

The American Way

A TG story by Alloner

Kyle Hopkins had always been a dreamer; he dropped out of high school to pursue his dream of becoming a professional gamer, much to the dismay of his parents. But despite his unconventional path, Kyle was determined to make it big on the internet. For years, Kyle had been trying to build a following on social media, streaming his content, but despite his best efforts, his bland content was yet to achieve him any kind of success.

To make matters worse, Kyle had been living with his friend Mark for years, ever since he was kicked out of his parents' house at the age of 21. Mark had taken him in, something that he had also done for his nana Bess, whom Mark had taken out of a lousy retirement home. Bess had always been a thorn in Kyle's side, constantly criticizing him and pushing him to do better, or at least to show his gratitude to Mark. But even if Bess hadn't delivered her critics with her usual cynic and caustic demeanor, Kyle wouldn't have listened to her...

-You lazy bum! – the old woman hurled from across the table – All you do is play those stupid games...

-You don't even understand what you are talking about – Kyle replied as he munched on his dessert

-Oh I don't have to see to know you are as entertaining as the sock the washing machine ate the other day...

Mark tried to defuse the situation, but Bess was relentless. She refused to back down, and her words cut deeper than ever before: Bess had had enough of Kyle's lazy ways, and despite having sworn many decades ago not to use her magic ever again, but after having an inconsequential talk with Mark, the old blinding woman knew she had to do something for her boy, she was not going to let Kyle live off Mark's hard effort and kind heart. For the old woman, that was not the American way; she truly believed Kyle had an obligation to work hard and retribute to Mark's kindness, that was what Bess believed, the mindset she used during most of her life, and Kyle's selfishness was starting to become an affront to Bess' very morals.

Next morning, Mark decided to have a small motivational talk with his friend, but he just couldn't bring himself to be "mean" to Kyle... That, however, was all Bess' magic needed, the final evidence...

At first, Kyle thought it was just a sudden bout of dizziness, but then she realized that something was happening to his body. His skin began to tingle, and he felt a strange warmth spread through him. He looked down at his hands and saw that they were changing, becoming smaller and more delicate.

Neither Mark nor Kyle could do more than watch in shock as the transformation progressed: Kyle's green tank top and jeans began to transform, the fabric shimmering and rippling, changing into a floral-print dress with a deep cleavage that hugged the curves that were still growing all over his body. Kyle's hair grew longer and wavy, and it turned a bright, shimmering blond.

As the transformation continued, Kyle felt a strange sensation in his chest. It was like something was being pulled inside of his, rearranging his internal organs and shifting his body into a new shape. He could feel his hips widening, his waist slimming, and his chest expanding until a pair of large, perky breasts filled the delicate dress that had once been his tanktop.

Finally, the transformation was complete. Mark looked at Kyle, stunned by the beautiful, busty blonde woman, with soft curves and a stunning figure that was staring back at him with a smile. But none of them could say a thing, as reality itself was still adjusting, as if Kyle's new form and demeanor wasn't compatible with how the people around perceived him. Kyle was no longer just a guest in Mark's house; instead, she was now his faithful and loving wife.

Bess looked at Kyle with a sly smile, soon, even her own memories would fade away, remembering Kyle as Kayla, Mark's kind and dedicated wife who had willingly accepted Bess into their household.