

Kyle sighed as he looked on his phone and wondered how much longer this would take as they arrived outside the large house. He was helping out his uncle while he worked around the house acting as a gopher, being extra muscle, and setting up wires. His uncle had a big job that he needed some help with that would last for over a week at a luxurious home in a rich community that left him a little dazed. No matter how much time Kyle spent there, it was strange to be in such a large and to be frank almost obscenely rich home, despite how long he had been there working on it.

The young man still remembered the first day that they arrived here and how in awe he had been of the place. Even though he couldn't see the entire property, the front alone was enough to tell him that the owner had money. The stone driveway looked like it could have been the flooring in someone's house and large windows were more than enough. Through a wooden fence on the side, Kyle could see a small little abode next to the main house with a pool just a little further down the path. He shoved the feeling of envy and desire that he had down as he stepped out of the car.

They stepped inside and met the owner of the house Arthur who had a cup of coffee in his hands. The owner was a tall man dressed in a fine blue dress shirt, pants, and jeans that gave him a professional look. The clothes made the well-built muscle that he had plain to see that was complemented by the handsome face that he had. He had short black hair that was brushed to the side and brown eyes.

"Morning, you two doing ok?" Arthur asked as he took a sip of his coffee.

"We're doing well enough sir and ready to work," his uncle remarked.

"Morning," Kyle said, keeping as cordial as possible.

"Alright then if either of you need anything let me know. I'll be working in my office on some papers," Arthur said. "If anything comes up just give me a heads up."

"Alright if something comes up we will let you know," his uncle said.

Kyle and his uncle immediately got to work. They continued where they had left off yesterday, heading to the room where they had left their supplies in. Kyle immediately went up the ladder to the attic as his uncle gave him a wire that he wanted to thread to one of the holes.

The young man crawled deeper into the attic, remembering what he was supposed to do as he grimaced. This was one part of the job that he hated with a passion. It was so hot and stuffy in there that even though he wasn't in there for a full five minutes and he could feel sweat form. He had learned from his first day working on the job that he shouldn't wear shorts while he was doing this work. The only blessing was that since he was up here, while his uncle did his thing, he wouldn't snap at him when he was on his phone. When they were done with that wire, Kyle crawled out and followed his uncle to the next room.

As they walked to the next room in the house, Kyle looked around the house again. The more he looked around the home, the more he couldn't help but be in awe at the sheer size of the place. It had to be 3 or even 4 times as large as his home. This was the type of place that he would have to get very very lucky to stay at. Like winning the raffle or somehow making it big like becoming some sort of superstar. His uncle had told him the place cost more than 10 million dollars. It made his mind reel as if it had been going on a roller coaster for hours on end. He had never felt poor before, but being here and seeing how large the place was he couldn't help, but feel like he was.

Everything in this house was something that Kyle was sure to cost more than he would be able to make and would take him months if not years to pay it off if he screwed up. The perfect example being the painting that hung over the fireplace in the living room. It didn't help that the painting in the living room alone cost 8 million dollars. After that revelation, he had been avoiding that as if it was the plague, still part of the job had only reminded him of how different his financial situation was. Part of the job on the manor had been to convert one of the rooms into a large personal theater. They had set up the surround sound system and a screen for it. It was the kind of place that the younger him would have imagined staying in after he made it big.

Kyle went up to the attic and took the wire that his uncle gave him to another hole that he had made. He pulled at the collar of his shirt as he did, ignoring the dust as he did. When he found it he slid the wire through and then made his way out.

The young man crawled down from the attic and saw his uncle was scrounging around the boxes that he had that were filled with a variety of smaller appliances from wires, plates for outlets, screws, and more. He wondered what he was looking for and what the next part would be and braced himself for it. He didn't want to have to deal with more of his uncle's attitude. He still remembered the crap thrown at him for not getting the right tool that he needed.

"Damn it all, I don't have the right screws," his uncle muttered angrily. "Fuck I shouldn't be out of straps already. Thought I had enough of the cords, but now I apparently don't have enough of those either."

Kyle just stood there quietly, letting him vent his frustration. There wasn't anything that he could say that would ease his mood. Besides, it wasn't as if he had anything to say about it. His uncle slouched and then took off his belt and put it down next to the rest of their gear.

"I'll be back in a bit, just take it easy and don't do anything that might piss the owner off," his uncle said as he removed his tool belt and placed everything down.

"Ok," Kyle replied as his uncle rushed out of the place with a speed that he hadn't seen from him in a while. The moment his uncle was sure that he was gone he smiled. The one thing that he could agree on with his uncle was that they both wanted to finish a job as fast as possible.

Kyle leaned against the wall as he browsed the web on his phone and wondered what had been going on with his friends. He had been getting messages earlier and would have responded if he could. There was nothing too interesting going on, but there were some nice sexy pictures in there that he would make sure to enjoy in his free time. He had to thank his friends and the people on his servers for giving him those. He tapped his foot as his eyes shifted around the area, trying to find something that he could do to keep himself distracted from the boredom of it all. Even if he had his phone to help deal with the boredom he just couldn't stand being in there. He needed something to do that would help alleviate the boredom.

The brunette wandered around the house as he browsed his phone trying to pass the time however he could, being mindful of his environment. With how large this place was and what his uncle had said about the clientele he didn't want to run the risk of accidentally scraping the floor or knocking something over. His uncle had told horror stories where they had gotten on him for less. Kyle eventually found himself back in the living room and his eyes roamed over the room until they rested on the painting.

Kyle stared at the painting, trying to find some meaning or understanding that would make it so he could understand the absurd price for the piece. He wasn't the most knowledgeable when it came to this sort of thing. He was much more enraptured by the written word. Sure he would admit when some paintings look nice or had a great meaning but with this, he just couldn't see it. He couldn't understand why a landscape painting like this was worth so much. It was insane, ludicrous to him to spend so much. If it was made by someone like Michelangelo or Leonardo Da Vinci he could somewhat see the price, but for this, he just couldn't.

"Maybe what it's made out of?" Kyle muttered. It was the only thing that he could think of that made sense. It was stupid, moronic, but it was the only thing that he could think of that made sense. Sometimes it was the parts that made something expensive like cars or computers. Perhaps this was made out of some old and rare pieces of wood and canvas that would make it so pricey.

Kyle cautiously stepped forward, the large painting looking even larger than it did previously. It was almost as if he was standing before some giant monolith depicting some giant horror that would devour them all. He was worried about breaking it, but even so, he stepped closer to the painting as he continued to eye it, trying to find some understanding. No matter how close he got to it, he still couldn't gain some form of understanding. Before he knew it he was in front of the painting, still just as clueless as when he first saw it.

"Why?" Kyle wondered aloud. He just couldn't understand it no matter how close he was to the painting.

He slowly raised his hand and brought his finger closer to the frame. It brushed against the smooth wooden frame. It didn't feel any different from normal wood if a bit smoother than he was expecting. He brought his hand under as if he was going to try and tilt it. It didn't feel any different there either, the same smooth old clean wood, as if someone had taken varnish to it.

Kyle frowned as he kept running his hand over the spot. He had hoped that he would be able to understand it, but instead, he had found none. Maybe if he were to touch something else about it he would find the answer that he was seeking.

He looked around, making sure that he was alone, and took a deep breath in. He didn't want anyone, especially the owner to see him touch it. Again his uncle's stories coming forward about how bitchy some of the richer folk could be about this sort of thing, even if you were doing your job. It was why he would always lay a mat, and take extra measures like laying a mat down for wherever he was working. The last thing he wanted to deal with was another lecture or getting yelled at for doing so.

The young man touched it and touched the material of the painting. He ran his hand over it and wasn't sure of what to make of it. The painting's canvas was rougher than he expected it would be. He could almost feel every weave of the material inside. The canvas of the painting felt old like when you touch an old piece of paper that had been around for years. It was strange. Despite it feeling like it had to be 100 hundred something years old, it felt like it wouldn't break so easily.

"What are you doing?" A man demanded loudly.

Kyle jerked as he looked over his shoulder to see Arthur, his hand pushing into the painting, the painting tearing as his hand went through it as if it was old paper. The rip resounded through the room as if it was on a speaker. It echoed in his head as if the scene had been rewound and played over again as if it was on a loop.

Arthur's eyes widened in anger, while Kyle's heart dived in horror. Kyle slowly pulled his hand out of the hole, his heartbeat pounding in his ears, his head light as a feather.

"No!" Arthur screamed, and Kyle winced in shame.

Arthur's back was to him, but Kyle could feel the rage building with him. He turned back to him and Kyle's first instinct was to run away from him like a thief who was chased by the police, but his body refused to move. It was as if he was a deer caught in the headlights of some car. Besides even if he could where would he go? His uncle's contact information was here and it wasn't as if he had a car that he could use. This guy would undoubtedly get the police involved and that would make everything worse.

Arthur stepped closer to the painting, and Kyle just stood there, unable to tear his eyes away from him. Arthur raised his shaking hand as if he was seeing some horrible accident. Suddenly his hand went to his side, lax all of the stress that he had visibly gone, but Kyle could feel it boiling under the surface like a volcanic eruption that was about to go off.

"What the fuck were you thinking!" Arthur demanded.

Arthur grabbed his hand, and Kyle's first instinct was to pull away but he worried about what would happen if he did. The last thing the young man wanted was for him to get even angrier than he already was. The boy looked anywhere but at his face, desperate to find any sort of distraction that he could. He couldn't bear the sight of his feral expression.

His eyes landed on the hand that was holding his and noticed that there was a gold ring that didn't remember seeing on Arthur's finger whenever he saw him. He wasn't sure if he just kept it off while he worked, but he hadn't seen anyone else while they had been around here. There hadn't been any pictures of a woman who looked like they could have been his wife.

Kyle's heart fell deeper in his gut as his hand brushed against the torn section. He desperately wished that he would wake up from this moment and find himself in his bed, or at a friend's house. Somewhere else other than here, no matter what it might be. Yet no matter how hard he prayed, he was still here.

Arthur let go of Kyle's hand and the young man watched him march around the room in a fury. He felt like a little kid watching their parents rage, terrified of what would happen next if they said anything that would get their attention. He just stood there still as a statue, letting the slightly older man vent out his rage.

"I can't believe what you did! Look at it! Look at what happened to it! Jesus now I'm going to have to get a reimbursement from you two."

"No, please! There's no way we could pay that," Kyle said quickly, his heart pounding in his chest. He could feel his pulse race at the thought of what it would lead to. He and his family would have to spend the rest of their lives paying it off and even then they might not be able to unless they won the Powerball or hit it big. It might even pass down to his kids and their kids if they didn't and that was something that he couldn't let happen.

"With how much that costs you better expect that I won't just let that go," Arthur remarked, a tranquil fury in his voice.

Kyle frowned and gulped trying to think of something that he could say or do that would make the situation even a little better. He would be a fool in saying that he didn't have a right to be angry. He would have been furious if he was in his place. The terrified young man scrambled to think of something that he could say or do that would ease his fury, but there just wasn't. No matter what angle he thought of that might convince him.

"I better call your uncle and tell him about this," Arthur said as he reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone.

"No wait please!" Kyle pleaded.

Arthur stopped and looked at him condescendingly. Kyle tried to keep his confidence up and forced himself not to look away, he could feel his heart pound in his ears still and his body twitched and move as if a second being had taken control of his body.

"I'll...I'll tell him myself," Kyle said. He could already imagine the explosion of fury that he would have at him, especially since he had told numerous stories already. His uncle wasn't the calmest of people, and had often gotten angry and raised his voice in annoyance. Still, it would be better that he heard it from himself rather than the client.

The air got heavier the moment the words came out of Kyle's mouth. It was easy for him to imagine the rage that he would have when he learned what had happened. He had warned him numerous times to be careful and not do anything that could upset Arthur. He could already hear the frothing rage in his mouth the moment that he did and it made him want to find a hole or a garbage dump and live there until the end of his days.

"Fine then you can tell him yourself when he gets here," Arthur replied as he put his phone back in his pocket.

Kyle frowned and tried to think of something he could say to calm him down. It would probably be a worthless attempt, but he had to try. If he could somehow make him forget about it then he would thank every god under the sun. By then he would become a devout follower of whatever religion it was, even if it was something so outlandish that it made him question his sanity.

"You better stick close to me. The last thing I need is for you to break something else," Arthur said, though the tone coming from him made it clear it was an order.

Kyle could only nod his head like a beaten dog. Anything that would help ease the homeowner was a blessing that he wouldn't turn away from. For all, he knew there might be a way for him to turn this around. He just had to find a way to get him in the right mood first.

Arthur left the room, and Kyle followed after him as he did, the hair on Kyle's body below his eyebrows started to disappear. Kyle shuddered and hugged himself as a sudden cold chill came over him as if he was under a vent. The hair that lined his forearms and knuckles disappeared in droves as if razors were going through them. His legs jolted as if cold water had gone down, again making his body jolt as if he had just been shocked. The slight stubble and shadow of a beard that he had on his face diminished as time passed. It got smaller and smaller as if every little individual hair that was there was being plucked off and then waxed off the remnants. In a mere second all of the excess hair that Kyle had on his frame, had been removed with no trace that it had existed in the first place.

The two of them entered an office room, and Kyle looked around the office, taking it all in. A large computer station and an impressive screen rested on a large impressive desk that looked to be finely carved. There was even a small fridge in the room that no doubt held a

variety of drinks or snacks in there. No doubt that housed some refreshments in case he had a meeting with clients. There were large soft chairs for people to lounge in.

The young man had only looked at the place in passing and didn't pay it too much thought. He hadn't been able to work the day that his uncle had worked in this room so he had gotten some help. He had been told that this room had been one that his uncle wanted to finish as soon as possible and get out. After everything that was in here and what happened recently, it was probably for the best that he hadn't.

Arthur took his place behind the desk as he sighed and went through the paperwork. He found one that he was looking for and got to typing it in on his computer.

The air in the room got heavier as time passed, and Kyle prayed that some ease would come no matter the form it would take. He wasn't even sure about pulling out his phone to pass the time. It might just annoy the older man further for all he knew with how annoyed he was. He tapped his finger against his thigh and looked around wondering how much longer it would be before it was over.

"I need you to look for a folder, will have Vargas at the top," Arthur said. "Will be in the top cabinet."

Kyle quickly went over to the file cabinet and looked through the top. Having something to do made him feel slightly better now that he had something to distract him from what had happened. He looked through the folders looking for the one indicated. With ease from practiced experience, he quickly found the folder.

"Any piece of paper in particular?" Kyle questioned. His past experience in clerical work coming forward.

"Looking for the contract," Arthur responded after a tense moment.

"Got it," Kyle said, already pulling out the tabbed section.

The transformation continued and his skin softened as the next part of the transformation came into effect. The moles and blemishes on his skin disappeared as new skin fresh took their place as if makeup had been applied to them. A scar that was on his right hand from a biking accident when he was younger disappeared as well as it was replaced by new healthy skin. He had perfectly soft smooth skin that looked like it could have belonged to a model. He placed it on the side neatly, where it wouldn't be in the way if he needed it.

"What did you do?" Arthur questioned, not looking away from the document.

"Excuse me?" Kyle questioned.

"I can tell when someone is doing work they're not used to, and when it comes to you and tools for me it's plain to see that you aren't used to them. Yet when it came to this, you immediately knew how it was organized despite never seeing it before."

"I've mainly worked clerical work, making calls, filing papers, setting up databases, that sort of work," Kyle replied.

"So this must be something else entirely for you then," Arthur commented, and Kyle could only nod.

He had never been formally instructed in using tools and this kind of work. His father had a habit of doing work like this on his own and didn't want anyone else to do it. Sure he had learned a few things, but that was mainly for his car and just changing oil by himself. It had made his uncle get snippy with him for grabbing the wrong tool and further his reason why he didn't want to work for him anymore.

Neither were his parents, to be honest. His parents weren't the handiest with tools and always feared that they would make the problem worse if they did it. Hell one time it led to his house being flooded and being unable to use the bathroom for a while. It left him ill-prepared for this sort of work outside of being a gopher and getting tools, even if he only knew the basics of them.

It wasn't any fun either when he was the one who had to go crawling into dark tight spaces, mindful of where he was going. The heat in there was bad enough, but the tight spaces and having to be mindful of where he was so he didn't accidentally go on a nail was worrisome as well. Not to mention the possibility that there were spiders or other insects in there that might crawl on him.

"Feel free to sit down, chairs are made to be sat in after all," Arthur said, his eyes never leaving the papers in front of him.

Kyle first looked in the nearest chair, making sure there was nothing there, mindful of every little thing around him. When he saw there was nothing there, he sat. After what had happened in the living room he was as careful as he could be. There was no way that he was going to make the immense bill that he had even larger than it already was.

As Kyle sat there, his shoes morphed, gaining a splash of purple. The tip of his shoes gained a more defined point at the tip of his toes. The sides of his sneakers hardened around his feet, the logos on the sides of the shoes disappearing as the color and the changing form overwhelmed them. The insides of the shoes became sturdier as the material inside refined and become stronger, but lost none of its soft comfort. The laces that were on them melted into his shoes as if they were water. The holes on the top of them that had been there for his laces were filling up.



A small heel formed in the back of them, which grew longer. That would have made him look taller than he was. It slowly rose higher, like a tree as the years passed. It continued to get larger until he had decently-sized three-inch heels.

Right after his shoes finished changing, they tightened around Kyle's feet and he wiggled his toes inside of them, breathing slightly heavier through his nose as they started to shrink. With every second that passed, they got a little smaller, losing centimeters of them. It was as if they were being compacted into a smaller, more petite form. Kyle could only wiggle his toes as they continued to change, still focused on Arthur. Kyle let out a breath when the changes to his feet stopped all of a sudden, suddenly feeling better about them. All of the slight aches and pains that he had in his feet and toes softened until they weren't there at all. The young man was completely unaware of the fact that he now had smaller womanly feet that no man could ever match normally.

"Mind taking a look at this?" Arthur questioned and turned the computer screen toward him. "Just want to make sure that it's all spelled appropriately and there weren't any major errors."

Kyle did as he was asked and quickly went through the message with expert ease. The years of college writing came rushing forward and he recalled the rules of writing, especially for business letters. He couldn't see anything wrong with it.

"No it's perfectly fine," Kyle said.

"Thanks, just want to make sure that it sounds nice and professional, half the time everything seems perfect at first, and then find out later on second look I made an error."

Kyle could only nod in agreement. He had done that more than a few times than he would like to admit. Often for some of the letters that he had worked on at his old job. It was minor stuff, but he still felt like an idiot for missing it. Especially since when he had first looked it over it had gotten by him.

The brunette continued to sit there, occasionally getting a file for him that he requested as fast as possible and reading it out to him. It was almost as if he was a secretary for him. It reminded him of the job that he did have before he got laid off. Getting files, doing research, sending emails, and various other projects that were requested of him. God, he missed that job and wanted a desk job again. He wasn't made for this type of bullshit.

As Kyle continued to work in the office the change spread to the rest of his legs. His calves tightened ever so slightly as they thinned down, losing the excess flab that they had and giving them a refined appearance. It was as if he had been performing various leg exercises and months of hard work and routine. If his calves were visible then it would be plain to see that they hardly had any ripple in them.

When Kyle's lower legs finished shifting into a young woman's, his thighs bloated as they grew larger. They pushed his pants farther out, tightening around his thighs and making them look more like a pair of skinny jeans with their developing curvature. The young man groaned, somewhat enjoying the growing pressure on his legs as if someone was caressing them. Blood rushed down below a little, making his fifth limb rise, and he quickly adjusted the hem of his pants to fix the issue. There was no way that he was going to let the owner think that he was watching porn or something.

The boy's new thighs added curvature to his figure that made him look quite bottom-heavy as if that was where all of the fat and junk food he had in his life settled there. They would have been perfect for someone to rest their head on, like two large soft pillows. It was almost off-putting with how slender the rest of his sensual mile-long legs looked and the rest of his upper body.

Purple spots formed at the base of his pants and grew larger as if they were being spray painted. The pants' legs softened as they lost some of the hardness that they had. The seams on his pants disappeared as they brightened and became more reflective. The pressure that had been on his thighs eased and he breathed a little easier. If it weren't for the sudden softness and change to his pants then he might have noticed the added girth that had appeared on his thighs.

After years of working in this field, it was easy for him to notice what to look for and organize information. Even when he first started he had a knack for this sort of work. In a nice record-breaking time, he was able to go through it all. Stuff like this was easy when there was determination, clarity, and good organization that made it clear what to look for. Especially with the good chemistry and experience working together with Arthur.

Kyle blinked at the strange thought. He hadn't known Arthur that long. At most a week, and only through small passing moments yet he thought that they had good chemistry? If anything the good chemistry had to be from his desperation to make him happy and not end up in massive debt.

"Something wrong?" Arthur questioned.

"Oh nothing just a silly thought," Kyle said, waving off what he had thought. Must have been a weird moment of his thoughts getting mismatched or something.

"Alright then, mind doing another job for me?" Arthur questioned.

"Sure," Kyle responded without hesitation. The previous animosity that Arthur had seemed to be disappearing. Maybe if he kept doing these small things he would be able to get off scot-free. If he needed an assistant then he would be willing to do more of this work. There were worse things that he could do.

"I need you to mark stuff down for me on a piece of paper. The dates that they joined and when it end. How much income is expected monthly? If they are up for renewal and if so how much of an increase would it be," Arthur said.

Kyle wrote on a piece of scratch the corner to make sure that the pen would work and saw a dark spot form. He smiled and quickly began going through the paperwork cutting through all of the data that was there until he found only the important pieces that he needed. Again his years of working as an administrative assistant came rushing forward and he began working. He could easily find the information that he needed without any issue. The first thing he did was set up a set of brackets on the paper so that it would easily be divided up and looked through.

As Kyle worked through and wrote things down his hands morphed, making him write out of turn. He grumbled as he moved to erase it his fingers slimming down. It was like there was one big cramp in his arm that was making it harder for him to do what he wanted.

The uneven nails that he had, grew ever so slightly longer and evened out as they refined. The uneven edges of his fingers from a habit of nail-biting cleaned up and gained a refined appearance. They gained a slightly new shine as if a clear coat of nail polish had been applied to them as if they had just come out of a salon.

His fingers slimmed down as he continued to work on the assignment Arthur had given him. They tingled as if he had been shocked, but Kyle refused to stop working. The young man wanted to get this done as quickly as possible while being correct. His fingers tightened around the pen that he used for his writing, and with how they changed he was forced to adjust his grip as they got smaller. His eyes darted between the paperwork in front of him and what he was writing, making sure that it was written legibly and cleanly as they changed into thinner digits. When it was over, he had dainty womanly fingers that looked off on his hands, but that wouldn't be the case for much longer.

His palms followed his fingers' example and shrunk as well. The skin on them refined, and the calluses from years of life experiences and various activities got smaller. The skin there gained new life as the palm of his hands softened.

"What is up with my hands?" Kyle muttered, still far too focused on his work to look at them intently and see the differences between them. He hadn't used any of the tools that would have made his hands ache like this, and couldn't have been happier that he wasn't handling them now.

The young man looked at his digits and he wasn't sure if it was the stress of the situation getting the better of him or not. They looked thinner, daintier as if they had gotten smaller. He rubbed his fingers and the skin there felt softer and smoother. It was as if some new miracle cream had been applied there that made it feel much better and younger. Even his nails, something that he had admittedly bit in the past or scratched at hardly. Their appearance seemed to have improved vastly, even though he was sure not too long.

“Hey, how is the paperwork coming along?” Arthur questioned.

Kyle quickly looked up, the focus that he had gone as he tried to keep himself focused. He looked back down at the papers, making sure that he had them in the correct order. He doubled checked the information that was there, hoping that there wasn't anything off about it. Nothing seemed out of order.

“Here you go sir,” Kyle said and handed the packet to him.

Arthur took it and looked it over. He checked the records, pulling each one up. He would look at it for a moment and compare what was written down.

*‘Please let everything be right,’* Kyle prayed. The changing boy felt like he was back in school again, with Arthur being the professor. It was as if he was performing a test on his own and depending on his grade would determine if he graduated or not. If he could show him that he wasn't completely incompetent then maybe something could be worked out.

“Not bad, good work,” Arthur commented.

Kyle cracked a small pleased smile, happy that he managed to do something right. Perhaps he could work with him or something and hopefully impress him enough. For now, he had to continue to try and get on his good side. It was the only thing that he had going for him at the moment.

The young man looked at the papers mentally recalling the order that he was supposed to do and got to work. He continued to take the notes that he wanted down. Occasionally he looked to see what Arthur was doing and noticed that he would occasionally glance at him while he worked.

*‘He probably thinks I'm going to break something if he takes his eyes off of me for long enough,’* Kyle thought morosely.

Right after the thought, the words didn't seem as distracting and Kyle had to fight the urge to pull out his phone and talk to one of his friends online. He wanted to ask their advice and see if they would be able to shed some light on what he should do in this situation, but knew that was just a way to try and distract himself.

“Need to focus,” Kyle muttered to himself.

As he worked, the changes continued up the rest of his arms, his forearms slimming down. The looseness that was there before disappeared as the flab that he had there tightened, making his wonky hands look fitting on them. His biceps slimmed down slightly as they hardened as well,

his arms now looking off on his frame, but would have belonged perfectly to a fit young woman that trained to stay in shape.

Kyle rolled his shoulders and they let out a low pop as they crunched inward. The broad shoulders that he had retracted and slimmed down, making his figure look even slimmer than it already was. He winced as they did and rolled his shoulder, wincing slightly.

“Oww,” Kyle moaned, feeling a relief there that he hadn’t felt in a long while. For a single moment, all of the stress that he had was gone and he felt as if he had just been given a paid week off. A small pleased smile crossed his face and he lounged in his seat. His eyes got heavier and he struggled to keep his eyes open with how soft and comfortable the chair was.

“I think that's enough of that for now,” Arthur sighed, breaking through as he pinched the brow of his nose. “I need a drink or something. Perhaps a snack. ”

“Oh, would you like me to get it for you?” Kyle offered, still trying to fight the wave of sleepiness that came over him.

“Nah, I’ll get it myself. I need to stretch my legs,” Arthur waved off. “You could have some too I guess. Think of it as a reward for all of the hard work that you did on the paperwork.”

The changing young man blinked, and inwardly preened at that. He hadn’t expected anything at all for this small work and wouldn’t mind something nice. It was especially better than all of the salads that his uncle would normally get.

Kyle followed after him like a loyal dog hoping to earn its master’s approval. If things went well enough then maybe they could work out a deal or something that would make it so he didn’t have to pay it all. Again it was optimism, but he had to be in this situation. The amount of debt from this would be life-destroying if something wasn’t done.

As he walked, Kyle’s dark midnight black hair brightened as it gained new life. A new shine appeared in it as small streaks of sandy blonde hair appeared as if they were stars breaking through the darkness. The new hair color became more prominent with every second as if it was taking in all of the sunlight. More streaks of blonde hair poked through the dark mane of hair and consumed the darkness in his hair. The blonde hair soon became the dominant color and continued to reign supreme over what remained of his dark hair as it subsumed it. Even though it had come out on top, his new blonde hair continued to appear and take over more of his hair. When they arrived in the kitchen, all of his inky black hair had been replaced with soft buttery blonde hair.

“Now then let’s see what we got,” Arthur muttered as he began rummaging around through the cabinets looking for something. “You like anything in particular?”

“Oh I’m not too picky of an eater, to be honest,” Kyle admitted. He just stood there, waiting for him to finish going through. It would look strange if he just decided to look around and help him.

Arthur hummed and reached into the back of the fridge. He pulled out a tray that had several different treats. It had crackers, sandwich meats, various kinds of cheese, and also some pieces of fruit.

“Had to go to a party a little while ago, and took some nice food. Might as well finish it off before the main meal,” Arthur commented. He opened the platter and placed it down on the table, leaving it between the two of them. He took a portion of the crackers and loaded them with what he wanted from the meat and cheese.

Kyle looked over and hesitantly took a cracker off the plate. He put on a small bit of the cheese, pepperoni, and ham that was there. After doing so he placed it in his mouth. It tasted good, and filled his stomach, even alleviating the massive ball of stress in his gut.

As Kyle ate his new mane of hair started to slowly grow longer. It slowly trailed down his body and gently brushed against his ears and cheeks. It tickled the back of his neck as it billowed, making him shudder again as if a spider or a bee were crawling on his body. As it grew longer, his hair moved on its own and styled itself into a bun with a curl hanging down the right side of his face.

Kyle could feel the greater weight on his head and blinked, wondering if something had gotten stuck to his head. He didn’t remember walking through anything and he was sure that a place like this wouldn’t have any cobwebs. If a maid or two didn’t come through this place to keep it clean then he would eat his paycheck. He reached up to touch his hair, wondering what was wrong.

“Something wrong?” Arthur asked, making Kyle stop.

“Oh nothing just...something feels a little off is all,” Kyle replied, hoping that he sounded casual.

“Don’t worry about it, just the day’s events getting to you. How about we have some wine or beer? Would go well with the platter anyway,” Arthur asked, making Kyle blink again at how calm and casual he sounded. “Which do you prefer?”

“I...I prefer wine myself,” Kyle continued, not sure what to say. He wasn’t normally a big drinker, only doing so at celebrations. The last drink that he had was months ago at his cousin’s wedding if he recalled correctly. The thought of saying no came to him, but he didn’t want to seem disrespectful to Arthur, especially since it might leave a bad mark.

“Good choice, not a fan of standard beer and ales myself too bland for something rich and...tasty,” Arthur responded, chuckling at the end.

Kyle forced a smile. He didn't get what he found so funny but did not pay it much thought. Probably just an in-joke that he wouldn't be able to get. There were times when that had happened after all.

"This is an aged sangria that has fully allowed the strawberry flavor to fully settle in and become the wonderful taste it is now," Arthur said as he showed the bottle off.

Arthur pulled the top of it and it let out a low pop. Arthur pulled out two glasses and placed them on the table. He undid the top, the bottle let out a pop as the cork came out. A slight trail of smoke came out that indicated how cold it was.

Arthur grabbed two glasses and Kyle watched nervously as Arthur poured the red wine into them. The changing boy didn't feel too comfortable with this sudden shift, especially with how angry he had been when he first accidentally ruined the painting. Arthur placed one of the glasses down in front of Kyle as he raised the other.

Kyle took the offered glass and swirled it around, and took a sniff. He might not be able to know if something was off with it from the looks of it but it did let him know how strong the alcohol in it was. It didn't seem to be something that would knock him flat on his ass. The smell was almost pleasant even as the delightful smell of strawberries hit his nose, just like he said. He looked at Arthur and saw the man was already drinking down his glass of wine as if it was water.

After a moment of examining it, Kyle took a sip of the wine, enjoying the delicious fruity taste of it as it went down his throat. He could feel the strawberries dance on his tongue as if he was having a perfectly ripe fruit right now. The cool liquid easily went down his throat and he gulped as it traveled through his body. There was only the slightest burn from it as it moved, making him feel alive and grateful that none of the joy was taken from him.

"Tastes good doesn't it?" Arthur questioned.

"Yes, it's very good," Kyle admitted as he took another sip. It was better than any alcohol that he had in his life. He wondered how much a bottle of this would have cost and if he could get it, but then shot the idea down. If it came from here it was probably well out of his price range. Maybe by thousands.

Kyle blinked as his eyes burned and took off his glasses. He rubbed at his eyes, trying to make the burning in his eyes stop, but it just wouldn't end. He rubbed them harder hoping that he would gain some measure of relief from doing so. It was as if he had gotten soap in his eyes. His eyelids struggled to stay open but he refused to stop. Not until the blasted pain from them was dealt with.

Unknown to him, the more that he rubbed his eyes the more they changed, the slight redness that appeared in them from how hard he was rubbing them attacked the dark chocolate color in

them. The redness changed the brown color into a dark green that was becoming more apparent by the second.

“Not getting tired, are you? You aren’t one of those sleepy drunks are you?” Arthur questioned, observing how frantically Kyle was acting.

“N-No I’m not sir,” Kyle said as he tried to ignore the burning in his eyes. His eyes struggled to remain open, and the burning only continued to get worse. He winced slightly and knew that it would only get worse and yet he couldn’t bring himself to stop. It soon got to the point that he couldn’t bring himself to ignore them anymore and went back to rubbing.

“Eyes bothering you?” Arthur asked.

“Damn it, what is going on?” Kyle wondered as he struggled to keep them open with how hard he was rubbing his eyes. Tears welled in them as he continued to rub them and they trailed down his cheeks.

“Got something in your eye?” Arthur questioned, pleased by the faint green peepers that were getting brighter by the second.

“Maybe, though now it’s finally dying down,” Kyle muttered, as he moved his hands away, revealing that his eyes were now a bright shining green.

“Well that’s good,” Arthur commented. “And I must say that you have such pretty green eyes.”

“Oh...thank you,” Kyle responded as his face burned.

“Well your eyes might have stopped burning now, but you probably still need these to see Kylen,” Arthur remarked as he picked up Kyle’s glasses. He held them out for Kyle to take.

‘*Kylen?*’ Kyle questioned mentally and then blinked at how natural the name felt as he slipped his glasses on.

The moment he slipped them on his face they changed as well. The frame of his glasses morphed. The thick black outer frame started to get smaller and thinner as if someone was thinning them down. The small nicks and scratches on them from various small events disappeared as if they had been fixed. The slight scratch marks on his glasses from time and the number of times had fallen, been cleaned roughly and others buffed out. They finished changing when they became thin narrow glasses that would do nothing to hide his new face but added a distinguished look to him.

Arthur smiled at the new glasses and how they looked on Kylen. The slimmer look they had, still maintained the distinguished appearance, but now they added a more refined look to him.



Kynda blind surprised by how clean they were now. Not to mention the sudden weight difference that was there. He was sure that they didn't weigh this light, but then again he had wondered where they went off at times. Even though they had been right on his head.

*'Probably just how they're resting on my face right now,'* Kylen muttered.

"Would you like some more?" Arthur questioned.

Kylen blinked, his mind distracted from the curiosity for a moment to process how he felt. He didn't even feel a little buzzed from it all.

"A little more wouldn't hurt," Kylen said as he pushed his glass forward.

The changing young man watched the older man pour the alcohol into the glass and gulped. His thirst grew as he watched the liquid swirl around in the glass. When he had finished filling it, Kyle took it. Before he brought it up to his lips, he noticed that Arthur was holding his out as if he was making a toast.

"Cheers," Arthur said with a charming smile. The two of them clung their glasses together and then they drank their glasses.

Kyle downed his drink a little faster and could feel the wine travel through his body like a bullet train. He savored the taste just like he did the first time, this time taking a little longer to enjoy it. It seemed even better than the first glass that he had and this time he noticed little peculiarities like how the flavor rolled on his tongue and could taste the slight bit of alcohol.

The slight gut that Kylen had from his lifestyle reduced as his core tightened. Muscle formed there that wasn't there before and became more pronounced. It wasn't plain to see since the shirt that he had was large enough to hide it. The slight pudge that he had there got smaller and refined, tightening. As he moved around in his seat, the pudge that would have been visible on his stomach was going away and refining. By the time that it had finally finished, Kylen had a smooth tight stomach that would have taken someone a strict routine to gain.

"So tell me about yourself," Arthur stated. "With how uncomfortable you are around this job it's clear you came from another line of work."

"I worked as an administrative assistant," Kylen provided. "Then I got laid off due to the company downsizing."

"Big company?"

Kynda opened his mouth to answer, but the memories that came from him made him stop. He remembered working for a prodigious company that he had been able to get into due to his impressive resume and schooling. And yet, he knew that wasn't what happened. Kylen tried to

recall the true memory of what happened there and yet he just couldn't. The year of that memory was foggy, but the one that he recalled didn't line up with it. Faces of people that he didn't mee

"Yeah," Kylene answered slowly, the word slipping out of his mouth.

"Oh, that's good, and explains why you were so quick at handling that paperwork."

"Yeah, I did work like that for four or five years," Kynda answered honestly. "Started right before I even entered college."

"Been trying to get back into it?" Arthur asked.

"Yeah, miss working a desk job," Kylene admitted. "I really want out of this gig. He can be a...tough person to work with."

"I have no doubt. Saw how he was busting his friend's balls yesterday," Arthur admitted. "Still it's good to see that he takes such care of the place and that he doesn't want anything bad to happen on his watch."

"Right," Kylene shuddered. He had just been grateful that it had been him under the fire instead of him. "I never got the whole introductions to tools lessons from my father about what's what and all."

"Ahh, well that is a lesson that I never got either. My family was well off and thankfully I was able to make some good deals, and start some businesses and now I can live comfortably," Arthur smirked.

"Good for you," Kylene replied with a forced smile, hoping that he could have such luck in the future. Maybe he would be able to win the lottery or make the right investment and he wouldn't have to work another day in his life.

"Indeed quite unfortunate. Though there have been times when I haven't been so lucky, just like everyone else. Like you were with what happened with my painting," Arthur said, the last part being said accusingly.

"Right," Kylene agreed somberly. He had hoped that he might have been lucky and out of the woods, even if that was a long shot.

Kylene looked at the glass in his hand and then downed it all in one gulp. He blinked and twitched as it traveled through his system. The alcohol dulled the pain in his gut. The young man groaned as a new pain went through his system that made him flinch.

As the alcohol traveled through Kylan's system, the sides of his waist caved and slender down forming the beginning of an hourglass. The figure that he was gaining became more pronounced with every second that passed. His shirt hung loosely off his sides, giving an idea of how much his mid-section was changing. It continued to taper inward, giving his upper and lower body a significant flare, even if had boring hips and nothing up to compliment it.

Kylen blinked, the wine resting in his gut was like a weight on his stomach as the change to mid-section continued. A gurgle came from him as his waist's changes slowed. His body felt tingly like he had just been shocked. His senses were off, especially around his gut which only continued to feel as if there was more weight applied to it.

"I...I think that's enough for me," Kylan said as pushed the empty glass away, holding back a groan as his waist finished changing. His waist was nothing short of perfection for a woman. It was perfectly slender, worthy of belonging to a model on the front page of a magazine. Even though his hips had yet to change, they looked broader than they were because of his waist. Combined with his stomach, his midsection was nothing short of womanly perfection fitting for a goddess.

"If you're sure, Kylan," Arthur said nonchalantly as he continued to drink his wine with a pleased smile as he eyed Kylan. "There will be more here ready if you want some more."

Kylan hardly registered his words, still reeling the alcohol course through her system. He breathed trying to get her body focused again. He licked his lips, still reeling slightly from the alcohol in his system.

Kylan blinked and took a moment. For some reason, his shirt felt off, as if he had slipped on one that was three sizes too big. The fabric felt off, it was softer as if he had slipped on a different one or that it had gone through the wash with a new fabric softener. A larger cut formed down the center that showed off his chest. A small fluffier see-through purple veil appeared at the end of the sleeves. Two silver flower ornate buttons formed around his stomach. Another formed around the collar of the jacket that he was and clipped in place, ensuring that it wouldn't go away. The shirt that Kylan wore tightened around his frame, making him squirm and his smile strain.

Kylan pulled at the collar of his shirt as another wave of heat assaulted his face. For a moment, the new blonde was surprised by the sudden tightness that was coming from it but paid it little thought as he licked his lips.

"Someone is a little flushed," Arthur chuckled. "Can't handle your booze?"

"Just feel hot all of a sudden," Kylan answered. He knew that it wasn't because of the alcohol. He had drunk more than this and he had still been able to see straight and be aware of his actions

“Do you know what kind of drunk you are?” Arthur questioned.

“No, I don't,” Kylna admitted. “At most I've been buzzed.”

“You've restrained yourself?” Arthur asked, his voice seemingly genuinely curious.

“Yes. I'm not a big drinker anyway and prefer to do so only at celebrations. Even then I make sure not to have too much. Otherwise, you'll make an ass out of yourself,” Kylna rambled.

“Wise words,” Arthur smirked. “I could tell you some of the business parties that I have been to where someone got a little too invested in their cups. They forget where they are, who they're talking to, and how they should behave. Those people tend to not show their faces again at them. Burning bridges and sets a bad business precedent.”

Kylna nodded his head, seeing the logic in it. At a big business party reputation and formality was the lifeblood of business. If you failed to look professional and keep up proper decorum then how could they trust you? That had been something that had been drilled into him when he was working for his aunt originally.

Kylna looked at the time. Where was his uncle? He should have been back by now. He wasn't sure how far the place was but he was willing to bet that it couldn't have been too far.

A sudden pull between his legs made Kylna groan as he crossed his legs over the other, trying to suppress the heat that came from there. Everything about his body started to get hotter. It was as if the heat that came from his privates was a spark that started a raging wildfire. He gripped the table tighter.

The effeminate blonde squirmed in his seat and placed his leg over his thigh. It did nothing to help him and made him further uncomfortable, but it hid what was going on down there from view. Considering the company that he had and what their current relationship was like that would be nothing short of a disaster.

“Are you alright?” Arthur questioned.

“I'm fine,” Kylna lied, struggling to keep the composure that he had. It was getting harder for him to sit still. If he wasn't so focused on trying to keep his composure and where his arms were. His leg gently rubbed his shaft and then he stopped himself, but even so, he wanted to keep rubbing himself there. It was as if he was teasing himself to get a full experience.

Suddenly the feeling of his hard rod against his body softened as another cold chill went through his body as if he had been ducked into cold water.

Kylna blinked. That wasn't right. With how hot his body was there was no way that what he was feeling the hardness from his third leg going away. It felt as strong as it did since it first

came over him. He moved his leg ever so slightly lower so that it would stand out as much. The feeling multiplied eliciting a slight moan from him. A faint embarrassed blush came over him from the aroused moan.

Kylnda noticed that there was something immediately off due to his thighs position. It didn't feel as long. His balls felt a little more tender, softer. Everything about his privates felt off. It was as if they had been used as a punching bag by a heavyweight champion.

"What's wrong with me?" Kylnda muttered and looked down.

The young man blinked at the small purple jacket that he wore. He hadn't been wearing that, and yet he recalled putting it on. The memory that he had of getting dressed and ready for the day didn't seem as clear as it did early.

"What?" Kylnda muttered.

A pit formed in Kylnda's stomach as his spine felt like ice was crawling down it. He pulled on the jacket and rubbed his eyes with the other. For a moment, he thought it would just revert to normal and that the booze was messing with his perception, but the feeling of it remained constant.

"When did I put this on?" Kynda wondered in terror. This wasn't what he had worn this morning. This morning he had put on a shirt because he was going to hang out with his friends after this day.

Yet for some reason he remembered crawling out of a room that he knew wasn't his and getting ready for the day. Slipping this jacket on after he got everything else for his morning routine finished. It was all one big blur and conflicted with another, and yet it felt as if it had happened this morning as well.

"No that isn't it," Kynda muttered. He wanted to deny it with certainty, but with how his mind was for some reason he wanted to say it was right as well.

With the two distinct memories fighting each other, Kynda wasn't quite sure where to stare. It was almost like seeing two distinct films going on in his head. The older memories told him one thing, and yet there was a rough harsh cut to the new ones. The more he focused on the new memories the easier they were to recall.

The bedroom that he had woken up in was different from the one that he was used to. For some reason, he recalled waking up in the bedroom here. The items in the room, that he had only taken a passing look at best were now vivid in his mind's eyes as if he had seen them enough times to know it by heart.

The changing boy wanted to stop there before he got lost in them, but it was as if the new memories were gaining a will of their own. He could feel them inch deeper into his mind as if trying to force him to focus on them. Again they gained clarity that wasn't there before, and his heart eased a bit the more he focused on them.

He forced those new memories aside and tried to focus on the male memories and gain the same clarity. To his shock and horror, they were getting harder to recall. The ones that felt older, even though the years in them didn't seem to be as many. It was almost like trying to recall a video or movie that he had seen a while ago. It wasn't an issue to recall the broad strokes, but the finer elements of them were gone. The books that he had on his bookshelf, and the figures from his favorite franchise were blurry in his memory's vision. It was like a giant paintbrush had mixed all of the colors there together and bloated out what was there.

His mind shifted back to the new female ones of this morning as if forcing him to think of the new ones. He could recall the white nightstand in the rooms, along with the lamp that was on them, and the book he read before bed. What stood out the most to him was what he woke up to this morning. A strong arm wrapped around his slender waist as he nuzzled up against-

"Uhhhh!" Kynda groaned erotically, the onslaught of arousal breaking his train of thought. Everything about memories that he had focused on was gone as a powerful heat went through him. The heat centered on one portion of his body and he looked down. To his horror, he saw that his rod was standing at full attention.

The feeling that was coming from his privates was getting more intense. He squirmed in his seat, unable to restrain himself and every good sensation there multiplied tenfold. It was as if someone was licking, sucking, and stroking it all at once. It demanded all of his attention and he gripped the chair tighter, desperately trying to restrain himself from stroking his demanding member.

"Are you alright?" Arthur questioned, leaning forward to better examine him.

Kynda couldn't bring himself to respond. His jaw rattled in place. His teeth chattered and made him grimace. He gripped the armrests tighter, focusing on the soft plush yet that did nothing.

Something entered his body and he couldn't hold back the loud moan. Embarrassment fueled the blush that he had and through the pleasure-induced haze he had, he could see Arthur blink.

Kynda groaned in embarrassment, wishing that he had been better able to keep the sexual arousal under control. It was too much. Too powerful. Like a hurricane that was only continuing to grow in strength. No matter how hard he braced himself it continued to break down and destroy the resistance that he had scrambled to make.

A slurp came from Kynda's lower body and he moaned sensually as another ball entered his body. The second assault was magnified to a strength that he could never have prepared for, no

matter how hard he tried. His eyes fogged over, his throat burned, and the heat in his core exploded, making his body sweat.

Clarity briefly entered his mind and the changing young man had a vague idea of what he had left down there. Kynda gulped and wished that he would be able to check, but with what little control he had over his body, there was no way that he would be able to study himself.

All that was left was the stick that made him a man and said stick was losing its growth by the second. There was no visible trace of it between his legs and Kynda would have doubted it was there were he still not going through the process of losing it all.

Kynda felt like he was about to cream himself with how close and how far he was from reaching completion. Every centimeter that was gone made it seem like hours to the effeminate young man. Right when he was on the precipice of getting the release that he desperately craved, he reached down and pressed his fingers into the hole that he had down there.

It all became too much for him as he creamed his pants greater than he ever had before and the transitioning boy let out a loud aroused scream filled as the tip of Kynda's spear finally entered her body. New folds formed down there, that rankled her mind and destroyed the clarity that she had in one shot. Sweat poured down her frame and her grip tightened.

Kynda slouched in her seat. She panted heavily, her body covered in a fresh batch of sweat that made her clothes stick to her frame tighter than before. The new woman blinked and shook her head. She could feel every trace of hair that brushed against her scalp, the bits of sweat that trailed down her body, highlighting to her the oddity of her body. She shuddered again and patted around her clothes. The soft fabric helped her down from her high.

The purple fabric of her new clothes entered her vision and the initial panic that she felt before her mind was clouded returned. She forced herself to sit up straight and pulled on the clothes that she wore now and frowned at the feeling of her jacket. It was comfortable and didn't feel weird at all. The new shirt that she wore underneath it was unbelievably soft.

"This can't be...it's not possible," Kynda muttered in terror. Her body shook this time with fear instead of arousal.

"Indeed it is," Arthur stated with a grin on his face.

"W-what?" Kynda said. Suddenly she remembered her screams and blushed a bright red that would have made neon signs seem dim. She couldn't believe that she had just screamed her head off like that. The embarrassment and regret that she had died down instantly as his words registered. She looked at him with a flat face and clenched the armrests of the chair tightly.

"What did you mean by indeed it is?" Kynda questioned.

“Come with me there is something that I want you to see,” Arthur ordered gently, not bothering to clarify what he meant.

“Why?” Kynda demanded.

“Because there is something that you need to see,” Arthur replied without hesitation. “It will be part of the explanation and help shed some light on your transformation.”

Kynda glared at him, wanting to tell him to fuck off, but she restrained herself. If he caused this then she was sure that he had some way to accelerate it. Then again he could just do the same if he wanted to do it now.

“No funny business or you’ll regret it,” Kynda threatened.

“Pretty sure I won’t with how things are going currently,” Arthur smiled teasingly,

Kynda glared at him but said little else. She wanted to wipe that stupidly handsome smug look off of his face. There was no way that his smile had any right to be so dashing considering what he was doing.

The thought made the former man shake her head as she tried to get it on straight. She could admit before the changes started that he was handsome, though no...Her face heated up the more she looked at him. There was something almost...enchanted about the way that he looked too her. Again she shook her head trying to get the lustful thoughts out of her mind.

“Damn changes,” Kynda muttered under her breath. With how she was acting now she didn’t know how much longer she would last.

As she followed him, her eyes darted around looking for a weapon that she could use to protect herself. She wanted some form of protection no matter how small it might be for her. Then again who knows if knocking him out would make it stop, for all she knew doing so would make it so that there was no way the transformation could be stopped until it reached its conclusion. And if her new mental facilities were proof she might not want to turn back.

Besides if Arthur was causing it like he said and seemed, he probably had a defense mechanism or something in place to make sure that nothing would happen to him. Who knows what else he could do to her if she annoyed him enough and shuddered at the possibilities?

Kynda realized that they were heading back to the living room, and she wished that they were going anywhere else. Despite what he was doing, she couldn’t help but feel guilty about the whole thing and wished she had never taken this damn job. Then she wouldn’t be in this situation.

“Why are we going back to the living room?” Kynda questioned as her throat became drier.



“You’ll see Kynda,” Arthur responded, making her frown worse. “Just be a little more patient.”

They entered the room, and Kynda came to a hard stop when she saw the painting. Seeing the picture with the new memories she could now see that there was something majestic about it that she hadn’t been able to notice before. Yet, despite how nice it was, she wasn’t focused on the full picture. No, she was focused more on one portion of it. The portion that she had accidentally destroyed, but was now whole.

That one small piece where there should have been a massive tear was healed. It was clean, even, there wasn’t any sign of the damage that had been there just a short while ago.

Kynda stepped closer, rubbing her eyes wondering if they were deceiving her. She got closer expecting to see the hole return. She didn’t want to believe it and yet it wasn’t there. It was almost as if she had just envisioned the worse scenario.

Her heart blossomed in glee that it was fixed. She and her family wouldn’t spend the rest of their lives trying to pay the damn thing back. It almost didn’t seem real to her, as if it was too good to be true. She couldn’t bring herself to stop getting closer to it.

The only time she stopped was when she was right in front of it. She gently ran her hand over the painting, specifically the part that her hand had torn through earlier. It was smooth, clean, perfect in every way as if it hadn’t been damaged at all.

Arthur gently grabbed her hand, making her jump. He reached out with the other and gently turned her head to him. She couldn’t bring herself to fight back, her mind still reeling at the truth of the matter.

“Now now, we don’t want a repeat of what happened earlier,” Arthur said softly, with a stern edge in his voice.

“Y-you could have fixed it this whole time?” Kynda questioned, her voice cracked as her throat burned.

“I could have, but it would have taken time, and would rather have it fixed immediately in guests came over. The method I used while a little more draining to do, works just as well and requires me to change someone. It’s going to take a while for the new reality to fully set in since changing a person and making so the world conforms to their new form around them takes time.”

“W-What?” Kynda croaked, her voice sounding as if she was gargling saw dust as she raised her hand to her throat. She could feel her adam’s apple getting smaller, making her flinch and gulp. The more it shrunk the more the uncomfortable scratchiness in her throat bothered her. She would have thought that she would have needed a drink if it was natural.

“What do you mean new reality?” Kynda questioned. Her voice let out a low crack that was almost unheard.

“Just give it a minute,” Arthur advised.

“No, I want to know now!” Kynda demanded, her voice gaining strength and winced from the uncomfortableness of it. She gulped a round of saliva as she tried to recover from the change that was happening there.

“Relax I’ll tell you just don’t ask any questions until I’m finished, my dear. I don’t want you to get more uncomfortable than you already are,” Arthur smiled, not at all perturbed by the demand or her glare. “Ok the magic changing you is altering reality to compensate for the changes that are happening to you, and would work like a...ripple effect I think is the right word. Where both your past and future actions wouldn’t have happened The painting would be fixed since the new you would never do something like that.”

“But you don’t need to do this. If you could alter the world with magic then you never had to worry about money. You can just change me back into a boy! Please!” The more her voice rose higher in pitch, becoming more womanly.

“No, this is a fitting punishment and a nice way for you to get out of the hole you dug yourself into. If I was someone else you would be stuck with that debt for the rest of your life probably trying to pay that back. Besides this is a win for you too. You won’t have to worry about anything else happening in your life ever again. You’ll be set for life and able to do anything you want.”

“What do you mean?” Kynda questioned, ignoring her faltering voice.

“You see my family trying to set me up with blind dates and all for years. Either they would have no brains, be gold diggers, or just something wouldn’t click. With you becoming my wife, I no longer have to deal with that bullshit, and already get a special someone. It’s a win for me.”

“B-But I don’t want to be your wife!” Kynda sputtered. “Why can’t you just use your magic powers to find your soul mate or something?”

“Oh don’t worry you will be, both to being my wife and my soulmate. Honestly, I had been holding off on trying to find love this way. Besides, when this is done you won’t have any memory of ever being a boy so it won’t be an issue,” Arthur explained calmly as if that was supposed to appease her. “Relax and enjoy yourself, it won’t be much longer now before it’s all done, and the new you completely take over.”

Kynda balled her hand into a fist. She took a step forward to slug him as hard as she could, but then frowned as her arm seemed locked in place at her side. She still couldn’t bring herself to hurt him. She hissed.

*'Why can't I hit him?'* Kynda mentally roared angrily.

Suddenly more memories came rushing forward of her time back in college, but not the college she knew and he was in her classes. The two of them had first met during their college years when they were studying to get their bachelor's degree in business. They had worked together on a few group projects, and he had been one of the best people to work with his good work acumen. He had been quick to respond to questions that she had and offered his input to build up on it. It was something that the rest of her partners could have learned from.

After she had gotten her Bachelor's, she went on to further her education and career, doing everything she could to ensure that she would have the best life possible. Getting her master's degree, and getting a full-time job, while her scholarships fully supported her college bills. After getting a job at a tech company she quickly rose through the ranks to become one of the management staff.

They met up again years later at the Christmas office party. It had been a shock to find out that her former classmate was the owner. It had been even more of a shock for her when he came up and started talking to her. They had hit it off well enough and the two caught up and learned how they were doing. To her shock, he even admitted that he had a bit of a crush on her back, something that had shocked her since she didn't consider herself that astounding then but had been too focused on getting himself sorted to talk about romance. Now that everything was he wasn't going to let her get away and wanted to have that date. It had been something that threw her off and made her blush even now.

At first, she had denied him, stating that a relationship with her superior wouldn't look good for either of them. She remembered what he did. He chuckled and leaned into her ear. "Maybe but I'm determined, and when I see something that I want, I'm willing to go after it."

It had earned a snort from her, and then a giggle, even as her face blushed. She wasn't fully used to being flirted with, preferring to focus on her work.

"If you decide to hear me out and give it a shot," Arthur said and gave her his number.

She tucked the number into her purse. It might be a good idea to have the boss's number on her phone in case anything were to happen. At the very least it would make a good weapon if she was dealing with an idiot.

The rest of the night had passed in a peaceful blur. She continued to get comfortable with her coworkers and enjoy the time there. Even if the party was a little much. It was meant to boost company morale and help people in the company get to know each other and the various departments. She smiled as she looked around, saying that it had done so with smashing success, especially since it had gotten someone's number.

When Kynda got home she looked at his number again and pondered what she should do with it. She looked at the number and in the end decided to try and see if it was real. He said that he had a crush on her. She could admit that he was handsome with ease. The idea of trying out for a date. That way at least she could say that they tried and if it didn't work then that was that.

After a few rings, he had thankfully picked up. Kynda still remembered how coiled and ready she had been for things to go awry. It just seemed strange to her that anyone would be interested in her. Even if there were times that someone did, again she turned them down to focus on her work.

That had been a mixed reaction, and again he questioned if she thought that it was real or not, admittedly earning a blush from her. To find out that it had been was a shock to her, but her years of being in the business field had quickly pulled through and she had collected herself. She had been able to mask her surprise, or at least as best she could. Even through the phone though, she could tell that he noticed her shock.

They had discussed for what seemed like hours where they could go. Arthur had brought up all sorts of places. From coffee joints, high-end restaurants, and other places. What surprised her the most was when she brought up a couple of smaller lower-class restaurants that while nice, weren't what she expected from someone that ran a company.

"Hey, sometimes you just want to go to a nice place low to the ground, where you can enjoy yourself. You want a change of pace and all. Got to experience many different facets of life."

That Kynda couldn't deny. She had gone to a lot of great five-star restaurants and places that left her dazzled, but there were times that she wanted to go somewhere simpler. Where she could just sit down and grab a nice burger. Even if she should haven't had much salty or fast food.

When it was time for their date, she had done her best to look as presentable and nice as possible back then, while trying not to look like that she had been trying too hard or easy. While she wouldn't have minded marrying a rich man, it was better if there was something there instead of just money. She wasn't some floozy trying to catch herself a man, even if he was rich. She had worked hard to get where she was and wasn't a damn golddigger.

For their date, Kynda had worn a nice dress that went down to her thighs that didn't show too much of her cleavage, as hard as that was to find. And tried to find something that wouldn't make her ass look like she was trying to smuggle a blimp.

She remembered how he swept her off of her feet on their date, easily cementing that they would be going on another soon. He had focused solely on her body and had a decent conversation. It didn't seem like he was trying too hard to impress, which was a good thing. If he felt the need to boast about all that he had then she would have been worried since he had an established company, degree, and more.

Again they dived a little more into each other's lives and talked about their families and what they have been up to. It had been interesting to hear what his family was like and for her to divulge what hers was like and her roots. After that things moved on to their interests, favorite movies, their likes, dislikes, and stuff that she found to be standard questions, but were reasonable topics for a first date.

Things had continued smoothly with them having a weekly date, and some small minor meetups before, and would save their big dates for the weekend when they were both off. Those were nice little meetings. They would try to meet up and share a cup of coffee or something before the morning. The two of them happened to like Sal's, a nice little coffee joint that had delicious coffee but wasn't overfished.

After a couple more dates he started to hint at it back at the office much to her chagrin. At one point when he flirted with her at the office, Kynda immediately requested that they talk privately. She had insisted on trying to keep it hidden from the others and would reserve it for their private time. He jokingly seemed to take in her words, and she had been a fool to believe at the time that would be the end of it. It wouldn't be good for either of them if the word had gotten out that the two of them had entered a relationship. She would like others not to look at her with any preconceptions or questions about what was going on in her personal life.

Only to again hear Arthur talk about their relationship at the workplace again. No matter how many times she told him not to, he continued to do so, despite her thoughts on the matter. Though she quickly realized that it was his way of teasing her. She wished that he would find another method to do so. They were in the workplace. When they were alone would be the appropriate time to do so. Not to mention it could be distracting to all the other workers. Even when she brought it up to him privately. The response she had received in return had left her reeling.

"Don't worry if anybody tries to act uppity then I'll make sure they mind their own business," Arthur said seriously. "If anyone starts some trouble for you just say the word and I'll deal with them. I am serious about us and don't want to scare you off or anything."

Kynda would have been lying if she said that her face didn't darken at the admission. It sounded like something that came out of the corny romance fantasies that she had from time to time. He then proceeded to ruin it for her by commenting on how cute he looked to her. Still, she knew that he would do it.

Though that embarrassment had been short-lived when she remembered a conversation at work. Her coworker Camile Peach had called her out on it and that everybody knew how they had been eyeing each other. The sputter that had come from her had made everyone in the office laugh, because of her normal calm and composed nature.

Then came their anniversary when they went back to her place and had a time of their life. Her face darkened immensely as heat pooled into her core and knew that if she still had her old equipment it would be standing proud right now. As someone who had yet to experience sex in its entirety, she lacked the knowledge of knowing what it was like in its entirety. Now though she had gotten to see for herself what it was like on the wild side and recall it with picture-perfect clarity.

The new blonde woman let out a squeal as she hooked her head with the darkest blush that she had sported in her life as her remaining male persona rushed to the surface.

“No focus!” Kynda hissed at herself, trying to make sure that she was able to fight back against it and refine the hold that she had over herself, which only seemed to loosen with every second that passed.

Even now that Kynda forced her consciousness to the front she could feel the new identity latch on and try to drag her original one down so it could come out the victor. Small memories from the new identity keep coming to the forefront, despite her desperate efforts. It terrified her with how close to the edge that she seemed to be, and the ground that she stood on for her old identity only seemed to get even shakier and harder.

“Remembering some good memories?” Arthur questioned. “You seemed awfully happy just now. If you want we could sit down and have a few more drinks and talk.”

Kynda gulped and then turned around without warning and ran as fast as her dress would let her. The fleeing woman heard a chuckle behind her that made her heart pound a little faster. The moment she was out of the room she looked behind her to see if she was being followed and to her relief saw that he wasn't. Still, she moved at a brisk pace to put more ground between them.

As she went through the home, Kynda's mind scrambled, trying to think of how she could get out of here. Her uncle was a no-show for now and with how long it has been since he left she couldn't rely on him. Maybe she could get a uber or something and they would be able to get her out of her. Hopefully, they would be able to get here soon. She wasn't sure how long she would be able to last. The transformed woman rushed to the room where she had left her stuff in. She looked around trying to find where she might have left it.

“Where is it?” Kynda wondered as she looked around the various bins that lined the room. “It should be in here.”

The blonde woman tried to recall where else she could have put it, but she was sure that she had left it here. She didn't bring it with her when she was in the living room. After that episode in the living room, her trying to remember where she had put everything was the last thing on her mind in favor of trying to keep him happy. Now she wished that she had kept her stuff on her.

Kynda desperately scrambled through another one of the rooms, looking for her bag. That had everything that she needed if she was going to get anywhere. Her work bag had her wallet, her phone, keys, and everything else. She cursed herself for having gotten rid of it all while she worked. If she had kept it on her while she did, she could have already left this joint.

Her eyes roamed across the room, and she let out a dissatisfied groan as she shut the door. She rushed into the next one, her breathing picking up as her frustration grew.

As she did she made sure to listen to Arthur. If he did come around then she would be able to avoid him if she was smart and quick enough. She didn't trust her instincts not to give into whatever might happen if she did wind up in his strong arms again.

"Dick," Kynda muttered and then felt guilty calling him. He wasn't a bad guy. He had been nothing short of sweet and kind to her.

The new blonde shook her head forcing those invasive thoughts to the side as best she could. Again all of the wonderful happy times that they shared came forward that made her heart warm, and her lips curved into a soft charming smile.

"Why won't they go away!" Kynda questioned and groaned again at the voice that was coming out of her.

Kynda wasn't used to the new voice that was coming out of her mouth. It was authoritative, sexy, and domineering in just the right way that it would perfectly fit a dominatrix. Unlike her original voice. She had to be taken seriously with the body that she had. If she didn't then people would have mistaken her for a bimbo. Now that she thought about it, her voice had never been distinctly masculine. Where was the idea that she had a male voice coming from?

"Focus on the male years Klyned," Klynedainstructed herself. "You didn't have a dick until recently. Wait no! Fucking hell!"

Her face flushed with rage. The moment she found a way to change back he was going to make him see the error in his ways. She clung to those male memories like a lifeline, even though there were only a couple of years that she could recall.

Klyned faintly noticed as she went through she was less perturbed by the loss of her manhood than she thought she would be. The faint feeling of her dick brushing up against her legs seeming like a far memory. She tried to recall her original anatomy, but it was getting harder for her to recall that feeling. Instead, she could almost recall the memory of her underwear hugging her rear and lower body.

"Damn memories. They're fucking with me," Klyned spat in disgust. There was so little time left for her male mind, at least in comparison to the female memories that were gaining dominance. It's getting harder for her to remember what was true. There were only a few years that she could recall with some clarity. The rest of them were surrounded by a cavalcade of female

memories of her new identity, especially with how off her body was and the lack of curves she was sporting.

“What did I mean when I thought about my body?” Klyneda wondered fearfully. She gulped as her face paled, her heart pounding a little faster as she hesitantly looked down.

She looked down at her frame and tried to think of how it would look. With the new clothes that she was unwillingly wearing the blonde was painfully acute of the changed state of her body and what it was like now.

She ran her hand over her flat chest and boney rear end. There was only the slight cushion there that she was used to feeling. There was nothing off about them physically that she could recall as she fought against the female memories as best she could.

Yet to her hands there was something very off about her body. It was as if she was feeling something else instead of her body. She expected that there would be more there, even though she knew that there should...n't be. The changing woman asserted her original persona as best she could, but even so, it was as if her body had experienced the body she had in her past so much that she knew it by instinct when something didn't match its expectations.

Even then the thought of her male self being the true one was seeming unlikely to her, even though she didn't want to admit it. The only thing that stopped it from being so was the recollection that she had of him admitting everything.

“Not important right now,” Klyneda spat. “The important thing is finding my bag now!”

Suddenly her eyes widened as one memory came forward. There was one last room that she could faintly recall that they went through. It had been for when they were setting up the TV.

A grin came to her and she rushed forward. The hope of progress and things finally going her way was enough to make her break out into a run again. Now that Klyneda knew where her stuff was she could get it and then get on out of here. Even if she had to walk for a mile it would be good to put some distance between the two of them.

She threw open the door and her eyes darted around the counter where she thought she left her bag, but to her shock saw something else in there. There was a white purse on one of the counters that she knew wasn't there before. She knew that she hadn't seen that purse before and Yet there was a sense of familiarity that came over her. She swore that she had seen that purse before, even though she hadn't.

“Why is that there?” Klyneda wondered.

They had never met a woman while they were here. She was sure that she would have noticed it before. The more she stared at it the more certain that she was of it that she recalled that



purse. Suddenly it hit her with all the force of a raging tsunami as another memory came to the forefront of her mind. She had seen that purse. She knew that purse well.

Klynda gulped and walked over to it. A feeling that made her mind panic and her stomach churn more than it had already. It made her want to

She grabbed the purse as if it was a bomb that would explode in her face. She hesitantly opened the purse, her eyes darting back and forth between him as if he was a predator that would leap if she wasn't careful. There was a small white and gold wallet inside that looked similar to her purse and she opened it. She gasped when she saw the ID.

The ID was her's, or rather for the new her. The picture next to it was of the new her that had a soft gentle smile on her face that looked radiant. If she had seen this woman online she would have been enraptured by her. The name on it was a bit of a mismatch as if two names were shoved together. She stared at the remnants of her old name and tried to recall her full original name, but she couldn't.

As if taunting her, the name on the ID shifted around again to her horror, and the information on it move to accommodate her, her name now being Kylnda. She ran her hands over where the parts that changed and felt only the same hard plastic. It was harder for her to recall the original name that she had. The ID dropped from her hand and the rest of the bag did as well.

She breathed in and out, desperately trying to keep calm enough, reminding herself that if she then the next time that she went under she might not come out. Right now every moment was counted in what she did, and she couldn't afford to lose herself even if she could lose herself again.

Klynda glared at the purse as if it was a filthy animal that had just bit her. The correctness of having it was enough to make her want to just leave it there as if it would come to life and attack her. Taking it felt like she was accepting the forced persona that Arthur had crafted for her. Not only that, but it could serve to make things harder for her. After all, that damn purse felt right to hold for a reason.

Still, that didn't mean that she couldn't take what was inside. She would be an absolute moron if she refused to take the money that was being offered to her. At the very least the money would be useful in getting out of here.

Klynda reached out, but the moment she saw her gloved hand, she was reminded that her clothes were no longer what they once were. The blonde looked down and frowned when noticed that her dress lacked any pockets. There was no way that she would be able to carry everything in there with just her hands.

As loathed as she was to use the damn thing. It would at least give her a way out and some form of identification. Then she could call a cab or something when she was a safe distance from here. Whatever cash inside would no doubt be useful as well.

With a heavy sigh, Klynda picked up the purse, the faint jingle of keys made her blink. She rifled through the purse's contents, moving the wallet, the charger, and other various items until she saw a keyring. Her eyes rest on one set of keys, in particular, those being the car keys.

Klynda smiled, absolutely gleeful. Looks like she didn't need to keep playing hide and seek until she could get out of here. Now she could just rush out of here. After she put some distance between the two of them, then she would be able to figure out what she should do next.

The blonde rushed for the front door, clutching the purse as if it was a lifeline. The idea of trying to stay hidden now wasn't worth considering. She found some comfort from the purse and what it had, even if it was a mockery of who she was. It wasn't perfect but she was sure that if she swung it hard enough then it would be able to knock his lights out. At the very least it might keep him away from her if she just started swinging it around like a weapon.

A smile came to Klynda's face despite everything that had happened to her. She was so close to getting out of here, and then maybe she could try and figure out a way to change back. At the very least she was financially secure in this life. Their assets hadn't come together just yet, and she could use that without any fear.

The former man wondered what car she would drive in and tried to figure out the next step. After she put some distance between them or got somewhere safe she could ditch the car and try to find a way to change back, or plan from there. Whatever happened while she was stuck like this wouldn't be her problem. Once she was able to change back to her old self then she would be free of it and wouldn't have to worry about those issues.

Klynda entered the living room to cross to the door but yelped when she saw Arthur sitting by the bar across from it. She jumped and quickly turned around her heart pounding in her chest. One of her hands resting on her chest.

Arthur had another glass of wine in his hand. He looked at her with the same charming smile that made him look like a prince. The clothes that he wore further sold that image that she had in her mind.

For a singular moment, she relaxed as she looked at him, only to feel the fear return with new terror. There was no implement in his hand. No crazed or mad look in his eyes. Just a calm charming smile that made her heart swoon, his eyes radiating warmth and happiness.

Even so, to the last remnants of who she was, Arthur might as well have been a slasher movie villain that had crawled from the depths of hell. The moment her initial shock, passed Klynda

gulped as a familiar heat blossomed within her. She gulped down the lust that was in her and focused on what she needed to do.

Arthur placed the glass down on the table and stepped closer, causing her to step back and was up against the wall. She slid across the wall, keeping her eyes on him as if he was a dangerous animal that would leap at her if she took her eyes off of him for a moment. Considering the obvious lust that was in his eyes she didn't want to find out how ravaged she would be by this 'animal'. Suddenly Arthur moved and placed his arms on both sides of Kynda's head.

Klynda yelped again as if she had been smacked on the butt. She knew this position quite well and had seen it done dozens of times in games and anime. She had envisioned herself being in romantic situations like this. Though she never imagined that she would be filling in for the female part of the role.

The young woman blushed at how close he was, the smell of his cologne. Again she found herself relaxing despite the horror of the situation. She unwittingly raised her hand to his chest and felt one of his pecs as she dropped the purse that she had been holding. She pressed down and admired the hard muscle that was there and massaged it.

"I don't mind you feeling me up dear, lord knows I will be doing the same soon," Arthur commented. He still had a nice charming smile that made her heart swoon as if she had been swept off her feet by her soul mate. "I can do it now if you're feeling rather horny."

It wasn't till after Arthur said that that Klynda realized what she was doing. Klynda quickly took her hand off of his chest and gulped again. She had to keep her emotions under control no matter how much of a stud muffin he was that she wanted to ravage her. Even if Arthur made her loins burn with the intensity of a hundred sons.

Klynda took a breath as Arthur slowly leaned closer to her. She stared at him as he puckered his lips. She gulped knowing what it would be like and yet wondering if it would be as good as the false memories made her think they were. Her heart pounded fast enough so she could hear it in her ears like a drum and her hands curled. A part of her wanted to lean forward and kiss him right on the lips so they snog each other as if they were teenagers again.

The former man gently leaned forward to meet her, but Kynda caught herself in the act. Her instincts went into overdrive as she realized the horror and wrongness of her situation and focused on it.

The former man finally managed to force herself to duck under his arm and quickly moved away from him. Klynda rushed away from him like a bat out of hell. She couldn't believe that he had gotten so close to her. She looked over her shoulder and saw to her shock that Arthur didn't move to chase after her. He just stood there with the same smile that he had.

Her eyes wandered to the purse down on the floor and she cursed herself for losing it. She wondered if she could rush over and get it from him before he could grab her but she doubted it in these clothes. With these stupid heels on it's more likely that she would wind up falling into his arms.

"Why are you so worried? I have to admit you lasted longer than I thought you would but is this truly such a problem? Recall what your life would be like once the transformation is done and you'll see how much better off you are."

"But I won't be me!" Klynda replied scathingly. "I'll be what you made me into!"

"Maybe so, but is it really so bad when you will be set up for life?" Arthur questioned. "Think about it, once it's over you'll have everything that you could have wanted. A great job, all the money that you could want, and be happily married to a man that you love and adore with every fiber of your being. What more could you want? Just say it and I'll get it for you."

Klynda opened her mouth to refute him, but instead, all that came was a sexual gasp as the heat in her chest built up like a raging fire. She looked down at her chest and gasped when she saw her pecs growing larger. The young woman grabbed them and shuddered as erotic glee went through her body like a lightning bolt that made her spasm. The small mounds on her chest quickly became too large for her hands to contain and the developing tit-flesh escaped between her fingers as her grip was forced to loosen on them.

The blonde woman stumbled back, her blush increasing from the bounce of her increasing tits. Klynda snuck a look at him making sure that he wasn't going to suddenly rush her and then snuck another look down at her bust and watched her breasts swell. It took all the effort that she had to restrain herself from grabbing them again and shoving them down as if they would deflate and her chest would return to normal. She would like to say that she wasn't stupid. The slight incline of her chest made her gasp as her body started to shake. She worried about what would happen to her clothes if they continued to get bigger. Would she wind up being naked in front of him if it didn't change? There was no way that she would be able to restrain herself if that did happen.

The dress that she wore thankfully conformed to her changing figure as some of the fabric on her jacket and dress receded, exposing more of her cleavage. Yet that didn't come without a drawback. The fabric gently draped over her body as it moved, teasing her further as if someone was gently caressing and pulling her dress down.

"Oh no," Klynda muttered when she noticed that the cut of her dress was getting lower, exposing more of her breasts. With every centimeter of her garments that disappeared, the more the ice pit in her stomach seemed to freeze and envelop her body. The expanding woman looked at Arthur and instinctively covered her chest from view, but it did nothing to discourage him at all from staring. He licked his lips as her arms were pushed away by her boobs. The

blonde woman was so focused on her chest that she never noticed Arthur raise his hands and gently wrap them around her hands.

“There is no need to try and hide it, I’ve seen them before if my new memories are anything to go by,” Arthur commented as he gently moved her hands, making the former boy look at him with such speed that it was a wonder that her neck hadn’t snapped from how quickly turned. “In a variety of ways and got a good feel for them as well.”

Klynda gulped and sputtered as memories of them getting to second and third base. When she was a man, all had gotten was just the occasional kiss when she had been with her ex-girlfriend. A lustful groan escaped her that she hadn’t meant to let out, her hands slipped and exposed an enticing amount of her cleavage, and her nipples perked underneath her dress, but her jacket kept her arousal hidden. Arthur truly did have magical wonderful hands in all meanings of the word. Perhaps the two of them could go through another round later.

Every second of her chest’s growth only further clouded her mind. They pushed the male persona closer to the edge as the new female persona and memories like an invading army destroying her original identity. Despite how hard it was, Klynda clung to who she was, even if the female memories were so nice and blissful.

Klynda noticed that his eyes were focused directly on her impressive bust that was still swelling larger. She wanted to pull her hands out of his but she couldn’t bring herself to. Instead, all she could do was leave her hands there and take comfort in their warmth. Her hands balled into fists as her heart pounded, indecision, and lust battling in her mind. The horny part of her wanted to just rip the front of her dress off, and let him have his way with her.

Arthur let go of Klynda and to her mind, it was as if she had finally been permitted to act as she wished. She mushed her developing chest together, enjoying the bounce of her bosom that was still growing larger at a steady brisk pace. The heat from her bust grew by the second as the wonderful pleasing sensations that came from them did as well. The soft fabric of her dress only made what she was feeling all the better. Her dress tightened around her bust but the silky soft fabric made it feel as if her growing curves were being delightfully teased. Klynda’s creamy cleavage just continued to grow and arouse the woman further until it finally slowed. Her expanding bosom finally finished growing when it became a huge G-cup that would have put some watermelons to shame.

Klynda continued to fondle her chest, lost in the addicting arousal that was going through her body. Everything felt so good, so much better than it had been when she was a man. Her nether regions continued to heat up and demanded attention, but what she was feeling from her breasts took her full attention. She bucked her hips and breathed heavily through her mouth.

“Please...make it stop,” Klynda pleaded desperately, knowing that it wouldn’t be much longer.

“But why? It looks like you’re having so much fun,” Arthur chuckled.

"It's...", Klynda yelped. She tried to recall why this was a problem. She had fondled herself numerous times, especially during their nightly escapades. The young woman wanted to push them away, knowing that they were wrong, but now that she was in the throes of the heat her mind became little more than jelly, despite all of the efforts that she was making to remember. There was a reason why this was wrong she knew there was, but the reason why was foggy. It was as if it was covered in one big mist.

"Uhh," Klynda moaned.

"Lost your words?" Arthur questioned.

The blonde could only vaguely nod. She gulped. Her body shuddering in his arms, her mind dull and her eyes glazed over.

There were only a scant few years that she could vaguely recall of her past as a boy. She clung to those memories as if they were a priceless possession. She focused on then trying to recall every little detail about them but the finer details of then were getting lost in the changes. It was like looking at a frayed and faded picture from long ago.

"Now you're not quite done yet, there is still something else that needs vast improvement," Arthur commented.

"Wh-What do you mean?" Klynda gulped as she slowed her massaging, but didn't remove her hands from her huge bust.

"Oh c'mon after all that has happened to you, do you think I would settle with a plain flat ass like yours?" Arthur questioned. "You need a little more down below to even out the wonderful mountains you got up top."

Klynda blushed as she She looked at her boring buttocks and couldn't help but find her lower cheeks...lacking. The immense toned padding that she had felt for years was gone and swore that she could feel the bone there. She recalled her wonderful behind had been a point of attraction for him and many men. Not feeling any of the immense cushion there, she couldn't help but be...unnerved.

When they had been dating she would often catch him, taking a gander at her cleavage, or buttocks from time to time, especially the latter. At first, she had been worried that Arthur would have only been interested in her because of her abundant curves, but he had waited. He had been so patient with her until she had been ready to go and take that next step. Even when they finally did it, she had been worried that the relationship would crumble apart and that his interest would move on to someone else. Yet it never did. Their relationship continued to grow stronger as more time passed.

The blonde woman noticed just how hungrily he was eying her now. A smirk came to her. Even after all the time that they had spent together, she was still easily able to get a rise out of him. With a massive perfect ass like her's it was bound to happen. She giggled only to blush and realize where her perverse train of thought was leading her. No, now wasn't the time to have those flights of fancy.

Suddenly her original memories managed to again push through the sea of lust, heat, and need, coming to the forefront of her mind and somehow managing to assert dominance, though again it is as if she was on a tightrope and one misstep would cause the other to regain control.

"Wait I never had," Klynda trailed off. Uncertainty filled her being. She would swear that she didn't have an ass that would be the stuff of legends, and yet more memories told her she had one worthy of legends.

She placed her hand on her rump which ached. She squeezed her boney rear and gulped. She swore that there was more cushion there. The feeling of her butt having more plump there became more certain in her mind.

"Is something wrong?" Arthur asked.

"My butt is wrong," Klynda replied only to blush at the admission. She continued to squeeze her rump, knowing that it would only add more fuel to her current situation.

Klynda gasped a pressure formed in her ass that grew larger and could feel it like a bubble. Suddenly her buttocks ballooned, making her stumble as everything felt off for a second as her underwear adjusted for her new girth. The former male could only paw at her ballooning behind, her fingers caressing the curves of it as it swelled. Klynda's mind was completely lost in a blazing fire that roasted her mind of anything else except what was happening to her hindquarters. She could only stare at it as she bit her pillowy lips, savoring every second that she felt from her ass as if it would be the last moment she had on earth.

The blonde licked her lips eagerly as she rolled her wide hips from side to side, massively enjoying how her lower cheeks took a few moments longer than the rest of her body to slow. The bottom half of her dress gently draped over her increasing curves and she didn't care in the slightest how far it stood behind him. Klynda licked her lips, enjoying the slight teasing that was coming from the fine cloth. She placed her hands down on her butt and squeezed her full booty with all the lustful vigor of a horny teenager discovering sex for the first time. The busty blonde continued to fondle her ballooning booty as it swelled in her hands, amplifying the pleasure she felt to levels she had never reached before as a man. Even when her hands could no longer fully hold her honeydew-sized butt cheeks. She squeezed tighter, as a naughty giggle gleefully left her lips.

More glee filled her at the new, but familiar sensations that were coming from there. The wrongness that she had was going away as her bottom grew. She continued to move her hips

as ass grew, finding the growing feelings there more comforting as if she was doing a familiar exercise.

Her bottom was reaching proportions that she had never seen in the real world, but she couldn't bring herself to care at all about how big she was becoming. The twin cheeks became sizes that would be impossible to hide even if she had put on 3 pairs of droopy pants the massive girth of her ass would still be plain to see.

The moment that her ass finished growing, Glynda spanked her ass and she moaned like a bitch in heat as her booty rippled like a droplet of water falling into a pool. The new woman focused intently on how her bottom rippled as if it would be the last thing that she might ever experience. She lost herself in how it moved and bounced her ass up and down and side to side, savoring the way her cheeks went side to side like jello.



The blonde woman was so lost in her new jiggle that she never noticed Arthur grab her. She squealed and shuddered again as her immense bust was pushed against his strong chest. The blonde woman unconsciously licked her lips as she rubbed them and wrapped his arms around him. A giggle and a naughty smile flashed on her face and brightened as his hand rested on her immense posterior.

“Don't worry my love I can make you feel more alive than you ever felt before,” Arthur remarked.



"I...I...", the poor confused horny woman started, trying and failing to find her words as she struggled to keep a grin from forming on her face. The pleasing warmth coming from her body made her feel so relaxed and calm. It was centered on her breasts, butt, and crotch, making the carnal hunger that had swollen.

"Perhaps this will convince you," Arthur chuckled and then pressed his lips against hers.

Glynda gasped in shock and that was the opening Arthur needed to slip his tongue into her mouth. She relaxed more as their tongues wared for dominance, until Arthur's became the victor. They pawed at each other's body, feeling every trace and gently pinching them and teasing the other. The two continued to suck face, until the need for air became too much for them. The two of them broke apart a long trail of saliva forming between them.

"What brought that on Arthur?" Glynda questioned, looking up at him questioningly. "Not that I'm complaining mind you."

"I felt like it," Arthur smirked. "After all, I'm the luckiest man in the world to get a wonderful woman like you. Brains, beauty, and everything else a guy could want. "

Glynda smiled, beaming from the praise. It was good to see that he recognized her efforts and how lucky he was to get here. Just as she was lucky to have found him.

"Have you seen my purse?" Glynda questioned. "I'm almost ready to go, but I can't find the confounded thing."

"Yeah, isn't that right over there?" Arthur questioned pointing at where the purse lay on the ground.

Glynda looked at him questioningly and turned to where he was pointing. She blinked when she saw her purse there on the ground.

"That's odd, what is it doing there?" Glynda questioned and walked over to it.

Arthur followed right behind Glynda and watched as she bent over to pick it up. Right when she picked up the purse, Arthur playfully spanked her on the ass, making her ass jiggle like crazy.

The busty blonde bombshell of a woman stumbled forward but was able to quickly recover her stance. She turned with a blush on her face and a stern look on her face that would have sent men running were it not for the redness on her face and the way that she bounced her hips as if inviting him to play with her ass some more.

"Arthur," Glynda chided sharply, sounding very much like a dominating woman.

Arthur smiled as he shrugged his shoulders, earning a tired resigned sigh, but with a smile from the woman.

“Trying to get me all riled up before our date night again?” Glynda asked, already knowing the answer.

“Can’t help myself after all the work that we got done. Now we can enjoy our weekend without any worry, unless something major happens,” Arthur smiled.

“Yes and even then it would be just to inform us about what happened. We both know that there are competent people up in management like Camile,” Glynda agreed.

“Yup I make sure that there are only competent people in positions of power, especially beautiful curvy ones like yourself,” Arthur chuckled.

“Flatterer,” Glynda commented as she moved a loose strand of hair behind her ear.

“I try my best,” Arthur agreed and kissed her full on the lips once again. “Now that the mystery of the wandering purse has been solved, are you ready to head out for our date night?”

“Yes,” Glynda responded and brushed her dress down, making sure to get all the wrinkles out of her dress because of his wonderful spank.

“We’re just going out to a nice restaurant, we aren’t going out to a meeting,” Arthur chuckled.

“No matter where you go and what you wear you have to look your best,” Glynda rebuffed.

“True. Alright, Greg has the key to the place, so we can just head out now,” Arthur said as he wrapped his arms around her again, once again savoring the warmth of her perfect delicious body.

“Sounds perfect,” Glynda replied happily, eager to begin the night of fun that she was sure the two of them would have.

Glynda’s eyes went over to a portrait that they posed for. It was of the two of them together, her funny enough wearing the same outfit that she was now. They had gotten it during their honeymoon shortly after during their trip to Italy together. She couldn’t wait to get another with another in the portrait.

“I love you, Glynda,” Arthur whispered and then kissed her cheek.

“I love you Arthur,” Glynda replied and then kissed him again.

The two of them then went to the door, Arthur sending a note that he and his wife were leaving now. Glynda caressed his arm that was wrapped around her waist as they went to the car. When the night came then the two of them would be able to satiate all of their urges. She was just as hungry for his divine weapon as much as he was for her heavenly ass as he put it.