

# **Pocket Bitch**

**A FtF story by Alloner**

Noho, 5:45.

Beverly Robinson's wakes up to one single *beep* from her cellphone.

The gorgeous blonde woman begins her morning routine.

In just 7 years, Beverly climbed up the ranks at one of the biggest financial companies in the world: by the time she was 33, she was already the COO. Capable and unforgiving, the genius businesswoman ruled with an iron fist. There was no place for friends, family, or even a boyfriend in the life of someone like her, there was only she, herself and then Beverly. Everything she had was thanks to her hard work and her harsh, unforgiving personality.

However, there was something off that morning... She couldn't really tell what it was... It wasn't that weird feeling one gets when a cold is about to hit, or even the weird sensation in your mouth when you are about to throw up. It was more like she was forgetting something very, very important...

But there was no time to lose for Beverly. The young woman arrived at her office punctual as always, feeling as confident and powerful as ever. She strutted down the hallways, her heels clicking against the polished floor. But something still felt off.

Beverly could feel her heart rate increasing. She could feel her temples pulsating... Beverly Robinson just didn't get sick like that, and if she had to yell at someone to clear her mind she was totally going to. She summoned the first manager she could remember, drumming her nails on the desk as she waited for the unsuspecting man to enter her office...

But as the man stepped into the office, Beverly felt a sudden jolt of pain in her head. The pain was unbearable, and it felt as if something was trying to claw its way out of her skull. Beverly's knees buckled, and she collapsed onto the ground, clutching her head in agony. Her body began to shake uncontrollably as she felt a strange sensation surging through her veins. Her skin felt as if it was on fire, and she could hear her own blood rushing through her ears.

Suddenly, the pain stopped, and Beverly felt a strange sense of calm wash over her. She tried to speak, but the words that came out of her mouth were in Japanese, a language she had never spoken before. Beverly looked down at herself and gasped in horror at what she saw. Her body had transformed right in front of her employee's eyes. Her skin had darkened, her hair had

turned black, and her face had taken on a completely different shape. Her breasts had shrunk, and her once impressive curves had shrunk away. Beverly Robinson was no more, and in her place a meek and average-looking Japanese woman with small breasts and black hair.