



Contrary to what you would initially believe, Tricksters absolutely despise the first of April. Being fervent pranksters themselves, there are many reasons that they hold such contempt for this day of jokes and foolery. The primary one being the fact that all these amateurs out there make such a poor job of setting up pranks and jokes on their peers. All these half-baked pranks, all these lame punchlines with no rhyme or reason, it really undermines the whole work, the art of the Trickster, these beings that consider themselves as godlike beings, creatures that view all of humanity as simple playthings, subjects for their crazy and twisted pranks. And so, on this cursed day, the Tricksters walk around, on the lookout for would be pranksters, and make sure that their pitiful attempts at a joke backfire in some way, to teach them a lesson in trickery that they will never forget.

The first person to be the target of a Trickster's ire was a retail store worker named Karl. This obnoxious man had decided that the epitome of humor would be to call immigration services on one of his coworkers, a Hispanic woman named Katarina. He always teased her about being a fiery Latina, even though she was actually a second-generation immigrant, born in the US after her parents had moved from over the Ocean in Spain. And yet, despite many corrections regarding the fact she didn't actually come from South America, he kept on making comments on her ethnicity and heritage.

The Trickster was in the store, pretending to be just another shopper when the agents came in, demanding to see identification. Sure, in the end there would not be any lasting consequences, but this prank still cost the time of the officers and risked the life of the poor girl. Even if she was a lawful resident of the country, if she had forgotten her wallet on that day and did not have any identification on her she could have been detained, or worse, deported. The Trickster decided that Karl needed a taste of his own medicine, and maybe know what it is like to fear being deported into an unknown country, be left weak and vulnerable, at the mercy of everyone. With a snap of the wicked creature's finger, the Caucasian male began to change rapidly.





He shrank down rapidly, his eyes darting in panic as everything grew larger all around him, shelves raising up on each of his sides. As his head turned left and right and confusion, he started to feel a slight flicking sensation, lengthening black hair whipping around his face in rhythm with the movement of his head. As he grabbed a strand of the hair, staring in disbelief, he watched in shock as his hand shrank right in front of his eyes, soon followed by his arm, as they both became dainty and feminine, devoid of any hair. Shoulders collapsed, shrinking down, and giving him a diminutive silhouette. He felt a tightening on his throat, and on his face, as they both contracted into a smaller form. Had he had a mirror, he would have noticed his lips becoming full and plump. Two kissable pillows, his eyebrows becoming thin arches, nose shrinking down to a button. Chest became soft, reforming into a pair of small, but perky breasts, as his hips popped out, and rear rounded into a plump ass. Finally, his

Caucasian skin darkened to healthy brown, finishing his transformation into a sexy Latina.

Gone was his work uniform, he was left stranded in a tiny, figure-hugging red dress, which revealed the curve of his bouncy ass, the lack of bulge up front, his narrow feminine shoulders, and the sexy bra he was wearing to support his perky tits. He barely had time to register his new, female body when he noticed two officers pointing him and coming his way. Realising what this meant in his current form, he backed away, only to find two more officers behind him, trapping him in the aisle he was currently standing in.

“You, miss! Stay right there!” One of the men pointed towards him, and he froze in panic and fear, the men closing in on him, towering over his now diminutive form. “Do you have any identification and proof of residency on you?” When the woman in front of him looked at him with wide, terrified eyes, he nodded towards the purse at Karl’s side. He sighed in relief, as he fished for a small wallet, sliding out the driver’s license he found them, finding with relief that the face on the piece of plastic was that of a woman, hopefully his own, new face, so that the agents could identify him properly. But he froze, as he noticed two things that horrified him.

One, the name on the card, Karmen Esperanza, which he knew at the bottom of his heart, was his new name now. Two, and more importantly, this was not a United States driving licence, but a South American one, more specifically, a Venezuelan driving licence. Before he had a chance to tuck it away, the officer in front of him snatched it from his hand, turning it over and inspecting it.



“Got anything else than that miss? Passport? Green card? Work authorisation? Proof of residence?” Karl rifled through his new wallet, then his purse, but upon finding nothing else, was roughly grabbed by the man. “In that case you will have to come with us young lady.”

The Trickster watched with an amused smile as the young Latina was dragged off against her will, unable to resist the two muscular men on each side of her. Now, this was a good prank, with a nice lesson taught as well! As much as she protested, claiming to be an American man, not some Latina girl, it did not good. They kept on dragging her out, under the watch of all the other customers, some cheering at having another illegal immigrant off the streets, and hopefully out of the country, some watching her in pity, keeping silent.

She would end up in the office of one of the higher ranked ICE agents, who would then give the young woman a chance, a get out of deportation free card. All she had to do was have sex with him. And despite being very much not into men, Karmen, decided that between that horrible act and being stranded in a country she didn't know, that she didn't speak the language of, she was better off biting the bullet at taking the former, and get it over quick. Unfortunately for her it wasn't quick, and he ended up fucking her young, Latina cunt relentlessly. And then, once her had cum inside her, much to her disgust, he still filled in the paperwork to have her shipped out to Venezuela as soon as possible. Humiliated and betrayed, there was nothing the young woman could do, because she had no proof of what had happened, as well as no documents stating that she lived legally in the US, meaning that it was her word, the word of an illegal immigrant, an outlaw, versus the word of an officer of the law with an outstanding record, known for his integrity and dedication. She was doomed, to be sent to a country she had never been to, and she knew at that point that it was far from the last time she would have to use her body to survive.







The next Trickster to encounter was taking a break at a small café, smoking a cigarette. It had been a busy day for him so far. First, a man that had been trying to feed chocolate to dogs at the park, because killing pets is *such* a funny prank, wound up as a cute little toy poodle, a purebred breeding bitch for the nearest kennel, make him bring more lives into this world rather than take them. Second, a man who was poking fun at his girlfriend by wearing her clothes for their morning jog wound up looking exactly like her, which would make their relationship a lot more awkward, with them being twins now. And finally, the waiter who had commented about him smoking on the patio had become a fifty-year-

old cougar with a nicotine addiction. That last one wasn't really a prank, but it did teach the obnoxious guy a good lesson about minding your own business. Plus, the Trickster did find the result hilarious, so it somewhat counted.

As it took a sip of its coffee, the Trickster spotted a couple arguing, next table over, so it listened in, using its supernatural hearing and godly awareness, to figure out what the dispute was about.

"Come on Tom, you can't do this to her! You know your mom can't wait to have grand kids; it is going to devastate her!" The girl pleaded to her boyfriend, who was tapping away on his cellphone before her.

"But that's why it is funny! If she didn't care at all it wouldn't be much of a prank, now, would it? Come on! Plus, it's April 1<sup>st</sup>, she is never going to believe it in the first place, I'm sure!" The man named Tom replied, still tapping away on his phone with an amused smirk, a glint of mischief in his eyes.

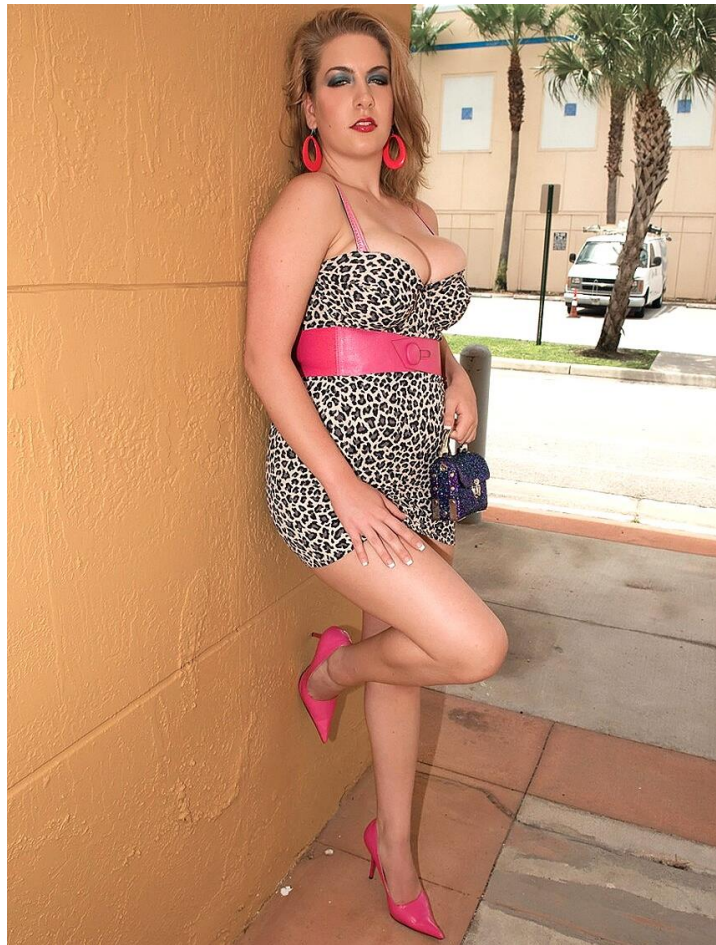


The woman gave an exaggerated sigh, signaling her disapproval, as the man hit send on the message he had been typing, most likely announcing to his poor mother that they were expecting, which was evidently not the case. Another prank without rhyme or reason, of which the only possible result was the mother's disappointment, along with the son's momentary amusement, which would definitely not last as long as the mom's broken hopes. The Trickster shook his head in disapproval, before snapping its fingers, intent on rectifying the situation.

As they were waiting for an answer, the girl gasped as she started noticing some changes in her boyfriend's features. Dirty blond hair grew long and wavy, over a face that was becoming more feminine, but more mature as well.

"Babe! Your face... your hair...what the hell is happening!?" The girl cried out with a panicked voice. The man looked confused for a few moments, not realizing yet what was happening to him, before grabbing a lock of his now shoulder length hair and bringing it before his eyes, which grew wide in surprise. He let out a shocked cry, which was undeniably female, as his body kept changing, arms losing all their hairs and gaining a layer of fat, giving them a soft, feminine look. Hands became dainty, nails perfectly manicured with a white tip. His chest exploded, a pair of large tits blossoming out rapidly, before settling down into the bra that manifested there, which was clearly too small for the massive boobs he now sported, making them overflow obscenely on top.

"Holy shit, I have tits!" The man exclaimed in his high-pitched voice as he grabbed his new breasts, the horrified gaze of his girlfriend fixated on him. "They're... they're bigger than mine..." She whispered in a daze, unable to comprehend the situation. But the changes were far from done, as they traveled down, slimming down his waist, while leaving him with a pudgy figure, his ass fattening up below him, thighs thickening until they were squeezing his rapidly shrinking dick, which left behind nothing but a sensitive nub, nestled within the folds of his new pussy. Finally, his clothing reformed around him, leaving him with nothing but a trashy cougar print dress, which exposed his impressive rack, so short that if he bent over, he would risk exposing his lacy panties to anyone watching.





They stayed there for a few moments, stunned by what had just happened. Tom had somehow just transformed from a fit young man in his twenties, to a chubby woman in her late thirties. But the changes were not quite done yet, as the smirking Trickster, who had watched the whole transformation with childish glee, snapped his fingers a second time, triggering the next set of changes. But this time, it was the girlfriend who started changing, much more drastically than her boyfriend before her. Still in her seat, she started shrinking down, growing smaller and younger at the same time.

“Tom! Oh god... What is happening to me!?! Help me!” The regressing girl cried out, a look of pure horror on her face. Her boyfriend turned woman got up from his chair, wobbling out of balance on his new, unfamiliar heels, before clicking over to his girlfriend’s side of the table, uncertain of what he could do to help her... or even of what was happening to her. But that became apparent when she started regressing even faster, passing her teens, becoming a child, then a toddler, then nothing more than a newborn baby. As the poor thing wailed in panic, Tom watching his girlfriend flailing her arms helplessly in a pile of her adult sized clothes, she vanished, causing him to jump up in panic. He was then made aware of a bloating in his midsection, and awareness dawned upon him. His girlfriend was no longer a newborn, but an unborn baby. He looked down at his very pregnant belly, feeling the child within give a kick, one more alien sensation piling on to the rest that this new body was giving him.

He was brought out of his stunned stupor by the ding of a new notification on his phone, as he grabbed it and read the message in a daze.

“A baby!?! Are you for real Tina? At your age... And you don’t even have a husband, or a steady boyfriend for that matter! Do you even know who the father is? God! I am so ashamed to have you as my sister... Don’t text me again, or I will block out.”

Tina laid down the cellphone, tears welling up in her eyes. It looked like she was now stuck in an older, female, body, which was pregnant to boot. She would now have to navigate by herself not only how to be a woman, but a mother as well, since her mom, who was now her sister, refused to talk to her, and her girlfriend was stuck as the baby in her womb. The Trickster chuckled lightly at the man’s fate, thinking that this was a prank worth its name, as he left a 20-dollar tip and a pack of smokes for his waitress, getting up and back on the prowl for more pranksters to punish.

