

Booth Babe (Man to Booth Babe TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

Matt is a gaming nerd who wants to get a one-up on his rival, Ben. He attends the booth of his favourite game Solar Sword at a convention and volunteers to help out, hoping for some cred. But instead he is shocked to be turned into a gorgeous booth babe to promote the game. Worse, when Ben comes to visit, he finds the new woman very intriguing . . .

Booth Babe

The plan was simple: sneak into the local GamerHype Convention before it opened and act like one of the officially approved volunteers. From there, he could make his way to the display for the long-awaited *Solar Sword II* area, which was promoting the heavily anticipated sequel to the fighting classic. Provided everything worked out, Matt would be able to walk away having achieved the following lofty goals:

1. He would have met Danny Rydath, the man who was the creator and chief designer of the Solar Sword gaming series, and Matt's own personal icon.
2. He would walk away with multiple pieces of memorabilia signed for free by all members of the voice cast, as well as Rydath himself.
3. He would have the experience of legitimately being near his heroes, and moreover getting to tell the internet the tale afterwards of his wonderful cunning.
4. And lastly, and perhaps the most important of all, he would be able to show off to his rival Benjamin Bryatt that *Matt Trader* was *the* biggest nerd and overall geek in town, finally putting an end to their rivalry with a clear and decisive victory.

Yes, Matt was indeed excited. Gaming, comics, sci-fi and fantasy was his life's blood. Just to look at him one could tell he was a nerd, right down to his frizzy orange hair that could never be managed, to his thick glasses he needed for seeing, to his complete lack of style. He wasn't obese, at least, but he wasn't the fittest man around, nor was he particularly tall. He favoured shirts with depictions of nerd pop culture of them - usually sexy females from games, of course - and plain cargo shorts regardless of the weather. It wasn't a particularly attractive look, but then he didn't really care about being attractive. As far as Matt was concerned, if a girl really *was* sincere and not shallow, then she wouldn't care about looks and love him for his big, nerdy brain instead.

So far, there hadn't been any takers.

It had made him bitter at times. Why didn't women find him interesting? Why weren't they into him, despite his excellent scores in college and his deep understanding of so many topics?

The answer lay, it seemed to him at least, in Benjamin Bryatt. Ben was also a nerd, also on campus, and also deeply intelligent. Like Matt, he was also a huge gamer, racking up hours in online play and meeting him point for point in challenges whenever they went up against each other. But whereas Matt's love life was entirely nonexistent, Ben somehow wound up with girlfriends. They were never the popular cheerleaders or the college hotties or anything, but the geek girls were legitimately into him, and it frustrated Matt to his core. He tried to understand it, and could only conclude that Ben was just another secret alpha chud pretending to be a geek in order to score easy pussy from the girls. It would explain how he still had time to work out and end up with his relatively fit body. It would explain why he styled his dark hair and tried to always appear smart-casual, as opposed to Matt, who believed he at least dressed 'honestly.' And it would explain why girls went for him, because in Matt's worldview, they were always drawn to the bad boys, secretly hiding ones or not.

Since that day, Matt had allowed his envy of Ben to become a full-blown rivalry. He challenged him constantly to trivia tests and game-offs and comic collection comparisons and so on. And if Ben had one flaw, it was that he always, *a/ways* accepted the challenge, his own honour as a proud geek offended. Sometimes he lost, sometimes he won, but the two had been in a stalemate draw for some time, and Matt was no closer to understanding Ben's appeal to the women other than him being a remarkably talented imposter.

"But it doesn't matter now," he said to himself, watching the volunteers for GamerHypeCon enter the convention centre. "Because soon I'll have cred he can't even imagine. He'll finally fall before me."

Matt had done his research. He was wearing a plain black outfit, one that matched the official volunteers, and had even recreated their badge type. His name - well, his first name, his last was a fake listing him as 'Halleck' - was displayed clearly. He took a deep breath and caught up with the group, following in with them. He had all his answers prepped, all the words ready, but he was shocked instead at how lax the security was. His name badge was checked not to tick off a list, but just that he was in the right uniform and badge type. Clearly that was evidence enough. Not long after, he was in, and roaming through the convention with a purpose, right to the *Solar Sword II* booth.

"This is going to change everything," he said to himself gleefully.

"Matt Halleck. Matt Halleck. You're name's not on my list," the figure manning the booth said.

“It should be,” Matt desperately said. “I know it is. I got the all clear from Mr Sutherland.” It was a name of importance he’d picked up.

“Oh, let him join Steve. We need someone to man the third shift anyway since Hailey couldn’t make it.”

The second person to speak was also a man, like the first, and around Matt’s age.

“Really, Rob? Does this guy look like a booth babe to you? We needed someone to cosplay as the female cast! And to switch on the hour!”

The one called ‘Rob’ just shrugged. “You get what you can get. I’m sure our cast will prefer to at least have someone helping them out and fetching water or whatever. Take a seat, Matt. We’ll show you the ropes, since you’re clearly new.”

Matt couldn’t have been more delighted; his plan had worked, though it was sad he wouldn’t get to work alongside a sexy booth babe. Rob and Steve set him to work straight away helping set up the stall and its adjacent viewing room where prospective players could enjoy the game demo. It was exciting stuff - he even got try it out pretty quickly, another point over Ben - but things really got awesome when Danny Rydath and the voice cast for the game showed up.

“Holy shit,” he murmured to himself.

Danny was a bearded man in his mid-forties, though the voice cast were around their thirties. Aaron Porter was the man lead, and Elizabeth Heidi was the secondary. Aoi Suzuki couldn’t make it, which was a shame, since Matt had a huge crush on her, but George Estevez was present, and he was responsible for half the animal and creature noises in the game; the man was an *artist*.

“Pretty cool huh?” Steven said. “Just remember not to annoy them.”

Matt tried to keep that advice to heart as introductions were made between the creator (or as Matt thought of him, The Creator) and the cast, and the volunteers. Matt actually had the pleasure of shaking Danny’s hand, and actually got to hold a brief (very brief) conversation with Elizabeth Heidi, proclaiming what a huge fan he was of her voice work. He followed the directions of Rob and Steven to do as much as he could to make these gaming celebrities welcome, but he just couldn’t help himself; he needed to get them to sign his many, many articles of gaming memorabilia he had brought in his backpack, as well as talk to them about the behind-the-scenes nature of the game.

At first, Rydath and the others were wonderfully accommodating. But after nearly half an hour of being badgered by Matt whenever they tried to hold a conversation among themselves or check their phones, the irritation in the air started to become clear.

“Oh, I see,” Danny said as he was trying to send an email on his laptop. “You’ve got another question, do you? Another one?”

“Yes! Hundreds more, actually! When you were developing Solar Sword I, did you always envision that Kateroth’s character would join the Automate faction, or did was a choice you made further along? Also, the design of the planet Spiro seems so unique to me. Its design, with the giant mushroom cities and alternating day-night life cycles, was considered, like, graphically impossible. How did you pull it off? Also, the writing is so innovative. Where do you get your ideas from? Also-”

Rydath put up his hands, gesturing for Matt to slow down. “Okay, okay, okay, calm down. That’s a lot of questions. I won’t have time to answer them all. Steven, wasn’t there supposed to be a booth babe in cosplay to help sell the merch?”

Steven had a nervous look. “Very sorry, Mr Rydath sir. She came down sick. The replacement couldn’t make it.”

“Damn. A shame. That really helps direct people here. Plus, it’s a nice sight.”

Matt frowned, annoyed at this change in topic. He basically pushed himself into Danny Rydath’s face so that he was the sole focus of attention.

“Speaking of booth babes, was it hard to push back against the industry when it comes to female character design? So many losers seem to think that women have to be uglified in today’s PC world, so I just want to know how you managed to work your magic genius to have sexy babes like Talisa and Prya in the game?”

Danny took a deep breath. For just a moment, Matt gained just enough self-awareness to realise that he was annoying the creator of his favourite game. But then Danny exhaled and actually *smiled*.

“I’ll tell you what,” he said, folding his hands together. “I’ll answer all of your questions Matt, especially about that last topic and my apparent ‘magic genius’ as you call it. Come with me and we’ll have a, let’s say, private chat about this.”

Matt’s excitement couldn’t be greater. The other cast members sighed in relief as Matt left them, and even Steven and Rob seemed grateful, though a bit nervous about the subject of discussion. Danny took Matt to a private room and shut the door, making sure to lock it. No one else was there but them, and the convention was about to start in just a few minutes. Matt was positively bursting with questions, and still had a number of memorabilia for Danny to sign.

“My Rydath, thanks so much, I’ve got a million questions and-”

“You don’t belong here, do you, Matt?”

Matt stopped dead in his tracks. “Um, what do you mean? I’m a volunteer?”

“You’re a sneak, Matt. I know these things. I’ve got a sixth sense for them. I didn’t mind at first, but when I realised you wouldn’t stop asking questions or annoying the cast I knew I had to take action. You’re not part of this convention at all, are you?”

Matt withered before the man's stare. He hadn't realised how tall Danny was; he was staring up at his big, black beard and starting to quiver.

"Um, okay, so . . . I may have snuck in. But I'm your b-biggest fan, Mr Rydath! I really am! I just wanted to help! I just wanted to know how you managed to make the greatest games ever made!"

To his surprise, Danny's expression warmed. "So, you'd be willing to do anything to help me out then, Matt? *Anything?*"

"Of course! So long as I can stick around and learn your genius!"

Danny chuckled. "That won't be hard at all, and since we've had a booth babe cancel - and I do like my booth babes, just like I like my sexy female characters as you've noticed - then we can kill several birds with one stone today. Let me show you exactly how I've been so successful; all you have to do is agree to help out in whatever way I see fit and shake my hand. Agreed?"

Matt didn't think it through for one second. He thrust his slightly-sweaty hand out and shook Rydath's so quickly that it seemed to shock the older man. The game creator chuckled, seemingly amused by this.

"Very well, then."

"So . . . what do I have to do? How did you pull it off? About the sexy female characters like Talisa, did you-"

But Rydath put up his hands. "Just wait. You'll understand any second now."

Matt was about to respond with another question - a whole barrage of them, in fact - when suddenly his stomach lurched audibly. His guts felt like they were being squished all about the place, making room for something. He groaned, clutching his belly and trying to get a handle on himself, but the strange feelings only continued to spread across his body.

"Eurghh," he grunted. "Mr Rydath, I don't f-feel so g-good."

His hands trembled, his digits seeming to thin and smooth over. His legs shook, the hair on the surface falling away. His hair itched, seeming to grow longer, impossibly.

"Don't worry," the game creator said casually, stepping back to admire his work in motion, "you'll feel a lot better soon. Healthier too. And a whole lot more attractive."

Matt groaned again, wrapping his hands around his stomach as it contracted. His hips popped outwards, first the left, then the right, only to reconnect once his pelvis had expanded, leaving him with a set of much wider hips. His legs grew longer, as did his arms, and the formerly short man gained height, even his spine extending with a *pop pop pop* sound.

"I d-don't understand!" he cried, voice going higher and higher in pitch. "What are you d-doing to m-me? I n-need an ambulance!"

“Trust me,” Rydath said with a beaming smile, “you are far beyond anything to do with regular medicine right now. If I were you, I’d just enjoy the ride while it lasts, Matt.”

Matt couldn’t enjoy it; it was too weird and strange and impossible! His nipples burned, and soon he found them not only growing, but the flesh behind them too. Fat from elsewhere on his body pooled beneath his nipples, and soon a pair of breasts expanded like souffles.

“Ohhhhh, euugh! I d-don’t - ahhh! Oh God! I’m not - how could - ahhhhgh!!”

“A lot of questions as always, eh?” Rydath teased. “Don’t worry, they’ll all be answered soon.”

Matt couldn’t understand what was happening. His hair spooled out from his head, growing long and silky and darker than ever. His face began to reshape, jaw becoming more pointed than square, his cheeks softening, his lips becoming impressively full. His Adam’s apple shrunk back into his neck, leaving it slender, and at the exact moment this happened his own voice changed from higher-pitched to full-on female.

“Ohhhhh, n-no! I’m b-becoming a - I’m becoming a girl!”

As if saying it was enough to manifest it, his changes accelerated. His boobs, already swelling in his top, began to expand at an even faster rate, growing until they were heavy and flushed and full, sticking out from his chest like two ripe cantaloupes. His shoulders shrank a little, and his waist contracted further. His thighs thickened but gained a greater softness, all while his calves ended up wonderfully shapely.

“Not just any girl,” Rydath said. “A *booth babe*, my good follower. We needed one, after all! And it’s going to be a huge help!”

Matt’s jaw fell, even as the curtain of his hair descended further over his shoulder blades. His junk turned numb, and before he could even grasp it to try and prevent it from being lost, it pulled back into his body, reforming into a vaginal passage that hollowed him through.

“NGHH! MMHMHM!!”

The feelings were reluctantly and terrifyingly pleasurable, leaving the new *woman* to murmur incoherently. Her breasts surged forward one last time, ending up somewhere in the E-cup range, larger even than the Double-D’s that Matt loved to see on his favourite online models. They were heavy and huge but shockingly pert, and they had easily torn through his volunteer shirt, popping the buttons.

“Don’t worry, the costume will be coming in soon,” Rydath said.

“C-costume?” the new woman stuttered, trying to hold as much of her body from sight as possible.

“Of course! You’re a booth babe, remember? And we need a nice *Talisa* to show off to the crowd and advertise our display! Sex appeal works, after all!”

Matt groaned as his clothing began to change. *Her* clothing. The shorts were uncomfortable around her wide hips and loose up at the waist, but that was okay, because soon they reformed, changing material to become something much more complex. The same was true of her top, which was currently pulled up and struggling to contain her large boobs. Plastic and metal and spandex formed from the existing material, which turned purple and pink. A set of futuristic sci-fi glasses appeared over her face to replace her current ordinary pair, while a set of high, high heels appeared on her feet. Soon she was a spitting image of Talisa, the in-game princess warrior from the planet Spiro. She wore a tight purple outfit with pink highlights, one that clung tight to her upper body but had a plunging section that showed off her ample breasts. The suit ended mid-thigh, leaving her legs bare for all to see, but for her heels which were white and tall. The whole outfit left her posture changed too: the high heels had the effect of forcing her to stick her delightful rear out further and thrust her magnificent chest out as well. She tried to take a step forward and stumbled, wobbling on her heels.

“What the - what have you done to me?”

Her hips went from side to side as she moved to intercept Rydath, who was already heading for the door. Was there any way to *not* show off this ridiculously sexy body in this embarrassingly tight and revealing outfit?

“I already told you,” Rydath explained. “You’re my booth babe for the day. Longer, if we need you. And if you don’t play along, you might be stuck like that! Now get that hot tush of yours out there and start promoting! And get used to walking in heels and flirting with customers.”

“H-how did you do this?” she stammered.

“Magic genius,” he said, clicking his fingers. “You were more right than you knew, Matt. But I think you’re more of a Marisa now. No, how about Mila? Yeah, I like Mila. It’s a sexy name for a new woman like yourself.”

Matt looked down at her new self. Her huge boobs, lifted up by her Talisa outfit so that a magnificent curve of cleavage was displayed, utterly dominated her view. She couldn’t even see her feet. She tried to control her breathing, but her bosom still rose and fell like twin empires upon her chest, heavy and magnificent. She would have drooled at the sight, were she still a man and didn’t have the boobs on her actual person. And that was to say nothing of the distinct absence between her legs now.

“What do I do? Please, you have to turn me back!”

“Like I said,” Rydath replied casually, opening the door. “Be our sexy booth babe for the convention. I did say a day, but three days is more what we’re looking for. Just don’t have sex or you’ll be stuck that way. It’s a quirk of the magic and all that.”

“S-sex?”

He grinned. "I doubt that'll be a problem, unless I turned your libido up too much. I did up it a bit just so you have some extra push to flirt with all our gamer guys. Now get your lovely ass out there, Mila! It's time to work that magic!"

Matt had no idea what to do, so she obeyed meekly, strutting forward uncertainly on her heels, but slowly getting a sense for them. Her ass shook from side to side and her breasts bobbed.

"Why did I do this in the first place?" she whimpered to herself.

And with that, a ringing began over the convention. GamerHypeCon had begun, and the entrees were about to see a show.

The following several hours were utterly bewildering and humiliating for Matt. Stuck in the sexy form of Mila, she was forced to look deeply attractive and pose in different positions for numerous fans that wanted a picture of her, and with her. With her tight purple costume and low zipper, her luscious new body was totally on display, and given that her legs were almost entirely bare, more than a few men had a look at those too. The Talisa costume hugged her rear tightly, and when fans asked her to bend over and make an action pose, one leg in front of the other as if in a half-run, it was obvious what body parts they wanted emphasised: her ass stuck right out, her legs were fully shown off, and perhaps most prominently of all, her massive tits dangled, threatening to escape if not for the boob tape that kept them secure in her outfit. She was thankful for that, at least.

Rob and Steven's attitudes towards Matt had also changed entirely. Rydath had explained to the others that Matt had "run off," but that he'd managed to pull some connections to get this 'Mila' to attend as their booth babe. The two male volunteers were more than happy for the switch, and Matt noticed them looking over her fine form. Hell, George Estevez and Aaron Porter both pulled her over occasionally to ask her questions, and from their lingering eyes on her prominent bust, she could tell that they really wanted to get into her pants.

"Never meet your fucking heroes," she muttered to herself as she went to the bathroom for her short break. "Bad enough I'm stuck with them perving on me. Now I have to sit down to pee!"

She refused to look at her new feminine equipment, doing her best to deal with that situation after zipping out of the suit. Then she had to get back into it. Rydath held the power to change her back and she wasn't about to run out on the deal. He was happy to have her subjected to the "male gaze" as he referred to it, and God knew that he enjoyed the sight of her too.

To say that Mila the Talisa cosplayer was the most popular booth babe and attraction star of the day would be an understatement. Even with so many minor celebrities and game creators around, something about her stuck out. She posed with numerous fans, the female ones being a lot nicer, and had to deal with the occasional chud who placed a hand far too low around her waist during a photo, or placed his head conveniently near her breasts. More than a few flirted with her, and the weird part was that she was actually *flirting* back. Small comments like “jeez, you look even more gorgeous than the game model!” was met with “why thank you, you look pretty damn cute yourself!”

Another commentator was a bit more creepy; a mid-thirties guy with a gross beard who said she “filled out the costume nicely.” She just found herself grinning, placing a hand on her hip and leaning forward to show off her bust. “I’m glad you noticed, because sometimes I worry I’ll bust out of this thing!”

“I sincerely hope you do,” he said.

She just giggled, and directed him to the game. Immediately after, she stormed over to Rydath, ignoring how sexy her strut was in the heels.

“What gives? Why am I acting this way to the guys?”

“It’s your job,” he said casually, but then he whispered just to her, more conspiratorially. “But also, like I said, I may have altered your libido a bit. My mage powers let me success in the gaming world, but I figure after all your comments about booth babes and women and all that, that it would be best to put you in the shoes - or heels - of one. That also means you’re quite into men right now.”

Matt’s jaw fell. It explained everything. Why, even when she was forced to pose with everyone, she seemed to put extra effort in when a hot looking guy was around. It explained why she giggled at men’s comments, and why her gaze seemed to hover over their forms just as much as theirs hovered over hers. It also explained why her nipples got randomly hard during these interactions, and her new female equipment got all . . . weird.

“Shit,” she said.

“It’s no worry,” Rydath said. “It just helps you with the role. You’re doing great with that by the way. We all love watching you work.”

“Creep,” she muttered as she walked away, though she couldn’t help but feel that the same moniker applied to the male her, particularly given the nature of half her questions prior to being changed. She cursed herself for being such an idiot and got back to work. She continued to take photos, make poses, and generally show off her voluptuous form, often flirting with men but managing to pull herself back from anything committal. That was, at least, until *he* arrived.

It was roughly four hours into the convention and Mila was approaching her actual lunch break. She couldn’t wait to take a break from the embarrassment of her booth babe

role, and get away from the weird rush it gave her to look so good so publicly. But before she could do so, she recognised someone heading to the booth.

“Oh no,” she said to herself. “Not him. Anyone but him.”

Benjamin Bryatt approached, tall and calm and unbelievably handsome. She had always scoffed at his fitness regime and how he did up his looks, but it was doing something to her now. A *lot* of somethings, in fact. Even his hair was damn perfect, with just the right amount of product in it to make it look messy, but a kind of deliberate, rugged mess. He was wearing a simply white t-shirt that left his muscled forearms on display.

“Wow,” he said in his deeper voice. “You are the spitting image of Talisa. She’s my favourite character.”

“Mine too!” Matt said, trying to find some way to keep this from becoming a disaster. “That’s why I’m dressed as her, I guess.”

“You’ve played Solar Sword I?”

“Loads and loads,” she said. “Probably more than you, actually.”

It was a subtle jab to secure herself in the rivalry, but it had the opposite effect. Ben chuckled charmingly.

“Damn, that’s impressive indeed! I can’t wait for the second one to come out. Myself and a, well, acquaintance of mine have a friendly rivalry over who’ll finish it first.”

Matt cringed inwardly, but she couldn’t stop feeling strangely warm and fuzzy in Ben’s presence. He was hot as hell to her new body, and so she brought her arms together to show off her cleavage a bit more. His eyes dipped down appreciatively.

“Wow, you really are a great cosplayer.”

“Thanks. Um, I have to go on break now though. The demo for the second game is in there, and Danny Rydath himself and parts of the cast too. If you want to see them-”

“Awesome!” he said. “I’ll definitely get around to that. But if you’re heading out to break, perhaps I could join you? I’d love to chat to a beautiful woman like yourself about our shared interests. Especially since you seem as awesomely nerdy as you are hot - if you don’t mind me saying.”

Matt was feeling less and less like Matt, and more and more like Mila. She rubbed her thighs a little together, feeling that attraction to her rival grow. No matter how much her male ego fought against it, her rising libido wanted to keep this man close to her.

“S-sure,” she said, biting her lip and smiling anyway. “That would be great. Um, come with me. I have to change, I guess, but we could talk on the way?”

She cursed herself for going along with her stupid, sexy body’s desires. Even as she walked alongside Ben, chatting with him about games, comics, science fiction and fantasy, she couldn’t stop herself from adding an even more exaggerated swing in her step or in thrusting out her chest. She kept close to him, and Ben in turn took that as an obvious sign,

even touching her costume with her permission to feel the material; an obvious flirt. It made her skin shiver and desire more, and by the time she reached the private changing area she was so damn aroused that she was feeling flushed, her new plumbing wet with desire. What was it about Ben that made him so attractive to nerdy women, including herself now? The answer was obvious, of course. He listened, he was attentive, he was handsome, and he wasn't shy about what he wanted. Even his forward comments had a natural charm to them, and he was respectful.

"I, uh, have to get changed into something regular now," she said at the door.

"Of course. I won't lie though, I'll miss the Talisa outfit. You look dynamite in it, Mila."

Mila. It wasn't her name, but in that moment it felt utterly appropriate. Something in her cracked, and she fell in to another role, one she had desperately trying to avoid slipping into.

"Well, you could always, um, see me get out of it?" she said, opening the door and placing one hand on her hips.

Ben was startled for just a moment, then a broad smile spread across his face. "Oh, absolutely," he said. "I wouldn't miss it for the world."

Less than five seconds after locking the door they were making out. Mila couldn't help it. Benjamin Bryatt was too hot, too nerdy, too *perfect*. His muscles were firm against her, and she caressed his abs as he removed her shirt. It didn't take long to release her from her outfit, but she jiggled her tits suggestively as she manoeuvred from it, teasing him all the way. His cock was tenting his pants, and it should have disgusted her; 'should have' being the crucial words. Instead it lit a fire under her, enhancing her libido further.

"Wait!" he said. "Can I fuck you with the costume on, if that's okay?"

She moaned in arousal. "M-more than okay! Just the once, though, alright?"

"Once will be more than enough, though I never complain about getting seconds."

She giggled. She pulled the costume back on, then removed her panties after unclipping the bottom section. With ease, Ben hoisted her up against the wall and by paired instinct she wrapped her legs around him. Her huge tits rubbed against him, and she deliberately freed them from the tape so that they fell out from her top. She was still in her outfit, but now her bare chest rubbed against his, causing her to purr with ecstasy.

"I-in m-me!" she whimpered desperately. "P-please!"

He did as she asked, entering her. She gripped him tightly with her legs, holding on for dear life as she exhaled every trace of oxygen from her lungs. The sensation of being penetrated was beyond any other, and it made her cry out in lust. Even better was what followed, as he began to fuck her in full, thrusting in and out while supporting her weight against the wall.

"Th-that's it," she moaned, "fuck your Talisa! She w-wants you! Ohhhh!"

“Holy shit, you’re the fucking hottest babe I’ve ever met. We - ahhh - should definitely go out after this, if you’re up f-for it. Once I’ve c-cum!”

“Mhmmm, yessss!” she moaned, caught up in the pleasure of the moment. She was getting closer to a climax, but as she scratched Ben’s magnificent, muscular back, she remembered what Rydath had said: she would be stuck in this body permanently if she had sex.

“Oh God!” she cried. “We have to - we have to . . .”

But it was all too late. She came, and Ben came with her. His cock sprayed within her, catching into the condom he was wearing but making her writhe in female ecstasy nonetheless. She clutched him, pushing through the bliss, riding it, getting lost in it. She whimpered into his neck, moaned into his mouth as he kissed her. This was her rival. The man she was meant to hate.

But now, she was stuck like this. She was going to be Mila for life. In the post-coital clarity that followed, the new booth babe realised she was going to be a booth babe *forever*.

Benjamin kissed her again, slowly lowering her down to her wobbly legs. She was still caught in a strange bliss even as the terror of the situation came over her.

“So, what do you say?” Ben asked her. “Want to go out together, after such a fine start? We make quite the attractive pair of nerds, after all, and you’re quite the booth babe. And that was the hottest sex I’ve ever had.”

It was. It was better than anything Mila had felt as Matt. She bit her lip. This was her life now, but at least one part of it was looking mighty fine.

Besides, being a booth babe with all the gaming know-how still made her more nerdy than her rival-turned-boyfriend, right?

The End