lover had good dreams, good enough to even get her excited for more when she woke.

“Just magical,” she said to herself, before settling down to sleep.

She dreamed of a world of blue flowers.

The End