

Coffee with That? (TG RC Bimbo)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Waaaghan

Jared is first day on the job at the department store Dela Luxe and its adjacent cafe. Desperate for work and a wage, he quickly finds that the store's owner is a sorceress who changes workers and customers alike to keep business running smoothly. When he himself is changed in race, gender, and even disposition, he must decide whether the money is worth it!

Coffee with That?

Part 1: Dela Luxe

From the outside, I could get a general impression of the *Dela Luxe*. It was one of those department stores, two stories in height, with a spacious cafe on the side where customers could drink and eat before and after purchases. It looked nice and mid-range, not overly expensive but not low-class either, and the interior gave this impression as well: the clothes, hardware, toys and so on were all good quality and make, but nothing outside of the purchasing power of most middle-class customers.

That is, except mine.

I hadn't had a job in some time. It wasn't really my fault, the economy being what it is and the fact that I was laid off from my software developing gig at my old company, even though the execs voted to give themselves a seven million dollar Christmas bonus each. It had been a rough holiday break without a steady cash flow, and so I'd applied to everything everywhere. I hadn't expected much return: everyone else was doing the same thing.

Only the Dela Luxe responded, and the interview process had gone, directed by a cute dark-skinned woman named Lea who rather distractingly filled out her dress quite impressively around the hips. Despite me feeling quite nervous and trying not to gaze at her hips as she called me over, she simply smiled a beautiful smile at the end of the interview, shook my hand, and told me that they'd 'call me if I got the job.' I knew what that meant: 'better luck next time.'

Except I'd been wrong. I did get the job. And now, heart beating nervously in my chest, this was my first day, straight on the Monday. I'd already signed the work contract, and the pay was actually better than my software gig salary - how sad is that? But still, I wasn't

yet sure that the life of a department store worker was for me. Just so long as I could make some cash from it in the short term, I supposed.

I opened the door and went up to the query desk which helped sort customers. Numerous workers and customers were already present. I could see that the majority of workers in their professional blue tees and work dresses were actually female, but more than a few were male as well. Like me, they were all mostly in their twenties, though perhaps a bit younger than me. I went to grab the attention of the man staffing the query desk, when suddenly an accented voice called out.

“Mr Liemen? Jared Lieman?”

I turned to see who had called my name, and immediately had to pick my jaw off of the floor, and *fast*. Walking towards me was one of the sexiest women I had ever had the pleasure of seeing, despite (or likely because of) her age. She was most certainly Latina given her accent, and her skin tone was a gorgeous olive in colour. She looked to be in her mid-forties, but was a, pardon my language, a total MILF-type. She wore a woman’s suit without a tie and several buttons undone, which teased a fantastic set of tits. The rest of her figure was fantastic as well, particularly her wide hips, which gave her a seductive walk. She had the look of a mature woman who knew she was sexy and liked to show it.

“Um, yeah, that’s me.”

“Wonderful to meet you,” she said, shaking my hand. “I’m Julieta Lopez, the owner and manager of the Dela Luxe. I always make sure to give new hires a personal run down of what to expect at my lovely store.”

“Oh wow, uh, that’s very considerate of you.”

She beamed, and I realised she was quite tall, perhaps 6’2. Easily taller than me. It was surprisingly intimidating, and more than a little hot.

“Consideration of employees and customers is part of the appeal of the Dela Luxe. We pride ourselves on being able to maintain a fun, rewarding, and successful work atmosphere. Come, walk with me, Jared. I’ll give you the tour of the store, as well as our adjacent cafe restaurant. You’ll be expected to work at both. Have you made a professional cappuccino before?”

“I’m a coffee fiend, ma’am,” I said. “I can make them in my sleep.”

She chuckled, hips swaying and ass looking quite distracting in her pants as she led me on. “That’s excellent to hear. You’ll do well to teach some of the others if you’re that good. For now, I’ll show you our various departments.”

She showed me through the toy section, the hardware section, the clothing for woman and men, the technology section, so on and so forth. It was a multi-appeal store, but the clothing and makeup and jewellery were clearly the biggest appeals; the rest was often something for guys to look at and buy while waiting for their girlfriends. It was a tactic that

evidently worked, however. There was also the gifting section, card racks, journals and books near the entrance. She brought me back where the staff worked, showing me the change room, the stock rooms, and security room, as well as her own office location.

“But don’t worry about that, the big chair is mine to deal with,” she joked.

As she gave me the layout presentation, she outlined the expectations of Dela Luxe workers: we were to be on time, friendly with customers, professional in our conduct, but - and this was the odd part - “flirting a little is absolutely fine in the cafe. We find it maximises sales if you know what you’re doing, and keep it to the singles. We don’t frown on office relationships either, but keep it in your pants on work time.”

I didn’t even know what to say to that, or to the bombshell she dropped once the tour was finished and I had been given a uniform and changed into it. It was a smart light blue button shirt with black trousers, enough to make me look smart without making me look pretentious. It fit fairly well, and clearly she was happy with it, because she then felt comfortable sharing something very strange indeed.

“Very good. You’re just about ready to train up and start earning that paycheck! You’ll be in the cafe to start, but I’ll have you brought over to train at the department store. I’m sure you’ve heard the rumours that the store is magical of course. I will tell you that this rumour is absolutely true, and that the magic comes from me.”

I chuckled, a little confused by her oddball humour. That was, until I saw her expression, which was dead serious.

“Oh, you hadn’t heard? Well, that is the case. I am sorceress, something that my workers are all privy to, though of course my customers are not, *si?*”

“Um, sales magic?” I suggest, still chuckling a little awkwardly.

“No, real magic, Jared.” She creased her brow. “Are you from around here? I could have sworn my talents were better gossiped about.”

I shook my head. Clearly this was the lead up to some company policy about ‘the magic of sales reps’ or some bullshit. I wasn’t too keen on it, but there was no point in being rude, even if her approach was weird.

“No, actual magic. You don’t believe me, do you?”

I slowly shook my head. “Sorry ma’am, no. Not really.”

She sighed. “You can call me Julieta. Or Miss Lopez. But not ma’am, please. And I can assure you, magic is real.”

At that very moment they passed a cashier’s desk, where a man was making small talk with the server. He was an older man, and given his loudness, it wasn’t hard to hear him say out loud, “you’re a cute looking thing, aren’t you? I thought the melons I bought were nice, but I see a much better pair I’d like to hold.”

The cashier, who was a busty blonde woman, looked to Miss Lopez with panic on her features. I couldn't believe what I was hearing, but Julieta just smiled.

"Oh, wonderful! A perfect opportunity to show you what I'm talking about!"

She dragged me over closer.

"Excuse me sir," she said, "I'm the manager here. We have a no tolerance policy towards sexual harassment of our servers. I'm going to have to ask you to leave."

The dirty old man shot her a rather repulsive look, his gaze lingering over her form. He licked his lips in a disgusting manner.

"Yeah, sure. I'll leave, big hips. But let me enjoy the sight a few seconds longer."

To my surprise, Miss Lopez just grinned, stepping forward and looming over him.

"Why don't you enjoy the sight for the rest of your life, hmm?"

She weaved her hand through the hair, and I couldn't believe what I saw next: her hand emanated a neon green glow, which sparkled out from her hand and slammed into his chest, causing his eyes to go wide.

"What the!?"

But I was silenced by what happened next. In a matter of mere seconds, the old man's form bubbled and shifted, his proportions altering. He groaned slightly as his chest expanded, as his wrinkles smoothed out a little, as his hair grew out long and dark. Even his clothes changed, becoming a shirt and set of pants that were clearly tailored to a woman. He clutched his body as his beer gut shrank, and some of the fat clearly went to his ass and hips.

In mere moments, right before my eyes, the dirty old man was now a curvy, pear-shaped woman in her forties, attractive in her old age. In truth, a bit of a MILF, even if not as ridiculously attractive as Miss Lopez. Even stranger, he - or *she* now - didn't seem to even notice. Instead she looked down over her sizable bust and giggled.

"Whoops, silly me, commenting on other girl's chests! I only mention it because you look about my size, and I struggle to find bras."

The cashier smirked. "I buy mine at Coquette's on High Street. I really recommend them."

"Why thank you," the woman said, "and I'm really sorry. I don't know what came over me. But you have a good day now."

She left, having apparently forgotten she was ever a man, leaving me flabbergasted, unbelieving what I had just seen.

"Told you," Julieta said. "Is that better, Abby?"

The girl sighed in relief. "Thank you," she said. "I really hate that sort, ever since . . ."

"Since I did this?" Julieta remarked. She flung her hand out, and another green glowing spark erupted from her fingers, this time aimed at a customer across the store. It

was a woman in her thirties who was stick thin, chatting in a much more friendly manner with the male cashier who was processing her clothing purchases. Suddenly her shirt grew tight, adjusting to accommodate two rather ample breasts that grew from her chest. As with the old man, she didn't even notice, and even the cashier was only briefly surprised before looking to Julieta across the room.

"Yeah, since you did that," Abby said. She seemed to have mixed feelings about apparently having a bust size upgrade. I on the other hand felt like I was going stir crazy.

"Did you - did you just give that woman bigger boobs?"

Julieta chuckled. "Of course! Didn't you see her getting her platinum sales card! She's clearly a regular here, and I have a policy that customers are to be given a fun upgrade for showing loyalty to the store. Even if they don't actually remember how their life changes, they'll always associate a good feeling with this place, bringing them back for more spending!"

"But - what happens when she goes home and everyone sees she's different? Or when that old man doesn't have an identity anymore."

Julieta gave a dismissive gesture. "Please, Jared. I'm a sorceress, not a charlatan. I always rewrite reality so everyone remembers them the way they are, right down to bank cards and physical records and so on. Like I said, there are whispers of magic in this story, and they are all true. Of course, only present and former staff actually remember the changes." She leaned in conspiratorially. "It's in the contract you signed, squirrelled away."

I won't lie, I was terrified. I thought of running, but wouldn't that just make it worse? After all, she could change me instantly, and if she fired me, *then* changed me, I might never know she had done it! She seemed to sense my fear, because she gave a reassuring pat on my back.

"Chin up, Jared. There's no need to be nervous. I'm sure you have plenty of questions."

"Is - are the changes permanent?"

She raised a knowing eyebrow. "Well, it depends on my mood. That old man for instance, can stay that way. And that lovely customer can enjoy a larger bust for her generosity. But I have had a couple of customers be changed and *let* them know, even if they're family thought they'd always been the opposite sex, or the pet dog, or even an article of clothing. Those changes are usually temporary, to teach a lesson, not that they can tell anyone about it: no one would believe them, and they can't act on it thanks to my hexes. But ultimately it depends on my mood and what I think is good for my store."

I wasn't sure if her explanation made things worse or better, but it did lead to another big question on my mind. The one that had me very, very concerned.

"And, well, do you transform staff as well?"

“Of course!” she said, putting her arm around my shoulders and leading me to the cafe. “But only if necessary and you get a pay rise for the duration of it, particularly if you have to be an object like a display model in the window out of work hours. That counts as overtime plus a holiday bonus! The extra pay incentivises both of us: you to embrace the changes, but also me to change you back! The only permanent changes are the ones staff ask me to keep, and even then it’s up to me to approve them. Understand?”

I looked to the busty blonde, who evidently had had her bosom expanded by Julieta Lopez’s magic. It all seemed insane, and the manager being a sorceress was terrifying. And yet, despite that insanity and terror, it didn’t actually seem like a bad business model. Moreover, I was desperate for money, and the fact that magic existed was such a revelation that it seemed just as stupid to run away from it. I could well regret it for the rest of my life.

“Are you ready to begin then?” Julieta asked.

I looked up at this tall, sexy latina MILF who could turn me into a pair of high heels with the flick of her finger. It was a bizarre decision, the strangest of my life. But in a way, the craziness only made me want to at least try to stick it out.

“I guess I’ll find out,” I said.

“Wonderful, I’ll take that as a yes. Let’s get you inducted into the cafe. Lea will be your trainer. She interviewed you. I’m sure you’ll enjoy all the changes this job will bring!”

I chuckled awkwardly unsure if it was a joke or a threat or simply a harmless accidental bit of wordplay.

Or simply a statement of fact to come.

Part 2: Working Magic

It was still so crazy to me. Not simply that magic was real, but that Miss Lopez was using it as some sort of profit-making mechanism. What was weirder was that her powers could easily make her a billionaire, even a secret one, just by making rich old people younger, or swapping genders from those who wanted a taste of the other side, and so on. I worked up the courage to ask her why she didn’t do just that. It made her laugh.

“Oh, darling. Because magic is a fun shortcut, but a shortcut nonetheless. Trust me, magic users more than most appreciate what it is to *build* something themselves. I earned this business and put the hard work in every day to make it more and more successful. The magic helps, of course, but I could never be proud of it if the magic was *all* I had to thank for it.

I won't lie, the reasoning made a certain sense to me. If everything was easy, what was truly worth it? So she was happy to restrict her magic use to little flourishes . . . even if those flourishes often had big impacts on others. Still, it made me feel a little safer from Julieta's powers.

I was getting accustomed to the job. It wasn't particularly difficult, perhaps even a little monotonous at times. I mostly worked in the cafe, and I hadn't been lying to my new manager: I was pretty damn good at making coffees. Lea was a good mentor for the general run of the store. Whereas I had a solid technical proficiency with making them, she had an easy manner with customers that was just brilliant, and I was already learning a lot from her. For all of Monday and Tuesday she effectively functioned as my mentor, serving to introduce me to the other responsibilities of the store, as well as some of the other major figures within it.

Beyond Lea, there was Harvey. He was a tall, gentle giant of a man. A bit simple in some ways, and it was almost stereotypical that he came from a small farming town out in the south west. He worked with appliances and sales, but mainly worked out back, helping restock organise heavy items.

"Yeah, I've been changed," he told me when I inquired. "Everyone gets changed. It's alright. I work out back though, so I don't have to worry about the more extreme changes."

I asked him about what kind of 'extreme changes' he's seen the staff go through, and he just shrugged his heavy shoulders.

"Just rumours is what I've heard. Working out back means I miss the extreme stuff. You're better off asking Lea."

Lea just smiled, introduced me to the next person. That was Brian. He didn't seem to care for me much, but then he gave everyone that attitude according to Lea. He was black-haired and gaunt, and generally kept his business to himself, clocking out as soon as he could by the end of the day, and only arriving exactly on time the next. He was the oldest member on staff, being in his mid-forties.

"Don't take offence," he told me. "I'm just here for the extra money, and I'll take what I can get. But I've got no interest in being changed, and if she *has* to change me, then I aim to be changed for as little time as possible."

I could respect that attitude. I had the same, after all.

Meanwhile, Novak was the opposite. He was a funny little fellow, almost androgynous in appearance, with the energy of someone still in their teens despite being around my own mid-twenties age. According to Lea, change was an inevitability for most that worked at Dela Luxe, but it was usually smaller stuff or wilder changes that were simply temporary. But while most just sort of grin and bore it, or put up with it, or avoided like Brian, Novak was the opposite. He *loved* being changed.

"It's just exciting!" he explained to me, practically bouncing on the balls of his feet. "To be a plastic model in the display window one night, only to become a burly stockroom worker the next, and then to be more attractive to customers, even change accent or sex!"

It was wild to me that he loved it, but clearly he did: Lea told me that he was the highest earning worker by far, with her in second place. Obviously, she'd been changed a bit.

Then there was Abby. She was the busty blonde girl who had apparently been given a chest upgrade by Julieta. Whereas Lea was bubbly and sweet and always willing to chat with customers, Abby was more like me: she just wanted to get through the day, and dreaded unhappy customers. She had been a lithe girl, at least in the chest, before the change, and told me as much when she caught me looking.

"Don't worry about it," she said. "I don't blame you. The damn things are too big, but Julieta insisted on having someone able to 'draw the eye' at the cashier. Guys pay a lot more to put a smile on my face, and I sort of just let them. Idiots."

Lea chuckled. "Well, it's definitely not your personality doing the hard work, Abs."

Abs rolled her eyes at her friend. "Yeah, sure it is. Damn woman gave me *two* personalities. Besides, you had a bigger change than I did."

I arched an eyebrow at that. Lea just smiled in that cute way.

"What can I say? I'm pretty fly for a *white guy*."

She gave a gleaming grin, leaving me shocked.

"No way."

"Oh yeah," she said, laughing. "I don't actually look totally different from you, normally. But Julieta wanted a more racially diverse staff - not that our staff isn't diverse, what with Novak and Harvey - but obviously someone diverse and *talented with customers* was the aim. And those two weren't it. Plus having a female POC would be a boon since most of our customers are female. I volunteered."

"You - you volunteered?"

"Oh yep. Really good money. I've got a permanent raise so long as I stay as Lea."

"Do - do you turn back when you go home?"

"I used to, but it was way too much of a hassle after a while. Plus, I kind of enjoy being a dark-skinned woman. Couldn't tell you why, I'm certain I was never trans before. I guess being able to pick and choose which form you take to an extent makes a big difference."

"At least you don't have titanic tits," Abby butted in.

"I wouldn't mind them," Lea said, looking with a little envy. "What guy hasn't wondered what it would be like to have a pair of big boobs?"

Abby scoffed, folding her arms over her tits before realising what she was doing and putting them by her sides instead. "Typical. Even four months as a girl, you're still a pig."

“A *lesbian* pig, thank you very much!”

That did manage to get a chuckle from Abby, and myself, even if I could barely believe that the gorgeous Lea with her wide, ‘child-bearing’ hips was a guy deep down. Well, at least a guy *originally*. She was stunningly beautiful, in a sleek and elegant way, with cute cheeks and delightfully dark eyes behind her glasses. Her hair was styled in a cute loose afro that hung past her ears, and she had a set of full lips that were impossible not to stare at and want to kiss. Learning she was a guy somehow didn’t make any part of her less sexy, though it did make her proficiency in emphasising her best features, including her attractive makeup, fairly impressive. Humorously, while she certainly had won the race (reluctantly) in the chest department, Abby was clearly a little low-key jealous of Lea’s looks. I didn’t blame her, or even Lea to an extent. As much as becoming a woman due to Julieta’s magic scared me, Lea had gone from someone that allegedly looked like me to an absolute stunner. I never considered myself unattractive, and had had quite a bit of luck with women in the past, but even if she hadn’t been a normal guy this girl would be out of my league.

“Don’t worry,” she said in her sultry voice, “she won’t turn you into a woman. Well, that’s a lie. She *probably* won’t turn you into a woman, so long as you keep your head down and get good numbers as a guy.”

“Gee, thanks,” I said, rolling my eyes.

She just laughed.

Work continued as normal those first two days, but I did see some changes. Brian managed to wriggle out of one by leaving exactly on time that first day, just as Julieta was going around asking who “who wanted to be on display for the latest chic dress tomorrow?” I’d never seen someone race out of a building so fast. Novak on the other hand practically leapt at the opportunity, and so before our staffers’ eyes, he was transformed into a sleek black upper torso of a woman, complete with blank gaze, arms posed at the hips, and Julieta placed the dress over him.

“Is - is he conscious like that?” I asked.

“Oh, absolutely. And quite blissful, too! It’s very relaxing to be made inanimate for a spell, ha! Accidental joke on my part.”

And sure enough, at the end of the next day he was turned back after the dress easily sold.

“That was *awesome*,” he said. “Can I do it again?”

“You can take a break for a while, let others have the chance,” Julieta said.

That time, we were *all* racing out of the building fast, leaving her no choice but to return to him yet again. But while his changes were enthusiastic, others were more unexpected, or even deserved, often distracting me briefly before Julieta gave me a stare and ushered me back to work, which I did so quite eagerly.

One rather rude customer was quite racist towards Lea, and so Julieta turned him into a bra, which sold off the rack rather quickly. Not a permanent transformation, Miss Lopez informed him and me, but one that would be 'long enough.' As horrible as the man had been, I hoped he wouldn't be stuck for too long. She refused to elaborate on 'too long' except for that he would revert 'once he had learned his lesson.' Ironically, he was purchased by a rather busty black woman. A fitting karma, I supposed.

One older woman was reverted in age without her realising it. Julieta was embroiled in a longer conversation with her, and while initially annoyed, the gorgeous manager's heart was warmed by the lady's heartfelt compliments regarding the store and its 'wonderful staff and atmosphere.' It was enough for Julieta to bless her with another forty years of life, leaving the older woman as a ginger-haired young woman who was now technically her own granddaughter, with a new lease on life. Unlike most that were changed, Julieta was happy to let her be aware of the boon she'd received, a fact which delighted the rejuvenated woman.

A down-on-his luck beggar came into the store, something which annoyed the manager, but she was impressed enough by his sincerity and apologies for intrusion that she instead remade him into a tougher, buffer, and cleaner figure, now with his own job and money to spend, now a productive member of society. Of course, he did feel a lingering compulsion to spend his money at Dela Luxe for reasons he couldn't understand.

Not everyone was so lucky. A woman that had the terrible audacity to her child for a minor infraction, causing a dark bruise to develop on her daughter's forehead, was turned into a pair of shoes.

"Better to walk as someone else's shoes than be so abusive like that!" Julieta remarked. She compensated the child by turning another customer into her mother.

"The woman already has three children, after all, what's one more? Now the girl only had happy memories of a loving family, and the new mother the same. And they'll always associate Dela Luxe with a bit of joy as well. Let's hope the new mother enjoys her new shoes as well. I know the new shoes won't like it one bit!"

It was scary to see my manager's dark side. It was one I didn't want to get on the bad side of, though at least it seemed she reserved it only for customers, and even then only those that were bad. Well and truly so.

"Trust me, you get used to it," Lea told me as we left the building on just my second day of work. I flustered a little, scratched the back of my head.

"I hope so Lea, but I'm not sure I ever will."

She just shrugged. "Maybe you just need a change of circumstance," she said with a slight giggle before walking off.

"Yeah, I don't like the sound of that," I said to myself. I certainly hoped to stave that eventuality off for as long as I could hope for.

What I couldn't know was that it was just around the corner. Of course, Brian would get hit by it first.

Part 3: Brian's New Look

I was working the coffee station again. While I was certainly able to work anywhere - most of the jobs weren't that complicated, and I'd done cashier work many times before - it was clear that my forte was in the side restaurant. While Lea was by far the best at drawing in customers, I had more than a few old ladies who loved to come for the coffees and teas I made for them. I'd always had a good knack for remembering people's favourite types of drinks, including just how they liked it, and that even applied to customers that were regulars, ones I'd only served once or twice the previous two days of work. The only problem was *who* I was working with, since Lea had her day off.

"Jeez, I'm glad you're taking all the attention, because I hate dealing with old bitties."

I looked over at the older Brian, who was stocking up the little cakes and brownies we had on display as part of the cafe. He was almost a little emo: his black hair was somewhat long, and his dour expression could have been ripped from a misanthropic boy in high school.

"They're not bad at all," I replied. "Trust me, old ladies are the best customers. It's the old *men* who are usually the worst."

"Oh, you know that from your software experience, do you?"

I sighed. That was a low blow. Dude was in a mood today, apparently.

"No, but I've done service jobs before. And the worst kind of customers are cranky old men or middle-aged women from the upper-middle class."

He just shrugged. "Yeah, fair point. Just can't stand the cafe. Don't mean to be a dick or anything. Hate how chatty it is in here."

He wasn't wrong: the cafe was bustling, filled with several dozen people, including some young mothers with prams and babies. One of those babies, I was well aware, had been a very entitled customer who got into a shouting match with Miss Lopez several months ago. For being, as the magical manager put it, "such a crying baby", the woman was

reverted in age back to newborn stage, and made into a twin of another baby that was begin wheeled into the store. The mother thought she'd always had twins, though no doubt she'd eventually notice that one of her daughters acted a bit ahead of her age in years to come.

"Yeah, true. I guess you prefer to work out back?"

"In tech," he said. "Hardware. I bet you miss software work, huh?"

"Yeah, I do. But this pays better, I won't lie."

"Ain't that a kick, huh? Shit, here's another customer. You take this one. I just wanna make it to the end of the shift then skedaddle."

I frowned at his refusal to help me serve customers. He was making the drinks up, but it meant all the exhausting mental interactions went to me. The day went on, him not being openly rude again but instead relying on me to do all the work that wasn't 'up my alley', as he put it.

By the end of the Wednesday I was missing Lea's fun presence. She was a dream worker to be with in the cafe, not to mention really easy on the eyes. We were just cleaning up the station when Brian looked up and swore, eyes widening.

"Fuuu - shit! It's Lopez! You talk to her! I'm not letting her see me so she can change me!"

He ducked out of view as Julieta came forward.

"Hello Jared, wonderful sales today. You did well, though I couldn't help but notice that Brian never relieved you on the cashier like he was supposed to."

"How did you - oh, magic."

She pointed a finger up at the security camera. "Please, nothing so dramatic."

"Oh."

"Which is also how I know that Brian here is hiding in the fridge space. Come on out Brian. *Dios mio*, you are impossible sometimes."

Brian sighed audibly, being a little dramatic as he stood and dusted himself off.

"Fine. I was hiding. But only because I knew you'd get on my back about this."

The magical manager folded her arms across her prodigious bustline. It was hard not to peek a little at the canyon of cleavage that followed from her movement.

"Oh, on your back, am I? I'm very sorry about that Brian, did you want to get paid for your work? Oh, that's right. I *do* pay you. Very generously, in fact. Twice what you would get hourly anywhere else, and that's without the changes."

"I just want to go back to my usual work. I fucking hate the cafe and you know it. And I don't care about the changes."

"The reason I rotate you is so that everyone can cover everyone else, and to give diversity of skill."

Brian groaned. "Diversity? Don't you think we're diverse enough? It's already gross that Lee chose to becoming a fucking black woman. God, there's nothing wrong with sticking in a lane and being good at it. I'm a tech guy, Julieta. Just let me work tech."

Julieta tapped her finger against her arm, clearly mulling something over. My heart beat a little faster as I saw her eyes flash with amusement. She was clearly coming up with an idea, and not one Brian would like. He seemed to sense it too.

"Look. Fuck, I'm sorry Miss Lopez. It's just - I don't like working at the cafe. Call me a crusty older dude or whatever, but I don't like the idea of being changed around all the time."

Julieta chuckled. "Oh, Brian. Set in your ways, as only men in their forties onwards can be. You tell me you don't like change and diversity? Well, in my experience, the best way to come around to something is to experience it right up close. Don't you think, *Lakshmi*?"

"What do you me-Oh! Oh no!"

"Oh, yes," she said, extending her finger. I darted out the way despite clearly not being the target. Brian tried to move too, but he was not as spry, and my older coworker was hit with a little firework of magic square in his chest. He gasped, reeling backwards and clutching his body, as if trying to pull the magic out with his bare hands. But then his body shuddered, and he leaned against the cafe desk for support. I looked around, but we were closing, no one else was around.

"What are you doing to him!?" I cried.

"Oh, nothing too bad," she said. "Just giving him a taste of what he's missing."

Brian groaned. "N-no! I don't - NGNGHH!!"

But it was too late. Two mounds were already pushing out against his top, just as his height was contracting. He writhed, planting his hands on his swelling boobs and trying to push them back in. It only left him drooling in response to the obviously weird sensations the pressure was producing, but then the changes swept elsewhere anyway. His hips cracked wider even as his shoulders deflated. His whiskers retracted into his chin and cheeks, and in fact his entire face became smooth. With another moan, his jaw smoothed, the bones reshaping so that he developed an oval-shaped face. His nose extended, becoming long and Roman, dignified. His eyebrows thickened considerably, and his already-black hair developed a bright sheen as it cascaded down his shoulders. To my astonishment, his skin darkened. It must have itched terribly, because he began scratching himself all over.

"What are you d-dooing to m-mee!? OHhhhhh!!"

He clutched his throat, and I would have done the same: his Adam's apple melted into his neck, causing his voice to become ludicrously sweet and demure. It shocked him, though what shocked me even more was the sight of his blue eyes turning a grey-green, something he obviously did not know of. Yet.

"I'm making you a woman, isn't it obvious?" Julieta said. "And one that will wonderfully match the diversity quota I'm chasing as well. A twofer victory. Don't worry, you'll receive your extra pay, though with a slight infraction fee for today's refusal to comply with store rules. And be grateful this is all I've done: you can still earn your way back to being Brian again, *Lakshmi*. But only *if* you start doing your job properly, and start being friendlier and more responsive to your fellow staff. "

The darkening woman-to-be could not respond: her cheekbones were becoming prominent, her eyelashes extending dramatically. Her waist narrowed, and her overall form shrunk further. She now had mid-tone olive skin, neither dark nor light, and judging from her large eyes, longer nose, straight black hair and skin colour, it appeared that she was becoming an Indian woman. She let out a pained growl, followed by a series of grunts, during which she held her crotch, wheezing.

"Oh G-God! F-fuck! N-MMHNN!!!"

With an audibly wet sound, something occurred between his legs. Something that was obviously quite feminising. With another flash of magic his - or rather *her* now - hair was done up in a complex and cute braid, and her clothing became sized for a short, lithe woman with moderate breasts. The new Indian girl looked to be half Brian's age, probably only about twenty or twenty one years old. She breathed heavily, looking over herself in shock.

"Holy shit, you turned me into a woman! And you even gave me a damn accent!"

It was true. Brian, or Lakshmi, now had a cute, and honestly pretty hot, accent. Perhaps after being surrounded by all these hot women of varying races and ages at this new workplace I was becoming a bit of a horndog, but she had a remarkably cute girl-next-door vibe, with the most magnetic eyes and adorable beak of a nose that suited her new form perfectly.

"Stop looking at me like that, dude!" she exclaimed. "Miss Lopez, you have to turn me back! I - I don't want to lose my dick!"

It was actually kind of hilarious hearing that sweet, musically-accented voice coming saying those words, but I managed to disguise my chuckle.

"Only if you do me proud in the store as Lakshmi for the next . . . hmm . . .three months."

Lakshmi's mouth opened in shock. It was a rather big mouth, now.

"THREE MONTHS!?"

"I'd say that's more than fair, Lakshmi. Very much so, in fact. You should experience life as a young woman of colour and culture, and be nice and sweet to the servers, particularly the male ones who will be very much into you, I'm sure. Make sure to be good and flirty with them: it brings in the money after all, since they'll want to keep buying your coffees!"

She left, waving goodbye to the two of us, as if nothing had happened at all. Lakshmi looked over her new body, feeling her tits and hips and general shape, including her long black hair in its elaborate braid.

“Holy fuck!” she exclaimed. “And I’d come so far without being changed, and now *this!*?”

I was becoming quite erect at the sight of what she was doing to herself, and to my embarrassment, she noticed mere seconds later.

“Ewww, gross. What the hell, it’s still me in here! I’m a forty three year old dude, remember?”

“I can’t help it!” I said. “You’re, like, younger than me now! And super pretty! And you were feeling yourself up!”

She gritted her teeth, barely managing to control herself.

“Goddamn young people,” she whined, before stomping past me. “And these damn hips! I don’t even walk the same! What is wrong with Lea and Novak!?”

And with that, she left for the day, now stuck as an Indian woman for the next three months, or possibly forever if she didn’t get her act together. I finished cleaning up, then left as well, setting the alarm and security door, which she was meant to do for me. I decided not to rat her out for that: she’d already become a *she* after all, on top of changing race and age. But if she did it again I wouldn’t hesitate on telling Miss Lopez.

After all, as bad as it was to admit to myself, I was already looking forward to seeing Lakshmi on shift over the next few months. Goodness knows, even if she was still the same irritable, unpersonable person, she was a lot easier on the eyes than Brian. It also lessened the odds of me getting changed anytime soon.

Or at least, that’s what I thought.

I was proven wrong the very next day.

Part 4: My New Look

Poor Abby was away sick, meaning I had to fill her cashier shift. It left us a little understaffed, which was probably because Novak was *still* a display model, having asked to remain so when a new dress came in. Dude was crazy, though Lea only giggled. Of course, she laughed a whole lot harder when she saw Brian coming into work. Well, *Lakshmi*.

“Holy shit, I can’t believe you finally got changed!” she exclaimed once the story was told. She looked over the embarrassed, blushing new Indian woman, who was practically shrinking into her now feminine top. She was even wearing the professional and tight pencil

skirt of the female workers, something which made Harvey raise an eyebrow as he clocked in to work out in the back.

“New girl?” he asked.

“Old one,” Lea shouted in excitement. “Say hello to Lakshmi, formerly Brian!”

“Oh!” Harvey exclaimed, looking her up and down. “Uh, hello Brian?”

“Lakshmi now. I have to insist you call me that. It’s part of *her* rules.”

They each knew the ‘her’ that was being spoken about.

“Well, Lakshmi, sorry to hear about the change. At least you look cute, though.”

He gave her a tip of his hat before heading into the stock rooms to get working.

Lakshmi lowered her head in embarrassment, blushing yet further, though I couldn’t help but notice she was biting her lip as if suppressing an unintentional smile. Come to think of it, it kind of looked like a different kind of embarrassment from earlier as well. I was interrupted from the thought by Lea, who was continuing to tease Lakshmi.

“So, are you enjoying being a woman of colour as much as I am, Lakshmi?”

“You know I’m not.”

“Did she enjoy the change, Jared?”

I chuckled. “Not one bit. She even forgot to lock up, she was so angry.”

The new woman looked at me in shock. It was a cute look. “D-don’t tell her, please! I’ll do anything! I don’t want to be stuck like this.”

“Relax, I won’t. So long as you don’t leave me up in the air again.”

“I won’t!”

“Or me either,” Lea said, putting her arm around the embarrassed Indian girl, who was now the smallest, cutest member on staff. “After all, you’re my partner today in the cafe. And I’m going to give you all the former guy-turned-girl advice you’ll ever need. We can also talk about bras.”

“Oh, joy.”

The woman who was once Brian gave me a desperate pleading look before Lea directed her away. Lea just winked in my direction. I winked back. I had a feeling it was going to be a fun day, and one safe from further change.

I nearly finished the day keeping a low profile once more. I was smarter at it than Brian. He tried to keep a low profile by scurrying out and doing rush jobs on the work to get out of Miss Lopez’s sight. I knew, on the other hand, that being invisible didn’t mean you couldn’t *be* visible, just that people would ignore you if you didn’t stand out. So I didn’t. I simply did the work, made regular customers, talked to people, and remained the consummate

professional. But I didn't stir rumours, make pranks, rush out at the end of the day or arrive too late, or anything like that. I simply stayed a normal worker, easily filtered out of one's vision, even a manager's. Besides, Julieta was occasionally passing by Lakshmi to see how the new girl was going, and checking to ensure she was wearing the skirt right and so forth. I half-suspected the sorceress was just enjoying keeping the new girl on her toes.

At the end of the day, the team was called forward to discuss shifts for the next week. With Abby sick, some rearrangement had to occur until she got better, and so it fell to Miss Lopez to fill the gaps and rearrange the puzzle pieces that were our respective calendars.

"Lea, can you take her shifts next week? The Monday and the Wednesday?"

"I can't take the Monday, sorry. I'm babysitting that day. And Wednesday will be hard, since I'm already on that day."

"Damn, so you are. Hmm, what about Lakshmi . . . no, she's on all next week. Harvey can't work cafe. Your coffees are terrible, no offence Harvey."

"None taken."

"I know you tried your hardest."

"Just don't have the talent for it, miss."

"That's okay, Harvey. You do good work where you are, and you at least tried."

She gave a knowing look at Lakshmi, who withered under her gaze.

"Hmmm . . . wait! How am I forgetting you, Jared?"

She looked my way, and I grinned awkwardly. I'd really been hoping she'd choose someone else. Not because I didn't want more shifts: I did. But I didn't want to stand out, and now her attention was upon me.

"How did I forget you, Jared?" she asked.

My heart beat faster. "Um, no idea, Miss Lopez."

"Hmmm, could it be that you're a little forgettable?"

Shit. That was not good. I tried to think of the right thing to say. "I don't think so, Miss Lopez. I've done good work after all. And I've only just started! It's probably because I'm unfamiliar."

"Hmm, perhaps." She tapped her pen against her mouth several times. "But you don't stand out very much, do you?"

"Excuse me?"

She shook her head. "No, you don't. A bit too generic. Brown hair, white guy, blending in easily. You lack a good presence. Every member of a good team needs presence. Even Abby's enhanced bust helps rake in customers, after all. Yes, we need to do something about that . . ."

I looked to Lea, who shrugged her shoulders. The others all took a silent step back while Julieta was lost in thought, quietly abandoning me to my fate. I looked at Lea and mouthed the word '*seriously!?*'

She mouthed back: '*Sorry! Good luck!*'

'*Traitor!*' I mouthed in returned, but then Julieta's gaze fell upon me once more.

"More outgoing! That's what we need. And a bit more diversity is always good, I've noticed more male customers as of late, and overheard many of them talking about the lovely 'exotic' ladies. A bit of a ridiculous word to use, but if it makes money . . . yes, I think we need a change for you, Jared. Just a temporary one until you can make a bigger impact! And just like I made Brian a lot more shy and dependent as Lakshmi, I'll make you more cheerful and outgoing as a woman too!"

"No, but - can't I just try being that first without -"

But it was too late. From her hand shot a firework of magical power, shifting in numerous colours. It hit me square in the chest, much as it had done so for Brian, and it passed into me. I briefly lost my brief. It *felt* like a firework, one that *exploded* inside me, sending beams of power all throughout my body.

"Uh oh," Harvey said, as terse as ever. It made Lakshmi giggle, surprisingly. But then I couldn't focus on anything but my own body, which began to change rapidly. The air went out of me a second time as my body shifted and altered. Unlike with Brian to Lakshmi though, I didn't shrink. Instead, to my surprise, I *expanded*. My shoulders broadened slightly, even as they softened. My hips cracked loudly, and I nearly fell to the ground as they shifted outwards. Only thanks to Lea and Harvey did I manage to stay upright, because my legs altered as well. My thighs swelled far beyond what I thought they would. The hair on my legs shrunk away, revealed by my shrinking pants which rapidly developed into a more free flowing skirt compared to my female colleagues. My skin itched, its pigmentation darkening until it became a rich coffee brown. My face cracked, expanding and rounding out. My lips puffed up, impossibly full, and my nose broadened, causing me to sneeze a little.

"Oh Go-God! This isn't m-meant to - NGNH!!"

More bones cracked. My rib cage expanded, and my nipples tensed. They swelled, dilating outwards and making me feel strangely aroused, much to my further discomfort. It was matched by a tugging sensation in my groin. Those two areas remained my primary concern, even as my hair became lush and dark, and my hands and feet became slender, like a woman's, though still surprisingly large.

"P-please not tits! No p-pussy either!"

I'd spent the last few days enjoying the sight of beautiful women, even ones that used to be men, and now the chickens were coming home to roost.

"Sorry, but I'm afraid you're going to be a big girl in that department," Julieta said.

“She looks to be a big girl in several departments!” Lea marvelled, her eyes locked on my form as she tried to keep me on my feet. Evidently, that was becoming a harder task by the second.

My spine cracked, raising my height so that I was even taller than before.

“No fair!” Lakshmi cried. “Why does she get to stay tall?”

I rolled my eyes, before groaning again, my voice becoming a womanly contralto that was slightly accented, though I couldn’t trace the accent. My belly flattened, though maintaining a slight pudge to it, but my breasts grew outwards rapidly.

“OOhhhhh! F-fuck! Oohhhhhh!”

It was humiliating, changing into a woman in front of them all. Harvey’s eyes were wide, looking at me the way I must have looked at Lakshmi when I saw how hot she was becoming. My chest ballooned, enormous volleyball-sized tits swelling up to fill out my now-female dress top. Maybe they weren’t that big, but they certainly felt that way: they overflowed my palms easily, and my huge nipples sent pulses of pleasure through my body as I accidentally rubbed them.

“NMhhhhmmm . . .”

With one final tug, my penis pulled up inside my body, followed by the *PLOP PLOP* of my two testicles, both of which had to squeeze back inside myself. They left what could only be a slightly dripping, aroused pussy in their wake.

And me, now a coffee-skinned woman who was desperate to see what I’d become.

“What - what do I look like?” I asked.

Lea looked up at me with astonishment. Of the group, only Julieta Lopez and Harvey were taller than me, and they were both giants. I must have been over six feet. My entire body felt like it had a lot of fat, but somehow wasn’t *fat*, per se. But my new tits were enormous, big round cantaloupes that had a defined weight that tugged heavily at my back. They shifted and jostled with each movement, and when I looked down I realised to my horror that I couldn’t see my feet anymore.

“Holy sh-shit. I can’t see my feet. These things are melons!”

“They are certainly . . . big,” Lea said.

“Indeed,” Julieta said calmly. “And soon you’ll feel the cheerful and outgoing personality settle in as well. But first, let’s get you to that mirror.”

The group moved with me, embarrassing me only further. Lakshmi even seemed a little smug that I’d changed as well. Damn bitch! Wow, that was actually a strong thought. It was likely I was already experiencing mental changes, because I could feel my *feelings* growing in intensity. Not just my horror and alarm, but my desire to tell Lea how sexy she was, and embraced Harvey for being such a good guy, and help Lakshmi reach the tall

shelves and so on. I managed to bottle it up as I was taken to the full body mirror in the makeup and dress room that customers used each day. And then I fell silent.

Well, I had most certainly become female, that was obvious. Same for my race. I was also definitely larger. All those things I already knew, but my appearance in the mirror showed me exactly what kind of woman I had become: a thick (*thicc???*) Polynesian woman with incredibly baby-making hips that easily beat out Lea's, as well as a bosom that made Abby look modest by comparison. My face was broad and beautiful, my waist feminine but much thicker than a western woman's. My hair reached down to the small of my back, and had a thick curl to it, a frizz I was not used to. My thighs were certainly thick, like tree trunks, but like I had assessed just earlier, I was certainly by no means fat. In fact, I was downright gorgeous. Sexy.

No, I was something else entirely. Like a flood, my new mental state caused by Julieta's magic flowed over me, and I couldn't help but beam a positively *massive* white-toothed smile at my new form, posing slightly with my hands on my hips against my better judgement.

"I'm a goddamned Goddess," I said with a hot Polynesian accent.

"Yes you are," Julieta said. "You'll not be forgotten now!"

And while my two mental states were still clashing, terror and excitement warring as one, I couldn't help but agree with her.

Nothing could keep this busty, thick, and sexy body under the radar now.

Part 5: Penina

I masturbated almost as soon as I got home. Yeah, I'm not ashamed to admit it, and any guy who says they'd do differently is lying. For as much as I was horrified at the fact that I now had a huge set of tits, wide child-bearing hips, and a pussy between my thick brown thighs, I was also pretty turned on by the thought of being able to pleasure a woman's body with ease. What guy hadn't imagined what it would be like to be a woman, even for day? To have a pair of juicy chest melons to squeeze and grope with to his heart's content? God knows I had. I wasn't trans or anything, I was just curious what it felt like to be a woman, especially what it felt like to be a woman in orgasm.

It turned out it was pretty fucking amazing. I got naked and stared at my form in the mirror. Oddly, I was actually pretty damn aroused by the sight of myself. I wasn't sure if I'd kept my orientation or was bi now, but I couldn't help but grin and laugh. Perhaps a side effect of being made cheerier overall. Maybe I would have held off on rubbing my big, fat,

sensitive brown nipples if I hadn't experienced a mental shift courtesy of Julieta. It was like a fire had been lit inside me, an energy that needed burning. I felt incredible, like I could take on the world. And I also felt very daring, which meant I barely had a hint of hesitation when it came to tearing my work clothes off back at my apartment and caressing my beautiful new form. My skin was incredibly smooth and sensitive, and it felt divine to run my slender hands over it. I was surprisingly strong, the fat of my new curves disguising a surprising amount of muscle, but it was the curves themselves that held most of my attention. I giggled lightly as I made my ass wobble, a feeling that should not have been as pleasurable as it was. My large tits were delightful to the touch, and like every guy had imagined at one point in their lives, it was indeed a lot of fun to make them bounce and jiggle.

"So huge!" I declared, trying to stop grinning and I pushed them up to form a massive amount of cleavage, before letting them drop back down again in a heavy wobble. "Waaaaay bigger than Abby's."

To my surprise, I actually felt a strange swell of pride at that.

"Stupid new bubbly brain," I said, but I still chuckled all the same, fondling them and groaning as my nipples became erect. It was such a damn good feeling, I could barely believe it. How did girls manage not to do this all the time? Guys were missing out?

It inevitably led to an unfamiliar moistness growing between my thick thighs. Slowly, but with a great deal of growing excitement, I lowered my dark olive hand to my new pussy. It was wet, and I shivered in response to the pulses of electric bliss that radiated through my body at my simple touch. My new clit throbbed with need, and before I could think about it too deeply, I was masturbating, rubbing my sensitive new vulva even as I gripped my breast. I looked at my reflection, and the gorgeous, curvy Polynesian girl crying out in delirious joy as she pleased herself only made me more and more aroused. After just a minute of teasing out my womanhood, I managed to bring myself to a climax. I gritted my teeth and whimpered, moaned, then cried out in ecstasy.

"Oohhhh - g-good! Yes! Mhmhm! OOHh! MHMHM!!!"

My entire body seized up, and I shook heavily, my huge boobs flopping about until finally I settled down on my bed, panting in post-coital pleasure. It was only after that was done that I realised exactly what I had indulged in.

"That . . . holy shit, that was fucking awesome! God, that was good!"

I blinked twice, looking in the mirror.

"Oh God, that was *too* good. I - I need to turn back. This isn't me!"

My new name was Penina, not Jared, though my last name was still Lieman, fortunately. My driver's licence had changed, as had my wardrobe. Even my room posters had changed to images of hot women . . . and hot guys. Evidently, the new me was bisexual and more than happy to be so. After all, I certainly had a bigger libido, given that I felt the need to tease myself into female orgasm once more the following morning.

I was on cafe duty again, and Lea smirked as I punched in.

"Enjoying your new body, Jared?"

I sighed. "It's Penina now," I said in my cute accent. "And yes, I *am* enjoying it. That's the worst part! I *want* to hate this, but thanks to Julieta I can't *not* enjoy it a little. I feel so stupidly bouncy and energetic."

"Well, I can't quite claim to have my own mind altered, but that sounds like a trip."

"It certainly is. And these tits! They're ridiculous!"

Lea snickered. "Bigger than mine, that's for sure. And certainly bigger than even Abby's. I think she might even be a little jealous. I know I am."

"Yeah, well at least you know how to put on a bra properly now. That was a struggle this morning. Not to mention this damn skirt is way too tight on my hips."

Lea looked me up and down, grinning. She was joined by Novak, who had returned from being an inanimate object, and was bouncing on the balls of his feet at a level of excitement that also made me feel pretty cheery too.

"Looking fantastic, Jared!"

"Penina," I said, "but thanks."

"Oh, I wish I had a change like yours. That's far more along than any of my changes to become a woman! How fun is it having a set of tits?"

I blushed red, though perhaps it didn't show as much on my brown cheeks. "Uh, it feels pretty good. Really good, actually." Despite myself, my new mind made me giggle lightly, and even shake my shoulders a little, setting them wobbling in my tight blue dress top.

"Oh, damn!" Lea said, eyes locking on to the buttons that were straining to pull apart in my top.

"Damn indeed," Novak added.

"Yeah, and they weigh a ton too," I confirmed. But once more, I felt that strange swell of pride, as I was actually proud of my new body.

Naturally, Abby returned just to make the humiliation worse. She took one look at me and was aghast.

"Seriously? Another new staff member? Who are you?"

"Formerly Jared," I said flatly, before gesturing to my overdeveloped curves. "Now you can call me Penina."

Her eyes bulged, particularly as they hovered over my fabulous tits. She looked to her own, then back at mine. "Jesus, those are even bigger. Damn it!"

"I *knew* you liked them," Lea said.

Abby just crossed her arms beneath them. "I don't. But at least they were the biggest! Now she's going to steal all my customers!"

She wasn't exactly wrong. While I was in the cafe that day and she was in the dressing department, I was by far the most popular thing at Dela Luxe, even more popular than the hottest selling style. The cafe was flooded with men and women wanting to get a look at me. The place had a reputation for pretty women, but word of mouth must have spread quickly, or perhaps several of the dudes checking out my big breasts were inviting their friends over to ogle with them. I was caught between smiling in a flirty fashion at them, staring at some of their impressive muscles, and nearly puking when I realised what I was doing.

"Goddamn it," I said.

"What is it?" Lakshmi asked, once more on shift with me.

"My body, my new self. It's attracted to dudes and girls."

Lakshmi coughed, rolling her eyes as another dude made winking eyes at her.

"Lucky you. This stupid little Indian body is attracted to *only* dudes. Consider yourself fortunate."

"Who are you attracted to?"

She blushed. "No one here."

"Harvey? He was giving you a funny look yesterday."

She blushed even further. "Shut up. I'm changing back in three months. There is no way I'm going to even talk about this. Especially Harvey."

I just smirked, patted her on the back. "I hope it works out between you!"

"Gagh! I miss the old, boring Jared. This weirdly excited version of you is embarrassing. And whenever you bounce on your feet, you make your tits bounce. You realise that, right?"

I stopped. I hadn't even realised I'd been bouncing in a cheer. "God. damn. I hadn't even realised. No wonder that last guy was super happy with the coffee I made him."

"Yeah, because you were resting your tits on the counter and it was making your tits practically burst out of your top."

"But I didn't show off my tits to that first guy?"

She chuckled in a bitter manner. "Yeah, you were just bending over to show off your ass. Don't feel bad about it. After all, I did it several times yesterday without realising it either. I've been hit on more times than I can count already."

"Yeah," I said, "me too. It . . . it wasn't all bad."

She was silent, but I saw the tiniest smirk creep across her face. I couldn't help it. I gave her a hug. It seemed like the kind of thing my new self would do.

"Why - why are you hugging me?" the Indian woman said.

"Because - because - shit. I have no idea. I need to get changed back, ASAP."

I looked over and saw that a cute guy was approaching, his eyes lingering over my powerful and voluptuous body. I adjusted my frizzy dark hair and grinned, jumping towards the counter.

"Just as soon as I serve this hottie. I mean dude. Fuck!"

Julieta smirked as I approached her. I felt a nervous skip in my heart, and my new body and mind made me smile uncontrollably when nervous. And when feeling just about every other emotion as well, apparently. I felt very exposed, and not just because my bust and hips were tight against my clothing, and my butt rather prominently as well. And, of course, just the wide sway of my hips made me feel incredibly feminine, something Lea found hilarious.

"Penina, wonderful to see you! How are you adjusting to your new body?"

"I'm . . . I'm not."

"Oh?" she said, showing an expression of mild amusement. "I'm surprised to hear that. There's a group of young men outside the building that have drunk so much coffee from your counter that I'm afraid they won't sleep for several days. You seem to have made quite a smile, with that figure and that cheerful smile of yours!"

I tried to grimace, but her compliments did make me smile anyway. It was just too nice, and this slightly-altered mind loved nice things! I only barely managed to rally.

"That may be, but I'm not meant to be a woman! I'll be more outgoing and friendly, but I need to turn back. I didn't agree to this."

"Well, as we discussed, it is part of your contract, Penina. I'm afraid you'll have to deal with it a little bit longer."

I gesticulated in weariness, accidentally setting my tits wobbling again. My ass, too. "How much longer?"

"Long enough to draw some sales."

I practically pleaded. "Please, Julieta. I promise I'll be a good worker. But I just need to know how much longer? At least Lakshmi knows she has three months, and clan plan accordingly! Right now my family remember me as an adopted Polynesian girl with big boobs and big hips. And my wardrobe is full of clothing that makes me . . . well, this new mind you gave me - the changes I mean - they make me want to wear them and show my body off. It's crazy!"

I could have gone longer, but then I realised something astonishing: Julieta was trying to hide something from me. I couldn't tell if it was just me noticing more of her mannerisms after nearly five days of knowing her, or just a result of my new female hormones and disposition making me more inherently compassionate, but she was actually squirming a little in discomfort. There were several tells: the way she was trying to look dismissive but refusing to meet my eyes. The way her posture was not relaxed, and how she was trying to evade my questions and shoo me out of the room.

"Julieta," I said, trying to avoid smiling awkwardly. "I need you to be honest with me. When can you change me back? You're hiding something. I need to know."

Miss Lopez finally met my eyes, and this time her face had fallen, no longer joking. Something in me seemed to slip out of place, like I was about to hear something very, *very bad*.

"Um, there's a small problem, Penina. It may take a little longer to turn you back than expected."

"WHAT!?"

"Shh!" she called. "Just listen. I'll find a way to turn you back, there's just . . . complications."

"What do you mean complications!? You've done this a lot of times, haven't you!?"

"Oh yes, what do you take me for?" she asked, regaining a little confidence from earlier. "I'm a sorceress. A damned good one, in fact."

I put my hands on my wide hips, making myself an imposing figure. "Then why the hell can't you turn me back?"

"I can. I think. I'm sure I can. It's just . . . sometimes magic can be a little bit . . . chaotic. I've been able to turn men to women, and women to men, and turn them back. But with you and Lakshmi, I've turned you not just into women, but also changed your races, and your ages, and your accents, including home circumstances. I've even altered your sexual orientations and parts of your personality. In that sense, I am always experimenting, pushing further boundaries. All sorceresses and sorcerers do. But it does mean that reverting the complex magical spells we create gets . . . complicated."

The realisation dawned, and I gasped, a little too dramatically due to my new form.

"You can't figure out how to untangle it back, can you?"

She gritted her teeth, wincing a little. "A concise way to put it. I'm sure I can. It just may take some time. Perhaps a few . . ."

"Weeks? Months?"

"Years. A decade at most! Don't worry Penina! I'm sure you'll be okay. After all, I've made you a lot more cheerful, haven't I?"

I raised an eyebrow, feeling anything but. "I'm taking the rest of the day off."

“Understandable. It’s only eleven am. Take the rest of the day off, and see if you’re right to come in tomorrow.”

The worst part about being trapped as Penina was the realisation that the best way to cheer up now was to go out in public shopping. I wanted to stay inside, crying my heart out and masturbating, but after my first little self-pleasure session, I felt a greater need to be out in public. Evidently, this new me was much more of an introvert than I should have been. It meant I had to pick my new clothing, and sadly, some particular items were quite appealing, much to my embarrassment.

“Oh God, I’m going to get hit on *so much* wearing this,” I said as I looked in my full person mirror. It was summer, and so I was wearing a flowy red summer dress that nevertheless pulled tightly around my ass and hips and chest. It had a freedom to it that felt utterly wonderful, and it was short enough that it showed off my fantastic brown legs. But on the other hand, my cleavage was fully on display, and my gorgeous shoulders and arms too. I felt utterly on display, and yet there was something intriguing about that notion.

And so I set out. It was only the early afternoon, after all, and I had a weird desire to purchase even more clothing, as well as makeup that would suit my features. My chest wobbled heavily in my top, constrained by a bra sure, but still too big to really ever be contained.

“I guess I’ll have to get used to that.”

And as I entered the city centre, more than a few heads looked my way. Why wouldn’t they? After all, I was a damned heavenly sight. A fucking Polynesian goddess. I was 6’1 in height, with a crazy figure, and my dress was both pretty as well as capable of showing off my form. I only felt a little irritated that my thick thighs weren’t on display, until I caught that thought and pushed it away.

“I am *not* going to enjoy this. I’m just going to buy a few new bras, maybe some nice high heels to make myself look even taller, and a sexy crop top. That’s it. Oh, and maybe grab some lunch at a place where other young people hang out. Perhaps a few boys and girls that look hot.”

It put a pep in my step, and try as I might, I couldn’t stop beaming smiles at everyone and everything, particularly those that stared at my body with obvious astonishment, attraction, or both. Both was most common, really. I couldn’t deny that it made me feel pretty damned good. As a guy I wasn’t bad looking, even if a bit generic. Buying clothes was just an ordinary experience. Now, I was surrounded by store women admiring my figure, helping me find the exact thing to show myself off, and even marvelling at my chest size and

discussing custom bras that could help give me more lift without letting me wobble constantly. I found myself talking back and forth with them, giggling at silly jokes and talking TV shows that I normally would have been embarrassed to admit liking. It was like a door had opened and I had stepped through: all the things I had wanted to be able to say and do with strangers, that easy charisma and confidence that I'd never truly possessed, was suddenly there for me. It was so easy. I had gone from an introvert - not a shy one, but certainly someone who needed to recharge after social interaction - to an utter extravert, and it was quite delightful! It certainly helped when I decided to grab lunch in town by myself, and after ordering a nice-looking burger I ended up engaging myself in conversation with several cute boys and girls who were in a tourist group.

"Oh, I'm a local!" I said. "I just have, uh, Polynesian heritage. I can tell you everything about the city! No, better yet, I can show you, if you want. Did you want a tour?"

From the salivating looks on three of their faces - two men, one woman - out of five, I could tell they were more than okay with my presence. So for the next several hours I gave them a tour of the CBD, referring to the best eating places, discussing with them their own homeland in Germany, and generally just comparing experiences. It was delightful, and particularly so because I could feel them staring at my ass and tits. It should have creeped me out, but there was a strange power that came with being a big, beautiful woman with desirable features, and I was increasingly addicted to that feeling.

In the end, I got two numbers passed to me. One from the woman named Greta, the other from the man named Hans. I should have thrown them away, but the warmth in my belly, and the slight moistness that grew between my thighs, made me a little intrigued. Just enough to slip both cards into my cleavage for safekeeping.

"So women *can* do that," I marvelled to myself. "Damn, that's useful."

I managed to resist partying. Only just. The pull to the night life was extraordinary. The idea of dressing up in a hot, skin tight black dress that put all my best new features on display was deeply tempting, but I knew it was not me. Not the Jared me, at least. Sure, Julieta had changed my mind, given me new inhibitions and taken away many others, but I wasn't ready to go out flirting and kissing and even having one night stands in my new body, especially given that I'd only had it for a day and a half. No, I had to maintain some control, even if I could potentially end up stuck as Penina for literal years.

So instead I stayed at home. I put on a cute nightie, put on a streaming service to watch a fun science fiction movie, and curled up on the couch with a tub of ice cream. I was more excited to watch something than I'd been in some time, and as the action started, I

found myself punching my fist in the air when the heroes did something cool, or cursing under my breath during tense situations. It was true, I definitely felt a lot more deeply and powerfully as a woman, matching my new appearance.

“So crazy,” I said to myself. “This whole thing is crazy.”

Once the movie ended, I laid back, still thinking of those cute German tourists, and the later man in his early twenties who’d invited me to a local nightclub he often went to. I’d managed to decline, but the way he’d looked at my grinning face, and how he strained not to stare at my body . . . it *did* things to me. It was enough to make me work my hand down to my panties and pull them aside.

“OOhhhhh, yeah,” I moaned, softly stroking my clit. It was throbbing already, and a warm, wet heat was growing in my tunnel. I imagined what it would be like to be fucked by a man or a woman, or even both at the same time. “Mmhmmm . . . ahhhh . . .”

I pictured Lea, with her perfect dark skin and gorgeous hips. Imagined her sucking on my fat nipples and drawing soft moans from me as she brought me closer and closer to climax. It made me begin stroking my breasts, lifting their largeness and pinching my nipples.

“Yeah . . . Oh God, Lea. Yes. Ohhhhhh . . . yessss . . .”

It felt good. Fuck, it felt good. Better than any male feeling I’d ever had. It made me wish I’d gone out on the town. Made me wish I was fucking someone else right at that moment. I had to finish myself off before I answered the call, put on some cute burgundy lipstick, and found myself dancing up against a man who wanted to make a real woman out of me. I pictured Lea, pressed up against me, her cute glasses foggy from her panting desire, and that was enough to thankfully send me over the edge, even further than I’d gone previously. Whereas before I had cried out in pleasure, this time I could make no sound at all but a quite ‘*EEP!*’ My entire body coursed with ecstasy, causing me to shake, freeze, then shake a bit. My gorgeous legs turned to jelly, and to my embarrassment I nearly fell off the bed.

“Ohhh . . . L-Lea,” I eventually managed to say.

She really was gorgeous. Had she been flirting with me before, when I became Penina?

I dreamed that it was so.

Part 6: Bimbo Saturday

It was my last shift for the week, and it was pure insanity that I was heading in for work. I should have been angry, crazed with desires for revenge and demands for compensation from Miss Lopez. But instead I felt a strange calling to fulfil my duties. I was being paid, of course, and at a higher rate thanks to my 'assets' bringing in a higher wage. But it also meant seeing Lea again, and after having some very, *deeply* sexy dreams about her the previous night, I felt up for it.

I quickly regretted that.

I arrived just a little late, giggling nervously as I practically skipped up to where the group was assembled for managerial announcement prior to the store opening. Julieta was speaking, and Lea motioned for me to join her. That was a good sign, at least.

"Hey, nice look," she said.

She was referring to my makeup. I'd done not a bad job of it, and just hearing the compliment made me smile. "Thanks. Thought I'd, you know, try being a woman, I guess. Julieta thinks I may be stuck a while, like Lakshmi."

"Well, I'm not complaining."

"Really?"

"Just saying, you look pretty hot. It's empowering being a woman, trust me. I wouldn't go back, and besides, I've always liked -"

"Shh!"

That came from Novak, and Abby also shot us a dour look. Julieta was waiting for us to finish speaking, and we both snapped to attention, though the manager at least gave me a sympathetic look first before continuing.

"As I was saying, this is just a trial, but I'm thinking it will be quite successful! Saturday is when we lose a lot of business to the CBD stores, and while we have some attractive members of staff, it's not enough for many of the hormonal young men freed from college responsibilities. So the answer is simple."

"It's not fair!" Lakshmi cried. "Haven't you done enough to me!?"

Julieta pointedly ignored her. I, on the other hand, couldn't ignore that Harvey put his hand on the Indian girls' shoulder in a comforting manner. She looked up at him, smiled sheepishly, but notably didn't push his hand off. Lea must have seen it too, because she grinned with me. It felt like we were too shit stirrers in the group, both getting off on the developing work romance that was unfolding unknowingly between the other two. God, Lea was pretty. And now that I was Penina, I was able to tell her as much.

"Awww, you are too. But shh. Big news."

I managed to shut up, just in time to hear what was coming.

“BIMBO SATURDAY!?”

My voice was loud, echoing through the room. Novak, Abby, and Lakshmi all jumped, and Harvey caught the former Brian, causing her to sheepishly grin yet again.

“S-sorry,” I said, before turning to my manager. “Are you fucking serious?”

“You’ll be paid triple!” she announced. “But it will get the ball rolling for our weekend profits. Trust me, it’s only a little extra alteration. It won’t be permanent.”

“That’s what you said about this!” I shouted, and Lakshmi added something similar.

“I’m sure of it, this time. Don’t worry. It’ll only be once a month.”

Lea sighed, patting me on the small of my back, and even leaving her hand there. “She’s done it before, a couple of years ago. Trust me, it wasn’t all that bad. Kind of . . . freeing, actually. Fun. I kind of missed it.”

“I don’t want to be a bimbo,” I whined.

She giggled, lowered her hand to squeeze my ass quickly before the others could see. I squeaked under my breath, looked at her with astonishment. I knew it was coming, but I couldn’t help but smile in awkwardness, and arousal.

“What - what was that for?”

“To show you that you’re practically on the edge of being a bimbo anyway,” she chuckled.

She had me there. Julieta was still convincing the others, but frankly so much insanity had already happened that one more step only seemed strangely normal at this rate. I was a woman now, and would be for years until I could be turned back. Trapped in a body with an enthusiastically-oriented mind. That enthusiasm made the bimbo-alteration a bit more amenable to me.

“Fine, let’s just do it,” I said.

“What!?” Lakshmi said.

“Yes!” Novak added.

“I’ll be in the back.” That was Harvey.

“Dibs on sharing coffee station with Penina!” Lea said.

“Great, more comments about my boobs,” Abby groaned. “At least I’ll get good tips.”

“That you will,” Julieta said. “Think of this as a fun day to end the week, and a way to free you up for some fun in the wake of me being a bit more punitive and stressed than usual these past few days.”

With a flourish of her hand, several fireworks burst out from her fingertips, enveloping most of us. Novak became a short, busty woman that was his own female twin. Abby’s bust size erupted even larger, her eyes becoming doe-like, her hair becoming platinum blonde. Lea’s hips widened ever more, and her figure became a ridiculous hourglass, with larger breasts. Lakshmi’s elegance remained, but to her dismay she lost even further height, all

while gaining D-cup breasts. And me? Well, I became even taller, even curvier, and my tits became as big as my own head - each!

The mental changes followed. If I'd been bubbly and cheerful before, now I felt positively *silly*. I couldn't believe I hadn't wanted these changes: I not only looked sexy now, but I felt sexy, and wanted to act sexy as well! Some knowledge was locked away in my head, leaving me to think a little hornier, move a little more sensually. It was obviously true of the others, as Lakshmi's new speech pattern attested to.

"Like, what have you done to me? I'm totes even hotter now!"

"Yes you are," our manager responded. "And the customers will be more than pleased! Now get to your stations, everyone. Lea and Penina, go make some coffee, and be sure to bend right off to show off that lovely cleavage while you serve them."

My crush and I shared a grin. It was all wrong, but God it was so right. I wanted to be as bimbo-ish as possible, make as much money from my body as possible, if it meant making Lea have the hots for me.

We quickly moved, giggling like valley girls as we raced to the cafe.

"Dibs on the machine!" I called.

"Like, no fair Penina!"

Julieta's scheme certainly, like, worked. She had shown herself to be a master of magic, when she wasn't having trouble unweaving and untangling it all. While we were giggly and flirty and silly, and adjusting our outfits to show the maximum amount of midriff, thigh, and cleavage possible, we were also still damned good at our jobs. I did everything in my power to make myself into the hottest goddess of a woman possible, and I became a quick study of Lea's flirting, even if we were both a bit dumber from the spell.

"Like, you are such a cutie!" Lea said to one guy, leaning over so her bigger breasts pressed against the counter suggestively. "I just love it when you make all these orders! You've got such a cute voice for ordering things."

"Oh, really?" the man said with a smile, leaning forwards also. "How about I order some more things, just for you?"

She closed her eyes, moaning a little breathily. "Mmhmm . . . please do. Nothing turns me on more than a man with a sexy voice, especially one who spends it on nice treats like cakes and brownies and *caramel slices*. *Mhmm*."

She put particular emphasis on that last part, licking her lips suggestively. The man purchased all that and more and gave half of it to her. It was enough to get me started, and I was more than eager: my libido was supercharged, leaving my big nipples tenting through

the fabric of my bra and denting against my tight top. It meant I was occasionally rubbing them, mostly out of sight, but enough that when a hot tattooed girl came to order a few cappuccinos and flat whites for her friends, I was able to stand proud and tall, hands on my hips and chest thrust right out, and grin broadly like I was a heavenly figure bearing gifts to her and her friends.

“Oh, I can totes do that. I really like your tats, by the way.”

“Why thank you. I’m thinking of getting another sleeve.”

“That’d look sooooo cool. Soooo sexy. I fucking love girls with tatoos.”

She arched an eyebrow, and my new gaydar had clearly been successful, because she leaned forward, intrigued. “Is that so? You into that?”

“I’m totes into that shit. Like, oh my Gawd, it’s a real turn on. Particularly if the girl is smaller than me.”

“I’d say most girls are smaller than you, hun.”

“Yeah, and I *love* it. They love it too.”

“Mhmm . . . maybe I’ll order some other things. Penina, is that how I pronounce the name from your tag?”

This continued on. Lea played herself all dumb and submissive, and I played dumb and *dominant*. The aggressive bimbo. I say ‘played’, but in truth it was hardly an act. Half the customers were sooo hot, and my arousal was off the charts, especially since Lea was right besides me. At once point, we set to giggling when we went on brief break, and heard passionate moans coming from the change room. The very same change room we’d just seen Harvey walk in. The other voice within seemed to have an Indian accent too.

“Like, that’s sooo cute, and soooo hawt,” I said.

“Totes,” Lea replied, grinning. “Maybe we can have the change room next?”

I blushed, feeling utterly sheepish, and only barely managed to change the subject to how cute her new hairstyle was, which set off a whole discussion about makeup and advice that had me enraptured. Soon we had to return to our shifts, the rest of the day was just as crazy, us practically *fleeing* customers out of their money with our looks and bimbo-ish demeanours. By the time we closed up, I was having a hard time resisting squeezing Lea’s ass. Goodness knows she had enjoyed squeezing mine as I passed her. Seems she was the more aggressive bimbo in *some* ways, perhaps.

It turned me on. A lot. I could tell not just from the moistness in my panties but also my nipples were fucking *tensing* with desire.

When we were turned back at the end of the day, I was almost disappointed. Of course, I was grateful to get my smarts back again; no way was I losing my software development skills. Still, I had felt so free, just as Miss Lopez had said. She seemed to sense this from us, because she was all smiles as she made the final corrections for shifts the next week. She pointedly did *not* look at Harvey and Lakshmi when she informed them that they were on paired shifts from now on, but it was clear that her mischief had borne fruit, because both of them did a terrible job of pretending to not be very happy about that. It made me a little jealous of Lakshmi. She had taken to being a woman worse than I, but had already experienced the pleasures of sex.

“Good to have my smaller boobs back,” Abby said, cradling her E-cups. “Well, little by comparison to bimbo me.”

“Yeah, I still feel pretty heavy,” I said to myself.

“But you like them a little now, don’t you?” Lea teased. Novak chuckled, overhearing this and giving me the thumbs up. I shooed him off.

“Okay, they’re not completely bad,” I said. “None of this is, I suppose. Though I didn’t ask for it.”

“So can we expect you next week for your shifts, Penina?” Julieta asked. I could see there was hope in her expression, and I heard it on her voice too. She clearly felt a little guilty, despite her constant rewards and punishments. After all, she’d only transformed one customer for their rudeness today, and it was just making them bald. Most of the day had been giving nice customers more muscles, bigger breasts and asses, or de-aging them a little. She was trying to cultivate a more hopeful atmosphere to match her attitude.

It was working.

“For now,” I said.

“Good,” she replied. “The Dela Luxe benefits from your presence, Penina.”

I returned home, still not sure if I really meant what I’d said. As Penina, I jumped at opportunities more readily, but perhaps this had been a stupid one. And yet, I’d earned triple pay today, and was making quite a bit at the store, which was doing very well for itself. And besides, Lea was increasingly someone I wanted to know more. If not as a prospective girlfriend, then at least as an attractive friend I occasionally perved on. I looked over my body in my cute crop top and short shorts, my perfect brown skin showing in all the best ways, and sighed happily.

“It’s actually pretty nice, being Penina,” I said. “And I’m not really changed all that much. I’m certainly happier. Maybe, just maybe . . .”

I was interrupted from that thought by my phone buzzing. I checked it, and saw that it was actually Lea. We'd exchanged phone numbers when we were total bimbos earlier, but I hadn't realised she was actually going to text me. As I read what she'd sent, my eyes widened, and my heart skipped a beat.

Hey Penina, Lea here. Had a lot of fun with you today. Gotta be honest, can't stop thinking about you actually. Do you want to come over and have some fun? The kind only two former guys in hot sexy girl bodies can get up to? I'm a little tipsy to work up the courage to send this text, but I can't stop thinking about your tits and your amazing thighs. What do you say?

I grinned, already imagining it. Already becoming aroused at the thought of letting Lea all over me. Funny, how she could be both so bold, and yet so delicate when it came to actually approaching me. Could it be that she was super into me? Even intimidated by my broad, goddess-like beauty? Just that thought made me more excited.

Yeah, I was pretty sure I could deal with this new life alright.

I began composing a very enthusiastic response. Perhaps that black dress would finally make an appearance after all . . .

The End