

Office Ladies: The New Batch

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Halima Abdi

Having freed themselves from the corporatocracy that turned them into submissive office women, the workers of Kantan Insurance now have control of The Machine, a device that has the power to turn new hires into Japanese women - ethnically, culturally, and physically. Now, with the device able to craft more diverse configurations, four new workers from overseas have signed on to the company, each keen to see what they will become . . .

Office Ladies: The New Batch

The new interns were gathered, each ready for their initiation yet buzzing with a mix of anticipation, nervousness, and even a little excitement. The room at *Kantan Insurance* was empty but for these three men and one woman, as well as the standard corporate potted plant, a poster displaying the varied benefits to joining the company workforce, and a television in the corner of a ceiling that looked like it was a remnant of the 1980's with the audio of the 1960's.

'Welcome to Kantan Insurance,' it blared in a voice so heavily accented it was difficult to discern the actual English, 'please wait for your turn at The Machine. Your time is very important to us, and it is important that the machine is calibrated to your person. We look forward to having you join us for your standard one year contract, and hope that if you enjoy your new body and life, that you choose to extend it. Have a great day, and an even better new life as a working woman of Japan!'

One of the men chuckled. His name was Jack Steele, and he lived up to the pulpy confidence of his action hero-like name. An Australian, he had sun-scorched skin and light brown hair, a permanent five o'clock shadow on his features. He was well-muscled, though clearly more from outback experience than indoor gym life. He gave the impression of an adventurer, and even his shirt had a khaki tan to its colour.

"Well mates," he said, "looks like we're almost at the point of return. Anyone want to back down? How about you Dalton?"

He elbowed a man who couldn't be more different from him; a thin beanpole of a man. His sticky note name tag listed him as Dalton Harver. He had ruffled black hair and thick glasses, and seemed to have to have a nervous tick where he tapped his foot every few seconds.

"Oh, oh, um, I think I'm ready," the man replied in a tinny New York accented voice.

“Good on ya mate! Adventure into the unknown, I say. How about you, Miroslav?”

A dowdy, big-boned woman with plump cheeks and a stern expression raised a harsh eyebrow Jack’s way. She had a mannish aspect to her; not ugly, simply the kind of woman who naturally possessed a larger frame. Her clothing choice and general attitude gave her a far greater impression of glumness, however.

“It is Myroslava,” she said in her Ukrainian accent. “Mee-roh-slah-va. Kozak.”

Jack just shrugged.

“My apologies, miss. You clearly made the cut for Kantan Insurance, so what gives? Thinking of becoming a big busty beauty?”

She rolled her eyes at his intrusiveness. “I will be whatever works best for the job. That’s why we are here, yes? The change I’m sure is interesting, but it is just a job for me.”

“Oh, come on! Don’t tell me you aren’t just the little bit curious about trying a new life? About being able to change your body and language and even personality to something more . . . local?”

Dalton was silent, but seemed to perk up at Jack’s words. He licked his lips nervously, looking like he was about to say something, before choosing not to. Jack didn’t notice; instead he just grinned at Myroslava.

“Like I said,” she replied, “it’s just a job. A job with a strange requirement, but a job nonetheless. My field of programming is particularly niche: I take work where I can get it. If I have to be changed for a year into a Japanese woman by this strange Machine, then so be it. I will cope.”

“Well, that is very pragmatic of you.”

“You must not have met many Ukrainians. We are a pragmatic people.”

“Not us Aussies, we do whatever the fuck we want.”

“Yes, your culture has a . . . reputation, overseas.”

Jack laughed. “I’m probably half responsible for it! It’s why taking this job is such a great break, don’t you think? I’ve been working with technical equipment for half my life, but it’s all just a way to fill the piggy bank so I can experience life’s great adventures and journey into the unknown. That’s why I’m here, it’s why Dalton’s here, and it *should* be why you’re here.”

Myroslava just raised her eyebrow again, as if his speech was unworthy of comment.

“What about you then?” the Australian asked the last remaining figure in the room. “Why are you undergoing this strange Machine-based transformation for *Kantan Insurance*?”

“I’m happy to share,” the man replied. He was a tall, well-muscled African-American man, with a close-shaved haircut and piercing eyes. As brazen and fit as Jack was, this man looked like he could hurl the Australian around the room if he wanted to. His temporary name badge read *Karim Williams*.

"It's the same as Myroslava, it's for a job," he said, leaning back in his chair as if it were the most obvious answer in the world. "Well, I did ask for green hair and some big boobs."

Jack, in contrast, leaned forward, clearly fascinated.

"Well, I'll be. Myroslava I can understand - she's a girl-

"Woman," the large Ukrainian corrected.

"-so her bits won't change much. But you'd really let them take away your manhood and replace it with a pussy? Give you a pair of tits? Take away all those big muscles and make you a woman just so you can get a paycheck? I don't buy it."

Karim shrugged nonchalantly, perhaps a little too much so.

"Well, I like Japan. So there's that."

"Yeah, sure mate. That's the whole reason. At least Dalton here is honest - he just wants to experience life as a woman for a change!"

Dalton went ramrod straight, eyes whipping about nervously. He tugged on his tie as he stared at their reactions.

"No! I mean, I don't know what you're talking about. This is - it's just a job."

"If it's just a job why didn't you agree with us?" asked Myroslava.

"Perhaps he just doesn't want to talk about this," Karim said. "I know I don't."

"I do, actually," Dalton replied. The poor man was sweating.

"Do want to talk about it or do want to become a woman?" Karim asked.

"Um, both? I - I always wanted . . . and this was an opportunity, so . . ."

Jack chuckled. "So you leapt on it. Good on ya mate! I did the same."

Karim and Myroslava both went a little wide-eyed at that.

"You want to be a woman?" she asked.

"Of course I do!" the Australian replied with a toothy smile. "Why not? I'm not trans or anything, I just want to see what life on the other side is like. Listen, I've climbed sheer rock cliffs, I've kayaked down dangerous white waters, and I've travelled half the globe. Even gotten into one or more fights. Fixing machines is just the nice boring gig in between, but it starts to get a little unfulfilling after a while, even if it pays the bills. So, when I hear that *Kantan Insurance* has a crazy Machine that can turn men into local women for as long as their contracted - or longer - then fuckin' oath I'm signing up. I figure why not walk on the wild side more than I ever have, and take on a form that's about as opposite me as you can get."

Karim snickered, as did Myroslava. Both clearly rather liked the idea of Jack being as opposite to himself as possible. The adventurous Australia just waved them off.

"At least I'm embracing it, me and Dalton both."

"I just, well, I kind of feel I'm not in the right body," Dalton said.

Jack patted him on the back a little forcefully.

“Nothing wrong with that mate, take advantage of it. You can become a young, thin little Japanese lass, yeah?”

Dalton blushed heavily. “Um, sure.”

“Why, do you have another type?” Karim asked. He had returned to his book, but judging by the way it was upside down in his hands, and that he had immediately leapt back into the conversation, it was clear that the muscled man was more invested in the conversation than he was letting on.

“I - I’ll see how I feel, when it comes to it,” Dalton said. He rubbed his long, stick figure-like arms nervously. “I have a c-couple of ideas.”

“At least we can choose a little,” Myroslava said in her thick accent. “I hear that until Specialist Tanabe fixed the Machine that it just spat out pure Japanese women. I even heard a rumour that it reduced their intelligence.”

“Nonsense,” Jack said. “That’s all just corporate hooey.”

The Ukrainian shrugged, not interested in argument, just brusque facts. “Well, you may be right. But ever since Staff Manager Hiromi Kaizo took over, the company has released a lot more generous packages to their workers. Maternity care, paternity care, reasonable sick hours, paid leave structures, even free training for skill transfers within the company. That is why I have come; what does a small change matter, when I can get gainful employment? Better than back in Europe, or in America. Like I said during the information session, I’m looking forward to this - but not for the reasons you clearly are.”

Karim nodded, agreeing. “Yeah, I hear they’ve even got like the option to be half-Japanese now. Something about the Machine being more diversified. I don’t know how it all works but at least I can stay half-black, right? Get some dreads, maybe.”

“Coward!” Jack replied, clearly joking. “Go all the way! Leave nothing behind.”

“Yeah man, no offence, but it’s a lot easier to say that as a white guy from Australian than a black dude from the US. There’s lots of cultural stuff I’d like to hang on to.”

Jack put up his hands in a placating gesture. “Fine, fine. But I’m still suspicious. I believe Myroslava about this just being a job - I mean look at her! - but you chose this for another reason. And not just because you like Japan.”

Karim looked briefly nervous, as if he was trying to think of something to say. A single bead of sweat dropped down the temple of the strong, athlete-like figure, who struggled to maintain the air of ease he’d been cultivating, particularly once the Ukrainian woman placed her icy gaze upon him. She truly was quite confronting.

“That’s, uh, that’s none of your business dude, and besides-”

He was saved by the sound of the door opening, and a figure stepping into the room. All eyes turned to a very attractive woman in a well-fitting white blouse and blue pencil skirt. She had broad hips, impressively so, giving her a sexy hourglass shape, and while she did

not have the incredibly impressive chest of that Sakura woman who passed them in the lobby - the one who hurled a series of insults in bad English at Jack for perving at her - they were still nice C-cups in size. She had shoulder-length dark brown hair and impressively almond-shaped eyes. Jack nudged Dalton and whispered, "nice and exotic, huh?"

It was loud enough that it drew a smile from the woman, whose name badge read *Technical Specialist Tanabe*.

"Believe me, young man," she said, a little odd given that Jack was clearly several years her senior, "exotic is not the half of it."

Her English was quite good, even if it did have an awkward lilt to it. She smiled knowingly, and there was a giggle as Jack went a little red with embarrassment, silenced for the first time.

"Hello, I am being Tanabe Kaori. In Japan your last name goes first, so you may just call me Kaori. I am here to oversee your transformation into members of *Kantan Insurance*. Is that being okay?"

Evidently, her English skills weren't entirely fluent just yet.

"That's more than okay," Dalton said, almost immediately.

"*Sugoi ne!* Then I can take you in one at a time, and have each of you processed. You will all gain new knowledge of Japan language, but can choose to keep some part of yourselves. Did you read all information on the pamphlet?"

There was a general nodding except for Jack, who clearly was more excited to go in knowing less than more.

"*Sugoi ne,*" she repeated. "Then whoever would like to go first, please follow me."

She turned, and all four in the room admired her ass as she walked away, her hips swaying suggestively as she stepped in her professional black heels. Jack stood, brushing off imaginary dust and grinning to the rest of the group.

"Well, let's hope I end up as sexy as her. This'll be a fun adventure I bet. I think I'll set a few things to random just for the hell of it. See you all on the other side."

He stepped on through the door.

Half an hour later, Kaori returned, and then it was Dalton's turn. He leapt from his seat, clearly having grappled with his anxiousness.

Third was Myroslava, who showed a complete lack of interest, and continued to ask Kaori questions about pay scales as she was taken up to the top floor.

Last of all was Karim. He exuded an energy that was at once restrained and yet oddly jittery. He had to be asked three times before his mind returned back to earth and away from his thoughts.

And then he followed Kaori up to the Machine as well.

Jack's Year - Hina Hayashida

Jack groaned as the machine whirred. He stood back, strapped into the machine, having signed numerous forms and verbally agreed to the procedure. His heart pumped blood rapidly around his body, his adrenaline coursing through his system as he felt the first pinpricks of the change overcoming him.

“OHhhhh, damn, I can f-feel it already!” he exclaimed.

Technical Specialist Tanabe was at hand, ready to turn off the Machine if anything went wrong. He was amused by her presence; she'd been genuinely bewildered by his desire to have several of his features turned to random. She didn't understand the thrill of the unexpected, the rush that came with plunging into the depths with no map out.

His body twisted and altered. He gasped as his body began to shrink. His nipples swelled, and slowly a pair of sizable breasts bloomed behind them. His mind was overwhelmed by mental alterations: Japanese words flowed through his mind, overwhelming their English equivalents. He looked at Kaori Tanabe, and realised he now thought of her as *Tanabe-san*. Still more changes came: his hips widened, causing him to groan and grunt, and his waist contracted, becoming thin and fragile-looking.

“Oohhhh . . . s-so *kii!*”

His legs became shapely, and his hair expanded far down his back, becoming incredibly long so that it stopped just below his ass. It remained brown - it was the one feature he had demonstrated a desire to maintain during the information session.

His shoulders shrunk, his arms thinned, his fingers became dainty and slender. He felt a tugging between his legs, and he actually *laughed* as his penis and testicles pulled back into his body. This was quite the adventure indeed, and his increasingly feminine voice was a testament to that!

Another surge of mental changes overcame Jack, and to his astonishment he no longer thought of himself as a *he* but instead a *she*. Her name was Hina Hayashida, she knew it to her core. It made her giggle, even more so as her pussy formed, her lips and labia molding into place in a way that caused a small surge of pleasure.

She crossed her legs in standing position, squirming a little in the erotic bliss that followed. Her voice increased in octave, becoming higher and higher until she felt like she was squeaking like a mouse. Her breasts finished expanding, ending as a pair of ample C-cups. Perhaps she should have asked for larger? And yet that thought instantly made her blush terribly - the thought of being so on display terrified her!

“Where - where did that th-thought come from?” she gasped, and then gasped again as she realised she was speaking flawless Japanese.

The final change came, a strange pressure occurring all over her body. It compressed her, eliciting another squeak as she actually *shrunk*. She could feel herself becoming smaller and smaller until she was barely 5'3 in height! More than that, she was de-aging; she felt a youthful energy burst within her, and just as she understood her new name, she also knew somehow that she was barely twenty years old.

"Damn!" she said to herself, as the Machine began to whirr down, "that's barely old enough to drink!"

The new woman stepped out of the machine on uncertain legs. In the mirror was an incredibly *cute* Japanese woman with pale skin, very long brown hair, and fascinatingly green eyes. She had a nice figure that would look great in tight-fitting clothing, but even as she gaze in the mirror she accidentally tripped on her new feet and fell over, tipping over a rather expensive looking device on its side.

"Oh no! Oh, oh no!"

"That's okay, it's just a regular computer to monitor the device. Just stand still, and we'll assess you."

The former Jack Steele felt a surge of nervousness at standing before her superior, as well as a desire to please her as much as possible. God, she felt like a new intern on her first job - which, in a way, she sort of was. It was so alien to her previously confident and brash mind that it nearly gave her mental whiplash. Hadn't this been what she wanted?

"R-reporting for duty, Tanabe-san!" she declared, a little *too* enthusiastically.

Tanabe laughed as the new girl actually threw a salute, like she was in the army.

"Oh, young one," she replied, a smirk upon her face, "trust me, it's only gotten started. Sakura is *never* going to stop laughing about this."

First things were first for the new woman. She had a week to become accustomed to her new form, adjust to her new Japanese nature (and she was indeed now full-blooded Japanese), and get ready to work. Much of Jack's skills had been preserved in Hina: she was still exceptionally skilled in working with programming and repairing complex machinery, and she maintained a strong work ethic and dedication to doing things properly. However, so much else had changed as well.

The most obvious was her body. Though part of her viewed it as natural, she still couldn't quite believe she was fully female, despite the fact that she had chosen this fate quite enthusiastically! Still, she was impressed with the results. As per her contract, she had a small apartment complex in the heart of the city rented in her new name, and she spent more than a little of her spare time in that first week examining her cute Japanese body and

admiring its shapely curves. She had guessed right; she was indeed a C-cup, and they were wonderfully bouncy. Just the thought of a man's hands on them made her feel all syrupy, and she spent some time daydreaming of just that outcome. It seemed that, just as some women were turned lesbian by the Machine, she had been made one hundred percent straight . . . for men. She didn't mind: Jack had been entirely into women, but his thrillseeker self had been giddy at the risk of having his sexuality switched up, so as far as she was concerned, this was a win.

The only thing was that she was so short! And cute! She had imagined sexy, or MILFy, or elegant or brusque or even plain, but for some reason she had never imagined she would become so young. Several times she had visited local bars for a drink, trying on her new feminine jackets and pants, and she had to show her ID every time just to prove she was of age.

"Ah well, I did this for the fun," she said, returning home one night a little tipsy. "I just hope my first day goes well. It's odd - I feel really nervous about it! So unlike me!"

It was indeed unlike the old her. And part of her was excited by the experience of being so different. Another part of her just wanted to throw up.

What if Tanabe-san didn't like her?

Over the following weeks, it quickly became evident that her fears were well-founded. As much as her boss insisted on simply being called Kaori, the new woman couldn't bring herself to drop the important honorifics; her boss was her boss, and it wouldn't be proper, after all! Hina Hayashida was a complete one-eighty from Jack's personality: where he was determined and arrogant, she was nervous and shy, where he was tough and adventurous, she was small and clumsy.

Very clumsy, as it turned out. Really, very quite clumsy.

A total klutz.

Already, only six weeks into the job, poor Hina had destroyed the following itinerary by knocking, tripping, bending, sidestepping, running, and flailing into, over, or against them:

- Four mugs (including top boss Hiromi Kaizo's *#1 Boss* mug, a gift from her lover Yua).
- One monitor
- Two chairs (in one lunch incident, when she became flushed in the presence of an attractive male janitor and tried to move away too quickly
- One stapler

- One coworker's hairdo (specifically, Sakura's, when she accidentally spilled hot coffee on it. The large breasted woman had to be restrained by Kaori before she could personally pour her own steam mug over Hina in revenge).

It was galling! It made her feel like an absolute fool for changing herself so much without considering all the variables. Jack was still inside her, of course, her old personality's essence wanting to enjoy her new form and laugh at her awkwardness, but it was smothered over by the Machine's mental changes, which left her sapped of her usual confidence. She was aware that she had the power to act decisively and competently, but her anxiety and shyness and endless talent for causing accidental destruction made it difficult to call upon those traits.

"*Baka!*" Sakura yelled as she passed Hina in the hallway.

"Don't mind her," Tanabe-san said, smirking. "She's all fire. Trust me, we're dating."

Hina squeaked. She hadn't realised the woman she spilled coffee on was her own direct superior's girlfriend! She blushed deep red, and Tanabe-san just laughed.

"My, you did have a change, didn't you! Trust me, it takes a long time getting used to. I was once an angry white guy in his fifties with some very . . . ungenerous worldviews."

"I had no idea," Hina said. "I knew you had changed, but that's why you called me young?"

"Yes, though now you are indeed quite young, aren't you? And cute! I saw Katashi in marketing looking at you quite interested the other day."

Another blush, even deeper this time. The cute woman tried to hide behind her clipboard. God, this new body had so many ways to humiliate a former guy!

"Miss Tanabe-san, I wish you wouldn't make me so embarrassed like that!"

Her boss chuckled. "Oh, you'll be fine, Miss Hayashida. I learned to embrace this life. I know you are only staying like this for a year as some sort of thrill seeking opportunity, but trust me when I say it becomes fun when you approach it earnestly. It certainly changed me!"

Hina grimaced. "I just feel so anxious, Tanabe-san, like at any moment I'm going to screw up. I really want to see the year out, I really do - but if I've been an idiot and allowed myself to become such a clumsy person, then what happens if I lose the job?"

Kaori paused, and looked down at Hina. The Technical Specialist was actually fairly tall for a woman, making the height disparity between them even more comical.

"Well, obviously Hiromi - Staff Manager Kaizo, I mean - would know more than I. But it would likely mean a release from your contract, and require turning you back. But I doubt it will come to that."

Hina shook, anxious as she followed closely behind her mentor. She silently cursed herself for being so brash as a man, and stupidly landing her in such a clumsy inexperienced body.

What had she gotten herself into?

She found herself actually wishing that the other new interns were having a better time than her.

“No, it’s going terribly,” Sohee Takizawa said.

It had been over three months working at *Kantan Insurance*, and things were going poorly not just for Hina but apparently for the former Mr Dalton Harver as well. Now the tall, older, incredibly busty MILF-type was imbued with the confidence Dalton had lacked, and - if the rumours were true - more than a little bit of libido as well.

“What? How so?” Hina asked in her tinny female voice.

That woman, Akari Park.”

“Ahh, the one you look like?”

“The one who looks like me! Ah, you wouldn’t understand, Hina. You’re a cute little thing, but you don’t have to worry about competition like I do.”

Hina sighed. She couldn’t even get the respect and help of the woman who used to be a walking doormat!

“Well, good luck, I guess,” she said, before leaving. Sohee didn’t even notice her; the older woman’s eyes were laser focused on an identical-looking woman laughing with a male coworker in the distance.

She didn’t even notice when Hina tripped on a torn carpet patch and accidentally crashed out of the cubicle by way of one of its walls.

“It’s going as normally as any job,” Aoi Kozak said. “I’m not attached to this body or anything.” The woman had a partly Ukrainian accent, a lithe figure, and white hair. It was easy to spot the former Myroslava. “Why, are you having trouble, Hina?”

“No! No! I just . . . I was wondering how other people are going.”

“Yes, I’m sure you were. Have you destroyed any more monitors lately?”

“That was just one time! Why? Did someone say something?”

Aoi smirked, sipping her coffee. "Maybe. I know that Sakura was practically splitting her blouse open complaining about you destroying her computer, though she's always about to split a blouse with that ridiculous chest of hers."

Hina paled. "That was *her* computer? Agh! She's the girlfriend of my boss!"

Aoi grinned, and raised her coffee cup in a mock salute.

"Well, that *is* funny. I think Jack Steele would have laughed, but then again, *I* think he's the one that shot himself in the foot, and now the new you is paying for it, *Hina*."

The cute girl huffed, spinning on the spot to stomp away dramatically. Her arm collided with something, and she cringed, closing her eyes in realisation that she had just knocked Aoi's coffee straight down her top.

"H-H-HINA!"

"Oh, I'm going *excellent*," Kasumi Williams said in her deep, yet enthusiastic voice. The large, incredibly muscular woman was even stronger-looking than Karim. "I mean, it's all about the money and enjoying the local culture for me of course, but it's not allllll that bad being a woman. I guess. Like, I totally prefer being a man, but there are *some* cool things, I guess. Sorry, what did you ask?"

They were at the water cooler, and Hina felt like a tiny kid against the former Karim's huge body. Somehow, the new Afro-Asian woman was even taller and larger than her male self, and her neon-green dreadlocks were like something out of an anime, their sheer brightness speaking to a confidence that Hina no longer possessed.

"I asked if you were going well, and if so if you had any tips for how I could improve my relationship with Miss Tanabe-san. I don't - I don't think she likes me very much!"

Kasumi reached down and ruffled Hina's hair.

"This is adorable! You were like a big native Australian cat that got declawed."

"Australia doesn't have native cats, and I'm all Japanese now! Can you help me or not?"

The muscled woman nodded. "Sure. I've been training under Yua. She's really cool. Very feminine, really quiet and follows orders. I thought she was totally submissive - she sort of is to Hiromi, but word is that they're a thing - but I realised she's pretty cunning about it. She says the best way to please your boss is to anticipate their needs."

"Anticipate their needs." Hina felt a buzz of excitement in her little body. "Kasumi, you're a genius, thank you!"

She grabbed the woman in a hug.

"WOAH WAIT HINA!"

It was okay. The water cooler needed replacing anyway. And after the torrential wave that followed, so did their clothes.

Hina took Kasumi's advice to heart. She may lack her previous life's confidence - the one thing Jack Steele had foolishly assumed he'd keep - but she realised that the one thing she hadn't lost with her transformation was her *tenacity*. She threw herself madly into her work, continually learning the new scripts and codes she needed to understand for her work, as well as running continually diagnostics on the Machine in order to better understand its capabilities. She hung on Tanabe-senpai's every word, absorbing every piece of knowledge the snappy, sometimes curt woman gave her. She was desperate not to fail in her new position, and for over a month she pulled herself together. She followed every directive, showed up early and left late, constantly brought in drinks and treats for those around her, and put in extra time at her apartment when it came to running diagnostic work. She was burning the candle at both ends, and felt as highly strung as a piano wire. Soon she had switched from tea to coffee, even her new Japanese mindset unable to overcome her male mind's need to be energised by the brown stuff.

But it couldn't last. Despite her best efforts, she was still a bit of a klutz, and continued to make a number of mistakes when driven by her anxiety. It worsened as she worked in closer and closer proximity to Tanabe-senpai, and when she was tasked with giving her first information seminar on the Machine she became suddenly voiceless, feeling as if the eyes of the world were upon her. She kept expecting her boss to snap, but she simply took over, excusing her as having a cold or somesuch. She even came to her defence when one male guest touring the complex tried to grope her ass.

She didn't tell Tanabe-senpai how it had made her feel weirdly warm to experience that, even if it also made her scared.

In fact, she was surprised that despite her senpai's dark humour and past life, she was not the most dominating figure either. She was, in fact, bubbly and cheerful, often bouncing on her feet and talking in a singsong way. The small cynical part of her was overwhelmed by her much larger positivity. She was patient in her maintenance of the machine, her explanations to new interns, her use of the machine to untransform those who had finished their contracts and wished to change back. She even routinely retrieved coffees for other people.

"A holdover from the days when Mr Hoshi ran things," she explained during a lunch break. "Those were the dark times."

“Things are a lot better now,” Hina said, trying to sound as optimistic as possible. She was trying to discern what coffee and food Tanabe-senpai preferred, in order to take advantage of it and bring the food and drink herself one day.

“Yes, they certainly are. Especially now that we can be who we want to be. I still can’t believe you set most of the features to random, and a few to the exact opposite to your usual self. I think if the old me was in your place I would have strangled myself!”

Hina blushed deeply, shrinking into her seat; quite an effort, given how small she already was.

“I’ve always been . . . impulsive,” she said in her overly-high voice. She swore sounded like a damned bird sometimes. “And a risk taker. And it seemed fun. Be another person for a year!”

Tanabe-senpai laughed. “Unbelievable. Still, are you enjoying it?”

Hina fidgeted, taking the moment to down a salmon sushi roll before she could answer. It was delicious, but then she’d always loved salmon sushi even before she changed.

“It’s been a lot of adjustment. There are nice parts . . .”

“Such as?”

A deeper blush. God, this body was so darn shy!

“Well, it’s nice being a woman sometimes. I like parts of it.”

Her boss grinned as she took a bite of her own meal. Unagi roll; she’d have to remember it.

“I think I can imagine *which* parts. Sakura had the same realisation.”

Hina nearly spit out her food entirely.

“Oh, I didn’t mean that!”

“There’s no shame in it, just between us girls.”

How was she still getting redder? She could practically feel her body turning into a living tomato, at least in shade.

“Well, um, it *is* rather nice. I mean, it’s *very* sensitive.”

“I knew it. You should indulge in that more.”

“Um.”

“I know, I know, report me to HR if you need to. And don’t worry, Hiromi and Yua won’t show any favours to me just because I’m a friend of theirs. But it’s the best recommendation I can make to you to give yourself a break, since I’m sorry to tell you Hina, but you’re falling apart at work.”

It was a knife to her heart. Hina felt her breathing quicken.

“But - but I’ve been trying so hard!”

“I know, and it’s not entirely your fault. I shouldn’t have set the Machine to random, even if your request has to be taken into account. But Hiromi and I can’t cover for you for too much longer unless you shape up.”

“I’ve been trying so hard,” she repeated weakly. To her shame, tears brimmed in her eyes. It was even worse that she was on her period, which apart from being an incredibly frustrating new experience as a woman was also making her moods even stronger. “I thought if I tried to be as attentive as I could, I would get better.”

“You *did* get better, but you also wrecked yourself. Look, the Machine changes us, and one thing we don’t mention as much is that those that change become a little . . . needy.”

Hina nodded. “I feel like I always want your approval, senpai.”

Kaori laughed. “Oh, you are as innocent as a lamb, despite the person you used to be. We have a lot in common, in some ways. No, I mean - well, I mean to say we transformees can become really, really horny.”

“Oh.” Hina’s eyes widened. “OH.”

Tanabe nodded, eyes gleaming a little. “I’m sure you’ve noticed.”

She had. She’d just thought it was because she was anxious. But it was true, ever since changing to become Hina, she’d been checking out guys. They distracted her quite a bit in fact. The one downstairs in marketing - Shoji - was quite hot, and always trying to talk to her, just as she had often made excuses to see him. And she did find herself swaying her hips or thrusting out her chest a bit in his presence.

“Oh, *baka*,” she said to herself. “I’ve been an idiot!”

“Been there,” Kaori said. “You wouldn’t believe the misogynistic pervert I used to be. Now I’m just a lesbian pervert.”

“I’ve been getting turned on this entire time. Is *that* why I’m always frustrated, Tanabe-san?”

The woman shrugged. “I suspect the new you is shy, just like the new me struggles not to be a little submissive and cheerful. But in the end, you embrace the parts you like. Trust me.”

She gave a broad grin, cheerful and cute.

Hina couldn’t help but smile back.

“Okay, I’ll give it a try.”

Hina groaned as Shoji entered her. He was stronger than she had thought him, with a handsome litness to his muscles. She was on her back, her legs spread wide in an

unfamiliar and yet oh-so-right fashion, feeling his penis penetrate her new and incredibly moist depths.

“OOOOhhhhhhh,” she whined, as he slowly began to thrust. She writhed on the bed, her incredibly high voice sounding annoying even to herself, but apparently cute to her lover.

She couldn't believe how fast it had all happened. After the talk with Tanabe-senpai, she had decided to try to give in to her new womanly whims. At first, she had simply started to experiment and pay with herself more. It had taken the edge off wonderfully, and her work performance improved when she masturbated in the morning before she showed, and sometimes she even felt the need to hide in a closet and get some 'release' in the middle of the day. She was shocked to realise that for all her cuteness, she was a damned horny little woman, and now that she had given into her cravings it was incredibly obvious how bad her new body had it for men. Sure, she had stared before, perhaps even had some lovely dreams, but she had always found ways to deny it. Now, the denial was gone. Men were *hot*. She wanted them, and she knew exactly who to start with.

It had taken a lot of courage, due to her shyness and anxiety. In fact, it had taken *liquid* courage in the end. At the four month mark of her contract, during a staff dinner, she had finally managed to draw near to Shoji. He was always talking to her, this handsome Japanese man only a few years her senior. She had worn a cute blue dress that showed off her hourglass figure, her hair styled in a long, cute ponytail. They had gotten to chatting, and she had hung on his every word like a puppy.

Another month, and he had finally asked her out on a date. She was over the moon; Jack had always been a player, but now she was grappling with being approached from the other side of the gender equation. She lacked the flirtation skills to simply make the first move, or any moves, and so she had to do little things, even use her klutziness to her advantage. The last she became deft at: running into him and landing atop him, accidentally dropping things for him to pick up like a gentleman, and even ruining an office chair that required his strong muscles to fix.

And now, finally, it had culminated not just in romance and dates and kissing and flirting, but actual factual sex.

And it was *magnificent*. Better than she'd ever experienced as a man, no matter how lacking in talent she was as a woman. Shoji continued to thrust, and she held on for dear life, bucking in response to his rhythm, scraping her fingernails down his back. She was overjoyed to find out that despite her shyness in every other theatre of life, she was even more voracious and aggressive in the bedroom than she'd ever been.

“Oh, yes! Shoji, yes! Yes, I want you to cum in me! Cum right nooowwwwwww!!!”

He did. Repeatedly. And in the aftermath of their coitus, she felt more relaxed and at peace than she had in months.

“Huh,” she said to herself. “So that’s how I do it.”

The rest of Hina’s year went much better. Tanabe-senpai could certainly sense how things had gone, and practically bounced in the air when Hina finally broke and told her what had happened.

“Oh, trust me, there’s no feeling like being a woman in the bedroom,” Kaori said. “Just you wait until you get even better at it. But in the meantime, let’s see how you improve in the job.”

Hina did. A lot. She still had her shyness, still had the occasional bouts of anxiety, but to her shock she was increasingly comfortable in her new life. She slowly regrouped with the transformees she had initially mocked, making friends with Sohee, Aoi, and Kasumi. They seemed to have undergone their own changes, though he didn’t know their full stories just yet. For all of Jack Steele’s bravado, this was the first office environment she’d ever been in where she felt she utterly belonged, and also the first time where she felt she was falling in love, particularly since just as she had her own hidden wild side, Shoji had his own hidden nerdy side which she adored.

She wasn’t even anxious when the end of her year-long contract approached. She had proven herself capable, and her work performance was now stellar, even if she was still a bit overeager at times. She had regained those parts of Jack she wanted, while forging her own new identity as Hina. And while she still sometimes got overanxious, she knew she wanted to stay.

Tanabe was happy to hear it, as she used the Machine to extend her changes for a new contract.

“Oh, I’m so glad you’ve decided to stay, Hina,” she said. The Machine dinged red, indicating that the procedure had failed. Tanabe looked over it and giggled. “Yes, very glad. And I imagine Shoji is happy too.

Hina blushed, thinking of her wonderful boyfriend with his cute smile and silly sense of humour. Exactly a year ago she had set out for the greatest adventure yet.

It looked like she had finally found it.

Dalton's Year - Sohee Takizawa

Dalton moaned, trying to contain the intense pleasure as his body shifted and transformed. The changes came easily to him, and it made sense: Technical Specialist Kaori Tanabe had told them that a firm idea of the body you wanted and a willing enthusiasm made the changes occur more rapidly. On that front, he was a prime candidate then.

“Looks like someone's having fun!”

Dalton gave a weak smile to the technician running the Machine. She seemed like a lovely woman: chirpy, cheery, and practically rocking with excitement when she had flipped the switch and activated the machine, and started the process that would make Dalton's dream come true.

“It's - it feels d-different!” Dalton exclaimed. His voice rose an octave, and just that alone filled him with a buzz of excitement.

“Trust me, it will get many different than this!” Kaori said in slightly grammatically incorrect English.

Dalton hoped so. A number of twists and turns sent his stomach flying upside down. He groaned as his organs were heaved aside, making way for what he could only assume was his new womb. His manhood began to withdraw back into his body, and he inwardly cheered at its retreat, followed by his two testes. They squeezed back in with a slightly painful *plop!*

“Ahh!!”

He turned his shoulders as they expanded slightly, followed by his hips which expanded *massively*. Dalton had always been a slim beanpole of a man, but now that he was becoming a woman he was revelling in the exaggerated curves he had chosen. He knew deep inside that he was not meant to be a man. He'd known it all his life. His body had never felt right; too thin, too bony, too *male*. And now, thanks to *Kantan Insurance* and its wonderful Machine, he was getting the body of his dreams.

A busty, sexy, MILF who would be called Sohee Takizawa.

“AAaiiiii!” he cried, voice becoming more feminine again as the pressures renewed. He twisted his body, luxuriating in his alterations. His legs shortened slightly, but became wonderfully thick in the thighs and dainty in the feet. His body hair retracted back beneath his skin, and the hair atop his scalp lost its spiky nature and became gently wavy, extending to form a cute bob that ended just below his ears.

His face shifted, and he grinned openly as his rectangular face and skull rearranged - a little uncomfortably at first - into a smooth, rounded aspect befitting a woman in her early forties. His hips continued to widen, beginning to look like they belonged to someone who had given birth, or at the very least were quite 'child-bearing' in nature.

“Mmhhmm,” he moaned, as his penis finished retracting entirely. He felt his new pussy come into being, the labia and clit blooming into being like a flower. A very feminine flower.

It was at that moment that Dalton’s mind switched from masculine to feminine, and the moment that *her* own name also switched, becoming that of Sohee Takizawa. She rejoiced inwardly and outwardly at the mental change, and welcomed the loss of her native tongue. Instead, the new *Korean*-Japanese woman gained those two respective languages fluent in both. Her skin darkened just a little, but stayed a pale tone overall. A pressure in her chest informed her of her breast development, and it was this that made her practically giddy.

After all, she’d always imagined being a woman with *really big breasts*.

As if sensing her desires, the machine whirred, its process speeding up. She gasped and leaned back as her nipples swelled and chest expanded, becoming two increasingly large orbs. They stretched the confines of her male shirt, pushing outward and upward until they were almost the size of her own head. Even bigger than that woman downstairs, Sakura something.

“S-soooo big!” she moaned, holding them as they overflowed her palms.

They stopped, enormous melons that would be impossible to hide, and only a little exaggerated on her new form. With their dominance, Sohee almost didn’t notice that her body had aged over sixteen years. She instantly felt a little less energetic, body slightly more tired, but her confidence and raw sexuality practically *commanding*. Dalton had always been nervous, but now she felt *mighty*. Like she could conquer the world. She puffed up her chest in pride at her new self.

Technical Specialist Kaori looked stunned, but the woman was too professional to let her eyes linger for too long. She helped Sohee out of the machine chamber, and brought her before a mirror to see if she was happy with her changes.

But Sohee knew for a fact she was happy. After all, she was now a woman, exactly as she’d wanted to be.

She was one of a kind.

Sohee was loving life. Within the first two weeks, she had thrown herself into her new role. Not only was her body perfect - sexy, commanding, *dominating* - but her personality matched it perfectly. She still had all of Dalton’s secret desires - to be promiscuous, to act like a total MILF, and to be a commanding ladder climbing in a cutthroat business environment - but now she actually had the qualities to act upon them. Unlike Jack, who like

an idiot had allowed himself to become a cute, shy girl named Hina, Sohee had been carefully crafted to set Dalton's inhibitions free, and allow *her* to live the life she always wanted to the fullest.

Even better that she had a *very* strong libido.

While others like Karim/Kasumi flailed about, denying the pleasures that came with their changes, and people like Myroslava/Aoi ridiculously that nothing had changed, Sohee was tasting the fine fruits of being a sexy, confident mid-forties woman who was freely available. In fact, the very first night she had barely unpacked her things before she went shopping to find a dress that fit her exaggerated dimensions. The very second night she had worn her sexy black new dress with its low cut top down to a few late night bars, and successfully reeled in a hot fish.

"OOhhhhhhh, fuck me dammit! Mommy wants you to take good care of her! She demands it!"

It was the sort of thing she had starting exclaiming while she fucked the men she took home at night. They couldn't keep their eyes off her - her child-bearing hips, her huge ass, her monstrous mammaries - and she enjoyed dominating them in conversation and in the bedroom. She loved riding them, straddling them like a queen and allowing them the pleasure of squeezing her tits or sucking on them while she rocked her hips against their hardness. The orgasms that came were stronger than any she'd ever experienced as that pitiful beanpole Dalton.

By the time she actually started work in marketing department, she'd already fucked nine different men a total of twenty different times. And each time was fantastic. In fact, she even let them dominate *her* for a change if they proved themselves good boys and treated their sexy MILF date well. In fact, a number of the 'younger' men (at least, younger than her new forty year old self) were more than eager to put in the work to please a sexy older woman.

Her dominance was not limited to matters of dating and sex either. Within just a week in the workplace she quickly was making a name for herself, producing not just excellent ideas and presentations but making her voice loud and heard. She was able to produce the kind of imaginative proposals that Dalton had always held inside his brain but been afraid to say out loud. Now, as Sohee, she didn't have those fears, and there was an almost sexual thrill in making sure the conversation steered around to her way among the other interns, making her stand out all the more. With her teasing, yet motherly personality, Sohee had charm Dalton never did, and several workers were already seeing her a future boss.

It got her the attention of Hiromi Kaizo, the staff manager.

Hiromi was a kindred spirit, Sohee sensed. While she didn't have the outlandish proportions of her own Korean-Japanese body, the Staff Manager was very curvy in all the right places, and had a superior height that gave her a look of dominance.

"You have done quite well, Sohee," she said impassively. "Just a couple of weeks into the job - not even a month into your new body and life - and you are always 'making waves', as Westerners say."

"I believe in making a firm commitment to the company," Sohee said, thrusting out her chest in pride. "I want to do well in *Kantan Insurance*, and prove I had what it takes to be a permanent employee."

"Yes, that is excellent to hear. Before I took charge, most were given their bodies regardless of what they wanted. It pleases me to know that you are happy with your body."

"More than happy," Sohee remarked, looking down over form. Her bosom wobbled heavily in her tight blouse as she shifted, and it gave her a shiver of delight. She just loved how 'active' her body was when it moved. Each little adjustment of her posture produced a jostle of flesh somewhere, and she knew how to use it like the attractive MILF she was.

"I feel like I'm exactly how I'm meant to be."

Hiromi gave her a curious look. Sohee had to admit, it was quite the intimidating gaze.

"Is that so?"

"Most certainly. I wanted to be one of a kind, in looks, personality, and in work performance, Miss Kaizo!"

There was a slightly amused expression on Hiromi's face. The Staff Manager often gave the appearance of someone who knew more than she let on, but hid it behind a wall of stoicism.

"Very well then, Sohee, I hope you appreciate your . . . uniqueness, as long as you are able. While it is far too early in the game to even think about promotions, your already sterling work ethic deserves commendation, and I anticipate that if it continues you will have a wonderful career path here at *Kantan Insurance*."

Sohee beamed. All her stars had aligned, and now nothing could get in the way of her dreams.

The first sign that something was in the way of Sohee's dreams was when a coworker she'd never met before addressed her by the wrong name.

"Hello Akari," he said, "I had a great time last night. *Really* great."

Now, Sohee had indeed enjoyed a 'great time' the previous night, but it wasn't with this man, cute as he was. She shrugged him off, assuming that he had - impossibly - mistaken her for one of the other beautiful women at *Kantan*, or was trying to earn a reputation with his salaryman friends. She made a mental note *not* to let him enjoy her body any time soon, at least until he had earned it through some kind of submissive atonement. She then promptly forgot about the incident.

Until it occurred again.

"Hey, Akari! Who are you dating tonight? I hear the Shinjuku District is all yours now - you've shooed away the other women!"

"What are you talking about?" Sohee snapped at the women as she passed their congregation in the cubicle hall. She'd just exited the toilet, having started her first period, and it was making her frustrated.

"Oh, we were just wondering where is safe for us other single women to go on the prowl," one joked. "Since Akari Park has the rest to herself."

It was said in a joking, ribbing manner, but it only made Sohee furious.

"Firstly, my name is Sohee Takizawa, not Akari Park. Secondly, I haven't 'prowled' Shinjuku yet, I've been working my way up. I don't even know what you're talking about."

She stormed off without another word.

But the looming spectre of Akari Park followed her, even beyond the office walls.

It was in Shinjuku District that they met, by chance. Sohee was confident she had sampled the men she wanted in other areas, and now wanted to experience the more touristy side of Tokyo, delighting in those more flashy, expensive men more her age. Sohee's age, at least. She was having great fun wooing a businessman in his mid-thirties, getting him to buy her expensive champagne as they chatted about all manner of unimportant topics as a leadup to their eventual one-night stand, when she needed to retreat briefly to the restroom.

When she returned, another copy of her was already present.

Her hair was styled a little more wavy, and she wore a dark red dress instead of her own usual black. But she was practically identical in every way.

And she was sitting right next to Sohee's date, her hand upon his thigh, her ruby red lips against his ear as she whispered something inaudible but undeniably sensual, to judge from his blush and following smile.

Sohee rushed forward, and her stolen date's eyes widened in pleasure.

"Sohee! You didn't tell me you had a twin. Especially one so . . . adventurous."

"I don't," she said icily, her words directed at the other woman, who simply gave a smug smirk.

"We're not," she agreed. "This one's an imposter."

"Me an imposter? Says the harlot stealing *my* date!"

The doppelganger gave an exaggerated laugh, taking the time to place her hand on the man's chest.

"I didn't steal anything that wasn't freely available, *Sohee*. Just remember, I'm the original. Come along cutie, you're getting lucky tonight."

She grabbed the man by his tie, and led him away. He shrugged at *Sohee*, clearly more enamoured with her 'twin.' *Sohee* stood there, red-faced, humiliated, *angry*.

"That . . . that *bitch!*"

It was a sheer coincidence. The unluckiest of ones. A man named Ivan Razgorav had also had the exact same request as *Sohee*, and had begun making splashes as the sly, motherly, MILFy woman Akari Park just several days prior to Dalton's own changes. Somehow, whether through a fault in the Machine or simply a pattern within it, both men had become the same woman, in all but name. Kaori was not running the Machine for Aoi, and didn't notice, but Staff Manager Hiromi obviously had. That was the reason for all her knowing gazes.

"You didn't tell me!" *Sohee* said, exasperated.

Hiromi sipped her tea in her office casually.

"It wasn't my business to tell, but now you know."

"She has to go!"

"Funny, she said the same of you thirty minutes ago."

Sohee grit her teeth. Beaten in the race again. Japan's corporate environment was already ruthless enough, but to have to compete with yourself?

She gave a light, dismissive laugh. "Ah well, it is not like we are on the same career paths. She's in customer service."

Hiromi smirked this time, took another sip of her tea. "Actually, managerial training is drawn from any department with an allotted number. Customer service is often quite successful in this."

Sohee spluttered. She thanked Miss Kaizo for the meeting, made a light joke with her secretary and lover, the willowy Yua, and made her way to the finance floor. She wanted to chat with Aoi and Kasumi, get their advice. That was, until she saw Akari Park with them,

dressed identically, teasing and laughing and sharing a tray of homemade brownies with them.

"So," Sohee said to herself, gritting her teeth. "It's war."

The battle lines were drawn, and over the following months they shifted back and forth. Like one of Dalton's old favourite films gave the line, there could only be One. Sohee was determined that the victor would be her. If she had still been her male self, she would have been anxious, a total doormat. But now she was a sexy MILF with a need to dominate the workplace, and so she pushed forward to commit extra hard to her work load. She volunteered for extra jobs, brought coffee in for staff just like her other big-boobed competition, Sakura. She stayed later hours, arrived earlier. She brought her greatest imaginative expertise to marketing *Kantan Insurance*, even manned the phonelines when one of the other girls got sick. She did everything she could to ensure that her work ethic was beyond compare, and highly noticeable to corporate.

Unfortunately, Akari Park rose to match her efforts. Frequently, the two women would converge at the entrance at the same early hours, even having shared a silent train ride together. They looked like a pair of feisty older twins competing for attention, and despite all their efforts to make themselves look unique, they often ended up looking identical anyway. After all, in a place as traditional as corporate Japan, there were only so many working blouse and pencil skirt combinations available.

"I see you've gotten here at the same time," Akari remarked one morning.

"Yes, interesting that you did too," Sohee replied, keeping her voice just as passively, aggressively even.

"Yes, that is interesting. I hear that Miss Kaizo will be choosing someone to oversee the newest *Hambdo* account. That's a big one."

"Mhm. Well, I'm sure *one* of us will get it."

"Yes. *One* of us."

The two stepped inside the building, walking their separate ways. Sohee would later think of much more inventive and cruel barbs she could have said during her morning break.

But their rivalry existed beyond the confines of their work ethic. Increasingly, the two clashed in their flirtations, their affections, their night lives. More than once, Sohee paid close attention to which man her 'twin' was giving her attention to in the office, and she would plot and scheme to pounce on him the second she was away, in order to have her own way with the cute man first. When out on the town, they frequently found themselves visiting the same bars, despite the immensity of the city, always claiming it was by sheer coincidence. The two

were subject to many flirtatious come-ons by salarymen and tourists alike, the 'appealing' and 'top-heavy' twins that were always competing. Sex became less of a form of relaxation than a form of revenge. When she had been Dalton, Sohee had always felt powerless, and fantasised about being stronger than others. She channelled that sentiment into her rivalry, always attempting to best her foe.

Hiromi only seemed to encourage it.

"I think you have done great work, Akari," Sohee overheard her say once. "But you have fallen behind Sohee's current work ethic. She has been very dedicated to the company recently."

Sohee cheered, until a week later the words were applied to her.

"Akari's latest morale initiative is genius. I was surprised you did not think of this, Sohee. Perhaps you were too busy seducing Mr Akashi in the maintenance department."

The Korean-Japanese woman willed herself not to blush.

"I will try to . . . keep my personal business and company business separate from now on," she said.

"Nothing wrong with a little company romance," Hiromi said patiently. "After all, I live with my own secretary. But try to be more discreet."

She resolved to be so, but still the rivalry extended. They were like two jealous teenage girls, warring over the same boys, except now they were seducing drunken men, sampling increasingly more expensive wines, and jockeying for the same dangled account. Finally, it all came to a head at the same bar where they had first met.

The man's name was Katashi. A good name, in Sohee's eyes: it meant 'hard, firm.' Exactly the qualities she liked in men now. The only problem was that this handsome forty year old, equal to her own age, was also being talked to by Akari. The two had entered the bar from two different entrances, scanning their eyes over the single men in search of a date. Both had laser-focused their gazes upon Katashi, the tall, dark and handsome businessman at the bar counter.

"Buy me a drink?" they had both asked at the same time.

He had smirked at their accidental chorus.

"Why don't I buy you *both* a drink?" he'd said, his voice as smooth as molasses. It was enough to make Sohee want to do all sorts of naughty things to him, particularly as his eyes hovered over her impressive bust. Unfortunately, he also looked over Akari's.

The three of them ended up in a corner booth, both women to either side of him, practically smothering him. There was envy in each other's eyes; somehow Sohee and her

doppelganger both recognised that this handsome figure was the ultimate prize, the true sign of who would defeat whom. He was the ultimate ideal of a handsome, modern samurai type, with his strong figure, slight whiskered shadow, and manly jaw. He exuded a kind of stoicism that made new women like them go wild.

“Why don’t we go back to my place?” Sohee asked. “I promise a great time.”

“Don’t listen to her, come back to my place, I’ll let you do *anything*,” Akari responded.”

“I have the finest collection of nice wines at my apartment,” Sohee countered.

“And I have the most luxurious bed.”

“I can slip into something much, *much* more comfortable. In fact, I have a number of costumes for a variety of tastes.”

“Don’t listen to her: *I* will make you want a woman who knows who to put you in your place.”

“I’m even bossier. I can dominate you.”

“I have the bigger bust.”

“Nonsense! We’re the same. But *I* know how to do things with my bust better.”

Katashi chuckled, practically guffawed.

“Ladies! Ladies!” he said, extending his strong arms around both their shoulders, and turning his face back and forth between them. “I have a *much* better way to solve this. Why don’t we go back to my place? All *three* of us?”

Sohee was taken aback. So was Akari.

“B-both of us?” she asked.

“Of course, you are both so deliciously in charge, and I’ve never been dominated by *two* women before, especially ones who vye ever more for control. It sounds wonderful, doesn’t it?”

The pair exchanged another glance. They were trapped, they knew it. Whoever pulled out of this unexpected threesome first would lose the date, and the other would be the victory. Akari gave her a look that said *‘I’m committed. Are you going to be a coward?’*

“That,” Sohee said, snuggling up against him, “sounds wonderful.”

It was. Repeatedly so, in fact. Who could have thought that all their rivalry needed to cool off was a wild threesome with an incredibly handsome and incredibly *virile* man their own age? He certainly had enough stamina for the two of them, just. The two fought for control of him in the bedroom initially, but what started as a genuine struggle soon became an incredible turn on, and Katashi thought so as well. Within minutes of getting naked they were actually

competing as to who could create the greatest pleasure, who could give the best blowjob, who could ride him most aggressively. And then even that competition ended, as they attacked him as one, adopting all kinds of new positions that required all three of them, and even making out with one another to turn on their latest plaything all the more. It was a wild night, and the two were shocked when they woke the next morning not clasped around his body, but each other's.

"This is embarrassing," Akari said as they entered work together, this time having come from the same place.

"It is. But it was . . . nice, wasn't it?" Sohee responded.

"I guess. Well, yes, it was very nice."

"This doesn't mean I won't win that account, of course."

"Nonsense, the account is all mine. / deserve it."

"Sure you do. I seem to recall I made Katashi moan loudest last night."

"It was a pity moan. I made him cum the longest."

"Only because of that thing / did while he was inside you."

The two of them exchanged a grin, and giggled like schoolgirls. The tension that had existed between them had evaporated, leaving only a sisterly competition, instead of a genuine heated rivalry. They began to talk of other things, of enjoyable wines and local movies they were getting used to, and even sushi restaurants they had loved even when they were men.

Not long after, they were both called into Hiromi Kaizo's office. To the manager's clear joy, they sat down cordially, even exchanging a smug smile that was absent of any real malice.

"Well, it seems you have sorted your rivalry out," Hiromi said, as she signed a piece of paper.

"We're more like . . . friendly competitors now," Sohee remarked in her slightly Korean-accented voice.

"Perhaps even duelling sisters," Akari replied.

"Very good. Then I'm happy to announce, if the air is clear, that if you wish to extend your contracts in two months' time then a position is open to handle the *Hambdo* account."

Sohee felt a nervousness in her heart, but did her best to control herself, as well as promise herself that she wouldn't be mad if Akari got it.

"Congratulations . . . Sohee," Hiromi said with a dramatic intonation, slipping a contract to her.

Akari sighed, clearly disappointed. Sohee was filled with glee, joyous she had won, and that she would be given such responsibility.

"Well, it was a fierce competition," she said to her former rival. "I'm just glad that you-

"I'm not finished," Hiromi said. She slipped a piece of paper Akari's way. "And congratulations . . . Akari. You *both* have the account to share."

The two of them gave a stunned look. Sohee exchanged a glance with Akari, and tried not to fidget in shock. Both of them? How could this be?

As if reading her mind, Hiromi smiled.

"You've both been so productive since this little war began. I'm looking forward to seeing your new partnership push each other to greater heights. Well done to both of you, I'm sure the results will be . . . interesting."

Sohee didn't know what to say.

But somehow, she knew her friends were going to laugh their heads off at this. She was just glad that Hina was now too anxious to ever rib someone as her original self was. But then, at least Kasumi and Aoi weren't planning to stay on, right?

Yes, she could be saved *some* humiliation.

Sohee gave another glance Akari's way as they left Hiromi's office. Both were blushing a little. Perhaps a partnership wouldn't be so bad? After all, the previous night's pleasures had been a roaring success.

"Maybe this will work out after all," Sohee said to herself. "But if we come to work wearing the same outfit, *she* has to be the one to change."

Myroslava & Karim's Year - Aoi & Kasumi

Myroslava grunted, trying not to make too many sounds. It was impossible not to give in.

"OOhhhhhh, I didn't - ahh - expect it to be s-so -"

"So good?" Technician Specialist Kaori Tanabe asked.

"Hmm," the bulky Ukrainian woman replied. She didn't want to admit it, but the moment the whirring of the machine began, she had indeed begun to feel quite good - though the 'good' in question was perhaps better phrased as *aroused*. She tried to ignore her fat nipples stiffening as her body began to change. She had always been a brusque, terse woman in her dealings, preferring to be about her business. Idle chit chat had always been an annoyance for her. But as her body altered, shoulders shrinking down alarmingly, her waist contracting sharply, she felt quite aware of the innate pleasure of being transformed. It was difficult not to let others on.

"Mmmhhmph," she mumbled, as her belly pulled in and bones reduced greatly in size. She had always been big-boned: no more. Now even her height fell away. Her large breasts, never very erotic but instead only adding to her general bulkiness, merged back into

her body, leaving her with a slight, practically *boyish* chest. Barely A-cups. She raised her eyebrows: she had chosen slim, but to feel it was another thing!

“Aaaahhh,” she sighed, as her body shrunk yet further. Her hair turned a vivid white - the one thing she had truly wanted - and it too receded to a sharp, stylish bob that lengthened in front of her eyes, so that she had sharp razor-sharped hair that framed either side of her pointed chin. Her body took on a slight hourglass figure, but she could feel her more obviously feminine qualities melting away.

“F-f-fuuuhhhhhhhh,” she managed. New aspects poured into her mind: she did not lose her native Ukrainian but gained a complete and immediate understanding of the Japanese language. Cultural conventions she had heard of became new norms for her, even the nature of honorifics. Oddly, she felt a slightly mischievous streak she’d never possessed sneak its way in there, a dry and sarcastic humour that she felt the need to share rather than bottle up behind her drabby exterior.

The changes ended, and she was shocked as she stepped out of the Machine with Technician Tanabe’s help. The bouncing, cheerful woman was clearly overjoyed with her change, revelling in how “different” and “wonderfully unique” she was. The mirror revealed Myroslava as an entirely changed woman: now shorter, much slimmer, lighter, and with a mysterious androgynous look to her. She was no longer Myroslava. She was Aoi.

“Still a Kozak,” she said, referencing her last name.

“You look wonderful!” Kaori exclaimed. “Do you like it?”

Aoi searched her thoughts. A small part of her smirked inwardly at her new, lighter figure. She still had an intimidating edge to her.

“It’s just for a job,” she said.

Not long after, it was Karim Williams who was moaning and grunting and groaning. He had been much more enthusiastic than even he expected when changing his form. He was still a little embarrassed from nearly giving away his desire to try being a woman, just for a little bit, but he wasn’t going to let that stop him. It had always been a hidden desire of his to see what it was like being a female version of himself. No major changes: just some green dreads perhaps. He had also been a massive ‘weeb’, loving anime and their crazy character designs, but he could never let others know that beneath his tough exterior was a secret geek. And now he had the opportunity to try, just for a time, what it would be like to be one of those characters, even in a work environment.

The Machine and *Kantan Insurance* had given him the perfect cover.

His changes were much more brief. He grunted, whimpered, even shivered as his muscles rippled, becoming not smaller but instead even bigger, as if he were a character straight out of a Japanese fighting game. His hair rapidly poured from his scalp, turning a vibrant, almost neon green, before clumping together in thick dreadlocks that fell over his shoulders. His skin tone lightened, but only slightly - he had been very specific on wanting to become an incredibly muscular Afro-Japanese woman.

“Oh man, this feels good,” he said. He chuckled as his voice softened, not losing its deep tone but altering to a sexy contralto.

“It does, doesn’t it?” Kaori said. “And I hear that you have mastered Japanese?”

“I always did!” he said in fluent Japanese, smiling even as his lips plumped up and his cheekbones became more rounded and cute. His waist contracted a little, and a great pressure bloomed in his chest that he was excited to see. After all, one thing anime girls had in common, even in street fighting games, was that they were blessed in the chest.

“Very impressive!” Kaori said, giving a cheerful grin and a cheerful little clap. Karim liked her already.

But then, he wasn’t Karim. Even as the pressure in his chest intensified, as his body hair evaporated, and his legs became more muscled and yet more shapely, he was simultaneously overcome by mental changes. He now knew his female name: Kasumi Williams.

“Ohhh, I like that,” she said in her newly feminine voice. She followed up with a gasp as her impressive manhood melted back into her body, replaced by a flowering pussy. A tunnel yawned open before her lower lips formed. She could even feel her womb forming.

But the biggest change was yet to come. Her pectoral muscles swelled, ballooning rapidly to become incredibly large breasts, almost E-cups in size. Not to the level as that Sakura woman, but certainly still large even for her muscled figure. They were surprisingly heavy, pert yet soft and enjoyable supple. They bounced as she stepped out of the machine when the process finished, and she beheld herself in the mirror.

She flexed several times.

“Do you like it?” Kaori asked.

“Oh - uh, yeah. I love it. You know, for the job. It’s just a bit of fun for the job, right?”

Kaori smiled.

It was just a job. That was what both of them said to each other and to themselves constantly. It was their common refrain, a way of most certainly making it clear that even if they were enjoying their bodies *just a little*, that Aoi Kozak and Kasumi Williams certainly had

not wanted their changes, nor had any intention to keep them beyond their first year of contract. After that, they could leave the company, or stay on in their original bodies.

No, they certainly weren't enjoying it.

"Except the lightness," Aoi said after several weeks, as she and Kasumi gathered around the water cooler. "I like not feeling so broad and heavy all the time. This body is, I admit, rather limber."

"I feel even stronger, and I love - I mean I *like* it," Kasumi replied. "Plus, I've always wanted to try dreads."

"Green dreads," Aoi said, her voice monotone but a little dryly sarcastic.

Kasumi looked down at the short, androgynous Ukrainian-Japanese woman.

"Like your white hair is any less extravagant?"

"Hm, granted. It just seemed . . . nice."

The two were awkwardly silent a moment, before moving on to other conversation topics. Both Aoi and Kasumi had become unlikely colleagues and friends since their changes. Neither had experienced much of an extensive mental tuning, but Aoi's slightly mischievous nature and dry wit earned Kasumi's good will, and Kasumi in turn had become a much more casual, easy to chat to individual. Sure, her muscled form was imposing, but given that no one could mess with her, it simply meant she could easily relax, even more than she had as a man - though she couldn't exactly say why, other than the cool and unique experience of being a woman.

Aoi worked hard as an insurance agent, and given the workload of complicated cases she had, she often liaised with the willowy woman called Yua, who was the Staff Manager's secretary and girlfriend. She was surprised to find herself attracted to the tall, almost geisha-like woman, just as she felt shockingly aroused in the presence of handsome, slightly feminine men. She had deduced rather quickly that her new form was bisexual, and had a liking for slight androgyny in others as well. It made things more complicated than the former workaholic would have assumed, and she had even started to make wry comments about the attractiveness of others and what she would like to do to them . . . so long as no one was actually listening.

Karim, meanwhile, was interning under the incredibly busty Sakura. The woman was short not just in stature but in temper too: there wasn't a curse word in Japanese under the sun that she didn't know, and it was obvious that her incredibly large chest was a source not just of pride to her but one of paradoxical frustration.

"Damn these stupid big tits," she griped, adjusting them in her top, "they always get in the way. Can't stand them. Thank God your chest is smaller than mine or I would have pitched a fit."

"Um, *smaller* than yours? You're glad about that?"

She gave Kasumi a look like she was an absolute moron.

“*Baka!* Of course I’m glad! Bad enough that Sohee and her weird twin Akari both have bigger chests than mine, but at least mine looks proportional! I don’t want anyone else stealing *my* thing.”

She was impossible to follow sometimes, and it made Kasumi laugh. She clearly had her own niche to fulfil, and she was on the warpath against anyone that threatened it. Kasumi nearly bust a gut laughing when the nervous Hina, formerly the cocky Jack, spilled coffee all over her mentor’s chest, and got a verbal hiding for it. It didn’t surprise her to find out that Sakura and Kaori were a couple: the former’s anger was kind of hot, and no doubt an optimistic personality cheering her on was exactly what Kasumi’s mentor needed. But she worked hard and fast, and was clearly the top dog in their department, though she wasn’t a boss herself.

“We’ve got Hiromi. Don’t need anyone else,” she said with dismissal. “Especially not with those two twins I mentioned trying to go for a job.”

“You’re not big with authority, are you?”

She chuckled. “Authority can kiss my ass. God knows it used to try to grope my big tits. Now only Kaori gets that privilege.”

“I haven’t had anyone try to grope me yet,” Kasumi remarked.

Sakura raised an eyebrow. “Who would dare even try?”

Six months in, and it was still just a job.

“Still a job,” Aoi said, even after she had added small purple highlights to her otherwise snow-white hair. She didn’t mention that she had recently taken up dancing as a side hobby; her androgynous looks and graceful elegance was an incredibly stark contrast to her previous dowdy brusqueness. Now she possessed a smoothness to her motions that made her a natural dancer, and it didn’t hurt that her new body was surprisingly flexible. Besides, while she was shorter, she wasn’t tiny like little Hina was, the poor thing!

“Still a job,” Kasumi remarked back, as she walked to her after work gym class, composed of other employees that wanted to get buff like her. No that anyone could quite get *that* buff. Still, she had found the gym space for women so much more colourful and full of fun banter than it was for men in the same kind of setting. Women were not in competition, not constantly having to one up one another. Instead, they were mutually supportive, with the understanding that fitness was far more important than bulking.

The two had found their niches much more easily than Hina and Sohee. While the former was spilling coffee mugs (and tripping over Kasumi’s legs at one point), the latter was

engaged in her own little private war. The joke was on her: Aoi and Kasumi together had refused to pick a side, and instead liked to get along with both women, though Aoi did enjoy riling them up against one another.

“What’s wrong with it?” she said. “Either they’ll realise they’re being foolish, or they’ll keep escalating. In my book, the results are either productive or funny.”

Kasumi just shrugged. She had no dog in the fight, and was too busy trying to ensure that Hina didn’t throw up with anxiety over her work performance - this despite the fact that they weren’t even in the same department.

“Sometimes I think we’re just the sane ones,” Aoi said the following week. “We arrive to work, get the job done, and go home.”

“Mhmm,” Kasumi agreed, though her voice seemed to lack *total* agreement.

After all, it was becoming difficult to ignore *all* of her new feelings. For one, as much as she appreciated the generous check and benefits package, it was becoming increasingly hard to deny how much she truly enjoyed being an buff, tough, Afro-Japanese woman. She was exotic to others, her tall stature and excessive musculature intimidating many men, but gaining the attraction of a dedicated minority of other men *and* women. More than once, she had gone to bars (the ones Sohee *wasn’t* at, thankfully) and simply enjoyed getting hit on, even if she was too nervous to let things go further. But the real fun was visiting the arcade centres: her body was a natural at Dance Dance Revolution, and the younger scene of admirers made her even more confident. Some girls even wanted to know how to have dreads like her. It was truly empowering.

Aoi too was starting to feel like her ‘get the job done’ mantra was getting thinner and thinner in justification. For one, she was having quite some success in her after work dancing, and was already entertaining the idea of joining some local plays and musical performances. She had never felt an affinity for the arts before, but with her ballet-like body and graceful movements, she found a lightness and freedom in it. It also allowed her to move within circles of some *very* attractive and *very* open-minded people. Apparently, according to Yua, the Machine had a so-called ‘small’ side effect of leaving its transformees with a much higher libido. And while Aoi was as stoic in her new body as she had been in her old one, she couldn’t deny the blazing inferno of lust that burned deep beneath her icy exterior. She could barely look at Yua, attracted as she was to the similarly elegant woman, and even Kasumi had her appeals. But no, she was a professional: she would find her pleasures outside *Kantan Insurance*, not within it.

“Better to avoid fucking where you eat,” she remarked to her friend.

Which led, ironically, to a meeting outside work with Kasumi.

It would also be one of the best nights of her life.

They had working at *Kantan Insurance* for almost nine months. Both had taken some lovers by this point, though for Kasumi it had never gone far beyond some hardcore making out and groping of her large, soft brown breasts. She was nervous to go any further and admit she truly liked being Kasumi; that being a woman felt more natural than being a man. Aoi, on the other hand, had no such reservations given her lack of change in gender. She had a string of lovers, many of them artists, musicians, players and performers of various stripes, male and female and even non-presenting. As icy and dry as she was regularly, during sex she was surprisingly timid, enjoying being dominated in a way she never had. She adored the feeling of a tender lover taking the lead, of bringing an elegant being such as herself to an equally elegant orgasm. There was a beauty in being submissive, yet dignified, in following the lead of another, but playing an integral part of the dance.

And it was dancing that led to Kasumi's proposition.

"*Dance Dance Revolution?*" Aoi asked, folding her arms. "Consider me siding with the existing Dance Dance Government."

"First of all, terrible joke. Second of all, you'll love it. Third of all, we'll crush it. Between your graceful dancing and my muscled fitness, we'll destroy the competition."

Aoi raised a perfectly poised eyebrow.

"Please, Aoi," Kasumi said, taking the much smaller woman's hands. "Everyone else here is wrapped up in silly romance, office rivalries, or sleeping with their boss. Why don't we just go out on the town and have some silly fun - like a girl's night?"

The phrase, even translated into Japanese, did hold some appeal to Aoi. After all, she'd always been rejected or passed over for girl get togethers, even when she'd been young.

"Fine. But no getting too drunk. And *definitely* no Dance Dance Revolution."

"This is so much fun!"

"I know!"

"I can't even feel my feet anymore, and I don't care!"

"I KNOW!"

The crowd around them cheered. Beyond the sight of two very uniquely attractive women dancing in the arcade, the crowd was taken in by their incredible performance. The two were absolutely crushing the scores, their feet moving swiftly: one as elegantly as a swift swan, the other as thunderous as a sentient storm. The patterns to the music grew

increasingly complex, and the crowd 'oohed' and 'ahhed' as the two continued to compete, their determination rising to match the challenge before them. Kasumi's heavy breasts bounced in her tight blue dress, while Aoi's thin form contorted into all sorts of alluring positions as she grasped the bar behind her and rapidly spun and whirred and kicked to follow the pattern. The two of them had gone beyond tipsy and straight into 'drunk party girl' mode, and were both laughing - Kasumi in great big belly guffaws, Aoi in high, almost coquettish giggles. Already numerous individuals had flirted with them, asked to dance with them, tried to get their numbers, but tonight wasn't about that, even with their higher libidos. Tonight was about the strange friendship they had forged with someone so different from themselves, and yet so wonderful with their company.

Finally, Kasumi gave out. As talented as she was, having practiced on these numerous times as Karim, she simply couldn't compete with Aoi's natural dancer's grace. The victory went to the white-haired woman, who gave a professional bow to the cheering audience, before accepting her prize: a shot glass with throat-burning vodka smuggled out of the bar by Kasumi, though naturally prepaid for.

"AAahhhh . . . the one part I miss about being a full-blooded Ukrainian," she declared, as they parted from the crowd to find a seat. "Being able to take vodka shots without blinking."

Kasumi laughed, a little too hard. She had discovered she was a very happy individual when drunk, whereas Karim had gotten more quiet.

"Ah, so you admit it! You love being Aoi?"

Aoi looked at her like she'd grown a second head. Given her slightly blurred vision, it did appear just like that.

"How do you figure that?"

Kasumi grinned, leaning forward and not caring how much she was straining her dress, giving the guys on the nearby table a show.

"You said 'the one part I miss' - this implies you don't miss your old body much."

Aoi rolled her eyes. "Fine, I do like it. Very much. It's not just a job - I'm only saying this because you got me drunk, okay?"

"Well, I have a confession to make then, my friend. I'm loving it also! I get to be my anime fantasy girl, and still feel tough and strong!"

The two giggled.

"So, I guess this isn't just a job then," Aoi remarked.

Kasumi sighed. "No. I tried to deny it for a long time, but no. I like this. I like being Kasumi."

"Dammit. I like being Aoi."

The two regarded each other, two women who were considerably attractive and fit in their own ways, currently tipsy as hell and eating low-grade sushi outside a game arcade.

“Want to try another dance off?” Kasumi asked.

Aoi gave a sly grin. “Only to show you who the *real* dancer is.”

“Oh, it is on.”

Epilogue - End of Year Party

All four of the interns had signed on to stay at the company, and all four had chosen to remain in their bodies. They had graduated, in a sense, to full members of *Kantan Insurance*, each finding their footholds, their strengths, and overcoming their weaknesses.

High-strung Hina had found her groove, and thanks to her boyfriend Shoji was becoming more confident, even if she remained a perennially shy klutz of a human being. Of course, there were continuous questions over when an engagement would be announced, but they were taking things slow. It seemed romance was an adventure too daring even for the cocky Jack Steele, but perhaps tempered by her more empathetic new form, Hina was beginning to embrace it, one step at a time.

Sohee and Akari had become good friends, practically sisters. That didn't mean they got along, per se, but their rivalry had been put aside for friendlier competition, and there was even neutral territory where they simply . . . caught up with one another. And, of course, as they improved each other's work handling the *Hambdo* account, they also enjoyed the night life, occasionally even partaking in an enjoyable threesome when they felt like it. The only real hiccup came when the two of them realised they had accidentally become pregnant after yet another one of their one night stands - and to the same man no less! Now, the fight over motherhood had begun, the two on the road to becoming actual MILFs as their bellies were just beginning to show.

Kasumi and Aoi remained close friends, closer than the other two to them, and soon became each others' wingwoman. While they weren't interested in one another, they played perfectly off their respective partner's interests and personality. Soon, their girls' nights had expanded to include Hina and Sohee and even occasionally Akari. They continued their respective fitness and dancing hobbies, and soon others were pulled into their spheres of influence as they enjoyed their new lives.

Of course, it wasn't the signing on of the new contracts that signalled for them their new lives. That was, in the end, just paperwork. What truly signalled it was the end of year party before their brief two week break. Each woman picked out a dress to suit their new style, the one they had decided to keep:

Hina was in a cute, modest dress, pastel pink in colour.

Sohee took red, low cut and tight around her sexy figure. Per prior agreement, Akari was allowed black. Both were trying to show off their developing baby bumps, and both were eagerly hoping they were due with twins, in order to outdo the other one.

Aoi wore a white dress suit with feminine flair, matching her hair colour and making her stand out among the others.

Kasumi chose a blue dress - the same one from her night with Aoi - and enjoyed the way her muscles and figure strained against its confines.

The five of them enjoyed the snacks - especially the 'twins', who were already experiencing strong cravings. They mingled and talked, first with their respective mentors, who gave them congratulations on their work for the year, and then, finally, with each other.

"This is hilarious," Kasumi said, "the former Jack Steele, now romanced by a cute man!"

Hina went bright red. "Please don't! I'm still getting used to this! I didn't even mean to end up in a relationship!"

"And yet," Aoi said, leaving the implication dangling.

"Well, at least you and Kasumi are admitting you *like* your new bodies," the cute woman retorted.

Both gave sheepish grins, and Kasumi scratched at her dreadlocks.

"Yeah, I guess I kinda did always want this. I was just too confused to admit it."

"Whereas I remained as graceful as ever," Aoi said, so flatly that it took a moment for the sarcasm to register.

Sohee laughed, wrapping her arms around the two smaller women.

"And now look at us! We've all found a place as new women. Very attractive, very lusty woman at that!"

"No one can match you in that category," Aoi said.

"Well, I can think of one," Hina said nervously, pointing out Akari, who had already crossed the cubicle rows to flirt with a coworker. Evidently, her pregnancy was only making her libido even bigger, and her pregnancy boobs even more alluring than they had been.

Sohee's eyes went wide. "I'm sorry, I've got to go stop that, I-"

Before anyone could make a joke, suddenly Kaori shrieked. The technician was bouncing on her feet as the music started.

"Yes! The eighties classics are here!"

They were songs in English. Classic American songs. The lights darkened, and a space was cleared for dancing as *Living on a Prayer* began to play, and several coworkers joined in on the chorus. The four of them exchanged glances, and for once Sohee didn't feel the need to steal a man away from her competitor.

“Shall we?” Aoi asked, extending a hand to Kasumi. The larger woman took it, grinning.

“Only if you can keep up with my fancy footwork.”

“I guess I’ll join then,” Sohee added. “Show you youngsters how an older woman does it.”

Hina’s eyes darted about. “Well, I guess-”

“Oh no, you aren’t escaping us, Hina!” Kasumi declared, grabbing her hand. “I don’t care how nervous you are, you’re dancing with us.”

“That’s final,” Aoi added, taking the woman’s other hand.

“And after this, it’s girl’s night!”

Hina sighed as she was dragged onto the dance floor. Might as well go along with it. Life was confusing enough already now that she was a twenty year old pregnant woman, so why not dance?

The four of them took to the improvised dance space, and within moments were dominating it, their coworkers cheering them on. They moved their bodies in time with the music, laughing and giggling and snacking and drinking as the night went on.

They had made it through the year, and they couldn’t wait to see what troubles and excitement the next one would bring.

The End