

Loop DeeDee Loop
A Story From The Mercynaries World At SinComics.com

Diego leaned back in his plastic office chair and stared at the second hand of the clock as it made the final revolutions needed to signal the end of another work day. It wasn't unfulfilling work but there's only so much energy you can draw from a day of glorified data entry. As the clock made its final labored thunk over to 5, Diego shut down his computer and grabbed his bag. Just as he locked his desk drawer, he could hear a figure shuffle up behind him.

"Hey, Big D!"

Diego shuddered. His idiot coworker Randal. That was being a bit harsh, but Diego had internalized their relationship into an imaginary and completely one-sided rivalry as they fought to escape their current positions that Diego was clearly over-qualified for. Randal just thought of Diego as his neighbor that didn't know enough about sports or whatever show he had personally been watching lately.

"Hey, Randal. Time to get out of-"

"Dude, you watch the game last night? Sick, right? That shot Holt made at the buzzer, then the way he hit the ground! How long do you think he'll be out? My fantasy league totally needs..."

Diego stared blankly into the space behind Randal's head, counting the seconds until it wouldn't seem rude to cut the conversation short or jump out the window.

"Tell me about it, man! Well, Randal, see you tomorrow!"

Diego shuffled off through the cubicles towards the elevator without waiting for a reply, avoiding contact with the rest of his coworkers, and practically jumped at the elevator call button. With a scan of his keycard, he was home free for another short night.

Diego twisted the knob to the apartment door and it swung open freely, a clear sign his roommate beat him home. Or never left for work in the first place.

"5:17, on the dot!"

Diego shrugged; he was predictable. But that also meant reliable.

"Heya, Sal. What's for dinner?"

Diego could barely get his hands up in time to catch the box of spaghetti Sally whipped at his head.

"Just for that, YOU are making dinner tonight."

Diego smiled and hung his bag up on the rack and gave a fist bump to Sally as he entered the kitchen. They had met years ago after he just left school and she was desperately pitching articles to a

contracting magazine publisher. They both desperately needed a roommate to save on rent and they lucked out in finding somebody they could both tolerate. Over the years, they'd hopped from apartment to apartment as rent rose but stayed roommates and best friends, even though they could probably scrape enough together for a place of their own these days.

Diego dumped the pasta into a pot of water, turned it on, and walked back to the table Sally was writing at.

"How was your day?"

"Fine. Up until you just ruined pasta night! You get the water boiling and THEN add the pasta. How do you screw up pasta!? You're such a doork."

They playfully punched each other in the shoulder as Diego walked by to his room. Inside, he kicked off his shoes and hung up his coat. On his desk, his degree sat nicely framed and aimed at the hanger so he saw it every day. He wasn't sure why he never moved it. It just seemed taunting now so maybe it was a mix of motivation or self-flagellation to move up in the world and make something of the engineering degree so he didn't just push numbers around a spreadsheet for the rest of his days. With a sigh, he tossed off the day's work clothes, hung up a set for tomorrow, switched to a T-shirt and sweatpants, and returned to the kitchen to try to salvage his disaster of linguine and meet Sally's standards.

After the meal, Sally helped clean up and they puttered around the apartment for the rest of the night going over the latest story Sally was writing, the latest awkward confrontation with the weird janitor at Diego's office, and arguing about whatever bad TV show to watch that neither one was actually invested in. Diego said his good-nights as Sally continued typing, they exchanged their customary good-night high five, and Diego ended the day.

The mechanical buzz of his alarm clock woke Diego and was the first thing to greet him every morning. He shambled over to it with a groan. The buzz seemed even more discordant than usual and he was still exhausted, as if he never slept at all or had run a marathon in his sleep. He slapped the alarm off with a grunt but something about the motion felt wrong. Diego stood frozen, staring at the arm on the clock. It wasn't his. It looked longer and slender. And hairless. He shuffled over to the mirror, his body aching, already feeling wrong, and panic rising inside him. Diego looked into the reflection and it too was all wrong. It... It looked like his face for the most part, but the skin was smooth, there was no sign of stubble to be shaved, his jawline looked softer, and his nose a touch more petite. Even his bangs were longer and his hair tickled the back of his neck.

Diego spun around and braced himself against the dresser. Everything was wrong. He touched his side and found that it indented a little but his hips stuck out just a bit more. In a panic, he patted himself down testing and slapping his body until he painfully landed on his chest. The slap was immediately shocking and he held the hand to his sensitive chest. It was soft but pushed back against his touch. Diego stared into space, unable to tell how much time had passed. He finally pulled back his collar and looked down his front to see two small breasts attached to him. Diego wrapped his arm around his chest and bolted for the door. He yanked it open, stepping back on a pen that had fallen out of his suit pocket and plopping down onto a more cushioned backside.



"Morning, sunshine!" Sally greeted him with a raised spoon. "News said it was going to be a hot one. If you want some cereal, get it quick before I go for bowl two because we're almost out of milk. I can grab some when I go to-"

"What the hell is going on!?" Diego shouted.

Sally stared back at him. "What's up, Dee? Are you... okay?"

Diego strode over to her and gripped the table. "No. No! Look at me!"

Concern came over Sally's face. "W-What's wrong?"

"I'm a- a woman! Look!" Diego patted his chest and pointed at the intrusions onto his life.

Sally raised an eyebrow and went back to her cereal. "I freaked out when I hit puberty too, but that was a few years ago, Dee." She chuckled and flipped the page of the magazine she had on the table.

"No! No! I shouldn't- I'm not! Why are you calling me 'Dee'?! You've never once called me that! It's Diego, it's always been..." Diego clutched his head. The room felt like it was spinning and throbbing started to build.

"Whoa, whoa, Dee! Are you..."

Sally's words faded out as Diego's headache built into a pounding crush. His vision started to

fade and a flash of white at the edges crept forward. He drew a deep breath and felt the sensation of falling backwards.

The mechanical buzz of his alarm clock woke Diego and he shuddered up with a start. He looked around in a panic and saw he was back in his room. Before he even looked down, he could tell he was still changed from the weight and heft on his chest. Diego looked himself over and things went from bad to worse. His shirt was sticking out more, almost stretched out now. A trembling hand cupped his new breasts and they were definitely larger. Peering into the mirror, Diego could confirm that the changes were more severe now. He could still see himself in the reflection but her features were softer and most definitely feminine. He touched his lips and could feel how soft and full they were.

Diego looked at his room and everything was close but off just slightly. There was now a large, pink brush on his dresser next to the mirror, his bottle of cologne for date nights was replaced by a small perfume bottle, and there was a pair of flats next to the door instead of his work shoes. Looking over his suit hanging on the peg, it was a completely different cut. The jacket was smaller, his dress shirt was now a silk blouse, and a long skirt was dangling from the hanger instead of his pants. Diego backed away slowly until he stepped on something and started to tip backwards. He quickly reached out and grabbed on the dresser to steady himself and saw his pen roll away under the bed. How had it gotten back near the door after yesterday...

Slowly venturing out into the hall, Diego saw Sally sitting at the table clutching another bowl of cereal.

"Morning, sunshine!" Sally greeted him with a raised spoon. "News said it was going to be a hot one."

Diego raised his hand and started to interrupt but he caught himself. The original items in his room were in the same place he left them the day before, the pen was back by the door, Sally started the conversation the same way... It was as if yesterday was looping over again. The day hadn't changed but he had. The last time he tried to correct Sally, he passed out, so this time Diego stayed quiet.

"If you want some cereal, get it quick before I go for bowl two because we're almost out of milk. I can grab some when I go to the office."

Diego stood silently and watched her flip through the magazine.

"You okay there, Dee?"

Diego fought back the urge to shout and rant. He nodded weakly. "Everything is... fine."

"Cool. Hey, hurry up already. I want to go with you to the gym today. Taking advantage of your guest pass. Mooooching!"

Diego nodded and silently made himself breakfast before returning to his room, throwing on a shirt and sweatpants, putting his work clothes in his bag, and joining Sally at the door.

On the walk over, Sally chatted as if nothing was out of the ordinary, her same playful style and

the banter built up through years of friendship. Diego spoke as little as he could, running his current status through his mind, searching through Sally's words or the city around him for any indication of the curse that had befallen him. Nothing else was out of the ordinary. The same ads on billboards, the same sanitation workers he saw every morning, the same lines at the same coffee shops. It was as if the entire world carried on properly except for him.

At the gym, Diego dug his pass out of the bag and flashed it to the woman at the counter. Sally threw her arm around his shoulders and gave a thumbs up to the thoroughly indifferent worker. As he was putting the badge away, Diego caught a glimpse of the front and saw that the picture had changed from his usual awkward grin to that of a woman smiling, the woman he saw in the reflection. He blindly followed his usual path as he stared at the badge. The world around him seemed to have change to accommodate what he now was. Still looking down, he pushed against the door in front of him, but stopped when he heard Sally laugh.

"So is THAT why you hit the gym every morning. Here I thought you were staying healthy. Bit early for getting frisky, girlfriend."

Diego cocked his head and stared quizzically back at her. As he turned his head and saw that he was about to walk into the men's changing room, Diego let go and jumped back. Sally laughed again.

"Hey, don't let me stop you, Dee! You work out how you want to."

Diego spun around back to her.

"No, I was just accustomed to that route from when I used to use that room.". He noticed the strange look on Sally's face and he couldn't keep the pitiful charade up any longer. "Sally, you have to remember! Me, Diego!"

He felt a throb in his head and Sally awkwardly adjusted the bag's strap on her shoulder.

"Diego a guy that goes here you know?"

Diego dropped his bag and the badge and ran over to his friend.

"Please say that you remember! This isn't me! I'm not supposed to be this way!" The throbbing rose in intensity and the white flashes started to fire off at the corners of his vision again. He stumbled forward. "This isn't me..."

Diego could hear Sally yelling for help and her words of comfort as she caught him after he slumped forward, but the sights and sounds of the world were taken away by the whiteness once more.

The mechanical buzz of his alarm clock woke Diego and he shuddered up with a start. He slapped the alarm clock to silence it and groaned. The changes to his body had once more become more severe as the new loop started. His curves were now prominent and his night clothes were tight. His full, rounded breasts wobbled as he twisted to throw back the strands of hair that now fluttered in front of his eyes. Diego grabbed the strands of his shoulder-length hair and pushed them back, looking around the room for any new hair ties or bands that may have appeared. The woman in the mirror gazed back with long eyelashes, pouty lips, and a button nose.

Diego looked over the work clothes hung up and they were now overtly feminine. The blouse had a deep neckline and a noticeable lack of buttons to cover the cleavage and the skirt looked considerably shorter, it probably wouldn't even go down to his knees now. Tucked neatly on the floor, Diego spotted the pair of heels where his shoes had once been. As he turned away, his degree caught his eye. The frame was smaller and the silver embossing and college seal were missing. He reached for the diploma and gave it a hard look, the first time in years he paid any real attention to it. His engineering degree was replaced by a Secretary and Administrative Assistants certification made out to "DeeDee". His head grew fuzzy for a quick moment and his thoughts were filled with memories of the classes and tests he took to earn that degree. The sudden flow of his new history was disorienting and Diego angrily slapped the certificate back onto the dresser and started for the door. As he reached for the knob, he looked down to see his pen on the floor again. He muttered to himself and kicked it around the room before entering the hall.

"Morning, sunshine!" Sally greeted him with a raised spoon. "News said it was going to be a hot one. If you want some cereal, get it quick before I go for bowl two because we're almost out of milk. I can grab some when I go to the office."

Diego nodded solemnly, part to Sally and part to whatever cruel world had cursed him so.

Sally looked up from her magazine and rolled her eyes towards Diego. "Ugh. I don't know if I'm jealous or furious that every day you can wake up and your hair is perfect right out of bed. Stop being so adorable this early."

Diego smiled despite himself. Sally was always good to cheer him up, whether the Universe had it out for him or not.

Sally returned to her cereal and magazine. "I want to go with you to the gym today. Taking advantage of your guest pass-"

Diego cut her off, "Moocher."

Sally startled and laughed. "I was going to say that."

Diego made himself breakfast once again, returned to his room to change and gather his work supplies, and joined Sally at the door.

On the walk over, they chatted, walking closely and smiling. Diego scanned the city around him but once again saw no changes and no signs of the world trying to tell him how to escape the loops or whatever was affecting him.

At the gym, Diego dug his pass out of the bag and flashed it to the woman at the counter. Sally threw her arm around his shoulders and gave a thumbs up to the thoroughly indifferent worker. Before putting the pass away, he looked it over again and the picture was now a glamorous shot of his new body smiling for the camera. The first good identification picture he'd ever taken and it was in a body he didn't want ownership of. He stuffed the badge back in his bag and made sure to follow behind Sally towards the right changing room.

In the room, he followed Sally to a set of lockers and almost instinctively reached out to the one next to hers and dialed in the code to unlock it. Looking back at the panel, the string of numbers was unfamiliar, but it was burned into his mind as if he'd entered it hundreds of times before. Diego looked over to Sally pulling off her shirt and folding it up. He immediately looked away and could feel his face turning red. Years as roommates and they never once entered a sitcom-esq situation where they walked in on each other, but now he was right next to his friend topless. Diego was snapped back to reality when he realized he would have to follow suit. He looked into his locker to see a fresh set of pink and black tights and a sports bra hanging up waiting for him. Trying to get it over with as quickly as he could, Diego peeled off his T-shirt and grabbed the sports bra. He slipped it over his head and struggled to stretch it out over his bountiful assets. Diego had to cup his chest and shift it to get comfortable in the new wear. It was tight but not completely uncomfortable. A quick glance to the side revealed Sally staring and a little red-faced. As they met eyes, she snapped her attention back to her locker and finished changing. Moving swiftly, Diego suited up and squeezed into the tights, having to tug them up and around his curves, trying to not make a show of himself.

Sally led the way out of the changing room over to the treadmills. Diego hopped on the one next to her, programmed in his usual run, and found himself in the deep end of confronting his new body and its curves. He immediately found he couldn't keep up his usual speed thanks to the added weight and bounce around his chest and backside. Diego lowered the settings to where he could at least not make a fool of himself and stayed himself against the bouncing and jiggling.

Even at the lower settings, he was exhausted by the end of the run. Sally tossed him a towel.

"You okay, Dee? You look beat."

Diego wiped his face off and tried to compose himself as best he could. "Just... Just a bit... tired."

"Maybe you're coming down with something? Look, don't push yourself."

"Good... Good idea. I'll call it early today."

Sally reached out and gently squeezed his hand. "Okay. Hey, I'll give you a call before I head to the store. If you're still not feeling well, I can pick you up some cold medicine or something."

Diego smiled and felt calmed by the feeling of her hands over his. "Thanks, Sally."

After as quick a shower as he could manage, Diego finished cleaning up and changed into his work clothes. His fears were realized and he did his best to pull the blouse up and tug the skirt down to cover himself up more. The body itself was bad enough, but he had no desire to show it off. As he strode towards the office, Diego had a realization on just how effortlessly he was walking in the heels. They were a few inches high but he moved as if they were second nature to him. Now focusing on them and his walking, he teetered and wobbled as he made his way through the lobby and scanned his badge at the elevators.

As the elevator headed towards his 19th floor office, Diego stepped forward but the elevator didn't stop. Diego looked down at his badge and saw DeeDee's photogenic face looking back at him. Whatever changes this body had made to his life, his job had changed. As the carriage shuddered to a

stop on the 22nd floor, the doors opened and Diego stepped out to the managerial floor. A glimmer of hope passed over Diego as he finally got to see the payoff he worked so hard towards reaching at his previous work.

"Hey! Double Ds!"

Diego was jolted out of his haze to see Randal walking by with a coffee mug in one hand and making finger gun gestures with the other. Diego immediately felt sick to his stomach. Without Diego around competing against Randal on performance and ability, he must have wormed his way into the promotion and its managerial position. Another rush of memories flooded into Diego as he could now see DeeDee's entry and rise through the company in his mind. Her track was similar to his and the timelines matched perfectly, but she eschewed the engineering and data entry in favor of promotion through the ranks of the company's secretaries and administrative assistants. One final memory hung heavy in the mental ether and Diego could now recall the company's last Christmas party. He'd drunk too much and while in his past life where that had led to him falling asleep in the break room, in DeeDee's life, she made out with the floor manager under the mistletoe. Diego's knees went wobbly and he steadied himself against the cubicles. He slowly inched his way towards his desk to find it not in a cubicle, but positioned in front of an office. Diego looked back at the name plate and cursed himself and the world upon seeing Randal's name etched on it.

Diego did his day's tasks as silently and quickly as he could. Everything came to him right away and he was able to pick up exactly where he would have been the day before if DeeDee's life was his own. His fingers danced across the keyboard at speeds he wasn't capable of before and he effortlessly assembled reports as if this was his own reality. On any trip across the floor, he did his best to hide his cleavage behind stacks of papers or folders but he still caught enough eye rolls from his female coworkers and grins from the men that soured him on his new position. He wanted to fight back against the changes to him but mentally recoiled any time he felt the slightest twinge of the headaches that accompanied the repeating of the day's loops and the changes that came with that. He was thrust into this role and was unsure of how far he could push it, so Diego was forced to play it safe.

Towards the late afternoon, Diego's desk phone buzzed to life with a familiar and much appreciated identification.

"Sally! So good to hear from you!"

A laugh greeted him on the other end of the line. "Your day has been that good, eh? Hey, I'm about to head out. You feeling better? Need me to pick anything up from the store?"

Diego thought through his requests but everything he could think of might trigger another reset of the day. "N-No. I'm okay now."

"Sure thing, Vitamin D. Stay healthy and I'll see you at home. Lata'!"

Diego hung up and smiled. If he'd lost Sally through the loops, he didn't think he'd have been able to hold it together. He was snapped back to reality by the sound of something he wish he had lost.

"My Ds! I need you in here."

Diego bit his tongue. "Coming, Randal."

Diego gathered a notepad and pen and tried to get as much coverage out of his clothes as he could before entering Randal's office. Randal grinned and closed the door before returning to his chair and holding up a folder.

"Thanks, doll. I totally need this report for tomorrow's presentation to the big dogs. Think you can handle it?"

Diego could barely hold back his snide remarks. Apparently, the way to make Randal even less tolerable was to promote him to a position of power. Diego just nodded rather than risking a verbal reply and Randal tossed the folder towards him but it went wide and flopped to the floor. Diego bit his tongue once more and bent over to pick it up. As he grabbed it, he felt Randal's hand cup his behind and pull him in with a squeeze.

"You're a wonder, doll. What would I do without you?"

Diego reached back and opened his mouth, but froze at the last second. What if this was another test of his curse... If he yelled back or stormed out, it could disrupt the day and start another loop. The next one could be even worse. Could he even-

Seeing Diego's hand outstretched and mouth partially open, Randall reached out for his assistant's hand and pulled her in close for a kiss. Diego was shocked into rigid silence for who knows how long, but once he finally processed what just happened, he snapped to attention and kned Randal in the shin. Diego had shot for the crotch but his aim wasn't 100% there with his new body and the heels. He shoved Randal against the door, popping it open and leaving him stumbling out onto the office floor.

Diego's head was throbbing in pain, but he put everything he had into a good right hook before the headaches disoriented him beyond control. He stumbled back against the wall and before the white flashes overtook him, the last thing he heard were a few gasps from the cubicles and at least one person laughing as Randal hit the ground.



The mechanical buzz of his alarm clock woke Diego and he shuddered up with a start. He slapped the alarm clock to silence it and moaned as he felt the extremes of his enhanced figure straining against his stretched night clothes. He looked down and could barely see past the rise of his chest, so he had to run his hands down his side to feel the curve of his hips. There was no need to test his backside because he could already feel the heft and wobble of his behind just from standing up. Diego looked in the mirror and saw his gorgeous face looking back, framed in waves of lustrous mocha hair. Even though he only just got out of bed, it looked like he had come right from the salon. Even his lips had an unnatural color and sheen to them that made it look like he was wearing lipstick.

Continuing his cursed routine, Diego quickly checked the outfit he had hanging up and it was now nothing more than a black mini skirt and a tied-off blouse with a plunging neckline. Instead of his work shoes, multiple pairs of stiletto heels lined the wall and makeup kits were arranged along the dresser. Even his degree had changed once more. The frame was now a muted pink and the certificate inside adorned with gold foil. Diego scanned it once more and saw that DeeDee was now the proud graduate of a beautician school. He tossed it onto the dresser without a word and looked down to the ground. Sure enough, his pen was laying by the door to trip him. He bent down, at the knees this time after learning his lesson at the end of the last day's loop, and placed it on the dresser as well.

Sure enough, Sally was in her prescribed spot at the table.

"Morning, sunshine!" Sally greeted him with a raised spoon. "News said it was going to be a

hot one. If you want some cereal, get it quick before I go for bowl two because we're almost out of milk. I can grab some when I go to the office."

Diego nodded and went to the counter grab a bowl.

"Cool. Hey, hurry up already. I want to go with you to the gym today. Taking advantage of your guest pass. Moooching!"

Diego stopped. "Do you think we can skip the gym today? I kind of want to head straight to work."

Sally put down her magazine and smiled. "Sure thing, hun. Nervous about the new girl?"

He was nervous about what shame the Universe was going to put on him after the last reveal. Although, it couldn't get much worse than being Randal's assistant. Diego quickly ate his breakfast, showered and got ready for the day, squeezed into the tiny outfit he had hanging up, and returned to the door. He waved bye to Sally on the way out.

"I'm just going to walk over now. See you later."

Sally laughed and got up off the couch. "Yeah right you are. C'mon, I'll give you a lift."

She walked by, grabbed her keys from the counter, and playfully bopped Diego on the nose as she headed out. If they were headed out and needed to drive, DeeDee could have been relocated anywhere in the city... Diego was happy to be free from his old company, but didn't trust his curse to not assign him to a strip club or sleazy bar at this stage of the loops.

Sally was her usual chatty self on the ride over. Diego tried to listen intently for clues about DeeDee's new life but he was distracted by the movement and bouncing of his own body every time the car hit a bump. After about a dozen or so blocks, Sally pulled into a space in front of several small boutiques. Diego looked up to see a large pink sign for "DeeDee's Deelights". He quickly scanned the storefront to see several signs announcing an anniversary sale and discounts on the coming Fall colors. Sally reached over and shocked him back to attention with a kiss on the cheek.

"See? The new manager didn't burn the place down, she did fine. And you know... Now that you have more help around the shop, you should have more free time. I'll swing by for lunch and we can... enjoy the day."

Diego nodded silently. Was this the change DeeDee had brought into his life? He owned a business now. And Sally... Well, it would explain why there was never any romantic tension between the two friends back when he was Diego... He stood transfixed as Sally closed the car door, gave him a wave, and pulled off back onto the street and around the corner.



Diego looked up at his pink sign again. He wanted to continue along on this loop and see where it took him. Maybe his expansive curves were the price he could pay for a fulfilling job and to see where he and Sally would wind up together. Diego felt a sense of acceptance and that a calmness had fallen over him and the world around him. His head felt...clear. Free from the threat of defying this loop and having the Universe yank him out of it.

Diego strode into the shop and was greeted by a dingling, happy bell. A young woman looked up from her tablet and the makeup kits she was arranging along the displays.

"Morning, ma'am! What do you think of the new display? I worked on it last night and it really seemed to draw people over to the new line. Last night's sales were great and I'm not going to say it was all the new display but-

Diego smiled. "It looks fantastic. The way the colors play off each other really draws the eye. Great choice. I like it."

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