

Letter Changes (Multi TFTG)

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Story Prompt Tier for TG Sorcerer

Allan and Kaley are an ordinary suburban couple in their mid-thirties dealing with a mortgage and working lives. But those lives suddenly change when strange mail begins to arrive, forcing them to make a decision between who gets changed, and who doesn't.

Letter Changes

Alan and Kaley Johnson were an ordinary couple out in the suburbs. Both in their mid-thirties, they were focused on paying off their mortgage through their double-income: Alan worked as an accountant, and Kaley was a nurse. The two had been married nearly fifteen years, had no plans for children, and were perfectly happy together. Alan was a tall, six foot man with a fit figure and dark hair, while Kaley was shorter, with Mediterranean skin and a lithe body shape. The two mostly kept to themselves, but were on good terms with their neighbours, which was what made it very confusing when they received a strange piece of mail in the letterbox one morning.

"It's a ballot, or a petition or something," Alan said, furrowing his brow.

"Can I see?" asked Kaley. She approached and looked over the letter. It was short, with a little explanatory preamble at the beginning that the two of them read together.

Dear Allan and Kaley Johnson. You have been selected for my amusement. You do not know me, but rest assured I have kept an eye on you. I know Alan enjoys his coffee around 7.05am in the morning, and that he enjoys tinkering in his tool shed in the late afternoon. I know that you, Kaley, enjoy gardening, and that you always set aside Saturday morning for weeding. I know much about you, but most of all I know this:

You are so very, very boring.

Just another boring suburban couple living out their dull lives in amiable but static existence. And so I've decided to change that!

From now on, every Saturday, you're going to receive a letter in your mailbox. In it, a change of some kind will be outlined for you. You will have the chance to 'vote' for which one of you receives this new, permanent change that will affect you for the rest of your lives. If you choose to select no option by the end of the day, you both receive the change, and a second letter will arrive the same week as a further punishment.

Understand? Good.

Your first change to choose between you is an easy one:

Alan Johnson: *Permanently body odour.*

Kaley Johnson: *An insatiable libido.*

Choose wisely.

Sincerely,

The Letter Changer

Alan and Kaley exchanged a confused look.

“What the hell is this?” Kaley said, a little spooked.

“I have no idea,” her husband replied. “This is obviously some creep trying to scare us, or prank us. Someone in the neighbourhood who doesn’t like us for whatever reason.”

“But why?”

Alan shrugged. “Because we’re reclusive, dear. We like time together, we don’t care about their community events, because they’re assholes, who knows?”

“What should we do about this?”

Alan gave a silly grin. “We ignore it. Unless you want me to have a permanent body odour? After all, you’re already a raunchy thing.”

This caused Kaley to laugh. The two of them were very much in love, but they both knew for a fact that of the two of them, it was Alan that was far more enthusiastic in the bedroom. She was the far less aroused of the two.

“Fine, put me down. Doesn’t sound like a bad change after all!”

Alan shrugged again, ticked the box that had her name, and then threw the letter in the trash can.

Instantly Kaley felt a strange series of tensions within her body. She gasped, doubling over the kitchen bench.

“Kaley! Are you okay, love? What’s happening?”

His wife groaned. She gritted her teeth as a warm flush overcame her body. A deep need rose within her, a heightened arousal the likes of which she’d never experienced. She felt her pussy go instantly moist, her nipples hard and sensitive, throbbing with the desire to be caressed.

“Oohhhhhh Alan, I f-feel so horny all of a sudden! I d-don’t understad - aahhhh.”

She thrust out her chest, sticking out her ass. With a suddenness that shocked her husband she pulled down her skirt and panties and began to rub her rear against his crotch. She looked at him with narrow bedroom eyes and pleaded.

“I need you to f-fuck me! Please! I’m so fucking horny and I need your cock inside me!”

Alan was astonished. He looked to the trash can, and to his horror he saw a strange yellow vapour, like ripples of magic, emanate into the air before disappearing. He looked back at his wife, who continued to groan and rub her nipples, which were now released from her top.

"I'm so, so fucking *turned on!*" she cried. Her thighs were wet with the trickle of her juices. Alan, in turn, was getting hard in his pants. His heart beat a little in fear - the letter must have been real! But his wife needed attending to, he couldn't stand to see her tortured like this. He gripped her hips, and she whimpered at his touch, she was so sensitive.

"G-get inside," she begged.

He pressed inside her, and she groaned in pleasure as his hard cock penetrated her.

"Yes! Yes! YESSSSSS!"

He was only a few thrusts in when she orgasmed, and then she orgasmed several more times before he came. Alan had never seen his wife so aroused, and she had never felt so aroused either. She collapsed against the kitchen bench, breasts against the tabletop, her breathing heavy.

"I don't - I don't know what came over me!" she exclaimed.

"I do," Alan managed to say. "It was the letter. It was somehow real."

She stared at him. "There's no way. It - it had to be a coincidence."

But it wasn't. Just an hour later the same burning need erupted in Kaley's body, and this time she jumped Alan, forcing him to take her to bed where she sucked him off and swallowed his seed. She orgasmed just from the act alone, even her mouth highly sensitive to his cock, as if it were just as full of pleasurable nerves as her pussy. They repeated their sexual congresses several more times before they collapsed in bed.

"I can't help it. It was the letter!" she cried. "I don't want to be like this, Alan. I don't want to be stuck as a fucking pornstar or something."

He tried to reassure her, but nothing lowered her desires. The days passed, and despite their hopes her libido never went away: she continued to require sex in the morning, as soon as they got home, and several times at night. On her shifts at the hospital she had to duck into empty closets just to masturbate, she was so horny. The entire week passed, and they continued their sex, but they lived in fear that this would be permanent.

The truth was far worse than that, because on the following Saturday, a new piece of mail arrived, this one much shorter.

Alan Johnson. Lose your job as a well paid accountant and become a lowly janitor.

Kaley Johnson. You lose the job you love as a nurse and become a stripper.

- *The Letter Changer*

“What the fuck is this insanity?” Alan said. He was a patient, stoic man by nature, but now he was becoming terrified. What if the magic was real?

“I - what do we do, Alan?”

“We could wait it out,” he suggested, but his wife immediately shook her head.

“We can’t! We’ll both be affected, remember. We need to make a choice!”

Alan wiped away a bead of sweat.

“Well, assuming it’s true, we can’t let you become a stripper. I’ll choose the first one.”

She nodded, knowing it was the right choice, and very much relieved. Still, she recognised the fear in her husband’s face, and comforted him.

“I love you,” she said.

“I know.”

He ticked the box labelled **Alan Johnson.**

Once more a ripple came over them, and the changes altered their lives again. This time it was not a bodily change, but instead a rewrite of his history and reality. They watched in terror as their house shrunk slightly, many of their expensive items dissipating out of existence. Photos altered to show him in a janitor’s uniform, and he grasped his mind as all accounting and financial knowledge disappeared!

“God, it’s not fair!” he screamed, even as knowledge of cleaning and sweeping overcame his brain. “I studied for years to get my job!”

But it was all gone in a flash, and the only consolation Kaley could give him was an extensive sex session, one her body desperately needed. She rode him, trying to comfort him with her body at the same time as meeting her extreme arousal.

Alan was miserable, stuck as a lowly janitor. His confidence was shattered, and he dreaded another piece of mail arriving from the Letter Changer. Kaley, for her part, was increasingly distracted by the attractive doctors at her office. She loved her husband dearly, and was determined to stay loyal to him, but she was masturbating more and more in the secret

closets, and sometimes she was imagining being fucked by her fellow staff and bosses, rather than her husband.

The following Saturday, another mail arrived.

Alan Johnson. *You were never married to your wife. You are now roommates.*

Kaley Johnson. *Bigger Breasts.*

- *The Letter Changer*

The decision was easy this time: bigger breasts for Kaley. She'd always been quite lithe anyway, and so at least this put off the fear of their relationship tearing apart. She gasped and groaned after the box was ticked, her bosom expanding from little A-cups all the way to generous D's. They looked lovely on her figure, but only enhanced her lust, and Alan's attraction to her. They spend many hours of intercourse playing, sucking, and groping them.

"At least - ohhhhhh - we got one good change!" she cried.

But they knew another letter would arrive the following week.

The two of them gasped at the fourth week's letter. It was identical to the last, except for a minor change.

Alan Johnson. *You were never married to your wife. You are now roommates.*

Kaley Johnson. *Bigger Breasts.*

Alan Johnson. *Bigger Breasts.*

- *The Letter Changer*

The two exchanged glances.

"Well, I think the change is obvious," Alan said, peering at his wife's now-wonderful chest. She crossed her arms over it, blushing furiously, even at that very moment feeling her lust grow.

“It is?” she snapped. “I’m the one that keeps having to change - or are you forgetting I had to drop to part time just so I could fuck you on your lunch break?”

“Well, I had to give up my whole career!” he retorted.

She grimaced, frustrated. “Fine! I’ll sign it. But next time it has to be *you* that changes.”

“Agreed.”

As before, she trembled as the change occurred. Her breasts ballooned heavily in size, growing and growing and growing until they were big, fat FFF-cups, nearly the size of her own head, wonderful melons that were heavy on her form and constantly wobbling. And as with each of the changes before, reality rewrote itself so that all the photo frames in their house and pictures on their phones now showed her as always having been a mammoth-titted woman.

“G-god,” she gasped. “S-so big. Fuck! They’re s-so sensitive! I need you to t-touch them!”

Alan couldn’t resist. He felt so guilty, but he was so aroused by his wife, and he knew her arousal was far greater. They fucked three times that night, once between her tits as she sucked upon his tip. They couldn’t stop themselves, and they didn’t know how to escape: their investigations into the neighbourhood had turned up nothing, and they hadn’t found anything about their Letter Changer.

The two had booked a hotel for the following Saturday. They had hidden within it, travelling secretly, though they had been *very* loud due to their constant sex. Alan couldn’t resist his wife’s wonderful cleavage, and she couldn’t resist any man, forcing her to stay close to the man she loved.

But still the next mail arrived.

- Alan Johnson.** *You were never married to your wife. You are now roommates.*
- Kaley Johnson.** *Bigger Breasts.*
- Alan Johnson.** *Bigger Breasts.*

- *The Letter Changer*

They groaned.

“WHAT!?” Alan cried. “The same one again!”

“I’m not getting any bigger!” his wife exclaimed, clutching her bounteous chest. “These things are already too heavy, and they are always bouncing. I’m like a fucking bimbo now! I can’t even garden without them getting in the way!”

“I’m not growing breasts, Kaley!”

She glared. “Are you going to break up with me then? Be roommates? I don’t think the curse will allow us to be attracted to each other anymore if that’s the case.”

Alan sighed. She was right. He loved his wife. And he’d promised on their wedding day to sacrifice for her.

He ticked the last box, and in moments he was clutching his chest in strange pains and pressures as it expanded. Soon he was the very embarrassed owner of a large pair of Double-Ds, cantaloupe-sized breasts that bounced and jiggled heavily, and required a bra to contain him - which he suddenly had.

After all, the Letter Changer had ensured that reality now had him as always possessing breasts.

Alan Johnson. Baldness.

Kaley Johnson. Baldness.

- *The Letter Changer*

Kaley took this one. She felt guilty about her husband’s new bust, which had him teased by the high school kids at the school he now worked at. She had her fun with them, but the truth was she also felt guilty because she had finally fucked one of her coworkers; a handsome doctor named Dale. Her husband’s breasts made him seem like less of a man in her eyes, and it made it easier to cheat. She kept it a secret, and vowed not to do it again, no matter how high her libido was.

Her hair fell away, leaving her bald. Thankfully, it gave her an exotic, beautiful look. And in the following week, much to her excitement and despair, it only made some of the men even further drawn to her.

Alan Johnson. Womanly hourglass figure.

Kaley Johnson. Married to another man as his submissive pet.

- *The Letter Changer*

Alan cried as his body shifted. There had been no other choice. He was in love with his wife, and to his mind she had remained faithful to him. He squirmed as his waist pulled in, his hips flared outwards, and his body became much more feminine. His body hair fell away, and his buttocks became rounded and lovely. His legs became shapely and long, but his overall size reduced. With the exception of his face and his manhood, he now looked like a gorgeously attractive woman.

“Fuck this! Fuck you letter changer!” he screamed at the roof.

His wife held him, trying to focus on his still-manly dick, pretending it was enough to satisfy her.

“It’s okay, dear,” she said. “We’ll survive this. We’ll be okay.”

Alan Johnson. Get a pussy.

Kaley Johnson. Cat ears, tail, and fur.

- *The Letter Changer*

The two looked in despair at the mail. Kaley had stopped feeling guilty. She no longer felt attracted to her husband, much as she loved him. She bounced on his cock, took it inside her often, but she continued to imagine it was her boss, who she repeatedly took as a lover at work. Alan, on the other hand, hated his womanly body and wished for some way to reverse it. People at work knew him as always having been like that; a condition of some sort.

“I can’t be a woman,” he said.

“Well, I can’t be a freak!” she exclaimed.

They looked at the paper on the table. Neither wanted their change, and both were adamant.

“Let’s just leave it,” he said.

“But then we’ll both change!”

“We don’t know that! This Letter Changer freak is toying with us! Remember that superhero movie with the boats - what if it’s like that? Nothing happens if we don’t choose. He or she is playing psychological games with us!”

Kaley wasn’t convinced, but she didn’t know what else to do. They promised each other not to dot the mail, and instead fell to sex to pass the time. Several acts of sex, in fact. Kaley was needy as ever, and Alan’s changed body was increasingly sensitive, particularly his pert breasts. They passed as much time as they could with intercourse, stopping only for food, drink, and to watch a show. Time passed nervously, and so they returned to sex as midnight approached. He was on top of her, his body now even smaller than hers, yet still capable of thrusting into her.

That was when things went all wrong.

“Oh God, Matthew! You’re so fucking big!” Kaley cried as they approached their shared finish.

Alan was aghast as he climaxed within her.

“NNGGGHH!!!! Oh - Oh God. Oh fuck. Kaley - who the fuck is Matthew?” he demanded.

Kaley was still lost in pleasure, her large breasts wobbling, but her mood quickly soured, tears filling her eyes.

“M-my boss.”

A silence extended between them, during which her husband realised the full implications of that sentence.

“Your - your boss.”

“I’m sorry Alan. I couldn’t help myself.”

Tears brimmed in his eyes. Tears, and *anger*.

“You - you betrayed me. After all I sacrificed for you.”

Kaley also became angered.

“All you sacrificed for *me!*? What about all I sacrificed for *you!*? I’m bald, I’ve got massive tits! I can barely work now because I’m so fucking horny I can hardly concentrate! My life is a revolving door of sex and submissiveness, all because of you!”

“ME?” he screamed at her. “ME!? You’re the one who suggested it! You’re the one who practically blackmailed me into taking on this body! And I never cheated!”

“You haven’t been turned into a fucking nymphomaniac!”

They were interrupted by the sound of their clock hitting midnight. The first of twelve strokes began. Each of them paused, looking at each other, their anger and frustration rising. There was a moment of realisation, and the two of them launched off the bed, pushing and pulling and tugging at one another, trying to be the first to reach the mail and force the other to take the next change.

“Get off me you crazy bimbo!”

“Don’t touch me, you freak!”

“I love you dear, but you deserve this change for cheating!”

“You’re already a damned woman for the most part - just finish it already!”

They scrambled, falling over themselves and scattering on the floor. The letter fell just out of reach, and they crawled over each other, pinching and even punching to reach it.

And then the final stroke came.

“Fuck,” they said as one.

The changes hit them. Alan writhed as his dick withdrew into his body, leaving him entirely female. To his surprise, his face also rearranged to compensate, his hair extending, leaving him a busty and gorgeous woman. Kaley whimpered and cried out as orange tabby fur burst from her body, except for her stomach and breasts which became white. She received dark tiger stripes along her sides, and a long and strangely sexy tail extended from her backside. Her ears moved upwards to the top of her head, and while she didn’t have ‘hair’ per se, fur at least covered her scalp somewhat. Whiskers sprung from her face.

The two stared at each other: one a beautiful brunette woman, the other a sexy horny catgirl.

“What do we do?” Alanna asked.

- Alan Johnson.** *Find yourself in your 20s, married to a man, with all the expectations it requires of you.*
- Kaley Johnson.** *Enjoy your life as your boss’ submissive pet catgirl, pleasuring his every manly whim.*
- Both of You.** *Stay together and try to make it work.*

- *The Letter Changer*

It had been a long week. Somehow, Kaley’s condition as a catgirl was a result of a mutagenic experiment gone wrong that affected her in her youth. Alan, on the other hand, had always been female, serving as a janitor for over ten years. Neither slept in the same bed, both still angry, both still upset. Kaley allowed Matthew to fuck her whenever he pleased.

The new piece of mail came as little surprise to them. They could only sigh, the two changed women who had once been so in love, but now had nothing to bring them back together. They were too far transformed.

“What choice do we make?” Kaley asked, purring naturally.

Alanna sighed, her breasts wobbling a little in her feminine top.

“I think we both know. It’s been weeks in coming.”

“I know. I’m just glad you agree.”

“Was there ever a change we could have made it?”

The catgirl looked at her former husband and gave a sympathetic look with her green eyes.

“I don’t know,” she said. “Maybe, if we’d chosen better. But the Letter Changer won.”

“He did.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Me too.”

They hugged, large breasts squishing against one another, but neither aroused by it - Alanna had discovered she was now only attracted to men.

“Best of luck being a wife,” Kaley said. “I know you’ll adapt, even if you end up with kids.”

“Best of luck belonging to Matthew. I hope he treats you like you need to be treated.”

They hugged one last time, tearful. And then they ticked *both boxes*. In moments, they were whisked away to their new lives.

Neither received another piece of mail from the Letter Changer ever again.

The End