



“Hi and thank you for calling TechTeam, my name is Robert, how may I help you?”

“Hi Robert! I would like a big titty goth girlfriend!”

Rob sighed in exasperation. Working remotely for a call center always involved dealing with a fair number of strange requests, and strange people, so he wasn't entirely surprised by this odd request, only annoyed. Unfortunately, calls were monitored, and he was not allowed to simply hang up on such calls. He had to confirm with the clients that he had properly heard, or that they didn't mean something else, before advising them that they weren't calling the right location, so he begrudgingly confirmed with the caller.

“I'm sorry sir, did you say that you wanted a big titty goth girlfriend?”

“Yes! I would really love to have one if you could help me.” The man had a chirpy tone, as if what he was asking was strange or creepy at all.

“I'm sorry sir, but this is a tech help phone line. May I suggest maybe visiting dating site to find a girl that you would like?”

“No, here is where I wanted to call!”

Rob shook his head, getting even more exasperated by this caller.

“Well, is there anything else that is technology related that we could help you with today sir?”

“Nope! Just the big titty goth girlfriend please!”

“In that case I'm sorry sir but we cannot help you, I wish you a very good day!”



Relieved, he finally hung up the call, happy to be rid of the strange caller. But as he did, he felt a ripple go through his body, changing his shape. Hair tumbled out of his head; breasts pushed out of his chest and his ass ballooned out below him, adding cushioning between him and the chair. He gasped in a high-pitched voice as he felt a pinch in his groin.

“No, no, NO!”

He said in a panic, with an alarmingly feminine voice, as he reached out to his pants, peeling his trousers and panties off his crotch, and revealing the brand-new pussy that lay where his cock had stood proudly moments ago.

“This can’t be fucking happening!”

But it had, in a matter of seconds, he had lost his gender. And more than his body had transformed, considering he now wore a bra on his respectable tits, the rest of his clothes were now feminine

and fit him well, and there was a purse tucked underneath his desk. In a rush, he grabbed the purse, digging through makeup, feminine hygiene products, and other various things to find a wallet. Opening it, he took out his ID, confirming that as he had suspected, that had changed as well. His name was now Rebecca, with same last name and birth year, only his first name and gender changed.

“What the fuck is happening?”

Then it struck him. The caller! The weird guy who had asked for a big titty goth girlfriend! It happened as soon as he hung up with him... He didn’t seem to be goth, or have particularly large tits, but this was too much to be just a coincidence, somehow that creep must have changed him! Such a thing was impossible, but so was spontaneous gender reassignment, so he had to consider all possibilities. Accessing his call log, he hit the redial button, trying to reach out to him, only to hear an ominous beep at the end of the dial sequence.

“The number you are trying to reach is no longer in service.”

He almost threw his phone away in anger. Hanging up, he tried manually dialing from his personal cellphone, only to be met with the same result. Checking on the company organisation chart, he noticed that his new picture and name were displayed instead of his male one, and every communication he had were addressed to Rebecca, as if Robert had never existed! Sending an email to his boss, he explained that he had to take the rest of the afternoon off for a medical emergency and disconnected for the day.

But by next morning, she realised that she had no other choice but to keep living her life, and that there was nothing she could do to change back into a man. The best hope she had was to login to work, keep at it and pray that the creepy guy from yesterday called back again. So that's what she did, and it went surprisingly well. Other than her voice sounding surprisingly light whenever she spoke up, nothing had really changed about her job, in fact she fell back into a rhythm, almost forgetting about the fact that this morning she woke up as a woman, and than nobody even remembered she was ever a man. She was so lost in her process that she didn't even notice when the caller ID from yesterday came up on her receiver.

"Hi and thank you for calling TechTeam, my name is Rebecca, how may I help you?"

"Hi Rebecca! I would like a big titty goth girlfriend please!"

She started. It was him! The creep from yesterday! This was her chance to change back!

"It's you! You did this to me! I am a girl now! You need to change me back into a man!"

The tone of the man on the other line kept its annoyingly upbeat attitude, like he wasn't messing with someone's whole life.

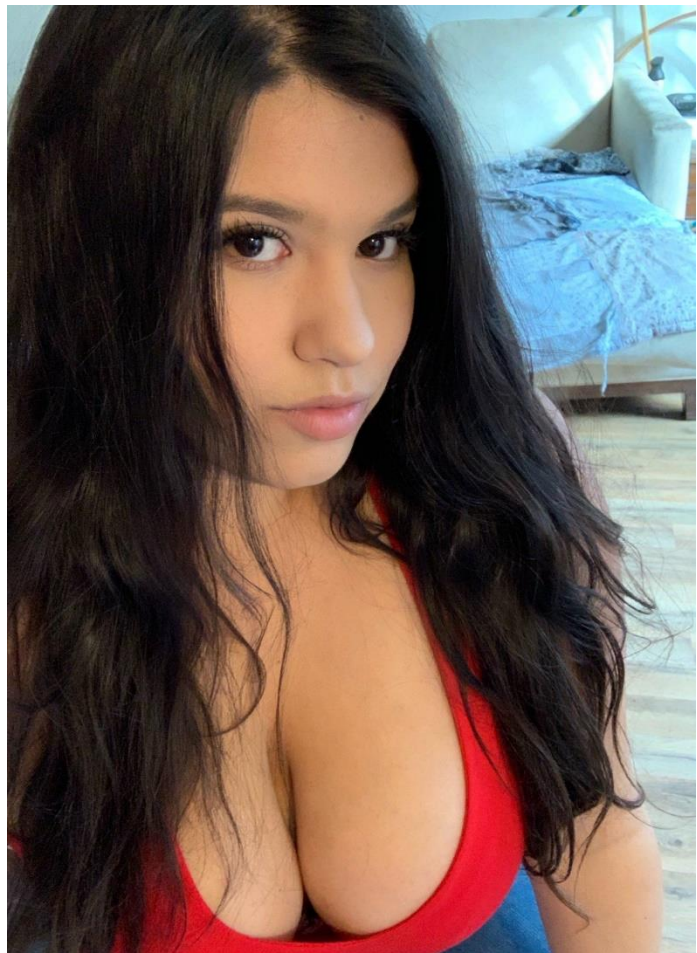
"OH! So, you are a girl now! Tell me, are your tits big?"

Rebecca responded in an angry tone: "No! But that doesn't have anything to do with..."

The man interrupted her, not letting her finish her sentence.

"In that case, you don't have what I am looking for, but thanks! Have a good day!"

Before Rebecca could say anything, he hung up the line. As she sat there, pleading into a phone to a guy that was no longer there, she felt a surge of energy on her chest, a sudden build up. In horror, she stared down as her cleavage expanded, the flesh from her tits rising from their respectable size to two massive orbs sitting on her chest. Running to her mirror, she could only gape at the size of her new tits, almost disproportionate on her now much smaller frame. It looked like this creep wasn't quite done with her... At least this change wasn't as drastic as the last one. She sighed as she returned to work, dreading the moment the guy would call back, hoping he would fix this, but deep down knowing that he probably didn't have any intentions of changing her back into a man.



The day went by without the man calling again. She went to bed that night sporting two large new pillows, that were unfortunately still there when she woke up in the morning. She hesitated before deciding to start the work today. Sure, she had big tits, and was very much a girl now, but did she really want to end up as a goth? In the end, she decided that the risk was worth trying to get the man on the phone to change her back to who she was supposed to be, so she logged in for the day and started taking on calls. It wasn't long before the man called again, and this time, Rebecca was ready.

"Change me back to a man you dick!"

"Oh, hi Rebecca! Tell me, do you have nice, big, juicy tits now?"

"Yes, I do but I certainly don't want them, or to be a girl for that matter! Undo this right now, please, I'll do anything!"

"No can do! But tell me, are you goth by any chance?" He responded with his annoying chirpy tone.

"I am not, and never will be! And what do you mean you can't change me back?"

Ignoring her question, he just kept on talking.

"Oh well, the goth part can come later, it's not that important. For now, congratulations Becky! You are now my lovely, live-in girlfriend!"

This time it was her body that pulsed, but everything around her. Her surroundings, down to her very attire fuzzed and changed, leaving her in a seductive pose, wearing sexy lingerie and laying on a soft bed. She was no longer on the phone in her home office, but in a bedroom she didn't recognize. And in front of her stood a man with a creepy smile that was just hanging up on his cellphone and staring right at her and her very much exposed breasts.

"Yes, you'll do just fine as my girlfriend my dear Becky, now why don't we consummate our new relationship?"

She wanted to scream in horror, slap him and run away, but instead she found herself to be smiling seductively at her tormentor, opening her legs up to him, as he dropped his pants and revealed his large cock.



He fucked her relentlessly that night, and she found herself helpless before him, only capable of acting as his submissive, horny, and slutty girlfriend. He would slap her ass while fucking her from behind, and she would moan and giggle, only begging for more while pressing him deeper into her. But Robert was still there, unable to do anything against the supernatural will of his captor, of his boyfriend. Rebecca was fucked in all possible positions, relentlessly, her boyfriend possession supernatural stamina. When he finally stopped, and she dropped from pure exhaustion, the sun was starting to rise on the horizon outside the small apartment she now lived in, apparently.

When she woke up hours later, Raven wasn't surprised that she had changed once more to match her boyfriend's desire. Her slutty attire was now compromised of black leather, with a complex network of chains hanging from every part of it, and, of course, a crotchless pair of leather panties giving full access to her pussy and her ass. The man was nowhere to be found, and she quickly found that she had limited control on her body, she could do most things, except call for aid in any way, leave the apartment, or get changed. She was stuck there and in that outfit, but other than that she could do pretty much what she wanted. She found that she no longer worked at TechTeam, in fact she didn't seem to have any job at all. Similarly, she somehow couldn't remember any of her friends, or family, or search for them on social media. There was only her boyfriend.



As soon as he returned home, her body returned on autopilot and she lost all control, once again forced to act like the submissive horny girlfriend she now was.

“I knew the goth part would kick in sooner or later! I have to say, five-star service, would recommend! Truly an exceptional experience in customer service! Now, lets have some fun!”

He smiled as he once again pulled down his pants and jumped on the bed with her, as she found herself to be smiling and making out with him, as she passionately rode his cock. This would be how she would spend her time, free whenever he was gone, and then forced to act like his slutty goth girlfriend whenever he was around. In the end, he did get the big titty goth girlfriend that he wanted, although Raven never would have thought that it would be herself that filled that role.