

"That stupid bitch, I'm glad I'm getting out of her," Damon scorned, his words dripping with despise. He entered his office, closed the door, and sighed in relief.

"Finally, I'm a single man again." He smiles in pure happiness, but while this happens, someone is talking from the outside, the typical talk between colleagues—the one Damon is not familiar with, considering his cold attitude.

"Yes, yes, I'm single again." He smiles as he sits in this steel chair, adjusting the desk while his mind remembers the toxic relationship with his former toxic girlfriend. "Finally, I'm getting out of those fucking years of stress and frustrations," he says, memories from all these unwholesome moments he lived with Erika, the ones that make him feel nothing but complete disgust.

He breathed deeply and exhaled out frustrations, worries, and stress wiped away from his mind with this broken relationship.

"Finally, single again." He smiles in utter joy as he notices someone entering his office.

"Hey, what do you think you are, you moron?" Says a woman, young and very attractive, dressed in a business suit that suits every curve of her well-trained body very well. Her stunning face looks at him in nothing but despair, her brows rubbed, and her eyes burned with anger towards Damon.

"Oh, great. I ended up a toxic whore, and now you appear, great," Damon says sarcastically, rubbing his head with his left hand.

"What do you want, Tiffany?" I'm full of work and I'm done with this; let me guess, Erika told you, right?" Damon says, rolling her eyes and smiling sarcastically.

"How dare you?" Tiffany says in pure anger, her soft hands forming a fist, that anger pours through her body.

"I cannot believe how stupid a bitch you are. I have to guess the moment people told me about you, with that stupid egocentrism, thinking you are the best and treating people like a complete piece of crap, but in the end, I refuse to believe them. I always think you are a great guy." Tiffany stops talking; her breathing is faster, and her jaw is clenched.

"But now, you, what you did to Erika—you fucking son of a bitch." She scorned out at him, her eyes glued to his sarcastic smile.

"Yeah, yeah, look, Tiff. I don't know what sort of bullshit that stupid bitch told you, but the thing is, trust me, it is better this way for both. Erika is such a crazy bitch; that relationship was on the rocks, and trust me when I say this is for the better; it is the way it is; I don't know why you are so upset about all of this; I mean, it is not your business." He

replies to her in a cold way, smiling sarcastically, rubbing his chin with his hand, and looking at the laptop placed on the desk.

"For the better? Erika is destroyed; have you a fucking idea of how she is suffering now? She is my friend, you stupid jerk. I don't want to make you understand how much she is suffering right now because a prick like you has no fucking empathy." Tiffany scorned him, completely lost in her anger. She was about to commit something that she might regret later.

"Just is the way it is; don't come here to make me change my mind, Tiff; you know very well that is impossible; you know me, and with that, I let you know that I'm way happier with that fucking whore out of my life; I'm glad that whore is out of my entire life," he says. He notices Tiffany standing just in the entrance of his office, and then someone appears.

"Hiya, there is something wrong there?" A voluptuous woman, with big massive tits and tight bubble butts, asks Tiffany; her voice is high-pitched, and her body is like the very bimbo-esque look, tight waist, big titties, bubble butts, and a baby doll face with cocksucker lips; in fact, the dream fantasy forms the mind of a horny teenager.

"Oh god, the bimbo gal comes again," Tiffany thinks, rolling her eyes in disgust at the presence of Tina, the boss's secretary. She takes a glimpse at the slutty outfit of hers, a very short skirt and a blazer, showing her immense cleavage.

"No, Tina, there is not something like that."

"Oh, c'mon here, Tina, I'm glad to see you again," Damon says, interrupting Tiffany and receiving the boss secretary with a welcoming smile.

"Oh, thank you, sir; I didn't know you were so happy to see me," Tina replies with a chuckle.

"Oh, c'mon, don't be so silly; your presence means everything to me," Damon says with a smile, getting closer to Tina, grabbing her hands, and getting closer to her.

"Tell me, are you free tonight?" He asks her, giving her a wink. "It depends; what do you have in mind?" she says with a chuckle. "That means yes," he says, grabbing his soft, dainty hands, caressing them, and winking at her. "Mmm, maybe I might do that." She giggled, replying coyly at him, "So we'd have a date; tonight we're going to enjoy a wonderful night," he smiled at her, making Tina smile shyly at her. "Of course, just don't be too late." She giggles at him, giving him a wink in response.

"See you tonight, babe." He smirks at her, smacking her tight-toned ass. Tina shudders in response, giving her a wink, and exits the office, ignoring Tiffany completely.

Speaking about Tiffany, she stood there, her jaw open; she was totally

speechless for what happened right there.

"So, you destroy my friend, and you are on a new date. Wow, what a fucking piece of crap you are." Tiffany finally speaks to him in utter disgust.

"Bullshit, you have to let things flow, my dear Tiff, just the way they are, and stop bitching me with your stupid shit; you are not my mother." He replies to her, looking at his phone, adjusting the date for tonight's date, and starting a call.

"So this is all; Erika means nothing to you?" She scorned out at him, with no response from Damon.

"Hey man, guess what? I have a new date with Tina, the hottie I told you about—big tits, tight ass—yeah, that one is for tonight. He speaks on the phone, walking outside the office, ignoring Tiffany entirely.

"You're the son of a bitch." She says it in a low tone, making sure no one can hear her swearing. Shock, anger, and despise invade her mind.

"I thought you were a different man; sadly, I'm wrong," she says, breathing deep and holding it for a few seconds, trying her best to dissipate her anger, and exhales out.

"You bastard," she says, leaving the office, feeling resentment and complete deception towards the person she has trusted for so long.

Meanwhile, Damon drives to her apartment, getting ready for tonight's date. He prepares himself with the best he can, his toned, well-endowed casual outfit.

"We're going to have so much fun; this is going to be a wild night," he grinned while adjusting his shirt in front of the mirror.

"Oh, I almost forgot this." He turns back to the stand to pick up a pack of condoms for tonight.

"So much better." He smiles out at his reflection, feeling proud of his well-endowed appearance, broad shoulders, tight chest, and very good physical shape.

"I'm going to fuck your brains, babe," he grinned, thinking about Tina.

"You don't waste your time, man; you broke with that bitch, and now you are ready for a wild night; you're on fire." He smiles at himself, thinking about the exciting night with Tina.

He adjusts his suit, takes his phone, and is ready for a pleasurable night of passion.

The night has been according to plan. Damon and Tina have been enjoying a pleasant night, and they headed to the bar for a few drinks and dancing to prepare themselves for the pleasurable things that were

going to happen later at the hotel.

They shared very close company, moving their hot bodies toward each other and swaying to the rhythm of the music. Tina was outstanding in her skimpy cocktail dress, and she rubbed Damon's ragging erection with her toned bubble butt, increasing the pleasure.

There is a moment when they just head to the hotel where Damon has reserved a room, everything is as planned, and they have wild sex to finish this wonderful night.

They stripped out their clothes instantly, both fully naked. They shared eyes with each other, admiring their hot physiques, especially Damon, who was shocked to see such massive tits contrasting with her little torso and that bubble butt making contrast with such a slim waist.

"You're so fucking hot," Damon moaned, grabbing her and kissing her immediately. Tina is so pleased by such action, kissing him with the same feral lust.

They caress each other, rubbing together and loving each other in feral lust. "Finally, I'm with this whore, finally," he thought, his cock begging to be inside the wet hole of this hot slut.

"I'm going to fuck your brains out, dear." He grunted, shoving his erect member inside her wet depths, thrusting and pumping at a steady pace, feeling the pleasure coming inside out of both shapes. He pressed his well-endowed body against her tight, hot one, feeling the massive plastic tits against his chest, trusting pumping, and feeling the marvelous arousal.

"God, this feels so good," she moaned in ecstasy. His dick is so big, she thought, feeling his tight cunt stretching at the welcoming of the hard member thrusting her tight pussy.

'Don't stop, baby; I'm a bitch, and I need this.' She moaned in ecstasy, purred his ear, and licked his neck, feeling the pleasure her lover was providing thanks to his impressive cock.

"I know, babe, you are my bitch; take this." He grunted, pumping faster and slower at the rhythm of the music, like they were still dancing in the bar.

Everything is perfect for both; there is just perfection in enjoying the marvelous pleasure of this wild night.

"Oh yeah, this is so good. I think I have to go to for a new beauty treatment because," Damon suddenly stops talking. Concerns invade his mind.

A spa, what the hell was that, he thinks, but he didn't pay attention and kept with his marvelous fucking.

"Keep going, baby; this bitch needs a big cock; a pair of titties are very good to duck." Tina's eyes widen; she got very upset by this word escaping from her mouth, but the pleasure is too strong to make a comment, so they keep with the lovemaking.

Moans and grunts can be heard, the arousal growing beyond human capacity inside their bodies, moaning in blissful joy.

"I'm so horny; oh god, this is amazing." He thinks, barely able to speak coherently.

"Oh god, this is so fucking big, dep deep," she thinks, their bodies sweating and the bedsheets soaked. They are lost in a sea of pleasure, so strong that their minds have never experienced before.

And then it happens.

An explosion of bliss emanated, their bodies exploded in spectacular blissful joy, and they gripped each other, grunting and roaring in raw feral pleasure.

A torrent of white seed emanated from his hard member, and over and over again, the white sticky liquid merged with the juices emanating from Tina's hungry cunt, forming a big puddle around the sheets.

They grip each other, feeling the torrent of pleasure running from one body to another, exchanging fluids, and sharing the same mind-blowing pleasure. It is like both souls connected, merging, and forming one, sharing every single feature from one to another.

Damon feels like he is draining; his cock keeps spurting his seed over and over again inside Tina's womb, and he is feeling like he is losing himself little by little with each spurt from his ragging cock.

Tina feels different; her pussy keeps twitching, sending electric shots of pleasure through her body, moaning in raw feral lust. She feels like with every single shot of semen inside her womb, she feels bigger and stronger with each passing second.

Either way, they feel like losing themselves; with each passing climax, their identities change, rewriting them; they are lost in the sea of mind-blowing pleasure; and their minds are inside a permanent fog that makes them unable to react to the changes to their respective shapes.

Each body seems to alter, Damon's well-endowed shape shrinking, losing their mass and gaining a more feminine look, as Tina's little shape gains muscle, losing her femininity and gaining a masculine one.

A couple of minutes later, the pleasure subsided, and both bodies rested, gripping each other, recovering from this outstanding climax, breathing hard for a few seconds, resting, unable to find the changes in their

respective identities.

"Oh god, this was so fucking amazing," says Damon, and she shuts her mouth immediately. The tone is nothing like the lower masculine voice but a high-pitched feminine one.

"What the" He immediately gets up from the soaked bed, his legs shaking. He looks at himself and sees two massive gravity-defying mounds on his chest. He inspects his hands, looking dainty and well-manicured.

"What is this?" He runs to the bathroom to inspect himself in the mirror, and then a high-pitched scream could be heard from there.

Damon screams in terror to see the slutty figure of Tina in front of the mirror.

"What is this? What the fuck is happening?" Damon screams. The mirror reflected a tanned hottie with a scared look on her face, her pouty lips open, and tears wobbling out of her eyes.

"What the fuck is happening to me?" he yelled out. Fear invades his mind. He looks at Tina's pouty lips. I escape from his words and shut his pouty lips with his hands. Wondering about these words, his phone starts to sound.

"And now who the hell could be?" He scorned in his new, high-pitched voice. He hesitated for a moment, but in the end, he might find someone who could help him or her, considering the new shape.

"Hi

He tries her best to don't sound as high-pitched as Tina's voice is, but there is just an awful attempt to sound like his former masculine voice.

"Are you enjoying your wild night, Damon?" or, I mean, Tina?" A familiar voice speaks from the other side of the phone.

"Tiffany?" He asked, his voice trembling with fear. How did she know about this?

"Yeah, I mean, you have enjoyed it so far, wild life, so let's get to see how funny your life will be as a horny, mindless whore," she says, followed by a chuckle.

"How is this possible? I can."

"You ask too many questions, you horny slut; the only thing I'm going to say is that I was jaded for your stupid attitude, always thinking you are the best and you are the only one who deserves the world, treating people like crap, and how you treated Eika, you SOB; you need to pay for all of that, and then, that is, enjoy this gift I made for you, my little horny slut." She replies from the other side.

"CHANGE ME BACK, YOU FUCKING BITCH." He yelled out; the girlish voice makes things look so awkward.

"This is not the way you have to talk to me, you little bitch; you are nothing but a mindless, horny slut. At least you still conserve your thoughts, unlike Tina, who believes she is a man in all aspects. You can talk to me later," she says, followed by a laugh.

"YOU STUPID WHORE, CHANGE ME BACK." Damon shouted out in utter disgust, but deep inside, he knows the answer.

A laugh can be heard from the other side.

"Oh, little bitch is angry. Remember, it is the way it is. I have some kind of shame for you, and you know, I'm not a wicked person; the only thing I tell you is don't swallow cum; ah yeah, consider how horny you are; probably is a very tough task, so it depends on you; bye; enjoy your new life as a big-titted slut." She laughed hard before hanging up, making Damon terrified about his new life as a big-titted woman. His life and status are gone for good.

He just stumbled down on her knees, sobbing uncontrollably for a few minutes, his life over.

"Tina, where are you going?" A voice could be heard from the bedroom, a very familiar one for Damon.

He notices it was Tina in his old masculine body.

"Tina?" He asked too, knowing for an answer.

"Is Damon you fucking brainless. Come here, I need your plump lips sucking my cock," he says with a grin, making Damon horny as hell.

"Oh no, what is this? I cannot control myself, but his dick, my dick, or whatever, is so big and so fucking yummy." Damon cannot help but moan, looking at his cock; his new pussy gets wet instantly; his new luscious legs are squirming; his mouth drools at the big, hard member, who stands proudly.

"Come here, babe, I need your head right there," he says, his hairy hand pointing directly to a raging erection.

"No, please, no, don't do it." He thought, but it was in vain; his body, like an autopilot, moved closer to his old self.

'Please no..no...' He pleaded to himself, but in vain, he stumbled on the bed, grabbing his old member, proudly erect, and caressing with his new dainty hands.

"Oh no, it's so fucking big," he purred in ecstasy. These words escaped from his mouth, his plump lips making contact with the engorged member.

"Wow, this feels so fucking good," he thinks, moving his pouty lips faster around the hard member, engulfing the cock with such a skillful maneuver.

"Yeah, bitch, keep doing like that," the new Damon says, grabbing his blond hair and moving faster and faster around his dick.

"There it comes, there it comes, bitch, yeah, yeah." He grunted in pleasure, sending a torrent of pleasure towards Damon's throat, erasing his thoughts, convictions, and everything else with nothing remaining, just pure blissful pleasure.

His life is gone forever.

His eyes get blank for a few seconds, and with a new life and memories adjusted to match this new memory and beauty, the ones from the old Tina returned to life.

"Do you like it, Daddy?" She purred, and tears of white seed poured down her lips.

"Great, babe, you have a talent for this; keep sucking; you don't want to waste this precious white seed," he grinned.

"Of course not, Daddy," she purred, licking the tears of white seed around the hard member with his naughty tongue.

"I need my daily dose of cum," she thought.