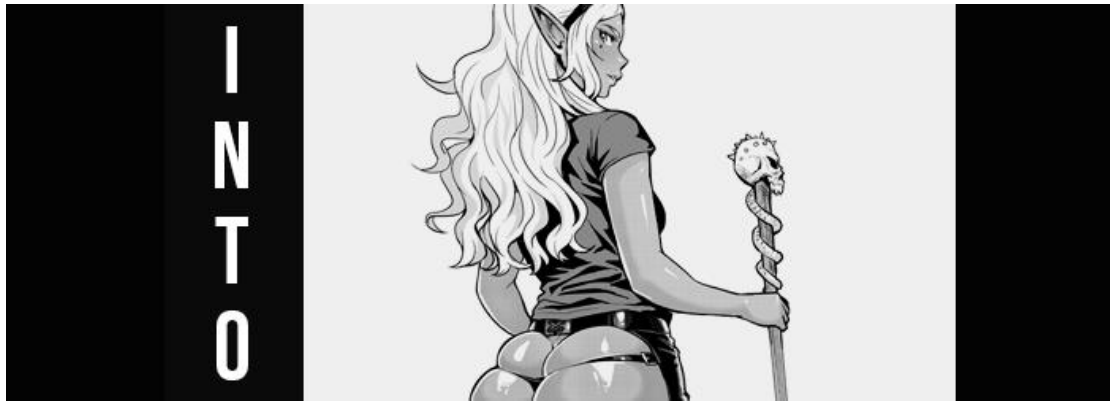


A RUMP STORY

BIWEEKLY STORY #52

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If there was a moral of the story I had picked up from writing transformation fiction, it was this: the monkey's paw was a powerful plot device for stories like this. Taking the greatest wish a character might have and turning it to not only fulfill that wish but do so in the most backwards way? It was a surprisingly functional and effective way to communicate the reason for a change, be it little or small.

I just never expected that I would be subjected to the same thing.

That day had been just like any other. Get up, brush my teeth, take a shower, settle down at the computer, and write. At times it felt monotonous, but was there really a job out there that *wasn't* in some way? Really though, it had become much harder as of late. Why? I'd been trying to give up *snacking*. It was easy to get caught up in the hunger while working from home, and as an already pudgy guy it hadn't been a flattering ordeal.

Any attempts to work out to peel off that extra weight? It didn't seem to work, which ultimately led to me exploring online options. There were pills to take, studies to join, but in the end, I didn't really elect to utilize any of them. Instead, I jokingly gave into some kind of clickbait voodoo popup on one of the weight loss sites. "**Click here if you want to lose weight instantly, huh? I wonder if this works.**" The sarcasm in my tone was basically palpable as I clicked, and of course I didn't think anything would really come of it.

Well, other than accidentally downloading adware. I should probably have checked for that, but in the moments that followed I had become oddly distracted. Things felt... strange? Like I was momentarily off

balance despite still sitting in my computer chair. I became dizzy and ended up tilting my head back for just a moment, and when I finally looked forward again... *I wasn't in my room at all.*

Was I dreaming? “**Wh--?**” I hardly had the words to speak my confusion plainly. I was still sitting in a chair, but it was a small, blue, plastic one. My computer was gone as well, and in front of me was just a small table. Looking around at my surroundings I was reminded of a break room or something of that nature, but it was exceedingly small. No bigger than an office cubicle, like it was a tiny space housed in a tiny building.

Like a convenience store?

Based on the dinging I could hear from the door outside, that appeared to be the case. I could hear voices as well, but they certainly weren't English. Japanese? I couldn't understand it, but I *definitely* knew what it sounded like. Thanks, anime! Well, I didn't really need to look extremely far to seek confirmation anyways. There was a magazine at the table that looked to be of the fashion persuasion. With dark-skinned women with pointy ears plastered all over it. Dark elves? No way, they had to be cosplayers, right? That wasn't really the point though: the title and all the blurb text was written in kanji.

A big part of me wanted to freak out and was, well, *actually* freaking out, but there was a stronger part of me that forced my anxious mouth shut. For all I was terrified about how I might have suddenly been (presumably) transported to Japan, I couldn't imagine the chaos that would have ensued if I'd caused a ruckus and got caught. I'd probably end up behind bars for trespassing or *something*.

Little did I realize that at that very moment, spots of dark, melanin-rich skin had begun to speckle across my hands, feet, and more prominently my ears at the time. In fact, my lobes had practically been consumed in their entirety by an extraordinarily rich and natural tan, but more alarmingly there was just more *to* my ears in general, as they were stretched back into inhuman points that bore a strong resemblance to those of the Dark Elves on the magazine before me.

When it came to my hands and feet, both of them were out of view. My hands were resting awkwardly on my lap while I looked around frantically in search of a plausible escape route, and my feet were obviously hidden by my socks – but not shoes, since I hadn't been wearing any at my desk at the time.

My fingers were scrunched up against my thighs, which was something I often did when I was anxious. Though, even with them digging through

my jeans and into my flesh, I didn't quite take note of the pinching sensation that arose as my fingernails lengthened several inches in tandem with one another. Not only were they longer, but a dark purple gloss gradually applied itself so that they were nicely painted, a proper manicure and all. But of course, I'd *never* gotten a manicure in my life.

Those fingernails were actually dragged backwards slightly because the fingers they were attached to withdrew in size, forms daintier and cleaned up, while also carrying the darker tone my now pointed ears exhibited. They looked remarkably like a woman's, *because they were*, but as the tanned phenomenon seeming moved up my arms, it became *increasingly* more obvious that this was the case. Thinner wrists and a shorter overall reach headlined the change while my blue hoodie sleeves threatened to swallow up my arms in their entirety, finally doing so after shoulders slid inwards to provide the necessary slack.

My toes experienced a similar phenomenon as a manicure and purple paint found its way onto the nails there was well. My lower digits squirmed while their sizes were shrunken to roughly two thirds of their original size; a trend consistent with how each foot became too small for the sock they were housed in with gentler heels and softer, darker skin. A mole even appeared on the top of my right foot, and it wouldn't be the only new beauty mark I'd end up receiving by the end of this.

As my fingers had dragged, so did my heels (*since my toes had been pointed upwards*) with thanks to legs that lost their length. After my ankles grew lithier, the natural tone of my flesh darkened towards the knees which also collapsed, smaller and rounder in nature before all was said and done. This led to an ill-fit of my pants though, and if I had stood up suddenly there would have been a good chance I might trip over my pant legs because they were now longer than my legs by a solid few inches.

I ended up bringing my hands onto the table with the intent of standing up to just make a beeline for the exit when what I saw understandably gave me pause. The table was white as snow, so it was only natural that tanned hands would stick out like a sore thumb when resting on top of it. That is what had caught my eye. **"You've gotta be shitting me! Are those my hands!?"** A loud whisper was all my anxiety permitted I produce in terms of noise. I held them both closer to my eyes (*not aware my eyes themselves now exhibited a pinkish-red hue as opposed to what should have been their natural color*), examining them as if I were scrutinizing a self-proclaimed magician *from this world*.

Wait. From this world? Wasn't that a strange thought to have?

But then again, **in the world I came from, magic was the norm. Even I could use magic.**

I shook my head profusely, not conscious of how my hair bobbed from side to side even though I wore it shaved down to only a couple of inches normally. It had already grown to my shoulders and was sporting a mix of my natural hair color and a mystifying silver that, before long, I would end up recognizing as the natural color instead.

It was natural for a *Dark Elf*, anyways.

“Something’s going on... This is just like something out of one of my stories but that’s impossible...” I was still whispering and praying whoever was working the register out there wasn’t about to come in. **After all, it was almost time for my shift—Huh?** It had happened again, thoughts that didn’t belong. It was making it difficult to keep my attention focused on my own body, mostly because I was starting to worry about things like being late and needing to get dressed.

Had I stood to change then though I definitely would have looked *weird*. My arms and legs were those of a dark-skinned woman, but everything else? It was still that of a young man who was a little overweight. Or so it should have been, except the gut of my sweater had begun to loosen itself from my belly’s reign of terror.

Weight was being shaved from my figure quickly, and in a matter of moments my stomach was as trimmed as could be. I couldn’t help but reach a hand up and under the hoodie and the undershirt to give it a squeeze, and it felt *amazing*. Toned with just the slightest bit of fat, although I didn’t explore enough to realize the handles of my stomach had curved in dramatically, or that the depth of my bellybutton had practically *doubled*.

Unable to control myself, since my hand was already under the top layers anyways, I ultimately peeled them away so that I was sitting without a top on in the break room. The thought of **‘I need to get changed’** was overpowering everything else, and it felt like I couldn’t really focus until I’d accomplished the task of putting on *my* uniform. I leaned back in my seat after doing so, a shudder wracking my body thanks to the cold touch of the plastic against my bare, tanned back. Well, at least the areas that my silver hair didn’t protect it from with its long and wavy design that reached the center of my back.

My chest now bare, it made all the difference in exhibiting a new pudge that settled in where my pectoral muscles should have been (*not that I’d really had any in the first place*). In the end I had traded in my man boobs for a pair of the real deal – a woman’s breasts, taut, tanned, and

firm with just a few beads of sweat rolling across them as they grew to fruition like ripe fruit. In size, each was more than a handful and my nipples remained far pinker than the skin that decorated them. There was also another mole, this time on my left tit.

From the waist up there was no denying that I was a beautiful, young woman. Probably a little younger than I had been as well. Long, luscious silver hair framed by face, and my soft and supple torso with a flat belly and fairly sizable bosom sold the rest of the look. I licked my lips because they felt a little dry, and I hadn't even realized that they were much more pronounced and naturally soft, or even that my tongue was somewhat smaller and my teeth in better shape than they had ever been. A third mole arose beneath my right eye, and this would be the one most noticed. Unless I was in bed with someone anyways.

“Why do I feel so *freaking weird*? Did that stupid elf do something to me? Nah, she's too stupid.” My voice? Not only was it a woman's, but I was speaking fluent Japanese. **That wasn't my native tongue though – it was only possible because of how the gate worked. You couldn't speak Elvish in Japan because no one would understand what you were saying.** Again, my distress regarding my surroundings had been dramatically lessened as this reality became more familiar and my old life more of a distant memory. **“Right, my pants.”**

I finally stood so that I could reach for the waistline of my pants, but it suddenly gave me pause. **“That's weird. Why did I wear these? They're way too small, and not my style at all.”** It might have sounded like a strange thing to say because they were definitely far too *long*, but the meaning behind my words became clear after a moment's pause.

My hips swung wide suddenly, testing the grip of the buttoned jeans after earning several important inches. This width was extremely important because it was required to accommodate what was to come. To accommodate what was building uncomfortably *behind* me.

Even now I'm not sure if it was instinct that guided me, but both of my hands reached back to grab my ass through the pants. It was flat, which was normal for me in my old life, but as I was now, **I felt oddly relieved and disappointed at the same time.** Relieved it was so small, disappointed that it was a little too small. This combination of comfort and sadness was soon tested because what my fingers were groping? It was *swelling*, and *very* quickly at that.

It only took a second for my ass cheeks to bulge outwards, further testing the integrity of my jeans and plaid boxers as a remarkable shapeliness was applied to their girth. By touch alone I was reminded of

some of the Dark Elf models on the magazine on the table, with their normal butts nestled in tight pants. **I wanted an ass like that more than anything, particularly since it made spellcasting easier, and yet...** I wanted one because I didn't have one – neither the old me nor the new me. While the old me's ass was too flat, the new me...?

Just the opposite. The front button of my pants popped off because the integrity test they were being put through ultimately became too much. More frankly put: *my load was becoming far too wide.* The zipper ended up coming undone on its own as well while tanned, fatty flesh began to peer over the waistline in the back. My cheeks were thick as hell, and not in the good way – they were clearly so large because of lifestyle choices that had led to them being, we'll say 'over-nurtured', and my wide hips were necessary to even support this massive rump. My hands could hardly contain a fraction of each cheek, much less the entire load.

“Damnit, how did I even get here in these things without it happening?” I should have known better than that, I thought. I needed really special pants to contain these things. The button bursting off my pants? I should have expected it, but even so my cheeks had burned bright pink from shame alone. I moved the hands from my ass though and to the sides, wiggling my massive ass back and forth shamefully as I tried to pull the pants off. It took a moment, but they eventually budged all at once, and I almost smacked my head off the table in the process.

My boxers had gone along with them. **“Why was I wearing boys' underwear?”** A fair question, but I was more confused by my own crotch for some reason. A silver bush of pubes, check! But I felt like something was missing. Shouldn't something have been *dangling* there? A *dick*? **“That's a weird thing to think, why would I have a dick?”** I raised a good point. I was a woman, right? I had a pussy, I'd *always* had a pussy. Gods, had I hit my head?

But then I remembered. Crap! My shift! My eyes darted to the tiny clock in the room's corner. Two minutes! Stark naked, I picked up the clothes I'd been wearing in a messy pile and tossed them into the bottom of a locker marked '*Kuroeda-san*', my name, and plucked the convenience store uniform from the top shelf. Good thing I kept a spare thong and bra here, because for some reason I'd come from home wearing *neither*.

I didn't get very far before a Japanese woman burst through the door wearing the same uniform I was about to put on, her face strikingly angry. **“Kuroeda-san! What did I tell you about being late? My shift is almost over, and I'm swamped! You're going to be counting the till for me, got it!?”**

“Y-Yes!” I chirped immediately, berating myself for pissing off the assistant manager. **“I will! I’m so sorry! Don’t worry!”** This was somehow that elf’s fault, I’d decided. But, after slapping the straps of my thong against my ass (*which sent a rather pronounced ripple through its abundant flesh*), I came to an unsettling realization.

**“...I can’t get these pants over my ass!?
WHY!? THEY FIT JUST FINE
YESTERDAY!”**

But hey, at least I was generally thinner now! *Wish granted!*