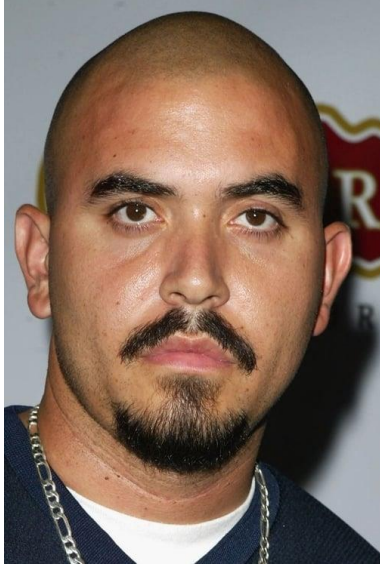


The pinnacle of technology, science so advanced that it can seem like magic to the vast majority of people. Enter Life Reassignment Inc., an international corporation that provides its unique and miraculous services to their clients. However, the company works from the shadow, under the mantle of a technology consulting firm, their operations hidden from the law, and the scrutiny of the Federal Trade Commission. Clients are wide ranging, varying from willing to unwilling, the products they offer sometimes comes in the form of handheld devices, phone applications, or even tailored services provided at one of their offices.

And in one such office, situated in a downtown building, shared with different businesses, the corporation offers life changing services. There, clients can select different packages, and are offered an out on their current lives, selecting characteristics and traits for their new bodies, new lives, new realities. Deluxe packages let client choose a variety of specifications, tailoring their new selves to their exact needs. Standard ones are a bit more limited as to what they offer, but usually client can work something decent out of them. But basic packages are where it gets interesting. Clients selecting this package are usually desperate, down to their luck, or unaware of what they are doing. This package limits clients to exactly one aspect, one trait that they can select for their new selves. This usually means that the rest of the aspects of their new lives are out of their control, and these clients usually end up with quite a few unwanted, undesired traits. But once a swap is made, there is no going back. Sales are final, and what makes things worse is that clients do not know ahead of time the details of their new lives, only their selection(s), meaning that the lesser their package, the more of a shot in the dark the transaction is. But still, people are able to convince themselves that nothing the company can throw at them can be worse than their current lives, although that often ends up being the case.



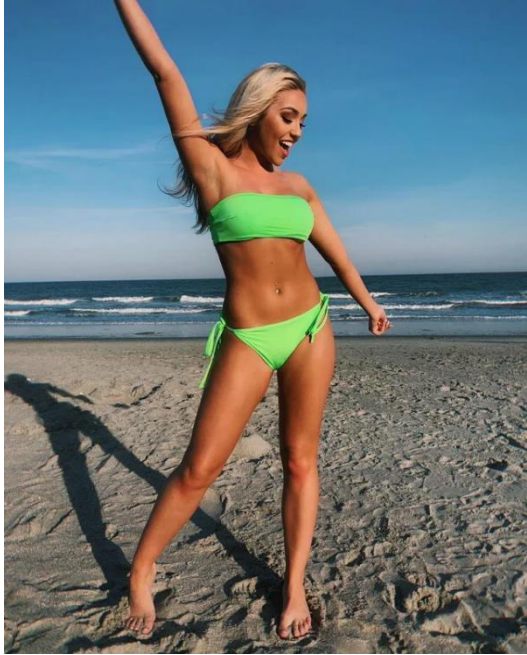


Today's first client is a Hispanic man by the name of Hector. A thug from the street, drug dealer and gang member, it is not uncommon for people with such affiliation to deal with Life Reassignment Inc., to escape either the law or other criminals. And while both of those certainly apply to Rodrigo, what is unique is his motivation, his reason for sitting in the waiting room, leg shaking, looking nervously over his shoulder, was a girl. More specifically, Kendra, an upper-class socialite. She was gorgeous, a tall blonde with a shapely figure, and never had to work a day in her life, thanks to Daddy's money. Hector met her through a mutual friend and was hooked instantly. He used whatever excuse he could find to get closer to her, attending parties she was hosting, even getting her to try weed, to become her dealer and get to see her more often. But she didn't do drugs, and even at parties she hung out with her friends and posse, not with a lowly drug dealer like him.

So, he figured that if he wasn't good enough to hang out with her, he would simply have to change, and become good enough. The only issue was that it wasn't so easy, abandoning the lifestyle he had been following. He owed money to a lot of people, and to others his debt was more intangible, people who had given him food, shelter, and a job, welcoming him within their community when no one else would have him. To those people, he had a debt of loyalty, and he couldn't just abandon them, not without some kind of retribution. So, when he heard about a sketchy place that could change everything and anything about someone, he decided to take a shot, and change lives, into someone who would no longer be affiliated with street gangs and be reputable enough to actually be able to interact directly with Kendra.

Unfortunately, procedures like this that were literally life changing were costly, very costly, and so even with his funds as a drug dealer he could only afford the basic package. He had thought long and hard what his fixed characteristic would be. It needed to be something that would ensure that he was no longer the thug he was now, and became someone respectable, to fulfill his dream of finally being with Kendra. So, when the receptionist handed him his form, in the fixed aspect field, he wrote down "Classy". No one classy would ever work the streets like he did, and Kendra was honestly the definition of class. He just hoped that the other aspects of his new life would be favorable as well, but he was certain that whatever ended up happening, he would be in a position where he could finally be with Kendra.

Once all the paperwork was done and submitted, Hector waited for a few minutes in the waiting room, before being brought into a sterile room with white tile walls and floor, and a futuristic looking pod in the center. Upon the instructions of the technicians, he entered the pod, which had a cushioned interior. Through a windowpane level with his eyes, he saw a bunch of technicians in white lab coats behind consoles, adjusting dials and pressing buttons. A loud humming sound started resounding from around him, vibrations coursing through his old body. From somewhere a white light grew brighter and brighter, until it was fully blinding him. The humming also became louder and louder until he could no longer hear or see anything. At this point he figured he must have lost consciousness, as he lost all sense of time and direction.



The pod opened as he awoke from his stupor, and he felt wildly different as he stumbled out, a few technicians rushing to grab his oddly thin arms. Blond hair framed his vision, as he tried to take stock of what had happened to him. One thing was for sure, the Hispanic thug that he had been was gone, replaced entirely by something quite different. They sat him down as a tall man with glasses stepped him, clipboard in hand and a serious, no-nonsense look on his face.

“Alright, Hector, was it? Well, not anymore actually... Your new name is now Hailey, and you are now a classy young woman. Daughter of Trevor Seinfeld, rich investment banker, you were pampered and cared for since the youngest age and have since become an entitled and spoiled young lady. You are indeed “Classy”, but also vain and self-centered. You only care about yourself, and you use your many boyfriends only to get presents and the

attention you have craved all your life. We hope you are satisfied with your changes and enjoy your new life as Hailey Seinfeld.”

With that, he tucked his clipboard under his arm and walked out of the room without another look at the still confused girl. Hailey meanwhile was reeling with the information, finding new memories nestled in her brain, memories of growing up in a mansion, playing with dolls, getting her first period, kissing her first boy, finding out she had complete control over them and was able to get them to do whatever she wanted them to simply by giving them the privilege of dating her. All this new information conflicted with her old life as Hector, which she still remembered, but vaguely, like it had been a long dream she had finally woken from. Once she had regained, he senses, she was escorted outside by the receptionist, where Lucian, the family driver, awaited her with the Tesla her Daddy had bought her for her 18th birthday.

On her way there, she pondered what the changes meant for her. Sure, she had never intended to become a woman, but now that she was one, there was nothing she could do about it. And sure, it also compromised her chances of being with Kendra, considering that she was pretty certain that both of them were very much heterosexual, according to both sets of her memories. But all in all, she was off the streets, with a life of comfort and luxury. If that meant having to sacrifice her gender, it was a worthwhile trade for sure. And she could definitely still hit up Kendra, and get to know her as a friend, rather than a lover as she had initially desired. She could already picture the both of them, dressed up in club attire, ready for a night on the town, getting paid drinks by men, and eventually going home with the best-looking dudes there...





The next client was a woman, a twenty-four-year-old girl named Patricia. Her motivations were similar to Hector, in that she was aiming to leave an aspect of her life behind and obtain another one. However, her desires were a little more basic, less drastic and her situation was much less dangerous. Patricia was having issues with love, having had bad relationships and equally messy breakups time after time, so much that at this point she was tired of dating men, who she figured were all cheaters and liars. And so, instead of telling herself that maybe she should try meeting her future boyfriends somewhere else than clubs and bars and try to find herself someone more mature and less oriented towards a life of party and sex, she decided to consult Life Reassignment Inc., and change a fundamental aspect of her life, her sexual orientation. Unfortunately, as she input her desired characteristic and signed the contract, she failed to comprehend the scope of the change involved and was not aware of the implications of the procedure. And so, she was going into this with the belief that her sexuality was the only thing being affected and had no idea that her whole life was going to be altered,

and potentially ruined, all because of a few bad hookups.

It was with confidence that Patricia took place in the life changing pod, believing that she would exit the machine with a newfound love for women, and that all her troubles would be fixed, as she would only have to deal with the fairer sex in regard to love and sex. However, her confidence wavered when the machine sprang to life, and her senses were muted. She tried to cry out, to say that she had changed her mind, that she wanted out, but it was too late, her muscles were completely relaxed, readying her for the change, and her body was no longer hers to control. Her mind reeled in horror as she lost consciousness and faded to the void.

She knew something was terribly wrong when she woke up. Her body felt wrong, very wrong. She ached all over, in ways that she shouldn't, and her proportions were off. Her tits felt bigger, droopier, and her ass felt bloated. The pod opened and she dropped out, almost falling to the floor, before being caught by two men in lab coats. She gasped as she saw her arms. They were pitch black.

"What... What happened? What the hell went wrong? I didn't sign up for this!" She exclaimed, surprised to find that even her voice had changed, no longer the bubbly, sing-song voice she had before, but a husky, almost raspy low voice, with a tinge of rural accent.

The head of division smiled upon hearing this. Evidently this wasn't the first time he encountered a customer who was unhappy with their changes.

"Actually... You did. Right when you signed this contract. Giving you a new life with the chose characteristic, *and all other aspects randomized.*"

He whipped out a copy of her contract, underlining the cited passage with his pen, much to Patricia's shock.

"But... That wasn't what was explained to me! This... this can't be legal!" She sobbed, tears coming to her eyes.

"Whatever was explained to you, this is what you signed, and agreed to. And as per the contract the change is also permanent, you will be unable to obtain our services to try and undo any of the changes. As to the point of this being legal... It is legal enough. And besides, once again in the contract you signed, safeguards were put in place, making you unable to speak about this place, or your transformation. This is the new you, whether you like it or not."



Patricia gasped, finally understanding the magnitude of the error she had made. She gapped in shock as the scientist proceeded to explain her changes to her.

"Alright, your new name is Monica Taylor. You are a 39-year-old black woman. You live in Louisiana and work as a waitress in a rural diner called Momma's Kitchen. You are also married to another woman, called Kacey Thorn, with whom you do not currently possess or plan to have any children. You enjoy going out and having fun too much to give yourself the responsibilities of being mothers."

Monica stared, dumbfounded, as her new life was explained to her. She had been a young woman, with a future full of promise. Just out of university, she had a business degree and a good job lined up in a big city in California. Now she was old, with no education to speak of, with a dead-end job, and the rest of her life plenty much already lined up before her. She was stuck in this new life that she definitely did not want, all because she no longer wanted to have to date men.

"You can't do this to me! I had a life, friends, family, a future! You can't just take this all away from me!"

At this point, the man stopped responding, simply tucking away his notepad. She was escorted out of the building, despite her complaints and struggling. Outside, she was met with a woman she instantly recognized as being Kacey, her wife. She had a smile on her face as she gave her a hug and a kiss. Monica was surprised by the gesture but felt herself fall into some kind of auto pilot around her, reacting by instinct and kissing the woman back.

“So, how do it go babe?” She asked with a chipper tone. It seemed that she was under the impression that Monica had had some kind of regular appointment, like a dentist appointment or a checkup at the doctor, not the life changing experience she had just experienced.

“Not... Not well...” Monica wanted to tell her that she wasn’t really her wife, that she wasn’t really Monica, but was thrust into this life against her will. But something in her psyche prevented her from doing so, just as the man had told her. So, she was stuck, not being able to explain her situation to Kacey, forced to pretend like things weren’t horribly wrong.

“Is there... anything I can do to help?” Kacey whispered in a sensual tone, pressing herself up against her wife, breathing softly in her ear, and caressing her large rump with a manicured finger. Never before had Monica felt attracted to a woman, but now, she was feeling her nether regions dampen with arousal under Kacey’s touch, and a raspy moan escaped from her mouth. At least she knew that the change in sexual orientation she had requested had truly worked. “Why don’t we head home, so I can make things all better for you?”

Silently, Monica nodded, and they got in the car, and started driving towards their home. On the way there, Kacey kept her hand buried between Monica’s thighs, rubbing away while she drove with her other hand. Monica gasped and breathed hard, feeling more and more aroused, so much that she simply couldn’t wait to get to the bedroom to start fucking, and started getting undressed as soon as they arrived in the garage.



And this was how it went from there. The sex was amazing. Monica had been eaten out before, but there was something about getting your pussy licked by another woman that made it so much better. But unfortunately, the sex was the only aspect of her life which had improved. Everything else about her new life sucked. She was old, she was black, she was poor. She stayed in a shitty house, worked a shitty job and lived in a shitty town. All that because of a simple mistake. She had tried contacting Life Reassignment Inc., but was unable to find any trace of them. It was as if they had vanished from the face of the earth, along with any hope she had of returning to her life as a young, educated woman, with a future full of promise. She was angry and frustrated at her new life and released all that pent up frustration by having wild lesbian sex with her wife every night. Often times she wished she could just forget everything about her old life, then maybe she would appreciate her new life to its proper value, but for now it seemed like she was doomed to remember everything she had lost.



Kyle couldn't take it anymore. Clawing his way up the corporate ladder was slowly but surely destroying his mental health. Sure, he had consulted therapists and shrinks for his stress and budding depression, but nothing had really come of it. The only proper suggestion was to get out of this toxic work environment, but he couldn't really do that either, no one was hiring right now, and he couldn't afford to start at the bottom of the ladder somewhere else, or to go back to school. So when he heard of an opportunity to change lives, for an exit to all this, he decided to take it. At that point, he was so desperate that he didn't really care about the potential side effects, all he knew is that he needed an out to all this, he needed a life without stress.

So when he was handed the questionnaire in the lobby, he responded that for his characteristic in his new life he would want a stress-free job. He truly didn't care about the rest, he just wanted to have an easy profession that wouldn't cause him to have panic attacks at night. So he wasn't worried at all when he signed away all other aspect of his life, and stepped into the futuristic looking pod. He closed his eyes, at peace, as the machine whirred to a start, loud thrumming resounding into his whole body, into his mind, into his soul...

He woke with a start, feeling wildly disoriented. What time was it? Where was he? *Who* was he? The pod opened with a hiss, pressure built up within released, and he stumbled out. Immediately, he knew that his body was quite different from the one he possessed when he had stepped in. He felt, small, frail, weak, and not just from the procedure itself, his actual body felt tiny. This, combined with the two large protusions hanging off his chest and the dark curtain of hair blocking his vision, led him to the conclusion that he was no longer male. And indeed, as the head scientist brought a mirror to him, he could immediately see that he was very much the absolute opposite of a man.

In the mirror stood a gorgeous young woman. It was evident that she had surgical procedures done on herself, but it was still tasteful, and not cheap. These were premium procedures that had enhanced her natural beauty. He was still fixated on the mirror, as the scientist started reading details of his new life to him, from the clipboard in his hand.

“You are now Ivanka Petrovska, a Slavic mail-order bride who was brought in to the country to marry a rich investment banker named Norman Bradshaw. Your job, and life, couldn’t be more stress free. All you have to do is look pretty, spend your husband’s money, and sleep with him once in a while. Of course, the fact that you don’t speak English very well makes life a little more complicated for you, and makes you appear quite more stupid than you really are in your daily interactions, but it is nothing a little money can’t fix, right?”

Ivanka blinked her eyes rapidly, trying to follow along with the man who was speaking very quickly in a language she couldn’t quite understand. She knew it was English, and she knew it used to be her main spoken tongue, but now she found that she had to take each word and manually translate them into Slovenian before she could understand them, which resulted in her losing crucial details in the information that was provided to her. But she understood quick keywords, which brought up specific images or memories in her mind. Slavic made her think of her home country, and mail-order made her remember her flight across to America. The name Norman Bradshaw conjured an image of an older gentleman, not particularly attractive, but not ugly either. But still, she didn’t want to appear lost, so she nodded along to what the scientist was saying. She figured that she would learn anything she would know pretty quickly anyway.

She was escorted out of the building where a nameless butler was waiting for her. Without a word, he opened the door for her, and then drove her back to the mansion where she resided, and spent her days waiting for her husband, Norman, to come back home from work. It was a lavish place, grandiose, immense, with a whole crew of caretakers to attend to every day. Gardeners, maids, cooks, Ivanka never had to lift a finger. Compared to where she lived back in her native country, and in her old life, it was night and day. Yet somehow she didn’t feel out of place there, she didn’t feel guilty or entitled as she lounged by the pool with a cold drink in her hand, while staff were busy all around her. She felt like she entirely deserved this, like she was worth it, like she earned it, with her charm and beauty. It still felt weird to her, cosing off on her beauty and femininity, when she was technically a man not that long ago.



And that is how she spent her life. Being treated like a queen by her husband's staff during the day, going on shopping trips and spending his money. It wasn't always easy, considering the language barrier she found herself faced with everyday, but considering how well off she was, and how little she had to do, she felt like it wasn't too much of a downside. And during the evening, all she had to do was be a good little wife for her husband, which wasn't all that much, considering she didn't need to clean, cook, or do anything really. All she needed to do is make herself pretty, for galas and fancy evenings. And she was quite good at it too, but that wasn't surprising, considering she was beautiful from the start, so she didn't have much to do in terms of makeup and styling to make herself look drop dead gorgeous. She also had to sleep with him once in a while, but it wasn't so hard. Sure, it was a chore, he wasn't the most attractive, or vigorous man. But at least she was heterosexual now, so it wasn't too far off from her interests. Plus she got to bang the well hung, muscular gardener during the day, so she didn't have to worry about her own pleasure during her nightly sessions with husband dearest, and could focus completely on him, and try to make the old geezer finish as fast as possible.

And in return, she got to live the easy life. Fancy dinners, luxurious clothing and jewelry, expensive trips all over the world in first class, sometimes even flying private. Norman particularly enjoyed showing off his young, hot wife, and Ivanka also enjoyed being shown off and appreciated. He would even instruct her to go topless wherever it was legal, and the woman had no shame in showing off the body that her husband paid for. It was a life most could only dream of having, and Ivanka only had to trade her gender, her nationality, her dignity and her life to have it. And in the end, she would make the same choice over again in a heartbeat if she knew that it would lead to this life.





The next client was more of an unfortunate story. While most clients are down to their luck, some of them are simply unaware of the potential consequences of their choice. But there are some who don't even choose at all, and enter the program via coercion, trickery, or simple misfortune. The last was what happened to this lovely young lady, Angela, who actually had an appointment one floor below at a dermatologist, to help with some blemishes she had on her face. She was accompanied by Cory, her loving boyfriend, who had no idea he would ruin her life, and their relationship, by pressing a 6 instead of a 5 in the elevator. An honest mistake, but one that would have permanent consequences. And so, they didn't notice when the elevator stopped on the wrong floor, or that the clinic didn't have the right name. All they did was take a form and sit down.

"Did you see these questions, how strange..." Angela mused as she filled out the form.

"Most likely they just want to make sure you don't have any history of medical troubles, or are on any medication, for the anesthetic and all that." He reassured her absent mindedly, without really checking the form itself.

"Alright then..." She said, filling out the required fields in detail, not really convinced, but having no reason not to disclose those details, considering she was not aware of where they actually were, and what she was filling out. When she arrived at the section asking for what trait she desired in her new life, she found herself hesitating once more. What a weird way to phrase it. Nevertheless, she shrugged it off, and input the reason for her visit, indicating that she wanted clear skin. Satisfied that she had filled out everything properly, she returned the form to reception, then sat back with her boyfriend. She didn't have long to wait before her name was called out, and she and Cory got up to meet the man in a lab coat. He looked at the form in his hand, then back up at the couple, slightly confused.

"I'm sorry, but only the client can come in. All other... guests must wait in the reception area." He seemed slightly confused by the situation, most likely wondering why someone who was about to

change lives was being accompanied by someone else. But he wasn't there to ask questions. Cory wanted to protest, but Angela reassured him.

"It's fine babe, just wait out here, I'll be out in no time. It's most likely just protocol, for sanitary reasons, nothing this man would be able to change."

Cory suddenly had a bad feeling, like he should insist some more, but before he could say anything else, Angela had given him a quick kiss, and she was gone through the doors with the man. He fidgeted nervously in the waiting room, checking the clock every few minutes. After half an hour, he decided to check in with the receptionist, to see how the procedure was going and how long it was supposed to take. The ominous feeling he had felt for the past 30 minutes was reinforced upon seeing the woman's shocked expression, almost like she wasn't expecting him to still be here. She told him to sit back down and wait, and that a specialist would be out to see him soon. Cory sat back down, now more than just nervous. It was clear that something had gone wrong, and that they would announce some terrible news to him. He didn't have to wait long before a perplexed man in a lab coat came out the doors, looking at him, confused, murmuring to himself.

"It shouldn't be... Reality should have readjusted... Unless the man's strong bond with the subject and his proximity kept his memories intact..." Cory couldn't understand what the man was talking about, he only wanted to know what was going on with Angela.

"I'm sorry sir, I have some good news and some bad news... The good news is that the procedure was a complete success. The bad news is... well... that your girlfriend is no longer that, your girlfriend. This procedure seems to not have been the one you were expecting, and your girlfriend now has the life of someone free from any skin problems. However, her new self isn't the sort of woman that would settle down with just one man, if you know what I mean..."

Cory shook his head in incomprehension.

"No! I do not know what you mean! Where is Angela? I want to see my girlfriend, right now!" He yelled out in frustration.

"I think it would be best if we just show you. Please bring out the patient." The scientist addressed another man, who nodded and headed off through the doors where Angela had initially gone.

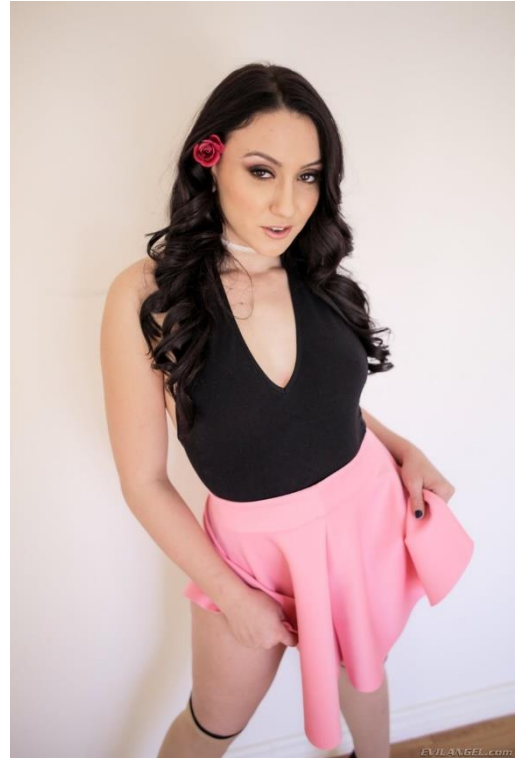
The doors opened, and out walked a woman. She had some fading resemblance to Angela, but Cory knew it wasn't her, it couldn't be her. She lacked Angela's shy demeanor, her intelligent gaze, and her conservative attire. Instead, this woman wore clothing that was clearly intended to show off her body, strutted around with an exaggerated sway to her hips, exuding confidence and sexuality, with a gaze that reflected not intelligence, but lust and desire. But as her eyes met Cory's, a sudden spark returned to them, and she gasped in shock.

“Cory! I... I don't know what's going on! They told me... They told me I was no longer Angela, but a girl called Stacey, and I have this need... these urges... Oh god I need to fuck someone! Cory, you have to help me!” She said, panic in her eyes. The scientist seemed just as surprised as Cory was and began taking notes.

“Extraordinary, it seems that the woman retains some of her previous memories, reinforced by the link with her boyfriend, allowing her to break free from her new persona, at least momentarily...”

After further discussions, and signatures of NDAs, as well as a hefty amount of money given to the couple in return for their silence, and as compensation for the faulty procedure, Stacey was allowed to go back home to Cory, instead of heading to her new life as intended. But their lives were never the same. From time to time, Angela would break through her Stacey persona, and Cory would once again be with his girlfriend, at least for a few minutes. But the rest of the time, he would have to live with Stacey, a vain, bitchy and slutty girl, who took advantage of his love and affection for her alter ego to get him to do stuff for her, sometimes even pretending to be Angela just to mess with him.

And she would do even more than that. More than once, Cory would come home from work only to find Stacey spread eagle and getting fucked by a man. She took pleasure in torturing him like that, and would make sure to get caught, just to see the look of pain on his face upon seeing his girlfriend get fucked by random guys like that, in his own home.



But the worst part was when Angela regained control in those moments, when the intelligent light returned to her eyes, and she watched Cory, pleading for him to help her as she was fucked, and him powerless to do anything but watch as Angela slowly fades back away, Stacey regaining control and bucking wildly against the men's cocks, grinning, and moaning in pleasure, putting on a show for Cory. She stared at him, an evil smile on her face as she let the men finish on her ample rear, putting on a lewd display for the man who found himself cucked by his girlfriend's new persona.



She made it clear that she would never sleep with him and made it a point to wear as little clothing as possible around the house, showing off her new body, enhanced curves, and flawless skin to the poor man. And even when he tried to have sex with her as Angela, somehow Stacey would regain control right before they started, leaving him with less time with Angela, and with more pent-up sexual frustration. And Cory knew he was trapped in this nightmare. He couldn't abandon Angela to Stacey, leave her to her life of sex and depravity. He had to keep living with the bitch, if only to have a few moments every day with his girlfriend, the love of his life, all because they walked into the wrong clinic on that fateful day, and she had signed away her life for clearer skin.



Tony was the last client of the day at the clinic. He had one problem in life, and it was his body. When he was younger and more motivated, he went to the gym very frequently, keeping himself well in shape. But now, as he was growing older, it was getting harder and harder to motivate himself to do so, and his bad eating habits were catching up to him, causing him to gain a lot of weight. He wasn't extremely fat or anything, but it was apparent that he wasn't taking care of himself as much as he had in the past. And with that weight gain came a drop in confidence, and he hadn't had a girlfriend in years. He had tried to get healthier, start working out again and eat better, but it never lasted more than a few weeks, and he got discouraged, falling back into his bad habits. He knew that all he needed was another shot, a second chance at youth, and then he would be able to regain his motivation, and healthy lifestyle, and keep it this time around. So, seeing no alternatives, he set himself up with the agency for his second shot at a more active lifestyle, to go back a few years and become fit once more.

So he went to the clinic, selecting his choice, to be young and fit, and was escorted by the staff to the futuristic looking pod. He was well aware that there could be undesired and unforeseen side effects, but at this point he was willing to risk it, if he could regain his youth and health. He figured that, whatever other consequences came of it, he could deal with them as an energetic young man. So, he walked into the pod with confidence, eager but anxious to see the results of the futuristic contraption. He closed his eyes as it whirred to life, his senses fading out as he lost consciousness.

When he woke up, he was immediately aware that it had been a success. He felt lighter, and much more energetic. But his body felt quite unfamiliar, as when he was working out, he had been quite muscular and bulky. Now he felt like he not only lost his fat, but his muscle as well. He felt, small, tiny even, as the pod open and he stepped out upon shaky legs. Everything seemed much bigger around his shrunken frame, and he realized that he not only lost a lot of weight, but quite a bit of his height as well, his stature greatly diminished by the process. But he only realized the extent of the changes when a mirror was brought to him, revealing his new body in its full glory.

Gone was the robust and stout bearded man that had walked in. In his place stood a tiny girl with long dirty blond hair, and not an ounce of fat or muscle on her body. He gaped at his new figure, turning to the side to observe how he now looked. Although he was very obviously a girl, he lacked any real womanly curves, making him look even younger than he most likely was now. He was still checking himself out incredulously when the head scientist walked up to him with a notepad and started describing his new life.

“You are now Melody, a 19-year-old girl who is into... fitness. Well, not so much working out yourself as giving all the men at the gym a workout. You love large buff guys now and go to the gym to find hunks to have fun with. You can't really build any muscles with your tiny frame, but that is alright, as you will be burning plenty of calories with your daily, very intimate sessions with other gym goers. In fact, you are quite popular at the local gym, and have a bit of a reputation as the gym's, and I quote, “little fuck-bunny”. I hope you enjoy your new life, and I am sure you will be having lots of fun.”



Melody was astounded. She knew she had to expect at least some changes, but this was much more drastic than she had ever anticipated. But she was determined to prove the scientists wrong, and that she was still in control of her life, and wouldn't fall victim to her new and altered interests. So that very night, she got dressed up in her workout clothes, and headed to the gym for a workout session. She headed to the machines, trying to perform her usual routine, but was distraught to find that she could lift barely a fraction of what she could as a man, even after she had stopped working regularly, and was completely out of shape. She had difficulty performing any kind of exercise at all, except for some cardio.

But the most worrisome part was all the stares she was getting. Men eyed her up like wolves eyeing a small innocent sheep. Melody felt tiny and vulnerable compared to them, but even worse than that, she felt aroused. They were so large and tall compared to her, and she just wanted to melt into their strong arms, or cuddle into their firm chests. Or even better, she wanted them to pick her up, and use her however they wanted. It's not like she weighed much anymore... She caught herself from her reverie when one man walked up to her station.

“Hey sexy. Want to see my dick? I bet it is even bigger than your arm!”



Melody was surprised by his forwardness, but looking around, she noticed the both of them were alone in the gym. She must have been daydreaming for longer than she thought. And at this point, her new gym slut persona was getting stronger, her being alone with this man, and it was getting pretty much impossible for her to resist her urges, despite the promise she had made earlier to go to the gym to workout, and only workout. Seeing her being tempted by the offer, and not outright saying no, the man took a chance, whipping his cock out of his pants. Melody gaped, not expecting him to be this forward. But upon seeing the cock in front of her, all resistance melted away, and she couldn't help but stare at it longingly.

"Come on, you can measure it if you want to." The man said, thrusting it forward. Melody couldn't resist the ridiculousness of it all, grabbing the cock and measuring it up against her arm, finding that it was indeed longer and thicker than her diminished feminine forearm.

"Come on, give it a stroke, don't be shy."

The man encouraged her, and she told herself that she was already holding on to it, why not stroke it a little, just get a sense of how it feels? But soon, the girl had the huge dick in her mouth, eagerly sucking on it, much to the man's satisfaction.

Despite telling herself that she would go no further than that, Melody found herself bent over one of the benches, eyes rolling to the back of her head as the man fucked her senseless from behind, holding her hips firmly as he plunged his cock in and out of her cunt. She gurgled wordlessly as she came onto his dick, her pussy spasming as he kept pounding her relentlessly. Yes, this was why she always picked up guys at the gym. Not only were they usually good looking and in great shape, but they also had godlike stamina, and could have sex for longer than the chumps she picked up at the bar. She was certain that she would be cumming at least a dozen times before he painted her insides with his jizz, and by then her urges would be sated, at least until the next day, when she would no doubt be coming back to pick up some other hunk to fuck, at her place or his, or even right there in the gym if he was willing.

