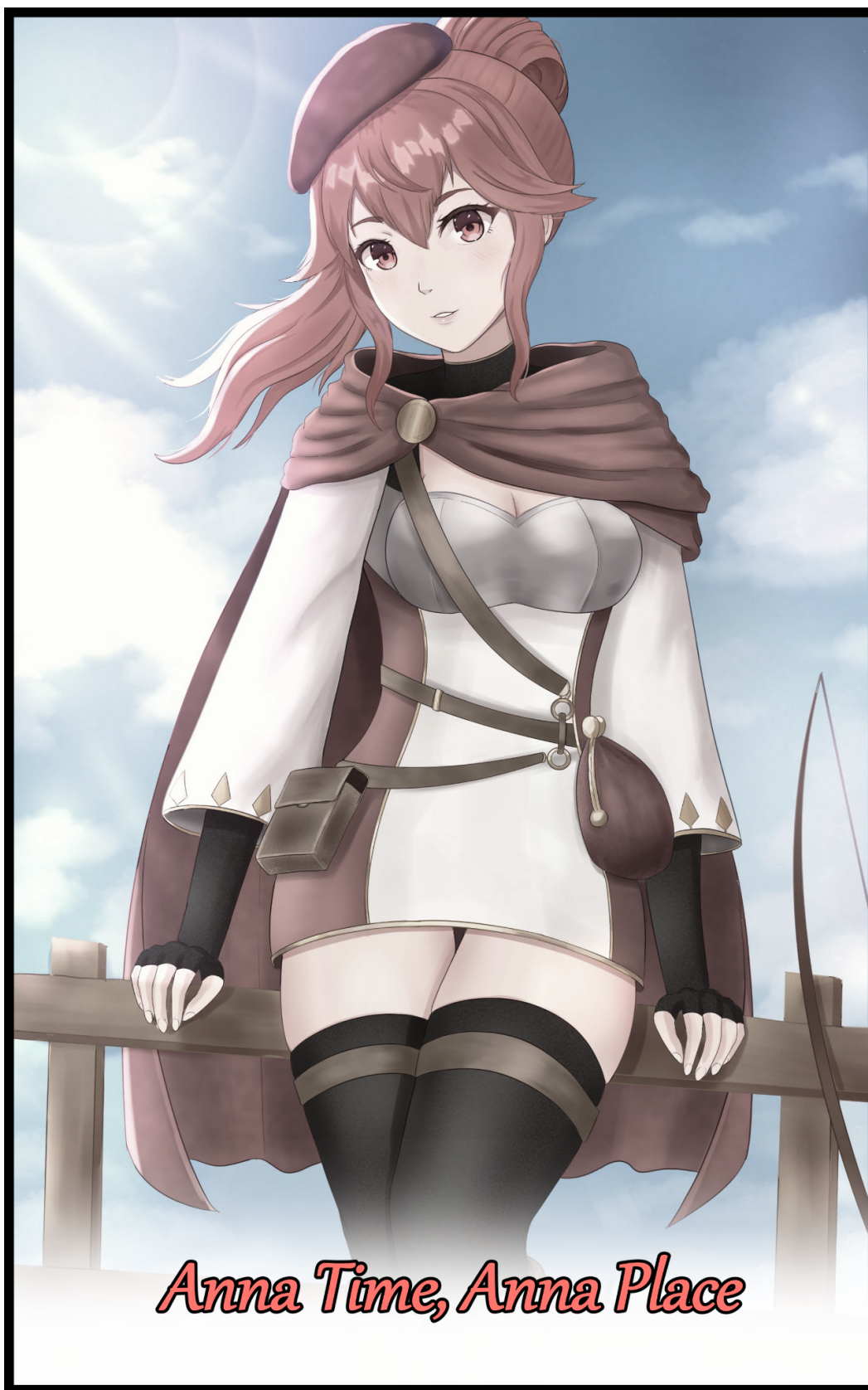




ANNA TIME, ANNA PLACE

Making a living in a world where well paying jobs were a requirement for most people to get by every month was hard work, even more so for those with fanciful careers that had the potential of netting the lucky person a six digit sum per month...or nothing much at all, left to the fickle winds of fate to decide whether or not they hit it rich, got off with enough to last the month or got nothing but scraps.

One such individual was a man who went by the name of Leonard. Running a gig as a property agent, the man's livelihood depended upon how many clients he could snag under his belt within the span of a month. Whether they were newbies sticking their noses in the market looking to buy a new house or asking around for people willing to take old homes off their hands, they were all walking numbers the man needed to bag and tag.

Contrary to popular belief however, property agents like Leonard didn't have things easy. Sure, they stood to gain a lot. But that paycheck was locked behind a barrier consisting of who their employers were and whether or not they were able to hit the required monthly quota assigned to them.

And while there was no shortage of people looking for homes, competition remained a problem. So whenever Leonard had snagged himself a customer, it was a bum rush to seal the deal before they got cold feet or caught on to better offers elsewhere.

Leonard had signed on to be a property agent for a multitude of reasons, the primary one being the fabled six digit monthly pay he'd read about online. Coupled with the fact that he considered himself a sociable person with a love for striking up conversations with pretty much anyone in existence...or at least, that was what he had thought a few years back when he had still been a happy go lucky university student.

He had seen the job as his best shot at an easygoing life, taking the phrase 'Do what you love and you'll never work another day in your life' with gusto when he learned about what the life of a property agent entailed. But after about three years worth of grueling work establishing a name for himself in the field with less than pleasant encounters with the sort of people no one liked to deal with, the man had his life sucked out of him. No longer the same Leonard that had graduated with a smile on his face.

Forget a six digit sum when he couldn't even hope to hit four, much less five. Sure, there were rare moments but these were few and far between, leaving Leonard butter and stressed, drowning in ever growing thoughts that would eventually lead him down a dark path if he continued doing so as contemplation about not doing good enough turns into spite, wondering if this really was the job for him.

But working all the time would turn anyone into a sourpuss, and Leonard was no exception. So to save himself from the boring monotony of going nowhere with his career choices, he had returned to dabbling in video games of the portable sort ever since dropping them in his fruitless venture to become a renowned property agent. And through these games, Leonard found temporary reprieve from the burdens of reality,

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playing through JRPGs, platformers and shooters all through the little handheld device that had become a staple in his everyday life.

No matter how many he finished, there were always more games lying in wait for Leonard to burn through, and it looked like this latest one he was playing, a strategy focused game set in a fantasy world with a colorful cast of characters would be no different. Except this one was starting to prove a little different than all the others he had finished before this one.

Up till now, he'd been treating these video games as distractions, things to take his mind off of work so when it came to remembering what actually happened in the many stories he blitzed through, Leonard could not remember a single thing outside of flashy action set pieces until now...more specifically, he couldn't seem to take his attention off a particular character that served as one of the franchise's signature faces, playing the role of shopkeeper in almost every entry.

Maybe it was the way she seemed so peppy all throughout the game, or her background story being that of a peddler of goods ranging from mundane to antiquity. But Leonard was drawn to her all the same, oftentimes making his mind wander, doubling down on doubts that maybe he was working in the wrong field after all..before realizing that the real world wasn't a utopian fantasy where one could just swap professions on the fly, and this deep into the job? He felt afraid to call it quits, unwilling to take a step off the road he had set himself on.

But dreams and ideals, no matter how suppressed, always managed to claw their way out of whatever shell kept them locked up tight. Through fate's fickle hand, Leonard had been chosen by powers unknown to be the latest in a long line of souls graced by their touch. But that was something they would never notify the unwary human of until they decided to spring their machinations upon him, an invisible timer only they could see. Even then, he would never realize their involvement, simply chalking it up to a chance occurrence once it was said and done.

With Leonard none the wiser to what was about to happen, it was just another Sunday night for the exhausted man who had just finished running errands left and right for some new clients of his, a measly few that did little to contribute to the quota yet again. And now that the last day of his weekend had been bitten into by the demands of work, Leonard's mood was exceptionally soured. Not even playing the game seemed to do the trick as he slogs through battle after battle, dialogue after dialogue. Until finally, he comes across the shopkeeper once again on his way to restock battle supplies.

But at that point, Leonard was feeling lethargic, too tired to even move the thumbsticks once he had opened the shop interface, staring with half lidded eyes at the half animated portrait of the peppy girl he had come to know over the past few months. If she weren't an animated character without a hint of life in her pixelated form, Leonard saw nothing wrong with confirming the fact that she would've been the perfect girl

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for him. Imagining coming home to that bright, emotionally endearing smile of hers. Sighing a little once he realized how out of touch his thoughts were; simple fantasy that would never come to be.

'Habb....a man can dream though, can't he?'

At some point, Leonard's eyelids slid shut, no longer able to keep themselves open any longer but still aware enough to sense the light coming from the game console in his lazy arms, falling gently down onto the couch he had been resting on as sleep came to claim the exhausted man, letting slip the console as it tumbles down off the worn leather cushioning and onto the carpeted floor without so much as a dulled thud.

The moment it makes impact however, an pulse of ethereal energy begins to radiate outwards in a spherical radius that slowly consumes the house and everything in it, leaving Leonard floating in mid-air, unaware of the otherworldly happenings going on around him thanks to his dulled senses and half awake mind assuming the light was coming from his game and not the bright sun beaming down above from a fragmented hole in the ceiling as the familiar two room flat he'd been living in ever since settling down in the city continued to vanish, disintegrating into particles of gold that flicker and fade in the wind blowing in from somewhere off in the distant horizon that bordered the strange landscape taking shape around Leonard.

Where there was once solid wood beneath his feet, juicy blades of green speckled with dew wavered in the wind, spreading out as far as the eye could see amongst multicolored arrays of flower meadows and the occasional gray-brown rock formations. And amidst the untouched canvas of nature, there laid the distinct silhouettes of man-made constructs fashioned out of wood and stone nestled close together; the rise and fall of roofs, small plumes of smoke emanating from forges and other such places in need of a smokestack and large warehouses. A settlement of sorts.

By the time the last bits of what used to be the front door vanishes, Leonard's limp form slowly floats back down towards the ground, leaving the oblivious man to fall deeper into his slumber...until the back of his pajamas begins to soak in the dew resting atop their now disturbed perches, slowly drenching his clothes until the chill inevitably permeates his body, nudging Leonard's mind from the comforts of sleep, slowly beginning to twitch and move around once the damp cold became too unbearable to ignore, clicking his tongue in annoyance when he could no longer will his eyes shut, wincing as they open to the glaring rays of sunlight beating down on him.

"The hells it suddenly so...what the..."

Leonard's irate voice trickles away to silence as his eyes struggle to process the surrounding wilderness he now found himself in instead of the comforts of a modern apartment flat, rising to his feet in a panic before slapping his face in haphazard fashion, as if he believed himself to be stuck in some sort of lucid dream. But

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no matter what he did, the cool winds lapping against his face and the rich scent of oak mixed in with the sandy husk of a riverbed untouched by man denied his attempts at convincing himself otherwise, leaving him flabbergasted as he fell to his knees on the ground.

Through unknown means, he'd been teleported to some strange place he knew at first glance could not have been a part of the Earth he knew, for monolithic curled crags of rock that looked like petrified waves and the tiny speck of a medieval settlement would surely have been reported long ago considering the advances of modern science and technology.

Too stumped to say a word or rant about his situation, Leonard remains still for a few more seconds, pondering what next steps to take and whether or not anyone else had been dragged into this place alongside him. But a cursory glance around bore no fruits. Besides the bugs lurking in the grass, he was alone, with only the distant plumes of an alien, probably less advanced civilization hanging high in the sky like a crooked finger calling him forward. But doubt forced Leonard to stay his hand, wondering if the people even spoke English or how they would react to an outsider dressed in strange clothes walking up to their front gate unannounced. Was there something he could use to try and bridge the gap between them?

But a quick check through his pockets, and soon Leonard was cursing. Realizing all of his important belongings had been left unattended on the coffee table, only managing to extract a pitiful ten dollar bill that no doubt held no real value here.

"Shit...can't check for reception...can't translate...seriously why now of all times...wait, what's that sound?"

Turning around sharply, Leonard could barely make out the silhouette of something shifting around just beyond the crest of a nearby hill upon the sound of grass blades cracking underfoot, it sounded like someone slowly walking away as if they were trying to be stealthy.

"H-Hey! Can you hear me? D-Don't go! Can you at least tell...me..."

In his haste to see another human face he could converse with in this foreign land, Leonard hadn't stopped to consider the possibility of there being creatures besides common animals and his fellow man that existed in this world. Exotic ones like the serpentine face of an enormous lizard with no visible eyes that had reared its ugly maw upon hearing Leonard's pleas. Judging from the look on his face however, it was clear he dearly wished to reverse his demands, hoping that the scaly monster that had reared its monstrous face would just leave him alone.

To his dismay however, the creature would begin to move forward, showing more and more of its hideously overgrown self as it pushes its body over the cliff, displaying a strange twisted gait in its movement while

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clawed manipulators dig up dirt and stone, all while it's eyeless visage scans the surroundings, sending spittle flying left and right from its incessant hissing, trying to find the source of the noise that had caught it's attention.

Every step the monster took brought it closer to Leonard, and with its approach, the frightened man was given an up close and personal look at its biology; malignant pustules he'd mistaken for scales, waxen skin colored a dirty indigo, rippling veils of sullen flesh that held impossibly wide jaws together, awkwardly joined bones that creaked with its every movement. If there was ever an image to go along with suffering...whatever this beast was fit the bill perfectly.

Slowly sliding away on his back, beads of sweat Leonard had failed to notice before began trickling down his forehead, fueled by an adrenaline rush the likes of which he'd never felt before. The monster was so close to him, close enough for him to smell the nauseatingly thick stench of rusted metal and decaying meat; the stench of death. If this was a dream, then he could only hope that he would wake up soon if he couldn't get out of this mess without ending up between that jagged maw of misshapen, yellowed razors, rotting at the roots with putrid black ooze drooling down its craggly lips and melting the grass below. A sight that had Leonard stifling his whimpers while spurring his efforts to escape untouched.

In his bid to escape however, a sudden glint of light from high above momentarily distracts Leonard, gazing at the incoming star whizzing through the air with an ever growing whine that inevitably catches the attention of the monster, turning its head skyward just in time for the streaking arrowhead to hit its mark right on the nose, sending the thing into a howling panic, letting loose a blood curdling scream while rearing up on its hind legs before slamming it's face into the ground, sending shockwaves that blast Leonard down the hill, rolling a good distance away from the rampaging beast with a short lived yell as he lands hard on his chest, knocking the air out of him.

"Hey~! Over here~!"

The peppy voice of a woman calling out to him in English was more than enough to snap Leonard out of his stupor, shaking his head before turning toward the source of the voice, barely able to make out the sight of a red haired woman hiding behind a sizeable boulder, beckoning him forward with quick waves and a look of urgency on her youthful face, driving him to use what little strength he had left to wrest himself free of the ground before sprinting toward the rock despite the intense pain his torso and the ache of his weary legs, coming to a grinding halt just behind the safety of cover and next to his savior, putting a finger up to her lips in a gesture of silence that told Leonard they weren't out of this yet.

Drawing a shortsword from the hidden sheathe under her cloak, the woman turns her attention back toward the flailing beast, who had also recovered from its rampage, tearing off the broken shaft that remained

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lodged in its snout before scampering off back behind the hill in a hissy fit. A sight that had Leonard and the stranger breathing a sigh of relief now that the danger had passed.

"You handled yourself pretty well back there! Most folk would have run screaming in terror...what's your name? Haven't seen clothes like yours before so...are you a traveler?"



Looking up at the woman, Leonard's mouth hangs open at the sight of her, freezing momentarily as his mind focuses on her familiar visage framed by an unmistakable curled fringe that splits off in three directions. It was *her*.

"Y-you're...Anna..."

"Ahh~ I see you're familiar with my sisters...unfortunately, I don't think I've seen you before, sorry to disappoint if so, you sounded really intimate there for a sec~"

"N-No! Well...I mean I've seen you before but...not like-"

"Hahah! Calm down! You're obviously not from anywhere I've been if you're walking around alone without an armed escort. If it's not sleazy bandits, you can count on nasty beasties to show up and put a damper on things!"

Watching her prattle on about potential disruptions to traders while wagging her index finger around was like watching a live play put on by someone who was well versed in the habits and mannerisms of the fictional character he loved so much. A part of him almost wanted to reach out and touch her face just like he had done so many times before...but if he really had been dumped into this surreal world...then she was as real as he was, and the gentleman within him forbade him from laying his hands on another woman so unabashedly.

"So...wanna tag along with me? I'm on the road towards that town over there, it looks like a small rest stop but...it's better than nothing right?"

"C-Come again? Tag along with you?"

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"Yeap...I was watching you for a good while now, caught you looking all miserable like you just lost your way or something...and judging by how you're still standing here talking to me and not...well...dead...tells me you've got a keen eye and a sound mind...useful things to have when it comes to survival *and* business."

Thinking about the matter while looking at the slender hand the woman held out to him, Leonard rubs his chin thoughtfully. If traveling alone really was as treacherous as this instance of Anna said it was, then doing it as a pair might not be so bad. And if anything came up with other travelers or townsfolk along the way, the best person to handle such things would be her...

"Though that doesn't help me figure out what to tell her...will she even believe me if I say I'm some normal dude from Earth?"

Sighing, Leonard shrugs his shoulders before reaching out slowly, shaking Anna's hand with a half beaten smile on his face.

"Right...so uh...I'm Leonard..."

"Hmm, you might be keen eyed but your presentation needs work...you really aren't local are you? You're shivering like a stick in the wind. Alright then, times a wastin so let's get going before that thing shows up again, we can chat while we walk!"

Sheathing her sword before running off with a pep in her step in the direction where he had seen the collection of buildings off in the distance, Anna leaves Leonard where he laid to catch up to her, excitement brewing in his chest at the idea of setting off on a genuine adventure with someone he never thought he could hang out with and get to know in the flesh.

But his legs wouldn't obey. Instead of rising to his feet and running to catch up with Anna, Leonard falls forward with a faint grunt. It was as if an invisible string had been cut, and now he couldn't do a thing to move even his pink. And it didn't help that the inside of his chest was on fire, muscles screaming in pain, bones throbbing with a dull ache.

With the adrenaline gleaned from his first encounter with this world's beastial wildlife wearing off, the full effects of exhaustion and the injuries he had sustained from being so close to the monster's shockwave were finally taking their toll on Leonard's body. Unlike Anna, the man had been a failing property agent until now, he had never faced such a thing before, and a person's fight or flight response could only carry them so far.

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Drifting off into the depths of unconsciousness, Leonard could barely hear the sounds of Anna's panicked shouting over the increasingly deafening thumps of his beating heart accompanied by a shrill ring that gradually drowns everything out, leaving nothing but silence.

Leonard would remain in this void for an unknown of time as nothing more than a naked specter, a mental realization of his physical self, eyes closed, body limp, floating along the endless expanse of a still sea of emotion and memory.

But every now and then, a sprite could be seen dancing around the dark, illuminating the space for a brief moment before vanishing again. And in between these ghostly apparitions manifesting themselves, the serene face of Leonard would twitch in minor fits, flinching every now and then as if he was suffering a dream within a dream.

Through closed eyes, Leonard bore witness to multiple strange visions, all of which seemed to take place across different locations at different times. But stranger still, they all seemed to be taken from the eyes of the same person, even though some of the scenarios didn't line up well with each other when put together.

For instance, in one vision; he could see a rather uneventful life lived in a village where the only worry to be had was that of an unassuming girl worrying for her love while running a shop for a living while another vision seemed to show that very same girl participating in skirmishes, brandishing bow and sword with practiced finesse, frayed specks of dull crimson invading the vision of the warrioress Leonard was looking through...

'Just like...Anna...'

From here however, things would begin to escalate as if triggered by Leonard's realization that he was viewing the memories of what could only be Anna, made especially evident when he remembered the open shoulder design of the pale dress she sported in the recent entry of the franchise. Where he could only watch, Leonard was beginning to *feel* things, emotions he shouldn't have been able to glean just by viewing these simple recollections. When he saw treasure or objects of interest, so too would he feel Anna's passion and in some instances, avarice as calculations and estimates immediately began flowing through her mind. An increasing influx that saw the spectral blobs escalate into brilliant bolts that last for much longer, dancing around Leonard's body as strange changes begin to happen to the man's spectral form.

Arguably the worst parts came when the time arrived for an unwitting Leonard to backseat more than a few salacious bits involving the Anna's that lived their lives away from the everlasting pursuit of monetary gain they all seemed to share, like the aforementioned Anna who worried for her boyfriend, sharing intimate moments together that would've left Leonard embarrassed, even outright disgusted considering the fact that he was watching it all from the female side of the fence. But he could feel Anna's joy, her excitement and

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most importantly; how her heart swooned for the man lying naked beneath her. It made the sight impossible to look away from, almost as if Leonard was beginning to fall into the role of Anna proper, feeling as if it would be a betrayal to close his eyes or deny how good it felt, even as the vision shifts over into yet another Anna's raunchy baby making sessions with a silver haired man, that familial warmth remained, oblivious to the fact that his mental image was wavering, gaining feminine features before losing them again.

He felt connected to Anna, closer than admiration, closer than even love. It was an intoxicating sensation that had Leonard drowning in...whatever this was. And the more he lost himself to it, the further the changes to his phantom form progressed, gaining permanent changes and additions like the formation of pert breasts jiggling forth from flat pecs or the sudden warping that leaves Leonard with a dainty, feminine figure instead of his slightly obese form. And it didn't take long at all for his manhood to instantly follow suit, being the fastest to change in accordance to what Anna was feeling as an invisible hand sculpts a moist passage already flexing in need before repurposing wrinkled testicles into smooth labia lips, pulling and refining unfeeling flesh into pink folds while gently pressing down on the erect head of Leonard's sausage, pushing it into the tiny space between a damp blanket of sensitive flesh until it was nothing more than a swollen clitoris, tingling in tune to the phantom tongue running all over it.

But his face remained indignant, fighting against the mental hold that had Leonard's visage melting between his own and Anna's, grunting in his baritone voice with a look of concentration on his face before suddenly moaning in Anna's mature soprano, opening pale lips in joy, lean eyes raised in pleasure before reverting back into its original shape. A constant back and forth with clear signs of who was winning when Anna's perfectly sculpted features began to stay longer and longer, all while Leonard's originally well kept head of chestnut brown hair begins to lengthen and fold itself into a crimson head of luscious hair done up into a prim ponytail, just like the real deal.

It didn't take long for Leonard's face to vanish completely, and by then, the young American in his thirties had been completely replaced by the likeness of his idol; a slim, slender form clad in smooth, pale skin with subtle muscle indentation prominent in her shoulders and thighs, highlighting her beauty despite what her profession as a pedaller of rare goods and a merchant looking to make a profit might suggest.

Just as Leonard's mental self could complete its coital fusion with Anna however, a sudden jolt sent the man flailing in panic, leaping off soft cotton stuffed sheets and a scream of protest from the rickety wooden bed frame as it struggles against the sudden movement of its occupant.

"Hmph, glad to see you're finally up, you've been out for hours Leo! Everything alright? No tummy aches I hope?"

"A-Anna?! W-Where..I thought..."

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Relax~ We're at the village...had to fork out a hefty fee to get us lodging and a little something else to get your injuries fixed...but it all worked out in the end~"

"Injuries...you mean..."

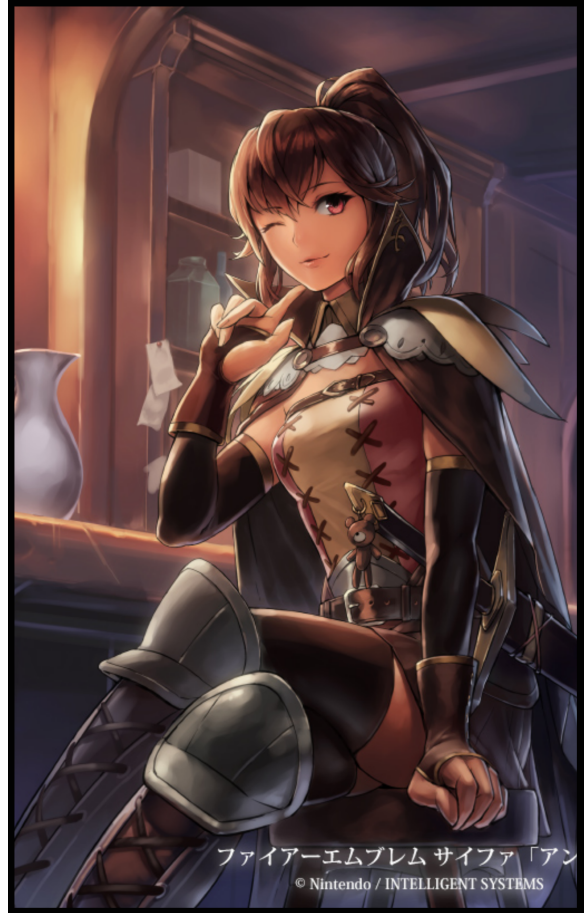
"Broken bones...internal bleeding...a minor concussion...I could go on but then that would be boring..."

From where he was sitting, Leonard could tell that night had already fallen from the way the thick glass windows were shaded; midnight blue with a pale orange tint from the flames cast by a sconce hanging off the wall in the cozy room they were in. It even had a small lounge complete with cool drinks and food ready to be served on shelves behind a miniature stand styled after a bartender's desk, of which Anna was the sole occupant. Downing a glass of fragrant juice that reached Leonard's nostrils from across the room.

More concerningly however was the wild dream he just had...wondering if there was any greater meaning behind it as his eyes darted back down over his body, patting it down for any oddities. But besides an odd stain on his clothes near his chest, nothing about him had changed...except he could still feel...

"What's wrong? You're looking really flush...you aren't thinking about running off now are you?"

"Running off? Why would I?"



Exhaling, Anna pushes off the chair, trailing her wicked cost behind her before pulling out a pale green slip of cotton and fabric Leonard was familiar with; a ten dollar bill.

But the look on Anna's face was that of excitement, eyes burning with wonder and greed at the mystical bill dangling between her fingers. It made sense of course, considering how he had been transported here from Earth, there was no way Anna had ever seen their currency before. The people of this world dealt with solid gold coins as currency after all, not fragile slips of paper. If anything, Anna had most likely mistaken the thing for some ancient artifact or something, maybe even a small scroll containing ancient knowledge.

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"Pulled *this* out of your pockets earlier...from the look on your face...I'm guessing it's something big isn't it? Something that can sell for alotta gold~"

"Y-Yeah...I uhh...got it from a ruin I was exploring out near my hometown...but what do you need it for anyway?"

"Hah! What sort of question is that? For reparations of course! I hauled you all the way here on my own, paid for both our stay here in this most humble establishment and as if that wasn't enough, I had to resort to a secret medicine I've been meaning to sell at the next big town!"

"Wow...I guess I really...do owe you my life huh?"

"Indeed! Now be a good boy and stay put alright? I'll just hop on over to do a little appraising and I'll be right back...then we can talk all about what you were up to~"

Rushing on out the door before he could say a word, Anna leaves Leonard to his own devices, stunned but relieved to have avoided a major incident if she ever found out he didn't really have any gold on him..except...wouldn't she have already figured it out if she went poking around in his pockets while he was asleep?

Shrugging his shoulders, the still recovering man hoists himself down from the bed with some difficulty in getting his half dead limbs to cooperate, realizing that whatever Anna had injected or forced him to imbibe had done a number on his body. Feeling strangely lightweight and numb all over, with each movement coming one or two seconds after he had willed it in his mind. Just moving toward the window was a hassle, having to time his steps right if he didn't want to end up overshooting his intended destination.

Once he made it to the sill without slamming face first into the solid glass, shaky hands pry apart the bars holding the panels shut before pushing them open, gazing out into the dimly lit streets below where the smell of the countryside was free to rise up and assault his nostrils in a pleasant wave. A city boy like him would've raised his nose at the 'stench' of wet mud and fresh produce, but Leonard couldn't help but lean into the frame, taking a deep breath of fresh air into his arid lungs, unaware of how the act of inhaling and exhaling had left his rotund tummy looking somewhat slimmer as an immense amount of fat instantly vanishes from his form, leaving his clothes a little more baggier, hem slipping loose from Leonard's equally loose pants. And even though he had been barefoot until now, there wasn't even a single trace of damage to the soles of his foot...in fact, the callused bunches that had been abundant on his heels were gone. It was almost hard to believe that in a world that looked this normal and serene, out there beyond the borders, monsters like the one from his close encounter earlier that morning prowled in wait for their next victim.

'What am I even supposed to do in a world like this? I'm just a sales agent...'

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Turning back with a despondent sigh, Leonard walks back toward the bed with a bit more urgency and steadiness to his gait, feeling slightly better now despite the fact his brunette mop was already pouring down his shoulders with a deep red coloration spreading out from the roots, overtaking his original color while silken locks float in the air, tying themselves up into a ponytail...just like they had done so not too long ago within the surreal dreamscape gone wrong Leonard had been trapped in a few minutes ago, his mind slowly weaning itself off the strange sensations of what life was like if he were a part of Anna's sisterhood.

Although that bit would soon rear its head once more when Leonard's eyes caught sight of a golden glimmer glancing off of a reflective surface just outside the corners of his eyes. Shifting focus toward the pile of gold coins laid out in an unsorted pile on a table near the window he had somehow missed until now.

The sight of it was enough to rouse strange feelings within Leonard, despite not knowing a thing about the currency system in this world, a burning fire within him was taking the need to rest and incinerating it altogether, replacing it with the urge to sit his butt down on the chair and get counting. It was like a life and death matter, something he just needed to get done. Not because he had to, but because he wanted to. And where his irises were once innocuous brown orbs, there now burned an effervescent shade of magenta deep within their glassy shells, casting an eerie glow from Leonard's eyes while they begin to slant downward near the middle while rising up at the edges, turning his hungry gaze into a sultry look that made the pile of gold look like a hunky stud...not a woman...because it wasn't just his eyes that were changing.

All across his body, changes were beginning to manifest faster than ever before. Accelerating the ones that were already occurring, going so far as to include the clothes that adorned Leonard's pulsating body as he begins to move forward, with each step leaving him looking different until eventually, nothing would remain of the former disillusioned property agent...physically at least.

By the end of the first two steps, perky breasts were bouncing freely atop his chest, cupped by a slim brassiere that wraps easily around a petite torso.

By the third, his arms had gone from idle pudgy sticks to outright girly branches as they swayed gently to the tune of his broadened hips, swinging from side to side while dainty arms tipped with crimson painted nails.

By the fifth, the legs that carried Leonard forward were long and toned, carved with immaculate curves in all the right places, accompanied by a healthy jiggle from plump thighs squeezed tight by black stockings that further accentuate the slender arch displayed beneath the knees, continuing downward before being cut off by leather boots reaching high enough to cover toned calves. Making each step a give off a reverberant thump highlighting the vigor with which Leonard...or rather, Anna now radiated as she makes her way toward the open chair, giggling as her still inflating ass squished against the cold wood, taking her greatly reduced weight easily while she folds up the sleeves of her dress, eager to get to work.

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Delicate fingers flew across the table while a calculative mind pours over the many coins dumped across the table before the newly formed woman, shoveling the ones she had already counted into a pouch procured from the utility belt slung around her waist. And the more she counted, the more giddy she got, feeling warm and bothered all over while the values kept going higher.

In truth, it was her body's ongoing changes that fuelled the sudden estrus she was enraptured by, but she couldn't have known such a thing, not when her mind was currently blanked out, completely focused on



calculating and pursing the gold before her eyes as another empty pouch soon lands on the table while a clinking bundle sways around her toned navel, clipped onto the empty space where the spare sack once hung on the belt in the blink of an eye. Fingering her mouth with a spare hand while working just as fast with her one remaining limb, unaware of how erotic she was being as her nails traced the pillowy pomf of her lips before suckling on them like a baby, licking it with a flexible tongue before gnawing, mad with anticipation and lust evidenced by her cheeks turning strawberry red.

With the tabletop almost cleaned of its mess, the sputtering folds of a woman's snatch that had been forming all this while from Leonard's former pecker crowns itself with a neatly trimmed bush of velvet pubes while a similarly shaded hood drapes itself over her shoulders, leaving itself unbuttoned for her minor yet attractive cleavage to peer through unimpeded for the world to see, completing the formation of the newest Anna sister just in time for the door to swing open.

"Good news Anna! I had a little chat with the barkeep and he said this...Anna? What're you doing up so early? You should be resting!"

'A-Anna? But...I...oh...'

With the shock of the door slamming holding her back to focus, Leonard's personality slowly creeps back inside her pleasure-addled brain, looking down over her changed body, not in fear but...rather, nothing. Even as she moved her hands to button up her hood properly so her cleavage was covered up properly by the

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light armor that protected her, the overwhelming fright and urgency she now remembered clearly during her time in the dreamscape no longer returned to bite and nip at her heart. As if this form...reflected back at her in the last remaining coin on the table, was who she had always been. Not a slightly overweight man overworking himself in the uncaring streets of a bustling metropolis but rather, just another merchant in a foreign continent as of yet to be explored by her renowned family of like minded opportunists. She hadn't even realized she had pronounced the name of her new sibling perfectly unlike the way she had before she became another Anna...a secret way the sisters differentiated themselves from each other on sight, known only by then at birth.

Because alongside her old memories as Leonard, this new Anna also knew of herself as a red blooded merchant looking to expand their family (and in turn her own) business into new land. Hence, the reason why she was currently traveling with another of her blood before they would inevitably have to set off down different roads altogether, for no sister could operate in a region another was already setting up roots in.

'Strange...it's always as if I....as if I was born...Anna...'

Turning to her sibling who had already closed the gap between them with a questioning look on her face, the new Anna holds out the last pouch for her to take, chiming in with a question of her own once her more experience sister seemed satisfied with the bag and its contents, instilling a bit of jealousy in her heart upon witnessing her skill at measuring a coin pouch's worth just from weight alone.

"Hey Anna? Earlier today, do you remember the elixir you used on me!"

"After the demon attack left you knocked out? Sure I do, why?"

"What was it exactly? Just asking...I feel a lot more 'awake' now, never felt anything like it actually."

"Ahh...well...I remember the person I got it off of saying I needed to use my uhh...blood...when giving it to the recipient...doesn't gross you out or anything does it?"

"Hahah! Of course not! We're sisters aren't we? If anything, it just proves how close we are~"

While the twins shared a laugh together. In the back of her mind, Anna couldn't help but frown at the ease of which she said the words without hesitation, further cementing the fact that she had irrevocably become the woman she once fancied to be with back in her old body. But that still didn't answer the core question; who or what had brought her here in the first place...it couldn't have been some benign entity that just so happened to grant her wish by sending her into a world where Anna existed, only for said instance to resort to a 'healing potion' that needed her blood for it to transform her into an exact replica complete with her own set of memories and skills...could it?

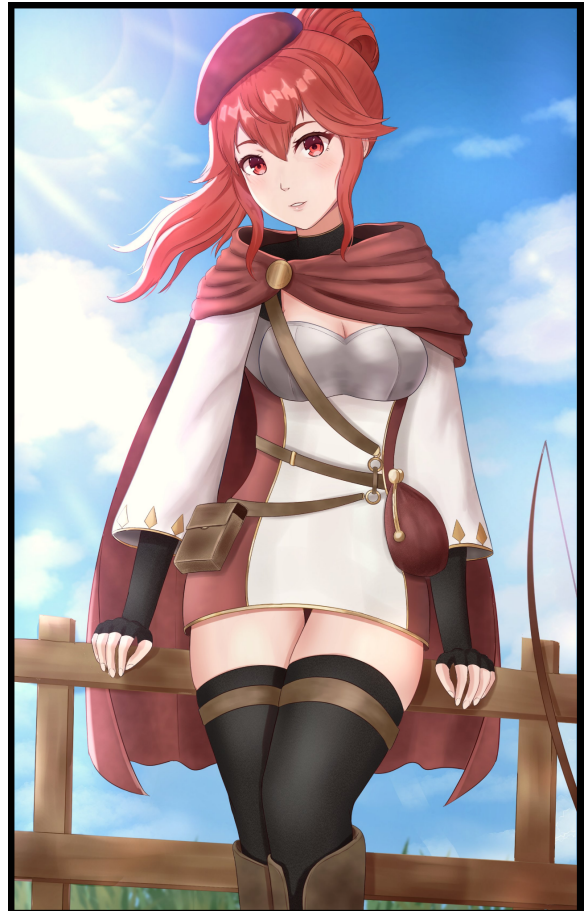
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'Gosh this is so confusing...'

Shaking off the confusion, Anna rises off her chair before stretching a little, moving on over to her side of the room while her kin shimmies on over back to the mini bar, pouring another glass of juice with a satisfactory smile. And while she laid down on the sheets, oddly comfortable in full gear, her magenta eyes took note of the wooden bow now leaning against the foot of the bed, her preferred weapon of choice she clearly remembered pulling back the strings on, feeling the tension in the wood and the strong kick from an arrow being flung through the air as if she'd just shot it earlier today...which she had technically, if the memory of her being the one to land the shot on the demon beast's gem served her right, gripping the region over her left breast upon the memory of Leonard lying in terror resurfacing in her mind

According to information gleaned from the genetic memory she had been bestowed with, her sister was set to continue her journey alone once the first rays of dawn broke, hence the reason why she was enjoying a good round of drinks as much as she could before her calling took her to places unknown with an unspecified time spent on the road. Meanwhile she would stay here and open up her own branch, sourcing goods, supply lines and spreading the good will of the Anna name just as planned. It made sense to her now that she thought about it, considering how her other self was far more experienced in terms of combat and merchant trade. If anyone could make it, it would be her as much as she was loath to admit, a fact that had her smiling at the irony before her eyelids began to droop, sliding shut once more for the third time now in one day.

Come the next day, Anna would be up at the crack of dawn to wake her sister, helping her prepare her gear while ensuring she had the not so strange green scroll tucked away in her bag to sell in the future. A warm breakfast, a heartfelt farewell and eventually, the original Anna that was supposed to stake her claim here had vanished down the mountain path leading to unexplored lands, leaving her sister to stand solemnly by herself. Leaning against a rickety fence post with her mind already at work figuring out a good spot for her shop to be built on. With the funds she had on hand, constructing a tidy home cum goods store would be a cinch. And even though she didn't look it, there were plenty of things she had on hand to make a good buck if there was ever a need for it.



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She had slept well the night before, so well in fact, that the minor conflict she had been embroiled in beforehand about her current identity had been put to rest once her analytical mind had laid things out for her to see; her current life, who she had become? Was the best outcome possible, and thanks to that reality bending potion, she was saved the hassle of having to explain herself to everyone.

Although a tiny smidge of Leonard would no doubt miss his old habits, the major part of her that had seamlessly integrated well into her new Anna persona had already accepted it in full, preferring to set her mind to the future rather than constantly looking back on what-ifs. What's done was done. Now she had a business to start, riches to be made, a market to dominate.

"Scuse me ma'am, noticed you lookin around and uhh...couldn't help wonderin if you were thinking of buyin up land...you look like you got a keen eye for that sort of stuff."

Turning toward the source of the heavily accented voice of a local, Anna's eyes widened at the sight of a young man walking up to her from the roadside, struggling to make eye contact with her while occasionally stumbling over his own words as they came spilling out of his mouth. A familiar sight that had her grinning as she slings her bow around her shoulder before pushing off of the fence she had been leaning on toward the struggling salesman who couldn't possibly be the one in control of all the property here. The town couldn't even exist if that were the case.

At best, he was probably a spokesperson for the actual body in charge of the distribution of plots in this simple town, at worst, he had thought her a good target for a scam, playing the role of an innocent schmuck to ease her into his hands.

'Either that or he really is terrible with women...reminds me of a certain someone I used to know~'

Whether he was telling the truth or not, Anna was more than confident that she would have her way at the end of the day. And in a few weeks time, the people of this land would soon know her name, just like everywhere else across this vast, new world she now called home, uncaring of her old one as its inhabitants' minds were wiped clean of Leonard alongside any trace of the former man's insignificant existence...

THE END