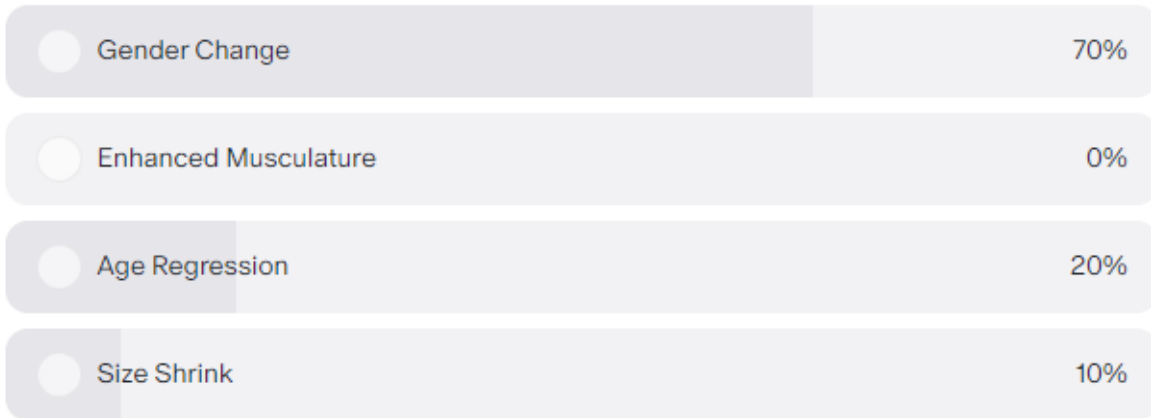


He didn't have to wait long to see the results. All at once, beeps started resounding across the audience as the people present selected their preferred option. He watched with dread as the results appeared on the big screen behind him, his heart sinking as his worst fears came true.



"Looks like we have a winner!" Norman exclaimed joyfully. "And it seems like Keith will be taking a permanent look at how the other half lives their life! Ready to become a woman, Keith?"

The man looked defeated and resigned, and replied with a weak: "No..."

The Host didn't skip a beat, gesturing theatrically.

"Well too bad!" He said with a smile, the whole audience joining in laughter. "Sorcerer, do your thing!"

Smoke started pouring out from underneath Keith's feet, as if from invisible vents. Keith looked around in confusion, but there was no escaping it, his feet seemingly rooted on the spot. His form was dissimulated from the audience slightly, but the outline of his shape, highlighted by the spotlights, was still visible, and everyone present and online could see it reform, his short, cropped hair growing out, size diminishing, chest rounding out and hips widening, giving him a slight but definite hourglass shape. Finally, the smoke vanished, revealing Keith in all his feminine glory, looking not quite at ease with his new body. Even his clothing and accessories had changed, leaving him in a cute dress with flowery patterns, a decent amount of make-up as well as two small button earrings, really enhancing his feminine appearance, and his loss of gender.



"So, how do you feel?" Norman asked with a grin.

"Weird... This is definitely going to take some getting used to..." The newly made woman answered, prodding curiously at her breasts, before remembering that she was being filmed as well as in front of an audience. She blushed furiously and took her dainty, manicured hand away. "This is the option I liked the least... so of course people were going to choose that! I just hope my wife won't take it too badly..."

“About that... I think it’s time we talk about these... Ripple effects we mentioned earlier. Reality changes with each alteration, which means that everyone outside this studio will not know you changed and will think you were always a girl. This includes your friends, family, coworkers and even your dear wife Selena. But the magic also alters other small things to keep things aligned with the changes. For example, if you take out your driver’s license, you will see that your name is now Keisha Patterson. It also tweaked your wife’s sexuality to make her bisexual, this way it doesn’t change her history and past boyfriends, while still allowing her to be married with you... at least, for now.”

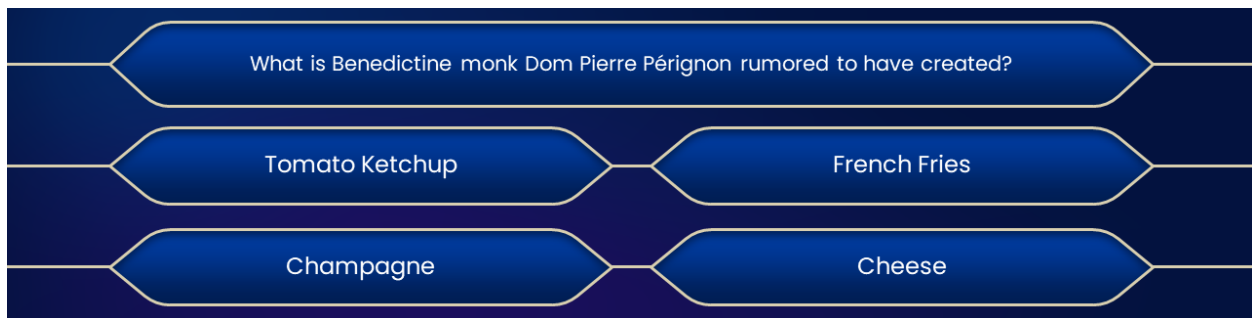
Keisha’s eyes opened wide with shock at that. Could this game really mess with her marriage? She had always figured that whatever happened to her, she would come home to her wife in the end, and as long as she had her, she would be alright. But if this thing could affect Selina indirectly, if it could alter her and their relationship, she had indeed made a dire mistake in coming here. But it was too late to back down now, as she had been advised that any attempt to terminate the game prematurely would result in grave consequences. And so, she shut up and let Norman keep talking.

“You will find other small aspects of your life readjusted to align with your new gender better. Your clothing back home, beauty products and such will now be for women. But the magic changes as little as possible, and so you still have your job, despite it being in a male dominated field, as well as the same hobbies and interests, although all of those might be up for grabs in the third round.”

Keisha gulped nervously, suddenly very much aware of the stakes of this so-called game. She could not afford any further mistakes and needed to think carefully about the upcoming questions.

“And now, without further adieu, let’s keep the show going with the next question!”

He gestured once more to the large screen which displayed a new question, and choices for the answer.



“What is Benedictine monk Dom Pierre Pérignon rumored to have created? Is it A: Tomato Ketchup, B: French Fries, C: Champagne, D: Cheese?”

Keisha thought about the question carefully, not wanting to risk another aspect of her already drastically altered physique. The name sounded French, so she ruled out the first option. She was also pretty sure that cheese was invented quite a long time ago, predating this monk which seemed to be from medieval times, or some closer by era. Which left her between fries and Champagne. She vaguely remembered fries being from Belgium and not France itself, but the monk could have been from there, despite his name sounding French. But something about his last name, Pérignon, reminded her of a brand of alcohol, which Champagne was, so she had a better feeling about that option, and decided to go for it.

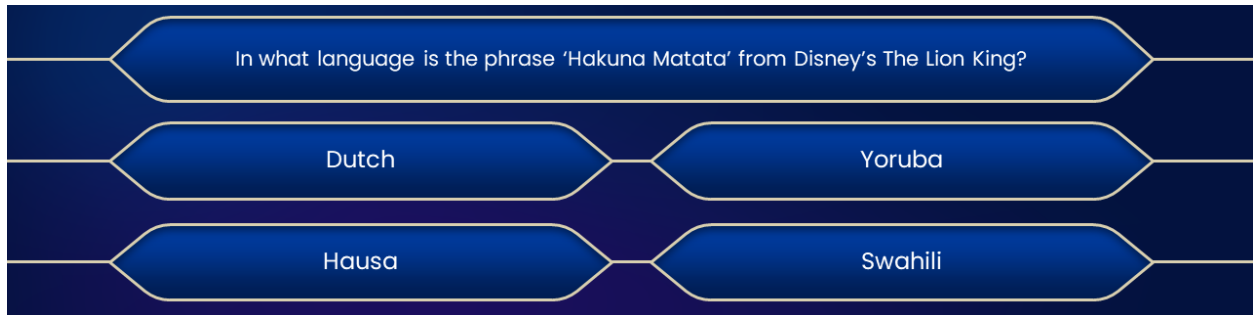
“I will choose C: Champagne.”

She held her breath in suspense, awaiting Norman’s response to confirm if she had been wrong or right. It seemed like Norman knew this, and gave a long pause before answering, building up the tension.

“And the answer is... Correct! Congratulations Keisha, your are now up to 200\$ dollars!”

The woman breathed a sigh of relief, which was short lived as Norman moved to the next question without a pause.

“And now! In what language is the phrase ‘Hakuna Matata’ from Disney’s The Lion King? Is it A: Dutch, B: Yoruba, C: Hausa or D:Swahili?”

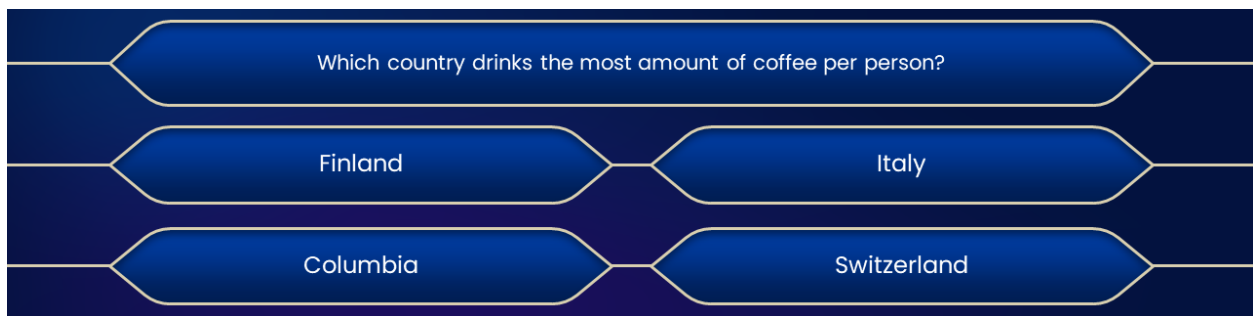


This one Keisha knew, and she could thank her wife Selina for the answer, as she was a big Disney fan who filled her mind with tons of trivia, including the answer to this question.

“Well Norman, I am going to go with D: Swahili.” She proclaimed, full of confidence, a wide smile spread on her face.

“And you would be correct again! Is our little lady on a winning streak? Lets find out with the next question!”

Keisha’s good mood soured a bit upon being reminded of her sudden and unwilling change of gender, yet she focused herself again, determined not to get distracted.



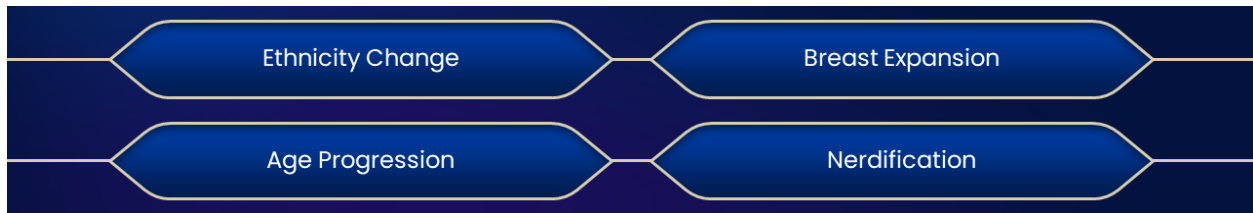
“Alright! So, the question is: Which country drinks the most amount of coffee per person? Is it A: Finland, B: Italy, C: Columbia or D: Switzerland?”

This one had Keisha nervous, and seemed like a trick question. Columbia was certainly famous for their coffees, but more in terms of producing it, not consuming it. Italy, however, had coffee engrained in their culture, multiple caffeinated drinks being named in Italian all around de globe, like cappucinos, espressos and lattes. Rereading the question over and over, she decided that the second option was the safer bet.

“I am going to say B: Italy...” She said, her previous confidence gone as she hoped her answer was the right one and that she would be spared another change.

“Unfortunately my dear Keisha, that is wrong, which means that you finish the round at 300\$, but more importantly, you get one last physical change before we move on to the second round. Let us see what The Sorcerer has in store for your second change of the evening!”

Four options appeared on the screen, each one as bad as the other as far as Keisha was concerned, who looked at them in dread.



“Looks like we have a special option in there! Anyone who selects option A: Ethnicity Change, will get a secondary vote to specify which Ethnicity Keisha should become, between Black, Latin, Asian and Middle-Eastern. These votes will all be cumulated together to see if option A is the one selected, and then the Ethnicity that has the most choices will be the one selected, with The Sorcerer himself breaking any ties, as usual. The other three options are B: Breast Enlargement, which will leave our new woman with quite a bigger bust, C: Age Progression, which will make her a bit older, for those who would enjoy seeing Keisha as a MILF, and D: Nerdification, which will leave the new woman with unappealing attributes often associated with nerds, like braces, glasses, a bit of a muffin top. So put your votes in to choose what happens to our dear Keisha!”

