

# Best Buddies to Fuck Buddies - Part 1

For Anon

By TheSpiralledEye

*After his witch girlfriend overhears Miles complaining about her she decides to transform him into his best friend's ideal woman to see how he likes being oggled and fetishised.*

Miles knocked back his third beer as if it were water and sighed in annoyance as Jacob laughed.

“That bad? Jeez.”

“She's the worst, man.” Miles groaned, “I thought getting with a new age chick would net me something freaky in the bedroom y'know? I mean, her name is Pixie for crying out loud, you know a grown woman going by that has to be into some weird shit.”

“And she's not?”

“Oh, she is, but it's everything I have to put up with in order to get that awesome sex.” Miles groaned, motioning the bartender for another beer. “Healing crystals, tinctures, goddamn star charts to figure out where our next date should be. Turns out girls who are freaky in the bedroom are just plain freaky.”

Jacob screwed up his nose

“What's a tincture?”

“Beats me.” Miles threw up his hands, “bunch of random shit thrown in a bottle apparently. She thinks they are actually magic.”

The men chuckled and Miles finally started to relax, Pixie hardly ever let him go out. She was all about ‘quality time’ that wasn't just sex. Which usually meant some mushy movie, or talking about the inane moments in her day.

“Why can't she just be simpler?” Miles complained, “I have a good job, I provide, why does she need to chat my ear off every night.”

“Careful.” Jacob warned with a grin, “Talk like that is what lost me my last girlfriend. She said I sounded like her grandfather.”

“Well that generation had it right if you ask me.” Miles grumbled, “Women cooked, cleaned and paid their dues when asked. Nowerdays they basically expect to be treated like men. I thought getting with an alternative gal would at least make up for it but I'm not sure the sex is even worth it, she only puts out like once a week anyway.”

The bartender appeared with another beer in hand and a hard look on his face.

“You fellas are pretty heated up.” He noted, “you should be careful what you say, you never know who is listening.”

Miles scoffed.

“You one of those whipped modern thinking guys then?” He said, slightly drunk. “Bet your girlfriend keeps you on a short leash.”

He made a whipping motion with his hand and the bartender's brow furrowed.

“Actually, I am recently single.”

Miles almost dropped his beer; that voice wasn't a man's at all, it was...

“Pixie?!”

He and Jacob took a step back in shock as the man behind the bar began to shift and warp until his girlfriend, in all her pink dyed hair glory, was standing in his place. She crossed her arms and pressed her lips into a thin line.

“Wait, all that magic stuff...was real?” Miles gaped.

“I tried to tell you about it, good to know you were listening, though considering what I just heard you say about me I'm not surprised.”

Jacob took a few steps backward, obviously trying to slip away from the awkward couple argument only for Pixie to fix him with an angry stare.

“You're not going anywhere.” She hissed, “I need you to teach my ex boyfriend a lesson.”

Miles puffed up his chest; did she think she could fight him and win?

“I'm not going to fight a woman.” He replied, “Let's just end this and go our separate ways.”

“So you can take your sexist shit to some new woman? I don't think so?” Pixie shook her head. “No, you want your ‘perfect’ woman, you get it.”

She raised a finger and poked him right in the forehead like a child. Instantly a wave of dizziness washed over him and he fell forward slightly against the bar, forced to brace himself to keep upright. His vision swam and as it cleared he found himself staring at his hands pressed into the polished bar top.

Before his eyes they began to warp and change much the same way that pixie had when transforming from the bartender. His fingers became slightly longer, and he felt them

become more sensitive as the callouses built up over the years eroded away, leaving the skin silky smooth.

“Wh-what?”

“Holy fuck dude you ass!”

Miles swivelled as much as his body allowed and watched in horror as his ass began to, for lack of a better word, inflate. Round, bouncy cheeks set into wide hips they seemed to jiggle far more than should be necessary. His hips widened to support it and then suddenly the air left his lungs as his middle cinched to an almost comical degree.

This was unreal, and yet, nobody else in the bar seemed to be reacting, or moving for that matter. It was like time had stilled. Miles stumbled back, arms pinwheeling comically as he tried to keep his balance with the new heavy weight of his butt dragging him down. Jacob looked equal parts horrified and...

“Dude are you getting off on this!?”

“No! Well, Sorry it's just that ass is something else!”

Pixie cackled like a witch, hell, maybe she was one; at this point Miles would believe anything. Miles' neck was still turned awkwardly to look behind him, so he had no warning when his new breasts burst into being. They didn't inflate slowly like his ass did, rather they almost literally exploded into being; fully, heavy double Ds, in a matter of seconds. His shirt ripped to tatters.

His entire centre of gravity shifted in an instant and for a few awful seconds he was totally topless in the bar before the ruined remains of his shirt began to rebind themselves together into a skimpy, slightly too small tube top. His jeans, which had been struggling to contain his new figure, also began to change, forming into a matching mini skirt that barely touched his thighs.

Miles couldn't help it, he screeched in horror and tried in vain to pull the fabric down to cover more of himself but it was no use, the material refused to stretch and he could barely see past his own chest to check anyway. He found himself thankful for that a moment later as he felt his cock beginning to shrink; he wasn't sure he could stand to see the bulge in his pants disappear.

It was all happening so fast, he looked in the mirrors that lined the back of the bar to see his face shifting, turning heart shaped with full lips, high cheekbones and frankly enormous dark lashes. Their size and prominence only made him look more startled. His skin was changing too, to a warm bronzed colour with none of the freckles or scars he was familiar with. It was as if he'd been airbrushed. Not to mention his hair; it was moving like snakes down his face till he had a full head of chestnut waves.

His body was fully female in figure now, the silhouette oddly familiar. Not in the sense that he had seen it before but there was something that twigged at his brain. His eyes darted to Jacob's reflection in the mirror and suddenly he remembered; Jacob had a thing for hot Latina's with bubble butts. Miles felt like cold water had been dumped over him.

“Figured it out already? Wow, maybe you are a little smarter than I gave you credit for.” Pixie mused, “yes, I made you into his ideal woman.”

“Oh my God.” Jacob breathed, his hands were over his mouth in shock and he looked like he was trying very hard to keep his expression neutral.

“This is fucked-my voice!” Miles hand went to his throat, smooth as silk, no Adam's apple to speak of.

Which might explain why his voice was so soft and feminine; and was that a hint of an accent? Pixie was grinning and Miles felt his blood boil; how dare she do this to him! He stepped forward, ready to get in her face but he wobbled and was forced to catch himself on one of the barstool; his shoes had been changed into high heels.

A hand gripped his arm to steady him and Miles felt his heart flutter and his breath hitch. Without meaning to, he turned to see Jacob there, wide eyed and still in shock. Miles felt his skin heating up as a blush formed across his face; since when was Jacob so...handsome? How had he never noticed just how blue his eyes were.

Without thinking his hand reached up to cup his face, soft skin scraped against his stubble; the sensation made him shiver. Then all of a sudden, he caught a glance of their reflection in the mirrored wall and jerked away. What the hell was he thinking? What the hell was he *doing*?

To make things even worse Jacob looked like he was trying very hard not to move even closer.

“Holy crap.” Jacob breathed, “You...You look amazing.”

“I should think so.” Pixie grinned, “I designed him to be your perfect woman, with a few...tweaks.”

“Tweaks?” Miles squeaked.

“A few...compulsions to help you act the part so to speak.” Pixie grinned, “after all, you believe the perfect woman should cook, clean, and sleep with her man whenever he wants it, right? Now you will want to do all of that as well as some other surprises but you can discover those together.”

With that she stepped out from behind the bar and started heading from the door. Miles stumbled in his new heels; he was basically being forced to run on his tiptoes! How did anybody walk in these let alone move with any sort of speed?

“Wait, y-you can't leave me like this!” He wailed.

“Can, will.” She said simply, stepping out into the street. “Oh and don't bother trying to tell anybody, the spell stops you from discussing it with anybody but me or Jacob.”

Miles followed after only to find the outside abandoned, not a person in sight. Could she fly as well? Or maybe teleport? Righteous anger burned within him; how dare she ruin his life like this!? He stamped his foot in frustration and immediately felt as his heel snapped under the pressure. Miles flung his arms out to catch himself but instead a warm chest appeared and Jacob scooped him up bridal style.

“Oh.”

The little gasp escaped him before he could help it; Miles could feel Jacob's heart beat. It was hammering against his solid chest and he had to fight the urge to rip open his buttons and run his hands over the muscle.

“Should I uh, put you down?”

“N-Yes!” Miles scrambled back to his feet but was forced to lean on Jacob for support thanks to his broken heel. A fact that both horrified and delighted him in equal measure.

“What am I going to do? I can't go back to our apartment and I don't have any ID.” Miles pouted, his eyes felt strangely watery, was he crying?

Oh God, why was he in tears that was so embarrassing!

“You did always say women were emotional...” Jacob said sheepishly. “I guess you have to come crash with me till we can convince her to change you back.”

The idea of staying at Jacob's house filled Miles with conflicting emotions; on the one hand, that would mean he was close to his bed, maybe he would even see him getting out of the shower! Just the thought made his new pussy wet. A shiver went down his spine and he swallowed; he had to fight these new urges, he couldn't sleep with Jacob! No matter how much he wanted to.

“It's not far, I usually walk but with your heel...should I carry you again?”

Miles' heart fluttered and he felt something warm forming between his legs.

“Okay...but only because of the heel! No other reason!”

He let himself be cradled in Jacobs arms and tried to ignore just how much of a turn on it was.