

The ShiftStick, a wonder in magical engineering. Although it looks like a regular TV remote, through the combination of transformational magic and quantum physics, the ShiftStick allows one to 'shift' their place in reality. Not only can it change your form, but no one but the users of the ShiftStick will notice anything different! If you can ignore its...slight kinks... then there's no reason not to get a ShiftStick. Get yours today!

"Marcus, darling, I'm ready for the party!" Vivianne cooed as she stepped out in her stunning little piece. A bit too little, for practically anyone who laid eyes on her.

"Vee, please. You know how important this is to me," Marcus pleaded, but to no avail. His words fell on deaf ears as she posed in the mirror, adjusting her dress to look as revealing as she could make it.

Vivianne hadn't always been such a provocative dresser. Indeed, back when she was Vincent, his favourite clothes were baggy hoodies and sweatpants. That all changed, however, when his dear old friend Marcus had gotten ahold of a ShiftStick.

Marcus was a man of inherited wealth, and as such required a certain pedigree of partner, lest he be laughed out by all his rich friends at their fancy shindigs. Rather than spend the effort to woo a woman, however, he had decided to use the ShiftStick, up-ending Vincent's entire life as he was shifted into the form of his tight little trophy wife.

Vivianne was promised that she only had to act for one party, and then she'd be turned back. Then it became two parties. Then she was told she'd have to wait another week. Almost a month had passed since then, with no sign of Marcus looking to change her back. Most people would beg, maybe even run away, but Vivianne was vindictive. If Marcus wouldn't turn her back, then she'd make him.

From then, she started to act more promiscuous than before, dressing in less and less fabric. Marcus initially welcomed her change of wardrobe, as any snooty playboy would. However, it soon became a bit too extreme, when the dresses went from begging to being slipped out of to being guaranteed to. It made her look trashy, but that was still manageable.

Then there was her behaviour. Her cool, composed form had devolved into passionate, seductive flirting. At every function, she'd slip away from his grasp to hook up with one (or more) of his other friends. Her trashy clothing combined with her trashy personality gave more of an impression of a mistress than a trophy wife. But even that was still manageable.

What wasn't, though? That for all of Vivianne's sexual escapades, not a single one of them involved Marcus. And she made sure everyone knew it. At every function, at every hookup, she made sure to specify how Marcus never fucked anyone, not even her. The label of having a trashy wife was stereotypical. The label of being cheated on was pitiful. But if there was one thing that Marcus's rich snobby friends would never let him live down, it was the label of being a complete and utter cuck.

“Come on, Darling, you already know the deal. You turn me back, and I won't let your friend Jason fuck me raw.” Vivianne gave her ultimatum, making sure that her pussy looked presentable. Marcus winced.

Little did Vivianne know, but he had already sold the ShiftStick off to pay off a huge debt he incurred. His only option was to convince a sponsor at tonight's formal to invest in him, thus giving him enough to buy the ShiftStick back. Unfortunately, Jason was his rival for this deal, and if Vivianne did what she said she'd do, then he was doomed either way.