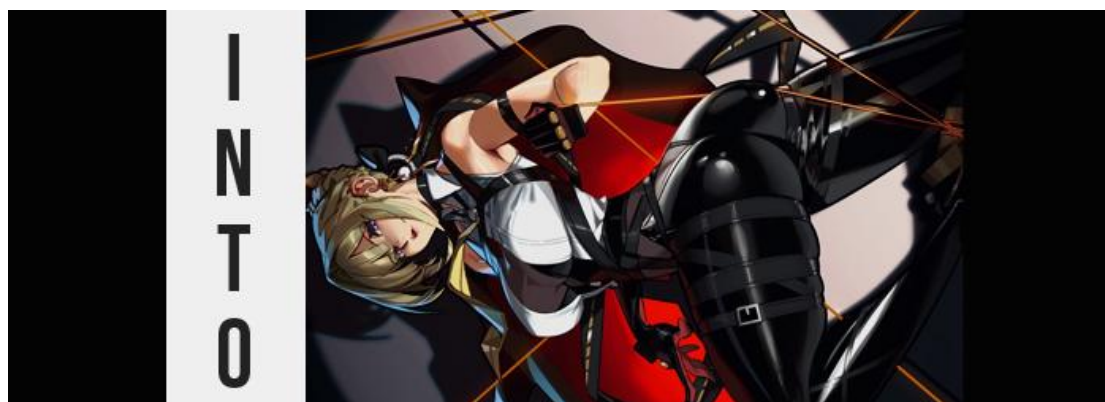


I, MANAGER

FIRST PERSON STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Why did I agree to go out drinking?

I felt like I was asking myself this question more and more lately. I was an introvert. I didn't *like* going out into the wild if I didn't have to. Staying in my home with some good food and my computer was all I really needed to thrive, especially with most of my friends being online as well. But the internet *only* accounted for *most* of my friends. It didn't account for all of them, and seeing as I was an adult I couldn't reject the notion that to keep my friends in the real world, I *sometimes* had to try to do things with them.

All things considered it had been a pretty standard event. I had only gone out with my friend, Amy. There was nothing romantic between us and I wasn't looking for that sort of relationship anyways. I simply knew her from a past job, and she kept up with me via text messages and the odd outing together. From the sounds of things, things weren't going too hot at her current job, and she had needed someone to vent with.

I wasn't the type of guy that really knew how to solve other people's problems, but at the very least I was a good listener. Even when Amy got completely plastered at the bar, leaving me to do that listening with only a single glass of beer in my stomach... and it hadn't even tasted very good! One thing led to another, and before long she was talking about other job prospects. She should've just gotten into things like fortune readings and occult wish granting, she liked to dabble in those things even I didn't believe in them.

"I bet I could be a singer, you know? I'd just need a good manager! What about you? I bet you'd be good at it!" She'd been

so drunk at the time that she probably didn't know what she was saying. I'd *heard* her sing. I didn't claim to be an expert of the art by any means, but I definitely didn't think that this was a career path that would come easy for her. Everyone knew that making it as any form of artist partially came down to luck and timing. You couldn't force it.

I had no management experience anyways, so at the time I sidestepped the proposal.

“Just you wait! I’ll make a wish later and make it work!”

It was almost midnight by the time I finally got home. I didn't have a headache, and I wasn't especially tired. I was just equal parts parched from drinking *and* making sure the *far* drunker Amy got home okay. Fortunately for me, I'd only had the singular drink and was still more or less doing okay. That didn't stop me from chugging an entire bottle of water, though. As I did so, a thought crossed my mind. **“Like a wish would suddenly turn her into a famous singer.”** Or me into a manager. Magic wasn't *actually* real. It was all just a superstition.

Or so I thought, at least.

I went to put the bottle of water I'd been holding down on my kitchen counter. I *succeeded*, but I was immediately smacked with a realization. **“Huh? Whose counter is this?”** I lived in a dingy apartment with low quality amenities, yet the bottle of water I'd been holding now rested on a pristine, marble counter. No, even the branding *on* the bottle was different? **“NEW? I’ve never heard of this water brand before.”** Naturally, I *wanted* to explore this further.

But it wasn't just my counter and water bottle that were different. A fridge that looked higher tech than mine now stood within my kitchenette, and the apartment *itself* was bigger, brighter, and more expensive. The view through the giant windows overlooked a city from up high, too. *Way* higher than my second floor apartment should have been. I could only draw one conclusion. **“This... isn't my apartment...”** The moon overlooked an entirely different *city*, too!

Hm? Of course it is. I suppose we're sharing it, but...

“H-Huh? Sharing an apartment? But I live alone...” And I had for like ten years now, right? Or was it five? That was *odd*. Why were my memories so hazy? It was an alarming realization, and one that momentarily distracted me enough that I wasn't even considering that something might be wrong with my *body* as a whole. Though, to be fair,

what was actually ‘wrong’ at that time was technically a benefit – or I would have seen it that way had it even struck me.

But, well... I always wore a *very* big shirt. I was by no means a small guy, both tall *and* hefty. Still, that shirt *fit* me. The issue in this moment was that was becoming decreasingly *less* so. This shirt – and even my pants – were looking baggier and baggier as I lingered in that unfamiliar kitchenette. It was by no means the product of my clothing getting bigger, it could only really be explained by the opposite.

My body was getting smaller. At least in terms of *weight*. Little by little, the excess pounds were shed from my frame as if it was being funneled out by an invisible hose. My skin tightened and stretch marks were erased until my complexion was free of not only *these* blemishes, but any unneeded body hair, scars, or beauty marks as well. Before long? Not only was I *thin*, but the muscles in these regions had *hardened* to give me notable abs and general body strength.

I could *feel* it. My clothes had become *very* loose. My pants hadn’t fallen from my hips due to some miracle. Well, it wasn’t *really* a miracle. I felt the cause behind this too. “**Eep!?**” It had even made me *cry out* with surprise; the sensation of my hips being yanked out to the sides, a sensation that forced my thinned, long legs to buckle at the knees until I adjusted my posture. “**What was *that* about?**” It was obvious, right? It *should* have been obvious. And yet...

Even though my shoulders narrowed similarly soon after, the thought didn’t even cross my mind.

Realistically? It wasn’t my fault. Dulled as they were, my memories were also becoming *distorted*. This apartment had *shocked* me before because it looked so different. Now? It felt vaguely *familiar*. I could remember sitting at the kitchen table or learning to cook on the nearby stove. The kitchen light reflected neatly in my eyes in that moment, their original color brightening to a shade of *amber* instead. My lashes idly lengthened in slight, while the shapes of those eyes took a cooler, narrower design.

“Is something *wrong*? Like my voice... It sounds different somehow...” I *was* on the right track, but I couldn’t cross my Ts and dot my Is. Whatever was affecting me mentally would pull me away whenever I was on the cusp of making the correct call, even if it was something that *should* have been obvious. My voice *did* sound different. It sounded like a woman’s voice, and only because my Adam’s apple had smoothed away and my face’s *design* was shifting to be more feminine just as my eyes *already* had.

Whenever I spoke, my words were carried across lips that were smaller in length, but much fuller in width. They were thick, kissable, and almost impossibly glossy. And they underwent this change above a narrowed jawline. My cheeks thinned too, drawing attention to how the shape of my nose thinned. Not even my eyebrows were spared from a process that raised questions about my biological sex, as I ended up with the face of a *very* beautiful woman. And one who was likely a handful of years younger than I had been before.

I tapped at my own hip with an index finger. I felt a little *impatient* but somehow fatigued at the same time. *Well, it is pretty late.* As if that was *actually* the issue here. The dark hairs of my thinned eyebrows lightened to *blonde* in the meantime, and this was a precursor for what was to come... almost immediately, in fact. The blonde caught like a wildfire throughout the rest of the hair on my body, whether it was my thinning pubes or the mane atop my head. In the latter case? My short hair lengthened down past my shoulders in the back and sides of my head, whereas my bangs now hung down to – and on the left side *past* – my eyes.

“Hm...” I was still hung up on the idea that *something* was wrong but still fell short of figuring it out even *with* my hair in plain sight. And even with my viewpoint beginning to fall so that it was a little closer to the counter. I was shrinking vertically, with my hands, feet, and head all growing smaller in kind so that nothing appeared to be uncanny. I once bordered the six foot mark, so dropping down to 5’8”. This wasn’t kind on my outfit, with my pants now bunched up around my knees and ankles, and sleeves reached past my wrist.

All of my ‘losses’ all contributed to a silhouette that was inarguably much more akin to *woman’s* than a man’s. Paired with my face, slender fingers, and softened heels... all that really signified my continued masculinity was what rested between my legs. But I wasn’t even allowed to keep *that*. *“Eugh...”* I visibly shuddered when it happened. My dick, scrotum, and the balls within were pulled back and into my loins where they became fodder for my new pussy, clit and all. The shudder was in no small part because of what I could feel happening internally, with my internal organs shifting to match what you’d expect in the body of a *biological woman*.

Any shred of masculinity I’d possessed was now gone, which allowed the final wave of changes to get their footing rather quickly. My broader waistline narrowed dramatically to make my hips seem even *wider*, but it was almost like the weight from that waistline had just been pushed *up*. The space in my oversized shirt finally found a use: hiding a pair of nipples that swelled until they were bigger than my eyes, and a set of mounds that burgeoned into a pair of perky tits that momentarily took

my sense of balance by surprise. I found my footing once more seconds later...

But it had a little help. Namely because my chest hadn't been the only section of my body that was *expanding*. My hips had widened so much for a reason, and that reason was making itself known. Part of it came in the form of my shaved thighs. They expanded until they met between my legs while also leaving a tiny hole beneath my crotch that you could peer through. And what would you see through that tiny hole? My ass, and a *very* big ass at that.

The back of my jeans, which has become baggy when I'd lost weight previously, were pulled tightly around my cheeks again. But *now* those cheeks re-emerged in a different, superior form. They were full and perky, their shapes dense and enticing. If I stepped forward? One cheek would rise and fall with a blessed jiggle. It was hard to tell just *how* thick and 'juicy' my ass had become with my pants so oversized, but there was a quick fix for that. **"Maybe it was just all in my head?"**

While I finally doubled down on dismissing that anything could have been possibly wrong at all, the shape of my body was made all the more apparent as my *clothing* shifted just as my body had. My jeans darkened into a shiny leather and compressed against my lower body until they were skin tight. It was so tight that you could see my ass jiggle even *with* the clothing overtop of it, and my chest size was similarly made apparent by a sleeveless, collared, white top with an open middle to show translucent black over my cleavage. A gold tie overlapped this, and my top was held in place by black belts that almost resembled the straps used for bondage. A choker clasped around my throat, and my hair was pulled into a braided bun behind to show off pearl earrings in my smaller ears.

"Hm. I need to make sure I'm drinking enough water." After giving my head a shake, I opened the



futuristic fridge and put away the bottle of NEW (New Eridu Water) water I'd been drinking. It wasn't as if I could recall this, and if I *had*? Well, those memories surely would have interrupted my duties as *Evelyn Chevalier*, the manager and body guard of New Eridu City's most famous diva, Astra Yao.

As I drank, I glanced across the apartment at the farthest door. There was no light filtering through the crack at the bottom, meaning that Astra had gone to bed. That was for the best. She'd had a lot to drink at a company sponsored dinner and had passed out as soon as we'd gotten back. At least she had nothing in her schedule tomorrow, so perhaps we could spend the day together not *just* as employer and bodyguard.

I peeked back into the fridge, mentally picking out ingredients for the morning's breakfast. I had no recollection of being a different person from another world, and I equally didn't recognize that the Astra Yao I now knew, and coveted, was actually a transformed Amy. She had made that wish she had promised, and it had recast our fates into something else entirely. "**Perhaps I should hit the gym before I retire for the night?**" I had to keep my shapely body as fit as could be, and there *was* a gym on the first floor.

But the door to Astra's room suddenly opened, and she peeked a sleepy head through.

"Eve? What are you doing? Come to bed with me..."

Or... Never mind. How was I supposed to say no to that?