

Amalgamation (Man to Hot Girl TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Pikaweed

Isaac is just a normal, slightly nerdy and introverted guy heading across campus. But something ethereal is in the wind, and when he passes a group of girls discussing their favourite beauty traits and features, he finds himself quickly developing all the best of those features, much to his shock!

Amalgamation

“Late for the lecture, again!”

Isaac ran his hands through hair as he tried to move quickly across the calming green park area of the university campus. He was only twenty years old, and while he had been at university for over a year now, this really felt like the time when things should have been coming together. He was studying programming, and you could tell just to look at him: he was slightly short with mousy brown hair and a plain face, and a set of glasses that seemed to scream ‘nerd!’ He wore a button shirt and jeans, and tended not to look up very much when he walked, a fact he knew was likely because of his own introversion.

“How could this happen?” he muttered to himself, picking up speed only to slow down again when some peers chuckled in his direction. “I was just playing one mission! It was only meant to be twenty minutes!”

His weakness, of course, had been video games. His dorm room had a decent online set up, and he’d lost track of time. The same had happened the other week watching Youtube videos on all sorts of geeky topics, ranging from an explanation of quantum physics to clips from *Monty Python*. As long as there was a good distraction, Isaac was likely to get caught up in it. And his programming lecturer had already reminded him multiple times not to come late to a lecture again, or he would be referred. The course had a minimum amount of hours one needed to be present in-lecture for, after all.

“Shit, please let him be running late!”

He was only halfway across the campus greens, and they were mostly empty. It was just before midday, when most students were at their middle-subject lectures. Not many students had frees during this time. Not many, that was, except for the group of girls who were chatting under the shade of the central campus park tree, laughing and giggling and exchanging anecdotes.

Isaac couldn’t help himself: for once, he actually looked up. He had only been on a few dates, had only had sex with a girl once (not that it had been impressive on his part, or

hers), but that didn't stop him from being fascinated with the female sex. Quite the opposite, in fact. And these girls were among the most beautiful on campus. They were popular, cheerful, easy-going, and intelligent. Quite the recipe for success. As such, despite his intent on making it to class just in time, he slows his path as he walked past them. They were turned from his view mostly, but that only meant he could linger his gaze upon their lovely forms, imagining a life where he had the courage - and the proper body and demeanour - to actually get them interested. Not that they probably would be: they were also part of the Lesbian and Bisexual Women Alliance Club, and he wasn't about to try and figure out which ones were bi, at least. So instead, he just slowed down and looked, overhearing parts of their conversation.

"As if, Chantelle! Seriously, you look gorgeous. Out of all of us, you totally have the most flawless skin. You're blemish free, and you have that cute little beauty spot on your cheek. Don't you dare get rid of it; it's beautiful!"

Chantelle gave her beaming thanks. It was true, the dark-skinned woman did have the most gorgeous skin, like that of a model's. At the very moment he was appreciating it, there was a shift in the wind around Isaac. He would never know this, but sometimes a magical force of change carries itself on the wind and enters our material plane, bringing change from the words and deeds of people around it. By pure curse, blessing, luck, or misfortune - however you want to count it - Isaac was hit by one of those gusts of wind.

"Ahh," he breathed, feeling something strange happening to his skin. In mere moments, the skin on his arms and legs and face and everywhere all became wonderfully smooth and feminine. He paused, raising his arms, and to his shock his arm hair withdrew completely, leaving only the lightest possible fuzz that all women possess. The blemishes, moles, and spots on his skin were all suddenly gone. "What the - ?"

But then the conversation continued.

"Well, if you're paying me compliments, Jess, then let me be the one to point out how utterly *delicious* your hips are. Seriously, I feel so skinny in that department!"

Isaac looked up. Jessica was a pretty brunette with a pair of quite impressive hips, with a generous curve that made them sway with each step. He grunted, feeling his own hips widening, expanding, taking on that exact same shape.

"Ahh - nnggh - mmhn!"

He managed to keep from shouting, terrified someone else would notice. His hips were now wide, female expressions, and he had to undo the button and belt of his jeans just to give them space.

"Well, I won't lie, I do love my hips. I wish I didn't have such a flat pancake of an ass, though. Seriously, Denise there has got a dump truck I think we all wish we had!"

There was a giggle from the girls, and Denise span on the spot, not noticing Isaac, but certainly showing off her wonderfully *rondure* backside in her tight yoga pants.

“Thanks for noticing, ya’ll! I sometimes swear my boyfriends dump me just so they can watch me walk away!”

There was another wave of laughter, but Isaac couldn’t find it the least amusing, even from a distance, because at that very moment his own rear was surging outwards, his cheeks filling in with new fat and tissue, and making his jeans ever more tight to the point of discomfort.

“You’ve g-got to - ughhh. Oh God, I need to get out of-”

“And don’t forget those legs, Denise. Show us the legs, girl! We’re making this a competition!”

Denise thrust out her dark legs, and indeed they were shapely as all hell, with lovely thighs. Isaac was trying to get away, but found himself instead slumping against a tree roughly thirty feet from the group, just out of sight, as his own legs transformed. His calves in particular became quite lovely, but his feet slipped out of his shoes, having become far too dainty.

“Definitely a competition,” Abby said. “You may have lovely legs, but I’ve got the perfect arms. Athletic, but still hot. And I think we can all agree I pull of the bare midriff look the best with this toned stomach, am I right?”

There was general applause from the women, who were all good friends.

“No wonder you get all the girls with a stomach like that, Abby!” one said, giving a little whistle.

Isaac grunted. He tried to stand, but his abs were on fire. They reconfigured, becoming more powerful than he’d ever been in the core department, but also gaining a flatness and smoothness that was utterly sexy . . . were it on a woman. His shirt shrank, permanently showing off his new midriff, and his arms also changed, gaining a bit of athleticism to match his legs and core. And yet despite this, they had a daintiness and beauty to them, his fingers delicate, his palms smooth.

“Th-this can’t be h-happening!” he exclaimed to himself, but whether through magic or just inattention, none of the women noticed him behind them as they continued to talk about their own respective traits.

“Well, I think we’re *all* a little envious of Rebecca’s tits,” Abby said, continuing the pass-along. “I mean, my C-cups aren’t bad one bit - not one bit! - but those E-cups! Mmmhm!”

“You’re just saying that because you used to date me,” Rebecca said. “You might recall we couldn’t stand each other for a while.”

“I make an exception for those tits. And that fine hourglass figure!”

Another set of laughter, and another set of changes to alter Isaac's form. The poor man huffed, staggering forward but toppling over as two new weights were added to his chest. His shoulders shrank, his waist thinned, and his entire body changed to become that of a delightful woman's hourglass figure, but the far bigger focus for the transforming male was upon his chest. His nipples swelled, pushing against his top, while the flesh behind them puffed up like pastries in the oven, swelling up and up and out and out until their weight and heft and general wobbliness was undeniable. Isaac cradled his chest, cupping his new boobs even as they grew beyond mere A-cups to modest B-cups, then to sizeable C's, on to large D's, and finally to an absolute *stacked* set of E-cups that were like fully ripe and oversized cantaloupes upon his chest, fat nipples poking through the fabric.

"Mhmmh . . . why-why does it f-feel soooo goood!?"

"You did have a nice pussy to eat out, too," Abby added. "That I do miss as well."

"Please, you like all pussy," another added.

"Not wrong!" Abby said with a guffaw. "So long as it's nice and sensitive and wanting treatment from a nice looking gal!"

Isaac heard this also, and winced as he realised what was coming. He cursed himself for not being on time for the lecture, wondering what he had done to deserve this or what could possibly be causing it. He fell to his knees again, and groaned, huffed, and *whimpered* as his penis withdrew into his body. He collapsed to his side, whimpering as a new womb formed within him, as ovaries developed, sacs and all, as his penis inverted to become a vaginal tunnel leading straight to his new plumbing. He even developed sensitive outer lips and a clitoris, all of which radiated want and pleasure. He shivered, trying to fight the reluctant pleasure, but was lost to it, perhaps because of what was said next:

"Ya'll realise we're just describing our perfect lesbian, right?"

"Oh yeah," said Sabrina, who hadn't pitched in. "I guess she'd be like a combo of all of our best traits, then, like, right? Can she have my long hair? And my face? I mean, I was a model!"

"A sexy model," Abby added, forever the flirt.

And just like that, long blonde hair extended from Isaac's head, and his face remoulded, gaining full lips, high cheekbones, and long lashes for his delicate now-blue eyes. Even his voice changed; midway through his grunting it cracked, altering to a sweet soprano. The bliss was growing, and with it were coming other changes, ones that were not purely physical in nature.

"But you'd have to have the right personality," another added, one who was probably Denise, but Isaac was no longer looking to check. "She'd have to be confident, but a little nerdy, smart as hell, but sultry too. Willing to party, but not be a total mess. Oh, and she'd turn up on time to stuff, unlike some people we know!"

“Hey!” Rebecca said. “That was just one time. Okay, a few times. But if we’re going with perfect personality, you need something to show off those *personalities*, if you know what I’m saying. This hot girlfriend would be the kind of gal who dresses up fiiiiine. You know, the kind of woman who just *wants* to show off her hot body and let us see what she’s got going on under the hood.”

“Perv,” another said. “But I’ll also vote in favour of this!”

“N-no,” Isaac grunted to himself, or rather *herself*. The changes were coming thick and fast now, and there was no stopping this final step into complete womanhood. Any remaining masculine aspects to her body fell away, leaving her a busty blonde beauty. Her glasses remained, but they looked stylish on her now. Makeup appeared; gloss on her lips, eyeshadow where needed, and so on. Her hair fell perfectly around her shoulders, and as she rose finally to her feet again, she found herself standing on sexy designer high heels. She now wore a skirt that clung tight to her figure, and was short enough to reveal most of her thighs. Her shirt was now a crop top with a low cut, exposing her perfect tits with their deep, *deep* cleavage. A large E-cup push-up bra made them appear all the more delectable.

But it wasn’t enough to suddenly be a hot as hell woman, because a hefty dose of mental changes hit Isaac as well. In moments, she was no longer able to go by that name. Instead, she was *Isabella*, a woman inside and out, one who couldn’t deny her new nature. She was still a programming major. She was still a major nerd. And she could remember her past and the shock of becoming a new person. But now she had *confidence*, and a desire to strut her stuff and talk to these girls.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this, but . . .”

She moved towards them, her hips swaying from side to side, her breasts bouncing in her revealing top, her hair moving along her shoulders to frame her bombshell face. Slowly, the women who had been watching her turned, their jaws dropping one by one as they beheld the very woman they had just been describing.

“Oh. My. God,” Denise said.

“Holy. Fuck,” Abby said.

“Um, hi there!” Isabella said, still getting used to her new self, but feeling strangely excited to do so. “I’m Isabella. Mind if I join you?”

“How could we possible mind!?” Rebecca said, flummoxed.

“Dibs,” Jessica said. “I call dibs!”

Isabella could only watch as the group, already inviting her forward, began to playfully fight between themselves. It would seem Isabella didn’t care much about being late as Isaac did. Her record was spotless, so she could afford a bit of a delay in this new reality of hers. Besides, she was the perfect amalgamation of all this group’s wants. That meant she had time to be as choosy as she wanted, too.