

Big, Blonde and Beautiful

For MTL1991

By TheSpiralledEye

Tanner is an arrogant asshole who enjoys standing up fat women on dates. But when he pisses off the wrong witch, he finds himself in a new reality where the tables have been turned!

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Tanner sat back in the chair with a wide grin as he looked out the window. This coffee shop was his favourite in the city; not because the coffee was good, in fact it was downright average, but because of the view. From this comfy spot by the window on the second floor he had a perfect view of the Starbucks across the street. Outside of which was a chubby woman playing nervously with the string of her shoulder hand bag. She'd arrived almost forty minutes ago with a hopeful look on her face that had slowly melted away as time passed.

Tanner chuckled to himself, watching her hope slowly turn to nerves, then resignation. She'd at least not lied in her online photo; she was overweight but trying to mask it with a gothic aesthetic. Her dress was all magic circles and a necklace of gemstones clinked around her neck. All she needed was a broad brimmed hat and she'd be ready for the Renfaire. His phone pinged three separate times while he watched her;

I'm here!

Just got a drink, are we still meeting outside?

It was the Starbucks on Caymen street right?

Finally, after almost a full hour of waiting, no replies and two giant whip cream covered coffees the woman slowly began to walk away with her head hung low with embarrassment and shame. She lasted much longer than most; he was impressed by just how desperate and pathetic she was. His phone pinged one final time.

Asshole.

A full stop, not even an exclamation mark. Somehow that made him feel all the smugger, she was so resigned to being stood up she couldn't even yell digitally. With delight he added 'Bree Jones' to his list of successful stand ups and sat back to finish his own coffee. Black of course.

Part of why he loved using this place for his little games was the juxtaposition; here he was, powerful and classy in the coffee shop while those fat pathetic loser women went and drank sugary crap from the cheap Starbucks while waiting for him.

He'd started this little game a few years ago; despite having recently hit thirty Tanner had no desire to settle down. He preferred his women like tissues, soft and disposable. The invention of dating apps had been a godsend. He was a handsome guy, well muscles with a successful job in marketing, pulling was so easy he barely had to try. Now whenever he felt like it he simply picked up a chick, got his rocks off once or twice and went about his day.

When he'd accidentally matched with Stacey a few years ago without realising just how heavy set she was, he raced over to this coffee shop to avoid her and watched as she realised she'd been stood up. It had been intoxicating to watch the hope leave her eyes and be replaced with humiliation. That's what she deserved for misleading him with a profile picture ten pounds lighter than she was in real life.

Ever since then matching with fat women and standing them up on dates had become a sort of private entertainment for himself. In a way he was helping those women, maybe being stood up by somebody as handsome and successful as him would motivate them to get off their fat asses and work out, better themselves. Who knows, if they did maybe he'd even give them another chance, a real one.

He opened up his phone and began to scroll through potential matches. After all that excitement he could use a proper woman to actually hook up with. It was getting close to dinner time, perhaps he could snag a woman wanting a free meal. He did enjoy wining and dining his dates; just to show off how much he could drop on a bottle of wine without thinking about it. The impressed look on their faces as he casually poured thousand dollar red into a glass was almost as good as standing up those pudgy women.

"You look pleased with yourself."

The voice almost made him jump out of his seat. He looked up and there in front of him was Bree, complete with her gothic attire. Though, Tanner couldn't help but notice she had reapplied her mascara and that there were the faintest tear trains at the creases of her eyes.

"What do you want?" He asked dismissively.

“Tanner, I assume, and don’t deny it. If you’re going to stand girls up at least use a fake picture for God sakes.”

“Why?” He shrugged with a smile. “None of them have ever confronted me before, too embarrassed I imagine so good for you. You’ve got some balls. Maybe literally.”

Bree’s face turned red with anger and embarrassment and Tanner laughed again, putting down his coffee cup and getting to his feet.

“How did you think this was going to go, sweetheart?” He asked, “Did you think I’d get all flustered? Be embarrassed that you called me out for standing you up? Did you think doing it in a public place would shame me?”

He could tell from the look on her face that she did. It made his blood boil; who did this woman think she was? Did she think she was *better* than *him*? Well for once she’d bitten off more than she could chew.

“Well too bad, because here is the sorry truth. I am better than you.” He leaned forward, “Anybody could tell that with a single glance. I’m hot, you’re not, I’m rich, you’re nothing if those cheap clothes have anything to say about it. I don’t owe you anything, not a date, not a meal, nothing.”

Bree’s lips pressed into a thin line and she leaned in close.

“You are a real piece of work Tanner.” She hissed, “And I’m going to show you just how hurt you’ve caused.”

“If you’re going to report me to the police or something that won’t get you far. I haven’t done anything illegal.”

“No, I am going to even your your karma. All the bad you’ve put into the world, all the mean things you’ve done; I’m going to double it back on you.”

There was silence between them for a moment before Tanner realised she was serious and he burst into laughter.

“Oh no!” He wailed sarcastically, “You’re cursing me with bad karma? Bad karma! Holy shit girl, you’re something else.”

He breezed past her with a smirk.

“I’ll take my chances, sweetheart. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have a real date to meet.”

She didn’t yell after him, maybe she was too humiliated. Oh well. It would have been a nice touch but in the end Tanner didn’t really care. He stepped out onto the street and hailed a cab, already filtering through his phone for a proper woman to share his bed with tonight and deciding on a leggy blonde. Maybe it was cliché, but he had a thing for the classics. With a confident smile he made a dinner reservation and sent her a message, knowing full well he wouldn’t have to cancel.

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Tanner woke slowly and with much more discomfort than he was used to. His thousand thread count sheets felt strangely rough and itchy under his skin and his chest ached. With a groan he rolled over onto his back and felt his brow furrow as he sank into the mattress far more than he was used to.

Blearily he opened his eyes, expecting to see the beautiful woman he’d bedded last night but instead found his bed empty. Except it wasn’t his bed; his bed had cream sheets that cost a pretty penny. Right now he was laying on cheap flower patterned ones that looked like they came from Walmart.

He sat up in shock and immediately got his with a wave of dizziness. His body felt...wrong. His centre of gravity was off and his long hair was a tangled mess around his face.

Wait...long hair?

He grabbed a handful of the tangled blonde strands and yanked them in front of his eyes; yelping when he felt them pull at his skull. He’d always kept his brown hair cropped short, now overnight it had grown past his shoulders and been dyed? He hadn’t gotten that drunk last night and even if he had gotten black out drunk that wouldn’t explain how his hair had grown so quickly.

Without thinking he rubbed at his sore chest and froze. Instead of tight muscle he felt something soft. Something familiar; with plenty of give but a warm, round shape that he knew very well. But that wasn't possible.

Slowly, with dawning horror he looked down as saw a pair of heavy, large breasts. They rested in heavy teardrop shapes on his chest just above the bump of his stomach. He was wearing a tightfitting nightgown but even through the fabric he could see a thick set of thighs. He ripped the sheets away to reveal his long but heavy legs; his calves had a distinctly feminine curve to their build to match his new tits and that feeling of dread grew stronger.

“What the fuck, this has to be a dream.”

Even his voice was wrong, throaty and deeper but still undeniably a woman's. He jumped to his feet awkwardly. His body was so much heavier than he was used to and his centre of gravity off so much that it sent him stumbling. He could feel his plump rear moving with every step, making his cheeks burn with humiliation as he made it to the bathroom.

This was still his apartment but everything was off. His neat, expensive living space was now cramped with cheap furniture and knock off appliances. When he reached the bathroom the sink was cluttered with makeup from department stores and the mirror had a layer of grime over it that he would never have allowed.

He grabbed for a washcloth and cleaned it quickly to try and get a look at himself and found a stranger staring back at him in the mirror. She had round cheeks and a heart shaped face framed with blonde hair. And she was curvy, overweight and curvy. Big boobs, big butt, a stomach and thicker arms.

Exactly the sort of women he'd have stood up on one of those dating apps.

Tanner grabbed for the thick skin around his wrist and pinched hard.

“Ouch!”

He didn't wake up. This wasn't a dream. Almost in a daze he walked back to the bed and collapsed back onto it, feeling the mattress squeak and groan with the added weight.

“This can't be happening.”

Bree's words echoed in his head and he remembered her witchy attire and occult accessories; had she been for real? He grabbed for his phone and opened it up to find that everything was the same, yet different. He flicked open the first social media icon he could and navigated to his profile page.

“Morgan Prior...?”

That was the name that greeted him, along with photos of the women in the mirror. Every app was the same; somehow it wasn't just him who'd changed it was his entire reality. Tanner was nowhere to be found, instead it seemed he was Morgan now, a heavy set woman who worked as a manager at McDonalds and was single despite many, many attempts to remedy it.

This phone had several dating apps, each with multiple matches over the past six months. Half of them had ghosted her, or rather him, and the ones who had gone through didn't seem to last long. Not to mention they were all men.

Curiously he typed in a few of the women he'd slept with over the past few months into the different apps and found that most of them were on Morgan's friend list. He opened chats to find some of them were good friends, others just associates or passing acquaintances but certainly not hook ups or girlfriends.

There was one name mysteriously missing though, no Bree. He typed her name into the dating app where they had matched yesterday in his reality and found...nothing. No profile, no name. His blood boiled; he needed to find her, to give her a piece of his mind and make her fix this!

He tried all the dating apps, then all the socials, still nothing. Bree had dropped off the face of the earth and taken his only shot of turning back with her. Tanner felt his temper rising.

“That bitch!” He cursed, throwing the phone across the room and watching as the screen cracked against the wall. “How could she do this to me!?”

Being turned into a woman was humiliating enough but why a chubby one? He breathed through his teeth, feeling his chest heave and his heart beat against it; and there was quite a lot of chest to beat against.

Tanner grit his teeth; he'd find her. Bree couldn't hide from him forever. He'd hunt her down and make her change things but until then, he was just going to have to make the most of this. He felt that same surge of confidence that drove him normally returning; Bree probably expected him to fall into despair. To give up and just wallow in his own misery well,

she was wrong. Not only was he going to fix this and turn back into his successful, male self; but he was going to prove to her that her problems were her own.

A quick search on his phone revealed a gym just down the street and a few clicks later he had a membership, a quick shower and he could go find a health food store, grab a liquid smoothie breakfast and-

BEEP BEEP BEEP

Tanner felt an odd sense of whiplash as his attention was redirected in an instant to the phone alarm with the word 'WORK' flashing across the screen.

"Oh. Shit."

His gym plan was going to have to wait, according to his schedule, he was due at the MCDonalds in half an hour; which was a problem considering he was still in a nightgown. Okay, new plan; go to work so that he could still afford to live then go to the gym. Somewhat awkwardly Tanner hurried to the bathroom and stripped off the nightgown, doing his best not to look down at his now naked body as he hopped into the shower.

The water made him shiver but not from the cold. His body felt oddly sensitive or maybe it was just the fact that he wasn't used to having quite so many curves for the water to flow down. He could feel it gathering in his creases, including the sensitive folds between his legs. The water flowed down his inner thighs and across his nipples until his morbid curiosity had to be sated.

He looked down at himself and watched the water flowing off his body. It felt so alien, to look down and see a pair of tits, now that he'd started staring he couldn't seem to stop. Despite being heavier than he wanted; he couldn't deny that his new breasts were fantastic. Being a bigger woman naturally meant bigger breasts; a factor he hadn't considered before. Would they get smaller once he started going to the gym? He hoped not.

Another shudder ran down his spine as those nipples started to turn hard despite the heat and steam of the shower. A strange mixture of arousal and disgust moved through him; was he actually getting turned on by *this* body? That was so wrong.

Tanner did his best to push away the thoughts and turned off the shower, toweling himself off and trying not to focus on how the rough towel sent shivers across his sensitive skin. He had bigger problems, like trying to squeeze these frankly enormous tits into a bra. Morgan had half a dozen, all H cups and despite looking big hanging in her cupboard Tanner found himself struggling to hook them up behind his back. Not only was the angle awkward but somehow, they seemed too small!

After an embarrassingly long few minutes he finally managed to close the hooks together and heft them into place. The reason for the small sizing was obvious; not only did he feel instantly better with the support but the tight cups squeezed his new tits together tightly enough that his cleavage almost doubled. That small ember of arousal began to heat inside him again but he snuffed it out and focused on his work uniform.

“Ugh.”

The uniform was so...cheap. He was used to going to work in expensive suits and wearing silver watches around his wrist just to flex. After all, in this day and age you didn't really *need* a watch. Which is why Morgan didn't seem to own one. Just her scratchy work pants, a collar shirt with the McDonalds M on it and a painfully low class cap.

Tanner looked himself up and down in the mirror and winced; he could see the cleft of his ass through the tight pants. According to his phone, this shift was eight hours long; eight hours dressed like this in public. God how humiliating. Still, he refused to give in. He'd get through work, then go work out before coming home and trying to bring some order to the chaos that was this apartment.

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It had been years since Tanner had eaten McDonalds. Even in his big night out, drinking days he'd rarely eaten fast food. It had always felt so beneath him and with the advent of food delivery apps he didn't see the point in eating cheap trash. So if Bree had made him a worker here in the hopes that he'd been tempted to eat the junk and stay heavy then she was dead wrong.

He walked inside with a confident smile; he was a big business marketing manager; managing a little fast food joint would be a piece of cake. If there was any bright side to this change at least he'd be able to take a brain break.

“Are you the manager here?”

A woman in a messy bun and yoga pants was in his face the second he walked in.

“Uh, yes.”

“Well, what are you going to do about this!?”

She thrust a box of fries in his face and Tanner blinked in surprise.

“What about them?”

“It's half empty! I want whoever served this fired!”

“Morgan!” A sweaty young man came running up to them before Tanner could reply. “The ice cream machine is broken and Kylie called in sick so we are down one person on drive through.”

That was the beginning of the most hectic morning of Tanner's life. He found himself practically running from one side of the restaurant to the other putting out metaphorical fires, and one real one too when a foolish fifteen year old set the grill alight.

All the while, he felt people's eyes on him. Squeezing through the thin corridors formed by the kitchen equipment was a nightmare. He had to lift up his arms, pushing his breasts up even further, and squashing his ass into the benchtops.

Every time he was on the floor he could feel his ass cheeks rubbing together as he speed walked. And more than once he saw people eyeing him off derisively. Tanner could practically hear their thoughts;

‘Of course she works at McDonalds, she probably eats nothing but junk. That's why she looks like that.’

By the time his lunch break arrived Tanner was starving and exhausted. He was sweating and his feet ached; he'd never worked so hard in his life. How was he only earning twenty dollars an hour? It was absurd.

With a groan he sat down and grimaced at the salad before him; of course he'd not thought to bring lunch so he had to eat off the menu. Which was a good thing really because it was free and now that he saw just how little money was at his disposal, free was welcome. He wolfed down the salad and felt his stomach growl; it barely made a dent in his hunger after all that running around.

The smell of burgers and nuggets wafted through the air and Tanner felt himself starting to salivate. Okay, maybe just one wouldn't hurt, he was going to work out after his shift finished anyway. Three burgers and a lot of shame later Tanner was back on the floor and actually grateful he was moving around so much. He needed to burn off that junk.

Tanner had walked the several blocks to work proudly but by the end of the day he just didn't have the energy. As embarrassing and beneath him as it was; he took the bus.

He stepped off the bus and saw the gym right in front of him. There was a membership ID waiting at the front desk for him but his legs groaned in protest. He hadn't realised just how exhausting work was going to be. He'd been on his feet all day and that had to count for something right? He'd go to the gym tomorrow.

Yeah. Tomorrow.

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Tomorrow turned into a full week, when Sunday finally hit and he had a day off. Working at McDonalds was so much harder than he'd thought it would be. Not to mention, buying the healthy meals he had in mind was way out of his budget. He compromised time and time again and what was even worse; he was starting to develop a taste for bagel bites and cheesecake from the local 7/11.

When he woke on Sunday though Tanner told himself enough was enough. He dug through his new closet and didn't find anything close to workout gear, so selected a regular shirt and a pair of tight yoga pants that made his ass jiggle as he snapped the waistband on. He posed in front of the mirror, twisting so he could see his ass cheeks being pressed together by the tight fabric.

“This ass isn't all that bad really...” He muttered.

He was getting oddly attached to his giant curves. The skinny women he dated simply couldn't get breasts this big naturally. And he did hate women who were fake. Speaking of fake women, the gym was full of them.

Everybody there was already skinny, fit and pretty. Spending most of their time taking selfies rather than working out. He lifted his chin high and walked through the machinery to reach the treadmills when a high pitched wolf whistle made him stop dead in his tracks.

He spun around, just barely keeping his balance (he still wasn't used to the extra weight yet even after a week) and found a small group of men looking at him. They smirked, one whistled again and they all chuckled. Tanner felt a strange storm of emotions swirl within him; delight at being found attractive, embarrassment at their laughter and roaming eyes, and guilt for not just ignoring them. Maybe he shouldn't have chosen yoga pants.

“Hey babe, I think you walked in the wrong door, the bakery is across the street.”

“Aw come on dude,” one of the men grinned, “I think she’s cute, I like a girl with a bit of junk in the trunk.”

“You call that a bit?”

Tanner’s face burned in humiliation. This was a nightmare; the fact that he was finding the attention oddly arousing all the same only made things worse. He got up onto the treadmill and selected a medium strength workout and tried to throw himself into exercise as a distraction.

With each step he took though, the embarrassment just got stronger. He swore the heavy sound of his footfalls were echoing through the whole gym; and even with the tight pants and sports bra his curves were jiggling all over the place, not to mention his tummy. People walked past and tried to hide their smirks, others kept their vision off him completely to the point that it was obvious they were trying not to stare.

Those men kept jeering him as well, making little kissy faces and whistling every time his pants sunk into the cleft of his ass. He could feel himself getting wet between his legs no matter how hard he tried not to. With each step on the treadmill his new folds squashed together, subtly teasing him despite the humiliation.

After a single minute he was out of breath and uncomfortable, sweat pooled in all the worst places and it only took him thirty minutes to throw in the towel both metaphorically and in reality. How was he supposed to lose weight and work out when gyms were basically designed for people who were already skinny? This was ridiculous.

He stormed out with his blood boiling and his face flush from both embarrassment and arousal. Between the damn job and the gym it was like the world was conspiring against him to stop him losing weight. He glanced down at his ample cleavage and felt his lips quirk; this body wasn’t *that* bad. All things considered. He was so distracted looking at his own cleavage he almost walked into the sandwich board sign outside the local cafe.

“Ice coffee and pastry deal...” He muttered, “yum.”

That sweet, sugary pastry certainly sounded a lot better than the wheatgrass smoothie he’d originally planned on having. Without thinking he pushed open the door and locked eyes with the barista behind the counter. It was a blonde woman, with a skinny waist and bright pink lips and the look on her face made Tanner want to punch her. She looked smug, self assured

that she was about to make a big sale; she even had the audacity to subtly push a tray of purple iced cupcakes closer to the register.

No.

He refused to give her the satisfaction. With a sour face he turned and left, opening up his phone and reuploading all the dating apps. He had to find Bree and put a stop to this; the humiliation, the arousal, the fact that he was starting to get stockholm'd into liking this body. He couldn't let things go any further. If that meant spending the night scouring the sites for any profile that even remotely resembled hers, he would.

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Reading through the profiles, Tanner could see many familiar faces; women he'd hooked up with in the past. Everything was exactly the same; except him. It was as if Bree had somehow just switched him into an entirely new life without changing anything else.

He even googled his old marketing firm and found nothing amiss, his position was being advertised as an open slot and he desperately wished he could apply for it, but as Morgan he didn't have the experience or credentials. So his new normal became working by day and searching the internet at night for Bree. He didn't go back to the gym. It was too humiliating.

Instead he turned to internet exercise videos. That only lasted a day; partly because it felt awful turning his apartment into a sweaty hot box, and partly because of the noise complaints. Two minutes of him doing star jumps had the downstairs neighbours yelling and banging and he'd spent the rest of the night curled up trying to hide his shame.

It was funny how quickly he'd ditched his plans to lose weight but if he found Bree and made her fix this it wouldn't be a problem. At least that's what he told himself. The fact that he was actually starting to enjoy the way his butt jiggled when he walked or did those star jumps had nothing to do with it. Or how cute he looked with those giant tits pushed up.

He sprawled himself on the couch, still flicking through profiles when he saw a familiar face; Jasmine. He'd picked her up for a quickie about six months ago but that wasn't what made him stop; he'd seen her more recently too, on Morgan's friend list. A quick cross check showed that he was right, Jasmine was one of Morgan's friends from highschool, not super close, but close enough.

Morbid curiosity got the better of him and he opened up their chat. They hadn't talked in about a month now apparently, perfect.

'Hey girl it's been too long.'

A few moments passed and then Jasmine typed back.

'Oh my gosh, yeah! Time flies, I was actually meaning to catch up with you, I'm going shopping tomorrow, want to come?'

Tanner's eyes lit up, a girl's shopping trip? Where hot as fuck Jasmine would parade around in skimpy outfits, and maybe even underwear for him? Yes please, that was exactly what he needed!

'When and where? I am there girl.'

~

This was not what Tanner had expected. Jasmine was indeed parading around in outfits trying to find something new to wear to the club, she even walked out in just her underwear once and Tanner had stared only to feel...nothing.

Jasmine was objectively attractive, he knew that but nothing burned between his legs. His body didn't react at all, his mind barely reacted in fact. He'd expected to need to run off to experimenting with masturbation at some point but as it stood he was more interested in the rack of push up bras than the rack on Jasmine's chest.

The cute man at the service desk on the other hand, had him flushing when he smiled at them as they walked in. Bree's spell or whatever it was that she did to change reality, it hadn't just turned him into a woman, it had turned him into a straight one.

"You should get something for yourself." Jasmine smiled, "You really are pretty Morgan, you just need to...dress for your body type."

"Tactfully put." Tanner muttered.

He couldn't look good when he was this fat. Who was she kidding?

"No, I'm serious, um...watch this." Jasmine ran off, tiny skirt swishing behind her while Tanner desperately tried to find it arousing.

She returned a moment later with a large dress with a frilled skirt and sleeves and what looked like a corset around the middle.

“Try this.”

Not expecting much of it Tanner walked into the change room and pulled the dress on. He had to admit, the corset did help support his breasts which gave him a little reprieve, and acted like a push up bra. It wasn't quite tight enough to hide his rounded belly but it did help. Tanner turned to face the mirror and gasped; the change was instant. Without the baggy clothes that stretched in all the wrong places his pudgy body actually looked...cute.

There was no hiding the extra weight but Jasmine had been right, the right outfit could make all the difference. His friend squealed with delight when he stepped out of the change room and Tanner couldn't help but flush with pleasure. It felt nice to be attractive again. Maybe being in this body didn't have to be all bad after all.

He and Jasmine dove right off the deep end, spending far too much money on clothes and giggling together like a bunch of school girls. He almost didn't want to admit it, but Tanner was finding this outing with Jasmine far more fun than their hook up back in his other life. She was actually funny and really clever, he'd just assumed she was another dumb hot bimbo when he was a man. Then again, he was slightly ashamed to admit he hadn't really listened to anything she'd said on their date. He'd been more focused on getting her top off.

By the end of their trip he had three bags filled with clothes, a dangerously low bank account and a massive smile on his face. When was the last time he'd smiled from pure happiness, without a hint of maliciousness or smug satisfaction? Tanner realised he couldn't remember.

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Tanner could feel his eyes glazing over as he looked through yet another dating profile. How had he never realised just how samey they were? Same makeup, same smile or duck face, same banal interests and personalities like plain flour. What had he ever seen in these women? It was odd, it wasn't like they looked ugly now but he just...wasn't attracted to them. More importantly, none of them were Bree.

“This is hopeless.” He whinged, laying back on his bed.

He was so damn frustrated, he was so tense and irritated his skin was prickling beneath his work out gear; which he was yet to change out of. He bit his lip, moaning a little at how

sensitive it was now. What he needed was release, but the idea of masturbating in this body was...daunting.

With a sigh he held his phone back up and started flicking through profiles again when suddenly the heart at the side of the screen pinged and the word 'MATCH' flashed next to it. An odd feeling of excitement burst through his chest; somebody had matched with Morgan?

Without thinking Tanner opened the profile and was met with a handsome, square jawed man called Kyle. He had five o'clock shadow and warm brown eyes that made his heart flutter and his nethers tingle. Tanner swallowed; he was getting turned on...by a guy? A small gasp escaped him as a message appeared in his chats, with Kyle's name above it.

'Hey Babe, busy tonight?'

His heart was racing now; he'd been in this body for a week now and that was the longest he'd ever gone without sex. The idea of a little fling was actually pretty exciting and it wasn't gay right? After all, he was in a woman's body.

'Not too busy for you.'

Tanner grinned, smooth. He'd have this guy eating out of the palm of his hand; he knew exactly what guys wanted to hear. Within a few minutes they had a date arranged and Tanner was on his feet; he had to make sure he looked good if he was going to score.

With this body that would take a lot of work. He quickly searched through all of Morgan's clothes and selected a tight skirt and silk singlet that matched before rushing to the bathroom; applying lipstick with one hand while looking up makeup tutorials on his phone with the other.

It took a lot of work (who knew that winged eyeliner look was actually so complicated?) but after almost a full hour of prep; he was ready. He knew it was silly to be this excited about a simple hook up but after a whole week of feeling unattractive it felt nice to have somebody take interest. He grabbed a taxi and fidgeted in the back seat the whole way before taking a few deep breaths upon exiting; he didn't want to look too desperate. Was he desperate?

He slid into a chair at the restaurant and checked his phone; five minutes early. Good, he had enough time to perfectly pose himself for when his date arrived. Checking his make up one last time in his phone camera he picked up the menu and perused it, ordering a drink while he waited.

And waited.

And waited.

“Did you want another drink?” The waitress asked after half an hour, she had a look of pity on her face that made Tanner’s mouth go dry.

“No.” He forced a bright smile. “I am sure he’s not far away.”

Even as he said it a feeling of dread began to sink in. He squirmed in his chair, feeling his thick thighs rub together and the chair groan under his weight. With trembling hands and a mind full of denial he got out the app and sent Kyle a message.

‘Are you far away?’

A sick bitter taste formed on the back of his tongue when he didn't receive any reply. The candle burned down and Tanner ordered his dinner; a bowl of pasta topped with three times the usual amount of cheese. He ate the whole thing, swallowing thickly and blinking back humiliated tears. That really wasn't as much fun from the other side. Was Kyle watching somewhere? Watching him stuff his fat face while trying not to cry? Did watching Tanner's embarrassment make him feel good?

He looked down at his empty plate in disgust and got to his feet, paying the cheque and deleting the app from his phone without even bothering to send Kyle another message. All that effort dolling himself up and he hadn't even gotten a quickie out of it. Indignant rage bubbled under his skin and Tanner grit his teeth.

Fuck Kyle, he didn't need him. He wasn't going to let being stood up stop him. He'd show that fucker Kyle and Bree too, that he could get a date in this body. He was going to prove to them he was still better than all of them, even if he wasn't the big powerful man he used to be.

“I'll show them.” He hissed under his breath, getting out his phone and opening another app. “I'll show them all.”

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His confidence didn't last much longer. After three failed first dates, the longest being half an hour, and being stood up a handful of times Tanner was starting to feel discouraged. It wasn't even about sex he just wanted to feel that thrill of being wanted.

He couldn't lose weight, couldn't make good money, hell, he couldn't even get a pity date. For all his bravado and confidence, he was about ready to admit defeat. Maybe if he did Bree would take pity on him, he could beg her to change him back and insist he'd learned his lesson.

Tanner picked at the chocolate cake on his plate; he'd been stood up yet again, but at least this time it had happened at a cute cafe with plenty of cakes he could drown his sorrows in. Maybe he'd even get one of those pumpkin lattes all the girls squealed about, why not? It wasn't like he had any pride left to be embarrassed.

A warm cup of coffee appeared on the table and Tanner looked up hopefully only to see the man who ran the shop giving her a sympathetic smile.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to get your hopes up." He blushed. "I just...I figured you were stood up and could use a coffee on the house."

Normally somebody taking pity on him would make Tanner irritated but he just didn't have the energy anymore, and this man had kind eyes that were somehow warm despite their cold grey colour.

"Thanks." He whispered, blushing slightly; he must have looked so desperate looking up like that with hope in his eyes. God, how pathetic.

"Pretty girls like you don't deserve that sort of treatment." The man continued, "I see it all the time, this is my place."

"You own it?"

"Well, I bake. I do all the cakes and bread and even the owner admits people come here for those, not the coffee." The man smiled with a prideful twinkle. "My name's Henry."

"Morgan."

The name slipped out so easily now it almost felt more natural than Tanner.

“Well Morgan, I’m happy to meet you even if some asshole isn’t.” Henry replied with a charming smile. “And I hope the cake was at least worth it.”

“Oh it is. Maybe it’s a good thing he didn’t show up because it gave me the excuse I needed to eat chocolate instead of one of those raisin buns.”

Henry made a face.

“The owner insists I make those for the health nuts, along with the oat cookies. I am more of a chocolate chip man myself.”

“Ah, man after my own heart.”

Speaking of his heart, Tanner could feel his fluttering. Henry wasn’t traditionally handsome, but he wasn’t bad on the eyes either. Thicker build, with a square jaw and eyes that twinkled when he smiled.

“Maybe I’ll keep having my first dates here, just so I can keep eating the cakes.” He continued.

“Please do.” Henry replied, “and if your dates don’t show...maybe I could join you one time.”

“...I’d like that.”

~

At some point, weeks started turning into months and Tanner felt himself slowly becoming more Morgan. He responded to her name without hesitation, he knew his life as well as he knew his old one, he’d even mastered manager the hectic as hell McDonalds. Most of all though, he’d stopped looking for Bree.

It hadn’t been a decision, it just sort of happened. His searches went from every night to every other night, to once every few days, to once a week until finally he just...stopped. And a big part of that was Henry.

Tanner started planning all his dates to meet at the cafe and soon he didn’t even care if they stood him up. After a while he realised it was Henry and his cakes that he really wanted to see. Something about the man was so comforting, maybe it was because he never looked judgmental or smug when he handed over another sweet treat for him to try.

The warm feeling that formed between Tanner's legs when he gazed at the man didn't hurt either.

Now that he was more comfortable in this body and knew how to dress it Tanner came up with a new game; teasing Henry. He was a woman now and that meant he had the pleasure of flaunting his body and giving the man flirty smiles while waiting for him to get up the nerve to ask him on a proper date.

Oh sure he joined Tanner for a coffee now and then when he got stood up by other dates but there was nothing implicit about them. Tanner could feel the electricity in the air though; there was mutual attraction, one of them just had to act on it and it wouldn't be him. Partly because he enjoyed teasing Henry and partly because he was still too embarrassed to actually do anything sexual with his new body.

Today he had selected yet another pair of tights to wear over a flowing tunic style shirt. Occasionally the wind caught the fabric, lifting it up to show off the outline of his ass in the tight fabric of his pants. He got a special thrill these days when people looked at him. Some were judgmental sure, but a lot, especially the men, didn't want to admit that they liked his ass. It was a source of constant embarrassment and pleasure for him seeing how round and heavy it was.

Henry loved it.

Every time Tanner left the cafe he would catch the reflection of Henry in the glass shopfront, staring right at his swaying butt cheeks. It made him turn red in the face for both obvious reasons but he just couldn't resist showing it off more and more. Today was no exception. They finished their usual chat and Tanner went to walk away but only managed a few steps before Henry called out.

"Wait! Uh..."

"Yes?" Tanner smiled expectantly, trying to hide the nervous flutter in his chest; was this it?

"I was wondering if you'd like to go out with me." Henry said stiffly, the poor thing had probably planned this moment out in his head so many times the nerves were making him clam up.

Tanner felt himself flush with excitement; somebody wanted him, finally!

“I’d love to.” Tanner replied honestly.

“Great!” Henry grinned, “There is a great Italian place not far from here if you’d like to go to dinner?”

“Sounds like a date.”

~

He’d taken an embarrassingly long time getting ready for this date. He’d decided to wear the corset dress he and Jasmine bought the other week and had looked up the perfect makeup tutorial to go with it. He was actually beginning to enjoy makeup, it was sort of fun how a few bit of pigment could totally transform his face. The shade of red he’d chosen for tonight was utterly perfect for seduction.

When Henry had walked in wearing that dark blue button up Tanner’s pussy had clenched; he was so damn hot. The idea of being attracted to men was still new and embarrassing for him, but that didn’t stop that warm arousal growing steadily over the night as they talked, laughed and ate.

Finally, they had finished their second round of desert and it was time to go. They hadn’t said anything yet about what was happening next; it was generally considered slutty to have sex on the first date right? But Tanner was so horny he wasn’t sure he could wait for another. He felt himself smiling for the first time in months, really smiling. Maybe this date would actually go somewhere for once.

“Oh my Gosh look at her.”

The voice was a hushed whisper from the table behind him.

“If they have sex she’d break his pelvis!”

“I know.”

Giggling echoed in Tanner’s ears and his face burned.

“Why don’t you mind your own business!” He said shortly, turning to face the shocked couple who obviously thought he couldn’t hear them.

The couple turned red with shame and went back to picking at their meal. Tanner kept staring daggers at them, just to make them uncomfortable when he noticed the man's eyes sliding back toward him once or twice before darting back to his plate. Tanner smirked.

"You wish you could have me instead of that twig bitch." He said smugly.

"What! No I don't!"

He denied it too quickly, his face went even pinker and his girlfriend pulled a face; he'd just confirmed it and Tanner giggled just as Henry returned to the table.

"Ready to go?" His brow furrowed as he noticed the awkward tension in the air. "Is everything okay?"

"Oh yes." Tanner said brightly as he got up. "Just chatting with the table neighbours. Have a lovely night you two, I know I will."

The couple didn't say anything and Tanner held back a delighted giggle; it felt good to have his bite back. Henry offered his arm and Tanner took it, leaning in close so that he could feel his breasts pressing into the man's side.

"What a gentleman." He sighed. "It felt so nice to be taken seriously for once."

"You're a beautiful woman, Morgan. You deserve to be treated like it." Henry said kindly and Tanner felt his whole body grow warm.

They walked together until they came to the local park, all lit up with silver lights. It was like a scene out of a movie as they strolled through it. All alone. With nobody to see them. Even if they did something...naughty. The thoughts jabbed at Tanner's mind as they walked, growing stronger with every step.

His pussy was burning with need and he had no qualms about doing it in public places but...how would it feel to have sex as a woman. It was sort of intimidating but it had almost been months at this point and he was so deprived of sexual touch he felt like he was about to burst.

Henry's hand on the small (did it still get to be called that when he was so wide?) of his back was like a burning hot poker. He could feel every individual finger pressing into his

skin. The lowest ones were less than an inch away from touching the top of his butt. His lovely, round, *sensitive* butt. He'd seen the way Henry looked at it, he must want to touch right? Tanner couldn't stand it anymore, he stepped out in front of Henry and grabbed the lapels of his jacket before pulling him into a hard kiss.

This wasn't like their chaste, romantic kiss back at the restaurant oh no, this was fierce. Mouths were open, teeth scraped against soft lips and tongues danced. That ember inside Tanner exploded into a full force flame and he moaned as all the horny feelings he'd been burrying since his change flowed through him.

"Oh fuck yes." Henry groaned, lowering both his hands to cup Tanner ass as much as he could. Even with his strong, wide hands he couldn't grab all of his cheeks, they were simply too big.

"Yes, squeeze them tighter." Tanner pleaded before cringing slightly; oh God why did he say that? That was so embarrassing!

Regardless, Henry did squeeze tighter and all embarrassment was swiftly overshadowed by just how good it felt. He was so horny, everything felt even more sensitive than usual but it was also overwhelming. As Henry's hands squeezed tighter Tanner felt that subtle shift in the air; the one that any adult with experience knew. The shift from 'this is just hardcore making out' to 'we're going to have sex right here and now'.

The idea both thrilled and intimidated him; he'd had sex plenty of times as a man but never as a woman. Being so submissive just wasn't in his nature, then again, maybe it was because when Henry lifted a hand to cradle the back of his neck he lent his head back naturally, letting the man take the lead.

Henry backed them up into a little grove of trees where they would be at least semi hidden. Excitement built as they continued to make out, public sex always added a little extra titillation. Henry's hand slipped into the front of Tanner's dress, or at least tried to, it was already so tight and Henry groaned in frustration.

"Here, let me help..."

Tanner pulled on the corset strings and let them come loose, allowing Tanner to slowly strip it off until Tanner was standing in just his bra, panties and heels. He shivered, but it had nothing to do with the cool breeze.

Henry took a step back and even in the gloom Tanner could see his eyes widen and his pupils dilate. His face was one of utter wonder.

“Wow, Morgan you are incredible.”

Tanner felt it.

“Well, let’s make sure we’re on even footing, eh?” He teased, running his fingers down the curve of Henry’s neck until they reached the buttons of his shirt. It didn’t take long for Tanner to undo every button with surprising dexterity and push open Henry’s shirt. His chest was warm under his fingers and Tanner moaned with want.

This was his first experience as a woman, first experience with a man too; it was almost like being a virgin again. And who could say they got to lose their virginity twice and mean it? Tanner’s fingers moved down to Henry’s fly and before he knew what was happening the pants were gone, half pulled down by him and half kicked off by Henry, along with his boxers. They were both almost entirely naked now and Henry pushed Tanner back into the tree.

He was crushed between the man’s body and the hard bark of the tree, he could feel it digging into his soft back and butt but it didn’t hurt; if anything it egged him on. Despite his small stature now he still had the heft to keep him strong so it was easy to push Henry down into the soft grass and sit across his thighs.

“Morgan, you look incredible.” He groaned, “These tits, fuck me they re bigger than my head.”

He cupped them, bouncing them up and down between his fingers and watching as they jiggled. Tanner bit his lip, each brush of fingers against his skin felt better than the last.

“I have to taste them, give me those tits.” Henry begged.

“Who knew such a sweet man could have such a foul mouth.”

Still, Tanner leaned forward so his breasts dangled low enough into Henry’s face that he could lock his lips around the nipple. Immediately, Tanner saw stars. He’d never known just how sensitive those nipples were to a woman. He could only open his mouth and pant like a bitch in heat as Henry sucked and scraped his teeth across them.

“Oooh, ooooh fuck yes, don’t stop ahhhhh...”

They had to stop though, because the burning hole between his legs couldn't be ignored any longer. He was still nervous, a little embarrassed even but he was too horny to care. Tanner could feel the man's cock against him and he desperately needed to know what it would feel like *inside* him.

Gently he rose himself into the air until the tip rested at his hole; then sunk down in one go. In a second he went from totally empty to fully penetrated and the pleasure was unlike anything he'd ever experienced. Even having his nipples sucked wasn't as good as this. His inner walls burned and stretched to accommodate the length and Tanner let out a sound that would surely tell anybody else in the park exactly what was happening in this little grove.

"Quiet now, I don't want to have to finish early." Henry teased, grabbing great handfuls of Tanner's boobs again.

"It...so much...oh God."

Tanner tried, he really did, but once he started bouncing up and down on that cock he just couldn't stay quiet. He could feel his whole body moving, his belly, his breasts, his massive butt; they were all rising up before slamming down hard enough that they made clapping sounds. Some people might have found it a turn off but not Henry, if anything it was making him harder.

They ground together, harder and harder as Tanner felt his hole starting to get tight. His whole body was like a spring, coiling tighter and tighter as the ecstasy grew until finally, it became too much. With a ragged cry he came hard, hard enough that he could feel himself squirting against Henry's cock and sending him over the edge as well.

There was a warm wet feeling deep in his womb as Henry finished as well. Tanner couldn't help but admire just how sexy he looked as he came; mouth open, eyes rolled back, he could only imagine how he had looked cumming.

They both shuddered against each other before collapsing down into the grass. Tanner's body throbbed with wonderful aftershocks; tiny mini orgasms that continued for almost a minute after the first one. It was glorious; he could lie here all night, maybe even fall asleep...

"Hey! What is going on in there?" A light shone through the trees, narrowly missing them.

"Shit." Henry whispered, "park security."

“Quick!”

They gathered their clothes on their hands and knees, doing their best not to giggle as they slipped through the trees toward the back fence of the park like a couple of teenagers. Without a bra or panties to support his massive curves they bounced and danced as he ran but Tanner didn't care; if anything he knew the sight of them would have Henry ready to go another round as soon as they found another quiet spot; and that was fine with him.

~

Bree hummed a happy song as she half walked, half skipped along the footpath. It had been a year since that asshole Tanner stood her up; a whole year as a plus size woman for him. He was probably utterly miserable without all his money, trapped as a woman nobody wanted to date. Still, Bree wasn't without mercy, a year was enough. He'd certainly think twice before pulling a stunt like that again.

Thanks to her spell, she knew where he lived and was ready to go and change him back. She would make him beg of course; he didn't know she intended to change him back regardless and one last little bit of humiliation wouldn't hurt.

As she approached the apartment she put on her best smug smile and knocked, listening as heavy footsteps approached the door. She expected a mess to answer instead, there stood a woman who not only looked remarkably well put together with her perfect lip gloss and hair in a top bun, but she looked...happy.

“Bree!” Tanner gasped.

“Tanner?”

“Oh, I go by Morgan all the time now.” Morgan smiled. “Oh my gosh, come in, come in, I can't believe it's you after all this time.”

“Have you been looking for me?” Bree asked, getting over her shock and getting ready to gloat again.

“Oh I did, but I gave up months ago.” Morgan waved her off, “would you like a coffee?”

Bree blinked; there wasn't a hint of sarcasm in Morgan's voice. In fact, she sounded utterly genuine. Bree looked around the apartment and saw potted flowers, a full kitchen and a fresh pie cooling on the rack.

"I'm fine..." She said, slightly stunned.

Morgan was still overweight, just like she'd planned, but she looked so confident and happy Bree could almost forget how fat she was.

"I wish Henry was home to meet you, oh Bree, thank you so much. I never would have met him without you."

"Henry?"

"My husband!"

Morgan flashed a beautiful ring in her face with a blush.

"I know, we tied the knot earlier than most but he's just so lovely and well, I'm not getting any younger."

Morgan giggled, slicing into the pie and putting two pieces on plates for them.

"So you don't want to change back?" Bree said, stunned.

"No, not really." Morgan shrugged. "It was hard at first, and I am still trying to lose weight now and then but it's hard when your husband likes you plump. Also, cake exists sooooo..."

Bree snickered, she couldn't help it but Morgan didn't seem to mind.

"I don't know what to say." Bree said finally, feeling bewildered. "I didn't really plan for this outcome."

Morgan just shrugged and tucked into her pie.

“Well...I guess if you ever want to turn back you just let me know, okay? I have taken away the magic that stops you finding me, so I shouldn't be too hard to find.”

“Thanks.” Morgan smiled, “But I don't think I will be going anywhere.”

The two of them smiled for a moment before Morgan's eyes dipped.

“Are you going to eat that?”