

## Tips Out (Man to Sexy Waitress TG)

By FoxFaceStories

### A Commission for GWW1992

*Nat is down on his luck and in need of money. But when he finds works at Tips Out, a Hooter-style restaurant, things start to unknowingly change for Nat. His body, his mannerisms, and even his personality begin to alter to match those of the sexy, buxom, ditzzy women working there, and he may only realise when it's too late to change back.*

### Tips Out

Nathaniel told himself that he was desperate. That he'd been kicked back in every interview, or simply not been called back. That he wouldn't be able to pay his rent at the end of the month if he didn't get a job, ASAP. It didn't make it any easier that he had sunk so low that he was applying to freakin' *Tips Out*, a restaurant that answered the question 'What if Hooters showed even more cleavage and had even flirtier waitresses, and managed to stop just shy of being a strip bar?'

Well, there was a job vacancy to work in waitering (well, the advertisement said 'waitressing') and he had applied, purely out of desperation. And now, perhaps saddest of all, he'd been called back after sending his online resume, and they wanted him to start work on Monday. He could scarcely believe it, and was therefore caught between embarrassment, uncertainty, and just genuine relief that *something* was offering jobs. The email had been clear:

*Nat, we are most impressed by your resume, and it seems you'll be a good fit at Tips Out. Your application has come at a perfect time, given that due to several staff being on maternity or other kinds of leave we are currently shortstaffed. Come in on Monday for training, and if we are happy with your suitability, we can hire you on a long-term basis starting that very week!*

*Kind regards,*

*Chel*

Short, sharp, professional and to the point. It gave the fastidious, somewhat shy Nat the thought that maybe it wouldn't be such a bad place to work at. After all, from all accounts some rather big tips were served there, though he imagined his figure probably wasn't the most likely to encourage the really big ones. Tips Out was known for its rather busty young women, and Nat was neither busty nor a woman. He was young, he supposed, being only

twenty two, but he couldn't exactly cater to the female staff: he was as average as Joe himself when it came to looks. With short brown hair, a plain face, and average build, he could probably make a fortune in being an extra in Hollywood productions; if he lived anywhere near Los Angeles, and if he hadn't already been rejected in local film productions due to lack of acting ability. The one gig he'd managed to land was as a generic eastern-European terrorist in a crowd of them. It was because he had Slavic heritage on his mother's side, hence the thick eyebrows and cheekbones, which were his only significant features. Well, he was also pretty tall at 5'10, but not so tall as to greatly stand out either.

Still, a job was a job was a job. Even more than that, money was money, and it was the latter he needed more than anything. He'd happily feel sheepish and embarrassed working at such a joint if it meant that he could at least have a place to sleep and food to eat. Besides, he'd worked in a number of restaurants before, so that experience would come in handy. It was likely the reason he was being taken on. Well, that and the whole short-staffed thing.

Those factors gave him the confidence he needed as he approached Tips Out. It was near a fairly busy shopping mall, so the restaurant itself was fairly busy, mostly with male customers who clearly liked the cleavage on display. Indeed, when Nat entered, he had to stop himself from staring. Tips Out had a kind of old school diner decor that was very appealing, and quite a varied menu to cater to numerous dietary preferences, as well as straight burger junkies. But the real draw, as he was seeing now with his own eyes, were the ladies.

*Holy moly, I'd heard they were buxom here, but damn.*

Three waitresses and one server were in view, and all of them were borderline straight tens as far as he was concerned. Not only did they have big chests to the point where the blonde with what looked like Double-D's was one the smaller side, but they were also astoundingly beautiful. One darker-skinned girl with a cute tied back afro had a figure that just wouldn't quite. Her uniform, just like those of her fellow girls, consisted of a white shirt with a big 'Tips Out!' symbol on it, as well as a miniskirt over a pair of undershorts - presumably so that local losers didn't try to catch a peek or take an upskirt pic or something. Regardless, it left her shapely legs with their thick thighs bare, and the skirt did little to hide her impressive rear that was almost as sumptuous as the near-head sized breasts wobbling in her top. She beamed a white smile at several customers as she served them, leaning over so the young men at the table had an impressive spectacle of her ripe melons nearly falling out of her top. More than anything, Nat was entranced by her face, those cute dimples and bright eyes and heart-shaped structure. Well, that was a lie. He was a red-blooded male, and her figure was out of this world. But he'd never met a woman so perfectly busty whose face still managed to catch his attention. That had to count for something, right?

She caught him looking, and he looked away just as quickly, moving to the counter and feeling utterly embarrassed. He shifted past a positively amazonian woman who had to be 6'1 in height and with impressively athletic muscles. Her hair was golden, and she too had a pair of jugs that were threatening to rip apart her top, which had a blue collar compared to the usual outfit.

"Can I help you, honey?" she asked in a voice that could have melted steel it was so hot. She placed one hand on her hip, chest thrust out so that her breasts were threatening to envelope his face. She giggled at the sight.

"Um, hi, I'm here for a job, actually."

"Oh honey, you might be too late for that. We've organised our new hires, we've just got one last woman coming in named Nat, and -"

"That's me!" he said. "I'm Nat. Nat Larsen. I was told I would come in to see if I'm a good fit today."

The woman looked him up and down with a shocked expression on her gorgeous face. She looked to be in her early thirties, though who knew with the staff here; they were practically *goddesses*.

"Well," she said. "I think there's been, well, a mistake. I thought . . . come with me. I'm Chelsea, the manager here. We spoke over email. I usually go by Chel"

"Oh. Um, nice to meet you."

"It is. I just feel very embarrassed. Come."

He followed her into a backroom office. Other workers were visible in the kitchen, some male, all working on preparing the food for the crowd outside. The women among them were equally splendid to the servers, and indeed some appeared to be subbing out to help with the long line that had formed.

*God, did they think I was a woman? Ugh, this explains everything! No wonder the ad said 'waitressing'. I thought they accepted me because I was, like, really needed or something!*

Chelsea sat down in a seat at her desk and gestured for him to close the door behind him and take a seat as well. She loomed over him, and gazing up at her in that gorgeous costume made him suddenly feel like he understood the fetish some guys got for mommies. He certainly felt small compared to her.

Chel sighed. "Okay, so this is really embarrassing, but I did think you were a woman. 'Nat' I assumed was for Natalie."

"Oh," Nat said, feeling just as embarrassed. "It's short for Nathaniel."

"Yeah, I realise that now. But," she replied, perking up, "you are in luck. We're still desperately in need of waitstaff, and frankly this place does well to, er, *adjust* our workers to fit in. You may have noticed we have some rather gorgeous girls out on the floor."

"I, uh, noticed. Yeah. Hard not to." He gave a sheepish smile to indicate this was a joke. Chelsea took it well, since she chuckled.

"They certainly draw the eye, that's for sure, including yours truly. Mine are up here, for instance."

A highly embarrassed Nat looked up from her cleavage. He'd been straining not to look at it. *There's just so much of it!*

"I'm so sorry," he started. "I was just -"

She laughed, gesturing for him to calm. "It's okay, Nat. I'm not offended. In fact, you rather made my point for me. We've had a couple of staff members leave, and two are on maternity leave - yes, we may be a humble ogle restaurant, but we do have care plans - and so you have found the perfect time to join us. I'm going to pair you with Desiree, and you can shadow her for the day, learn from her, get a sense for the job. I think we've got a spare outfit in the back, but does that work for you? You'd be paid full hours, of course, even if we don't make a deal."

"Yes!" an astonished Nat exclaimed. "Yes, that would be fabulous. Thank you for this opportunity, even if I wasn't, well, female."

Chel gave him a funny amused look. There was a mysterious knowing glint in her eye, but she simply took a sip from the energy drink in front of her and exhaled slowly. It made her bosom look utterly spectacular.

"Trust me when I say that won't be a problem with enough time. Are you sure you want to work at Tips Out, Nat? Really sure?"

"Absolutely," he said. "More than anywhere else. I'll do anything to make this work."

*Not like I have a choice, after all. This was the only place that accepted me.*

Again, Chelsea grinned somewhat mischievously. She took another sip of her drink.

"Well, let's get you trained up then. With that enthusiasm, you'll be raking in the big tips sooner than you might think. *If that's what you want.*"

*Big tips? Definitely! Anything for that.*

"It is."

"Fantastic. I'll introduce you to Desiree. Try to keep your eyes on hers. You'd be the first to succeed."

\*\*\*

Desiree turned out to be the incredibly attractive dark-skinned woman with the pony-fro he'd been captivated by when he walked in. Which also meant that, because he'd already looked at her body somewhat helplessly, he was indeed able to keep his eyes on her when they were introduced.

Barely.

Well, mostly.

*She's got boobs as big as her head, what am I supposed to do, not look? They're like the sun!*

Desiree, for her part, just giggled.

"It's okay, man, I know they're prominent. We're at Tips Out, not Four Seasons. It would be rude *not* to stare. Y'know, so long as you don't *stare stare*."

*Oh God, how do I even react to that?*

She giggled again. "Sorry, we don't have many guys who work here, and especially not out front. Will be interesting to see what happens. How they react, and how *you* react in the end, ha! I'll show you the ropes, Nat. Cute name, by the way."

*She thinks my name is cute she thinks my name is cute she thinks my name is cute.*

"Thanks, it's short for Nathaniel."

"I always liked Nathaniels. And Natalies even better."

That just made him even more chuffed. He managed to pull out of that mental spiral by following her to the main floor. Her ass swayed from side to side, barely contained by her miniskirt and undershorts, and he decided he could do with a quick glance. He got the sense she was teaching him with a show. But all the girls were pretty teasing from what he could see: they were all in their early to mid-twenties as far as he could tell, and they were not just deeply voluptuous but also incredibly flirty with their customers.

"Admiring the rest of the crew?" Desiree asked.

"Oh, I was just . . . I'm not sure I'll be able to do all of this," he said.

"You mean the serving?"

"Er, I mean the whole bending off and swaying the hips and speaking sweetly and all that."

Desiree chuckled. *God, she sounds like an angel.* Well, she did until she snorted, but even that was kinda cute.

"Yeah, no offence Nat, but I don't think you've got the curves for that. *But* . . . we are crazy busy lately, and we do need another server. You probably won't be flirting with customers like us girls do, but you can at least help juggle tables with us. We can't have you on one table a whole day or night though."

"Um, why not?"

She turned to face him and planted her hands on her hips before flashing a confident smile. "You come here to pay for a meal and a nice view, and while the other tables are waitressed by a bunch of big-boobed ladies in tight outfits, you get the nervous new guy. You're a man, Nat, would you feel ripped off?"

He scratched the back of his head. "Well, when you put it that way."

"I don't mean any offence. It's just not the appeal of this place. We'll use you to fill gaps around here. But for now, just shadow me, follow my advice and my cues, and help me take extra plates. Easy as sin, baby!"

Over the next few hours Nat did exactly that, following Desiree's cues and generally helping with the loads. Having previously worked as a waiter at several establishments, he found it to be like getting back on an old bicycle: a little rusty at first, but he slipped into the swing of things pretty quickly enough. Of course, a number of tables were, if not unhappy to see him, then at least surprised. Due to the nature of Tips Out, its clientele was about seventy percent male, though it had a surprising number of young women and families attend, the latter of which Nat thought was a bit odd. They thought the addition of a male waiter was kind of hilarious, especially given that the old uniform they had barely managed to fit him, leading to part of his chest being more exposed than he would have liked.

"Finally," one girl said as he took the drinks to their table, "some *guy* candy!"

"Wish he was better looking though," her friend whispered as he retreated away. That had been a bit of a stab to Nat's confidence. Still, it wasn't like he was in this job to love it. He was here for the money, and Desiree did a great job overall at showing him where everything was, where the mops were located, the toilets, their process for handling complaints, and even harassment concerns.

"I don't think you'll have the same worries as me on that score, no offence."

"I was going to say," Nat said, venturing a bit of a chuckle. "I think a few tables are already a bit annoyed that it's me serving them instead of you."

She elbowed him playfully in the ribs. "Don't worry, my man, I'm on it. I'll give them a real show. Just you watch, in case you need to learn the same moves some day."

He failed to see how he'd need to learn any kind of moves like she was showing off, because she waltzed over to table seven with a sexy strut that almost knocked a drink over on table five with her swaying hip. Nat's gaze briefly gravitated towards her ass, unable to help himself. It practically *bounced* with her peppy step, and it was clear that she was putting on a show not just for table seven, but for the whole restaurant. She leaned over to address the men at the table, smiling brightly and speaking in a sweet voice that seemed to hypnotise them. Several men uttered apologies and jokes, but when one snaked a hand out she just slapped it away easily without breaking a sweat. They laughed it off and so did she, and moments later the voluptuous server was walking back, her afro-ponytail bobbing along with her breasts.

"There we go, all better," she said. "Think you can do that?"

*Holy fucking moly. That was art. Goddamn art. The sexiest art I've ever seen too!*

"Um, that was - ugh."

She giggled, including that cute snort again. “Looks like I’ve left you tongue-tied, new guy. Think you can do that?”

“I - no. No no no. I think I, um, may lack the uh . . . physique for it.”

She bit her lip, bowed a little as if curtsying, then produced a wad of tips.

“Well, sorry to say that I’ll be the one walking away with the big bills, big boy. That’s seventy five right off the bat. Not bad from a group of half-drunken frat boys.”

And with that she skipped past. “C’mon. I’ll show you how we run the registers next. Heidi! Mind if we swap spots?”

Heidi, like the rest of the majority female crew of Tips Out was an outrageously attractive woman. She had frizzy ginger hair and was plastered with adorable freckles. She was thinner than the others, shorter too, but that just made her chest stand out more. It was a marvel she could even walk. And, much as it was not a nice thing to consider, Nat considered it a marvel that she could even *run* a register at all.

“Like, no worries at all, Des! I’m sooooo bored at the counter when I could be out there getting tips for tits like you guys. Wait, ohmigod, is this totally the new guy? I thought he was supposed to be, you know, a girl!?”

Nat gave an awkward wave before extending his hand. “I’m Nat.”

“Like, I’m Heidi, but you already knew that, lol!”

*Oh God, she even says ‘lol.’ I didn’t realise it was even possible to sound like such a valley girl stereotype. Is it an act?*

But it became increasingly clear that it wasn’t, and that Heidi was the lovable ditz of the gang. Once she’d gone off to wobble her shoulders - and consequently wobble her chest - in service of tips as a waitress, Desiree gave him the downlow.

“I know she comes across as a lot - or a little, depending on how you define it - but we all treasure Heidi. She’s a total gem, and we all help take care of her.”

“Yeah, she seems quite . . .”

“Like a total klutz of a ditz?”

Nat’s expression went a bit sheepish. “Well, I didn’t want to be rude.”

Desiree just waved him off. “Oh trust me, we all think it, and Heidi knows it. But you know what? She’s happy, she’s healthy, she rakes in more money than the rest of the girls - except for me, of course - and she’s sweet as apple pie. Now, let’s get you acquainted with our register system, because it’s pretty newfangled.”

\*\*\*

It was a good day, on the whole. Once he got over the shock factor of working alongside what was effectively a team of total bombshells, Nat actually started to feel like it was a

place he could definitely work at. Chelsea thought so as well: the amazonian goddess of a manager was the first to congratulate him on a successful trial.

“It seems like you’ve taken well to this place Nat, and who knows, maybe this place will work its magic on you, if you want it. Pretty much all of our waitresses agree.”

He wasn’t quite sure what she meant by that, so he simply smiled and nodded and thanked her for the opportunity, before asking her in a meek voice if there was a place for him the next day. She just smiled.

“Tomorrow? Try the rest of the year, if you’ll take it. Obviously, we still need to give you a two week trial, but I’m sure you’ll pass with flying colours. Does that sound okay by you?”

“That sounds fantastic!” he said, and it was no lie.

“Wonderful. Just make sure you can handle being around so many luscious ladies, Nat. I don’t want any incidents, okay? We expect our staff to all get along and respect one another.”

*Yeah, that talk makes sense. I’m not even offended.*

“You don’t have to worry about me, Miss Horton -”

“Please, just call me Chel.”

“Um, you don’t have to worry about me, Chel. I’d never do anything like that, and I’ll act if I see it happening from a customer.”

“And if it happens to you,” Chel said matter-of-factly.

“Well, I don’t think I’ll be on the receiving end quite like the women might be,” Nat replied, trying to imagine a scenario where *anyone* would hit on him aggressively. But Chel just gave that same frustratingly knowing smile, like she was the Chessire cat herself.

“Well, we’ll see,” she said. “Give it time. This place changes us all. Not that I think you’ll complain about it.”

And with that, it was the end of his training session. Nathaniel felt great about himself. Tips Out may have been an overtly flirtatious and titillating place, but it was no strip club, and the women he’d met had been lovely.

*I’ve got a good feeling about this job,* he thought to himself as he left to head to his car that night. *I think things will work out alright.*

He didn’t even notice that he moved with a subtle sway to his hips, or that his hair seemed just that little bit longer. It was what Chelsea had been looking at mere minutes before as she’d smiled. For now though, he had no idea.

\*\*\*



The next day Nathaniel was disappointed to learn that it was Desiree's day off. Instead, he was taught by another sexy waitress named Elena. She was Asian-American, though she had a soft, lilting accent that the tables simply loved: easy to understand, and yet foreign enough to be exotic.

"I play it up, but it is my accent now, so I just get used to it," she said. "So long as it brings me tips, right?"

*Wait, what do you mean by it's your accent now? What does that even mean?*

He ignored it, however, instead following her along and getting more acquainted with the restaurant. It was Monday, so it was one of the less busy days and nights, which meant that he could more easily get into the groove of waitering. Some family tables were even glad for a male waiter, simply because the father of the unit clearly dragged them along 'for fun' when he clearly just wanted to ogle some ladies. Nat was sure he'd made more than a few frustrated wives happy simply due to his mere presence as a server.

And yet, the whole day along, things felt just a little odd. He liked Elena, even if she was less social and clearly wanted to just focus on getting her tips, but he couldn't deny that he felt strangely drawn to her. It wasn't even just in a sexual manner either, though she did have a surprisingly thick body that really emphasised a pair of hips that would make any man go crazy. She was short too, which left her looking like an absolute snack. But there was something about her hair, her grace, the ways she moved, that seemed to strike him. Her skin was so smooth, too, and he found himself examining that skin when she wasn't looking.

"Something the matter?" she asked in her cute accent.

"N-no," Nat said, coming back to reality a few minutes into their shared break. "Sorry, I was just admiring, um -"

She rolled her eyes, but didn't look too offended. "Yep, that's how it starts."

"What starts?"

Elena shrugged and ate one of her chips. "The transformation," she said casually. "Never seen it happen with a guy though, so who knows how it'll go for you. Maybe you'll remember it while it's happening."

"Remember what?"

"I don't know. More than I did, maybe. Being a dude, for one, if it works that way for you. Or that your hair isn't meant to be so long or your tits so big."

"My hair has always been this long," he said, brushing his hand over his dark brown hair, which went past his ears. "I like it longer."

She just shrugged. "If you say so, Nat. Well, it's not like you don't want this, I suppose. The magic works that way."

*Is she some kind of hippy or something? Man, I miss Desiree. She was just fun and sort of flirty. Well, I hope she was flirty, not like I have a chance with her.*

“Um, you know magic isn’t real, right?” he ventured, though he felt like he’d stepped over a boundary just mentioning it. Elena shot him a look, and her gorgeous dark almond shaped eyes thinned as she examined him.

“Okay, then it won’t matter if I tell you up front. This restaurant, Tips Out, it’s magical, okay? No one knows why, not even Chel who started it. Maybe it’s on an Indian bimbo burial ground, or maybe some kind of artefact was encased within a wall, maybe some spirit infects this place, I don’t know. All I know is that Chel started out with a dream to make a regular fine dining restaurant, but the magic turned her slowly into that goddamn blonde bombshell knockout she is now. She had been a total Plain Jane shortie before, and always dreamed of being a powerful, sexy woman. And now she was. For the whole week it took her to change she didn’t even realise anything was different, only after. And by then her personality was tougher, more confident, and she felt like she could take on the world. With me so far?”

*Yeah, I’m with you that you’re a crazy person.*

“Yeah, I’m with you. Let’s just say this is real. What happened next?”

“Well, not too long after, her first waitresses started turning too. And like her, they didn’t realise they were getting really hot bodies until they were changed. Their personalities changed too, sometimes even their races. I used to be a pale white chick who was built like a beanpole and hated how tall I was. I wanted curves. I wanted to be good at flirting. I wanted to have boobs. And I wanted to feel more exotic. Voila, one day I suddenly realise I’ve become short, buxom, and Asian, with an accent to boot. And I’ve also gotten really good at talking to boys. The ones I want to talk to at least, no offence.”

*I mean, a little taken, but I’m not the crazy one.*

“So Heidi . . .”

“Wanted to lose the strain of being a total nerd and just enjoy life. She also had a bitter streak she hated, and now she’s a spoon of sugar.”

“And Desiree?”

“The one you were checking out all of yesterday?”

Nat turned red.

“Yeah, word gets around. She was . . . bigger. And not in the pleasant ways, either. And now that fat is in all the right places, if I may say so myself. But you don’t believe me about any of this, do you? Probably why she hasn’t told you, despite calling you ‘sweet and surprisingly funny’ yesterday.”

*She said WHAT!?*

“That was nice of her,” he said, trying and failing to play it cool. But no offence, I don’t really believe the story. It sounds funny though. I’m guessing it’s the starting prank to new hires?”

Elena sipped her drink, folded her hands, and turned down one lip.

“Sure. Why not. But try to remember what I’ve said in future days. Just in case you’re different. But you’ll probably just not realise what’s going on until it’s too late. Not that any of us are complaining, even if there’s an adjustment period. You, Nat, might be different though. Do you feel like being a Natalie?”

There was a brief moment of confusion that passed through Nathaniel, and it wasn’t over her words. He remembered a time he’d been curious about being a woman, even intensely curious at times. But that had just been an odd phase in his life while he was finding himself. He’d always been into women, after all.

*Just a weird time in my life when I’d wondered what it would be like to live like the other half do. Nothing more. Nothing more.*

Elena smirked. “Well, I’ll let you chew on that thought. Tell me how it goes, ‘Natalie’, or don’t. Maybe it won’t affect you. Or maybe you just won’t remember. I’m just curious.”

She got up and walked away. The contents of her words seeped away as Nat tried to recall them. She’d spoken of a curse, transforming into busty women, even changing her race, but the meaning of the words were like an amorphous thought-soup: he couldn’t grab onto it securely. Instead, he just remembered the intensity of feeling that had come over him when she’d called him ‘Natalie.’ It didn’t sit right with him.

*I’d always imagined myself as more of a Talia. If I had been born a woman, obviously.*

\*\*\*

Two days in, and Nat was getting more into his work, and more buoyant too. He’d met two other waitresses, both of whom were utterly lovely. Celia was a Polynesian lass with a fit figure and a broad smile. She wasn’t the brightest girl, though not as ditzy as Heidi, but she more than made up for it with her ability to make a whole table laugh. She liked Nat immediately.

“You’re gonna love it here, especially by the end of the week! I’m so excited to see how you turn out. But you probably have no idea what I mean, do you?”

“Um, not really, no.”

“Me either, sometimes! I swear, it’s a good thing I’ve got regular work here, because I suck at just about anything else other than flirting with customers and getting big tips.”

She leaned in conspiratorially. “I also altered my uniform to show more cleavage. Nice bit of advice for the future. Hee!”

She guffawed. Not laughed, not chuckled, but *guffawed*. She was apparently the life of the party outside of work, and was forever spending money on hot dresses and makeup. It more than showed on her delightful face.

The other woman was Gabby. She had raven-black hair and was less busty than the other girls, which meant she was 'only' a Double-D in terms of her rack. She was constantly on her phone whenever she could be, and always taking photos of herself and her coworkers.

"Selfie!" she would cry before dragging Nat into a photo. "Awww, you look so cute! This is gonna be, like, the best before/after photo compilation EVAH!!!"

Yes, she actually pronounced it phonetically like that. She and Heidi, predictably, got along quite well, and witnessing their conversations was as much a sight of sheer anthropological interest as it was comedy, because it was like two aliens talking. Two very vapid but sweet valley girl aliens.

The important thing was that each made Nat feel welcome. Chel was often out on the floor, serving the customers even as she managed the restaurant. She clearly liked showing off her body, and the guys loved her for it too. The only thing was that it made Nat's job harder: with so many hot women wearing tight outfits and little miniskirts around him, he was a male server constantly being distracted. He'd made no major mistakes yet, but when Desiree had turned around and nearly pressed her prodigious bust right against his chest, he'd almost died of arousal and embarrassment all at the same time.

She, of course, had found it hilarious.

"Man, you have got to loosen up some screws! Well, this place will do it to you eventually."

"You mean, like, the magic of this place or something?" he asked when they were on break.

Desiree looked at him funny as she ate. She spilled some sauce on her cleavage, gave a sheepish grin, and then cleaned it off with a napkin. His eyeballs practically erupted trying not to look. For once, she wasn't deliberately teasing him. Her face was serious.

"Wait, you know about the magic?"

"Well, I know Elena tried to pull a fast one on me, right? I can't quite remember what she said, weirdly. Something about transforming? She said she used to be white, and also not, er, busty. Which is pretty crazy, right?"

Desiree took a deep breath. It was a good sight. "Look, do you feel like you're a bit different, Nat?"

He pushed a long hair back behind his ear and pouted his slightly full lips.

"No. Why?"

"Not a bit more feminine than you were before."

“I’ve always looked a bit like that. It’s annoying, but it is what it is. I guess that’s why Chel thought I was a girl when she emailed me.”

“Yeah. Sure.” But she said it with uncertainty, and caution. Then, in an unexpected move, she placed her hand suddenly on his. He was so caught by surprise that he almost retracted it. Her skin was soft on his. “Nat, you just tell me if you feel weird, okay? Tips Out is an awesomesauce place to work at, but it does change people.”

“Sure. The magic.”

“If you want to call it that. You don’t have to believe it, but Elena gabbed, and I won’t say anymore. But . . . you just tell me if you feel weird. You’re a pretty cool guy, Nat. You’re easy to be around, you aren’t, like, a total pig, and you’re really confident when you’re actually out there. So yeah, I don’t want you to be in a sucky situation. Just tell me if shit gets weird, alright?”

*That sounds surprisingly ominous, but she’s touching my hand and saying I’m cool, so what the hell do I even think about that?*

In fact, her words faded to that same soup after the break ended. He was back out there, serving a variety of tables, some of whom got along with him, others of which wanted a hot woman to sub him out. Part of the job so far.

But he couldn’t stop thinking about how she’d placed her hand on his.

*God, she’s sooooo beautiful. What would it be like to look so beautiful as that?*

The thought didn’t even feel strange in that moment.

\*\*\*

It was on Thursday that the first major change finally occurred. Nat didn’t even realise it, but his mind was already moulding to become a little more feminine. He had a slight wiggle to his walk, and was already more willing to be open about his emotions with the waitresses, who all treated him like one of them. He was putting more effort into his looks, especially his hair care: it was so long and dark lately! He was also shaving more, and getting rid of that excess hair that just seemed tacky and gross. Coupled with the slight physical changes he’d unknowingly experienced - his slight loss of height, the reduced musculature, and his poutier lips and prettier thick eyebrows - and some men that came to Tips Out even made the assumption that he was gay. It didn’t help that he wore a cute male version of the Tips Out uniform, or that his voice had cracked up half an octave either.

“I have to know,” one man said in his own feminine voice as he was being served a freshly made steak burger. “Are you single? You’re pretty cute.”

“Don’t flirt with the waiter,” his friend said. “The sign said to look but not touch!”

“I ain’t touching, man. I just like what I see.”

Nat let him down easy, feeling oddly complimented by the man's interest. "Sorry honey," he said, adopting another figure of the Tips Out waitress speech, "but I'm going to have to say no. Best of luck finding a cute boy for you though, and enjoy your burger!"

And with that he turned and swayed his ass back to the kitchen. He even looked back briefly to see the gay man smile and raise a glass in appreciation.

*Wait, why did I do that? He probably thinks I'm into men! I never told him I'm straight!*

Of course, he wouldn't be straight too much longer. Though he would, at least, still be into women.

The big change happened after his break. Desiree was again on shift, something he was very appreciative of since they clearly enjoyed being on the floor together. Increasingly they had been talking about makeup and what dresses she looked cutest in. Ordinarily this would have made Nat nervous as all hell, but it seemed natural to talk about.

"I just think red nails are too flashy," Desiree said.

"Nonsense, you'd look totally great in them. Seriously, you should go for it. I saw you leave in that red dress the other day and they would really, really, really work together."

She giggle-snorted, and it made Nat's heart lift.

"You really think so, huh? So you're now an expert in makeup?"

"Um, I guess I am. I think I always was? Maybe just a little. I have a big sister, after all. And I have a mom, obviously. Plus, I think you'd just look really neat like that, Desiree."

"Well, if you're giving me tips, then at least let me do up your hair, hmm?"

"It's not that long!" he protested, but he was wrong. It was now falling to his shoulders.

"C'mon, big 'boy', lemme help. I bet I could make a really cute little braid to hold this all together. May I?"

He swallowed, nervous. "S-sure. Please do."

She positioned herself behind him and did her magic. It was an oddly intimate moment, even if it was in the break room. With her behind him at least he wasn't straining not to look at her huge chest or amazing thighs. Instead, he could feel her softness behind him, and when she leaned forward to make an adjustment, her chest actually pressed against his back for a moment.

"Whoops! Sorry! Well, I'm not sorry, and neither are you." They laughed together, and then she was done. "All finished. You look pretty cute, actually."

*Holy crap, I do. Why didn't I style my hair like this earlier? It's got a cute braid now. I should grow it out even longer! Or have it styled like this but to one side . . .*

But then Desiree looked up at the clock. "Shoot! We're back on! Let's get out there, cutie."

He giggled - actually giggled - and headed out after her. Table seven was his once more, and he worked quickly to take their orders. It was a table of men in their thirties, and they looked none too happy at the sight of him, unfortunately.

“What? I thought you were a woman from a distance,” the larger blond one said. “But you’re a dude, aren’t you?”

“And I always, like, have been,” Nat answered, trying to suppress a giggle at his own joke, which struck him as oddly clever.

But the other man at the table didn’t find it so amusing. He looked him up and down as he crossed his arms. His two friends, similarly quite built and manly, imitated his action as if he was the big wolf and they his pair of loyal followers.

“Listen here, mate,” he said. “This is Tips Out. Me and my friends come to Tips Out for two big reasons, if you know what I mean, and you don’t have either one of them. I don’t care how funny you think this is, but I’m not paying for a table at a place known for having the hottest girls with the biggest racks on the - heh - *menu*, if I don’t get served by one. Especially since you’re leaning over the table like one of them but don’t have anything to show for it, like this is some fucking joke!”

*Whoa, I hadn’t even realised I was, like, leaning over. Am I seriously imitating Desiree right now? I’m even sticking out my butt!*

Nat went red-faced as he realised what he was doing.

“Listen, um, sir. I’m sorry that you’re disappointed. If I can just get your d-drinks order, I can set another w-waitress for this - for this - t-table - oohhhh!”

A dizzy feeling came over Nat, and instead of pulling himself up into a more masculine position, he actually shifted forwards further so that he was practically pressing his chest against the table. The blond man looked furious, and was about to say something in response, when suddenly Nat let out another low groan.

“Ohhhhh! Wh-what’s h-happening - ahhhh!”

There was a sensation of release deep inside him that he couldn’t quite conceive of, but it was immediately followed by a sweep of changes in his form. In mere seconds, his muscles drained away. His eyes rolled into the back of his head as he tried to lift his hands and chest from the table, but another pulse of energy beat powerfully within him, and this time it was accompanied by a rhythm of pleasure that surged through his form. His nipples throbbed, and right then and there in the restaurant they began to expand, the flesh behind them pushing out into two small mounds that could not have been anything but breasts.

“Ohhhh, wh-what - I don’t understand, it f-feels so goo-ahhhh! Nnghh!!”

His ass expanded, his two cheeks taking on a greater softness as they pressed against the shorts of his uniform. His leg hairs retracted, leaving them soft and feminine, and the same was true of his arms as well. With another groan and burst of bliss, Nat’s waist

pulled in, leaving him with a much slighter figure. The changes rose up into his face, where his masculine features became just a little bit more androgynous: his lips a bit fuller, his nose cuter, his skin clearer. His hair darkened further and slid down midway past his shoulder blader, the braid now loosening up the top where the new hair had sprouted.

“Ohhhhhh!” he cried, voice higher than ever. He curled his toes as a final bolt of delirious sexual joy came over him, and suddenly it ended.

Nat pulled himself off the table, supremely embarrassed, though he couldn't say why. Was it because the men didn't like that he was a man? To be fair, he didn't look like one with his small breasts and girlish figure. His member was very small too, so his short shorts did pull tight against his skin and make him look female there also.

“I'm so sorry,” he mumbled. “I don't know what came over - what just, like, happened?”

The man grinned. “You were just coming to order our drinks, babe. Though, I don't wanna be too rude, but can we have another waitress after you? Not that you're not cute, but we were hoping for one with big 'tips' if ya know what I mean?”

*Ugh, men. Well, I'm a man, even if I've always looked pretty female. Silly boobs.*

“That's okay honey,” he said easily. “I'll get Desiree on the case!”

He took their orders easily before skipping over to Desiree, who'd just finished at her own family table. No one in the restaurant showed any hint that they'd seen a weird change happen. In fact, neither did Nat. Something felt a little strange and off, but he couldn't figure out quite what.

Desiree, on the other hand, was giving him a shocked stare.

“What's up?” he asked.

She hesitated before speaking. “Um, we can talk about it after work.”

“You're sure? Okay. Um, table seven says they want someone with 'big tips' to serve them. I guess my little boobs weren't enough. Do you mind taking over? I can serve your family one?”

She nodded, though there was the distinctive lack of her usual bright smile. “No problem, Nat. How do you feel, by the way?”

He shrugged. His small breasts were too little to wobble, but they were nicely outlined against his tight white top.

“Same as always. Busy day but glad to be here. Why do you ask?”

She shook her head. “Nevermind. We'll talk later. For now let's swap tables like you suggest, and get to it fast! The day will only get busier!”

Indeed, it did get busier. Nat found himself for the first time overwhelmed as a server, especially when the later afternoon to night workers came in. He had a long shift that day, longer than he'd ordinarily tolerate, but Chelsea had begged him to help fill their vacancies



until they got some other girls on as workers. He was fine with it: as full-on as the work could be, at least he was making good money and overtime pay as well. It was a load off of his mind, and perhaps because of that calm, he fell into the role of a Tips Out waiter well. In fact, he fell into the roll so well that he soon developed an exaggerated wiggle in his walk, more than just his slight sashay. He pouted his lips more, and adopted a higher, sweeter tone when talking to his customers, especially the male ones. He even leaned over so that his small boobs hung on his chest, giving a faint view of his little cleavage. A number of customers loved it. Others preferred the bustier girls. Others still were just confused over what role he was meant to be playing.

But Nat himself didn't see anything out of the ordinary. Desiree's earlier reaction confused him, and for a moment he heard Elena's words ring in his ear, warning about some kind of change.

*I wonder what kind of change she was even talking about. It's, like, weirdly hard to remember. I guess she was totally trying to prank me or whatever.*

So he continued to serve his customers, not even realising that a very real set of magical changes were proceeding apace. None were as dramatic as that initial major physical change, but when a hand reached out to grasp his butt he pulled away, shocked that a man would do that.

"Hey! No touching! It's part of the rules. Do it again and I'll have you, like, totally ejected from this place!"

The man grinned and reached out to pat Nat's ass again. He skipped backwards, squeaking a little in shock.

"I'm jus' having a little fun," he slurred, clearly a bit tipsy. "Couldn't see if you were a man or a woman - hic! - but you look plenty female ta me, doll."

It was Chelsea that kicked him out after Nat went to her. She took one look at Nat in his tight uniform, gave a strange smirk, and then said, "I see what's happening. I guess this place really does have no limits on its power. I'll get rid of him. You go see to table three after you've had a minute."

She left Nat to compose himself, and it was weird how much his heart was fluttering nervously. *Why did he touch me twice? Why did he, like, touch me at all? I've got a total pancake ass. I mean, it doesn't even have a sexy bounce. And besides - NGGH!!*

That last guttural thought was mimicked by the sound escaping his lips as strange pressure grew in his rear. Nat was meant to be back at work in a minute, but instead he found he had to grab the padding of his butt and feel the strange soreness there.

"What - is that twice now I've felt these totally strange changes? Why am I - Oohhhhh! Oh, it's g-growing! Someone - ahhhh!!"

His rear began to expand yet again, filling his tight shorts more and more until he had a derriere that was equal to any attractive woman's. He moaned as each cheek expanded, becoming larger and softer, yet also surprisingly pert at the same time. And yet even as the change came over him, his concerns washed away. He whimpered in rapturous pleasure as his body changed, even his hips creaking yet wider to accommodate his swollen rear, and suddenly all felt right in the world. Totally normal, in fact.

"Mhmmmm, yesssss. Nice b-big ass."

The changes ended, and Nat straightened up. His fingers were sunk through the fabric into the flesh of his rear, and it was a strangely pleasurable sensation. He pulled his hands away, wondering what on earth he was doing.

*God, was I seriously just standing here admiring my cute bubblebutt? I've got to get back to work! I swear I'd forget my own head if it wasn't, like, screwed on!*

He got back out there, and the shift was much better. The tables were happier to have him, and even a lot of the men seemed down with his appearance. For once, it felt totally normal and fine to be the only male waiter at a place known for its sexy female waitresses, a state of affairs he attributed to the fact that his body was actually pretty cute, little boobs and all. He even raked in nearly seventy dollars in tips by the end of the day. Not the largest amount, especially compared with Desiree and Heidi who were also working that day, but certainly not a small amount either.

\*\*\*

"So you really feel just totally normal and everything then?"

Nat chuckled awkwardly, not really sure what Desiree was hinting at.

"Sure, I feel totes - I mean, *totally* fine. Pretty great, actually."

"Define great for me."

He smiled warmly. "I don't really know how to describe it. I just feel like I'm finally becoming *me*, ya know? Like, I've been pretty nervous and shy and plain and super boring so much of my life, but working at Tips Out is making me really, really come out of my shell. I'm even, like, sharing jokes with people, and catching up with a super hot girl outside of work."

Desiree raised an eyebrow.

"Oh, I didn't mean - I wasn't like implying we were - ohhhh, I'm such a ditz!"

The dark-skinned beauty just giggled. Then snorted. It was, as it was each time, incredibly cute to listen to.

"It's okay, Nat! All good! I know what you mean. But I guess I just wanted to make sure you're okay with everything that's happening to you. I mean, you are getting pretty girly lately, but a whole lot more confident it seems!"

Nat smiled. Desiree was right: he was feeling a lot more confident lately, even if it meant that he was embracing his feminine side. He was wearing tighter outfits, wearing his emotions on his sleeves, and getting along with women more than he ever had in his life. Hell, sometimes he even felt like one of them!

The pair had finished their shifts, and Desiree had asked him if he wanted to catch up for an afterwork drink together. He'd been damn nervous, but for once had the courage to say yes. He wasn't sure if this was a date, or just a worker catchup, but Desiree was sitting very close to him, and while her casual clothes weren't as showy as her regular clothes, her pink shirt was still low cut enough to show a massive amount of cleavage, and her ripped jeans were tight against her lovely thighs.

"I feel more confident," he replied, taking another sip of his drink. He was normally a beer man, but having peachy keen cocktail had just felt so alluring, and he was already on his second one. "Waaaaay more confident."

"I like it. It's a good look on you. You know, all the craziness you don't know that's going on aside, I'm glad you're here. You're actually pretty chill and fun to be around, you know that?"

*That is literally the nicest thing anyone has ever said. Oh my God.*

He wiped away a stray tear, and tried to play it cool. "That's, like, really nice. Thanks. I never thought of myself as fun. Or chill. I'm always super anxious and stuff. I think it's why I totally sucked at getting a job."

"I get it," she replied, sipping her own drink. She shuffled closer to him. "I used to be pretty awkward about my body. Like, really awkward. I was, um, a lot bigger. I didn't think anyone would find me beautiful."

"Are you serious? You're, like, the most beautiful woman I've ever seen! And your body is crazy!"

*Holy shit I just said that aloud. Where is this crazy confidence coming from? It's like my mouth is outrunning my brain lately. Or the alcohol is stronger than I thought.*

Thankfully, she smiled sweetly. "That's really lovely of you to say, actually. Let's just say I underwent some life style changes. I was a lot wider before, and pretty shy, like you were when we first met. But Tips Out, crazy as it is to say, changed me. It's changing you too, I think. For the better. It changes us all into something we want to be, even if we don't know it. I didn't even realise I wanted to be a hot, showy girl until I was one. And I know you don't mind, mister. You've been trying to act casual with my boobs right in front of you."

He blushed a deep shade of red. His heart fluttered, and he did his best to keep playing cool, even if he was terrible at it.

“Well, they are pretty awesome, right?”

“Totally awesome. And heavy.”

“I can imagine. I wonder what it’d be like to have a pair like that?”

*Why am I asking this!? God, but wouldn't it be totally wild to have big boobs?*

Desiree was surprisingly calm about that weird question. She looked him straight in the eye with an expression that was quite contemplative.

“Do you want a pair like this?” she asked. “They’re double-G cups.”

A shiver of excitement ran through Nat. The thought of having a pair of big, sensitive, fleshy weights on his chest. To be able to show them off, and have them bounce with every step, and to playfully tell people to remember where his eyes were . . . there was something oddly entrancing about it.

“I - I never thought about it,” he said.

“Really?”

He broke beneath that contemplative gaze. “That’s a lie. I have thought about it. More than once, actually. When I was a teen, and a number of times after. It was just curiosity though.”

“Mh-hmm.”

The silence rang out as she took a slow sip of her drink. Nat felt buzzed. How did two girls drinks have so much more alcohol than his usual beer? It was like he got tipsy more easily now or something.

“Well, okay, it was more than juuuust curiosity,” he admitted. He stroked a soft hand down his chest, cupped one of his breasts idly without thinking of it. “I still, like, often think of what life would be like as a woman. I even totally dream about it sometimes. I guess, on some level, I kind of feel feminine often. Supes often, sometimes. I’m still really into girls. Like, I’m really trying not to freak out over how you are literally the sexiest woman I’ve ever seen.”

She giggled-snorted, and this time he responded to that too.

“And you’re laugh!” he said, giggling himself, “I just love it sooooo much.”

“Well, glad that you enjoy my laugh *and* my body. You know, you’re not bad looking yourself. I bet though that you’d make a great woman. What would you think of that?”

Maybe it was the alcohol. Maybe it was just the honesty. Whatever it was, Nat’s answer surprised even himself.

“That would be . . . beautiful,” he said, voice sweet and wistful.

Desiree leaned over and kissed him on the cheek.

*Holy shit.*

“Who knows?” she said, as he grappled with what had just happened. She stood, adjusted her top to emphasise her bust, putting on a slight show. “Maybe you’ll get what you wanted. Thanks for a great night, Nat. I can’t wait to see how you go tomorrow.”

She left, swinging her hips in that luscious way, and Nat watched her go, utterly entranced.

*Was that kiss romantic? And what did she mean about me getting my wish anyway? I’m a guy! I can’t believe I admitted all of that to her.*

But still, it felt like some kind of threshold had been crossed. He hummed to himself as he walked to his car, thinking about Desiree, and how beautiful she was, inside and out.

*God, I’d love to touch that body!*

Just thinking about it made his nipples hard. But he also felt strangely jealous of that body too.

\*\*\*

That jealousy manifested further the next day. Once more, Nat was working the midday to night shift, and it was busy as hell, being a Friday. Desiree had been on the morning shift, so they had an overlap of a couple of hours before she was set to go in the early afternoon, and she kept throwing odd looks in his direction.

“You’re looking good today, Nat,” she said, sliding past him with some plates. “And the tables are loving you. You putting on a show again today, because it’s awesome to see.”

“You know it, Dee!” he said with confidence, putting a swing to his own wide hips and letting his chest bob as he walked to the table. “Call me inspired after last night.”

“Wow, I really left an impression. I like this confidence. Maybe if you really impress me you can take me to one of those sci-fi movies you’re always talking about.”

He blushed, but his heart soured. They separated to head to their tables, acting the playful part of a pair of hot bimbos. Desiree’s tables clapped on her approach, and numerous members called her ‘honey’, ‘baby’, ‘doll’, and even ‘sexy.’ She played up the role brilliantly, and Nat found himself emulating her as best as he could.

“Looking hot here, lady!” an older man in his mid-fifties called as he approached. “I love them hips! Always been a hip guy over a boob guy, so you serve me just fine.”

He gave a broad creepy smile, but Nat found himself strangely proud from his words. He’d mistaken her for a woman, but loads of customers did that due to his feminine build and longer hair especially since he’d started using more feminine products and facial care to make his presentation look lovely.

“Why, thank you!” he said, raising the octave of his voice, since that seemed to always give him bigger tips. “And can I just say it’s, like, super cool to have a customer so friendly! What can I get you today, sir?”

He leaned over, squeezing his tits together. They felt bigger today, or maybe they’d always been bigger.

“Just a nice beer - the Sprett brand - to start with. And to watch you walk away nicely for me, ha!”

His friend agreed, though obviously felt he was being too much. He noticed the friend had been sneaking looks at his ass, so as he took their orders he pressed close next to them and recorded their orders and explained the menu sweetly. Then, he turned and gave them a show to remember, pretending to drop a pen so he had to lean over and pick it up.

“Sorry!” he called.

“Don’t be, sweetie.”

Desiree gave him the thumbs up. Even Elena across the room had to chuckle, though there was something more knowing in her amusement.

“Interesting transformation so far,” she mused as he passed her to table sixteen.

“What do you mean?”

“Oh, nothing. You wouldn’t remember. I look forward to seeing how far this goes. The other girls are placing bets. Chel tries to discourage it, but even she’s curious how you’ll end up. I’m betting you’ll get some big tips. You used to be a guy, after all.”

“Used to be?” he said, shifting to table sixteen.

*I am a guy. I’ve always been . . .*

“Are you here to take our order?” a woman at the table said. She was young, and clearly a lesbian, and the three guys with her were ogling Nat’s form. Some of them looked disappointed.

“I thought you said we’d get one with big tits.”

“We ordinarily do.”

“She’s got regular tits. Even her face isn’t all that. I wanted big fucking jugs.”

“Yeah, the kind that strains the shirt.”

“Fuck yeah,” added the woman, who clearly had the same attitude as the chauvinistic men. While Nat had experienced this attitude a few times, it had never been so bluntly stated in front of him, nor the disappointment so cruelly put. He felt a well of emotion bubble up inside him like a kettle going to boil. And then one of the men, who was no prize himself with his mess of whiskers and smug, satisfied grin, looked Nat up and down and clucked his tongue.

“Why is she even here? This is Tips Out. I’m not leaving any big tips without big tits out, and this chick is like a six out of ten at *most*.”

*Why are they so mean? This is sooo humiliating! I don't - I don't understand!*

Tears welled in his eyes as he struggled to keep himself together.

"Awww, Damian, looks like you broke her!" one of the other men laughed.

"Jeez, I think I've got bigger tits than you, lady."

Nat bit his lip, unsure what to even say. They were mistaking her for a woman, which he didn't mind so long as people were nice or even flirty, but this group were just being needlessly cruel! Out of the corner of her eye she could see the manager watching. Chel looked furious, and was about to move forward, much to Nat's relief.

Until something strange happened.

To Nat's enormous embarrassment, he began to moan as a pleasurable feeling grew in each of his breasts. He had to clutch the table, dropping his notepad on its surface.

"What the fuck?" the woman said.

"Dude, what the hell? Are you actually cumming right now?"

"This is crazy!"

Nat blushed a deep red, but was helpless to the whims of his body as he was hit by burst after burst of pleasure.

"Ohhhh," he moaned. "I'm sorry! I don't kn-know what's c-come over me! I'll - ahhhh!!! Nghhh!!!"

The pressure hit a breaking point, and finally he could fight it no more. He grabbed his breasts with both hands, sinking his fingers into the flesh right before the captive audience. They watched, jaws dropped as his boobs expanded not just one cup size but two or more! They surged in a way that made Nat gasp, voice going even higher as he beheld the impossible scenario of his boobs becoming *tits*. The shirt stretched to the point where it could almost tear, his breasts gaining a hefty weight. They drooped down slightly, only to rise back up again as they ran out of space, causing his collar to descend yet further. A canyon of cleavage formed as his now-perfect globes became utterly huge, easily E-cups or larger! They wobbled as he shook his shoulders.

"Ohhhhhh, s-sooo big! So big! Make them b-bigger!"

*I'm growing bigger boobs! How is this happening? This has to be a dream! Ohhhhh, but it f-feels so right! I want them bigger! Even bigger than Desirees, please!*

They expanded one last time, and somehow the bra he'd been wearing expanded with them, lifting them yet further until they were a pair of glorious cantaloupes. Even as that occurred, his waist also pulled in, hips spreading just a little wider, which in turn caused another expansion in his ass. The transforming man whimpered as his cheekbones became even higher, and his eyebrows shifted to become wonderfully full and lush.

When it was over, there was a moment of silence from the entire restaurant, except for one child who spoke aloud.

“Mommy, that lady's boobies just grew huge!”

Nat himself looked down, and saw that he couldn't even view his toes anymore. His breasts were huge from his perspective, much larger than most of the girls he knew, though still smaller than Desiree's. It was shocking. It was not possible. He swallowed, looked up at the silent staring table who were no longer mocking her, and then looked back down again.

“I - I'm turning into a . . .”

*A woman.*

For the briefest of moments, a flood of memories returned to the transforming man, including the cryptic questions by Desiree and the much more direct explanation by Elena. He looked up at Chel, who seemed to recognise that realisation. She began to move towards him. He was hyperventilating, breasts rising and falling like large fleshy mountains.

“Chel, I don't - what's - I'm totes sorry guys, I'm going to have to, like, ask you to leave. We may offer a fun and flirty experience here at Tips Out, but we have this super strict no harassment policy at this restaurant, and unfortunately you've crossed that line. Literally.”

Chel halted, as did Celia and several others. In the span of a few moments, the epiphany Nat had just experienced was erased, papered over by a newfound femininity. He was no longer a he. She was a woman, and a proudly busty one at that. It had always been that way, right? At least, this was her perspective, and that of the restaurant, which immediately went back to talking and chatting as if nothing had happened, barring the small boy who could see right through this break in reality but whose complaints were quickly silenced by his mother.

The rude table group complained, of course, but in this new reality rewrite, they had been far too repulsive and offensive by commenting directly on her big boobs, rather than lack of such.

“I'm sorry, but policy is policy. You will have to come back another time,” Nat said, placing her hands on her hips and thrusting her prominent chest out. For a moment, she felt shorter, as if her 5'7 height should be taller, but then that too seemed normal.

With some complaints and more than a few comments about how ‘we've seen bigger and better tits here anyway’, the group left, and Nat once more felt proud of herself.

*Desiree was right. I am soooo much more confident here!*

After they left, Chel approached when she was in the back of the restaurant.

“Nat, that was very well handled, but can I just ask if you're feeling okay? Not noticing anything different?”

But as always, Nat felt nothing wrong. Well, that was incorrect. She did feel *one* thing was a little off.

“Actually, yeah. Why are you calling me Nat?” she asked. “I'm Talia, remember?”



\*\*\*

Talia felt great, particularly since, after a strangely large ovation by the rest of the Tips Out girls congratulating her on a great 'result' for the shift, she was contacted by Desiree.

*'Heard about a 'big' shift change,' she'd texted. 'Wanna catch up again?'*

Talia, who normally would have felt quite anxious, was very excited to do so. She replied 'Yesssssss!!!' immediately, along with five excited emojis. She felt like such a classic ditzzy girl messaging like that, but she also felt okay with that. She was a bit ditzzy, after all. Ditzzy and excitable and more confident with each passing day. And why shouldn't she be? She had a rockin' bod with big EE-cup breasts that were just so fun to feel bounce on her chest. She'd had them all her life of course - at least that's what the magic made her think - and yet she found herself oddly fascinated with them that night, like she was seeing them anew.

*I just loooooove how much sexy cleavage I've got. God, they look so fucking rad with my push up bra. I bet I'll get tips as big as my boobs on my next shift. Makes me wonder why I've not been getting big tips before this.*

They were constantly bouncing and jiggling, and it took her a while to get used to it: strange for the former male, since the mental influence meant she believed she had always been this way. Certainly, Chel and Elena looked on in some amusement, alongside the other girls, when she bumped them into things occasionally when leaning over across the rest of that night's shift.

Still, despite her weird new fascination with her own chest, she was utterly joyous over her new body. She had a slim waist, nice wider hips (though she felt they could be a *little* wider), and big boobs that got all the great stares. Her Eastern European heritage was now more dominant on her face, with prominent sharp cheekbones and full lips, as well as thick yet feminine eyebrows that completed the effect. Coupled with her long, dark hair, and she had a killer look.

And yet, it took her a great deal of time to find just the right kind of cute outfit to dress up in when she met up with Desiree at her place. It was her first time actually going to her friend's place, and it made her heart flutter with nervousness. In the end, she'd summoned the courage to wear something daring: a black dress more suited for a date night, one which had a plunging neckline and was short enough to reveal part of her delectable thighs. She took a necklace with a cute little half moon pendant and put it on: the pendant squatted between her breasts, further emphasising her marvellously deep cleavage. And with that she took a deep breath - one that strained the cups of her dress - and ventured out.

*I really hope this goes well!*

It was a short drive, which gave her little time to catastrophise. She accidentally went down the wrong street a couple of times, which made her slap her forehead in embarrassment a few times.

*Lol, I'm soooo bad with directions!*

But finally she found it: not an apartment but an actual house with two stories and everything. She got out of her car, checked over her dress one last time, and ventured forth to knock on the door.

When it opened, Desiree was momentarily struck by Talia's appearance. Her eyes widened, and for the first time Talia received the sheer pleasure of having a crush of her own stare at her cleavage, rather than her staring at Desiree's.

"Holy moly! Nat-"

"Talia, silly!"

"Talia! You - you look amazing. *Goddamn*. How big are you?"

"Um, like five-seven? Just a little taller than you."

That made Desiree laugh. "Not your height, dummy. Your tits! Come on in while you tell me! I'll give you the tour. Jesus, if I'd known things were going to turn out this extreme, I would have asked to extend my shift, no matter how tired it made me. You are *big*, girl!"

"I was, like, always this big, at least since I was eighteen. I guess I was just not wearing flattering outfits at work until today?"

Desiree chuckled as she took her to the lounge room. "Sure, sure. But how big? Tell me girl!"

Talia placed her arms behind her back and thrust out her chest playfully. "Ummm, double-E cups? I'm pretty proud of them, even if they aren't as awesome as your big boobs, Desiree. I wish they were *that* big!"

The other woman smiled seductively. She lifted her breasts in her hands - she was not wearing a sexy dress but was still in a really cute crop top and pair of ripped jeans like the other night - and let them drop. They wobbled for a few seconds.

"I won't deny, they are pretty cool. Back breakers, though! And the bras are expensive!"

"But they look soooo good. I bet you're really, like, super proud of them."

Desiree giggled. "I am, yeah. But let's talk about boobs a bit later, even if yours are stellar. I'll show you the place all those big tits help pay for, and then we can finally watch one of those boring sci-fi movies you love together, if you want?"

*Ohmigod ohmigod ohmigod. I want I want I want.*

"That - that would be totally amazing!" she exclaimed, before leaping forward to hug her friend. Desiree giggled as they hugged, and for a moment Talia luxuriated in the

wonderful sensation of their large breasts pressing against one another. It made her large nipples stiffen from arousal, to the point where she had to pull back.

“Okay then, follow me,” Desiree said. “I’ll warn you, I like my pink.”

“Ohmigod, I love pink too!”

\*\*\*

The movie finished, and Talia had to wipe away stray tears. *The Silver Kingdom* was one of her favourites, but she’d never been so emotional about it before. She’d always been a bit of a romantic, but even when she’d been a man - not that she remembered that - she had tried to cover up those feelings, particularly in public cinema. It was the same reason why Nathaniel had also avoided purchasing makeup and styling himself, even though he secretly desired to make those personal hobbies and part of own presentation.

“Awww, are you crying, Talia?”

She sniffled. “I just w-wish they could get together. But it makes s-sense for her to go back to her own time. It just hits me, like, soooo hard!”

“Would a cuddle help?”

She nodded eagerly. They were relaxed upon the couch as the credits scrolled on the television, and Desiree shuffled over and placed an arm around her friend. Talia’s heart beat faster as she felt the other woman’s soft and busty form press against her own. She also felt Desiree’s eyes upon her cleavage, which had remained very much on display in her cute black dress.

“Is this better?” Desiree asked.

“A - wow. Like, a lot better. You, um, feel super nice, Desiree.”

“I’m glad to hear it. You feel a lot nicer now too. Trust me, you’ll know what I mean by that soon. You seem a lot happier than you were a week ago?”

Talia closed her eyes. For a moment, she could hear Elena’s words or warnings in her ear, but they dissipated quickly. Instead, the warmth of Desiree’s body against hers was all she could think about, especially since her soft hand was rubbing her bare thigh almost seductively. She opened her eyes and looked down at Desiree’s chest, then up to her startlingly cute face.

“I feel a lot happier than I’ve ever been,” she admitted. “Literally. I don’t understand it, but it’s like I was ashamed to admit I totes wanted to be this real girly girl who wore cute outfits and showed off her big boobs and played with makeup and just had fun. And now I’m embracing it - even though I think I’ve always been this way, it doesn’t make sense or whatever - and I’m happy. Truly happy. And I’m with you, and you’re fucking awesome Desiree.”

“You’re pretty awesome too, Talia. I love the name, by the way.”

“Aww, thanks!”

Desiree lifted herself up a bit, and Talia realised she had slumped back against the side of the couch, so that Desiree was now looming over her.

“Hey,” the dark-skinned beauty said. “How would you feel if I kissed you now?”

“I would feel . . . amazing.”

*More than amazing. I feel like I would burst. Ohhhhhh, I need her to kiss me! Please don't let this be, like, a tease or whatever!*

“I think I’ll feel amazing too,” Desiree said. And then she cupped Talia’s cheek with her hand and leaned forward, her large chest dangling right before Talia’s eyes, and then that too was obscured as she kissed her slowly and passionately. Their lips locked, and for long seconds the pair moaned softly as they kissed. Desiree’s tongue entered Talia’s mouth, and the pair began making out, becoming more daring as the interest advanced. Desiree kissed Talia’s neck, and the sensation was so divine that Talia shivered. She cupped her lover’s larger breasts, wishing hers were just as big, and began to massage them through the crop top. It certainly had an effect, because Desiree began to whimper.

“Ohhhhh, that’s the o-other thing to love about getting big tits from Big Tips. They’re soooo fucking sensitive.”

“M-mine might be! If you’ve sh-show me!”

“Oh, I can show, alright. I’ve been trying not to stare at your wonderful tits in that lovely black dress all night, hotstuff.”

She pulled the dress down, releasing Talia’s EE-cups, and then did something that brought the new woman to pure ecstasy: she began to lick and suck her nipples. The pleasure rose in her core, getting stronger and stronger as Desiree pressed her face into her cleavage and wobbled those tits while continuing to play with her nipples.

“Ohhhhh, yes! Oh G-God, that f-feels good! Yes, keep going! Keep - Aahhhhh!!!”

She quaked. Her small dick, so small now, went hard as the orgasm hit, but the pleasure was all in her chest. Desiree shook too, the changed pair easily climaxing from breastplay alone. She collapsed against her lover, and the pair were face to face, foreheads touching as they came down from the high.

“That was . . . something else,” Desiree said.

“Mhmmm, I’ve n-never felt like that before,” Talia admitted. “I wanted it to g-go further. I’m sorry that-”

“Shhh, don’t be sorry. That’s as far as it can go tonight, I’m afraid. But maybe tomorrow night, everything will be changed, and we’ll see how you feel then. How about that?”

*Ohhhhhh, but I want it now. Why do I have to wait?*

But she didn't give voice to these feelings. Instead, Talia raised herself up as Desiree did also, and she settled her big boobs back in her dress cups.

"That would be totes perfect," she said. And then she ventured further. "Does this - does this mean we're girlfriends?"

Desiree grabbed her face and pulled her into another loving kiss.

"Oh, girl, it totally means that. You're just too cute to pass up. I've always been into girly girls, especially busty ones like you. And besides, you're a hot nerd. How can I pass that up?"

Talia bit her lip. She felt over the moon. Like she could float in a bubble out of the atmosphere.

"You're so fucking cool, Desiree."

"Well, let's compare notes tomorrow. I'm a bit nervous."

"Why?"

Desiree's face fell just for a moment. "You'll understand, I think. I just hope you'll be happy, Talia. Because I really like you."

The new woman didn't understand, but she kissed Desiree again, giggling as their breasts touched. It was a great feeling.

"I like you too. A lot. I don't, like, understand everything that's going on. But I trust you."

"Thanks, babe. You just go out there and earn the big tips tomorrow, and we'll see how the chips fall, huh?"

Talia parted from her new girlfriend that night feeling like a million bucks. She had no idea that the next day her two realities would come crashing back together in a flood of memories.

\*\*\*

It happened during the lunch rush. Talia had been earning tips like she couldn't believe: one table even gave over a hundred dollars just because she wiped the table down in front of them, which meant her big tits wobbled as they dangled right in front of the group, almost threatening to spill out of her top. She knew exactly what she was doing, and was fine with it. In fact, she and Desiree were even having a bit of fun. They were on the same shift, and as such, were having a silly competition between the pair of them over who could earn more.

*I can beat her. She may have the way hotter bod. And the cooler hair. And the big tits. But I've got enthusiasm! Passion! Giddiness! That's, like, gotta count for something, right?*

Well, while enthusiasm and performance was definitely allowing her to stay almost neck and neck for a while with her new girlfriend, it wasn't quite enough. Some men, as old wisdom will tell you, just like a huge big rack, and Desiree had two cup sizes on Talia's own deeply impressive chest. Try as she might, she couldn't really compete with that. At least, that's what she thought.

"Already at three hundred and fifty three dollars," Desiree bragged as they both headed out back to grab plates at the same time.

"Aww man," Talia replied, sagging her shoulders. "I've only got, like, two ninety seven! I thought I was doing super well."

"That *is* super well," Elena said, pushing through and rolling her eyes dramatically. "Save some money for the rest of us."

Talia's feelings were momentarily hurt, but Desiree just snuck her a quick kiss on the cheek. "Hey, don't worry about it. You're cute as all hell and you're lookin' fine, girl. I'm looking forward to tonight."

That was enough to cheer Talia up, to the point where she actually slapped Desiree lightly on the ass as she passed, grinning mischievously as the other woman snapped her head around in disbelief.

"My God, you have changed, Tal. I *like* it."

"Well, I like you. And that perfect butt of yours."

"Don't forget my rack. The customers won't when I've won. Ha!"

"You're on, Dee!"

The competition was back on, and the pair were in fine form. Even Talia, despite the memory and reality changes courtesy of the Tips Out restaurant, sensed that she had grown so much more confident and happy. She was flirty, bouncy, and sweet-voiced as she addressed the numerous patrons. She ducked low to take orders, swayed her hips seductively, and constantly adjusted her uniform so that her cute midriff showed as well as her more of her breasts, pulling the top simultaneously further down and up in competition with Desiree who was doing much of the same. She arched her back and leaned over and placed her hands behind her back and so on, all to make her bust look even bigger than the fat, heavy double-E's she already possessed.

And it seemed to work. The tips rolled in, and the men were starry eyed. She even served a table of two adorable lesbian couples who were feasting their eyes on the women present, having a great time.

"Sis, I wish I had your body!" one called.

"Oh honey, you should come work here," she replied. "You look, like, soooo hot yourself, girl!"

That compliment alone netted her thirty bucks from one of the women alone. And she was only just getting started: she leaned right next to men when explaining the specials on the menu, so that her tits were hanging like large fruit right next to their faces, making them sweat. One even had to excuse himself, while others were clearly pushing in their seats further to hide their enormous erections. When she went further and whispered in one man's ear as seductively as she could the many sauce options that were available that day, the others on his table were practically throwing money at her for the same treatment.

*I'm sooooo good at this. God, this is what I'm meant to be! I don't remember having this much fun in, like, literally ever!*

And yet, she was still losing. For all of her moves on display, Desiree was able to copy and advance them. She had been doing this longer, and been the top girl, and there was no denying that while she was amping herself up especially for the day, that her pair of G-cup knockers were the twin stars of the show. They bounced and jiggled and wobbled with each carefully curated step, and it finally reached a climax when one wealthy individual who clearly came to the place often handed over a wad of cash that looked to be almost two hundred dollars.

"The biggest tips for the biggest tits, my dear! A delight as always!"

"Why thank you, honey!" she said, stuffing the cash down her top in a sexy manner.

It was meant to be a fun competition, and it was fun. But jealousy stirred in Talia's heart, along with something else; a sense of a lack of completeness. Her tiny cock . . . it made no sense. Why did she have it? Wasn't she a woman? And didn't she always dream of being a woman with absolutely huge, pert, perfect, teardrop-shaped titties? Didn't she want to be perfect?

*I just wish I could be more. More! More curves and more - ohhhh! OHHH!!!*

It happened again, the changes, this time as she was moving away from a set of tables. She had thankfully just put down their plates and given them their food, but as she noticed Desiree with her 'big tips', a rush of energy passed through her. A series of pressures. And more than that, but a river of memories too.

It all happened at once. Talia moaned out loud, once more disturbing the restaurant and gaining the attention of her coworkers. Chelsea was in the back, but both Celia and Desiree saw her, looked at one another, and showed clear surprise that she was changing yet further.

"Ohhhhh, how can - what's happening - Oh God, I'm a woman! I'm not meant to be a woman! How am I just - NGGHH!!!"

Talia realised in that moment that she had not been Talia until just a few days ago.

*I'm Nat. Holy shit, I was Nat. How did I not know? Elena warned me but the magic made me forget! That's why Desiree was, like, totally warning me. But now - ahhh - I'm changing again!*

The changes came thick and fast. Her ass expanded yet further, not to the point of ridiculousness, and not to Desiree's proportions either, but certainly the kind you could bounce a quarter off of. Her height reduced a couple of inches until she was merely 5'5 in height, shorter than her new girlfriend now, and then a sharp pain followed by a sucking sensation began in her nethers.

"Ohhhhhh! AAahhhhh! It's happening! I'm b-becoming - I'm losing my goddamn penis! Like, somebody hellllp!!"

Desiree moved to her, ignoring the table she was heading to.

"Talia, it's okay."

"I'm not Talia, I'm N-Nat! Oh, I'm growing a v-vagina! Oh f-fuck, it feels weird! Desiree, it feels so damn weird!"

"It's going to be okay. Listen, Nat - Talia - however you want to be called. You're changing into a full woman. This is what you wanted - this restaurant affects the workers here but it makes them what they want to be, at least if they want to be gorgeous looking women. You told me you wanted to be one right, that you hid it? You're becoming the person you want to be. You have to let it happen."

Talia bit her lip, groaned in an unintentionally aroused way. Her flesh was heated, and her body strangely lustful. She couldn't stop thinking of herself as a woman, or even as Talia, despite the realisation of who she'd been. She looked to Desiree in desperation, and in those pretty eyes saw the face of her lover.

"Are you sure?" she stammered.

"I can't tell you that, Tal. Only you can. Do you feel better as a Tips Out girl?"

The restaurant looked on in shock. Several were whispering. Others were standing, ready to call for emergency services. Chelsea had left her office, and was indicating for Desiree to bring Talia back in.

*Do I want this? Ohhhh, so much pressure in these big tits. God, they feel like they're gonna explode. They want to grow. I want them to grow. Like, holy shit! I want them to grow. I want them to grow. Me, all of me. I want this. I've . . . I've always wanted this.*

"I want this," she whispered. "I want to be a Tips Out girl."

She allowed herself to change. Her chest *bloomed*.

Even Desiree halted her attempt to get Talia backstage for a chat when she saw what was happening. Talia moaned, feeling glorious as her vagina finished its formation between her soft thighs, and then revelling in the expansion of her already-large chest. They bloated, fattening and filling with tissue, becoming positively gigantic, though not ridiculous. This time



it was Desiree's turn to feel jealousy, and Talia couldn't help but give a sneaky, if orgasmic, grin as she surpassed her friend, her boobs becoming massive HH-cups that were easily the size of her own head each, at least with the expanded push up bra to give them particular emphasis. They were the largest in the restaurant, round and flushed and full and heavy, and yet incredibly healthy and pert, the kind of shape that most big-chested women could only dream of possessing.

"Ohhhhhhhh," she moaned, the last traces of climax finishing as her transformation completed. For a moment she stood there breathing heavily, feeling the wonderful and perfect weight of her big boobs, and then she turned to the rest of the restaurant, who were eating and ordering as normal. Chelsea nodded, laughed to herself, and ducked back to her office. Elena gave an amused smirk, then went back to work herself.

Desiree just looked at her with wonder.

"Holy shit," she whispered. "Talia - you're huge! Beautiful but - do you want this? I assumed you did."

Talia smirked. "I've always wanted this," she said. "Like, for ages. I just buried it suuuper deep down. Desiree, this is amazing, thank you! But for now, honey, let's get back to work. This much hot in one space on the floor will make the customers totes salivate on the tables."

Desiree snorted with laughter. "You're not wrong! I'm so glad you want this."

"Me too." She turned, beginning to walk out back to get the next plates of food. "And I bet *you* want this," she said, indicating her body.

Desiree's brief, flirtatious expression was more than enough to prove her right. Sadly, it was too late in the day for her to win in full: Desiree made more money. But Talia felt like she'd won her own competition.

\*\*\*

That night, the pair were snuggled up naked together in Desiree's bed, breathing softly as they basked in the afterglow of their shared orgasm. The feelings were tremendous, and it was taking time for Talia to come down from them. She'd cum several times just from having her tits groped and squeezed alone, but when Desiree had rubbed her wet clit, *that* had been a new sensation entirely.

"I think I broke you," Desiree giggle-snorted. "Was that fun?"

"Sooooo fun," Talia moaned. "So, so, so, so fun."

"Better as a girl or a guy?"

"Way more as a girl, and way, waaaaay more as a Tips Out girl. You weren't wrong: my titties are super sensitive and get me sooo horny now."

“You love it.”

“Mhmm. Totally. I love all of it. Being a girl, having big boobs, having people stare. Being silly and cute and dressing up. But I’m glad I, like, remember who I used to be. I guess I always wanted to be kinda cute and ditzy and happy. And now I’ve totally got that all.”

Desiree kissed her, then squeezed one of her boobs. “Not to mention a really busty girlfriend too. Of course, I’m ‘little’ compared to you.”

“No, you’re way perfect.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Mh-hmm. So perfect.”

“Prove it.”

Talia grinned. She shifted on top of Desiree so that their large chests squashed together, making them both moan.

“So long as you teach me even more about how great it is being a totally hot girl.”

“You’re on, honey. So long as you always get your ‘tips’ out for me.”

Talia was more than happy to, and what followed was a deeply pleasurable night. The first of many for the new woman and her gorgeous girlfriend.

**The End**