

# Perception Shift (MtF, FtM TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

## **A Story Prompt Tier for Rilby**

*Jason is a young man out for a fun experience at the local club. But while trying to pick up women, things start to go very strange as others instead treat him as if he is a hot young lady named Sabrina. Jason tries to set the record straight, but every time he acts against this new perception, his body begins to shift ever more to match it instead. Worse, it appears that Sabrina is caught in the same perception shift, only she's taking his life!*

## **Perception Shift**

### **Part 1**

It was called *The Qube*, on account of the building's large, square shape on the corner of Wesson and Hitch. The 'Q' was, presumably, just because it sounded cool.

*Or 'Qool', Jason thought to himself. It's certainly the right place to be.*

He was a young man, only twenty two years old and in the prime of his life, and like many young men he had one ambition in life: to enjoy nights out on the town and take his hot girlfriend out for some wild dancing and sex later. Technically that was two goals, but for he and her, it was basically the same thing.

*Can't have a proper good time on the town without getting it on with Tiffany, after all.*

His prospects weren't bad. Jason Steller was a good-looking man with an impressive height of six foot one, which was handsomely tall without being too freakishly tall as far as most women were concerned. He was fit, being a regular visitor to the gym and an avid sportsman, and he'd had the good genetic luck to be born with an impressive square jaw, handsome blue eyes, and sandy blonde hair that was naturally messy in a devil-may-care kind of way. Even his voice worked for him: deep without being too brassy. Confident without being too cocky. It had led to quite a few scores for him on nights like these, and he certainly planned for more if he ever broke up with Tiff.

*But unless things go wrong, why would I? She's a total package. Just check out that ass.*

She was meeting him outside the club, and had dressed in the kind of outfit that drove him wild: a tight green cocktail dress that hugged her lovely rear and pulled in tight against her itty bitty waist. Her bust, which was a B-cup, looked more like full C's from the way they were lifted, but it was her ass he'd always loved the most. Tiffany was white, with

blonde hair and pretty blue eyes, but she often bragged that she had the ass of a fine black woman, and who was he to disagree? He walked up behind her sneakily and had a quick squeeze. She whirled about, first in anger, then in joyous surprise.

“Jason, you absolute perv!” she exclaimed.

“How can I not perv on a woman looking the way you do, babe,” was his response.

“You look fucking hot.”

“Mhm, so do you. Come here.”

She placed her hands over his shoulders and drew him in closer, kissing him deeply. She tasted like strawberries.

*God, even her lipstick is fucking hot, he thought. If her tits were just a bit bigger she'd literally be perfect.*

It was a thought he'd had more than once, and it did make him feel slightly guilty. He knew she wanted bigger tits too, but didn't want surgery or anything, so she used push-up bras and the like.

*I just miss being able to suck on a nice big set of milkers. Heh, Stacy Ackerman's were something else. They were like full double-D's or bigger.*

But he cast those thoughts aside and put his hand around the waist of his girlfriend, who leaned against him lovingly. She was real affectionate, and he appreciated that: it let him show her off to others. Plus, she could dance up a storm against him, which was also a nice show.

“Shall we head on in, hot stuff?” he asked.

“Absolutely! I've heard great things about this place. Plus, some of my friends are in there. You remember Kade?”

*Ugh. Fucking Kade. Always trying to one up me and show his dominance.*

“Yeah, I remember Kade.”

“And Sabrina is there as well! She's so lovely.”

“Is that Kade's new girlfriend?”

“No, just a new friend of mine that I met at uni. Seriously, she's lovely. You'd get right along. Of course, that's not the *real* purpose of tonight: I want you to show me off and then I can reward you tonight.”

Jason had to concentrate to avoid getting a little hard.

“Fuck yeah,” he whispered in her ear as they approached the front of the club. “And multiple times, at that.”

“Mhmm, that's what I like to hear.”

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Things got off to a damn great start for a Friday night. Sure, Jason wasn't all that happy to meet up with Kade again, who was just as annoying as he remembered. He was just *slightly* taller than Jason, and slightly bigger too, no doubt on account of being the captain of the local football team. He also had a way with the ladies too, and perhaps it was because he was on the prowl that Jason found himself annoyed with this non-rival.

*I'm probably just jealous that he can choose what pussy he wants, instead of being saddled. Not that I'm saddled. Tiff is hot as all fuck.*

And yet . . . the reminder of not having freedom was there too. Thankfully, it was drowned out quickly by life's greatest solution to immediate problems, and causer of the next set: alcohol. Tiff practically dragged the three of them to the bar to order shots, and soon they were laughing and reminiscing and enjoying the dense vibe of the music. *The Qube* was a loud place, lights blaring, colours wild, the masses dancing and bobbing their heads to the trendy music that thrummed right through one's bones. It was as much an experience as it was a location, and Jason was loving it, especially because of the way Tiffany was moving. She rocked her hips from side to side, looking hot as all hell, particularly as her ass pressed tight against the fabric of her dress.

He too danced to the music, and though he didn't have the best moves, he certainly moved with less awkwardness than Kade, who had gone a bit separate to try and find some women for a one-night stand, and so was hanging around the bar area. It made Jason's night better, particularly when Tiff pulled him out to dance and practically grinded against him. He drank some more shots, feeling wonderfully full of life himself, and wondering how things could get any better.

And then they did get better, and somehow worse at the same time, because a fucking gorgeous woman who was a total eleven out of ten came into view across the dance floor, moving towards him with her full breasts heaving in her tight red dress and taking his breath away.

"Oh my God! It's Sabrina!" Tiffany declared. "This is the best! I was scared she wasn't coming!"

"That's Sabrina?" Jason said, trying not to marvel at the woman. Somehow, her very existence bumped down the ratings of all the women around her, even Tiffany, who he'd considered a nine or ten himself. She was now a seven at best around this woman. Sabrina had dark olive skin of indeterminate origin, with eyes that were a startling slate grey. Her facial features seemed at least partly Eurasian, her hair dark and wavy and resting on one shoulder. She had a perfect hourglass figure with hips even wider than Tiffany's, and an ass that was just as good. Her breasts were immense, though not badly so: they were a pair of cantaloupes that must have been F-cups at the least, and were threatening to spill out of her red dress.

But even beyond all the male gaze, he was struck by her expression. It was flirty, it was *dangerous*. This, he recognised, was a woman who was hot as the fires of hell itself and knew it, and intended to use it. This was a woman who had a burning need to use that body and use it well.

*Fuck if I don't want her right now. Jesus, be strong Jason.*

But averting his gaze was like looking away from the sun, especially when it came to those perfect tits! They were teardrop shaped, perfectly formed. Clearly natural from how they bobbed in her dress. She stepped forward on heels and smiled, and it was a smile that lit up his world.

"Jason, this is my new friend Sabrina! Sabrina, this is my boyfriend Jason."

"Lovely to meet you," she said, in a voice that was slightly husky, borderline sensual.

They awkwardly shook hands, which made her giggle. He strained his eyes to keep his gaze on hers, and not on her body.

"And you," he said. "Tiff here tells me you're at university?"

"Art degree," she said. "Functionally useless, but I like it. The lifestyle of the artist. It's all very freeing and different."

"She enjoys the romance of it all," Tiff teased, and Sabrina giggled in response.

"True! Plus, a true artist isn't tied down, which means I get to have all kinds of fun on the town when I go out, just for the . . . *experience*. And the men."

Tiff gave a teasing whistle, and Jason laughed a little *too* loudly.

"Well, that's great! Shall we all hit the dance floor?"

"I can introduce you to Kade!" Tiff said.

Jason's brain reacted with anger: *No! Don't do that! There's no way I'm letting fucking Kade get with a woman this hot. That just wouldn't be . . . fair.*

But it was too late, and the evening took a turn for the interesting and weird and frustrating, all at once. The four reunited fully, and Kade was instantly struck by Sabrina, clearly head over heels obsessed. All the men nearby were, but Sabrina was only window shopping, it seemed . . . for now. They danced and drunk together, and despite himself Jason asked her questions and got to know her more. She was twenty one years old, and had only moved to the city in the last few months after travelling a lot of the world. She loved being free to do what she wanted, and was always keen for a good time, even 'experimental ones', whatever that meant. She in turn asked about him, and Tiff gave as many enthusiastic answers about what a great boyfriend he was as he gave awkward ones trying to reach for something interesting to say. For the first time in literal years, he was flustered in front of a beautiful woman. It was maddening!

Eventually, after getting tired, the four of them retreated to a corner booth.

“This is so fucking awesome!” Tiff squealed, pressing herself against him, already a quite tipsy. “I fucking love you, man!”

“Yeah, I’m well into you as well, babe,” he replied.

“No, no!” she blubbered on. “I mean I fucking love you! Seriously, we’ve been together a year and I’ve been wanting to say it. You’re the man for me, Jason Steller. You’re . . . *stellar! Ha!* I seriously big L-love you, and I’mma make out with you. Right now.”

She did, pressing herself against him in the booth they’d organised. They kissed, but Jason couldn’t find it in him to repeat her words back. Instead, his eyes wandered to Kade, who looked at the spectacle with some amusement, and then to Sabrina, who grinned somewhat mischievously, in a way he couldn’t quite interpret. Tiff didn’t seem to need an ‘I love you’ back, thankfully. Instead, she caressed him slowly, being quite the huggy drunk. But all the while, Jason couldn’t help but feel a sense of absence from her.

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It was nearly an hour later when things came to a head. Kade was bragging about his sports prowess and trying to convince Sabrina to come to see one of his games, and she seemed distinctly unimpressed. Jason left to get everyone more drinks, and Tiffany commented again on how wonderful he was, and how lucky he was going to be that night.

*Fuck, I bet I will. Just need to get that hot fucking Sabrina out of my goddamn mind.*

He visited the toilets first to relieve himself, and once he was done he headed for the bar. But he was stopped by Sabrina, who was suddenly in the backroom by the toilet entrance, still looking like a vision of sex and eroticism in her tight red dress, her perfect olive breasts pushed up into that mammoth cleavage.

“Hey there,” she said.

“Uh, hi. Are you waiting on the toilets-”

“I was waiting on *you*, silly,” she replied, her voice quite kittenish. “Buy me a drink?”

“That’s where I’m headed,” he said easily, though things didn’t feel easy at all at that point. “Is Tiff okay?”

“Oh, she’s fine. But I think we both know from the way you’ve been looking at me all night that I’m *spectacular.*”

*Oh fuck, she noticed. She noticed a lot,* he thought.

“Look, Tiffany is my girlfriend. I only just met you, but-”

“But you can’t keep your eyes off me,” she said, moving alongside him as he headed for the bar. “And I know you want me. We could have a little bit of fun together, you know. Nothing major, nothing longlasting. Just a quick little quick one, ha. I bet you want to feel these big tits, don’t you?”

He looked down at them automatically. He wanted to feel them so fucking bad it was making his dick go from half-mast to full near-instantly.

“Look, I don’t know what impression you have of me, but I love Tiff.”

“You didn’t say that before, when you had the chance,” she said, pressing herself against him. “And I have no fucking interest in letting that Kade asshole stick his cock in me. This pussy wants a guy who actually impresses it, and that’s not boasting jackoffs like him. But you’ve wanted me from the moment you saw me, and you get flustered despite being a big, hot hunk of a man. I like that. I find it cute. And naughty. C’mon, no one will be harmed. We can just have a little fun.”

It was too much for Jason. Far too much. She was pressing against him, her lips close. Those full, luscious lips. Those heaving breasts. That sweet scent of whatever perfume she was wearing.

He kissed her, and the two embraced.

“There’s a little nook nearby where no one will notice us,” she whispered in his ear. It was the hottest thing he’d ever heard.

It was a good prelude to the hottest sex he’d ever had.

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*Why the fuck did I just do that and why do I want it again so bad?*

It was the prevailing voice in Jason’s head as he fixed up his hair and clothing. The sex had been short but wild, and sure enough he’d even sucked on her large dark nipples, savouring their taste and texture and making her moan like a whore in heat. Afterwards, she’d grinned, giggled, and gotten right back to normal.

“Over and done, just like that?” he asked.

“Just like that,” she said, still smiling. “And that was good. I liked the temptation of it. The risk. You did too. Now, I can focus on other men. Don’t worry, I doubt they’ll hold up to you, but I like to be quite, well, slutty on a night like this. I’m not wearing this dress just for show, after all. I want men to *shop*.”

The comment made him chuckle, and perhaps it was just the after-sex glow, but he felt good about it.

*Now I can go back to Tiff with no guilt. Just a little fun sex on the side and now I can feel satisfied and not worry about cheating. Again.*

It was a warped logic, he knew but it seemed to work for him. So the pair exited the little closet nook where they’d fucked so briefly and fantastically, only to run straight into a woman with a sour expression on her face. She must have been a little older than them, but

she was short, squat, and pretty plain to look at. And angry, too: her arms were crossed, her expression fierce.

"I know what you did," she said. "I overheard you near the toilets, and just now. It's *disgusting*."

"Lady, do we know you?" Jason said.

"No, and you never will. I just came here for a good time, but also because I know places like this are rife with awful cheaters, just like my ex-boyfriend. Now I get to dole out punishments for people who act like him and the hussy he ended up with, and make them appreciate just how awful it is to cheat. That's what you were doing: cheating."

A shock of fear went up Jason's spine. Fear of being caught, fear of Tiff finding out, fear of Kade holding this over him.

"Look, I don't know what you think you heard, crazy lady, but-

"I heard everything."

"And we don't give a shit," Sabrina said easily. "We don't know you. Do you know us?"

The woman's expression was even more sour now. "I don't, but insofar as I know cheaters, I have a sixth sense that lets me-"

"Well, we don't care," Sabrina said. "Go find a low-range boy willing to put up with those plain looks. I'm going to go dance and find some other guys. Jason, you get the drinks and spend some time with your friends."

She said this to Jason, who nodded and began to move away from this weird woman, who continued to speak as they shifted out of her view.

"I'm cursing you both!" she declared. "You think it's okay to cheat just because you're attracted to each other? Well, why don't you try a little empathy? I'm going to make sure you never get to stay in control of your lives again! Enjoy being stuck as each other, because if you're willing to cheat for one another, then you get the whole prize, you sickos! Just like my ex did! Consider yourself hexed!"

*Fucking crazy person, Jason thought. Seriously, who the hell talks like that? Was that why she had a weird pentagram tattoo on her arm or something?*

He went and got the tray of shots from the bar, paying easily but feeling a little distracted. He almost didn't notice the bartender say, "enjoy them ma'am," but he ignored that, assuming he was talking to someone else. Instead, he walked back to the table. Weirdly, people didn't move around him like they usually did: his imposing frame made it easy to move through any crowd, but now he had to duck and weave. Worse, some of the guys were looking at him strangely. One even pursed his lips and made gross kissy noises.

"Shake that ass, hot stuff!"

"Oooh, daddy like!"

“Hey hot chick, you’re a total ten. Want to dance?”

“I’ll buy you a drink?”

It was like some weird prank on him, and one that was pissing him off, especially since one man got close enough to let his hand wander almost to Jason’s ass. He smacked it away with ease and stared daggers into the man’s face.

“Don’t you dare fucking do that to me again or I *will* deck you, got it?”

“Jesus, kitty has claws!” the man said, though he did back up. Several of his mates cracked up.

“Don’t do it bro, she’s got that crazy eye look.”

*Why the fuck are they acting like I’m a woman? And why aren’t they looking me in the eyes?*

They were looking, in fact, at his chest, which he assumed was just them sizing up his figure for a fight. But there was something weirdly . . . lusty in their gaze. Perverted. He took the tray of shots and kept moving.

“Leave her alone,” some woman said. “Dickheads like you are the reason girls travel in numbers. Back off, assholes.”

Jason passed her, but she placed a hand on his arm.

“Do you want me to escort you?” she asked. “I can pretend to be your friend.”

“I’m pretty sure I’m fine,” he said, smiling awkwardly, not even sure what to make of this. “But thanks. Those guys are just being weird.”

“They’re just being horndogs. Your dress is amazing, by the way. I wish I had a figure like that.”

*What the actual fuck?*

He separated from the woman, not even acknowledging whatever weird group prank this was, and made his way back to the table. Tiffany lit up to see him, and weirdly enough so did Kade, his eyes going wide as he took Jason in.

“Finally! The drinks!” Tiffany cried. “But Sabrina, where is Jason?”

Jason stopped, halted. Tiffany was many things, but a prankster - especially while drunk - she was not.

“What did you just call me?” he said.

“Um, Sabrina?” she replied. “Come take a seat girl! I can’t wait for my man to return! I want to get *fucked up!*”

But Jason was lost, his mind racing as he tried to ascertain what the hell was going on. One thing was for sure: things were already *fucked up*.



## Part 2

Jason briefly paused, not knowing what to even say. His girlfriend had just called him *Sabrina*, and her face was dead serious about it, even as she bounced with excitement at the prospect of more shots. She didn't look to be pranking him at all.

"Why are you calling me Sabrina?" he asked, still holding the tray of shots.

"Um, would you prefer me to call you a hot slut or something?" she asked, giggling. "I know you totally want to tear up the dance floor and find some hot guys to take home tonight."

"Tiffany, this isn't funny. I'm *Sabrina*. I mean, *I'm obviously Sabrina.*"

"That's what I'm saying!"

*What the hell? Why am I unable to say my actual name? What's wrong with me?*

Swallowing, he nearly dropped the tray. It was Kade caught them easily. His gaze lingered on Jason in a way that made the confused man deeply uncomfortable.

"Watch your step," he said easily. "Don't want to be tripping on those heels."

"What heels? I'm not wearing heels?"

Kade frowned. "Oh, I thought they were . . . I don't know women's shoes very well. Anyway, saved the drinks for you, so I'd say that deserves a shot!"

He took one and gulped it down easily. It frustrated Jason that he was having to spend time with this man, but his mind was already racing, trying to figure out what was going on. He sat down by Tiffany in the seat he'd occupied before.

"What's up, girl? You sure you haven't had too much?"

*I'm beginning to suspect I have. What the hell is happening? Was it that witch? There's no way that dumb hex thing was real, right? She said something about us being stuck as each other just because I cheated.*

His mind soured at that thought.

*No, I didn't cheat. It was just . . . stepping out for a bit. Besides, it was fucking Sabrina, man. What the hell was Tiff thinking bringing a total Ten in that kind of revealing dress to this club and having me meet her? That's self-destructive on her part, not mine! I just had to . . . get it out of my system. God, I need a drink.*

He reached and grabbed a shot to give him some liquid courage before he could think of what to do next, but a sudden strange compulsion came over him as he did. A sort of desire, or push. In his head, he could hear the strange woman's voice, the one that had cursed him.

*'Make sure to toast to the girls of the night like you're one of them, and then to the sexy boys too. It's what Sabrina would do.'*

"What the hell?" he said.

"What's wrong, Sabrina?"

“I’m not - I’m Sabrina!” he replied, unable to stop his tongue from working on its own.  
“It’s nothing, alright. I just need a drink.”

“We should toast to all the -”

“No toasting, no way,” he said. He managed to push his will past the strange compulsion and gulp down his drink. It proved to be a mistake.

*‘Fine, fine. Ignore the compulsions at your peril . . . Sabrina.’*

Tiffany looked disappointed at her ‘friend’, but Jason was far more concerned with the voice in his head. It was that woman, the one that had claimed to curse him and Sabrina. And worse, her words were accompanied by a strange tingling on his lips, and in his hands. Shaking, he lowered the shot glass and stared in horror as his nails lengthened. He was a habitual nailbiter, much to his shame, but now those nails became elegant and perfect, of a length that was far more feminine, especially since red polish suddenly appeared upon them.

“What - that’s not - the fuck!?”

“Sabrina, are you okay?” Kade asked.

“You aren’t seeing this?”

“Seeing what?” Tiffany interjected.

“My hands! Look! They’re changing? You can’t see?”

He held up his hands, trying to ignore the strange sensation of the flesh warping and changing. His fingers reduced in length, but much more in width as well. Men never really thought much about his hands, and being a bit of a gym guy, he supposed his were a little bit sausage-like in some respects. Now, however, they reduced in size, slimming down to become positively dainty. The same was true of his palms, which lost the hair on the back of them, and shrunk proportionately with the fingers. The skin blemishes, the calloused bits from playing sport, the little scars from playing knuckles with the other boys when he was young, they all disappeared. In mere moments his hands were almost an exact replica for Sabrina’s hands, albeit without her olive skin tone. They looked ridiculous at the ends of his lean, albeit muscular male arms.

“Holy shit,” he said, trying to ignore the tingle in his lips. They felt like something was being *injected* into them, and true enough they puffed up a little, the lower lips especially, becoming full and womanly; of that he had exceedingly little doubt, given the state of his hands.

“I think *someone* has had a bit too much to drink,” Kade said.

“Yeah, or something else,” Tiffany added, smirking. “Are you sure you haven’t been slipped something, hun? Seriously, Sabrina, this is so unlike you. What’s going on? Are you seeing something?”

*‘Better deny it, Sabrina. Stay in character, unless you want another change. Sabrina has lovely little feet, after all . . .’*

The voice whispered in his mind, freaking Jason the hell out. He managed to clench his new hands, feeling the longer nails dig into his palms subtly.

"I'm - no, I'm fine. I was just pointing out my nail polish," he said weakly. "Look how they change under the light, isn't that cool?"

Both figures looked at his nails, and sure enough the neon lights did reflect well off of them in the club. Tiffany beamed.

"Oh yeah, they look psychedelic as! I'll have to get that polish."

"They look pretty hot," Kade said, and Jason tried not to barf. His mind was putting all the pieces together and working out what was going on.

"I need to go to the toilet," he said abruptly, standing up.

"Again already?"

"Y-yeah. You know us guys - I mean, shit! Us girls!"

'*Too late,*' the witch's voice boomed in his mind. '*That was a slip up. Try not to slip up!*'

Jason's eyes went wide. He quickly turned on the spot and moved as quickly as he could away from the table. He needed to find Sabrina - the *real* Sabrina, and talk to her. She would be able to help, or at least know the real truth of what was going on. But first he needed some privacy to get his thoughts straight. He made straight for the bathroom, right near where that damn seductive beauty had first propositioned him.

*Goddamn it, why did I let her convince me to fuck her? I should have turned tail and ran! Or at least organised to fuck her later! God, it was just one mistake! I'm sorry, God! If you are up there, use your magic to change me back or something! This witch thing isn't fair!*

But there was no answer, holy or otherwise. Instead, his feet began to tingle and change.

"No! Goddamn it! Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

No one could hear him over the loud beat of the music, though once more plenty of men were looking at him.

"Nice heels!" one said. "Give you a nice strut, sexy!"

"Fuck you!" Jason spat, but the man's words made him wince, because at that very moment his feet shrunk significantly, becoming small and dainty much as his hands had. He had to actually grab onto a man's shoulder to steady himself, and the man laughed, trying to catch Jason's fall.

"Hey, had enough to drink? I can help you dance, if you want? You can lean against me?"

Jason was repulsed, and pushed away from the man. He only barely managed to keep on his feet, because his shoes reformed, losing much of their mass and instead becoming a set of high heels. He staggered, struggling to walk.

And then suddenly he didn't.

*'Just a little mental change to help you along. More to come if you don't play your role right. I said you'd understand each other, you two cheaters.'*

"Screw you," Jason spat to the air. He waltzed forward, now easily walking on heels. Humiliatingly, his ass swayed sensually from side to side, looking goddamn hot to the various men - and even some women - who only saw him as Sabrina. One hand even slapped his behind as he went, and Jason punched the man right in the mouth, causing his friends to laugh.

"I'm not a goddamn woman!" he yelled.

Again the voice returned. *'You are really not good at this, are you? Remember to act your part! Sabrina has to do the same, and she's struggling too. Why don't I give you some further incentive, as well as a dose of reality on exactly why that man just pinched your delightful rump!'*

Jason was nearly to the bathrooms, only to groan as another change took place. As expected, it was his rear that changed this time, and - volume wise - it was the largest change yet.

"Nhgghh!" he grunted. "Ohhhh! No! Ahhh, fuck!"

It wasn't painful, far from it; it was oddly pleasurable. Somehow, that made it even worse. His ass swelled dramatically, becoming large and voluminous and stretching the very confined of his pants until they too reformed a little just to give some extra space. Sabrina had a fantastic ass, and now he did too: a near identical one, if not as wide due to the lack of womanly hips. Still, the flesh *bounced*, cheeks full and gorgeous - that is, if they were on anyone else.

*Get your head in the game Jason, he thought to himself. She's changing you every time you don't act like a fucking chick. Play the part for now, you idiot!*

But it was easier said than done. He kept a lookout for Sabrina, but she was nowhere to be seen. Instead, he found the bathrooms and entered, intent on viewing his own changed appearances - especially the lips he hadn't yet seen - and to put a private plan together.

Too bad he entered the wrong bathroom. The male one.

"Oh," he said to himself, instantly realising as numerous men turned his way and smirked. "Fuck."

"Fuck yeah, more like," one of them said. "There's a free stall at the back."

"Yeah, no thank you," Jason said. "I don't sleep with guys."

He turned around and exited. The female one had a line, but he barged through anyway, finding a space despite the complaints.

*'That was very rude. Sabrina respects female etiquette, you know. It's a girl thing at clubs. Perhaps you'd understand better if you were clothed like one - no bathroom mistakes that way either!'*

"Stop this!" he yelled, uncaring how many of the women in the bathroom heard him. "I don't deserve this! Just because I did a little cheating-

*'A little cheating Oh, you have no idea what it's like to be cheated on. Don't worry though, you'll have plenty of partners soon. Remember, Sabrina likes to get lucky a lot, and always with lots of men! And she has a lot of success when she dresses up like . . . this!'*

Jason gave a defeated sigh as his clothes reweaved, joining together to become a single fabric. To his dismay, his underwear became women's lingerie, tight about his cock in a way that was deeply uncomfortable. His smart shirt and trousers became Sabrina's low cut red dress with its thigh-high hem, revealing his hairy thighs. It stretched tight on his shoulders and waist, looking ridiculous in the mirror reflection.

"I look like a hermaphrodite or something," he said. Anger boiled inside him as he took in the sight of his changes. His lips were indeed like Sabrina's, the kind that he would have loved to have wrapped around his cock, and had been so marvellous to kiss just earlier that night. He had good memories of those kisses, and they would have remained good, were it not for the fact that they were *his* lips now.

"Just gotta work this out," he whispered under his breath as numerous other ladies moved about, entering and leaving. "Number one: I've been cursed, so magic is real. Number two, every time I don't act how Sabrina would, I get changed further. Number three, Sabrina is changing too, probably into me. Number four, I fucked up - a little - with Sabrina, and that's why this is happening. Just gotta figure it out, maybe come clean. Maybe wait on that actually. Maybe just find Sabrina and we can find this witch."

It was a barebones plan, but it was the best he had. The dress felt odd on him, revealing far too much, but a small part of his brain made it feel a little more natural, just as it felt natural to walk in sexy red pump heels or let his ass shake a little from side to side. Something about the magic was compelling him to act in character: he could fight it easily, but it was increasingly feeling like a default setting he had to rail against, something which terrified him.

He left the bathroom, moving with as much confidence as he could muster around to the dance floor, intent on finding Sabrina. Unfortunately, someone else found him first, and it was the man from the male toilet block. He was reasonably tall, with just a little bit of a gut, and he looked at Jason like he was some feast to be gobbled up. His gaze lingered on the changing man's torso, as if those magnificent F-cup breasts belonging to Sabrina were already on his chest.

"Nice," he said. "Remember me?"

“Look, I’m in a hurry,” Jason said, trying to move past him to the main club area.

“Wait, just a moment! I was wondering if you wanted to dance? Or, if you want, we could go a little further. I’ve seen you around here quite a few times. I know you have a spot you like to take men and . . . do things with them. I could do things with you, you know.”

Jason was about to punch him, or say something suitably manly, but he quickly remembered the nature of the curse.

*Oh shit. Oh shit. I don’t have to go through with this, do I?*

The voice gave a quick reply, giggling. *‘It’s what Sabrina would do. She loves having her needs filled. Guess you’ll have to choose - another change, or a little friskiness?’*

Jason swallowed. The prospect either way was horrible, but he had no idea if he was going to change permanently once it was all finished. His heart raced in his chest, and a terrible shiver came over him. Worse, there was that compulsion. That low-lying but insistent reminder that yes, indeed, *this is what Sabrina would do.*

“F-fine,” he said, trying to sound uninterested. “Just a goddamn quickie, alright?”

*‘You can do better sexy talk than that, but it’s a start.’*

“Hell yeah,” the man said. “I’m Mark.”

“And I’m . . . Sabrina,” Jason said, unable to say anything else. “Let’s go and . . . have a real good time. Hot boy.”

The voice giggled in his mind. *‘Hot boy? Oh, you are bad at this. I’m going to give you a boost, to help you along.’*

Jason could have screamed. *I don’t want any of your help! I just want to be me again!*

But it was too late, because as he moved back to Sabrina’s little fuck den where he’d ploughed her not too long ago, new thoughts and words bubbled into his head and came out of his mouth.

“When we do this, would you like to *fuck me or have me go down on your big, hard dick, sexy?*”

Mark bit his lip, he was so excited. He opened the door and the two entered the hidden space, and he was already tearing at his pants. “Oh man, I’d love to have you suck my dick, but those tits are too divine. I want to fuck you against the wall while I feel them.”

Jason couldn’t decide which option was worse. *How is this even going to work? It’s not like I actually - OHHH!! OH SHIT!’*

Mark was already against him, feeling his body, rubbing his flat chest and commenting on how ‘amazing’ and ‘huge’ his tits were. Worse, his dick was hard against Jason’s ass, and only getting hard. It felt massive.

It felt *hot*.

*Shit, why do I feel this way? Why the actual freaking fucking FUCK is this turning me on!?*

It was Sabrina's instincts, of course, and the magic guiding them. The excitement she would have felt was infecting him, and he found himself pressing his ass back against Mark, even as he lifted Jason's red dress.

"Oh yeah, you're so fucking wet," Mark said. He reached around, and to Jason's surprise and horror, began stroking Jason's cock . . . very successfully. The poor man was bewildered and horny as hell. His new lover was pressing his dick against Jason's ass, all while stroking his cock.

"Mhmmm, such a wet pussy you have. I bet you love it when I rub your clit like this, right?"

Jason gasped. He was unable to correct the man, and briefly did not want to. "Y-yeahh," he moaned. "I - ohhhh God, that f-feels amazing. *Why don't you fuck my dripping pussy already and make me moan, gorgeous?*"

Mark didn't even reply. Instead, he *entered* Jason. The changing man groaned as, for the first and hopefully last time, a fully erect penis pushed into his asshole, penetrating him. The man continued to fondle Jason, drawing him nearer and nearer to climax. He thrust a good number of times, and Jason found himself thrusting too, trying to imagine he was fucking a hot woman, though nothing could be further from the truth.

"Yes!" he cried. "Fuck me! Fuck me like I'm actually a - ahhh! YESSSS!!!"

Mark exploded within her, grunting in bliss as he came. Jason felt the tidal wave of cum entered him, and with that, he came too, spreading his seed on the wall right before him. Humiliation and rage burned within him. He had been victim to the compulsions, to the magic and instincts and words he'd been forced to say, but there was a far darker aspect.

*Oh God, I did that willingly. I went along with it. Mark thinks he's just had sex with the hottest woman in existence, and while he fucked me, I felt like that woman.*

The voice returned. *'Because you were that woman, Sabrina, or you will be so. You played your part perfectly. No more changes for now!'*

Anger boiled inside Jason. He pulled his dress down after Mark extracted himself, and without another word he moved as quickly as he could, dashing away from the man.

"Hey, did you enjoy it?" he called, but Jason didn't care to respond. He moved to the club, uncaring how frazzled he looked, or how much his ass was shaking. He needed to end this. He needed to change back. He needed to find Sabrina.

He found her quicker than he thought, up on the dance floor.

Just not how he wanted to find her.

"Tiffany, what the fuck are you doing with *Jason?*" he cried, though he'd meant to say 'Sabrina.'

The pair just barely managed to hear him over the din of the music. They were dancing together, embracing, their lips locked onto one another in a passionate kiss.

Sabrina's ass was deflated, and she was wearing a set of trousers and male shirt that was too big for her. Her lips were without lipstick, and she appeared wider in the shoulders. Her breasts were smaller, though still in existence. And her eyes were filled with recognition of his own changes too.

"Er, kissing my awesome boyfriend?" Tiffany answered, before kissing Sabrina passionately on the neck again. "What do you think? Are you okay?"

Jason quaked. It was all too much. *This* was too much.

"Get away from him!" he cried. "You're meant to be mine! I just did something unfathomable just to keep you!"

He said it loud enough that several people were startled, and Tiffany most of all.

*'Uh oh,' the voice said. 'Going waaaaay off script here. But cheaters never prosper, so why don't I remind you - again - that you are Sabrina. And this change will go straight to the heart of the matter. Or, at least, the two big tits that sit over said heart.'*

Jason's chest began to tingle, all while he tried to think of how to explain himself. But it was too late; he was about to grow a big pair of tits to fill his new red dress.

### **Part 3:**

Bad enough that he already had Sabrina's fantastic ass, and her dick-sucking lips, not to mention her hands and feet and general sexy sway when she walked. Now Jason felt his chest pressurise within the red dress that was awkwardly placed upon his form.

"Oh God!" he moaned, placing his hands on his chest. "No no no no no, I didn't mean it! You can't do this to me! I don't want big tits!"

Tiffany looked at him like he was utterly insane. "Er, what the fuck are you talking about Sabrina? Are you drunker than usual?"

Jason looked at his girlfriend, who clearly just saw him as Sabrina still. He tried to explain, but the voice of the witch in his head warned him again.

*'Oh, you want to speedrun this transformation, do you? Because after these tits I can give you a nice wet pussy to go along with it, and the hungry need to satisfy it with a man? Or would you prefer to take it from behind again like a good girl and play your part, keep what manhood you've got left?'*

It was an incredibly cruel taunt, and one that made tears bubble up into Jason's eyes. He had no idea how to get out of this, but he simply *had* to play along. He didn't want to even imagine getting stuck as a full woman.



After all, he was already about to develop a woman's breasts. A very well-endowed woman's breasts.

"J-just a bit silly, honey!" she replied to Tiffany, struggling to speak as the pressure grew and grew. "I'm sooooo jealous you've got such a hot boyfriend. I really want to, uh, get lucky tonight!"

Another push, another rippling of flesh. Already his nipples were expanding, growing, becoming large and feminine, complete with visible areolas. His dress was loose around the chest, allowing him to see the development, but soon his body hair was withdrawing, and two large lumps pushing forward.

"Ohhhh," he moaned, before covering his mouth.

"Are you sure you're alright?" Tiffany asked. "You're acting a little out of character."

*'Yes, you are, Sabrina. Maybe we should remind you to play along. One extra little change to go along with the rest.'*

His skin began to darken. The real Sabrina was looking his way with alarm. She had her arm around Tiffany's waist, acting the part of Jason, but soon she too grunted a little in a lower voice, wincing as her reduced but still magnificent chest began to deflate.

"Goddamn it!" he exclaimed, and while no one was looking at him, he raised a hand to his breasts as they fell away. His expression was more womanly than masculine; his lips were pouting, despite now being thin. Despite being like Jason's.

*She's becoming me and I'm b-becoming her! And now I'm getting her h-huge F-cup tits! FUCK! FUCK! F-OHHHH!!!*

He moaned. He was unable *not* to. The pressure was immense, and it would have to be. Sabrina's boobs were *huge*, and now he was growing them. He tried to push the flesh back in as it expanded forth, but nothing on heaven or earth could stop the growth that was coming, and all he could do was experience the utterly alien sensation of soft flesh forming into great hills where his pecs used to be.

"S-so big!"

*'Yes, so very big! You certainly chose a specimen to cheat with, didn't you Jason? Well, now you get to experience all that wonderful wobbling and jiggling and bouncing and back pain. Not to mention all those stares! Cheaters never prosper, though perhaps you might if you come to get used to those heavy new globes of yours!'*

And globes they absolutely were. They filled the red dress, straining the material until they could push out no more. With no other space to go to, they lifted upwards, squeezing together wonderfully to produce a line of delectable cleavage as seemingly deep as the Mariana Trench. With each breath they surged upwards, becoming rounded and fuller and still pert given their remarkable size. Jason gasped as they reached their zenith, now a whopping pair of F-cups. They were identical to Sabrina's in every way, and even more so

because his pigmentation was continuing to alter, becoming her perfect olive tone. In moments, not only had Jason developed a massive pair of melons, but his race had changed as well. He looked at the real Sabrina, who still shared the same colour as him. She shook her head quickly as if to tell him to say nothing, then pointed across the club back to where they'd had their little fling.

*Yes, we absolutely need to talk about how I've got your fucking heavy tits now!*

Tiff raised an eyebrow. "Sabrina, are you sure you're okay? Maybe you should have a seat."

"Yeah, have a seat Sabrina. There's one free next to me."

It was Kade that said that, and it revolted Jason to even think of sitting next to him. But that reminder was in his head now: *I've got to play along and be good, otherwise I'll change more. Shit!*

He gave a look to Sabrina that tried to communicate this, and the woman who was rapidly turning into a man nodded. There were more shots on the table courtesy of her, but Tiff placed her hand over them as Jason went to grab one to cool his nerves.

"Are you sure, honey?" she asked.

Jason swallowed. The mere act made his boobs shift a little. God, they were huge. And heavy! How could Sabrina stand it? He didn't even want to think about how big his nipples were now, or his ass. Just wearing a dress was weird enough, even worse now that it was starting to fit.

"I'm definitely sure, trust me," he said, then decided to add a little Sabrina flourish. "Girls just wanna have fun, right?"

Tiff laughed. "Sure thing! Had much luck out there with the boys?"

"Too much," he muttered to himself. The real Sabrina coughed on her shot as she drank, and spent several seconds continuing to cough.

"Everything all right babe?" Tiffany asked, cosying up against 'him.' The awkward Sabrina managed to contain 'himself.'

"Yeah, fine. Just fine. You don't need to hold me like that, Tiff. It's weird."

Tiff pulled back, and Jason could see that Sabrina immediately regretted it. She grunted as her skin began to lighten right before his eyes, until she was now as Caucasian as he *had* been. She even had some hair on her larger arms, and what looked like some on her upper chest, from what he could see. She looked utterly distraught.

*It's the same rules for her. She has to act like me.*

She immediately apologised and pulled Tiffany closer, and then to Jason's shame and anger, kissed her as well. Tiffany moaned in Sabrina's mouth, and the pair kissed a little longer.

*It's not fair. Not fucking fair!*

Things only got worse, because it was at that point that fucking Kade placed his hand on Jason's thigh and leaned over a little.

"Hey, you look pretty damn hot tonight," he said. "I can't keep my eyes off you."

Jason could have thrown up. Not only was Kade a damn nuisance and a rival who always tried to one up him, but now he was *hitting* on him!?

*No fucking way.*

He instinctively pushed the hand away, only to immediately regret it as the witch's voice entered his ear.

*'You have to be kidding me. You can't play your part for just one minute? And after such a fine performance taking cock before! Perhaps a sweet song will make you better . . .'*

"No, I didn't mean -"

But it was too late. Jason's throat clenched, his Adam's apple disappearing away. At the same time, his waist pulled in, invisible hands tightening it so that he now developed a more hourglass figure. This was particularly obvious from the way his hips creaked outwards, spreading wider. They were not fully to Sabrina's impressive childbearing quality, but damn nice still. Except they were now on *him*. His thighs even softened, legs becoming more womanly just for Kade's hand. Jason worked quick to grab said hand and place it right back on that thigh, to forestall the changes.

"Sorry," he purred, "I was just surprised by you, Kade." He stopped for just a moment. Sabrina went wide-eyed. Both of them had heard his voice. It was now identical to hers.

*I even sound like her now. When will this fucking end?*

Kade simply grinned, and took the initiative to place his arm around Jason's shoulders. "That's okay. I know I can be a little intimidating. But trust me, I'm a big softie at heart."

*Ugh. He sucks so fucking much. And now his arm's over me. Worse, my damn nipples are going all stiff! What the hell is wrong with this body!?*

Kade grinned, sliding a little closer so that he was pressed against Jason. In competition, Tiffany did the same to Sabrina, and now the two couples were getting far too lovey-dovey and hot and heavy, with only Jason and Sabrina knowing what was going on. Kade whispered in Jason's ear.

"What say we find a place to have a little fun?"

Warning bells sounded in Jason's head. He'd already had sex with one dude, and now the worst possible dude of all was making the same suggestion again. Worse, he couldn't exactly refuse, because Sabrina was obviously quite the slutty party girl in personality, sleeping with men with wild abandon and enjoying multiple partners in a single night when she wanted. Even now, Jason felt his heavy new tits become a little warmer, his nipples brushing against the fabric of the dress and causing pleasurable sensations. He

remembered the other man's cock sliding into his rear, and how horrible and wonderful it had been. The witch was making this torture.

*Got to think fast. Got to think fast.*

"S-sure thing, babe," he said in his new, sensual voice, sliding his hand up Kade's thigh. He stopped short of the obvious hardness in the man's pants. The impressively sized hardness. Instead, he whispered back in the man's ear.

"But first I have to freshen up. You know, to look perfect and stuff for you."

*'I'll allow it,'* came the witch's voice. *'But you can't hold this off forever, new girl.'*

Jason stood, made a quick head jerk gesture to the real Sabrina, and marched off to the toilets. Sabrina stood as well and followed not long after, giving enough time to not make it obvious to Tiff and Kade that something weird was up. The changing pair retreated to the spot where they'd had their fling and found some privacy. As soon as Sabrina shut the door she freaked.

"What the fuck is happening to us!?" she declared, voice lower than usual. "You've got my tits! My fucking tits! I want them back!"

"It's the witch!" Jason declared. "Can't you hear her in your head?"

"Of course I can, she keeps taunting me! She makes fun of how flat-chested I am. Goddamn it, this is not how I wanted the night to go. I was just going to seduce some fine me, enjoy a bit of fun, take a man home with me and spend the night moaning. Now I'm terrified of growing a goddamned dick, all thanks to you."

"Thanks to me? You seduced me!"

"It takes two to tango, partner. You were more than happy for me to take your cock, just like you were happy to give it."

Jason clenched his daintified fists. "Damn it! You're right. Whatever, we both did this to ourselves. The question is, how do we turn back?"

"I have no idea, but every time I don't act properly like you, my body changes further. My voice is going deeper, I'm growing muscles, and even my clothes . . ."

She indicated to the fact that beneath her dress were a pair of masculine pants covering her legs. In all the craziness, Jason hadn't even noticed this particular change. He indicated to his dress, which was now clinging tightly to his feminine form. He'd been much worse at adapting than Sabrina.

"Well, you can see it's the same for me," he replied in his gorgeous new voice. "I need you to take these boobs back. They're heavy, and they're always shifting about."

Sabrina actually laughed. "Oh yeah, they'll do that alright! You can't believe how much trouble they were when they were growing back in high school." Her expression became sad. "And now I don't even have them. God, I can't stop looking at them!"

Jason felt awkward under that stare. *Shit, is she also getting weird feelings with the opposite sex?*

Both blushed and looked away.

"We have to find this witch," he said. "She's the only one that can turn us back. We just have to apologise, or convince her, or even grab her and-"

"I wouldn't suggest grabbing me," came a familiar voice, only this time it wasn't in their ears. They both turned, gasping in feminine voices. The plain-faced woman with the average figure and too much clothes for a club was in the extended closet space with them, as if she had been there the entire time. She had her arms crossed, and was looking at them with an amused expression.

"You!" they said at once.

"Yes, me. And no, you aren't getting a name. And if you so much as try to grab me I will make damn *sure* you have a much worse fate in mind."

"Why are you doing this to us?" Sabrina asked, gesturing to her mannish form.

"I thought I'd made that obvious, honey. I'm transforming you because I hate cheaters. I was cheated on, and it damn well made my life hell until I discovered my powers. Cheaters are the lowest form of insect, and I like to crush them beneath my heel with some well-deserved disproportionate retribution. Besides, you mocked my looks, and now you can enjoy never having yours again."

"Y-you don't mean-"

The woman sighed. "Well, I suppose there is a *chance* that you can get your lives back. *If* you play your parts perfectly, and do everything the other would do. Compare notes and lives and styles, and enjoy some nice sex with your new partners. Ha! Won't that be fun."

"I've already-"

But she held up a hand, stopping Jason's words. "Only in the ass, dear. You're going to have a bit more change to come. I think you're going to use your new, luscious lips on that Kade fellow. The one always bragging about his future sports career. Girls like Sabrina love hot sports guys, right Sabrina?"

The real Sabrina nodded sadly.

"Just like you'll *love* fucking your friend Tiffany, now that she's your girlfriend. Oh, that will be awkward, I'm sure. Not that she'll be able to notice! So why don't you two get to it? If you manage to have some fondling fun and seal the deal in the way I've just selected, then you can get your bodies and lives back. But you only have till midnight. After that, well, you can enjoy being a top-heavy slut for the rest of your life, Jason, and you Sabrina being all hairy and having a cock, and never having guys look at you the same way again. Deal?"

Neither of them spoke.

*This is insane, Jason thought. It's already 11.25! We have almost no time!*

But the witch didn't seem to care. "Why am I even extending my hand? I set the terms, and it's my hex. Go on now, you've only got thirty five minutes. Oh, and don't rush off too quickly. You'll need to compare some notes to get the performances all on point. Ta-da!"

She turned, opened the door, and left, leaving the two to look at one another. As a final gift, Jason cringed as his face began to reconfigure. His nose became smaller, his cheekbones more pronounced, and his hair darker and longer. Sabrina's face changed too, to the point where they both looked far more like the other than themselves.

"Shit," he said.

"Oh God," she replied, tears welling in her eyes.

"We need to act fast! T-tell me everything about what I should do with Kade."

"Including how I go about sex?"

Jason winced. *God, that's what she meant, wasn't it?*

"Y-yes. Tell me that. And I'll tell you what I do with Tiffany. We don't have much fucking time, Sabrina! We've got till midnight, and I don't want these huge jugs forever!"

"Well, I don't want your hairy chest or your little square hips forever! And all these muscles are just gross!"

"We're wasting time. What should I do with Kade?"

Sabrina got a hold of herself and quickly began to explain her 'usual' modes of seduction, and how she went about bedroom manners. He was familiar with some of it from their earlier sex, but the new parts made him all the more anxious as she described her very female forms of pleasuring a man, and herself, including how she used the big tits that were now on his chest. She even told him the things she usually said, or moaned, or cried out. He tried to take it in as quickly as possible, but the seconds were shifting. He grabbed her wrist and pulled her out of the empty storage room when it was his turn, and began talking on the go.

"Tiffany loves compliments. She's sensitive about her boobs sometimes, so mention them a heap as something you like. She liked it when I caressed her hips. I usually don't use, like, verbal cues or whatever. I give her a wink and nudge in the right direction. She won't want to have sex here, so you'll have to be really convincing and maybe put a wandering hand under the table. God, what else do I do? Uh, she likes foreplay, but knows I'm impatient. When you're going, just keep hammering her until you cum. She knows I get greedy sometimes. Fuck! That's all I can think of. I usually just make noises and groan."

"Is that it?"

He gave her a look. "You were literally just describing how you like to lick a man's dick before taking him in! I've given you something way more practical."

She scoffed. "Practical? I've got fucking cliff notes. My techniques work. Just you try! If you had lube on you it'd be a sell!"

"Shhh! We just have to do this. We're nearly at the table. Just grit your teeth and get it done, Sabrina. I refuse to be stuck as a slut."

"Hmmpf, and I refuse to be stuck as a totally average male chump. Let's do this."

They made their way to the table, and Jason put his best sexy walk on, not that he couldn't anyway thanks to the curse. His hips swayed delightfully on approach to Kade, drawing the man's attention. Jason closed his eyes for a brief moment.

*Okay, here we go.*

He took on the role of Sabrina, and readied to seduce the haughty jock he hated so much.

#### **Part 4:**

Jason's mind buzzed with anxiety and trepidation as he moved right up to Kade. He needed to come across strong; there was no time at all for pussyfooting around. Not unless he *wanted* to grow a pussy. It was literally the only part of Sabrina that he hadn't ended up adopting, and it was only a matter of time before the witch cursed him with womanhood for real.

*Not unless I suck this asshole's cock and swallow his cum. Gross!*

Still, he had a desperate part to play. It was the *only* part to play, if it meant being Jason again and not some hot party girl slut.

"Hey there, big fella," she purred, putting her arm over his shoulder. He was still seated, nursing a drink. He smirked up at her, and to the transformation man's frustration, it was actually quite a dashing smile.

*Stupid fucking female brain starting to get to me. I do not want to find this dickhead attractive.*

"Well, look who's back all freshened up," he said. "You look hot as fuck, babe."

"Don't call me babe yet," he said, truly meaning it. But he quickly changed course, remembering what tact he needed to take. "That is, not until you've *made me moan*, hot guy."

*Hot guy? What kind of flirting is this? I hope he just thinks I'm tipsy.*

To his credit, he didn't laugh. Or perhaps he was too busy eyeing Jason's huge tits in his sexy red dress to really care. He cast an amused look at Sabrina, thinking she was the real Jason, and smirked. Sabrina just shrugged and went back to talking to Tiffany, who was

starting to put her hand on Sabrina's arm. Clearly, whatever she was whispering across the table was working.

*That's me she's playing! This isn't fair. I can fuck this guy and wash my brain out with bleach later, but she's going to fuck my girlfriend! Not fair!*

Of course, the witch's voice carried in his thoughts mere moments later, taunting him about just that.

*'Oh, so now you care about your girlfriend? You didn't care about her when you were fucking the darling body you now own.'*

*I don't own it yet, he thought. I'm going to suck this guy's cock before midnight, just you watch.*

*'Oh, I wouldn't miss it for the world. I bet you wish you could though, cheater.'*

He snarled briefly, only to realise Kade was saying something.

"You okay?"

"S-sorry. Had something caught in my throat. It's too loud in here! Let's go elsewhere and, you know . . . have some fun."

Just saying the words was disgusting enough, but it was far worse that Kade beamed from ear to ear. He rose from his seat and dared to put a hand around Jason's slim, feminine waist.

"Fuck yeah," he said. "Want to come back to mine?"

"As long as you get me there as fast as possible," he replied. "Before midnight."

Tiffany chuckled across the table. "Ha! We must all be in the mood! My Jason here just said the same thing to me. Must be something in these drinks, right?"

"Right," Jason said, trying to disguise his rising anxiousness with a smile.

"Right," Sabrina said, doing the same.

Both gave each other a look that told the same story: *Just get it done and we go our separate ways. So long as I get my body back.*

Jason checked his watch. He had a little less than an hour. *Kade better drive fast.*

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Kade did drive fast. *Very* fast. It was obvious he had parents with money, because there was no way he would have been able to afford the Porsche he had, especially not with the way he drove it. He was being a total alpha male chud trying to show off his sick ride, but Jason's new female hormones and general terror over everything was only making him clench his eyes shut and try not to squirm too obviously. The fact that Kade kept caressing his bare soft thigh and eyeing his cleavage while turning corners only made it all the worse.



*Don't say a thing don't say a thing don't say a thing. Just get there, suck his cum out, and wham! I should be back to normal.*

"You okay?" Kade asked. "It's a nice ride, isn't it? I can go slower if you want."

"Yes! I mean, don't. I like fast cars. I like men with fast cars even m-more."

*Damn, that was actually really fucking hot the way I said it.*

Kade grinned. "Well, it's my lucky day then. But don't worry Sabrina. When it comes to *other* things, I never go too fast. I always make sure everyone is happy. *Really happy.*"

Jason bit his lip, rubbing his thighs together a little. *Christ, how did that sound hot? The fuck is wrong with me!*

It reminded him of how he'd orgasmed when the other man had him up the ass. It had been so fucking wrong, yet so weirdly exquisite. Now, his big dark nipples were hardening against his dress rather obviously. His crotch was beginning to moisten.

*Wait? Moisten? I don't have a . . .*

Horror crept over him. He wasn't hard. He wasn't *hard*. If he was turned on, why wasn't he . . .

*You better not have done this witch. You better not!*

*'Oh, just check out and see, little man. Or should I say little woman? Though not so little in the chest area, are you? Ha!'*

He lowered a hand down, slipping it under the short hem of his red dress, and felt at his sexy dark lingerie. The transforming man shuddered. There was nothing there. No, worse than nothing. He traced his fingers over the edges of his new feminine folds, the womanly slit that would lead to a vagina, that itself in turn would lead to a womb and pair of ovaries. How had he not noticed? But then one didn't often think about one's penis when not using it. Now that he had, the absence was distinct.

"Oh God," he stammered. "Ohhhhh . . ."

"Holy fuck, that's hot!"

Jason turned his head and realised Kade was watching. From his perspective, it looked like Jason-as-Sabrina was masturbating in preparation.

"I didn't realise you were so fucking horny!" he exclaimed.

"I'm not," he said. "I'm . . . I mean of course I am. But y-you know what would really get me off: getting to suck your cock. As soon as possible!"

Kade pulled over so quickly that Jason thought he would topple out of his seat. Thankfully, the seat belt pulled tight between his boobs, only making them more obviously pronounced.

"It's an empty street," Kade said. "We could be really naughty and do some stuff for each other right here?"

*Oh. Oh fuck. I'm going to seriously give him road head. This is a thing I'm going to have to do. FUCK.*

Somewhere, the witch bitch was laughing. But Jason had no choice: it was either do the deed now while he still had plenty of time, or end up being the kind of woman that gave road head *forever*.

Kade's hand continued to paw his thigh, but it was drawing closer to his new vulva. Jason moaned softly, both from the feeling and the sense that this is what he should be doing. He squeezed his mammoth tits together with his upper arms and undid his seatbelt. Kade did the same.

"I really want to fuck you," Kade said. "I've been with plenty of hot girls before, but none as totally hot as you. You're seriously a ten out of ten, sexy."

*God, he's so crap. He better not have a bib dick. I don't think I could -*

But Kade was already getting ahead of himself, unbuckling his pants and freeing his cock. It was indeed big, bigger than Jason's had been. For all that Jason felt he had punched above his weight class repeatedly in dating and sex, he'd always been an average-sized guy between the legs. Kade was on another leg. His erect penis was huge and throbbing, with a noticeable vein down the size. It made him as disgusted as he was secretly excited.

*That's hot as fuck. I mean Jesus, what the hell was that thought!?*

Jason licked his full lips, eliciting another moan, this one deliberately. His heart pounded in his chest, and his unfamiliarly soft skin crawled as well. But he needed to do this.

*I can do this. I can do this. And I am not going to enjoy it.*

Kade's fingers played at his panties, increasing the moistness in his new, foreign tunnel. This could go so many ways, but the witch had told him to give a blowjob, and that seemed the least bad of all options right now.

"N-no," he stammered. "Stop. I want to go down on you. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"As long as I get to feel those massive tits while you do," Kade said brazenly. He brazenly reached out and squeezed one, shocking Jason, who slapped him immediately.

"Hey, what the fuck? I thought we were -"

"Sorry, it was just unexpected! Let me make it up to you!"

"Yeah, I know a way," Kade said. "These seats recline. A blowjob sounds great, but why not the whole deal?"

"N-no. The blowjob! I really want to suck your cock. Um, pretty please?"

Kade chuckled. "Well, you *are* feisty, just like your reputation! How about this: you can make up for slapping me by letting me fuck you the old-fashioned way. I've got condoms, don't worry. *Then* you can suck my dick."

“We can’t do it the other way? Seriously?”

Kade leaned back, folding his hands behind his head. “You are seriously hot Sabrina, but you also look horny as hell. Besides, I like taking charge. Are we gonna do this?”

Jason gulped. All because of one slap? Christ, Kade was an asshole.

“F-fine!” he erupted. “Get the seats back. Fuck me quickly!”

“Oh, I’ll fuck you. But we’ll do it in such a way that you won’t know what hit you. Trust me, I’m good at this.”

“Then stop wasting time and - MMPH!!”

Kade kissed him, pulling Jason closer to him and squeezing his breasts again. “You are so fucking hot, Sabrina. So fucking hot. I want to *feel* those big tits while I fuck you.”

Jason squirmed, aroused and angered by his dominating response. No wonder Kade had less luck with women than him: the dude came on way too strong. Still, he allowed Kade to have his fun, and the two worked to remove both the man’s shirt and the new woman’s dress and bra, freeing her huge boobs. They swung heavily as they both reclined the seats, giving a lot more space in the car. Kade needed little more permission at that stage: he arranged Jason more forcefully than necessary and positioned himself over her.

“I’m going to suck on those perfect nipples,” he said.

*Did he think that sounded sexy? He sounds more like a serial killer than a - ohhhh!  
Oh f-fuck that f-feels good!”*

It did. His lips on her nipple felt like heaven, particularly with his thumb caressing the other one. They were throbbing and erect, and that wasn’t all either: Jason could feel Kade’s penis against her panties. Against the entrance to her *pussy*. It was big and enticing, and the thought of it being inside her was something else, and not all of that ‘else’ was bad.

*Wait, I’m thinking of myself as a she. Witch! Stop it! You can’t keep doing this! I’m not Sabrina, I’m Sabrina! I mean, I’m Sabrina! Shit, why am I thinking of myself as Sabrina?”*

The Witch responded as if she were personally watching the events going down. She likely was, Sabrina reflected.

*“Oh, just a little final nudge to make you adjust. You don’t have too long until you run out of time. This one doesn’t count - it needs to be a blowjob, remember! If you fail, well, say goodbye to your old life, and enjoy being a cheating slut. Cheaters never prosper, Sabrina.”*

“I’m Sabrina, not Sabrina!” she moaned, even as Kade pulled down her underwear.

“What?” he said.

“I’m - n-never mind. Just get inside me. Cum inside me. Just so long as I can suck your dick off afterwards.”

Kade grinned. “You are the weirdest and hottest thing ever. I love a total nympho like you. Now fair warning, I’m pretty damn big.”

“I don’t c-care,” she said as he squeezed her sensitive breasts. “Just get in - NGHH!!”

He was big. Very big. Even wet and aroused as she was, the feeling of his impressive girth sliding into her was almost strenuous. The sensitive folds of her opening, along with the thousands of pleasure centres running up her tunnel, all lit up with sensitivity like a Christmas tree. She let out a ragged moan at odds with her sweet new voice, and then his entrance became easier.

“Told you,” he said. “Chicks dig it, though.”

*Ohhhhh, I dig it. I fucking dig it. I shouldn't but - ohhhhh!*

He began to pump inside her. She was being fucked. Fucked by a man. His big dick was sliding inside her new pussy, filling her completely, stressing the inner wall. It was massive, and yet somehow her new equipment could not only take it, but automatically hug it, clamp down upon it, *squeeze and massage it*. Her vaginal muscles worked overtime as he thrust into her. She pulled her rival's head into her cleavage, suffocating him in her vast bosom. He didn't mind, and she couldn't stop herself: getting fucked on the side of an empty road in a car was somehow turning into an experience of utter pleasure.

*D-don't enjoy it. Don't cum. J-just get th-through it, Sabrina! I mean - oh whatever! F-fuck, this feels strange! And my tits, holy God they're - aahhhh! Why wasn't Tiff ever this good in bed? I d-deserved better if she never acted like I am right now! F-fuck!*

His selfish thoughts radiated outwards, and he regretted them immediately - but only for his sake. What if the Witch was listening to those thoughts again? He turned his mind back to the act itself, and then couldn't turn away again. Kade was kissing her neck, squeezing her breasts, groping her perfect ass. Everything was hell. Everything was heaven. She was in purgatory.

She was in ecstasy.

“Yesssss!” she cried. “Yes! Oh God, I'm going to c-cum. I think I'm going to cum. You have to finish before - before I - before I - OHHHHH! YESSS! AAHHH!!”

Kade grunted. He hadn't made much sound at all during sex, in fact, and it was honestly a weird turnoff for the new woman. Sabrina/Jason wouldn't have wanted him to make a racket, but a small instinctive part of him was irritated that he basically made no sound at all. Still, he did indeed cum inside her, and his O-face was impressively unhandsome, practically eliminating her third orgasm partway through. Still, experiencing a multiple orgasm at all was pretty astonishing.

*Fuck, that was . . . amazing. I need to get out of this stupid body before my brain gets addicted to that, because it is not happening again!*

Kade collapsed on her, his face burning in her cleavage, his hands pawing at her sides and ass while she took his weight. His cock throbbed inside her. The fucker had forgotten a condom, the bastard. After a couple of minutes, Sabrina checked her watch, still annoyed that she was thinking of herself as Sabrina now.

*11.35pm. Fuck! I need to get this show on the road, fast!*

“Hey, about that thing we talked about . . .”

Kade lifted himself up a bit and took a heavy breath. “Oh, yeah. That. Absolutely, hot stuff. You’ll just have to give me some time. You drained me more than any hot girl I’ve had. And I’ve had loads. It may take some time.”

*It may take some time. SOME TIME!?*

The new Sabrina clenched her teeth, trying not to snarl at this complete moron. This idiot who was threatening everything! She only had twenty five - no, twenty four now! - minutes until things become impossibly dire, and now he is asking for goddamn time!?

*Jason better be having better luck with Tiff. Wait, am I thinking of him as me now?*

He didn’t want to dwell on that. But time was ticking.

Time was ticking very fast indeed.

## **Part 5:**

A blowjob. A goddamned blowjob. It was the simplest thing in the world, so easy that even the new woman who couldn’t help but think of herself as ‘Sabrina’ could do it. Hell, thanks to the magic and its instincts and compulsions, a small part of her was even *looking forward to it*, not that she’d actually admit it to herself.

*Just need to lick and suck and stroke some tasty cock. I mean regular cock.*

*Whatever! That’s it. Just get him off in my mouth and swallow his fucking semen. Why is that so fucking hard? Oh yeah, because Kade has all the stamina of a goddamned sloth!*

The arrogant man was clearly proud of himself purely because he’d made Sabrina cum. She wasn’t too happy about having gone through it; feeling so damn female from the pleasure was just . . . too much. Almost too much for her psyche to take.

“Are you fucking ready or not?” she snapped.

“Hang on a minute, I’m just trying to get it hard again. Jeez, why are you so obsessed with it?”

“I just *really like sucking big, hard cocks*,” she emphasised in her sweet voice.

*A fucking A, this stupid body does. I can’t stop thinking about it. SO LET ME DO IT SO I CAN TURN BACK ASSHOLE!*

She had less than fifteen minutes remaining, and Kade was still trying to stroke his cock to the point where she could take over. He’d had the good courtesy to get to his house, which had thankfully been just eight minutes from their location. He’d tried to show it off but she’d basically screamed at him to take her to the bedroom. She had little doubt he was

starting to think Sabrina was a bit of a psycho, but given that on the crazy-hot scale she was HOT HOT HOT, then the dumbass was risking it.

*'Not much time remaining now,' the witch's voice rang, audible only to Sabrina. 'And then you'll be Sabrina the busty, lusty party girl for life. It only takes one of you to screw this up, you know. After that . . . you're stuck as each other. Stuck as the person you cheated with.'*

"I won't fail," she muttered to herself. "I'll change back."

"Huh? What was that?" Kade muttered. He was on the bed, hunched over and naked, having only achieved a semi-erection. Sabrina looked at the digital clock on his bedside table and shivered. In just the span of those panicked thoughts and the witch's taunts, it had gone from 11.48 to 11.53pm.

"Nothing!" she said. "Are you hard or not?"

"I can't perform under pressure, damn it. I told you, I'm a smooth operator, but all this pressure is just making me feel weird. I swear I'm not usually like this."

*Sure, tough guy. No wonder that for all your looks you were always envious of me. I may have looked more average, but I could at least please a girl twice in a single night. Three or four times, when Tiff was extra raunchy. God, why has this happened to me? I don't deserve this. It was one little stepping out! It was one incident! Tiffany never would have known! People do it all the time; Sabrina was just too crazy hot.*

Only she was Sabrina now, and it was Kade that was crazy hot, at least to her new female libido. She clenched her fists, furious and frustrated and more than a little aroused.

"For fuck's sake, let me take over!" she said.

She ripped her top off, followed by her bra. She exposed her massive, heavy wobbling tits and grabbed the lube that Kade had been using. She had only six minutes now.

*This better work. Titty job, and with these tits, should make any man hard enough to cum. Even just a little.*

She slathered it in her cleavage, drawing upon her instincts to moan deliberately. Then she pressed them around Kade dick and began to massage its base, even as she licked his penishead. It wasn't hard: her boobs were large enough to push up so that everything was close in location.

"Goddamn," Kade said. "That's fucking hot."

"It better be, because I want to *swallow your cum when you blow a load down my throat, sexy.*"

He grinned, starting to feel a bit more confident. His impressive cock was almost full hard as she gripped it between her breasts. God, her melons were huge. She bit her lip, practically turned on by how hot she was, but also how aroused she was making this man. She may have found him to be a total jackass, but there was something very compelling

about making someone so turned on by your presence, particularly when you manage to override their, ahem, 'refractory troubles.'

"That's the stuff," she moaned in her sexiest voice. "Get hard for me, babe. I want you to cum in my mouth. In here."

She placed her lips over his cock again, unbelieving what she was doing. Her mind was on the clock the entire time, and she could see it out of her peripheral vision. She had three minutes to make this man cum. She didn't care how it tasted, or how degrading this was. She was going to be Jason again. She had to be.

"H-holy shit, I think you're g-getting me there," he moaned.

He grabbed her hair a little forcefully, annoying her. It made her lose her rhythm.

11.57pm.

She bobbed her head up and down, taking in his length further. It filled her throat, but with Sabrina's instincts she managed to avoid gagging and actually - to her own humiliation and arousal - began to deep throat him.

"Fuuuuuck, you're s-sooooo good."

*'Really good, in fact,'* came the witch's voice. *'Perhaps you should do this more often. Forever, maybe? Because if you don't finish this soon, you'll be compelled to 'finish' men as often as you can, just like horny Sabrina once did. My, she had quite the libido. She's fucking your girlfriend right as we speak, and enjoying it despite her own disgust. Isn't that amusing?'*

Sabrina's cheeks burn and not just because of the act of sucking this man off. The witch's words seared into her mind.

*Tiffany's getting fucked by Sabrina/Jason? Well of course she is! That was the damn deal. I knew that going in. I can look past it, once I'm back to being me. So close.*

"So close," Kade echoed unintentionally.

*'So close,'* whispered the witch, *'to midnight, that is. Fast fast fast. And remember, swallow every last drop or it doesn't count!'*

She bobbed her head up and down, using her tongue to snake along Kade's length, stroking his flesh and making his dick practically quiver in her mouth. It would have been unbelievably erotic if there weren't a time limit, and that disgusted Sabrina further. If she were trapped like this, she might even learn to, well, not *like* it, but be addicted to it in a hopeless fashion. The witch had suggested as much. So she hefted her heavy bosom and rubbed it against his shaft, burying it in her lubricated cleavage and even tickling his balls with it. Kade moaned, clutching her hair further. She was on her knees before him, perfectly supplicant. What more could he damn well want?

*Come on, just cum already. Make me swallow your delicious seed! Let me drink it so I can - MMPHH!!*

Kade gripped her hair - way too hard - and seized. He bucked his hips a little, shoving his enormous cock even further down her throat. She was just about to gag when it throbbed in her mouth, balls tightening against the skin of her breasts. It was coming. *He* was cumming.

And then he came.

Hot, salty semen erupted into her mouth as he grunted. She moaned, delirious in relief and pleasure and even from the surprisingly good taste of his cum as if rushed in torrent into her mouth, along her tongue and down her throat. She sucked greedily upon it, no longer caring about being further humiliated. She needed every last drop to ensure her fate would not be sealed. It wasn't hard: the taste was even better the longer it lingered, and she could only hope she wouldn't remember it when she was a man again.

*Drink it down. Just cum the rest of it and let me drink it!*

Several more torrents came, Kade still gasping.

"Ngghhh, ahhhh, oh that's g-good, Sabrina. You're good."

Finally, he stopped, and she licked him clean, polishing his 'knob', so to speak as if she were little more than a buxom vixen addicted to cock. She moaned in relief as she finally pulled back from his clock and looked at the time.

11.59pm.

"Thank God," she cried, gasping from physical release, and an even more emotional one. "I did it. You came into my mouth before midnight. Yes! Fuck yes! I beat it!"

Kade looked at her with confusion, though it was clear he had no regrets.

"Oh man, was this some sort of challenge? A dare? Aw hell, what do I care? That was fucking awesome regardless. You had to get it in before midnight, right?"

Sabrina sagged back, her breasts flopping heavily about as she did so. A small part of her missed the taste of cock already, but she couldn't wait to get her own mind back.

*Then I won't have to think about liking cock ever, ever again. I did it.*

"Yeah, something like that," she breathed, resting her head against the bedside table and looking up at the clearly post-coitally proud Kade. "Just had to get you to cum in my mouth by midnight. Like a dare, I guess."

"Huh, well I guess you came pretty close then!"

A sudden chill ran down Sabrina's spine. "Wh-what do you mean *close*?"

"Well, it was only a little after midnight that I came, so you might as well think of it as a win."

She scrambled up, her various curves wobbling. She pointed at the clock on top of the bedside table. "Look, it just turned twelve now!"

He gave a flippant gesture. "Oh, that thing runs ahead by like three minutes or so. I just never got around to fixing it. It's actually about 12.04 in the morning right now."



More chills, more immediate spikes of fear. *No, no, she thought. It can't be. I did it in time. I made him cum before midnight, and I swallowed it all. I made that sacrifice to be Jason again!*

It was at that moment that the witch spoke in her ear, her voice taunting and amused. *'Oh, but I'm afraid you didn't quite make it, my dear. You missed it by two minutes, almost exactly. Looks like you lose!'*

"No!" Sabrina cried. "No, damn it! You can't be serious!"

Kade gave a confused expression. "Um, was there money riding in this or something?"

She ignored him as the witch continued to speak. *'I am very serious, Sabrina. That's your name, remember? And now it always will be. You're going to be a hot, busty, olive-skinned party girl for life. You're going to be addicted to having big handsome hunky guys fuck you in all sorts of ways, and you won't be able to help yourself; you'll feel a need to dress up to please, just like the original Sabrina.'*

*No, he thought. P-please. I'll do anything to atone. I'll seriously do anything!*

*'Too late! Maybe it's a disproportionate punishment, but I really hate cheaters. So now you can go get fucked and live as a total busty horny slut for the rest of your days. And the new Jason can enjoy being stuck as a boring monogamous guy with one girlfriend who'll never know the truth. I'm sure he'll be pretty annoyed about losing his amazing body, but just like you he'll have to adjust. Enjoy the rest of your life, Sabrina!'*

The witch's presence left, leaving Sabrina utterly distraught. Tears formed in her eyes, her feminine hormones and emotions welling to the surface. Even as much as a clueless jackass Kade was, even he shifted over to place a hand on her naked shoulder and try to comfort her.

"Hey, are you alright? Seriously, this is pretty fuckin' weird, but do I need to, like, call someone or something?"

Sabrina had no idea what to say. What could she say? Or do, for that matter? She looked down at her enormous boobs, so full and pert and round and wobbly. They would be hers for life, in all their sensitivity. That sensation of men sucking on her nipples would be something she would experience again and again. The same was true of her gorgeous hourglass figure, her smooth legs, her needy pussy. She would wear dresses, show off her cleavage, seduce men due to the magic impelling her forth.

*I'm going to be a total nympho. Oh my God, I'm going to suck so many cocks. I'm going to ride so many men. Ohhhhhh, why does that sound so fucking addicting? This is the worst! Fuck that witch! She can't do this to me! I'm getting out of here!*

She made a move to try and shift away from Kade, but the presence of the witch returned in her mind unexpectedly, causing her to gasp.

*'Oh, one last thing, since it would be rude of me to leave you in such dire straits without something to cheer you up. Your body will always be up for getting its brains fucked out by hot men, but just to make things go smoothly tonight I'm going to up your libido and stamina massively, and the same for your not-so-competent friend there. His refractory period is now practically zero, so you two can get very acquainted over and over and over in order to 'break you in' to your new role. No need to thank me, Sabrina! Just have fun!*

"F-f-fuck," Sabrina moaned. She grit her teeth, filled with hate for this woman. Already, her body was becoming flushed with heat, her pussy becoming slick with her juices again. Her nipples stiffened, and out of the corner of her eye, Kade's cock was slowly rising to full erect proportions. "Fuck!"

"Whoa," Kade said. "I feel super warm all of a sudden. Do you feel warm? I feel kinda turned on."

Sabrina swallowed, staring at that terrible, wonderful cock. She reached out a hand to stroke it, shivered at the sensation. Kade grunted; his voice was so damn manly it was making her nipples ache to be touched.

"F-fuck," she said again, expressing her view of the situation succinctly. "Fuck. F-fuck . . . me. Fuck me!"

Kade didn't need to be asked twice. The two incredibly lustful lovers were soon on the bed, the new Sabrina on her back with her legs spread wide, moaning in ecstasy and horror as she was fucked hard by a wonderfully big dick.

It wouldn't be the last time. Not by far.

## **Part 6:**

Sabrina woke the man up the only way she knew how: by going down on her knees and licking his wonderfully hairy balls and cock until the latter hardened. She then placed her mouth over the stiff head and began to suck on it, bobbing her head up and down, all while using her delicate hands to stroke his shaft. The man stirred, and after several satisfied grunts she felt him shift on the bed, slowly waking.

"Ohhhh, f-fuck. Talk about the b-best wakeup alarm ever. Holy sh-shit. Ahh, don't stop. Would you m-mind swallowing?"

Of course she wouldn't. She *always* swallowed. *Always*. She literally couldn't not. Cum was goddamn addictive, better than any drink or any drug. Now that her one-night stand - Gary or Greg or something, she'd forgotten who he was and could barely remember

his face - was awake, she could focus on making him as pleased as possible. She began to deep throat him, enjoying the taste of his cock despite herself.

*Three years on and I'm still such a huge damn slit. God, that witch really did a number on me. This cock tastes so fucking good, it's disgusting!*

It was a good thing her body had that gorgeous mid-tone olive skin, because otherwise she'd be blushing real bad. As much as Jason had gained a female mind those three years ago, there was still enough of her old male self inside her that she never stopped being humiliated, embarrassed, and ashamed of her new predilections and behaviours. From wearing tight dresses that showed off her ripe chest and fantastic curves, to fucking every man with a pulse throughout the week, she had lived like a total horny partygoing slut, to the point that she was pretty sure she was being even more of a total nympho socialite than even the real Sabrina was.

She recalled these things, as she often did, while continuing to give her lover the best blowjob ever. He gripped her hair, attaining dominance over her, and that only made it hotter in her altered mind. She hated that, at least after she orgasmed. For now, it only made her hungry pussy all the more wet. She shifted about, her naked form positioning itself so that her perfect ass was right over his head now, her dripping snatch right before his tongue. He got the message, and soon it was flickering into her depths, his hands gripping her wide hips and squeezing as the pair formed a delicious sixty-nine position.

"Mhmmmmmm," she moaned, her mouth too full to use words.

*Why does my pussy have to be so f-fucking sensitive? I could fight that stupid witch's magic and at least live a normal life if it d-didn't feel so f-fucking good! Ohhhh - ahh! I can't stop being addicted to these goddamn girly orgasms! MMHM!!!"*

The pleasure rose, and it only incited her body to give him more pleasure too. He was just some handsome guy with nice muscles and an even nicer dig (why was it that she obsessed over big dicks so much now? Was she finally giving in to that part of Sabrina too?), but at least his apartment was nice. Upscale. Wealthy. Hell, it was how she made a lot of money and got such fine dresses to show off her sexy cleavage and amazing ass. The same ass he'd fucked last night when they'd gotten adventurous. She wasn't a prostitute - she was damn certain about that - but she wasn't averse to getting rich guys to buy her nice things, which in turn only made her hornier, which in turn only meant that she was always on some guys' arm or getting fucked by him, moaning in ecstasy as he caressed her voluptuous body.

*And I'll b-be like this for life, she thought. Always sucking cock. Always taking it up the pussy, or the ass. Or giving titty jobs with my big ripe boobies. I'll be Sabrina forever. I don't even remember what it was like to have a cock between my legs, except for having a cock enter between my legs, and that's a whole other - ohhh! - experience. If only I'd never stepped out, never ch-cheated - mmpphhh!!*

It was a question that haunted the former male daily. It wasn't that her life was one of pure suffering. She wasn't in pain. Hell, she was compelled to stay fit and athletic and healthy, in fact. And it wasn't like she wasn't appreciated: part of her was quite pathetically even *proud* to receive compliments and second-glances from men *and* women. She was an eleven-out-of-ten, all things considered, and even for a former guy it could be an ego boost. But it was still a life in which she was now the submissive one. The one with the high voice. The one that cried out like a beautiful bird as a man came inside her. The one that had to deal with the trickle of semen running down her leg, or to feel a guy thrust into her wet spaces. She was the woman now, and her job was to look pretty, to gain men's attention, to be a hot piece of ass, a sexy piece of meat to dangle before them. She had to worry about not getting pregnant, which had its own occasional scares, and to deal with her monthly visitor, which just plain sucked. She had to deal with the rivalry of other women who came nowhere close to her attraction level, and with harassers and assholes who liked to cop a feel as she passed or give awful come-ons about her huge tits. Oh, and that was another thing: the damn wobble-bounce-jiggle of her chest, the weight of her jugs, the expenses of bras and how tight they could feel. She had to put up with all of that, and the endless dents to her failing male pride, which had somehow survived through three years of being a hopeless busty bombshell nymphomaniac. It was a very battered male pride, though.

*And now h-here I - ahhh! - am. Giving another blowjob to another man. It'll never end. Ohhhh, I'm only, like, twenty four years old n-now. I'll be f-fucking thousands more! And I'll never, ever get s-sick of iiiiiiit! OHHHHHH!!!"*

The orgasm hit her as the man's tongue licked her clitoris, flickering over it in just the right way. She seized up, and in doing so sucked on his cock in a highly erotic fashion, causing his balls to tighten. She could always feel a man about to cum, and he did so dramatically. She couldn't remember the last time her throat had been so flooded with warm cum. Naturally, she drank the sweet, salty essence right down, gulping it greedily and licking the head clean. Between quaking orgasms, of course.

*I'll never get tired of this, goddamn me! Stupid Sabrina! Stupid witch! Ohhhhhh G-God! I never made Tiffany this f-fucking aroused!*

And that was another sad truth: she'd now not only been fucked as girl way more than a man, but been pleased by men far more than her own girlfriend had been by her as a man. Not that Tiffany would ever know. As far as she was concerned, her boyfriend had never changed, and she and Jason were about to be wedded. The invitation had come in the male not long ago, and Sabrina had found herself compelled to travel out and give her congratulations to the pair. It was one of quite a few frequent meetings the swapped individuals had, and after Sabrina had found the tears of joy (and secret sadness) flowing as she hugged her former lover, she found time to be alone with 'Jason'. The new Jason.

“So,” he’d said. “Can you still talk when you’re alone?”

“It’s the only time I can talk,” she said. “That is, if you mean the fact that I’m stuck in your nympho body, *Jason*.”

He sighed. “At least we still have that. Three years and it’s the only reprieve I get. God, looking at you, I still miss having those epic tits.”

“You can take them,” she said, covering up her cleavage as best as she could while sitting in the lounge room. “They’re too big. Too heavy. Too fucking . . . nice, when guys feel them. I can’t *not* act like you still, even after everything we researched last time.”

They had tried their best to track down the witch, and even consult other women who claimed to be witches and magic users for ways to regain control. But there was little that could be done: both their bodies moved on autopilot if they tried to betray their new roles. If they tried to tell anyone, they lost control, and if they acted too out of character, they lost control then too. Recently ‘Jason’ had taken to hanging up beads and trinkets in the hopes that this would make the effects duller, based on a book he’d ordered. The effect had been obvious: it was too out character, so he’d been instantly compelled to take his girlfriend to their apartment bed and fuck her brains out attentively again and again.

The results were obvious, as at that point Tiffany re-entered, stroking her slightly rounded belly.

“Sorry, I still get morning sickness sometimes! It’s a good thing it’s a quick shotgun wedding, or else I’d be showing quite a lot on a normal timeline.”

“You must be sooooo excited!” Sabrina said, hugging her friend and kissing her belly.

*You were supposed to be my baby. Not that I wanted a baby, at least not for a while. But Tiff and I were an item. It was only one foolish mistake in a club, witch!*

Now, if she were ever going to have kids, *she’d* be the one getting pregnant. While in the presence of Tiffany, ‘Jason’ couldn’t say anything. But he did sag a little slightly. Clearly, the thought of being a father was just as confronting to him as being stuck as a horny slut was for Sabrina. But then he touched his girlfriend’s belly and a genuine smile lit up, forcing the new Sabrina to relax back into the couch and take the image in.

*At least she gets a family. Sure, whenever we have a private moment she complains about being hairy, about people expecting her to do rough manly jobs, about having a ‘gross penis.’ Sure, she misses her tits and her hips and her ass and all her good features, and her makeup routine and dresses most of all, but at least she gets this. Meanwhile, I’ll be fucking half the groomsmen in less than a month.*

It was a thought that warmed her in the present, even as she swallowed down the last of her lover’s semen. After making sure to lick his cock clean again just in case, she raised herself and nestled up against him, making sure her heavy breasts pressed against his chest in that way that men loved. She loved it too. She knew she should hate it more,

particularly since it was totally embarrassing how much men loved to grope and suck her boobies, but one could only live as a sexy-hungry partygirl for so long before succumbing to some base urges.

“You’re fucking incredible,” the man said, kissing forehead as she leaned against him. “Seriously, that was the hottest thing ever.”

*Don’t I know it, she thought to herself. Would be really, really, really cool to be on the receiving end of a woman like this, instead of living as her. You know, for life. Forever. God, I’ll probably end up as some sexy trophy wife in ten years. If this body ever lets me settle down. At least I’m not knocked up like Tiffany. God, I miss Tiff. She was too good for me.*

And that was the honest truth that came back to her in times like this. Often it hit her right as a man said something complimentary, or when she was perfectly relaxed in her womanhood, or feeling a cock enter her for the first time. It was that realisation that yes, she *had* cheated. She had stepped out and betrayed Tiffany, not just with any woman but with one of her close friends, and now this was their shared punishment. She wasn’t certain she deserved her fate, especially for life, but she couldn’t rightly say she *didn’t* deserve some kind of punishment.

“Well, if you think that was hot, just wait until you take me clubbing tonight,” she whispered sensually in his ear. “I’ve got a red backless dress that shows off these perfect tits like you wouldn’t believe, and it’s *real* short around my thighs too. You can bang me from behind or let me titty fuck you without me even losing the dress.”

*Jesus, even I’m turned on by that sentence, and I’m not even attracted to chicks anymore.*

“Goddamn,” the man said. “How did I get so lucky? You’re not . . . you’re not in the market for a longer-term relationship are you?”

She looked up at him, taking in his face for the first real time since the previous drunken night. He was pretty cute: rugged but not too rugged. Handsome without being so good-looking that he was full of it. And he had muscles. Real nice muscles. His cock was huge too; it was like being impaled, but in a really hot way.

“Mhmmmm,” she moaned softly, kissing him on the lips and climbing on top of him. It was still some time before she could milk his cock again, but she could certainly let him suck on her tits until he was ready. “I might be. Maybe. I’m pretty on the market, lover boy, but maybe if you’re really, *really* good to me, I can let you have a trail run of being my boyfriend. You’ve have to really please me though. Make me moan hard. And pay for some pretty dresses for you to tear off me at night, and in the morning, and during coffee breaks.”

“Holy fuck,” he stammered, even as she suffocated him in her cleavage. “I mean, hell yeah. I’d be up for that, Sabrina.”

“Me too,” she moaned, as he licked her left, very sensitive, nipple. “I’m a real horny gal, so having one guy satisfy me whenever I want could be a real upgrade. The kind of perspective shift I need, if you can convince me.”

*God, I really mean that, don't I? These words are pouring out of me, but having a steady boyfriend fuck me each day somehow sounds better than an endless stream of guys. Right? Doesn't it? Jesus, this is embarrassing. I'd be someone's girlfriend. A total submissive hottie. Fuck, I'm getting aroused just thinking about it. I bet that witch is laughing if she can see me now. What even is my life?*

The man's cock hardened; she could feel it against her lower belly as he placed herself over him. It made her squirm in delight, a familiar feeling for the former man. She wondered if 'Jason' felt a similar excitement from the other side, when Tiff mounted him, or wore a cute dress, or when he needed to deal with his morning wood. But there was no point thinking about that. 'Sabrina' was Sabrina now, and the best case scenario as the still-humiliating and *hot* prospect of being this man's sexy armcandy.

“Mhmmm, I can see you're ready to prove yourself,” she said, unable to stop herself grinning at the prospect of getting her pussy fucked by his giant cock.

“After that offer, how could I now? I really want you as my girlfriend, Sabrina.”

“Mhmm, and you'd be - like, such a hot boyfriend. There's j-just one problem.”

He entered her, and she shuddered. She'd never get tired of that feeling, and that was the problem.

“What is it?” he said, grunting as he slid further inside her.

“Wh-what was your name again?”

**The End**