

Backstage Pass to Blue Beauty

By: Firingwall

Gabriel took a deep breath and exhaled, his body losing only the tiniest bit of tension and excitement that was bubbling up within him. He fidgeted nervously as he was led downstairs, his mind still somewhat in a daze as he tried to reflect on how he got here.

“And back here is where we keep all of our props,” the blue-skinned beauty beside him spoke, pointing at a few different doors. “Do you want to take a look at them now?”

“N-no thanks Miss Sterling,” he answered, his mind coming down from Cloud 9 to answer, “I... I rather meet... meet Mumba first.”

Sterling smirked, brushing of her elegantly styled white hair back in front of her right eye, and said, “Of course you do. Can’t blame you either. She’s quite something else.”

Gabriel couldn’t believe the position he was in. The young, black-haired guy was backstage at the show of one of his most favorite, idolized women. Her name was Mumba the Mischievous, a famous magician known for her incredible magic performances, beautiful looks, and her striking blue skin and white hair. Most of her crew looked the same, but only she was the most notable, memorable, and beloved.

Through a stroke of insane, miraculous luck, he found himself in possession of an amazing ticket and backstage pass to one of her shows. There was no way he was going to pass up an opportunity like this, clearing everything in his life so he wouldn’t miss out on this.

And there he was, being led by Mumba’s star pupil and assistant, Sterling, to the star of the show’s dressing room. Being there, Gabriel felt incredibly nervous despite his excitement. He wanted this so badly for a long, long time and he was in arm’s length of touching it.

A few more feet and he was there, his heart racing a mile a minute. Sterling led him to the dressing room, a bright-gold, top hat-shaped plaque on the door reading: Mumba the Mischievous. *Here we go*, he thought, his body trembling, *don’t screw this up. Just be nice, say hi, get tons of pictures with her, do...*

Sterling knocked on the door and waited. There was no response. She knocked on it two more times. Still no response.

Her lips pouting, the assistant opened the door wide open. Looking in, neither of them could see Mumba. “Well,” Sterling mumbled, “I guess she’s not here.”

“So... what happens now?” Gabriel asked, his voice flat and his mind running down what this could possibly mean for him.

“You wait in this room while I go find her of course,” yawned Sterling, stretching her arms, “It’s not like she could’ve got far... unless she teleported somewhere. Hmm, that is a possibility considering her.”

Gabriel's heart sank. This was his big chance to meet Mumba in person... but now she wasn't there at all! Sure, he'd see her on stage later, but it wouldn't be the same thing as meeting her personally.

"Hey," Sterling said, looking at him with a cocked eyebrow, "don't be tooooooo upset. I'm sure I'll find her soon. Just relax in her room and... don't ruffle through her stuff or try to steal it. We'll know if you did."

Gabriel nodded and stepped inside, the blue lady closing the door behind him. Looking around, his heart did lift a little bit. Mumba's dressing room had tons of posters for previous shows, her clothing was neatly hanged, and plenty of props and makeup laid littered about. There was even a table full of items sent to her by fans.

"Well," he said, looking around some more, "Might as well see what's here."

He carefully looked each object in the room. A closer look at the furniture and objects in the room showed that there were even more neat things. There were special playing cards, spell books, a crystal ball, and even several sets of gloves and heels.

However, there was one item in particular that grabbed his eyes and pulled him in excitedly. It was Mumba's signature top hat, resting carefully on pillow on a pedestal. It looked clean, pristine, and had this aura around it that gave him the shivers.

"So amazing," he mouthed, leaning right up close to it, "So cool! I... I wonder if it would be thhhhhhat bad if I... it's not like I have lice or anything."

With a sly smile, he carefully took the top hat off and placed it onto his head. It was big, but it still rested comfortably on top of his noggin. It also felt rather warm, like it had been left outside or in front of a window with the sun blaring down on it.

Adjusting it slightly, Gabriel pleasantly chirped, "oh yeah! Look out world, make way for Gabriel the... ah... Gigantic? Ginormous? Gallant? Eh... I'll figure it out later."

He took out his phone and started up camera app, wanting to take a quick selfie to remember this moment. He smiled pleasantly, lifting the phone up for a good angle, but the joy quickly drained out of him. Confusion filled him up instead.

His hand, from the skin to the fingernails, was sky-blue! It was the exact same shade as Sterling... the same as Mumba's.

Gabriel's heart skipped a beat and quickly reached up, grabbing the top to yank it off. "Badplanbadplan!" He stammered, yanking on the hat as hard as he could, "d-d-damn it... why won't you come off?"

He pulled and pulled, but the hat wouldn't bulge. It was almost as if it was glued on... or held in place by some mysterious force. Given the owner of the hat, the latter felt very, VERY likely and he did not want to be caught wearing it.

However, after a minute of pulling with all his might, he gave up. *Dammit*, he thought, wiping his brow, *I shouldn't have done anything...*

Looking at his hands again, they were still blue. The skin tone seemed to go all the way up his arms and pulling up his sleeves, he could see that they were completely blue as well. Lifting up his shirt, even his stomach was blue. Though curiously, his body seemed a bit more fit and tone now than it once was.

While being in shape was nice, the thought never crossed his mind and he zoomed over to one of the mirrors. It was just in time as well, seeing the blue skin tone completely envelope his neck and moving onto his jaw. In almost two blinks, his face was just as blue as the rest of him, making it look like he was from the same family tree as the other girls there.

But the color changing wasn't even close to being over. His eyes turned to a dark, emerald green, not too far off from Mumba's own. His black hair began lightening up as if some force was upping the contrast on it. His hair brightened and brightened until it was a lovely snow white, his hair even smoothing out and looking neatly cut.

"This is sooooo weird," he muttered, tugging at one of his hair strands. "I got to figure out how to fix this soon! If they come back and..."

KAZAP! The room instantly whitened and time felt like it stopped, all sensation and feeling draining from his body. A bright glow had appeared right behind him, the light reflecting off the mirror nearly blinding him.

But almost as soon as it had appeared, it was gone. In its place stood a very familiar person that Gabriel had been so desperate to see.

"Phew! Took forever, but I finally got my lunch! Time to eat!" Standing behind in him, in casual clothing he had never seen her wear before, was Mumba the Mischievous. She was holding a fast food bag and wearing sunglasses, which she flicked off her nose. The pair landed perfectly on a table without any damage.

However, the joyful expression on her face would not last. Seeing Gabriel stand there gave her pause, her expression turning from happiness to confusion and to bewilderment in just five seconds flat.

"Ummmmm," she said, setting her bag down, "I... I ah... who the heck are you... and is that my hat?"

Gabriel wasted no time, throwing himself down at her feet and pleading for forgiveness. "I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry! I just wanted to try on your hat and I didn't mean for it to get stuck or anything bad! I'm just a big fan and I..."

“Easy there blue boy,” Mumba stated, snapping her fingers. Her bag was lifted off the ground by a suddenly appearing stool, the paper bag opening and a hamburger floating out into her hands. She took a bite, swallowing and asking, “Why don’t you just start from the top?”

Gabriel nodded and explained the situation to her, about being a fan, getting backstage passes, and putting on her hat. Mumba merely nodded along as she ate her burger, finishing it quickly before moving onto her French Fries next.

After the whole situation was explained, Mumba recapped dully, “So you basically ignored my friend’s orders and here you are now.”

Gabriel nodded and blushed, looking at the ground. “Fair enough,” she continued, popping another fry into her mouth. “That’s the thing about that top hat. It turns people into magicians like myself. Blue skin, white hair, fit look, and magic to boot!”

“I can do magic?” He asked, that first thing jumping out the most to him.

“Oh sure,” she yawned, finishing off her fries and moving onto her soda, “But it requires training and time to use properly, none of which I will offer since you disobeyed the rules.”

“T-that’s fair,” sighed Gabriel. He scratched the back of his head, glancing around nervously before asking, “Soooo, can you turn me back?”

“Well of course silly!” She huffed, taking a long drink from her big cup. “However, as a bit of a lesson for messing with potentially dangerous magical objects despite being told not to, I’m going to have you do something for me first.”

“W-what’s that?” He asked. The moment he finished asking though, Mumba zipped in and gave him a big kiss on the lips.

His entire body shivered, his face turning beet red. He jumped into the air and landed almost a foot way from her, stammering, “W-w-w-wha-w-ha-what w-w-was th-th-that?!”

Mumba grinned and pointed at his feet. He looked down and nearly jumped into the air again. His tennis shoes were gone, replaced by a pair of elegant, black high heels. His jeans and boxers were just as lost, now replaced by a pair of fishnet stockings and black panties.

“What did you do?!” He yipped.

“Wellllllllll, you see... I get tired after every show, but I gotta meet with the fans, sign autographs, take photos, and all of that jazz. I figured I let a stunt double do that for once. I’m sure you’ll have no problem at all!”

“St-stunt d-double?” He weakly asked, looking back down at himself. He watched as his legs grew a few inches longer, his thighs and hips thickening and widening. His rear end turned rounder and more protruding, while the bulge in his crotch simply shrank away.

“That’s right!” The blue magician girl giggled. “I, Mumba the Mischievous, declare that you are Mumba the Mischievous 2.0!”

“Me *Mumba*?!” Gabriel’s voice cracked, its tone turning very feminine and sweet, with ever the smallest hint of mischievousness in it. His red shirt vanished, quickly replaced by a white corset that dug into his waist and a short, unbuttoned, black jacket. On his hands, white gloves with cuffs appeared, adding to the more elegant look that he had.

“Yes you, *Mumba*,” the stage magician chuckled, slurping down the last of her soda. “I’m sure you’ll do just a fabulous job! I already embedded you with the necessary skills and penmanship required for everything. After you finished the meet & greet, then you go back to... whatever your name was again.”

“It’s Gabriel,” he mumbled, looking down at himself. His waist pushed and the muscles in his arms and torso shrank, giving him a slender form. His chest bubbled, growing several cup sizes until stopping at a full DD-cup.

The new girl sighed, scratching the back of her head as more and more of her looked like her idol. *I guess I deserve this*, she thought, noticing a cute, black bowtie now around her neck, *I shouldn’t have picked up her hat... but on the other hand... would I have a chance to be like her if I didn’t?*

As her face morphed and her hair began to take on the magician’s bobcut, Gabriel began to smile as she gazed upon her form. Mumba chuckled and asked, “Oh? Is someone accepting the consequences and preparing to do their work with a smile?”

“Something like that,” Gabriel simply said, her face now just like Mumba’s. The two were total twins now.

“That’s the spirit!” Cheered Mumba, patting the new stand-in on the shoulder, “Now, let’s get down to some brief training and discussing a few more things in detail.”

THE END