Unexpected Outcomes

**"Babe? Could I…talk with you for abit?"**

Leaning against a half open door leading to the bedroom of a small but lavish apartment, a beautiful woman dressed in an unkempt yukata hanging heavily off her fertile young body coyly plays with a silken lock of hair, twirling it around a finger while her other brushes aside the hem of her raggedy clothes, dropping the top ever lower to reveal buoyant breasts while exposing a salacious opening at the bottom for a long, creamy leg to poke through, offering the stunned man before her a teasing glimpse of the clean shaven slit nestled warm and snug between her thighs.

**"S-Sure thing dear…whatever you say…"**

With bedroom eyes and a needy nibble of her lower lips, and that was all her target needed to nod his head in affirmation to her request, painting a warm smile on her face as she slinks away into the darkness of the bedroom behind her, beckoning the man forward with slow crooks of the hand as she vanishes into a vague silhouette dancing over toward the king sized bed the two had never shared while disrobing herself bit by bit.

And as she hears the subtle thud of feet following closely behind her, the eyes which once burned with needy desire narrow into vindictive slits, smiling with ill intent while pulling a strange palm sized device out from between her immense cleavage. Thumbing the screen just before broad arms grope her tits from behind, pushing down deftly on inverted nipples that sends her reeling in mock arousal, playing along to keep him distracted for just a little while longer until eventually, the device lets out a chime that instantly had the man reeling as he catches on to his lover's ploy too little too late as his body begins to tingle with energy, mind growing woozy while his field of view over her begins to drop at a steady pace. All while the half naked woman glowers down at him with a toothy smile.

**"Recognise that sound, do you 'babe'? I'd say I'm sorry but I'm tired of having you constantly hound me for sex like I'm some sortof toy…sometimes I wonder what made me even agree to marrying someone like you…but thanks to this little toy, it's a salvageable mistake…keeping things like this a secret even though we're supposed to be married? I wonder…how many times have you used this? And on *who*?"**

Struggling to force audible words out of an undulating throat as his neck shifts into a slender pillar, it was clear by now that the device was *changing* his body, weakening muscle by converting it into supple fat, regressing his age from a peachy thirty three down to a spritely twenty, all while curious developments begin, especially prominent around his head, torso and groin.

As bangs of dull red creep into his eyes, the weakened man could only grit his teeth in frustration, wanting to scream obscenities he could vocalize due to his liquefying vocal chords being altered alongside the rest of the organs inside his now effeminate body that was only growing more and more feminine with each passing second; gaining subtle curvature as hips widen with a crunch while his hips tighten in the opposite direction, sinking polished skin inward to accentuate the tight contours of a young lady in her prime taking shape from his former buff physique. All with the single press of a button.

But the longer his gaze remained on the woman who had moved over to the wardrobe fishing for more modest attire, the crease in his brow would lighten before fading as animosity fades for curiosity. Thinking back to a certain evening a few weeks ago just in time for the sallow skin on his face to heal over with a rejuvenated pink as baby fat fills in to form pert cheeks below eyes cured of heavy bags as they narrow and curve ever so slightly to form mesmerizing lashes that began to match those of the mature lady currently tossing aside her crumpled yukata.

*‘Was this how she felt? That night when I found that stupid thing…’*

Reminding himself of the past just as a swelling sensation begins to bubble behind his flabby chest, the man's memories take him back to a point in time where the woman who had subdued him didn't exist. Instead, he shared his home with someone much different when compared to the confident dominatrix. An indifferent lard going by the name of *Alex Hamelton*.

He had known Alex for a very long time now, being best friends ever since they met in highschool, the two stuck like glue true thick and thin all the way up till university. The arduous stage in their lives that would result in cracks beginning to form within their friendship. Where they once did almost everything together, project work and exams demanded their separate attention seeing as how they both took different courses, causing a slow but gradual straining in their relationship as the two spent more and more time with other people and their own engagements, turning light hearted moments like friendly quips and jokes into the occasional argument. Especially since the two shared a small homely flat together before their friendship started deteriorating, face to face encounters were inevitable.

By the time they would graduate, he and Alex would still remain friends. Albeit not in the same fond light they used to see each other under. With new goals in mind and fresh alliances established elsewhere, the two were reduced to simple housemates waiting for the other to make their move and leave, unwilling to vacate what both men saw as their home.

While Alex had plans to invite the new roomies he had made over the past year or so in his art course, the man wanted nothing more than to share the place with a warm body of the feminine kind. Although they put up with each other over the next few months, silent animosity would begin to build between them, especially within the heart of the man currently splayed out on the floor of his bedroom, looking far different than he was a few seconds ago, deflated business clothes masking the shivering body of a young lady within its depths as new sounds begin to leak forth from between glossy lips, letting loose sonorous sobs and gentle cries as her body continues to change, conforming to whatever her former friend had in mind for her as she strides over in comfy nightwear, smirking at the sight of her former husband while planting a compact in her face, turning the reflective end over so she could glimpse the sight of her own reflection. No longer that of a weathered man who looked worked to the bone but an exhausted girl who looked like she had one too many drinks at a sophomore party, frazzled black hair replaced by a silken mop of curly rust. And beneath a half lidded left eye, there laid a beauty mark eerily similar in position and size to the one that adorned the woman's right.

**"What do you look so surprised for? You should be pleased my girl. You take after mommy so nicely after all~"**

**“M…Mom? N-No…I…”**

Hearing that word quickly draws her back into the folds of her memory, this time going back in time a few weeks compared to the span of years she had scrolled through earlier. But a curious development had occurred; looking down, she saw firm breasts, tenting a flimsy black t-shirt. Frowning, she reaches a slender hand out to grab at them, wincing after a burst of arousal shoots through her nerves confirming they were real. And in place of Alex, there was that woman, standing over in the kitchen cooking…no, this wasn't the right memory.

Shutting her eyes in denial, a sudden jolt snaps him back into focus, glancing around the dingy flat he barely remembered now. The dishes were unwashed, the television was blaring…it was the night where things had finally hit their boiling point, the night where he had found that curious little device after narrowly avoiding the falling projectile as it came crashing down from somewhere in the night sky above while he was on his way back from another tiring day at the banking firm he had gotten a job at. Cursing in astonishment before curiosity overrode his fears, he kneels down by the smoking crater left by the impact, peeling out the miraculously intact gunmetal gray thing before a sudden surge of knowledge enters his brain; a mental instruction booklet of sorts that seemed to imbue whoever held it with the necessary know how needed to use it, grinning like a madman once he realized he now held the key to solve all his immediate problems…starting with the one at home…

Tracing his mental footprint, the fading man comes across his former self standing off in a confrontation with Alex in the living room. The latter with a bewildered look of concern and the former with an ominous scowl on his face as he holds out the device, pointing it Alex with thumb pressed down firmly on the screen. He must've thought his friend crazed, insane even, going on a tirade about how his days spent lazing on the couch were over. Sure, they didn't understand a lick about the others profession, but insulting him by saying he was lazing around all day when he was trying his best to pump out high quality art commissions seemed to push Alex into confrontation, taking steps forward he would never get to finish as he stumbles sideways before falling to a knee, clutching his head in pain just as he begins to change before his eyes, just like he had moments ago by the hand of the seductive dominatrix Alex would be forcefully molded into.

An entire past rewritten, memories and personality remade from the ground up like computer code, an unfit body stripped of obese fat before being pumped full of strong muscle and pliable flesh for masterful hands to form the perfect woman of his dreams, unable to forget the sight of his friends withered member worming its way back up inside sopping wet folds of highly sensitive pink flesh layered neatly within plump labia, something he could only look upon now with not a shred of arousal in his non existent loins as he felt those very same lips spasm between her legs once her pecker finally gives in, soiling her baggy boxers with a mixture of useless semen and fresh female ejaculate as her testes empty themselves out through her newly carved urethra on their way to flank her womb as egg making factories. Unable to assume her male identity any longer, the newborn girl simply stands in a crumbling facade of the home her former self once lived in as it morphs into what she now remembered to be the expensive flat she and her mother; Alicia, lived in together. Watching a stranger take her bodacious parent right then and there without even waiting for her head of faded indigo hair to finish growing in.

If there was anything left of Alex in there before she felt her 'new' husband's hot dick ram itself past her folds and against the entrance to her baby maker, it would all be thoroughly washed away quite literally from the orgasmic afterglow of suddenly being taken from behind by an angry ape of a man.

Looking back on it now, she could only wonder how things could have gone if she hadn't found the device. Would she and Alex have made up or would they inevitably part ways under amiable terms? Wishful thinking now when the two no longer existed with Alex being subsumed by Alicia; a rich model with a growing disdain for a husband she saw as nothing more than a horndog but was still hesitant to dissolve their marriage considering the strange fondness she had for him in her fabricated memories. That would all change once she discovered the device lying about on her husband's nightstand and the inkling suspicions she began to harbor against him for having such a thing in his possession without telling her.

He had been too hasty; seeing Alicia as nothing more than a harmless woman to use as he saw fit, he had grown irate and restless once he realized the device hadn't changed her into the completely devoted wife he had expected her to become. Instead of acquiescing to his rough demands for intercourse, Alicia rebutted him instead, annoyed at first, but the more he tried the more angry she got. It left the man frustrated, feeling as if Alex's 'punishment' was not yet served for all the times he did nothing while he toiled for pay, ignoring the fact he now lived in a fancy flat thanks to Alicia's modeling and acting career; a wife for heaven's sake. A man stuck in the past with a woman that had been forced to move on.

Now here she stood, paying the price for her carelessness as Alicia props her new young adult daughter up into her arms just in time for her clothes to reform, shaping themselves into the same black, baggy shirt her mental self wore over a sturdy C cup bra to support her mammaries with while cute white panties slung themselves around her hips, providing her virgin vagina some modesty despite the clear cameltoe outline they pressed against the soft fabric. And with her hazy red eyes clearing up as life begins to flow within her once more, the man she once was no longer existed, permanently erased from the world as she gazed at the proud face of her mother with a frown before shoving her away with a pout, leaving Alicia stunned for a moment at the forceful push delivered by her newborn daughter, assuming some bits of her former husband had survived within her.

**"What did you do for that young lady? I am your mother!"**

**"And this is my room…get out…"**

**“Y-Your room?! Dear! This is mor-”**

**“Jeez Mom, I'm not a little girl anymore! I can take care of myself alright so get…out!”**

Pulled and tossed out the door before she could say another word while it slams shut behind her, Alicia could only gaze in confusion back towards the bedroom that was supposed to be hers before realizing something in this reality must've changed to accommodate her new child. Shifting their room placements around so the master bedroom now laid elsewhere just for the mistress of the house to occupy. Although the matter of her daughter's adverse reaction to her presence was a shock to be sure, it would be a problem she needed to fix on her own since the device only ever worked once for each individual target. Not that she didn't welcome the challenge, especially after seeing how feisty and assertive she could be. Given a few more years and with the right mentoring, Alicia could already see her dear Rika being just as beautiful and dominant as she was.

On the other side of the door however, *Rika Hamelton* had other plans in mind, scowling at her suave mother’s sudden intrusion, the young lady fluffs her hair with the back of her hands before moving over to her comfortable bed, toppling over back first onto the buoyant sheets with a hand wrapped around an ebony clad smartphone, flipping over a list of contacts to open up a message box containing a long, veritable chat log of back and forth flirting, queries about complicated topics and more recently, discussing a time and place to meet up for something big; a milestone in Rika’s life in regards to her maiden hood. Blushing as she shoots a quick apology blaming her mother for the brief disturbance in their discussion. As much as she loved her sole parent, the woman could be very demanding sometimes. So much so she wanted to simply scurry away someplace she couldn’t find her. But that was a temporary, detrimental solution.

Maybe someday she could open up to Alicia, but for now, she was content with going her own way behind her mother’s back~

THE END