**The Radio Station**

**Disclaimer**: This is a work of adult erotic fiction. If you are under 18, or are easily offended by fetish erotica, then read no further.

**Contents**: I am a big fan of knowing what is in something before I commit to reading it. So if you would like to know, this story includes the following:

First of all, this is a transformation/fuck fest, not a character study. Back story, motivations, setting, etc are all just plot devices to get from one sexual encounter to another.

Breast expansion happens, albeit not as a direct change - and no, I don't need to know that “DD would be more realistic”

Mental changes, primarily bimboization and personality loss/alteration.

Transgender, male to female only.

Vaginal sex is described at the end but no anal sex.

Note to other authors: if for some reason you feel like adding on to the story or whatever, I am perfectly okay with that. But it would be nice to hear about it. I can be contacted at [mstigerlilyuk@yahoo.com](mailto:mstigerlilyuk@yahoo.com) - or for inquiries, questions or complaints. I'm also on Twitter, <https://twitter.com/mstigerlilyuk>

**PROLOGUE**

"Arise, Bakuzoob, arise and hear my cries!!"

The chant rang across the living room of the small suburban house. Unlike most lounges on this autumnal night, candles filled the room with pentagrams dawbed on walls, floor and ceiling.

The man behind the chants threw back the hood on his cowl and repeated it louder, the wooden mask in his hands glowing as he did

"Arise Bakuzoob, arise! Come forth and carry out my vengeane!"

A voice that sounded like nothing earth-bound rolled out from the corner of the room. Robert Thomas smiled a smile of vengeance. He would have his punishment on the man who'd defiled his girlfriend.

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"The Radio Station"

"It's 2 o'clock, I'm Luke Donald"

Luke smiled inwardly as he read into the microphone the summary of the news that hour. He was pleased with his performance today, the events of the weekend already in the past. Luke had only had the job a couple of months and was keen to make sure the Station Manager, Robert Thomas, had no reason to let him go. He needed this job, this foothold in the industry. It had been a slog to work his way through months of freelance work, to get a foothold into such a competitive field - no time to cock things up.

Rounding off the bulletin with a time-check he pulled down the fader, shut down the software on the computer and checked it was ready for the next hour. Of course, reflected Luke, as he left the news booth and threaded his way through several desks back to the bulletin one, he could have done without sleeping with Robert's girlfriend during his station manager's party for everyone. But he quickly rebuked himself - it was a mistake and they'd both been drunk. Once the enormity of what he'd done had hit him, he'd got out of that bedroom pronto. But mistakes happen - he was 22 for godsakes, barely out of university! Sure, he might be a relatively handsome guy but it was a f\*\*k-up, no mistake.

Plus, Luke was sure, there was no way Robert could know and he'd given no hint that he did. The morning after the party, he'd even given Luke a tour of his collection of African tribal wear. In fact there he was, across the newsroom, talking to Jim the Drivetime presenter before he went on air. He caught Luke's eye and gave him a thumbs up for the bulletin and a smile, before resuming his conversation.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Luke sat down next to James, who worked on the next desk. Nodding at him, he busied himself with the hour's tasks ahead of the next news bulletin, allowing his mind to drift to what he'd be up to after work. He'd invited Samantha, his girlfriend of 5 years - who also didn't know about Monique - out for dinner; in his mind as an apology for something she'd never know about.

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"It's 3 o'clock, I'm Luke Donald"

Avoiding tripping over his words for three minutes, Luke finished the bulletin, self-congratulating himself in his head for avoiding the lisp he'd had since birth. It might sound cute on the gay circuit, but there was no way he'd keep a job on this commercial radio station. Maybe time to think about specialist gay radio he thought to himself, after all he'd been at this job a couple of months, learning the ropes - time to let this twink-boy fly!

Luke swung the chair round and swished his way out of the news booth and back to the bulletins' desk, catching the eye of a couple of cute work experience guys on the way there. Who knew, he thought, might be some "talent" worth staying around for, as he threw himself theatrically back in his chair.

Admiring the manicure he'd had done that morning - he vaguely remembered - he busied himself at his desk, while using the online chatroom he was in to set up some "dates" for himself for the evening. Who knew, he thought, they could become paying customers in a few months time - there was NO way he could get the clothes and accessories he wanted on this salary!

He nodded at the Station Manager Robert as he walked past the desk, casting an eye in Luke's direction. Luke looked back but avoided holding eye contact. There was no way Robert was his type - he preferred his men big, burly and bearded - they were far more fun! He winked at James who looked kinda cute with his goatee....but Luke was after older men! He wiled away the hour on the chatroom...

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"It's 4 o'Clock, I'm Lucy Donald"

As Lucy read the news she thought how lucky she was to have stumbled into such a great job, it must have been that good first impression she'd made on the Station Manager Robert, at the interview. She'd made sure to wear her most professional looking skirt suit and just a hint of make-up, while being at her most upbeat and bubbly. That must have been why they hired her as the newsreader for this small, pop-music station. She kinda liked the music too.

Sauntering back to her desk, she logged back onto her terminal and started rewriting away at her bulletin - thank god she'd kept her nails short Lucy thought, otherwise this would be a nightmare!

She brushed a stray strand of hair out of her face as Robert walked past, wearing his always present gloves and giving her a sly wink. Lucy winked back, being friendly; and he was, after all, even for an older man, quite cute. She took her seat next to James who gave her an encouraging smile, which she returned.

But her thoughts then drifted to Michael, her on again/off again boyfriend. She sighed; maybe it was time to move on. But she'd give him one more chance this evening. He'd invited her to a date and it was her favourite Italian restaurant. If nothing else she thought, it'd be good food. She glanced up at the clock as she noted the time, almost ready to head back to the news booth.

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"It's 5 o'clock, like I'm Luci Donald!"

Luci giggled as she gave the latest pop gossip to the world! Well, in her head she was, even on this small time station - Luci had big dreams and she bet she had the body to go for them!

She shut down the fader after she finished - she'd just about managed to remember to do that, after so many times forgetting; and then swearing on air. Luci got up, smoothing her tight blouse over her now famous (within the station at least) Double-E's and bounced out of the studio into the main newsroom, as ever drawing every male eye.

Luci giggled as she noticed the guy in charge, Robert, eyeing her up approvingly. She knew he had a long term girlfriend - Monique wasn't it? - but was sure she could tempt him into her bed. Drifting off momentarily her, a red nailed finger snaked down to rub her throbbing snatch through her oh-so short skirt, she cooed even as she recovered herself, moving back to her desk.

She smiled sweetly at James, who sat alongside her, leaning forward to best show off her cleavage, "Jaaaammmess...." she whispered, her lips barely two inches from the now blushing 20 year old guy, "pleeeease could you.....just..." she put a hand on his thigh and squeezed, "sort out my news for me?" She ended.

James nodded frantically and Luci leaned back grinning, pulling out a nail file and going to work on smoothing out her look "Thanks darling....who knows, you may get to see more of me tonight" she flirted. Her mind drifted off to the last guy she'd banged last night, he'd been hung like the proverbial horse. She moaned out-loud as she did, opening her eyes as James looked over at her. A hungry expression crossed her face, she needed to sate herself. “Jaaaammmess....” she huskily whispered, “Stuff the news....and come stuff me”.

She got up and sauntered to the supply closet, James close behind, oblivious to what the rest of the newsroom might think. But, as she screamed out moments later, impaled on her colleagues shaft, she knew they all knew – why, she often gave blowjobs to anyone who was on air, just to keep morale up.

Luci wrapped her legs around James torso, balanced on one of the shelves, as she felt him buck harder and harder into her, his throbbing dick pushing her swollen lips well apart “Yes Jaames, FUCK ME, FUCK ME GOOD!” she yelped, mashing her boobs against his chest as she felt him cum hard....

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Robert smiled as he heard Luci go to it with James. He was the only one who remembered that there'd been a guy called Luke before. Thanks to his demonic “friend”, there'd be no threat to his girlfriend from THAT quarter.....Luci was far more interested in dicks.

But the spell hadn't been without a bane for him. He turned into his windowed office and removed the glove on his right hand, showing surprisingly delicate, dainty fingers with red painted nails. Robert sighed, he'd have to come up with a good explanation for his other half...but demon's always wanted their pound of flesh when it came to spells.

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