

## Mini-Story: Change Channel (MtF TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Two frat boy jocks convince their nerdy friend from college to help them hack into a neighbour's streaming service for free tv and porn. While the service is weird in comparison to the ones they know, they manage to find a channel with sexy girls. Unfortunately, they soon might become sexy girls themselves as a result of the Change Channel.*

### Change Channel

"Is it ready yet?"

Ned fiddled with the wiring on the portable antenna and typed a few keys on his little laptop. The nerdy young man adjusted his glasses and checked his screen again.

"Nearly there, I think I've almost got it."

Jayden and Hayden folded their arms and scoffed, rolling their eyes at each other.

"Told you this wouldn't work," the frat boy jock Hayden said to his twin.

"Yeah, you're right. This was a dumb idea from the start. Should've just paid for a streaming service instead of trying to hack the neighbour's system."

Ned glared back. "Dudes, you guys came to me. This was your idea! 'Call up the nerdy friend and get him to help.'"

"That was when we thought you could do it," Jayden said, relaxing his heavy athletic form back into the sofa of the shared apartment.

"And so far you're not showing great progress," Hayden continued, relaxing back also. He was the slightly larger of the two, discernible only by his slightly larger hair otherwise. Ned, on the other hand, was their scrawny, nerdy friend. They didn't see each other as much now that they were all in college, but they sometimes asked him favours. The relationship was increasingly one-way, however. They had time and time again failed to help Ned score a good date.

"Got it!" the nerd cried, stepping back.

"What?"

"Really?"

"Just watch." Ned took the controller and turned on the television. Sure enough, they had a connection to the streaming service. Well, a streaming service.

"Change Channel?" Hayden said, scratching his thick brow. "That's not what we wanted. We wanted to get access to WildGirlz, dude. It's *the* show for all the hotties, and they seriously bare, like, everything. They've got Sandra Umer on there, and she's the hottest fucking lady around."

“Well, this looks like it has something similar, at least,” Ned said, a little confused himself at the strange, almost archaic menu, like it was from an original DVD, but with the occasionally static of a VHS. “Look, it has *Sexy Twist*. It seems to be similar.”

Jayden shrugged, a bit more nonchalant than his older and larger twin. “Let’s just give it a try, bro. At least we can take a break and see some old school porno or something. The three chicks look hot, don’t they?”

Hayden agreed, and even Ned who was a bit more nervous about such things had to agree. The woman front-and-centre on the preview screen looked to be a very hot cheerleader type, dark black hair and an intelligent but sensual smile, one hand on her cocked hip as if she was ready to rule the world . . . and rock yours. The other two were, interestingly, identical twins. Both had honey blonde hair and wore crop tops and short shorts in denim, their curvaceous figures dominated by big breasts. Their expressions were ditzy and excited, like a pair of eager bimbos who were following their dark-haired leader easily.

“Fine, play it,” Hayden said.

“I’ll figure it out later, then,” Ned said. “But maybe this will be good.”

He clicked the play button.

For the first five or so minutes, things were pretty regular, albeit a bit dated. The main character, whose name was Jasmine, was heading to prepare for her college cheerleading performance when she runs into her two best friends and loyal followers; Deedee and Denise, a pair of bubble-brained busty blonde beauties. The camera lingered over their three forms, focusing on Jasmine’s sexy figure and sensual manner, while enjoying the close-ups on Deedee and Denise’s large breasts, which were barely contained by their tight crop tops. The three women giggled and laughed, chatting about boys and how much they looked to be railed that night: the twins by anyone they could find, and Jasmine by her powerful footballer boyfriend. Their voices turned increasingly sultry, and Jasmine in particular flaunted this, sashaying her hips as she directed them to the stadium for her tryout, and for them to join the team.

“I bet this is where it gets good,” Hayden said.

“Oh yeah, they’re definitely gonna get fucked on the field,” Jayden said. “I hope the twins get fucked next to each other.”

“Y-yeah,” Ned said, feeling a little awkward. “I hope Jasmine’s story turns out interesting.”

Suddenly, Jasmine swivelled on screen, facing directly to the camera. The focus zoomed in on her face, and she blew a kiss to the audience.

*"Oh, you do, do you, little nerdy man who found this channel? Then I better not disappoint you!"*

"Um, did she just talk to you?" the older twin said.

"It sure sounded like it," the younger one added.

*"I did,"* the woman replied, as the camera pulled back. She put her hands on her hips and leaned forward, so that her cleavage was on display. Her two blonde friends were beside her, their even bigger racks jiggling as they giggled. *"And I can hear you, too. All three of you boys."*

"What the fuck?" Jayden asked.

*"Um, like, yeah, we like to fuck!"* Deedee said, laughing.

*"He said, like, what the fuck, dummy!"* her twin replied.

*"But I really, really want to fuck, sis."*

*"Mhmm, me too now. It's like a brain thing, where just saying it makes you horny or whatever."*

*"Down girls,"* Jasmine snapped, and they fell silent. She looked back into Ned's eyes. *"Now, I'm so very glad you found the Change Channel, because soon you're going to experience exactly what you were originally looking for. Though perhaps not in the way you thought."*

"What - what do you mean?" Ned asked, unbelieving what was happening.

*"You'll see soon, sexy. You'll see soon."*

And with that, the TV turned off, shorting out. The three men remained in silence for a moment.

"What the hell was that?" Hayden asked. "That was a fucking prank or something wasn't - Nghh!!"

"Bro, what's happening?" Jayden said, trying to grab his brother, who was doubled over and clenching his teeth. "Are you having a heart a-aagh! It's g-got m-me too!"

Ned gasped as he saw his two jock friends suddenly warp and change. The transformations were rapid, shrinking their bodies almost immediately and causing their waist to pinch in. Their hips flared out and their clothing changed, becoming the same kind of sexy outfits with the crop tops and denim shorts as they had both displayed on the show just a moment ago.

"Oh God, you're turning into them!" he declared.

The two brothers stared at him for a moment, even as their shoulders shrank and chests began to bulge, nipples throbbing as they grew.

"You too, dude!" they said at once, voice far too high pitched for a pair of men.

"What!?" Ned cried, but then he saw his hands. They were becoming dainty and elegant, his nails long and covered in red polish. His arm hair, his meagre chest hair, all fell

away. His waist thinned also, but the short man actually grew in height, his hips expanding outwards and his breasts forming not long after. They were large D-cups, though still smaller than the massive pairs the twins had. They were groaning and grunting as they changed, hair turning honey blonde as it fell over their shoulders, suddenly stylish and wavy.

“No! Not, like, my cock and stuff!” Hayden shouted in a bimbo-like valley girl voice.

“Me too, sister!” Jayden added, sounding every bit the part also.

They continued to writhe and change, the twins’ intelligence diminishing as they became more boobs than brains. Ned was spared that humiliation at least, but mere moments later he joined the new women as his own cock pulled back into his body. His outfit altered to become a tight-fitting and sexy cheerleader outfit, while his hair was long and red.

“I’m a woman,” he declared. “Frick, I’m a woman . . . and I’m fabulous!”

The last part had been unintentional. It had leapt out of him unbidden, as if he were possessed by the spirit of Jasmine. In fact, suddenly that seemed to be his name. The twins’ eyes went wide.

“I’m Deedee now!” Hayden declared.

“And I’m Denise! Like, this is sooooo not fair!”

“Agreed sis, I feel, like, supes silly and not, like, smart and stuff now!”

“Shut up you two!” Jasmine snapped, her nerdy personality gaining a bitchy, controlling, leader-like element. “I’m trying to - ahhh - get through this!”

“Sorry, Jas!” they declared at once, submissive to her command.

The last of her changes finished, her face becoming the same beautiful and dominating visage, while the twins had the bubbly sweet blue eyes and cherubic cheeks from the video. In just a couple of minutes, they had all become female.

“Like, holy shit!” Deedee declared. “We’re actually, like, ladies and stuff. We’ve got pussies. I wonder what it feels like-”

“Not right now!” Jasmine said, and the two suddenly backed off from their experimentation. There was a brief silence as she tried to figure out what to do. They had all changed in mind and body. She should have been totally freaked out. They all should be. And they were . . . but not as much as they had the right to be. Instead, there was also a smug satisfaction; the twins for having busty blonde bodies, and Jasmine for being their much more elegant, refined, intelligent leader. She was still the sort-of ‘nerd’ of the group, even if she was more of a queen bee now, fashion knowledge and social skills and all, but now she was their head. And they were her clique. It made her smile all of a sudden.

“Girls,” she declared. “It seems we have a new situation. It’s only midday, and there’s a game on. I say we head to the stadium and . . . enjoy ourselves.”

The twins looked to one another, their minds slowly - slowly - processing exactly what such a trip would entail. When they finally cottoned on, the pair lit up, their ditzzy smiles dominating their faces.

“Yes, Jas!”

“Of course, Jas!”

The new queen bee stood, admiring her perfect new body. She was keen to try it out, and snag a sexy alpha male of a footballer as her boyfriend. Her old self would still take some time getting used to this new status quo, but for once, *she* was in charge and *she* could finally get laid. All in all, not the worst change at all.

“Then let’s go, besties,” she said. “This new woman has plans, and I bet you do too.”

They did, and they left giggling, already anticipating what sex with a guy as a woman would be like, even if they were totally nervous. They left the dead TV screen behind.

They never saw Change Channel again.

But then, they didn’t look too hard after that either.

**The End**