

## Arcade Zone (MTF TG Race Change AR)

By FoxFaceStories

### A Commission for Warden101

*Kyle is welcomed back to visit his old job at an Arcade Zone by his old employer Sandy. While he has moved on, he still is willing to make a courtesy call, despite not having an interest in returning that work. Unfortunately for him, his body and mind and even his identity slowly begin to change, as forces work to ensure that the newly female Keisha will be the perfect fit for the Arcade Zone!*

### Arcade Zone

It was the kind of hole-in-the-wall place that made you question if it was even legal. In fact, it sort of wasn't, as Kyle recalled. Employees were paid pretty well, but paperwork was scarce and he was certain that there was some tax-dodging going on under the table, since the payments went the same way too. Still, the Arcade Zone had a great retro vibe to it once you got past the game-filled front and the narrow entrance passage. Behind the bench and hidden register opened up a large backroom filled with food, soda, beer, snacks, and an endless amount of arcade machines that went all the way back to the early eighties. Neon lights and classic posters lined the walls, from *TRON* to *Jurassic Park* to *War Games*, and many of the machines reflected the same tastes. It was like stepping into the past, and in more ways than one for Kyle.

*Remember Kyle, he thought to himself. This is just a visit. Don't let Sandy sweet talk you.*

One of the cameras nestled in the ceiling turned his way. He had no doubt the older woman was already watching him, waiting for him to come in further so she could trap him with some deal. She was enterprising, that was for sure.

*Too bad. I've got a better job now, much as I enjoyed this one for a time.*

Besides, he'd heard the Arcade Zone had fallen on hard times, and the fact that some of the classic shooter machines had *Under Maintenance* signs on them was a clear sign of that fact. Maybe his old employer would just need some cheering up.

"Kyle Pratch! It's wonderful to see you!" came a voice.

Sure enough, out of the camera station out the back, came Sandy. She was an older woman in her sixties, with grey hair but a youthful, energetic manner to her. She wore eighties fashion just to suit the aesthetic, but she made it work.

"Sandy!" he exclaimed, moving to embrace her. "How have you been?"

“Oh, you know, you know,” she said. “Hard times. Can’t get reliable workers these days.”

“I can see the Arcade Zone has seen better days.”

She sighed. “Unfortunately, I can’t be here all the time now that I’m helping out with the grandchild.”

“Congratulations!”

“Oh, pish posh,” she said, batting aside the remark. “You noticed the store going to pot, so let’s talk about that. You always had sharp eyes, it’s why I was so sad to see you go.”

“Well, I helped out over the pandemic as much as I could.”

“And I greatly appreciate that, young man. My word, what are they feeding you at your new banking job? You’re far too thin!”

It was true, the ‘new’ job that Kyle had been in for over a year now certainly pushed him hard. It was in accounting, not banking, but it had its stresses. It was also better paying, with better prospects, and with his own strong work ethic he had managed to flourish there. Besides, as the joke often went: he *looked* like an accountant anyway. With his tall and thin frame, short black hair and professional glasses, the twenty six year old looked like a consummate numbers man. He certainly had an eye for detail.

“Oh trust me,” he said. “I’m liking the new job well enough.”

*Need to make that clear before she tries to wrangle me back into the old -*

“Can’t be as good as this one, though, right?” Sandy retorted quickly. “You must miss it a little. You had some good times here!”

“I did, Sandy, but my career is moving on, sadly. I can’t work at an arcade store forever. I’m nearly twenty five. And it did require a lot of energy and putting up with the loud arcade sounds, and I think I hit my limit.”

Sandy frowned. This clearly wasn’t going her way. “Are you sure you wouldn’t consider coming back part time? I just ask because we’re short staffed, and really need the help.”

“I’ll be honest, Sandy, I’ve heard it’s not going so great on a number of levels.”

She sighed. “Tito told you, didn’t he?”

“Yep. Sorry.”

Tito was his good friend, and one who still did occasional shifts at the Arcade Zone, though he too was slowly extracting himself from the place. Still, he kept Kyle in the loop.

“That rat!” she gasped, though clearly just in minor frustration. “Are you sure you can’t do a short-term basis? You were the golden goose, my boy. A perfect worker just when she needed you. I haven’t been able to find your like since.”

*Oh God, she’s guilt tripping me and buttering me up. I need to extract myself.*

“Look, I’ll keep in touch, Sandy. I can’t make any promises, okay. If you want to have a drink, I’m happy to do so, but let’s not talk work, alright?”

Sandy nodded. She was about to say something when suddenly someone new came in, another worker.

“No way,” Kyle said. “Roslyn?”

“Kyle! Holy shit, it’s great to see you!”

The two embraced. She had been hired before Kyle left, but the two had gotten on like a house on fire. She was a larger, huskier woman who could throw her weight around, drink more booze than you could believe and remain standing, and maintain order when needed. It was no wonder he’d seen her around as a police officer.

“Congrats on passing the academy,” he said. “You still here part-time?”

“Just part-time, baby,” she said.

“Oh God, not the baby thing again.”

She pinched his cheek. “Well, that’s what you are, kiddo. Our little polite baby. The cute one of the store!”

He pulled away her hand, chuckling. “You know I was at this place before you, right?”

“Yeah, but anyone who could hold as little alcohol as you gets to be the baby of the group, isn’t that right, Sandy?”

The older woman just muttered something exasperated, throwing up her hands. For a moment, there was a strange little green gleam, as if something had been hurled from her fingertips. Kyle couldn’t make out what she’d said, but it had almost sounded like another language.

*What did she just say? It almost sounded like some kind of -*

But then the arcade machines went off again as several customers entered, and it was time to head off anyway before Roslyn tried to make him lose another arm-wrestling contest.

“It’s been great to see you both,” he said. “But I best be away. All the best finding someone to work for you Sandy. I hope the Arcade Zone recovers.”

He hugged her goodbye, but something in her manner had changed.

“Don’t worry about me, young man. I have a feeling I’ll get the perfect worker soon.”

Kyle left through the narrow passageway, back into the modern world. His stomach gurgled a little as he left, and it felt a little strange to be leaving his old place of work. A little wrong, almost. He quickly shivered, trying to shake off the odd feeling. Maybe it was just the humidity in there, but his skin felt like it was crawling a little.

*Seriously, I didn’t even eat the popcorn, so why do my insides feel like they’re moving about? Ugh!*

He reached his car around the block, trying to block out those strange feelings, but they only started up again when he turned the key and found that the car wouldn't start.

"Great! Just my luck! I had it serviced only a month ago!"

He checked his watch. He had to be back at the firm in half an hour. Not enough time for public transportation, so he gave them a ring instead.

*"Johnson and Smithey Accounting, this is Sabrina speaking, how can I help you with our services today?"*

"Hey Sabrina, it's Kyle," he answered. "I'm sorry to say I'll be late back to work. Can you apologise to Steve for me? I'll stay late on the Feller papers to make up for it: car broke down is all."

There was a pause on the line

*"Sorry. Kyle who?"*

"Ha ha. Kyle Pratch, Sabrina. Can you pass that on to Steve?"

There was a longer pause. *"I'm sorry, we don't have an employee by that name here. I think you may have the wrong number."*

That strange feeling in his stomach twinged again. Twisted.

*What the hell is going on?*

He continued to badger her for several more minutes, growing increasingly agitated, but the woman on the other end - the woman he recognised as Sabrina by her distinctive nasally voice - simply claimed not to recognise him. When he was redirected to his manager Steve, he also didn't recognise Kyle, and eventually the call was terminated. By that point, Kyle was feeling incredibly agitated. He flipped open his wallet, hands shaking, and saw that his personal cards for work, including his key pass, no longer existed.

*What the fuck? What the actual fuck? How did this happen? How could they forget? I've been there a year!*

He swallowed, trying to get ahold of himself, despite the goosebumps on his skin and the odd tension in the muscles along his spine and lower back.

"What the hell am I going to do? How am I going to pay my bills?"

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After some time calming himself down and coming to terms with the weird sensations in his body - sensations he attributed to stress - Kyle got out of the car. He almost stumbled over at first, and it took him a moment to realise why. His legs felt different. Shorter, somehow, though that didn't make sense, right? And something was weird about his hips, because they were swinging wider than they should have.

"Nice walk, sweetheart!" a man shouted as he went the other way.

Kyle blushed, feeling totally embarrassed. He went even more red when someone whistled from behind him.

“Nice ass! Love to watch a good woman walk away!”

“I’m a dude, asshole!” Kyle snapped, and he had to collect himself.

*Jesus, what’s wrong with me? I never say stuff like that! Roslyn always made fun of me for being polite all the time. It’s why I get along with people at work - the work I used to have, anyway.*

Still he was on edge, and that was the only thing that could explain it. Worse, as he rounded the block, he felt that pressure in his rear and in his hips increase. It was like he was actively being *pumped* with contents, but when he looked over himself, nothing seemed to have changed. He’d always had a bit of a curvier figure for a man, he was certain of it. His thighs were maybe a little plumper than he was used to, but that sort of just happened on some days with water retention and stuff . . . or something. He adjusted his professional tan trouser slacks, which were feeling a little tight against his cheeks, but then he was hit by a wave of nausea, and that flickering green light returned to his vision.

*Nghhh . . . f-feel so w-weird.*

The feeling went away as soon as it had come, and suddenly his shorts were a lot more comfortable. Blue denim shorts had that feel, and they hugged his ass nicely, while accommodating his wider hips.

*Wait . . . shorts? Wasn’t I wearing . . . no.*

Something was wrong, Kyle was certain of it. But it was almost impossible to put a finger on just yet, so instead he followed his instincts and entered back into the Arcade Zone. To his embarrassment, he knocked into some of the chairs past the narrow entrance, bumping against them with his hips, and when he turned to fix one up his ass hit another, causing it to topple as well, as his cheeks to bounce a little.

“Oh God! I’m sorry!” he called out.

“Looks like someone has a wide load,” a customer sniggered over by the arcade slots. A couple of teenage boys were grinning weirdly in Kyle’s direction alongside the speaker.

“Geez, what a show!” another muttered.

“God, I wish I could knock over chairs like that,” a slim, pale woman complained to her friend. “And she looks all natural too.”

*She? What the hell are they looking at?*

But before Kyle could interrogate that thought, he spotted Sandy in her office and Roslyn nearby, keeping things running. He approached, trying to control his swaying hips, and ignoring the oddly warm sensation on his skin. It had to be his imagination, but it was

almost like the humidity in the Arcade Zone was baking him a little. His pale skin looked just a little darker beneath the neon lights.

"Holy shit!" Roslyn said, seeing him coming. "What the fuck happened to you, man? You look different. Are you wearing a suit or something?"

"What?"

"Your hips! Your ass, baby! Sweetheart, you've gained curves in the last hour, and that just doesn't happen!"

Kyle looked over himself. The music and flashing sounds and lights of the arcade continued all around him, but his focus was purely on his body. His mind felt foggy, but he was certain that Roslyn was correct: his body had indeed changed, and unnaturally at that. His hips, his ass, even the thickness of his thighs and his slightly-less-pale skin tone, they had *all changed*. And yet . . . he couldn't quite quantify *how*. It was like his brain was submersed in some swampy marsh, and he could only make out edges of something that was wrong.

"R-Roslyn," he said, his voice squeaking a little. "I think . . . I think something is happening to me. I don't understand. Please - I need your help!"

Roslyn's face shifted to concern, even as she looked over his changes with a little amusement. She took him by the hand and pulled him aside, calling out to one of the other part-time workers to man the counter. The powerful woman drew him into a quieter corner of the staff backroom and looked him over.

"Did you eat something? Drink something? Take something? You can tell me the last one: I'm not on duty right now and I promise I won't care."

Kyle just shook his head, shaking a little. That warmth across his body was still present, and it was making him a little bit lightheaded.

"Nothing, I swear. I just got in my car to go to work and it wouldn't start. And then I called work and they didn't recognise me at all, Roslyn. It's like I didn't exist for them."

"Where do you work?"

"An accounting firm. It's . . . oh God, I've forgotten its name!"

*How could I have forgotten where I work? None of this makes sense, it's like some weird nightmare. And now my chest and face are getting all itchy.*

Roslyn was still inspecting him when her eyes went wide. "Holy fucking shit, your eyebrows just changed."

"What?"

"They're thick! And shapely. Seriously, they look like a woman's set of eyebrows. And since when were your eyelashes so long?"

"They're not . . . I mean, haven't they always been a bit long?"

Once more, two versions of his body warred in his head. He clutched his temple, trying to think, ignoring the rush of anxiety in his heart.

“Oh God, what am I going to do?”

Roslyn put a hand on his shoulder. “Look, baby, my shift still has a few hours. I think you should stay with me, how about that? Something is going on, and we should monitor you.”

Kyle felt he should go to the hospital, until suddenly his thoughts hit a brick wall. *Why should I go to the hospital? They'll think I'm crazy! Besides, my body hasn't changed that much - I must be having a small reaction to something, and that's why Sabrina didn't recognise me on the phone. They must have thought I was an impersonator, since my voice is higher than usual.*

It even sounded like it had a slight street accent mixed in with it, a kind of sassy enthusiasm despite his state of confusion.

“Kyle? Did you hear me?” Roslyn asked.

“Huh?”

“I said, did you want to stay with me while I'm on shift? Just in case.”

He nodded, trying to swallow down his worries. They melted away, and he felt normal again. “Yeah,” he said. “Thanks Ros. That'd be good.”

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Kyle was able to put off his worries for a time while keeping close to Roslyn. She was, after all, a total hoot, and the two swapped stories of work and good times as they worked the Arcade Zone together. Sandy had approached and acknowledged Kyle, but didn't seem to view him strangely. Instead, she just smiled broadly, almost bouncing on the spot despite her older age.

“Kyle! Wonderful to have you back, sweetheart. Does this mean you're doing some shifts for us?”

He nodded awkwardly. “Um, just one or two while something weird gets figured out. Does . . . does anything look strange about me to you, Sandy?”

“Of course you do, Kyle. You're not wearing an Arcade Zone uniform. I'm sure it'll come in time as you return to us, though! Are you right to keep an eye on him, Roslyn?”

“Sure thing, boss.”

And she did, perhaps a little too closely. She continued to scan her eyes over his form, sometimes chuckling or noting little things that seemed odd to her, particularly how he definitely seemed less tall than he used to. Kyle certainly felt like he was short, but again that fog descended, making him unsure if he'd always been so short. His chest continued to itch,

and he scratched it often, which also had the effect of making Roslyn guffaw in that husky way of hers.

“Stop scratching or you’ll raise a bump!” she said. “You’ve already got your nipples flaring up. I swear, if you keep doing that you’ll almost need a training bra.”

“Sorry,” he said, always apologetic. “I’ll try to put a stop to it.”

“You just help me sort the raffles for tonight - we’re doing the giveaways for the regular customers and running some new competitions in the hopes of drawing some newbies. If you’ve got time, you can help me with the decorations for the outside: Sandy wants this place to look less like a hole in the wall and more like a fun place that’s nested away for people to discover.”

“Is there a difference?” Kyle asked, voice cracking a little. He rubbed his throat: his Adam’s apple seemed smoother than usual.

Roslyn shrugged. “Well, maybe not, but if we get a few more customers that become regulars, who knows? The place might stay afloat. Sandy keeps telling me that it’s an employee problem most of all: I do what I can, but she needs a full-time someone with ‘that spark’ who can keep people coming in. Between you and me, I think she also wants a bit of sex appeal, and someone who’s not white.”

“Not white?”

She shrugged again. “Our employee history isn’t massively diverse, and I think customers can notice that. Plus, I’m the only woman on staff and that new girl she hired is hopeless and likely to get the boot. And let’s face it, I’m not exactly a supermodel here. She wants a woman who can draw the male crowd while also appealing to the girl gamers.”

“Tough rope to walk.”

“Yeah,” Roslyn said, looking him over again. “Yeah . . . maybe. Say, how do you feel? Heard from your work.”

“Nothing from work, and I still feel weird,” he admitted, scratching his chest idly. His nipples really did seem puffy, and his hands and feet were oddly compressed, though he reasoned the latter was because he was working the raffles through the machine. “Do I look strange?”

Roslyn grinned, looking left and right to make sure no customer was listening. “I won’t lie, baby, you’re looking pretty cute all of a sudden. I didn’t realise you had such an itty bitty waist and little shoulders. If I didn’t know better, I’d say you were getting an hourglass figure.”

Kyle looked down at himself. *Did my shirt somehow get tighter? I swear it’s clinging to me a lot more than it should. Shoot, that means I lost my coat at some point - it better be in the lost and found box.*



But he couldn't deny that Roslyn's words were true. His waist, which had been under a continual pressure for the last hour of his unintentional shift work, had seemingly contracted inwards. It contrasted with his widened hips, which by this point looked positively womanly, arching outwards so that they were not only the image of femininity, but *fertility* as well. The effect was only pronounced by his newly delectable rear, which bounced with each step in his tight denim shorts.

"What? H-how?"

"I have no clue, dude, but this is getting strange. Kinda hot though. Maybe it's just my lesbian radar going off, because seriously, you're looking a bit like a chick from the waist down - were you hairy before?"

He lifted his shirt slightly. The skin was slightly darker than normal, almost a light olive tone, but what's more was how smooth the skin was. He'd never been a strong man, being quite thin, but now he didn't even have a masculine hair there. He was hesitant to look at his chest at all.

"I had more hair than this . . . I think. I'm sure. Maybe!"

Roslyn winced. "Baby, something strange is happening to you. Maybe you shouldn't stick with me, especially since - no offence - this is the most interesting thing that's happened in ages, and I'm getting morbidly curious. Maybe you need to get to the hospital and-"

"No!"

Roslyn, big and powerful as she was, actually held up her hands in a placating gesture. Kyle didn't even know what to say - several customers who were on the gun arcade machines and one on the *Dance Dance Revolution* set briefly looked his way. It had been a loud outburst.

*Where had that even come from? I should go to the hospital, or a mental ward! Something is weird and it's like I'm being blocked from even considering getting proper help!*

But the draw of the Arcade Zone was too great. He couldn't explain it, but just a little over an hour into spending time there with Roslyn and he felt like he was riding high. The sights and sounds of this little hole-in-the-wall place, the dark atmosphere, the smell of popcorn being continually made, the sound of friends and regulars cheering as they tried to match their high scores, it was all so . . .

*Intoxicating*, he thought. *Like coming home. How did I not see how amazing this place was before? Who cares how shady it is, when it has this wonderful eighties vibe. This throwback. God, it makes me just want to cheer the customers along myself, and go around and offer drinks and - and -*

“Not yet, I mean,” he said, realising Roslyn was still looking at him. “I’m just having a bad day or something. Let’s just go to the end of the shift and then I’ll have helped out Sandy and I can get help if needed then.”

Roslyn looked him up and down, and again there was a mischievous curiosity in her eye. “Sure thing, man. I mean, it’s not the weirdest thing I’ve seen, but most of the weird shit I see is while walking my new beat. But if this keeps going it’ll take the cake, sweet cheeks.”

“Sweet cheeks? Seriously?”

She stepped past him, and slapped him on the butt. It took a moment for the wobble to subside. Kyle was shocked, but she just gave him a teasing grin.

“Sweet. Cheeks.”

Kyle went red, and patted his rear down before collecting himself. A couple of customers had seen what had just transpired. The worst part was that it had felt weirdly funny. Almost nice.

*What would it be like if a dude slapped my ass, though? Mhmm . . . wait, what the hell am I thinking?*

He once again pushed the alien thoughts to one side and got back to work. He just needed to focus, at least that was his impression. The firm was playing some prank on him, or maybe there was a reshuffle he wasn’t aware of, and whatever reaction he was having made them mistake him.

*It doesn’t add up. But then neither does the fact that my fingernails are getting longer. Seriously, they’re starting to look hella cute!*

They were indeed: his toenails were also becoming neater, not that he could see them, but he could certainly feel that same series of pressures slowly conforming them down to a more dainty size. He should have been in more of a panic, but again that strange block descended, that fog that made this huge deal seem less like one, and so he focused on his work.

He was back in the Arcade Zone, and that’s where his mind was now too.

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Kyle *sang*. He’d been on shift for three hours, and the afternoon busy period had begun with lots of students - high school and college - descending upon the arcade. He could see now why Sandy was in need of more staff, because they felt understaffed as it was. Thankfully, he was bringing his old devotion to the fore, the strident duty to keep things running smoothly that had made him the so-called ‘golden goose.’

And part of that was the *karaoke*.

Roslyn helped him set it up, amused all the while at his changing body. He didn't find it nearly so amusing, but increasingly it was hard to ignore all the little changes, and the bigger ones. They were on display at that moment as he started the first song, belting out *Livin' on a Prayer* by Bon Jovi so that the rest of the small crowd would gain the courage to join in. He shook his hips with enthusiasm, stamped his legs upon the floor so that his lovely thighs were similarly on display. He even turned on the spot, shaking his ass in a way he *never* would have before. In fact, he'd never actually *sung* karaoke before, not even when he was in charge of the system when he'd worked here. He'd always been much more soft spoken, and never prone to being so outlandish.

But the people were enjoying it now, especially with the way his longer black hair swished from side to side, and his chest jiggled just slightly. He wasn't even certain when he'd blossomed a slight bustline, but his chest had expanded subtly, his nipples becoming obviously pronounced through an increasingly tight shirt. It didn't make sense - at no point had Sandy or Roslyn produced an *Arcade Zone Drone* t-shirt, the official uniform of the employees, but he was wearing one now anyway, and it hugged his features, showing off his smaller shoulders.

"This is hilarious!" Roslyn shouted. "You're actually staying on key, and you look amazing! Girl, you *are* amazing!"

Kyle giggled, grinning from ear to ear as he got back to the chorus. He pumped his fist in the air, and several others cheered.

"Hell yeah! This new chick is great!" someone shouted.

The comment was wrong - he was a guy after all - but it made him feel all gooey and nice inside. Enthusiastic. Keen. Maybe even sort of . . . pretty.

*I guess I am sort of a pretty boy, albeit a curvy one. With these hips and this butt, no wonder some of these people think I'm a woman! I'll have to cut my hair to make it more obvious, maybe grow some whiskers.*

But for now, he simply relished the attention, swaying and singing and hitting all the notes with rampant enthusiasm. It was enough to belt some sounds right out of the entrance, and some curious individuals came in visiting. Even through the music, she could hear their low buzz of interest.

"Had no idea this place was here."

"Man, this is totally retro."

"Who's the hottie? No way, is she an employee? Nice!"

She finished the last belter and raised the microphone in the air to the applause of the crowd. Even Sandy had joined, and she clapped enthusiastically with a gleam in her eye.

"Nicely done, Kyle!" she announced. "I told you that you need to come back here. Imagine how things will be with your kind of body and that kind of enthusiasm!"

He blushed a little, looking down at himself.

"I don't know about that, Sandy," he said as the next person - a customer this time - paid the small fee to give the karaoke platform a go. "Today's been really weird. Something's off about my body and I can't figure out what, but Roslyn keeps teasing me over it."

"You look just fine to me, honey. Beautiful, even! I wish I had your curves when I was younger - and the customers seem to love it too!"

*Don't they just? Since when did people go gaga for my body? None of this makes sense, and yet it all feels kinda . . . nice.*

For just a moment, he saw a brief flash of crystalline green light flash in his vision, just as he had a couple of times before. A snapshot period of lucidity came over him, sending him reeling. The fog dropped, and the transforming man was instantly aware of just how wrong everything was with his body. The pressures, the strange sensations, the churning in his gut, the pressing sensation in his slightly jiggly chest. All of it was unnatural. It was feminine.

*Oh God, is that what's happening to me? Am I becoming a girl? But why is my skin darker? Why is my hair getting longer? What the fuck do I do?*

"S-sorry Sandy, I just need to go to the bathroom for m-moment."

He pushed past the old woman before she could say anything, though she didn't seem all that surprised at his hurry. He made his way through the rush hour of the arcade, embarrassingly bumping several customers with his wide hips, having to apologise more than once. He made straight for the bathroom, and without even thinking he went into the female entrance. Kyle winced briefly, but it was too late. He needed to see himself.

"Holy fuck, I look like a chick. Or at least, mostly one."

It was no exaggeration either: Kyle had changed more than he thought. His face was smoother, possessing not a single hair or five o'clock shadow. His face had become a little wider, losing its thinness and taking on a healthy heart-shape. His nose had widened, lips expanded to become fuller, and his few traces of acne had disappeared entirely, leaving his skin perfect. His hair was now down to level with his chin, and it looked like it had been artificially straightened, and professionally at that. Even his eyes were darker, no longer blue but a rich brown. His skin was also turning brown. It was certainly beyond what one would call 'light olive' now. He actually looked fairly pretty. Younger too: perhaps around twenty years old, and far less tired. Exuberant, even.

*No wonder they were calling me a chick, and Roslyn was teasing me about seeming girly. I am becoming girly. Fuck, I'm growing tits and everything!*

He pressed his hands on his chest and winced. They were small, probably only A-cups, and more noticeably as breasts simply because of the large nipples that were showing through the shirt. But they were definitely breasts, and large enough to jiggle slightly

when he moved. It was a confronting change, but not the only one: he had lost several inches of height so that he was now little more than five-foot-seven or so, and his shoulders had likewise shrunk. His waist had already been ascertained to be much smaller, just as his hips were 'wide with pride' as Roslyn had joked, but it was only with the full effect that he saw what a perfect hourglass his figure had gained, as well as a set of legs that could be described as 'killer.'

Slowly, tentatively, he lowered a hand down to between his legs.

*Please, please, please still be there. Be there still! Oh thank God!*

His member had definitely shrunk, but it was there. Still, the reduction in size left him feeling panicking once more. He quickly reached for his phone, his daintified female hands struggle with the unlock function due to his nails having extensions.

"This is crazy. Gotta talk to Tito. Maybe he knows what's going on. Maybe he knows something about this while he was keeping tabs."

His friend picked up on the third ring. *"Hello? Whose number is this?"*

"Dude, it's me, Kyle."

*"Kyle? This isn't your number. Wait, what's up with your voice? You seriously sound like a girl or something. Don't tell me Sandy roped you into filling up helium balloons or something, ha!"*

Kyle winced. He really was starting to sound more like a woman than a man. Easily so, in fact. He just had to hope that Tito didn't think that, because at least he knew that Kyle existed, unlike his workplace, somehow.

"Look man, I just need to ask if you know if anything weird has gone down at the Arcade lately. Like, is there anything in the air or drinks or food that's caused . . . changes."

There was a pause on the other end of the line. *"Are you on drugs right now?"*

"Dude, no!"

*"It's just you sound like you're panicking through a bad trip or something, and your voice is all weird. I thought you had your job at the accounting firm?"*

"I did! They can't remember me! Or they didn't recognise my number, like you. This is my number, man."

*"Dude, this number says it's from someone called Keisha. Isn't she the new hire at the Arcade Zone? Is that what this is about? Did you find a new cute girl and you're all flustered or something?"*

"No! Nothing like that, it's - ohhhhh!"

Another pause. *"Dude, that sounded like a sex act. Is that her?"*

"No, it's - ahhhh, oh G-God! Ohhhh, the pressure! My t-tits!"

*“What? Okay, that was definitely a woman. Dude, you enjoy whatever that is, but I’ve got to hang up before my boss hears that I’m listening to softcore porn. Enjoy the trip, or whatever’s going on there.”*

“No! Dude, it’s not like that! I’m - ahhhh! Oh G-God!”

The phone call ended with one last apology from his friend, and perhaps that was a good thing, because by that point Kyle’s body was in the full flush of heat. The pressure in his chest was sensational, but there was tension elsewhere, including in his groin too. He moaned furiously, salivating at the series of pressures. He was about to cry out for help, for someone to call an ambulance, but then the mere thought of making his problems official caused the fog to descend once more, returning as quickly as it had briefly lifted. It was accompanied by another series of urges: a desperate need to grow, and change, and diminish in different areas of his body.

“Ohhhhh,” he moaned, clutching his flat stomach. “Nngh . . . it’s s-strong. Why is this happening to me? Why can’t I think about l-leaving!?”

*Because I can’t leave. My shift isn’t over, and I need to make this place a success again. I need to take drinks out to everyone, get food orders, and fix those damn broken machines - even if my body is turning into a woman’s!*

The compulsion was overriding, the temptation irresistible. Kyle scraped against the wall as he exited, momentarily overcome by a reverse-growth spurt that left him an adorable five-foot-five, slightly shorter than the average woman. His clothes shifted to accompany his new figure, his shirt rising up to reveal his perfect midriff. There was a brief stab of pain, and suddenly there was a small sparkling stud in his belly button. Green lights flashed in his vision, just as they had several times previously.

“Holy shit, this is just insane. I’ll deal with this . . . once I’ve done the rounds.”

Roslyn’s jaw fell as he moved out, hips sashaying from side to side.

“Baby, I know you’re going to say no, but this is getting crazy. Seriously, you look like a hot chi-”

“I know, I know! And I think I’m turning black as well!”

“Turning? Girl, you are mixed race at the very least! And with curves to match! Hot damn, this is almost hilarious.”

“Not to me!” Kyle cried. “Everything’s changing, but I can’t think my way through it, and my chest is - NNGH! MMMHH!!”

Several customers looked her way, and a couple of them murmured in surprise at what they must have assumed was a strange performance. But for Kyle it was all too real: the pressure in his chest and nipples finally gave way, and a faster change came than ever before. His little A-cup tits that he’d tried to deny, aided by the mind fog, suddenly surged forth, growing in weight and size and perfection. He grasped them, moaning, unable to fight

back against the delirious pleasure of their growth. In fact, his mind *welcomed* their expansion, eliciting a wide smile as they grew and grew, first to B-cups and then to larger C-cups. Magically, a bra encased them, hiding his increasingly sensitive nipples, and causing his bust to push upwards to form a tantalising outline that was outlined by his tight shirt.

“Oh, s-so big! Mhmmm!!! It f-feels so good!”

“Holy hell,” Roslyn remarked, doing her best to cover Kyle from several onlookers. “This is really happening. Hot damn, the baby of the group just grew a set of *babies*. Damn! Are you even a man any more?”

“N-not for l-long! Gotta see Sandy. I th-think she had something to do with this! Quick, before I grow a v-vagina!”

He said the last part a little *too* loud, and Roslyn had to help smuggle Kyle away. Several people left, and for some reason that made the changing individual panic.

*No! Can't have people leave! Need to do my job first, then confront Sandy. Just need to m-make sure that business is booming first! D-don't care if these big, beautiful black tits get even bigger!*

They were still a little sore, after all. Still filled with the promise of expansion. Roslyn let him go, and Kyle got the sense that it was just as much out of bewildered curiosity than anything. She even laughed.

“This is crazy! I guess we'll see how this goes - maybe you'll end up one stacked chick, Kyle!”

But Kyle was barely listening to her jokes, because he felt a deep-seated need to visit every station, check every machine, take every drink and food order. It was a borderline addiction, born of a need to make sure the store was working not just like a finely tuned machine, but the kind of machine that entranced customers to tell all their friends. She moved from one person to the next, laughing and smiling and being both polite and - weirdly enough - slightly flirty. She stuck out her new chest, a chest that was wobbling in her bra and still felt quite foreign. She swayed her hips and moved in a bouncy, ecstatic way. She recommended games, gave away the raffle tickets to regular customers, and generally played the part of the perfect employee, even more than she ever had as a man several years ago. Roslyn continued to cross paths with her when she wasn't manning the main counter, occasionally taking pictures for the hell of it, several of which Kyle spontaneously posed with.

“You're having way too much fun for someone who is magically changing,” Roslyn joked.

“I know! It doesn’t make sense, but I just feel so alive. It’s so great to be back, but it shouldn’t be! Ugh, my brain is getting turned upside down! I need to see Sandy . . . once I’ve fixed this machine.”

She’d never been able to maintain one of the machines in her life, but here she was now with the supernatural knowledge of how to fix the *Indiana Jones and the Raiders of the Lost Ark* pinball machine. And she was doing a damn fine job with it too, because after checking over the electronics and opening up the back, she managed to get it functioning again, and soon several customers clapped at her sheer inventiveness. At least, that’s what she thought.

“You were bending over while fixing it,” Roslyn said with a laugh. “They were cheering on the sight more than anything.”

Kyle blushed, feeling quite awkward. “Well, at least it’s fixed. Sandy’s been hiding in her office, but I need to see her. I know she has something to do with this.”

“Are you sure? I’ve never seen her do anything like this, and I’ve been here longer than you now. It could just be that -”

“No! I know it’s her! I know because - Ohhhhh! Every time I think about confronting her, or trying to get out of this situation, or not being a perfect employee, I s-start to ch-change more! Like right n-now!”

“Quick, let’s get you to the change room. Ha, the change room, get it?”

But Kyle shook his head. “N-no! Sandy’s office. I can push through the mind fog. Need to kn-know why this is happening to m-me! Please!”

Roslyn helped her over there, knocking on the door. Kyle managed to suppress his moans, and the place was running itself for now, though Roslyn would need to head back to man the counter any moment now. Even as they waited for Sandy to open the office door, Kyle continued to transform. His breasts blossomed into an even great bustline, the bra growing to accommodate. He moaned under his breast, groping and squeezing his enlarging tits with almost wild abandon. They felt magnificent, like big, heavy cantaloupes desperate for attention. They raced past the D-cup range and skipped straight past E-cups until she had a ripe set of what had to be F-cups. Somehow, he knew that’s how big they were. His hips spread just a little wider, his ass a tiny bit bigger, and his hair cascading down to his shoulder blades. His skin darkened yet further, turning a rich brown mocha that was free of blemish, utterly enticing.

*Oh God, I’m a black woman. Almost a black woman. I just need a v-ohhhh!!*

And then, in mere moments, as Sandy opened the door, he had one. His shrinking cock pulled back into his body with ease, leaving a slick tunnel behind, and his balls followed after. Sandy looked at him with an expression that was surprised, but not as surprised as it should have been.



“Ohhhhhhhh!!” Kyle managed, as his testicles unfurled into what had to be ovaries deeper in his body, connected now to the womb that had long been churning into existence all shift. “Sandy! You d-did this!”

Roslyn bit her lip. “Um, I might go man the counter. You two have a chat. This is way too hard for me to explain, and my shift is nearly over anyway.”

Sandy looked the new female up and down as she panted. “Well, Kyle, I must say “Keisha,” she moaned, whimpering as her lower lip expanded, and her skin darkened one final time. Two cute earrings manifested in her ears, and makeup settled on her lips and around her eyes. “My n-name is Keisha. I mean, it’s Keisha. No, I’m Keisha. What the heck? Why can’t I say my name? It’s meant to be Keisha!”

But that wasn’t the only change in the transforming man’s mind. His entire identity was altering right before his boss’s eyes, and the dancing green lights appeared in his vision as if to facilitate this change. The new Keisha was not just a female in name, but in mind too, because suddenly it was impossible for her *not* to think of herself as a woman. She was female, and that was that. It was wrong, and right, and unnatural and natural all at once.

“Ah,” Sandy says, “I’d guess things are coming to an end then. You’d best step inside before people hear over the ambient music and start asking questions.”

“I’m asking questions! Why am I, like, a girl? God, why am I, like, saying like now?”

Another suite of mental adjustments flooded over her, and she had to take the seat that Sandy kindly offered. Her larger butt cushioned the awkward collapse, reminding her again how utterly curvaceous her new form now was. Between her thighs was a distinct absence, but her chest bounced heavily, a product of two very impressive tits that were outlined by her tight black shirt. She suddenly felt a weird need to show them off, and the rest of her body. To pose a little for others, and to look sexy and feminine at all times. To make customers happy at the sight of her, and to beam and giggle and laugh at their remarks, enticing them to keep returning. She couldn’t say for certain whether her intelligence had lowered, but it felt like at least some of her skill in accounting dribbled away and reformed elsewhere in her brain to become an impressive set of confident social skills. The kind that could grin and laugh and *woo*.

*Oh, this is not good. This is not good at all. Please don’t tell me I’m into guys now.*

She tried to imagine the world’s sexiest image, and instead of it being a voluptuous blonde - or even a dark-skinned beauty like herself - instead she imagined a cute, nerdy guy with an impressive figure and set of glasses like she used to own. The hot nerd type that mainly existed in fiction, but that her new body and mind thirsted over. Just the thought of such a man elicited an unintentional moan from her, as well as making her nipples hard and sensitive.

“Ohhhh, I don’t want to be into sexy boys!” she whined.

“Sorry, it’s a side effect, I imagine,” Sandy said.

“So you do admit it! You totally changed me into a girl. A black girl! A sexy black girl who wants to work at Arcade Zone again! Why!?”

Sandy smirked, though her expression wasn’t without compassion. “I think you’ve answered your own question there, Keisha.”

“My name’s not Keisha. It’s Keisha.”

“Uh-huh. Look, dearie, everyone knows you were the star employee here a couple of years ago. You were polite, professional, went the extra mile, and you were wholly devoted to the store’s success. And more than that, you took on full-time hours in a business that struggles to do such, and were willing to look past some of the, er, more shady payment practices I indulged in while I was struggling to keep the place afloat. Rest assured the pay schemes are much more legitimate now, and will remain so once this place sees success. And it will succeed, now that it has a perfect employee in you.”

*Wait, this was just about me coming back to work here?*

“But why am I a girl? A black girl with big boobs? Why do I have to like guys? And how did you even change me at all? God, please tell me I’m not gonna be a total bimbo or anything.”

Sandy chuckled, and rested a hand on the new woman’s shoulder. “Rest assured, you’re still mostly you, Keisha, just a bolder, more confident, and more social you, with some talents redistributed elsewhere.” At this, she eyed the ‘talents’ that were Keisha’s chest and hips. Keisha experienced a brief surge of personal pride before catching herself.

“Look, I almost didn’t expect this to work!” Sandy continued. “I certainly didn’t even expect to use it at all; I’d really held out hopes that you’d come back to work for us, Keisha. But I visited a strange little lady who runs the most magnificent tea shop across the country a few weeks back and talked to her about my troubles, and she gave me a little incantation and a talisman that exploded into little green lights when I spoke the right words to change someone into the perfect employee. I knew it had to be you: the magic would only work on someone who had shown themselves to excel previously.”

Keisha gestured to herself. “But I’m a woman now! And a different race! I even sound like I’m from a different neighbourhood - and that dude out there is pretty hot to me now! Ugh, this is so weird!”

Sandy blushed. “Well, I didn’t quite intend for all *that* to change, but I think you’ve probably figured it out as well and don’t want to admit it. A gorgeous young woman with curves will draw a crowd at the counter, and all of my employees - as well as myself - are white, so you’ve got a diversity element now. Plus, you being into men makes you attainable for the largest part of our clientele: men. But it also means you can be a social butterfly with the ladies and help draw the women in.”

*Damn, Roslyn had it totally right. I really am a total catch not just for hunky dudes, but for this place in general. I know I would have struggled to leave in the first place if I had a coworker this delicious working alongside me. Hell, even Roslyn finds me hot, and she's totally butch.*

Keisha put her head in her hands. "What do I do to, like, turn back?"

"That's the thing, Keisha, there really isn't a way to do that, I'm afraid."

"What?" She launched her head back up, then launched to her feet. "You can't - I can't believe this!"

Sandy gave an apologetic, rather sheepish looking grin. "Like, I said, I need my golden goose back. I swear I didn't intend to make you all of this, but you can't deny you aren't happy with the results, right? I mean, you've been singing, and performing the Friday night raffle, and smiling from ear to ear while you've been turning into Keisha, not to mention you've been making the place boom in just a few short hours. And you admit that you feel like a woman now, right?"

*I can't believe it, but she's speaking the truth. I do feel like a woman, all thanks to that crazy magic. I'm Keisha, not Kyle. And I can't help but be proud of this totally rad tits, and my amazing ass. God, I actually want to pose and have fun and dress up girly and attractive. What's wrong with me?*

The concern was there, and the annoyance at being manipulated. But the change was permanent, and Sandy wasn't much one for deception: there was a reason she'd been hiding away in the office the last few hours, and Keisha had not doubt that it was because she would have given the game away early with her terrible poker face.

*This is really me now, for life. I'm a black woman. A woman. And black. And curvaceous as hell. I jiggle when I walk, and I always will. I'll wear bras, and look pretty, and accessorise, and be a big social butterfly who giggles and laughs and draws a crowd. I'll probably even date dudes - eewwww, but weirdly hot. Super hot. Fuck, I'll probably have sex with men when I eventually give in. Take their big cocks in my pussy, like a woman!*

She tried to keep a straight face in front of Sandy. The older woman was wisely saying nothing, and simply letting Keisha come to terms with her new future. Despite herself, despite the anger and anxiety and uncertainty over her new permanent body, Keisha couldn't help but smile a little at that string of thoughts. She shouldn't have, she knew it. And yet . . .

*Maybe it will actually be pretty fun working here again. I bet I can really make this place blow up now that I'm a hot girl.*

This time, the thought was not so easily suppressed.

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Business was booming at the Arcade Zone. It was no longer just some hole-in-the-wall establishment, but had a vibrant and colourful marketing courtesy of its most devoted employee: Keisha Shacks. She had been working there four months already and already made some major changes and splashes, and certainly there was a not-insignificant crowd that liked to drop by just to see her - female friends as well as men who loved to watch her move and flirt, something she had become damn good at.

It had taken time to get used to her new role, as well as her seemingly magical need to work her impressive butt off to make the Arcade Zone the awesome eighties throwback bonanza it was today. With her sexy pear-shape courtesy of her incredible hips and immense ass, she took full advantage of her figure by wearing lots of leggings, yoga pants, and tank tops with the *Arcade Zone Drone* logo. It not only served as a draw for men, but was stylish and sexy in its own right, and empowered the former man, making her feel increasingly good about the life she had been unwillingly forced into, but now embraced.

There were other things to be happy about as well. Roslyn and she remained close friends, the former still finding Keisha's situation hilarious and adorable and sexy all at once, which at least gave Keisha ammunition to tease her back with, especially when she wore her set of daringly short cocktail dresses for Saturday Night Karaoke. The two sang together, and Keisha was getting better and better at hitting the high notes the more that she embraced her voice.

Of course, being a woman was still pretty strange to the former man. Beyond just the hygiene, and makeup, and fashion, and how men looked at her, there was also the fact of her new identity. She was no longer Kyle Pratch, but to her surprise Kyle had not disappeared either. The man she once was had been listed as missing, and his old accounting firm had eventually replaced him after a sad notice about his possible fate. It seemed that when the magic finally 'sealed' and Keisha's fate became permanent, some kind of Schrodinger's Cat scenario finally ended, and their two identities were split. Thankfully, Sandy and Roslyn knew who she was: one had caused the change, and the other had witnessed it. So it was a little secret between the three women, and one easily maintained: who would believe them?

Occasionally, Keisha would wonder about trying to track down the strange witch seller who had given Sandy the trinket that caused this massive life transformation. But the truth was, it was hard to imagine going back. She felt so alive working at the Arcade Zone, cultivating the customer base, having fun on the machines in her own spare time, and savouring the sounds and smells and ambience of the throwback location. There was a feeling of success in being its most loyal worker, and the one most responsible for helping grow an originally failing business. But more than that, her original self had faded. It wasn't

gone, but Kyle's personality traits had been overtaken by Keisha's, and it was so much easier to be her instead. She found herself occasionally forgetting the habits and hobbies and even sayings she once had, instead finding new ones. Even her accounting skills slowly waned until it was just a small facet of herself, lost in the miasma of her new essence. Her new soul.

Besides, beyond fully embracing her new self and letting go parts of the old, Sandy had also appointed her as floor manager and upped her pay. It wasn't accountant money, but it was more than enough for her needs, which now included cute clothing to show off her fantastic lower half. Still, there were some things she missed, and people, since the 'real' Kyle was considered missing.

Which was why she was ecstatic and nervous when her friend Tito ended up rejoining the Arcade Zone after hearing of its success following his own job's closure. He came back in a few days after the four month anniversary of the 'birth' of Keisha, wearing an *Arcade Zone Drone* shirt and ready for duty. She'd never quite realised how handsome her friend was until that moment: he had nice olive skin and dashing black hair that fell in waves around his ears. His smile was slightly lopsided, but it had a confidence to it that was quite attractive. This was not to mention the fact that he was now taller than her and had clearly been working out recently: he'd gained weight in all the right muscular places. Suffice to say, while Keisha had been quite flirty over the past few months with a number of men, she hadn't taken any further steps than that: it had seemed too much. It was one last thing she hoped to let go and consciously forget: her male pride and its hesitation. Already, she could feel it coming loose.

Which was a good thing: Tito had her attention, and she clearly had his. She arrived to work slightly after him, wondering what she would even say, or if she could even rebuild a connection given that he didn't know her past.

"You're looking a little dreamy there," she remarked playfully as he stared off into space.

Tito looked up and smile. "Oh, hey there. You're Keisha, right?"

His eyes lingered on her form, and she felt that same swell of pride as he noticed her awesome hips and rear - she turned a little to the side just so he could see her derriere a little better. Placing a hand on her hip was just the cherry on top.

"That's me!" she announced. "And you must be Tito. I've heard great things about you from Sandy. Big videogamer, right?"

He chuckled. "I used to be. I don't play as much anymore since my friend disappeared."

"Is that the, uh, Kyle guy?"

He looked momentarily despondent. "Yeah, that's him."

"I've heard he was a real, like, polite guy and stuff. Sandy and Roslyn speak real highly of him. I kinda feel like I know him a little just from what people say."

*Man, sometimes it's easy to forget I was Kyle. So easy . . . like it was another time. Another reality.*

Tito chuckled. "Yeah, he was great. A real good friend. I think he just got tangled up in some weird stuff, maybe. Had a nervous breakdown. I'm sure he's okay and out there, just finding a new path."

"You might be more right than you think," she said, cryptically. Then she broke into a broad grin. "But hey, I hope you're enjoying your time here at the Zone. It's real swell."

He perked up a little. "You're not wrong! This place is unrecognisable. I couldn't believe it - and the pay is actually over the table and not too bad now! I might stay for a bit."

"You should," she said, grinning. She leaned a little closer to him. "We need more cute boys on staff. And you sure are cute."

*Holy moly, I'm actually flirting with my best friend. He's just, like, pretty damn hot is all. God, why am I getting horny for him of all people?*

But it made sense. Tito had always been confident, relaxed, and down-to-earth in a masculine way, while also being able to party and have fun. *Exactly* the kind of guy Keisha would go wet between the thighs for. In many ways, it was like meeting him for the first time again, only now she had a hunger.

*And God knows I've been waiting waaaaay too long to finally dip my toes into this pond. Mhmm. Those biceps . . .*

He looked at her, clearly quite surprised by how forward she was being. Still, he managed to mask it with a smirk.

"Oh, you think I'm cute, do you?"

"Hmm, maybe just a little. I do like guys with nice strong muscles, and Roslyn says you're a real gem. I trust Roslyn's word."

"She is a good one. And I have to say, you're not bad on the eyes either. I'd heard that there was an amazing new worker helping run the show here, but you are something else."

She thrust out her chest a little. Whatever sense of embarrassment she'd had was now lost in the newfound interest she had in her friend. *Maybe this is how we can reconnect? Just a little more . . . closely, than before.* She bit her lip in a cute manner at that thought.

"Well, anytime you want to get together and talk about how cute we both are and what we want to do about that, I'm available," she said, adding some extra sauce to her already saucy voice. She brushed a hand over his shoulder and squeezed his bicep slightly.

She could tell he was turning her on, so she even brushed her hip against his as she sidled past.

*Got him*, she thought proudly to herself. *I bet he won't even be able to - Oooh!*

She turned, shocked at the audacity of her friend: he'd just rather daringly smacked her on the butt! It was a light, playful smack, and for a moment she had no idea what to say, particularly since she'd let out a light squeal.

"Oh, you are *bad*," she said.

"Sorry, couldn't help myself," he said. "You were coming on pretty hard."

"You'll have to make it up to me. We've got, like, really strict rules about sexual harassment here." She said this with a grin.

Tito folded his arms. "How about a date? My treat?"

Keisha took a deep breath. She already felt warm and tingly inside. She'd changed so much, but in the end she'd come full circle back to where she started at the Arcade Zone, with Sandy and Roslyn and now Tito again. There were just . . . extra perks to enjoy.

"You're on, big boy," she said, grinning cheekily. She was a new woman, and Kyle was a thing of the past. And why not indulge in a little fun with her new bimbo side?

The arcade machines weren't the only things that wanted their buttons pressed.

**The End**