

# Visit from the Reality Bureau

By TG Sorcerer

Finally, summer! School was over, and Andy was taking a well-deserved break before starting his job hunt to find something to do with his brand-new degree. Currently he was in the process of tearing down his dorm room, taking down posters, storing clothes in his suitcases, and doing a bit of final cleaning up when he suddenly heard a knock at his door. Going to answer the door, he was surprised to find a woman in a suit with tightly knotted hair holding a clipboard, eyes focused on the paper before her, not even looking up as she asked.



"Are you Andrew Stevens?"

He looked up at her. She was tall and beautiful, but something seemed strange about her. He nodded, smiling, but couldn't help but still feel worried a little. Was this some legal stuff? Was he in trouble?

"Yes, I'm Andrew and who are you?"

"Who I am is not important."

She says, walking right past him into his room, not even bothering to look up. She jots a few things down before glancing at him, appraising him up and down with a frown, before returning to her clipboard and writing a few things.

"Wow, this is a real mess... Everything, and I mean everything is wrong..."

"Wrong?" Andy whispers. "What do you mean wrong?"

He follows behind her into his own room. "Please leave, I don't know who you are. Are you from the government or something?" He asks as she looks around.

"I mean nothing is as it should be! Age, gender, even nationality and ethnicity! You are not supposed to be... well... Andrew Stevens."

She looks up from her clipboard with an exasperated expression, as if she was trying to explain something very basic to a child.

"And no, I am not from the government. At least, not from the one you are thinking of."

"Shouldn't be? Then who should I be?" He yells. He had had enough of this woman. "Listen I'd like you to leave if you won't tell me who you work for, or what you are even here for!"

"No can do. I was sent from the Reality Bureau to correct these discrepancies; I cannot leave until they are corrected."

She returned to focusing on the clipboard, browsing through the papers while ignoring him.

"What should we start with..."

"Reality Bureau? What are you talking about?" Andy grumbles as he looks her up and down. "Like changing reality? That's simply not possible!"

She let out an audible scoff, her lips twinging into something that almost resembled the beginning of a smile.

"We do not change Reality, we correct it. For instance, you are actually supposed to be 18 years old, so let me adjust the numbers here, shift date of birth, and... voila!"

She scribbled on her pad for a few moments, then Andrew felt a sense of vertigo, as if he was moving very fast, but his two feet were still firmly planted on his dorm room floor. He had unknowingly been moved across realities, to a reality where he was actually 18 years old. He was still in his dorm room, but looking around he suddenly noticed that he wasn't packing his stuff away anymore, he was unpacking it and getting settled in his new dorm! He was about to start college, again!

"It does take a bit of time for your thoughts and memories to adjust to this new reality, sorry about that." She responded, now openly smirking, and eager to see his reaction.

"What the fuck?" He pants, swaying around. "Oh, fuck I feel so...."

He catches an image of himself in the mirror. His youthful 18-year-old self, his face from four years ago. "You made me 18! You weren't joking!" He touches his face realizing something.

"This means you weren't lying! You were telling the truth! You're going to make me someone else!" He yells, eyes growing wide with recognition. "Do you have to?"

"Technically speaking you *are* someone else. I am simply returning you to who you are supposed to be. But to answer your question... Yes, I have to. The longer we leave an anomaly unattended the farther it creates ripples in reality. But don't worry, it won't be painful, and I am certain that you will enjoy who you really are much more than who you have been for the past years. Now, let's get the worst part over with, shall we?"

Before He could protest, she started scribbling again, and he once again felt that same sense of moving while standing still. But as he did, he could feel his whole body reforming. Breasts pushed out of his chest as his hips popped out, and his waist caved in, giving him a definite hourglass figure. An odd pinching sensation in his groin as his dick retracted, and when he finally stopped moving long strands of blond hair whipped around his field of vision, letting him know what he was definitely no longer male.

He grabbed his large, growing breasts and his new feminine crotch. Groaning and yelling out in a new feminine voice he felt his new female body. The pleasure building up making him moan and the feeling of feminine pleasure making him blush in arousal.

"Ah!" He yelled in a female, sultry voice "What did you.... I sound hot." He blushed "Hum okay, why am I a girl?" he whispered, staring at his body.

"Because the actual you is a girl, so you are one. And technically, you always have been. I know it doesn't make much sense but try to think back. Do you remember your first period? When your breasts started growing and you had to buy bras for the first time? The first guy you kissed? All those memories might still be a little fuzzy, but if you try really hard, they will come to you. Like I said, in this reality, I didn't change you into a girl, you have always been one."

Andrew thought back remembering a new childhood, a girlhood. Being scared at her first period, hanging out with girls, and getting into girly things. Going shopping with her mom, going through puberty, that first special kiss....

"Stop, stop! This isn't me, I'm a guy!" She moaned in protest.

"Oh dear, holding on won't do you any good. The more you cling to your previous self, the more out of place you will feel in your actual life, the one you are supposed to be living. Please don't make this too hard on yourself and admit it. You are a girl. And a very pretty one too, I am actually a little jealous of how beautiful you are. No wonder guys are all over you."

"Are they?" She blushed, her old memories becoming foggy and her new ones becoming more solid "I feel beautiful... Am I beautiful?" She groaned, her body and mind adjusting to the new her. She blushed at her new bubble butt, admiring how big but still firm it was.

"I mean, look at yourself...."

She said, forcing Andrew to face the mirror, and see herself there, her pretty blond curls, her curvy ass, her perky breasts, her toned figure.

"Look, this is you, this who you are. Tell me what you see. You see a pretty girl, don't you?"

She blushed touching her face, admiring her body. She remembered her new blond hair and how she was plain until puberty kicked in. She remembered becoming beautiful, getting perky breasts and a big ass. She bit her lip admiring it "Yeah thanks" She smirked "Good genes I suppose."



"Alright, so that was pretty big change, are you feeling alright now... Anna?"

She said her new name expectantly, waiting to see her reaction to it, to see if she had accepted her new identity, and was ready to proceed to the next set of changes, or if she needed a bit more coaxing.

Anna smirked "Yeah, wow, I feel... This is incredible!" She said, smiling.

She remembered being a cheerleader, staying fit and being smart. Much better than that loser old her. A new childhood a few years younger making her a completely different person.

"I feel so much better! I love it!"

"Amazing! See? Isn't it much easier when you accept who you are and stop fighting?"

The moment she started thinking of herself as a girl, as Anna, memories came flooding in, overshadowing Andrew's thoughts and memories, which were pushed to the background. Her Surname? Perkins, she was Anna Perkins. Details about her new family, her new hometown, her first crush, her first boyfriend, all down to that barbie playset she got for Christmas on her 6th birthday, it was clear as day.

"Unfortunately, we are not done yet, but since you have accepted this identity, we are now ready to move on to the next correction."

"The next correction?" She asks, still dizzy from changing from Andrew Stevens to Anna Perkins "What are you going to make me?" She whispers. "How can you fix perfection?"

She was both excited and sad about the change. Being Anna was great, but the transformation was so intoxicating as well, she was eager to feel herself shift once more.

The unnamed woman groaned in exasperation once more.

"Once again, I am not here to improve your life, I am here to correct the Reality discrepancies. It just so happens that your new life is better than your old one, at least in my opinion, but you could well have ended up as a 35-year-old single mother. We do not choose, we simply correct. Now Anna, are you ready for your next phase? If you are ready and embrace it, it makes the transition smoother and less confusing for you."

At the news she could have been a 35-year-old single mother Anna hesitates. "Thanks for not making me....one. An old woman I mean."

"Making you one... I am not making you anything! You know what? I'm done explaining things to you, you seem like too much of a ditzy girl to get it anyways..."

Anna looked at her in the eyes. It was like a coin toss maybe she'd be better off, maybe she'd be worse off but, in any case, she was excited to find out.

"I'm ready, show me what I was meant to be!"

She turned away from the changed girl, scribbling on her pad.

"Looks like its two for one on this correction. Get ready for a change in scenery and ethnicity!"

Whirling sensation again, but this time it isn't as dizzying or confusing for the affected girl. This time not only does body change, but so does the room around her. A humid heat replaces crispness of spring, as her skin and hair darken to an oriental brown color, her facial structure shifting, nose slightly more prominent as her ethnicity was altered. She groaned, her genetics shifting ancestry changing to the east, all the way to the subcontinent. She swayed a bit, moaning as she felt the pleasure of the change.

She looked up, feeling the heat on her skin. Dark, silky hair before her eyes and a smile appearing on her lips. "Wow I feel... beautiful, even more than before!"

"Yes, you are, you are very beautiful Anika... Anika Joshi that is. Your new name... your *real* name. The one you should always have had. Here... take a look at yourself, see how beautiful and young you are, feel how young and beautiful you are."



Once again, she faces the changed girl towards the mirror, towards her reflection, as if to solidify the association between the image reflected and herself, so that these strange, exotic, and foreign features become slowly but surely familiar and usual, her one and true identity.

Anika Joshi? That was her name. That was who she was. She touched her beautiful face seeing her manicured brown hands and her long dark hair. Smiling she nodded

"Yes..."

She whispered, staring into the mirror to see herself.

She felt amazing. She was amazing! Her beauty and elegance were intoxicating. She couldn't help but dance around and do a few twirls, admiring how her body moved, how every movement was utterly feminine and sensual. God she was such a tease!

She smirked, twirling around playing with her hair and blowing kisses at the mirror.

"Oh yes I love this!" She purred in her new sultry voice "Anika Joshi....Anika Joshi...." She whispered, smiling as her memories started to change.

Memories of growing up in a huge townhouse on the Outskirts of New Delhi, having wealthy parents, who weren't around much unfortunately. But they compensated for their absence, overcompensated even, by buying her pretty much everything she wanted. Sure, she saw her caretakers more than she saw them, but to her it was worth it, because their absence meant that they were able to buy her tons of things. Jewelry, clothes, make-up, even a brand-new car when she turned 16, despite not even having her driver's license. And she was fond of things, becoming quite materialistic. She enjoyed having power, and money was power. She dominated her group of friends because she organised the best parties with her parent's money. This in turn made her vain and selfish. She could feel it growing inside her, that desire, the need to have everything and anything, and have it done her way. She wanted to be the one in control, she wanted to be the one who called the shots. She was Anika Joshi after all, Queen B and social butterfly who everyone flocked over to and adored!

She purred and chuckle to herself looking in the mirror. "You know, I feel like such a bad bitch! Thanks for everything, you made me a Queen..." She looked at the strange woman with the notepad in the mirror, a smile spreading on her face.

The woman audibly groaned.

"Once again, I didn't... You know what, never mind, you are welcome, dear."

She smiled, genuinely smiled for the first time. Anika couldn't say if it was because she was happy for her, or simply content of having done her work, but either way, she seemed to be really happy.

Anika turned around smiling as well. "Thank you again dear, I can't wait to live my new life, my better, bitchier life..." She then noticed that the woman was staring at her with an odd look in her eyes.

"Admiring your work?"

The woman scoffed.

"Admiring? No. My wants and desires have evolved beyond the human standards... I must admit however, that you are quite pretty. You will have fun teasing and dragging boys along to do whatever you say..."

She looked at her watch, frowning.

"Hmmm, already? I really am getting sloppy. I must go, I have an appointment with a rich business owner in Finland who is actually supposed to be a demure Japanese housewife..."

She started to head for the door but turned around just before leaving.

"Oh! And you might still have flashes of memories or dreams from Andrew Stevens life in the next few days. Don't worry, those will fade with time, although deep down some small part of him will still be there in the recesses of your mind. Enjoy your life, Anika!"